The LIGHT BEARERS

STORIES of OLD GREECE

ALDIS DUNBAR

A Reading from Homer—Alma-Tadema

"It was this widespread love for the wonder songs of Homer which helped to knit together the different Greek tribes into a people using the same language" (p. 20).

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LIGHT BEARERS

Stories of Old Greece

BY
ALDIS DUNBAR [pseud.]
Effie Barnhurst Kaemmerling "

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TO

MRS. HENRY ALDEN CLARK

WITH DEEP AFFECTION

To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome

To Helen—Poe

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THE LIGHT BEARERS

Stories of Old Greece

CHAPTER I

THE GLORY OF GREECE

IF SOME daring traveler could go journeying far, far back through the ages, and pass across the centuries that lie between as if they were hills and valleys, he would come at last into what we love to call "the Morning of the World"—that wonderful time when almost everything about which we know was beginning freshly, like a new day at sunrise.

Men and women were living then, scattered here and there over many parts of the earth as we know it today; but those who dwelt a few hundred miles inland had no clear ideas about the stormy seas which beat upon the shores of their own country. They knew even less that was true about the people who had settlements along the seacoast, either on islands or near sheltered inlets and bays. Traders who ventured to travel from one tribe to another always had stories to tell each one about what its neighbors did and how they lived. But stories that were simple in the beginning would be passed on, told and retold, until many tellings twisted them into strange tales full of adventures and marvels.

The tribes who lived near a seacoast knew just as little of things inland as the inland peoples knew of them, but they were apt to have clearer ideas of what the world, as a whole, was like. They saw the sea surging around their rocky shores and rolling up the sandy beaches—that sea was what made it possible for them to reach new places. In fair weather they would often catch glimpses of neighboring islands or of some nearby mainland beyond the white-capped surf. So they would contrive ways to reach the shores they saw. The bravest of them soon went paddling away from their own beaches on rafts made of logs tied together with thongs or tough vines, or in rude boats hollowed by fire from the trunks of trees.

Sometimes such bold voyagers made friends and traded with the strangers they visited; sometimes they banded together and fought them until the stronger tribe had won.

Famous among those lands where men lived and learned from each other, fought and strove with each other, in the Morning of the World, was a rugged little peninsula. It reached out then, just as it does today, southward from what we now call Europe, into the Mediterranean (which means *midland*) Sea, to the east of Italy. Wise men have studied the shape of this peninsula on the map and the way its mountains rise sharply in places close to the sea. They say that some great earthquake must have broken it across through the middle, from the western side almost to the eastern. This happened long, long ago. It came near turning the southern half of the country into an island, for the sea came flowing into the long gorge or valley made by the earthquake

and washed against the mountains on either side of it. It may have been that same great earth shock which tore away from the mainland many rocky

Drawn by A. H. Bumstead © National Geographic Society

THE LITTLE BROKEN PENINSULA AND ITS CLUSTERING ISLANDS

fragments which became islands, great and small, that cluster around it in the sea.

In the northern part of this rugged little country, along its western coast, was a tiny tribe of men who called themselves "Graikoi"; and these people

traded with the Latins, over in Italy, from the earliest times. The Latins, finding the name strange to their tongues, twisted it a bit and gave these neighbors from across the Ionian Sea the name of "Greeks." The land from which they had come sailing westward became known as Graecia, or Greece. Through those Latins these names have come down to us; but from the olden time, even until today, the people themselves have always loved to call their little broken peninsula and its clustering islands by the ancient name of Hellas and themselves, its people, the Hellenes.

When some one writes or speaks of the beauty and wonder of Greece, and of the honor we owe the men who lived there long ago, a question may come into the minds of boys and girls. Even older people do not always understand why so small a country, far away in southeastern Europe, should mean so much to American men and women, or to American boys and girls. They look at the map and see that Greece is but half the size of Florida, and only one-third as large as Corea. Then they ask us why Greece and its old-time stories should be more to them than Corea and *its* history, or that of Alaska, which is two hundred times the size of Greece and is part of the United States as well.

They will say, too, that few Americans had forefathers who were Greeks, or who had ever seen or spoken with Greeks.

It is quite true that most of our own ancestors came from countries far up in the northwestern parts of Europe, on or near the shores of the Atlantic. Many of them knew nothing about the history or language of Greece; yet without that brave

little country their own lives and ways of living would have been very different, and so would ours be today.

The reason is quickly told and easily understood. Greece was the teacher of Rome. The Romans conquered and taught the rest of Europe. Just as the wisest one in a party of savage lads will gather together and guard the scattered brands of the campfire and keep them alive and burning with fresh fuel so that he and his companions may not lack warmth and light when they need them, so the Greeks, in the Morning of the World, gathered for use all sorts of knowledge worth having. They were Guardians of the Fire of Knowledge. From every tribe or nation with whom they traded, or fought, or made friends, they learned something worth knowing, and kept it safely for their own use. They were quick-witted, and when they passed on to their children what they had found out, it was a thing tested and improved and even better worth remembering than when they first heard of it.

What the old tribes of Florida and Corea and Alaska knew has never come down to us for our use. Our customs today would be exactly the same if there had never been such tribes. We trace the growth of *our* knowledge directly back to Greece—the land that gathered wisdom from far and wide, in little things and in large ones, and taught not only Rome, but many great cities founded by Greek sailors and traders, all around the Mediterranean.

When Rome learned from Greece—carrying that wisdom-fire onward and giving it to all peoples and lands conquered by Roman armies—she was giving it to the peoples and lands from which our own fore-

fathers came, and where our customs of today began.

There is something still greater for us to know and to remember about them. The Greeks loved beautiful things, and taught others why and how to love them. They gave high honor to noble and brave deeds, and kept alive the memory of men who had performed them. They were a free people for hundreds of years, and through all their wars, great or small, they held strongly to the love of freedom. In after years many nations remembered what splendid things so small a people had done—how they had beaten back tyrants and invaders and kept themselves from slavery; and the memory gave these later nations courage, too, to fight for liberty and to win it for themselves.

In their own homes, nearly three thousand years ago, in what is called the Achæan age, the Greek boys and girls were told stories which are still known, about gods and heroes who were mighty in war; who did many wonderful deeds. These stories woven together recalled things that had really happened to their forefathers, and legends of what the gods had done to help or hinder those real men in battle and in other adventures.

Those Greeks of long ago believed that there were gods and goddesses, like stronger, wiser and more beautiful men and women, who lived on Mount Olympus, in Thessaly, and were ruled by Zeus (or Jupiter). They really believed that many of the heroes from whom they themselves were descended were children of the gods or goddesses. This accounted to them for the power and courage of their bravest kings and warriors.

They believed that when heroes fought against each other in battle, the different gods and goddesses took sides. That they would hasten down from Olympus and try to win victory for their own children, either by giving them wise counsel, or by bringing them armor that could not be pierced, or even by taking the shapes of human warriors and fighting beside their sons, until Zeus forbade this practice. A Greek boy or man who counted one of the mighty heroes as his forefather would feel that he too must show himself brave and worthy of descent from the gods.

Zeus, his wife Hera (or Juno) and their brother and sister gods and goddesses were said to be sons and daughters of Saturn (or Time), who had tried to devour all his children, but who had been conquered by Zeus. Zeus then shared his power with the brothers and sisters whom he had rescued. Pluto was made ruler over the Lower World, where the spirits of men were said to go after death, and where no sunshine came. Poseidon (or Neptune) was believed to rule the sea and the rivers running into it. Zeus himself had power over all the fair, bright earth, with its mountains and forests.

Apollo, the son of Zeus, was god of the sun, was learned in music and medicine and in all beautiful arts. Ares (or Mars) was god of war, and Athene (or Minerva), their younger sister, was goddess of wisdom. From her the lovely city of Athens took its name.

Hermes (or Mercury), another son of Zeus, was the messenger of the gods. He held rule over wind and rain and was the especial friend and helper of travelers and merchants, shepherds and thieves! He

ATHENE, THE GODDESS OF WISDOM

"From her the lovely city of Athens took its name" (p. 18).

also had charge of taking the souls of the dead down to Hades, the kingdom of Pluto.

So it came to be that any unusual thing which happened to those old-time Greeks, or anything they believed had happened to their fathers, was said to be the act of some god or goddess. In this way many of the old hero legends grew.

From some sea voyage, made in search of gold and adventure, came the story of Jason, who sailed boldly away with a ship full of hero-comrades, to win the Golden Fleece of a wonderful ram, which was guarded by a dragon. From deeds of strength and daring, done to free a country from terrible wild animals and fierce robbers, came the stories about Theseus, who slew giants and the monster, man-devouring bull called the Minotaur; and about Hercules, the strongest of all living men, so mighty that he was held to be the son of Zeus himself.

A dispute arose between Hera, Athene and Aphrodite (or Venus), the goddess of love, as to which of them was most beautiful. To make mischief, some one had flung among them a golden apple, on which were the words: "To the fairest," and each of the three goddesses claimed it as hers by right. At last they appealed to Paris, the son of the king of Troy (or Ilium), to decide for them; and each goddess tried to bribe him with the promise of some gift. Aphrodite offered him a wife as beautiful as herself, and to her Paris gave the prize. The lovely bride was already the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta. Aphrodite helped Paris to steal her away; and men told over and over again the story of how all the heroes of Greece sailed across the Ægean Sea to fight for the fair Helen and bring her back from

Ilium. This legend grew into one of the most noble story-poems of the ages: the Iliad. The Greeks say that it was a blind old poet, named Homer, who, having gathered together all the traditions about this war between Greeks and Trojans, wandered through the lovely land of Hellas, singing of them, until those who heard him learned his words by heart and took pride in claiming the mighty warriors of whom he sang as their own forefathers.

More than anything else, it was this widespread love for the wonder songs of Homer which helped to knit together the different Greek tribes into a people using the same language, when otherwise they might have grown apart and picked up instead the speech of settlers who came to their shores from foreign lands.

Homer was said to have been the singer of another grand story-poem. This was the Odyssey, which told of the wanderings of Ulysses (or Odysseus) after Troy had been taken by the Greeks and the other heroes had sailed safely home. Ulysses had offended the sea-god, Poseidon, who caused great storms to arise and thus prevented him from returning to his island home of Ithaca. He had marvelous adventures before he ever saw it again.

A siege of Troy, in which it was sacked and burned, there certainly was; the date is fixed by historians at 1194 to 1184, B. C. Whether the other features of these great stories happened exactly as told in the Iliad and Odyssey does not really matter. What *is* important is that these traditions, handed down for three thousand years, tell, as part of the story, so much about the daily life of an ancient Greek that by reading them we can picture the sort

of house in which he lived, what he planted in his garden and orchard, of what his clothes were made, how his ships were built and how they sailed across the seas, and with what weapons he fought. We know what he thought about and what he believed.

Many hundred years from now people will read *our* story books to know how *we* lived. Perhaps they will wonder why certain queer old customs of the year nineteen hundred and something never died out, but could still be found in quiet country places—just as travelers in modern Greece of today are surprised to find, among the mountains and on the little islands, customs that Homer sang of, so far back through the ages.

"The Mediterranean Sea Was the Center of the Known Earth"

CHAPTER II

LEGEND AND HISTORY

IN THAT wonderful Morning of the World the Mediterranean Sea was the center of the known earth. All around it and bordering on it were the older and more civilized nations from whom the Greeks drew much of their knowledge. To travel away from it northward into Europe or southward into Africa was to find countries and tribes more and more fierce and barbarous the farther one went. Traders and travelers to those wild lands were glad when it was time to turn back again to the shores of the Midland Sea.

In some of these older nations were wise men and priests, who kept records of their kings and wars, and of trading and exploring voyages to neighboring countries. These records were carved on stone, or pictures of the happenings were painted on the walls of temples and tombs and palaces, where some of them can still be found. These records go back farther than anything which the Greek traditions reveal to us. By studying what they tell of Greek lands and people, we learn how the beautiful legends of ancient Hellas grew out of actual happenings.

Egypt and Phœnicia were among those older countries. Their trading ships and long-oared galleys went back and forth along the coasts of the Ægean Sea, which is that part of the Mediterranean between Greece and Asia Minor. Its western shore

was Greece itself. The islands that shut it in, almost like a lake, were counted part of Greece; and many Greek settlements rose along its eastern side, which was the coast of Asia Minor. These colonies were an important part of ancient Greece, and some of them grew rich and powerful.

Even if the learned priests in Egypt had kept no record, men today would know that ships sailed and traded between that country and Greece. In Argolis, once a kingdom of Greece, are the ruins of an old, old city called Mycenæ. The Iliad tells of its mighty king, Agamemnon, who was chosen by the Greek heroes to lead them in their war against the Trojans. Less than sixty years ago, men exploring those ancient ruins of Mycenæ found among them the tombs of kings who ruled over Argolis thousands of years ago. In those tombs were pottery and jewelry from Egypt; while pictures of Mycenæan vases have been found painted on walls in the Egyptian city of Thebes. Those paintings were made fifteen hundred years before the time of Christ, proving that in days very far off the Egyptians had dealings with the rugged little peninsula of Greece.

The Phœnicians, too, came and went in trading ships from their cities of Tyre and Sidon, on the Mediterranean coast of Asia, farther to the south than the Greek colonies which grew up on that shore and close to the country now called Palestine. Those Phœnician merchants were daring mariners. They ventured out into the stormy Atlantic itself to trade with the islanders of far Britain. Such fearless voyagers were no strangers to the Greek islands and mainland, their near neighbors. They had much to do with the up-building of Greece.

Long before the days of the Greek hero-legends, and even before the famous old Greek cities of Athens and Mycenæ, Tiryns and Sparta and Corinth were built, a savage race, the Pelasgians, lived among the hills and valleys of the Greek peninsula. At first they knew little of building, or of the simplest kinds of useful arts. Often their homes were nothing but caves in the mountain-sides. It was when the Egyptian and Phœnician trading ships began to come to their coasts that they found out from these visitors how to use fire for cooking food, and how to build great stone walls in the manner that even now is called "Pelasgian." For so strongly did they build, once they had learned their lesson, that even today, in that land of clear light and blue skies, their walls, made of great, rough-hewn blocks of stone, set together without mortar of any kind, are still standing.

The Pelasgians were quick to learn from the newcomers who landed on their shores. It was not long before they were making weapons for themselves and tools of iron and bronze. Then, as settlers came from Egypt and other Mediterranean countries to live among them, cities commenced to grow, and what is called the "Heroic Age" began.

The real history of the way in which the Greek people grew out of those half savage tribes has come down to us in such a tangle of wonder legends, that it is not easy for the wisest scholars to draw the line between fact and fairy tale. But no single year passes in which wonderful things are not learned, as explorers find and uncover cities long buried and forgotten; and many fairy tales have turned out to be very like facts, after all.

Throughout hundreds of years there were many learned men who did not believe that there had ever been such a city as Troy, conquered and burned by invading Greek warriors. The story Homer sang of the battling under its walls and of its capture, was held by them to be just as much a wonder tale as any of those told about the gods.

It was about the year 1870 that a scholar and traveler, Dr. Schliemann, set out to find and uncover the lost cities of the Heroic Age. He had always loved the old stories about them, and as he read and studied, he grew more and more convinced that something more than a hero-legend was at the root of the story of high-walled Troy. He believed that such a city had really existed, somewhere on the northwestern coast of Asia Minor, where the black-hulled ships of the Greek heroes could have reached it by sailing eastward from Aulis, on the Grecian mainland, across the Ægean Sea. He believed that he could find it.

Dr. Schliemann gave his money and much of his life to this work. The place to which he thought the old legends of Troy pointed was the hill at Hissarlik, in Asia Minor, which is now part of the Turkish Empire. There he studied the hills and valleys and running streams, comparing them with all that the old stories told about the place where Troy stood. At last he felt so certain of his ground that he gathered laborers from all the country near and paid them well to dig out carefully and carry away the earth covering the great mound of Hissarlik. Little by little they uncovered, not one city alone, but the stone walls and pillars and pavements of six or seven

cities, one built above the other, at different times, ages apart.

In each of these layers were found armor and jewelry and bits of shaped stone and pottery, unlike those in the layers next above and below. And in one of the lowest layers of all, Dr. Schliemann came on traces of a great fire and a battle, and so many other things of which both legends and records had spoken, that he himself felt no more doubt that that ancient city, long forgotten, had once been mighty Troy.

It was in one of the deepest layers that an axe-head of white jade was discovered—a stone found nowhere outside of China. So it must have been brought thousands of miles by traders.

While there are scholars who do not agree with Dr. Schliemann as to those marvelous ruins having surely been Troy (or Ilium) itself, yet about his discoveries among the ruined cities on Argos plain there can be no doubt whatever.

This plain of Argos in Greece, lying south of the gulf and city of Corinth, was once a powerful little kingdom by itself. There today are to be found the remains of three great cities famous long before the times of which Homer sang. Tiryns, the giant fortress, which Homer called "the well walled city," is the oldest of all; yet so stoutly were its massive walls built that their immense blocks of stone still endure in place, with the gateways through which Greek men and women, boys and girls, passed in and out thousands of years ago.

Here, as at Mycenæ, farther inland, where excavations were begun in 1876, palaces of ancient rulers have been uncovered, showing both where and how

they lived. "Mycenæ, rich in gold," was what Homer called this second city, which took over the power from Tiryns; and among the ruins of its palaces and tombs Dr. Schliemann found treasures of wrought gold—cups and jewels, crowns and masks—that proved the name was surely given with good reason. It was the Greek tradition that Agamemnon, the great commander of the Greeks against the Trojans, had ruled both here and in the city of Argos, not far from Tiryns. It was to Argos that the beacon fires flashed, from far-off mountain peaks to those near by, telling its people that Troy had fallen after a siege of ten years, and that their king was coming back to his own land again.

But while there are ruins at Argos almost as ancient and full of interest as those at Tiryns and Mycenæ, it is unlike them in one important respect. Those two older cities were overthrown, at last, by their younger and stronger neighbor, and they vanished from history as living towns. But Argos, though its power rose and fell, is one of the bright and thriving towns of modern Greece, with a history that does not need legends to give it interest.

Even greater than Argos, and more noted in later history, was Sparta, farther south in the Peloponnesus. This long name was the one given by the Greeks to the southern half of their country—that part which was so nearly divided from the northern mainland by the Gulf of Corinth. Nowadays that lower part is called the *Morea*—people say because it is shaped like the mulberry leaf, or "morus." But the name Peloponnesus means "the Island of Pelops." The old stories said that Pelops was a grandson of Zeus himself, and that Atreus, son of

Pelops, was the father of the two royal brothers, Agamemnon, the Argive king, and Menelaus, who ruled in Sparta. It was the stealing by Paris, son of the Trojan king, of the lovely Helen, wife of Menelaus, that led to the war between Greeks and Trojans, and to many adventures which came after, of which the Iliad and the Odyssey tell the stories.

The Peloponnesus is claimed to have been the birthplace also of Hercules, strongest of all heroes. Traditions told how his descendants, the Heraclidæ, had been conquered and driven away into the north by the Pelopidæ, sons of Pelops. A hundred years later, or about 1104 B. C., the Heraclidæ, with their kinsmen and allies, the men of Doris, came sweeping down from Thessaly, in the far north of Greece, took Mycenæ and Argos and Sparta, and made their leaders kings over those cities.

The Dorians, by way of paying themselves for fighting well against the Pelopidæ, drove out all who dwelt in that fertile part of the Peloponnesus which was called Ionia, and took possession of the land. So the sons of Pelops and the Ionians wandered off to settle in other parts of the Greek mainland and islands. Some of them made new homes for themselves along the coast of Asia Minor, and so began certain of the Greek colonies there. But always, from those days, the descendants of the Dorians and the people whose forefathers had been driven from Ionia considered themselves born enemies, through peace and war.

One can hardly blame either race; the Dorians for wanting to hold the fair plains of Sparta, or the Ionians for their anger at being banished; for it is a very lovely country, shut in by snowcapped moun-

tains and rich in orchards of lemons and oranges, and in vineyards. Sparta, like Argos, has been a living city or town from the time it was built to this very hour; but no very old buildings are to be found there, as at Argos. There is no longer any trace of the ancient hero-city, nor of the palace of King Menelaus. The Dorian invaders must have torn them down, in order to build for themselves in some other fashion. Earthquakes, too, have destroyed many ruins of the ancient houses and temples. But after all, it was its people, rather than the houses and walls of Sparta, that won for it an undying name.

But the city which was to become the most famous of all in Greece, the city which is still a wonder of the world for the beauty remaining to it, was Athens. More than almost any other Grecian race, the men of Athens were proud to call the soil on which they dwelt their "fatherland." They looked on themselves as "earthborn," descending from the most ancient dwellers in the land, who had no need to count back for ancestors to any tribes of outland invaders, although they might be sons of the gods.

Yet while the Athenians themselves were "earthborn," they believed the founder of their city to have been Cecrops, a wise prince from Egypt, who had taught the Pelasgians many useful things. From him they had learned how to till the soil and how to plant vineyards and groves, as well as the arts of plowing and weaving wool. At first the city was called Cecropia, from him; but the name was soon changed to Athens, in honor of Pallas Athene, its patron goddess, the wise daughter of Zeus.

There came other kings after Cecrops and then,

ATHENS OLD AND NEW

In the foreground is the modern city of Athens. In the distance is the rock of the Acropolis, which rises to a height of 180 feet above the Plain of Attica and is about 1,100 feet long and 500 feet broad. On it stand the ruins of the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, and the temples of the Wingless Victory and of Artemis.

at last, Athens was ruled by Theseus, son of Ægeus, who had been one of the heroes with Jason on his quest for the Golden Fleece. Later Theseus had slain the Minotaur, a monster which devoured young men and maidens, and he had had many other marvelous adventures among gods and men. Athens claimed him as her greatest hero; and in after years the Athenians built a temple to him, where he was honored as a god.

One more city there was to which all Greece looked as the cradle of learning. Thebes, in the province of Bœotia, just north of Attica (the country of the Athenians), claimed as *its* founder Cadmus, the son of a Phœnician king, who taught its people to build ships, and to use them for trading overseas. And Cadmus, they said, was the first to teach his people what afterwards became the Greek alphabet, which, however, really grew out of the alphabet used by the Phœnicians. Whether it was Cadmus or some other Phœnician who brought it into use, no one can be sure; but it is certain that the alphabet originally used by the Phœnicians was adopted and improved by the Greeks, and that it was the "ancestor" of our own alphabet.

It is true that the people of Crete, an island south of Greece, were the first Europeans to invent a sort of picture-writing, like that used by Egyptians, but there is no clue to the meaning of those old Cretan inscriptions, nor to the language of the men who carved them. It is known only that Crete had a very early civilization of its own, which was carried over to the Greek mainland by those sailors for whom Crete was the resting place on their voyages across the Mediterranean to the shores of Hellas.

CHAPTER III

GREEK CITIES AND COLONIES

TOWNS and cities are so much a part of every-day living to us that we seldom stop to think how the first of them came to be. The first steps toward those in Hellas were taken far back in wild, rough times, when the strongest and wisest man was looked up to as leader of those weaker than himself. Each of the tiny, scattered settlements, here and there on the Greek mountain-sides and in the sheltered valleys, had a chief of some sort, and around his hut or cave the village clung.

This is how each one started. At first some single family took refuge from bad weather in a cave, or under the trunk of a fallen tree. After some great storm, when that refuge had not been found sufficient to protect them, they brought stones or logs to fill up the places where wind and rain had driven in. From such beginnings it was not long before they gained some practical ideas of building. They often had to build some sort of dwelling, for there would be more people needing home places than could find caves or wind-broken trees to shelter them.

The first kind of house that men learned to build was much like the Eskimo snow huts that we see in pictures. The man who wanted a safe place for his family looked for a spot where the ground was hollowed out like a cup. He brought stones to it and laid them in rows one above another around the

hollow, the stones coming closer to the center as the wall he built grew higher, so that they finally touched in a peak, like the top of a round beehive. Sometimes, when they were afraid of enemies, the builders of these beehive huts covered the outsides with earth heaped on. The only door would be a tunnel underground. Anyone trying to enter had to creep in on hands and knees, which made it difficult for an enemy to attack those inside.

The next step was for several families to build in the same warm valley, or on some hilltop where an enemy could not well get at them to plunder their huts or to carry them off for slaves. When the need for fighting came, the man of them who was strongest, or the one who knew the most, would be their leader.

The next forward step would be to build some sort of rude wall around their little village or group of huts. This would not be hard to do, if the huts stood close together; and it made the village a safer place for the women and children to stay in while the men were out hunting.

Even with a strong wall to protect them, the villagers had to be watchful when harvest time came and they were working hard to gather stores of food for the winter. This was the time for ships full of strange fighting men to land on the shores near by; coming to capture and carry away both provisions and people from the villages around, if they could. Of men and women, and even of little children taken in such raids, those wild pirates made slaves to work for them or to row their ships.

But the pirates did not always win those fights in which the villagers banded together to defend them-

selves. It was fighting side by side for their homes and families that made strong ties of friendship among neighbor villages, who already had the same customs and ways of doing things, as well as the same language.

After banding together for protection in war times, the men of the same valley or mountain-side soon came to have a feeling of clanship with each other and so formed the beginning of a tribe. A few hard fights with outland invaders, or with a clan dwelling in some other valley or on some other island, would quickly show them the need for a fortress into which they could carry their goods and most precious belongings, as well as to be a stronghold from which to defend their own lives and liberty. If this fortress could be on a hilltop or a great rocky cliff, so much the better. It might not be large enough for the whole tribe to live in without crowding when there was no fighting going on, but it was always there as a refuge.

After a time, men of one tribe learned to build their huts near the base of their fort, so that none who came could cut them off from taking shelter there. Once inside their fortress, they defended the houses below by flinging great stones down at their enemies, or by shooting arrows at them from above, and so driving them away.

It was in this fashion that little towns began, around the places where the stoutest and wisest warriors chose to build their huts.

As these villagers of ancient Hellas learned to build better houses, and needed things which they did not make for themselves, peaceful traders came, bringing goods from other countries. These they

exchanged for skins, pottery, dried fish or whatever the villagers had to sell. Through these traders the village and country people learned many things about people in far-away places, how they lived and built houses. In time each town came to be the first rude beginning of a city, with houses set in some sort of order, and with open market-places for buying and selling, instead of a mere huddle of huts around a cramped fortress.

Around these open market-places were built the temples of whatever gods were worshiped by the people of the country. To show honor to those gods and to win their good will, men gave of their gains to make the temples beautiful, or to pave the open ground before them.

Of course, as people learned to till the ground and to raise grain and fruit for food, some of them had to live out in the open country; but the city, growing larger and stronger year by year, was always the most important place to its builder-clan, and its ruler was often both king and chief priest.

It was in a fashion like this that Athens first began to grow around the fortress built by its earliest kings on the mighty rock known then—and today—as the "Acropolis," which means the "upper city." No rock in the world has so great and wonderful a history as the Acropolis of Athens. That history goes back into the earliest times of which we know anything. Far below, under the ruins of later years, are still found traces of massive Pelasgian walls, like those at Tiryns and Mycenæ. They were rude and strong. The Athenians called them "Walls of Cecrops," and said that it was from his time onward

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS

"No rock in the world has so great and wonderful a history as the Acropolis of Athens" (p. 36). Photograph shows scaffolding brought from the United States and the restoration of the Parthenon now going on under direction of the United States School in Athens.

that Athens grew steadily as a city and became the great fortress of all Attica.

When the Ionians were driven from their sunny green valleys around Sparta, many of them came to Athens. The king, Codrus, was friendly to them and let them settle there and make new homes for themselves. But in becoming Athenians they did not give up their hatred for the Heraclidæ, or Dorians, as all the invaders came to be called. This bitter feeling spread from them through the people among whom they were now living, and of whom they soon became a strong part.

In those days it did not take much to start war between two cities or small kingdoms. This feud between the Ionians and the warriors who had come down from the north and conquered Ionia soon brought on disputes between Athens and Sparta. The men of both cities were stout and brave; and when the Spartans marched up over the hills and on into Attica, the Athenians went out boldly to meet them.

People in very old times often believed that their priests could find out from the gods they served what was going to happen. So Codrus tried to learn from a wise priest how the coming battle with the Spartans would turn out, and was told that the army whose king first lost his life would win the victory.

Even today the Athenians tell how Codrus, brave and great-hearted, loved his country and people so unselfishly that he resolved to make the victory sure for them. He dressed himself as a poor peasant and made his way by night into the camp of the Spartans. There he managed to make some of the soldiers angry at him. This brought on a quarrel

in which he was killed, before any battle between the two armies had really begun.

When the men of Athens learned what had happened, and that the king whom they so loved had given his life in order to win the battle for them, they fought so furiously against the Spartans that they forced them out of Attica, and the war, for that time, was ended.

But there was little joy in the hearts of the Athenian soldiers as they went slowly home to the city they had marched out to defend. They found the body of Codrus, and carried it back to Athens for burial with high honor. They felt so much sorrow that, while they gave the son of Codrus the same power that his father had had, as was the custom, yet they refused him the high title of *king*. Now that Codrus was dead, they counted no ruler worthy to inherit and bear that name. Instead, the new head of the city-state was called the *Archon,* or high chief. This name was now passed from one ruler of Athens to another, as king had been in the days before Codrus, and as it still was among other Greek tribes and states.

Athens was only one of the city-states which were growing into power all through Greece. In the first years, these were all ruled by kings, who were rather war chiefs than anything else. The leader in battle was given the largest share of plunder—of gold and armor and of prisoners, to be held for ransom or to be his slaves and work for him. Having these things, he was able to build for himself a great house, to sow and reap from broad fields, and to grow more powerful with every fight in which he led warriors to victory. As he grew famous, men from

the country or from small villages came and made their homes close to the city fortress which he commanded, which was often his palace. They wanted the honor of being numbered among the followers of a mighty warrior whose name was known far beyond his home, perhaps even among the far islands of the Ægean Sea and on the Asian coast.

Yet here came in the Greeks' love of freedom. So long as the king was their chosen war leader, it was well to fight at his side, and to obey his wise counsel in time of battle. Yet if he began to rule badly in more peaceful times, and to make unjust laws that gave him more power over them than they thought right, they were not slaves to submit to him.

Never forget that every tribe and clan of these rugged mountain folk believed itself directly descended from some great hero who had won fame in those far-off, misty times when the gods walked on earth among the people of Hellas and called the heroes their sons. However poor they might be, it was matter for great pride with them to be no unworthy heirs of those same brave heroes: Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, Achilles and many others. It was of their deeds that the old men told tales, over and over, on winter nights by the fire, while the women spun soft, white wool with their distaffs and the children sat hearkening to those wonderful adventures of their own forefathers that had happened long, long before. It is no marvel that the love of freedom and courage grew in those Greek boys as they listened.

It was owing to the steady growth in size of the different cities that the rule of kings came to an end in Hellas. When the men from the country villages

banded together to follow their chief in battle, where he fought mightily himself, they cared little for his temper and weaknesses. So long as he led them to victory over a rival city-state, or over some foreign enemy, they were satisfied. But when they came to live near by, and ran the danger of suffering from his greed or cruelty, they were apt to stop and think whether they really wanted to bow down to such a tyrant.

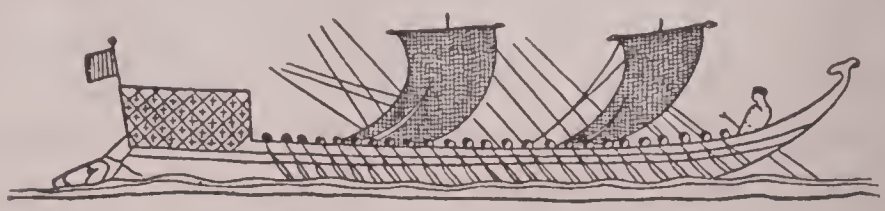
Inside the city each man had plenty of neighbors with whom to talk things over. Together they were stronger than any king. So little by little the people took more of the work of law-making into their own hands. The title of king was either given up, or it became only an empty name. While much of the power was in the hands of men who had riches and counted themselves nobly born, yet these knew well how unsafe it would be to push their claims too far.

It is with the scattering of the Ionian clans that the real records of Greek history begin. Part of them became citizens of Athens, while others took ship and sailed out into the Ægean Sea to find new homes for themselves. Some of these latter settled in nearby islands; but there were clans that reached the mainland of Asia Minor itself, where they founded cities and towns, the most famous of which was Ephesus. Their whole cluster of settlements, on the coast south of where Troy had been, came to be called Ionia, from the old homeland of the men who had founded them.

At another time, settlements were made along the same coast, but farther north, by Dorians, whose colony took the name of Doris, after the little country in northern Greece from which they had

first come. Still a third group of colonies, made by the Æolians, another Greek tribe, was called Æolis.

The people of all these colonies in Asia Minor held themselves of just as pure Greek blood as their kinsmen back in Hellas. The only difference was that they had come away, not to conquer Troy, but to win new homes. For the sake of this they had brought all their possessions in black-hulled ships, which were long, narrow galleys, sometimes driven forward under great white sails, but more often sent swiftly over the waves by many long oars, in spite of wind and storm.



A Greek Ship

One of the earliest kind of ships. It had fifty rowers.

CHAPTER IV

SPARTAN LAWS AND CUSTOMS

THE rich city-state of Sparta, shut in by the rugged mountains of which Taygetus is highest, kept its kings for a long time. The Dorians were stout, fighting men, and gave high honor to their war chiefs. Led by them, they had come down from their hill-country in the north, and had taken this fruitful valley for their own. Those of its people who had not been able to get away to other lands, out of reach of the conquerors, they forced to be their servants, to dig in the fields, plant and harvest their crops for them, and tend their cattle. Beside these conquered Ionians, many prisoners taken in battle by the Dorians were divided among them, and treated as the meanest slaves, forced to do the hardest work. All these servant-folk were called Helots.

Having plenty of Helots as their laborers, the Dorian conquerors soon came to look with scorn at those who were forced to toil for them in their fields and houses. They taught their children that work itself was a thing fit only for slaves. To those Dorians, war was the real business of free-born men, and they did all they knew how to do to fit themselves to be ready for war at all times and to keep their bodies strong and hardy.

Unlike the people of Athens, who loved to travel and to welcome strangers to their growing city,

these new masters of the Spartan state preferred staying at home, unless war called them away; and they showed but scant good will to outlanders and wayfarers who crossed the mountain barriers into Sparta.

The first king of Sparta under the Dorian rule was Aristodemus. He had been one of their leaders in winning the country, and when he died his twin sons were given joint rule over the Spartans. This began a custom which was long followed in that country—the custom of having it governed by two kings. When either king died his share of authority went to his son, or to his nearest heir. By this plan they hoped to avoid putting too much power into the hands of one man.

But no amount of planning could keep trouble and discord out of Sparta. As time passed things came to be unevenly divided. Some of the Spartans grew poor and had no longer either slaves or Helots to work for them, nor any land of their own by which to live. Having been brought up to consider work a disgrace to a free citizen, they were not willing to turn in and set their hands to earning a living. Instead, these poorer Spartans gathered together in armed companies and took by force whatever they happened to want or need from their richer neighbors, who had plenty of slaves and goods. Nobody seemed strong enough to punish them. All these things brought about many riots and made the Spartans bitterly discontented. They felt that things were going badly with them, yet they could not see how they were to be mended.

The old traditions declared that at last one of these street fights ended in the death of one of their

kings, who was stabbed by a rioter as he was trying to persuade the people to end their brawling and go to their homes in peace. This was in the latter part of the ninth century B. C.

The stories went on to tell how, through this murder of a king, it came about that Sparta was brought under far stricter laws than at any time since the Dorians had conquered the land. They told how Polydectes, son of the murdered king, died soon after his father and left his kingly inheritance to his new-born son. As the child would not be old enough to rule for years to come, his uncle, Lycurgus, younger brother of Polydectes, was made his guardian and appointed to act as regent for him.

Lycurgus was so loved and honored by the Spartans for his wisdom and honesty that many of them would gladly have seen him king in place of the baby Charilaus; but he would not accept the honor. So far was he from coveting power that, on hearing that his enemies accused him of planning to kill the child-king, he gave up his office as regent and left Sparta, meaning to stay away until Charilaus had grown up and married, and had a son of his own to be king after him.

Even when Lycurgus was far away from his own country, traveling through Crete and into Asia and Africa, he kept studying the laws, good and bad, and the manner of ruling in each country he visited. He hoped always that some day his beloved Sparta might profit greatly by what he was learning while in exile.

At last conditions became so unhappy in Sparta that its kings and chief citizens sent for Lycurgus and begged him to return and help them bring order

to the country. So he went back and planned out for them an entirely new set of laws. These were harsh in many ways, but he meant them for the good of Sparta, and he was able to win his friends to uphold what he wanted to do. In the end, he managed to get all the people to accept the new laws and to live by them. These laws, once in force, made Sparta a very different place to live in, and through them it grew powerful among the city-states of Greece.

The Odyssey gives a clear picture of the royal palace of King Menelaus as it was when Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, came to Sparta seeking news of his lost father. Though he was a king's son himself, with a palace-home in which he had grown up, and with treasure-chambers full of riches, yet his heart was filled with wonder at "the flashing of bronze through the echoing halls, and the flashing of gold and of amber and of silver and of ivory." In the great vaulted hall of Menelaus the chairs were of carved wood, and the cups and bowls and platters on the polished tables were of gold and silver. Fair Queen Helen sat spinning violet-blue wool with a wonderful golden distaff, and on the floor were rugs of soft wool. It seemed to the boy Telemachus as if he had come into the court of Zeus on Mount Olympus, with the gleaming as of sunlight and moonlight from all the gold and silver, and with the walls of scented wood.

In the Sparta of Lycurgus there was small space for gold and silver and beautiful carvings, for bed coverings of thick, soft wool, or even for royal feasting. Instead, Sparta was to be rich in men and women with brave hearts and strong bodies, to

whom the good of the state must mean more than their own ease and comfort. Small wonder that at first Lycurgus came near being stoned to death by some of the angry nobles. Finally he brought them all to agree to follow the laws as he taught them. These laws were not written out, but were learned by heart by the men, who taught them in turn to the children.

Lycurgus began by giving every free Spartan man the right to vote, and to have a voice in the law making. There was also to be a council or senate of thirty, to keep the balance between the power of the kings and that of the people, and to see that justice was done to all.

Then came a hard part of his work, which was to make the rich Spartans agree to a new division of the land. It was all to be divided evenly among all the free citizens—the share of each man being just large enough to yield a year's supply of oil and wine and grain for one family. He wanted to divide up the other kinds of property, but that was almost impossible. The best he could do was to forbid the use of all gold and silver coin, and to allow only money of iron to be coined in its place! This meant that few traders would bring rich wares into Sparta to sell, for the iron money, in which they would have to take their pay, would not pass in any other country. The Spartans would now have to make whatever they wanted themselves. Their houses too were to be built of wood "wrought only by the axe, and with gates and doors smoothed only by the saw." Their furniture was to be of the simplest things needed for daily use.

So that the young Spartans should grow up liv-

ing the plainest of lives, the laws of Lycurgus began at the beginning, with the babies just born. It seems bitterly cruel to us today to read that when a little son or daughter was born to a Spartan family, the father must take it to certain elders of his tribe for them to say whether it was to be allowed to live or not. If it seemed to them strong and hardy, they would give it back to the father and tell him to bring it up well, for Sparta. Then they would set aside a share of the public land for it. But if it was feeble or slightly crippled, it was carried to a dark chasm in the side of Mount Taygetus and left there to die, as useless to the state! Spartan boys and girls were not allowed to live with their parents after they were seven years old, and even before that they had little petting or gentle care. Everything was done with the purpose of making them sturdy and fearless.

The reason for all this was that Lycurgus thought only of making the state a strong power. In order to do that, he held that each man and woman in it must be trained for perfect health and strength. Those who could not stand such hardships, he thought, were better out of the way.

The ones who grew up to be men and women were certainly a fine people, so far as bodies and bravery went. They were given few lessons in "book learning," as we know it; but they knew all the old hero tales by heart, and were taught to sing them. They learned to dance and run and to endure all sorts of pain and weariness without complaint. It was even thought right that the young lads should learn to steal food for themselves or else suffer hunger, so that in time of war, when they might not be able to

carry food with them, they would know how to provide for themselves!

All these young boys lived in public buildings, as children of the state, under the care of teachers who were to make them strong men for Sparta. The girls, too, were given lessons in athletic sports to make them hardy and self-reliant. None of the Spartans, old or young, were supposed to wear soft, rich clothing, except when going to war. Then the young warriors were allowed to put on costly armor and fine garments. In war time, too, they were provided with better food, and their officers were not so strict. Going to war was made to seem a holiday to them.

As to everyday living, it was very simple. Grown men, like young people, ate nearly all their meals in a public dining hall, where the food was of the plainest kind. There would be cheese and coarse bread, a little dried fruit and a sort of black broth. They hardly ever had meat or fish, unless one of them had been out hunting, when he would send part of his venison or other game to the public table, and then he himself could dine at home.

Boys were all trained to keep their tempers, even when it was a hard matter. They were taught to speak seldom, and only if they had something worth while to say. Indeed it was no easy thing to be a boy in Sparta.

Considering all these things, together with the training in wrestling and throwing spears and shooting with bows and arrows, it is no wonder that Sparta soon became a state so strong that she needed no walled fortress. Lycurgus said of her citizens that *they* were the defenses of Sparta.

By the new laws the free citizens of Sparta also shared equally among them all the Helots who were held in slavery, so that each one had servants and farm laborers to work his share of land. If the masters had to live what men today would think a life without any comforts, their Helots had a much harder time. While each of them called some one Spartan citizen his master, yet all the Helots were really owned by the state, which could do with them whatever the Council said was best for Sparta and its people.

For his master, the Helot must do every sort of hard work. He must serve him at the public tables, carry his armor and weapons when he was going to war, and toil as he was bidden, however tired he might be. It was a common custom for a Spartan master to force one of his Helots to drink too much wine, so that the young lads might see for themselves, as a lesson, how shamefully and foolishly a drunken man would act. The Helots were given whippings each year to remind them that they were slaves. Their masters had no power to set them free; though if they went into battle with those whom they served and fought well against the enemies of Sparta, the state would sometimes give them a certain liberty as reward. But if the Council thought that there were getting to be too many Helots, and that they might realize their own strength, men would be sent out secretly through the country to kill those whom they thought were not contented.

It is not strange that the free Spartans felt the need for keeping close watch on the Helots, lest

some day they should band together and fight their way to liberty.

At last, when Lycurgus felt that all was going as it should in Sparta, he laid a plan to prevent any changes. He called the citizens to a great public meeting and told them that it was needful for him to take a journey and ask advice from the oracle of Apollo at Delphi. He asked each of them to give his sacred word to keep the laws just as he had made them until his return. They promised at once, and Lycurgus went away contented. After he had visited the oracle and had there been told that the Spartans would prosper so long as they kept his laws, he resolved never to go back. He was an exile from his own homeland for the rest of his life. Sparta kept those laws through many generations. In fact it was five hundred years before any real change was made in them.

Just over the mountains to the west of Sparta, beyond Mount Taygetus, was a lovely country called Messenia, whose chief defense was the great city fortress of Ithome, one of the highest hill forts in all Greece. From the summit of Ithome one could see all over Messenia, of whose rich soil a poet sang that it was "good to plow and good to plant." But its people might have been glad if it had been less beautiful, less fertile, and so less attractive to covetous invaders.

But the Messenians had no suspicion of danger to themselves. They came of the same race as the Spartans, and for a time the two states were friendly neighbors to each other. They kept certain festivals together at a temple just between the two countries.

APOLLO, THE GOD OF THE SUN

The most beloved god of the Greek world.

But Sparta was growing and needed more land to share among her free citizens. Messenia would be well worth having, if only a good excuse could be found for making war. So when some young men of Messenia saw at this temple certain girls from Sparta whom they wanted for wives, and carried them off into their own country, Sparta was more than eager for a fight. Without giving any warning, she sent an army into her neighbor's country, took the town of Amphea and killed all its people. This brought on the First Messenian war, lasting close onto twenty years, from 743 to 723 B. C. The Messenians fought bravely to save their country, but they had not the training of the Spartan warriors. The war ended in the capture of Ithome; and the Spartans made slaves of the Messenians.

For some time the Messenians submitted to the tyranny of the neighbor state. It was about forty years before a rebellion sprang up, led by Aristomenes, one of the princes of the conquered state. He revived in the Messenians their love of their own country so that they rose and drove the Spartans, filled with dismay, back over the mountains to within sight of their proud city. The Spartans were eager for revenge. They asked advice of an oracle which told them that Aristomenes could never be beaten by them unless they marched against him under the command of an Athenian general. So they sent into Attica, asking for an Athenian to lead them against the Messenians. Athens, instead of picking out a warrior, sent them, as leader, a lame singer named Tyrtæus. At first the Spartans were angry, taking his coming as an insult; but they felt otherwise when his splendid war songs rang in their ears.

They were so aroused that they rushed into battle, defeated the invading Messenians and took many prisoners home, Aristomenes being one of them.

These prisoners, instead of being held as slaves, were thrown down into a deep pit to die. Aristomenes was the only one to reach the bottom without being hurt. Instead of giving up hope and staying there to starve, he found his way out by tracking a fox to its burrowed hole through the hillside. Seeing daylight beyond, he managed to dig the passage larger, until he was able to squeeze through and make his way out to freedom and his comrades again.

With their brave prince to lead them, the Messenians kept on with this Second War from 645 to 631 B. C., until the last of their forts had been captured by Spartan forces, and their only hope of remaining free men was to leave their dear homeland and win footholds for themselves in other countries. Some of them escaped northward into Arcadia, where they had friends; but others sailed westward across the Ionian Sea to Italy and Sicily, where their colonies grew into cities, of which one, Messina, still bears the name of the land from which its founders were driven.

CHAPTER V

ATHENIAN CODES AND RULERS

BASILEUS is the Greek word which means the same as king in English. While the men of Athens, after the brave death of Codrus, would not allow his sons, or their sons after them, to inherit that title, yet for a number of years the power that had gone with it still belonged to the royal family and was handed down from father to son. The title of *Archon,* borne instead of *Basileus* by the ruler, was first meant to carry with it the full right to govern the state for life; but that power grew steadily less. The real power was slowly coming into the hands of the people themselves.

First the nobles, who were jealous, took the leadership of the army from the Archon and gave it to a military commander called the *Polemarchos,* or war leader, who was elected by the nobles from among themselves. Then, soon after, the royal family was overthrown, and such power as still remained to it passed into the hands of the Medontidæ, or descendants of Medon, whose house had long held high rank among the noble families of Athens.

But while this meant that the Archon would now be a Medontid, the title was no longer to be passed down from father to son. Each Archon was elected by the citizens, to serve for life; and the citizens chose any Medontid they happened to like.

The next step toward the government of the people

by themselves was when the term of each Archon's rule was shortened to a period of ten years, instead of his holding the office for life. The final change came when the power slipped quite away from the Medontidæ and the people of Athens elected each year nine Archons from among the men of noble houses. Of these the First Archon, the Polemarchos, and the one in charge of religious affairs held highest rank. The other six were called *law-givers*, and were like our own judges.

The main reason why the nobles were still given the high offices in the state was that they alone could afford to serve the country without pay. The trouble with such a plan was that it put too much power into the hands of a few rich families. As the laws were given out by the nobles and had to be obeyed by the common people, and as the nobles could make laws to suit themselves, poor men had little chance against them and bitter feeling arose between rich and poor.

At last, unlike the Spartans, the citizens of Athens demanded that the laws they were to obey and live by should be put down in written words, so that everybody could know exactly what they were. Then they could tell whether the judges were deciding cases according to those written laws.

The First Archon was given the task of making out a clear and just code of laws. This Archon was called Draco. He meant to do what he thought was for the good of the people. But when, in the year 621 B. C., he gave out the new laws, they were found to be so harsh and severe that the Athenians spoke of them as being written in blood, not ink. By his laws even a tiny theft was punished by death. For

Draco said that small crimes deserved death, and he had no greater punishment for the greater crimes. Beside this, Draco had not improved the laws which gave rich men so much power over their poor debtors that they could even sell them into slavery, if they chose. The end of it all was that in a short time Draco was driven out of Athens. and was never allowed to return.

The city-state was now in turmoil. Neither rich nor poor men wanted to keep the cruel laws of Draco. As a result, all Athens was in disorder for want of some cool-headed person with wit and power to straighten things out and keep the two parties from clashing until a new code of laws could be decided upon.

The nobles and citizens were still looking at each other with suspicion when a noble whose name was Cylon, the son-in-law of the ruler of Megara, tried to seize the power in Athens for himself. He had no friends among the people, but he had gathered a band of young nobles, and he had the help of soldiers from Megara, which was a small but rich state near Corinth. With these he managed to reach the Acropolis and to make himself master of the fortress there, by a sudden surprise. He might have won over some of the citizens to his side; but when it became known that he had brought in foreign soldiers to help him fight against his own countrymen, all Athens grew hot with anger at him. The city sent out messengers to all parts of Attica, calling for help to resist him. Soon Cylon and his party were penned so closely on the Acropolis that they could get neither food nor water. They held out for many days, but at last Cylon and his brother con-

trived to slip away secretly and escape from Attica, leaving their friends and the soldiers from Megara to take care of themselves in the best way they could.

Left in this fashion, the friends of Cylon lost courage and took refuge in the Temple of Athene. Here they were safe so long as they remained inside its walls. A temple was holy ground, and no Athenian would have dared to force any one from its shelter.

If they had been able to obtain supplies of food and water, the men of Cylon might have remained safely in the temple; but they were quite as closely besieged there as they had been out on the Acropolis. For a time, they seemed to think it better to starve there than to fall into the hands of their enemies. In fact, the priests of Athene began to fear that they would die in the temple and so defile the holy place.

At last Megacles, the Archon, promised the prisoners a fair trial if they would leave the temple and come down. They agreed, but in order still to be under the protection of the goddess, they tied a stout thread to her statue in the temple and came down to the judges, all holding to it tightly. No one ventured to touch them, for fear of making the goddess angry; but suddenly, as they reached the Temple of the Furies, the little cord parted of itself. Then Megacles and his fellow archons, calling out that Athene had cast these men off and refused them further protection, fell on them and put most of them to death.

There was little peace in Athens after this. The friends and families of the men who had taken part with Cylon were bitter against Megacles and *his*

THE THESEUM, AT ATHENS

This is one of the best-preserved of Greek temples. It was named after Theseus, the hero-king (p. 120).

clan, the Alcmæonidæ. There were street fights and troubles all the time, and people began to whisper that Pallas Athene was displeased with Megacles for the way in which he had broken so solemn a promise, and that she would never allow the city to be at peace until he and all his kinsmen were severely punished. So many of the Athenians came to believe this, that a great meeting of the citizens was held, and the whole clan of the Alcmæonidæ, with many of their friends, were banished from Attica, never to return. After this the city was considered to be purified from all that had made Athene angry with its people.

The citizens, tired of the fighting and wrangling, may have felt that it was by favor of Athene, who was goddess of wisdom, that Solon, the man chosen about 594 B. C., to make laws for them, turned out to be both wise and gentle. He was one of the few men of noble family who had kept himself away from the quarrels between the different classes of Athenians. He was rich, but he had never ill treated any poor man. So both classes agreed to choose him Archon—the wealthy nobles because he was one of themselves, the poor because he was honest.

Solon's first act sent a wave of great joy and relief through all Attica, for he made it known that all who had been sold into slavery for debt were set free, and that hereafter no man should be made a slave in order to pay his debts. He gave equal rights to all the people, allowing them to elect judges and juries who should try the causes between them in the courts of law, and giving to men who were accused of crimes the right to speak in their own defense.

Solon was also quick to repeal Draco's cruel laws; and only those who had killed their fellowmen were considered to deserve a sentence of death. Altogether, he did his best to make all the laws just, so that every class of the people should have its rights guarded by the state. While he was not able to please everybody, yet he was so honest and true of purpose that he was loved and respected by all. When his work was finished, and peace again ruled in Athens, he gave up all office and left the country, in order to spend the next ten years traveling and studying.

But even the wisdom and good laws of Solon could not unite the two great classes of Athens into one party. The *Aristoi,* or party of the nobles and wealthy citizens, felt that they should be of more importance than the party of the farmers and the common people. The *Demos,* as this other party was called, had long been held down too firmly for their liking. Now that the new laws gave them rights, and let them have a voice in governing the state, their inborn love of self-rule made them unwilling to yield any point to the Aristoi. Of course the nobles, who had so long held all the power, did not like this. They stood out for every inch of their birthright, saying that men like themselves knew far more about real affairs of state than common people and stupid country folk, who had never had any chance to learn how such high matters should be handled.

All this did not mean that the Athenian people, as a whole, were not living their everyday lives, just as people of today do who disagree over politics. In spite of dissensions the Athenians went

on holding their festivals, building houses and temples, and the ships of their merchants went on trading voyages to other Greek states and to foreign countries. The farmers plowed their fields with yokes of oxen and sowed wheat and barley. They gathered the olives and crushed out the rich, golden oil. The women and girls spun and wove soft wool, to make warm clothing and bed coverings for the winter. The children ran and played in the streets, just as little lads and lasses have done in every city that was ever built—tossing balls to each other, and running races, or hurrying to the open market-places to see the wonderful things brought from overseas by some strange merchant. And any enemy who thought that because the people of Athens were disagreeing among themselves, it would be safe and easy to invade Attica, would soon have found out his mistake.

Whoever looks at the map of Greece will see, between Attica and the Peloponnesus, a deep bay, called the Saronic Gulf. Attica runs well around the head of this gulf to the west, until it touches Megara. Between the two states, right in the curve of the coast, is the Island of Salamis. An Athenian, standing on the hill of the Acropolis, could see it in the distance, almost shutting in the little bay of Eleusis, which belonged to Attica. But Salamis was in the hands of Megara and, so long as it was held by a neighbor state, that neighbor could threaten Athens from the island shores. The trouble with Cylon had made Athens more covetous than ever of Megara, a rich and powerful little state which had long prevented the Athenians from taking Salamis for their own.

It was when Solon had come back from his travels that Athens, at his urgency, declared war against Megara, and sent an army to conquer the coveted island. One of the Athenian leaders in this expedition was Pisistratus, a kinsman of Solon, who fought bravely and helped his countrymen to win the victory.

Pisistratus was one of the Aristoi, but he had long been friendly with the people of the poorer classes. Now that he was being honored as a hero, he began to gather a strong party of his own to help him to become ruler over Athens. He promised the poor citizens even more rights than Solon's laws had given them. By gifts and acts of kindness he sought to bring them to his side. At last one day he came hurrying into the market-place, lashing the horses of his chariot as if he were flying from enemies and showing the people many bleeding scratches on his face and body.

"Come! See what the nobles have done to me because I befriend you who are poor!" he cried. "Some day they will kill me for it!"

Naturally the common people were greatly stirred. They voted Pisistratus a bodyguard of fifty men to defend him by night and by day. This guard was to be paid by the state, though Solon was very much opposed to the idea. However, with the feeling of the common people in his favor, their hero gathered a bodyguard of many times fifty men; and the next news in the streets and market places of Athens was that Pisistratus had made himself master of the Acropolis, and meant to rule the city! This was in 560 B. C.

His little army was too strong to be resisted just

then, and Pisistratus was wise enough to win friends by governing with kindness and justice. Even when his enemies got the upper hand for a time, and forced him into banishment, he was soon recalled by the people. Solon himself had to admit that his kinsman made a good ruler.

It was by the orders of Pisistratus, who loved books and learning, that the poems of Homer, the Iliad and Odyssey, were first gathered together in book form, to be read and learned as a whole. He was even able to keep peace between the rival parties in Athens, and so brought contentment to all the country around. Although he took the power by force, it is certain that no better rule than his was ever known in Attica. He led the people, rather than compelled them to obey him.

But while Pisistratus seemed to have lived only for the welfare of Athens, his two sons, Hippias and Hipparchus, who shared the rule after his death, had no desire to imitate his goodness. They soon became real tyrants, wasting the people's money for their own pleasures, and insulting them.

Seeing this, two young Athenians, Harmodius and Aristogiton, brought together their friends and made secret plans to free Athens from these tyrants (510 B. C.). At the time of a great religious feast, the two young men armed themselves and managed to kill Hipparchus. But Hippias was surrounded by his own bodyguard, and thus escaped the sword of Harmodius, who was cut down and killed. The surviving tyrant made every effort to find out who had been in the plot with the two young men. Because Aristogiton would not give the names of his com-

rades, Hippias had him slain without a trial. But no one would betray the others of the brave band.

Hippias continued to rule for a time; but he knew, all the while, that the people hated him bitterly, and that his enemies were looking for a chance to overthrow him.

THE CHARIOT RACE—CHECA

CHAPTER VI

THE OLYMPIAN GAMES

WHILE both the Peloponnesus and the northern part of Greece were divided into little kingdoms or city-states, each one jealous of its neighbors and anxious to keep its freedom as a separate country, yet the people in all these divided parts of Hellas belonged to the same race. They spoke the same language, had the same customs, and believed in the same high gods. When the great religious holidays came, they followed the traditions of the forefathers of them all, and laid aside their quarrels in order to do honor and reverence to those mighty gods.

The Iliad gives a long account of the games held by Achilles in honor of his dear comrade Patroclus, who had been slain in battle by the Trojan hero, Hector. It seems strange to think of chariot races and foot races, wrestling and spear-casting for prizes, as part of the funeral rites at the death of a warrior. But games of this same sort were held at appointed places, every year, in honor of the gods.

This came about because the people of Hellas thought so highly of bodily strength and beauty, as well as of skill in athletic sports. In a way they were giving of the best they had when they came together and strove with each other in order to honor Zeus, or Apollo, "the Far-Darter," or Poseidon, who ruled the sea.

The highest prizes given to the victors at these games, which were held once in so many years, were not purses of gold, or jewels, or even medals and cups. They were crowns of wild olive leaves, or the leaves of whatever tree was sacred to the god in whose honor the games were held. These cost nothing, but no gold could buy them. The honor of having been a victor in the sacred games was counted a reward great enough in itself, and many young Greeks thought it a little thing to give their lives to win such an honor for themselves and for their home cities.

On the western shore of the Peloponnesus, north of Messenia, and west of that Arcadia where the Messenians found friends, was the tiny state of Elis, through whose broad plain the river Alpheus runs to reach the Ionian Sea. Beside this river is a lovely green valley where rugged oak trees give shelter, and almond trees are pink with bloom in spring. Here the hero Hercules, the son of Zeus himself, was supposed to have built a temple for the worship of his father, and to have begun the custom of holding games there every four years. These were the Olympian games.

In the earliest years of Greek legend and history intervals would occur when these games were forgotten or neglected. Then some ancient king or mighty warrior, who wanted to win favor with the ruler of the gods, would put fresh life into the old custom by building new temples and restoring the old ones, and by holding the games with much splendor.

The temple and sacred grove of Zeus, at Olympia in Elis, were regarded as holy places. Whoever had

RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS (OR JUPITER) AT OLYMPIA

The columns now standing are of exquisite beauty. Ages have touched the snowy marble with warm golden-brown tints, which have but added to their charm.

charge of them was given much power in Hellas. Many times the neighboring states were jealous of each other, lest one should win some advantage over another by taking control of the festival. At one time Argos held the upper hand there; at another, Elis itself, or else Sparta. The Spartans, whose men were such well trained warriors, claimed the right of defending the temple if it should ever be in danger from invaders.

The people of Hellas even counted the number of years in their history by Olympiads, an Olympiad being a period of four years. The actual records of these time divisions go back to between seven and eight hundred years before Christ, and their legends for a much longer time.

About six hundred years before Christ, the games at Olympia had grown to be so important that they were much more than just a national holiday. From all parts of the known world where Greek cities and colonists could be found, men came eagerly to see the games, or to strive for the olive crown.

As each fourth year came around, and the new moon nearest to midsummer was seen in the sky, a truce was proclaimed through all Hellas, so that men coming to the games could pass through hostile states in perfect safety. So strict was this truce, and so sacred, that when the Spartans once broke it, they were forbidden to enter the games that year. No armed warriors were allowed to tread the soil of Elis during the sacred month of the Olympian games; and the peace heralds forbade all war between Greeks while the great festival in honor of Zeus was going on.

Those who came to Olympia at the time of the

games often brought rich gifts to its shrines; and it was the glory of a city, or even of a state, to win the honor of rebuilding any temple there which had begun to show signs of age. The greatest sculptors and painters would give their work to make these noble buildings more beautiful, and the statues of those who had won in the games were placed in the Altis, or sacred grove, so that their names should never be forgotten. Some of the most wonderful of all the antique statues known today have been found in the ruins of Olympia; among them that most beautiful one of Hermes, messenger of the gods, carved by the great sculptor Praxiteles.

Young men and boys began training long beforehand for victory in the Olympian games; and when the best were chosen from those in a city, a town, or even some mountain village, they journeyed to Elis with eager hearts, each one knowing that he was holding the honor of his birthplace in his hands, and that he must strive mightily for its credit.

On that fair and grassy plain, dotted with temples of white marble, widely branching groves, treasuries belonging to the different states, and the buildings for the contests, there was rivalry in other things beside athletic sports. Poets and singers came there to compete in verse and song, and the names of the winners were given glory wherever the Greek tongue was spoken.

But Olympia was not the only part of Greece where famous games were held in honor of a god, and where the people of Hellas came with reverence. Delphi, a rocky valley near the Gulf of Corinth, in the northern half of Greece, was held a most holy place, "the sanctuary of Hellas." This sheltered

HERMES, MESSENGER OF THE GODS

Hermes most fully expresses the character of the Greek people. This matchless marble, discovered at Olympia in 1877, is considered the finest example of Praxitelean sculpture extant.

glen, almost under the cliffs of Mount Parnassus, was sacred to the god Apollo. Here was the famous oracle, which all Greek nations believed able to answer truly any question asked of it, to which men came or sent from all parts of the known world in order to get advice, or to have their quarrels decided rightly.

The sacred glen had sometimes been called Pytho, and from this old name Delphi was spoken of as the holy place of the Pythian Apollo. Here, as at Olympia, "pan-Hellenic" (or all-Grecian) games were held in honor of a god. But at Delphi it was the "Far-Darter" to whom chief reverence was paid.

A temple had stood in the glen from the earliest ages, but at the time when the Alcmæonidæ were in exile from Athens, the old building had been burned down. Hippias was then still tyrant over Athens, and the kinsmen of Megacles knew that they would have no hope of returning there while he was in power. So they tried to win favor with the Athenians by undertaking to rebuild the sanctuary of Apollo, especially dear to the men of Attica, at the least possible cost. Not only did they raise a beautiful temple, according to the plans given them, but they added a front of purest Parian marble at their own expense.

This generous gift won the good will of the priests of Apollo at Delphi, and they gave out the sayings of the oracle in such a way that certain Spartan nobles, who had come to get advice for their own country, were made to believe that Apollo wanted Sparta's aid in driving Hippias and his party out

of Athens, so that the Alcmæonidæ might return in safety.

Hippias had few real friends in Athens. The moment the people of that city knew of the Spartans' willingness to help, they took heart and joined with those one-time enemies in driving Hippias to take refuge on the Acropolis, and blockading him there. He held out for a few days. In the meantime he tried to send his children secretly out of the country, but they were caught by his enemies. Hippias was forced to promise that if they were restored to him, he would leave Attica within five days.

The tyrants had fallen, and Athens was free!

Hippias fled to Sigeum, a fortress on the coast of Asia Minor, which had been won and lost by the Athenians, in old days, and had been retaken for Athens by Pisistratus. Here he lived with his family, which was sentenced never to return to Athens.

The title of "*tyrannos,*" or tyrant, had once meant only a man who had taken the highest power in a state by his own strength instead of by inheritance or by right of election. But by the actions of Hippias and Hipparchus the word had come to mean a cruel and selfish ruler who must always be the worst enemy of the people over whom he held power.

Almost as old as the pan-Hellenic games at Olympia and Delphi were those held every second year in honor of Poseidon, or Neptune, close to the city of Corinth. These became famous as the Isthmian Games, because they took place on the Isthmus of Corinth, the narrow neck of land only five miles wide, between the Corinthian and Saronic Gulfs. Much of the power of the rich and ancient city of Corinth came from its position in this place, where

ATHLETES' ENTRANCE TO THE STADIUM AT OLYMPIA

Here were held the celebrated Olympic games. Spectators from all parts of the world crowded to these festivals.

all who traveled by land between northern Hellas and the Peloponnesus must pass, and perhaps pay tribute.

Besides this, Corinth held two ports, one on each of "the two seas." It is no wonder that she became great and powerful as a city of merchants. Today there is not much left of the rich old city, which was noted far back in the time of Homer. A new Corinth has grown up nearby, for such a site is just as valuable in this century as it was in those far-off ages, three thousand years before railroads and steamships had been dreamed of.

Other pan-Hellenic games were held every second year at Nemea, on the plain of Argos. These, like the ones at Olympia, were in honor of Zeus, and three slender upright columns still mark the deserted ruins of his temple there.

There were still other games and high festivals held in many parts of Greece, and among her islands and far colonies; but these four had the highest importance among the people of Hellas, and were kept up for hundreds of years.

CHAPTER VII

THE GREEK COLONIES IN ASIA MINOR

OVER on the coasts of Asia Minor the Greek colonies were growing in number and size, whether Athens and Sparta and their other mother-states were at peace or fighting battles. The most important of these colony countries were Æolis, Ionia and Doris. All three took their names from the native lands of their first settlers, just as provinces and towns in our own country were named by early French and English colonists for the places from which they had come, or for people there.

In the same fashion that Boston, New Hampshire, New York and New Orleans were named in honor of Boston town and Hampshire in England, and of the Dukes of York and Orleans, Æolis, the farthest north of these Greek colonies, was called for one of the little hill-parts of Thessaly, up to the north of the Greek mainland.

Ionia, which ran along the coast just south of Æolis in Asia Minor, was the land settled by that nation whom the Dorians had driven out of the Peloponnesus. And the seacoast still farther south than Ionia, with many islands near its shores, was settled, not long after, by other adventurers from little Doris in the Greek mountain-country. The Dorians were bold sailors, and even before the taking of Sparta, a tribe of them had conquered and

settled in the large island of Crete. The people of Corinth, too, came of Dorian stock.

With all the tribe and clan feuds, it is easy to see how little wars and quarrels would often spring up from small causes. Yet when any outside invasion threatened Hellas as a whole, men of Greek blood everywhere stood shoulder to shoulder, forgetting all their grudges for the time, while they fought for the freedom of their fatherland.

None of these colonies held land running very far back from the seacoast. Æolis was like nothing more than a narrow fringe along the western shores of Phrygia and Mysia, inland countries whose early inhabitants had claimed kinship with the Greeks of Hellas. But, like Lydia and Caria, to the south of them, these kingdoms of Asia Minor were beginning to fall into the power of a nation far away to the east of them all. Persia was growing very strong, and was reaching out toward the Mediterranean. Soon the Greek cities along the Ægean coast of Asia would feel her grasp.

Crœsus, the king of Lydia, who had been the friend of Solon, and who was famous for his immense wealth, had shown much kindness to the Greeks in Asia. For long years his kingdom had made a sort of barrier between Greece and the Assyrians. Even when the power of Assyria and Babylon began to crumble into dust, no one dreamed that Lydia was not strong enough to stand forever between Hellas and the "Medes and Persians."

But Crœsus, the richest of men so far as gold went, was not able to meet the Persians with an army powerful enough to beat them back. He was

captured by Cyrus the Great, and his country became a province of the growing Persian Empire.

The story has often been told of how Crœsus, when taken prisoner by Cyrus, was condemned to be burned to death on a great funeral pyre. As he lay there bound, waiting for the fagots to flame up, three times he cried out the name of "Solon!" Cyrus, hearing him, and wondering whether "Solon" was the name of some unknown god on whom he was calling for aid, asked the Lydian king how this Solon was to help him. Crœsus answered that he was remembering in sorrow the counsel of Solon, who had visited him when he was rich and powerful. The noble Athenian had told him that it was wiser not to be proud of great wealth until he knew how his life would end.

When Cyrus heard this, it is said that he so reverenced the wisdom of Solon that for its sake he spared the life of his prisoner.

With Lydia fallen, the Greek cities on the coast would have to bow before the might of the Persian Empire. When Cyrus had first started on his march against Lydia, he had sent a message to a band of Ionian soldiers who served Crœsus, inviting them to come over to his side. They had refused, and for that reason Cyrus felt little good will toward the Ionian cities. One by one, in the years 546-544 B. C., the Greek colonies fell under the rule of Cyrus, and their men were made to serve in the Persian army, whether they liked it or not. They sent messengers across the sea to Sparta, at that time the strongest state in Greece, asking for help; but Sparta had already refused to send men or ships to aid Crœsus of Lydia in *his* losing fight

against the Persians. She made no move now to help the Greek cities on the far side of the Ægean Sea. Sparta indeed cared for what went on in Sparta, and for little outside, so long as her own freedom was not in danger.

Out of curiosity, however, the Spartans did send a single ship to the Ionian coast to find out secretly what was likely to happen in Asia Minor, and whatever could be picked up about the plans and power of Cyrus. It is said that a noble Spartan who was of the ship's company went inland to Sardis, where Cyrus was at the time. There, in the king's own palace, he stood up and faced him without fear, and warned him not to harm any of the Greek colonies, as his own countrymen, the men of Lacedæmon (an old name of Sparta) would not allow it. The Persians only laughed at this, as a jest, and pretended to ask each other who these same Lacedæmonians could be. The kings who ruled the Persian Empire after the time of Cyrus learned the answer to that mocking question, at their own bitter cost.

As there was no other help for them, the Greek colonies had to submit for the time. They had to pay tribute to the great Cyrus, and to own him as their over-lord. In time of war they were called on to furnish soldiers for the service of their conquerors. Yet they were fairly treated and given justice, so their merchants went on trading and growing rich. These coast cities were like doors between the Far East and the remote western parts of the known world. Through them came and went the buyers and sellers of goods from the ends of the earth.

Cyrus died and after him ruled his son, Cambyses, who went with a great army and conquered Phœ-

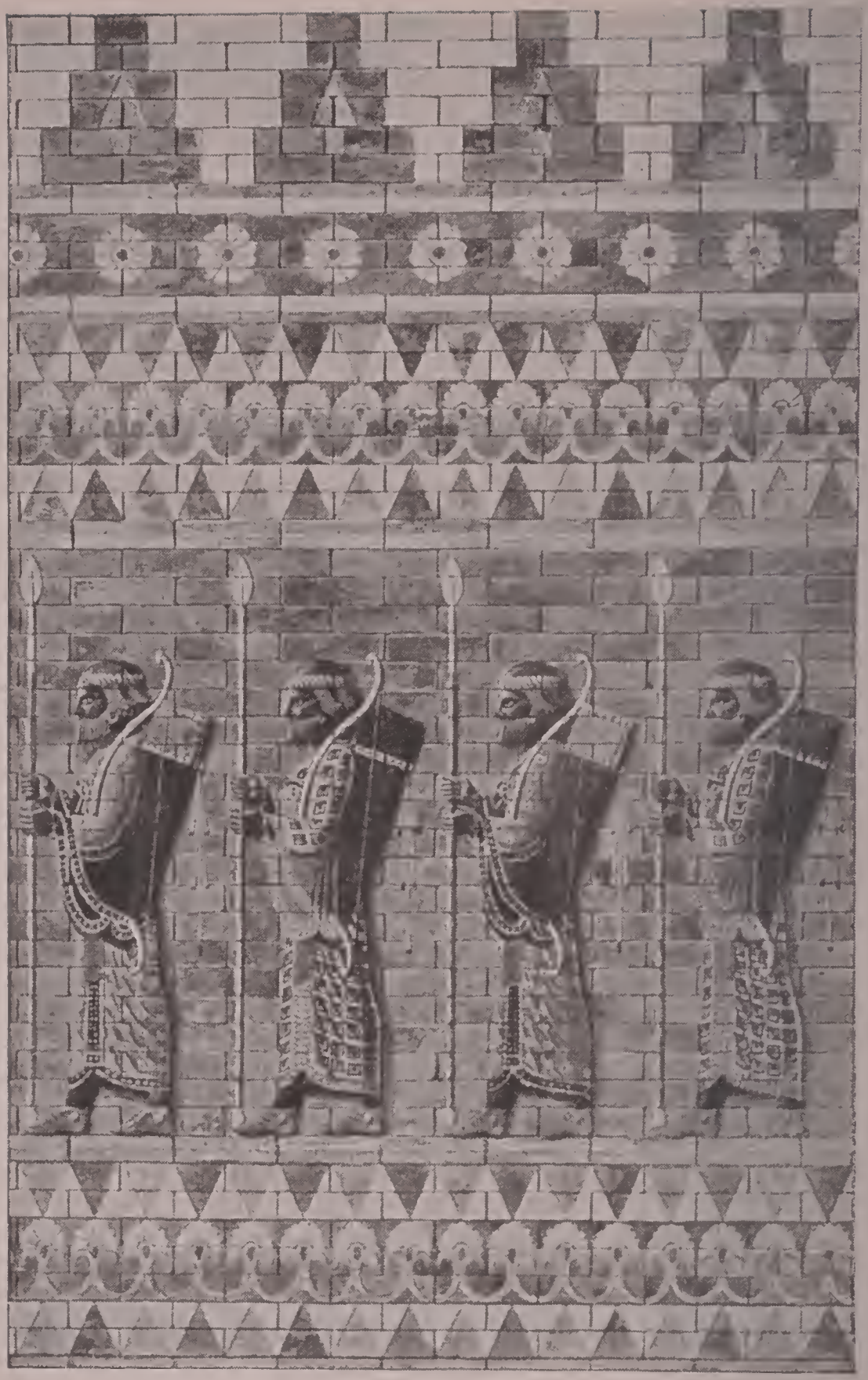
nicia, Egypt, Cyprus and Cyrene (529-522 B. C.). But on his way home Cambyses was killed and there was much disorder in Persia. Many different nobles tried to seize the empire to break it up and share it among them. At last the throne was given to Darius, a brave and warlike prince, who brought back order with a strong hand.

It was while Darius was ruling this mighty Persian Empire that Hippias, the tyrant, was driven out of Attica with his family and was forced to cross the sea and take refuge at Sigeum, that fortress once conquered by his father. It was on the northern shore of Æolis, not far from where Troy had once been. Living there, Hippias tried again and again to win friends among the Greeks of the different colonies, but without any real success. So long as he lived quietly, they wished him well, but they would not help him to invade Attica. Even those who had loved Pisistratus had no wish to see this son of his back in power once more.

The next move of Hippias was to try making friends with the Persian officers whom Darius had set in charge over the Lydian kingdom. He won favor with the satrap, or governor, whose name was Artaphernes, and persuaded him to send a harsh message to the people of Athens, ordering them to take back Hippias as their ruler.

The Athenians paid no attention to the commands of Artaphernes. As the satrap did nothing more than threaten, Hippias was no better off than before. He now started on the long journey eastward to Ecbatana, the chief city of the Persian Empire.

Cambyses the king had built a great road from Sardis in Lydia, once the capital of Crœsus, east-



"THE FRIEZE OF THE ARCHERS" FROM THE PALACE OF DARIUS AT SUSA

Formed of enameled tiles, this frieze (now in the museum of the Louvre) is considered the masterpiece of Persian art.

ward and southward to Susa, in Persia. Susa, or Shushan, as the Bible calls it, was south of Ecbatana. This royal road had been built so that swift messengers could carry word back and forth between the outer edge of the empire and the king's own city without delay; and so that armies could march quickly along it to put down rebellion. It was more than fifteen hundred miles long, and it would take a man on foot three months to reach the Persian capital from the Ægean coast.

By this royal road Hippias traveled to the court of Darius, where the great king was told of his arrival, and where he was given an audience. After humbling himself to Darius, he made his petition for aid, as a brother king, against the Athenians who had cast him out. He must have felt strangely, here in the heart of an immense empire, where the daily life was richer and more full of luxury than anything dreamed of by the wealthiest Athenians, asking for help to get back such a tiny corner of Greece. But Darius treated him as a prince in misfortune, and gave his promise to think over what Hippias had asked of him.

The Persian king was in no hurry to decide. He was already ruler over so great a country that he did not care to go into any new war without some real cause. He might have kept on feeling uncertain about it, had not word come to him that the Ionian cities on the coast had risen to cast off his power, and that the Athenians had sent them twenty ships, filled with fighting men, to help them against the Persian satrap. Marching inland together, the Athenians and Ionians had reached Sardis, and had taken and burned the city of Crœsus. Then they had

gone back to the coast, met a body of Persian troops, fought them and had been defeated.

This experience had discouraged the Athenians and they had sailed for home. They had not been of much use to the Ionians, after the one victory. But King Darius was not likely to forget that soldiers had been sent against his forces by the rulers of Athens, and that they had helped to burn one of his richest cities. Moreover, on hearing of the uprising farther north, the cities of Caria had rebelled and a Persian army had been defeated by their warriors.

It was an easy matter for Darius to send a large force of soldiers into Asia Minor to crush out every spark of defiance there. And the next move of the great king was to collect and equip a large fleet of ships, full of armed warriors, to sail around the northern part of the Ægean Sea and descend on little Attica.

The Persians had no doubt of being successful at once, but they counted on victory too soon. A great storm rose, when the fleet was near Mount Athos, on the Macedonian coast. Winds and waves worked together to destroy this first expedition of Darius (492 B. C.), and to give the men of Athens time to prepare to meet and resist their enemies. What was left of the Persian naval force made its way back to the Asian coast. But it is said that six hundred ships were broken to pieces by that fierce tempest.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PERSIAN MENACE

LITTLE Athens had not been entirely alone in sending help against King Darius to the Ionian rebels in the year 500 B. C. Along the eastern coast of the Greek mainland was the large island of Eubœa, shutting off Attica, Bœotia and Locris farther north from the open Ægean Sea. Only a narrow belt of water lay between the two shores and, in order to reach Attic soil, ships from the east would have to sail for many miles to the north or to the south, so as first to pass around Eubœa. Just across this narrow strip of water, on the inner side of the island, was a city called Eretria, which had once been a powerful merchant state, one whose people had planted colonies in several places along the shores of the Ægean.

Eretria had joined with Athens in answering the appeal of the Ionian cities for help. Darius now intended that Eretria should share in the punishment to be given to Athens. Both cities had been concerned in the burning of Sardis (499 B. C.), and he could not forgive this insult to his pride. He gave orders that all Persian cities on or near the sea-coasts should make warships ready for his service. Trained men were being hurried from the far ends of the Persian Empire to take the places of those lost near Mount Athos, and freight ships, or trans-

ports, also had to be provided for them and for their horses.

In the interval, Darius sent swift galleys, carrying royal heralds, to all the free city-states of Greece that had so far kept out of the quarrel. From all of these the Persian king demanded "earth and water." This was a sign which meant that the cities yielding to his demand were willing to own him as over-lord of all their land and of the sea around them. Persia was great and powerful. Asia Minor alone, which was only a small part of the Persian Empire, was far larger than all the Greek mainland and islands put together. It was hard for the little Greek states and cities to know what to do, when each trading ship or fishing boat that came into port had some piece of news about the army of Darius, and how it was nearly ready to sail and crush all Hellas.

Many of the Greek states gave the tribute, or token of obedience, for which Darius had sent; but others defied him and made ready to fight when he should come. The men of Sparta, angry that any man should try to force them to call him their master, when they were free-born people, forgot the honor that was always given to a king's herald, which made him sacred for the time. They flung the messengers of Darius into a well and into a hole dug in the ground, telling them to take from there what water and earth they needed for their master. King Darius never saw *those* heralds again.

Other messengers took the same demand to the Athenians, who were so full of rage at this action of Darius that they took the man whom the heralds had forced to translate their words from Persian

into Greek, so as to be understood by the people, and put him to death for having insulted his own fatherland.

This defiance from Athens and Sparta did not make Darius feel more gentle toward them. He had now gathered an army of more than a hundred thousand men, and had given the command to a general named Datis, and to his own nephew, Artaphernes. Six hundred galleys had been made ready to carry this mighty army across to Greece. They set sail from the island of Samos, on the Ionian coast near Ephesus.

This time the fleet did not try to go around by Macedonia, although that part of the mainland north of Greece had submitted to Darius and was even willing to give him aid. Instead, it steered rather to the southwest, and burned a town on the island of Naxos, whose ruler had been a friend of Athens. Then the Persian ships sailed on, from one island to another, and at last came up the channel between Attica and Eubœa, keeping close to the island until they reached Eretria. This city they burned without mercy. From it they took for slaves all its people who had not been killed.

It is hard to understand why Athens and Eretria had not made ready to fight together against the Persians, when they had had so many warnings of what was coming. Here was the great Persian fleet, almost on the shores of Attica, and nothing had been done to beat back so merciless a foe.

With the invaders was Hippias, the old tyrant, who hoped to be put in power again over the Athenians who had cast him out, and to have the pleasure of punishing them. But Hippias was bitterly hated

at Athens. Miltiades, the general who was now to become famous as an Athenian leader, was an enemy to all the family of Pisistratus, for they had put his own father to death. Miltiades was not the war leader *(polemarchos)* of the Athenian army, but he had served for so many years in foreign lands that he knew the Persians and their ways of fighting better than any other Athenian officer. His advice was followed now.

Sparta had promised her aid when the Persians should come, so Pheidippides, the swiftest runner to be found in Athens, was sent to carry the news of the burning of Eretria to Lacedæmon. It was fully a hundred and fifty miles, around by Megara and Corinth, and down across the plain of Argos to Sparta; but he reached the city of Lacedæmon, scarcely having stopped for rest in all the long journey. Would Sparta help? Think of the haste of this Athenian messenger to reach Sparta, knowing that even as he ran the Persian army was landing on the northern coast of Attica, in the Bay of Marathon! Yet when his message was gasped out, the Spartans shook their heads. They would send help, as they had bound themselves to do; but the priests had forbidden them to start until after the full moon. Athens must wait!

But the Persians were not thinking about the moon. They were not waiting for Sparta to make up her mind to act. They landed and camped on the plain around the Bay of Marathon. To meet their army of nearly a hundred and fifty thousand, the Greeks had a force of some nine thousand men! The people of Athens were called into solemn assembly to decide what should be done. Some coun-

seled their staying where they were and defending the city from behind its own walls; but those walls of Athens had been broken down by the tyrants, and could give but poor protection.

Miltiades, the captain who knew the Persian customs, proposed that the tiny army should march across the hills to Marathon, twenty-five miles away, and there strike the Persians. The Greeks, he said, knew the country, and could take a strong position among the hills. The Persians would find it hard to get through the rocky passes with such an enemy opposing them.

Miltiades had his way, and the army set out for Marathon in great haste, in order to occupy the passes before the Persians should find out where they were. On the road, a thousand fighting men from Platea joined them. The Plateans could remember a time when Athens had helped them to cast off their own tyrants. They were now ready to go into battle shoulder to shoulder with her little army.

The Athenian forces were commanded by ten generals, each of whom was supposed to take his turn in leading it, for a day at a time. But when Miltiades told his plan to his brother officers, they were quick to see how wise it was. They agreed to give over to him all their rights of command, so that the army would have only one leader to obey. Among these brave men were two whose names became famous in the history of Greece. One was Aristides, and the other Themistocles.

The huge host of the Persians had been camped on the plain for several days, and its generals were making ready to attack Athens both by land and

sea. They now sent their horsemen back on shipboard, ordering the rest of their force to march southward through the hill passes. But the Athenians did not wait for them to make the first move. The splendid little band swept down on the mass of Persian troops, attacking them with such suddenness and fury that the Persians did not know which way to turn. The main strength of the Greeks had been placed at the two ends, or wings, of their line of battle. So when the hard fighting began, those Greeks in the middle of the line, where the Persians threw most of their men, let the enemy push them back toward the hills. But at the same time the strong ends of the Greek line were beating back the two wings of the Persian army and breaking them into a disorderly mob. They were forced to scatter before the Athenian wings, which, leaving them to save themselves in any way they could, now swung together inward behind the Persian center. Entirely routed by this move, the enemy tried to reach the shore and their ships. But this was no easy matter. To the last foot of sea beach the Greek warriors pursued them with sword and spear.

Less than two hundred Greeks had fallen on the field of Marathon, but nearly seven thousand Persians lay dead on the plain. Among the slain was the old tyrant, Hippias.

The victory of Marathon was won (490 B. C.), but the danger to Athens was not yet over. The Persian galleys still held a mighty force, which might reach the city by sailing around Cape Sunium, the southern point of Attica. That the city might not be taken by surprise, a Greek soldier, who had fought manfully through the battle, and who had been

wounded by the Persians, turned and sped swiftly back through the passes and on to Athens, without waiting even to cast off his heavy armor. That road from Marathon to Athens is twenty-five miles long, but the gallant messenger never stopped once to rest until he staggered through the city gate, and there, shouting out the word of triumph and warning, he sank dead in the market-place, giving his life to bring the news in time to save the city. Some histories give the name of this hero as Thersippus, but others call him Eucles.

Miltiades, pausing to watch the Persian fleet move southward, saw bright signals being flashed from the shore to the ships, by some spy or traitor. He believed them to be giving word to the enemy that Athens was unprotected, and might be surprised. So he hurried his force quickly southward again. On the way, he met the Spartan warriors coming to join in the defense. Together they reached the shores of the Saronic Gulf just as the Persian fleet came in sight around Cape Sunium. But the enemy, seeing the shores held by Greek forces, kept away, and before long put to sea again. They had not the courage to risk another fight like Marathon, and so had set sail for Asia!

Over the hundred and ninety-two Greeks who had fallen at Marathon the Athenians raised a high mound, which can still be seen on the plain. Of the weapons and shields of bronze, taken from the dead Persian soldiers, a great statue of the goddess Athene was cast and set up on the Acropolis. In memory of the same triumph, a beautiful little treasure-house of white marble was built at Delphi, paid for out of the gold and jewels found on the battle-

field; and the ruins of this building have lately been discovered.

Miltiades, who was given much of the honor of the victory, was not yet satisfied with his own deeds. He asked permission of the Athenian citizens to take seventy ships and attack the island of Paros. Paros had given an armed ship to the fleet of Darius and so must be counted an enemy to Athens. Miltiades was allowed to go, but after reaching Paros he was unable to take the city, though he kept up the siege for nearly four weeks. Forced at last to give up his plan, he returned to Athens, wounded and in disgrace.

While he was away, word had gone abroad among the Athenians that Miltiades had planned this expedition to satisfy a grudge of his own against the people of Paros. So when he reached Athens again, Themistocles and other citizens accused him of wasting the money of the state, and of leading the people to believe things which were not true. The judges found him guilty, and sentenced him to pay a large fine. He could not raise the money and died in prison. Even his dead body was kept back from his son, who wished to bury it, until he had contrived to borrow fifty talents and pay his father's fine.

The two Athenians to whom the people now looked for wise leadership were Themistocles and Aristides. Both these generals had fought at Marathon, and they well knew that Darius would not be likely to give up his intention of conquering and punishing Greece. But their ideas as to the best way of making Athens too strong for him were not the same.

Themistocles, whose foresight had often done good service to the state, believed that many strong ships,

able to defend the coasts of Attica from any enemy who should come, were needed more than anything else. Next to these, he advised that great walls should be built from Athens to the harbor of Piræus, about four miles away, so that the warships would have a safe and strong shelter, and so that the road from the harbor-town up to the city itself could always be well defended, and the city kept supplied with such provisions as were brought to her markets by sea. The Piræus itself, too, should be fortified.

Aristides, on the other hand, advised the Athenians to think more of raising a large army and of keeping it always ready for the defense of the state. This, he told them, was far more needful than building ships could be. Some of the citizens agreed with Themistocles, others upheld the words of Aristides. The dispute grew so fierce that there was grave danger of riots and civil war among the people themselves over the question how to meet the Persians when they should come.

Finally Themistocles, whose party was the stronger, brought about the banishment, or *ostracism,* of his rival; and Aristides had to leave Attica, in spite of his love for his country and his name for justice and honesty.

This ostracism was a custom of the Athenians by which they could rid the state, for a time, of any man whom the body of citizens thought was dangerous. An assembly would be held, and each man present would be given a shell or piece of broken pottery (*ostrakon*). On this the citizen marked the name of the person whom he wished to have banished from Attica, after which he dropped it into a great urn. The shells were then sorted and counted, and

the man whose name had the most votes against it was given ten days in which to leave the country. He might not return again for ten years; but he still remained a citizen of Athens and kept his property. To make sure that a few discontented citizens should not hold meetings and pretend that ostracisms voted by them were fair, the law would not banish a citizen unless at least six thousand votes had been cast.

On the day when this Assembly took place, Aristides himself was asked by a country fellow to mark the name on his *ostrakon,* as he himself did not know how. "What name shall I write on it?" asked Aristides. "Put down Aristides," said the countryman, who had never before seen the good general and did not know him. "Is he your enemy? How has he harmed you?" Aristides questioned him.

"He has never done any wrong to me," the man said, "but I have grown tired of hearing him called 'Aristides the Just!' "

Without making any protest, and without telling the man who he was, the Athenian general wrote his own name on the ostrakon, and saw it put into the urn. Within a few days he had gone away into banishment, having committed no crime but that of having been too anxious to serve his dear land in the way he thought right.

CHAPTER IX

XERXES AND HIS ARMIES

SEVERAL things worked together in the minds of the Athenians to lead them to allow Themistocles to carry out his plans for making Attica a strong sea-state. The little country was bounded by the sea on three sides and could be defended by ships far better than by an army, marching here and there, up and down hill, to encounter an enemy that would be most likely to come in ships.

The long walls from the city down to the Piræus were begun, as well as the building of a fortress at the harbor itself. Much of this work was started even before the Persians landed at Marathon and were defeated there; so Themistocles was only urging on what had already been planned. But none of these walls was high enough, then, to be of any real use in case of a siege. After Marathon the work stopped, for there was a great deal of childish squabbling in Athens, and the different parties could not agree as to what was best to be done, either about the building of long walls or of ships.

They might have gone on in this way for years without coming to a decision, if two things had not happened to forward Themistocles' plan for making the fleet stronger. Athens had an enemy close at hand, of whom she was jealous. Right in the middle of the Saronic Gulf, in fair sight from the Acropolis

itself, was the island of Ægina, whose people believed it to be the chief sea-state in Hellas.

Ægina had been one of the states which gave "earth and water" to the heralds of Darius; and when the Persian fleet was making ready to sail, the Athenians had had reason to believe their neighbor would go so far as to side with the invaders, rather than with her own countrymen. What was more, she would be able to hinder the fortifying of the Piræus and the city, and to prevent the finishing of the work in time to be of much service. So Athens sent a messenger to Sparta, saying that Ægina was acting the part of a traitor to Greece, because of her jealousy of Athens. To prevent this, King Cleomenes of Sparta sailed for Ægina, seized ten of the chief citizens, and put them in the hands of the Athenians as hostages. After that, Ægina did not dare to take any part with Persia or against Athens, for fear of harm coming to her chief men.

It was Ægina's demand for the return of these hostages that started a war between the two states while Themistocles was trying to gain permission to build more stout warships for Athens. On account of this war he was allowed to go on with the work. The men of Athens were the more willing to make their navy larger, because of the discovery of a rich silver mine in Attica. This put a great deal of money into the public treasury, which Themistocles was allowed to use for ships. So before long Athens had a fleet of nearly two hundred *triremes,* or great war galleys driven by three banks of oars, and built with sharp "beaks" which could be dashed heavily into the side of an enemy's ship, or so guided as to disable the rows of oars.

While all these things were happening in Greece, Darius had been making ready to send a third army and fleet across the Ægean, to wipe out the memory of the defeat at Marathon. But the work went on slowly, because he had other parts of his vast empire to keep in order. At last, four years after the first invasion of Greece, Darius died, leaving the throne of Persia to his son, Xerxes.

This new ruler of the "Medes and Persians" was not so eager and fiery a warrior as his father had been; so for some time there was much doubt among the Persian courtiers as to whether the plans of Darius would ever be carried out. But his cousin Mardonius, who had commanded the great fleet that had been wrecked under Mount Athos, was strongly in favor of a new expedition to avenge the Persians killed at Marathon. Many of those in power at the court of Xerxes agreed with Mardonius, and they urged the king to go forward with the plan. Certain of the kinsfolk of Hippias, and other banished Greek princes who were enemies of Athens, added their influence to that of Mardonius. At last war was decided on, though it was not until ten years after Marathon that the army and fleet of Xerxes were ready to move.

The Persian generals agreed that the Greeks must now be attacked by land and sea at the same time, and the army was going to be far too large to be carried on ships. Yet it was part of the Persian rule for invading an enemy's country to keep the land and sea forces in touch with each other, and to have them act together. So, in order that the fleet might safely keep abreast of the Persian army as it marched around the northern shores of the Ægean

Sea, through Macedonia and Thrace, the king sent a huge force of workmen to dig a ship canal across the neck of land behind Mount Athos.

The great mountain called Athos rises at the seaward end of a long, narrow peninsula which juts down into the Ægean Sea from the coast of Macedonia. The storm winds come down from the northeast and blow fiercely around it, making it dangerous for ships to pass. But when they were once around on the western side of the peninsula, the mountain itself would shelter the Persian fleet from any tempest that might blow.

The ship canal, by which they could cross into the quiet water without nearing the stormy cape, had to be about a mile and a half long. When the workmen had finished digging it and making it ready for the passage of Xerxes' navy, they were set to build a strong bridge over the River Strymon, also in Macedonia, so that the army could pass it without waiting to be ferried over. And everywhere along the roads that would be taken by the army, stores of food were made ready beforehand, so that the immense number of Xerxes' soldiers could be fed.

An old Greek tale says that when the people of Sparta heard how great an army and fleet Xerxes was making ready against those Greek states which would not bow down to him, some of them feared that the gods would be against Sparta in the coming conflict, because of their treatment of the heralds of Darius. In those days any herald sent with a message from one state or king to another was considered to be under the protection of the gods, however warlike or insulting might be the words that

he had been told to say. Until his errand was completed, his body must be held sacred.

In order to turn aside the anger of the gods, two young Spartans gave themselves to be a sacrifice, if the need came. They crossed the Ægean and traveled straight into Persia, day and night, until they reached the city where the court of Xerxes then was. At the palace of the king they asked for audience with him. It was granted, none knowing why they came.

Now, however willing these young men were to hold their lives as a gift to their country, they would not follow the Persian fashion of bowing down and doing homage to the king. They held that a free-born man could honor none but the gods in such a manner. But Xerxes, although a man who was not in the habit of controlling his temper, treated them with kindness, and asked them for what purpose they had come so far into the country of an enemy.

The young Spartan soldiers told him, without fear, that they had come to offer him their lives in exchange for those of the heralds whom Sparta had thrown into pits and slain, so that all memory of the insult might be wiped out.

The Persian king was so overcome by surprise and admiration at their self sacrifice and courage that he gave them many rich gifts, and sent them back to Sparta in safety. He would show them, he said, that he could be more generous to innocent men than the Spartans had shown themselves.

After things were in fair shape for carrying out the Persian plans, Xerxes left his palace at Susa and came westward to Sardis, where he spent the winter, and where he saw the troops drilled in readi-

ness for the war that was to be fought in the spring. Some of the old histories assert that the army and navy of Xerxes, together with the slaves and camp servants who went with them, amounted to several millions of men; but writers of today believe this to be a wild fable, told in order to make the courage of the little Greek states seem even greater than it really was. Scholars who have studied the old Greek and Persian records, who know the methods of feeding and moving such an army, who have been over the country through which it marched, say that the land forces must have been about three hundred thousand men, and that the fleet was made up of some eight hundred triremes. But this force was quite large enough to give plenty of glory to any little states who could fight against it and be successful.

This army was gathered from all parts of the Persian Empire, and even included soldiers from Egypt, which was now subject to Persia. The troops all came together on the shores of the Hellespont, which is a narrow strait separating Thrace, in southwestern Europe, from the Æolian coast of Phrygia, in Asia Minor. Where the Hellespont was narrowest, the king had ordered the building of two great floating bridges, made of flat boats held together by huge cables, so that stout planks could be laid along above them, and thus men and horses and camp wagons could all pass from one shore to the other in safety. But even as the army was preparing to cross over into Thrace, a fierce wind-storm arose and broke the bridges to pieces.

At this setback, Xerxes grew furious. He ordered that the Phœnician and Egyptian engineers who had

planned and built the bridges should be beheaded. This done, he sent men with heavy whips to inflict three hundred lashes on the water that had rebelled against his commands!

What the men thought, they would hardly have dared to tell aloud. But they obeyed the orders of the king. They flogged the waves as they rolled up the beach, crying aloud to them: "So our lord the king punishes thee for doing him a wrong!" After this they threw chains into the sea, that it might know itself the humble slave of the Persian king forever after!

This punishment attended to, the king set a new band of clever engineers at the building of still heavier and stronger bridges. When they had been completed, he had a marble throne erected for him on the hillside, where he sat in state for several days and saw his mighty army cross into Thrace; while his crowded triremes, driven by oar and sail, went past the mouth of the strait on their way up the coast to meet the army at a place called Doriscus, in Thrace. From Doriscus they were to go westward, along the Macedonian coast, always acting together.

The legends which grew up about this expedition say that Xerxes' great host was so immense that the soldiers drank the smaller rivers dry to quench their thirst. It is also written in some old records that when Xerxes reached the River Strymon he tried to win the favor of his own gods by sacrificing to them nine young men and maidens, children of the Macedonians, who had submitted to his rule.

Word of all these things came to Athens from every direction, and this time the state did not mean

to be taken unawares. Peace was made with Ægina, for the coming invaders would show mercy to no Greek citizens, and the two states knew that it was high time to join hands in making ready for war. Fortresses were strengthened in every possible way, and perhaps the wisest thing the Athenians did, in this hour of grave peril, was to recall to Athens those brave soldiers, Aristides and others, who had been sent into exile because of political jealousies. All private feuds were now forgotten. The one thought of the men of Athens was to unite in firm resistance to the Persians in the coming hour of battle.

CHAPTER X

THE PERSIAN INVASION

WHILE he was still at Sardis, before starting north to the Hellespont with his army, King Xerxes had followed the example of his father, Darius. He sent heralds of his own across to the Greek states again to demand "earth and water" from them. But this time the heralds did not go to Athens nor to Sparta. These were the states which he meant to punish most severely, and he would give them no chance to repent and ask for mercy.

Athens and Sparta were already looked on as the natural leaders of the Greek people in the struggle that was ahead of them. The first action of these two states was to call a great meeting of men from all the Greek states and cities, to advise with each other about the best plans for defending Hellas from the invading Persians. This was the first real effort ever made to bind all the Greek clans and tribes into one solid body, working unselfishly for the welfare of Hellas.

Thirty-one states and cities answered the call, and the meeting was held near Corinth. There they bound themselves to act together as people of one nation, and to forget all personal quarrels. They also made a vow that any who should submit to Xerxes without first making all the resistance in

their power, should be punished by having to pay a large fine to the shrine of Apollo at Delphi.

A number of the smaller states and towns, Thessaly among them, had kept out of this new league. Before binding themselves, they wanted to see how things were going to turn out. Most of those who held back were in the north, near the borders of Macedonia, which was already in the power of the Persian king. This does not mean that the northern cities and hill states were not really willing to do their full share of the fighting, if only they could be sure of help from the larger and stronger states farther south. What they feared was that northern Greece might have to be abandoned, in order to save the Peloponnesus.

The greatest obstacle to this league was the memory of long standing feuds between the states. Argos and Sparta hated each other quite as bitterly as Athens and Ægina; but all saw plainly that they would have to depend on one another's strength and counsel, if they were to act effectively together against the Persians.

Next came the question as to which states should be given the leadership of the army and navy. Everybody admitted that Sparta, whose soldiers were so splendidly trained from early boyhood, should have control of the land forces. Athens would send the largest number of ships and seamen, and Athens ranked very high among the sea-states. But in order to quiet the jealousy of certain other cities, who did not love Athens, Themistocles and the other Athenians at the meeting gave up the command of the fleet, as well as that of the army, to Sparta. So Leonidas, one of the two Spartan kings, was made

general of the allied Greek forces who were to fight on land, and a noble Spartan named Eurybiades was made admiral of all the ships.

At first the Greeks hoped to be able to defend the passes between Macedonia and Thessaly; but there were too many ways through those mountains, and not enough men to guard them all. So the troops who had been sent to the border of Macedonia fell back to the Pass of Thermopylæ, where the rugged mountain range ended, almost at the edge of the sea, like a wall guarding Hellas.

The name "Thermopylæ" means "Hot Gates." It was given to the pass from certain hot sulphur springs which still bubble up there and from the narrowness of the passage along the shore between the cliffs and the splashing waves. It was like a real gate into Greece from the north. In earlier times when there had been small wars between the hill tribes of Thessaly, to the north, and the Phocians and other peoples to the south of it, rude walls had actually been built there to make the place a stronger barrier against the raids of the Thessalians. A steep mountain track there was, a little way inland, by which active men could climb the cliffs and cross to the south of Thermopylæ without being seen from the pass; but it was known only to a few peasant folk, and was used more by wild goats than by men.

King Leonidas marched his little army into the Pass of Thermopylæ, fully resolved to hold it. There was no other open road by which the Persian troops could enter Greece. Of his own well-drilled Spartans he had only three hundred with him; but between six and seven thousand men had been put under his command by the allied states. It was not

a large force for the defense, yet the pass to be held was narrow. The northern strait between Eubœa and the mainland was guarded by the Greek fleet, lying between the Persian army on shore and the Persian fleet out in the Ægean Sea. Already a furious tempest had wrecked four hundred of the Persian triremes. The Greeks believed that the gods were fighting on the side of Hellas.

Some of the soldiers with Leonidas were natives of Phocis, the little state just south of the pass. These men knew well all the ways through the mountains, and the Spartan king gave them the duty of guarding the hidden goat path, lest by some means the Persians should learn of it, and try to cut off the Greeks by getting around behind them. With the rest of his men, Leonidas hastily built up the weaker part of the wall in the pass with loose stones; and there he waited for the Persians to attack.

Down out of Thessaly came marching the great Persian host, keeping near to the lapping waters of the sea as they went along. They had found the shore the only road possible for them to take, and now, just before them, the mountains came down close to it. Here they first came in sight of the band of Greeks, waiting for them. The vanguard must have halted at seeing them, while the mass of the army came crowding along behind them filling up the stony strand in front of the pass.

At first, Xerxes seemed sure that the mere sight of his enormous army would fill the Greeks with terror, and that they would turn and fly to some place of safety. For four days his great hordes of warriors waited there, encamped before the pass where the shore widened out like a plain, trying to

frighten the men of Leonidas by their presence. Not until the fifth day did the Persians move forward to attack, and then they were driven back with much loss. The place where the fighting had to be done was so narrow that only a certain number of Persians could crowd ahead against their enemies. Every time they tried it, those who were not killed by the Greeks had to retreat, until Xerxes was furious and panic stricken at the slaying of his finest warriors. So far the Greeks had lost hardly any men at all.

The pass might have been held for Greece until the Persians themselves tired of the struggle and looked for some other way to advance, if it had been only a matter of desperate courage on the part of the Greeks. Already the soldiers of Xerxes were hanging back. They had to be forced into action by their officers, and even by blows with whips. They were sure that the gods of Greece were fighting against them, and that all their spears and arrows would not avail to defeat the force of Leonidas.

At last, to his shame forever, a false hearted shepherd named Ephialtes, who loved gold more than the freedom of his native land, crept into the Persian camp and offered to betray the secret of the mountain track, if he was well rewarded. Xerxes agreed and sent his favorite troops, called "The Immortals," along the goat path with the traitor. They were led by a commander named Hydarnes.

In spite of their high sounding title, The Immortals had met such valiant resistance in battle just before that even they had been forced to retreat in confusion. Now they were eager to avenge themselves.

In the darkness before dawn the Phocians heard a

crackling of broken twigs and the faint clash of armor. A force many times outnumbering them had already scaled the mountain-side, and was hurrying down to cut off the men of Leonidas. Scattered like so many dry leaves, the Phocians hid themselves among the cliffs, while the enemy, as day came, fell on the rear of the little Greek army.

It may have been a handful of the Phocians who managed to clamber down the rocky side of the pass and warn the Spartan king of his peril; for he learned it in time to call his captains together and decide how to act. Keeping with his band of Spartans only seven hundred men from Thespiæ and a handful of Thebans, he sent the rest of the allies back through the pass, thinking, perhaps, to surround the band of Persians who were coming down in the rear. But these allies were overpowered and nearly all slain.

Leonidas, with his three hundred warriors and the Thespians and Thebans, was still holding the end of the pass nearest the main body of the foe. The Persians swept against them in full force, and the Spartan king and his little company of heroes again thrust them backward, and this time took their own stand in the plain, fighting desperately.

Leonidas fell, and the Spartans made a fierce effort to protect his body. Two brothers of the Persian king were slain in this struggle, and a great number of the Persians were forced into the sea and drowned. Up in the pass the Thebans and Thespians were between two bodies of the enemy. At last, the few of that brave little army who were still able to fight were forced to a hill behind the broken wall. Here they made their last stand together,

battling nobly until the last man had fallen before the crushing weight of the Persian force on every side. Of the whole company which had remained with Leonidas, only one man was left alive.

Some writers have blamed Leonidas for not retreating or surrendering, when the fight for the pass was plainly hopeless. But he and his three hundred believed themselves struggling to keep the honor of Sparta unstained. Many Spartans had felt shame because their city had had no share in the glory of Marathon. If this little company of Leonidas' had not held out to the last, Sparta would have been looked on as disgraced by all Hellas and even by her own citizens. For the stern Lacedæmonian law forbade her soldiers to retreat in the face of an enemy. The Spartan king had been given the honor of defending the pass, and he and his men were willing to die rather than yield their post.

On the plain of Thermopylæ, long after, there stood for many years a monument, set up where the little army had made its final brave stand. On this stone was carved: "Stranger, go tell the Spartans that we lie here in obedience to their laws."

The army of Xerxes now poured through the pass and down through Locris and Bœotia, on its way to Athens, plundering as it went. The Greek fleet, learning what had happened at Thermopylæ, swiftly set sail down through the strait for the coast of Attica, hoping to reach Athens in time to aid in protecting the city from the Persian ships. But the allies who had been gathering now felt sure that no part of Greece outside the Peloponnesus could be saved from the invaders. They quite forgot a promise they had given to defend Bœotia and Attica, and

the returning fleet found them busy at the building of a great fortified wall from sea to sea, across the Isthmus of Corinth, leaving Athens unprotected.

A hasty message was sent to the oracle at Delphi by the Athenians, asking what they should do in this time of danger. Word came back for them to trust to their wooden walls when all else in the land of Cecrops should be destroyed.

At first there was a dispute over the meaning of this saying. Some insisted that they were counseled to fight behind a wooden fort on the Acropolis. But Themistocles urged them to believe that their ships were the wooden walls which would save them. His words were finally heeded, and it was decided to send all the old men, women and young children out of the city and across the Saronic Gulf to friendly towns in the Peloponnesus. A small garrison remained to try to hold the sacred Acropolis, with its temples to the gods. All the other men took their places aboard the triremes, ready to meet the Persian fleet and try the strength of their "wooden walls."

Up in the Bay of Salamis gathered all the Greek ships. Counting those sent in by the allies, there was a fleet of nearly four hundred under the command of Eurybiades. The land forces, camped on the Isthmus of Corinth, were led by Cleombrotus, brother of Leonidas.

The army of Xerxes marched into the plain of Attica almost as his fleet sailed around Cape Sunium and in sight of the doomed city. Except for the handful of Athenians upon the Acropolis, determined to save it if they could, Athens was deserted. The Persians swarmed into it and plundered in every

direction, setting fire to the houses and temples when they had taken from them what they wanted. Yet for two weeks the brave defenders held the Acropolis against them, rolling down great masses of stone on all who tried to climb the rocky sides of the sacred fortress. At last the Persians managed to set fire to their barricade, by shooting flaming arrows over it; and in the end the garrison was overcome and slain, and the temples were sacked and burned, as the rest of the city had been. Great was the triumph of the Persians!

The Greeks held a council of war. Eurybiades and other commanders were in favor of retreat, using the fleet to protect the shores of the Peloponnesus; but Themistocles, who knew too well that such an act would mean the entire loss of Attica and upper Greece, pleaded with them. He finally pursuaded Eurybiades that in no place would they be so well able to win a naval battle as in the narrow channel between the Island of Salamis and the mainland, where the Greeks knew every rock and shoal.

His advice was taken and the ships were made ready for the coming encounter; yet even now the commanders were uncertain, for the approach of the Persian fleet showed them how powerful was their enemy.

They were still hesitating when Themistocles, knowing how splendidly the Greeks would fight when once they knew that they had to, did a bold thing. He sent a slave to Xerxes, in secret, with a pretended message of warning from himself, the Athenian general. In this he seemed to show good will to the Persians, and to betray, for that reason, the Greeks' plan to sail away out of his reach in the night.

Xerxes, much pleased, at once determined to prevent this, and divided his own fleet, sending part around to the western side of the island, to bar the way. Of course, this decided matters for the Greek captains. There was nothing left for them to do but fight, and fight they did, so bravely and fiercely that the Battle of Salamis (480 B. C.) will never be forgotten.

The Persian ships, as Themistocles had told the captains, were in strange waters, and hindered each other's movements, so that they fell first into confusion and then into panic. Xerxes, who was watching the fighting from a great throne on the shore, saw his royal triremes burned and sunk, or forced to save themselves by hurried flight. He lost heart, withdrew his army by the road over which it had come, and he himself returned to Asia Minor by land. Even the Hellespont had not remained obedient to him. The bridge of boats was a shattered wreck, and the great monarch and his followers were humbly ferried across into Phrygia.

Xerxes had left Mardonius and a large force to hold northern Greece, and to capture whatever else they could. Mardonius made an attempt to bribe the men of Athens to break away from their allies and submit to Xerxes, but they surprised him by refusing. To punish them for this, Mardonius again attempted to lay Attica waste; but he had to fall back hurriedly, for a new Greek army threatened to cut him off.

Sparta and the allies were no longer holding back. A force of nearly seventy thousand soldiers was being raised, of which the commander in chief was Pausanias, the nephew of Leonidas. As he marched

north, he was joined by Aristides, with a fine body of Athenian troops, eager to revenge the Persian outrages on their city. With this army the allies hoped to defeat the Persian host, and to punish the city of Thebes, which had welcomed Mardonius and allowed him to store provisions there.

In the other great battles, Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Salamis, the Greeks had been the defenders of their own soil from invading Persians. Now they were to attack the forces of Mardonius, which were in a strong position on the River Asopus, near Platea in Bœotia, where they could fall back on Thebes in case of disaster.

But the men of Platea were as loyal now as they had been at Marathon. They joined the forces of Pausanias and Aristides, and fought valiantly against the enemy. The battle lasted for several days, and the final victory was largely due to the splendid discipline of the Spartans. Mardonius and many noble Persians were slain. The entire Persian camp, with its rich furniture, fell into the hands of the Greeks. It is said to have taken the victors ten days to bury the dead and divide the booty.

This great battle of Platea, fought under Mount Cithæron, not only put an end to the Persian power in Greece, but really ended all danger of Asia's invading Europe. The Greeks gave thanks to the gods for all their victories, and sent rich gifts from the spoil of battle to the shrine of Poseidon at Corinth, and to that of Zeus at Olympia. They built a temple to Athene on the battlefield of Platea, and to the sanctuary of Apollo at Delphi they sent a wonderful pillar, made of brazen serpents. This was crowned with a golden tripod, and the base of it bore the

names of the Greek states whose offering it was. This pillar is now standing in Constantinople. It was taken to that city, many years after, from Delphi.

Even while the battle of Platea was raging, a Greek fleet under Eurybiadas was winning another naval battle against the Persians at Cape Mycale, near the Island of Samos, on their own coast of Asia Minor. This was followed by several bold victories, which gave the Ionian colonies courage to form themselves into a league with the mother country. And when the fleet sailed in triumph back to Athens, one of the trophies it brought was the set of chains with which the Persian king had fettered the sea!

CHAPTER XI

REBUILDING ATHENS

TWICE, within a short space of time, the Persians had overrun the beloved city of the Athenians, destroying everything that came in their way and carrying off whatever seemed worth the trouble. But the men of Athens, returning from Platea, and from service with the fleets, made no delay in bringing back their families from the neighboring towns which had sheltered them, with such of their goods as they had been able to save in the hurried flight.

They found few houses in Athens fit to be called homes. Many of them were nothing but ruined heaps of brick and stone, with here and there a charred rafter sticking out. Nor had the temples been spared. Nothing was left of the rich offerings, or of the statues of the gods. On the Acropolis, their sacred hill, only blackened walls remained of its fair and honored shrines. The olive tree, said to have been planted there by Athene herself when she had first taught men to use and reverence it, had given Athens the name of "The City of the Olive Crown." Now they could find only the charred stump of it. Even the fragments of the old city walls had been thrown down.

Some sort of shelter had to be contrived for the people themselves, but almost before they took time to clear away the ruins that were all that was left

of their fathers' dwellings, and to build huts from the fallen stones and beams to protect them from wind and rain, they set about restoring the outer walls of the city, lest need should arise for defending it. Men, women and even little children brought stones and helped in the building. Every material was used that came to their hands. Fragments from the nearest ruins, and even carved stones from old graves, were taken for this work, as can still be seen today.

Themistocles hurried on the building of this wall as important beyond everything. He had good reason, for soon messengers came in haste from Lacedæmon, to try to hinder the strengthening of the city. They said that Sparta wanted the people of Athens to join them in tearing down all fortresses in Hellas, for fear that some day they might shelter invaders. Themistocles replied that he would go back to Sparta with them and talk the matter over with their kings and council. But he gave the Athenians a secret hint to make all possible speed in building the wall while he was absent. Then he so delayed his journey, and so drew out the discussion with the Spartans, that before anything was decided he had word from home that the new wall was high enough to be defended against any enemy of the city.

On learning this good news, Themistocles came before the Assembly of the Spartans and told them that Athens now had walls, and could hold her own with any one trying to attack her. The Spartans must now remember that it was a free people to whom they were sending their messages. However jealous and angry they were, it was too late for

interfering to prevent the building, so the Spartans had to keep their resentment to themselves. But they did not forget how they had been played with.

The Piræus was now to be fortified. A high wall, thick and strong, was built around the three sides of the harbor, with high watch-towers, covered docks for the ships, and storehouses for weapons and all materials of war. Later on they would finish the famous Long Walls, which were to join Athens and the Piræus almost into one town, with the fortified way running between the two parts of it.

But even while these strong defenses were under way, the Athenians were eager to restore the beauty of the Acropolis, and to provide a new home for their patron goddess, Pallas Athene. Her ancient wooden image, held in deep reverence, had been hidden by her devout priests, and so had escaped the rude hands of the Persians. At first, they may have replaced enough of the fallen stones and half burned beams to make a covered enclosure for this image, with an altar on which offerings could be made; but they soon laid the foundations of a new temple which was to be larger and grander than any that had ever been built for her in her beloved city.

Other temples, too, to other gods worshiped by the Athenians, were soon planned and begun by the state and by noble citizens. These new temples were often built directly on the leveled ruins of the ones which had been destroyed in the siege. This is why explorers have lately found carvings and inscriptions far older than the buildings from under which they have been dug out. Such broken pieces of altars and pillars have often given clues to history,

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS RESTORED TO ITS BEAUTY

In the foreground stood the colossal bronze statue of Athene.

telling stories that might otherwise never nave been learned by people living today.

Soon, to the joy of all who loved their city, it was seen that a strong leafy shoot was rapidly growing up from the root of Athene's sacred olive tree. This was an omen which put new heart into the work of rebuilding, and made the people feel certain that Athens was now rising from her ruins to be more powerful and lovelier than ever before.

Much of this labor of building and making a more beautiful Athens out of the wreck of the former city was paid for by the state, and three of the Athenian leaders were given charge over it. These were Aristides, Themistocles and Xanthippus. The large sums of money raised to pay the cost of all the work and material needed were put in the hands of Aristides, whose honesty and truth were known to all the citizens.

Themistocles was given the office of overseeing the building of the great walls, and one may be sure that the stones were set together well and securely, and that no time was wasted by the laborers employed on it. But Themistocles began to grow rich, and few people seemed to know the source from which his money came. He had been the friend of Pausanias the king, over in Sparta, and now word had come to Athens of the disgrace and death of Pausanias, who had been found guilty of treason. He had dreamed of becoming king over all Greece, and in order to secure that reward from Xerxes, he would have betrayed his own people to the Persians.

Themistocles was soon suspected of having taken part in this plot, and of having accepted Persian gold. So great was the anger of the Athenians that

he was ostracised and driven out of Attica. He found refuge in the Persian court, and managed to win favor with Xerxes. He was finally appointed governor of Magnesia, an Æolian city, where he died, without ever again seeing his native land.

This left more power than ever in the hands of Aristides, who used it well and pushed on the work of restoring the city. The Athenians would have granted him a generous salary in return for his services, but he would take nothing from the public money. He went on giving all his time and wisdom to the city that he loved, until he, too, died; and it was found that he had not left gold enough to pay for his own burial. For love of him, the city itself gave him a great public funeral, and not only Attica but all Hellas mourned that so wise and unselfish a patriot had been taken from them.

During this time, when Athens was growing anew in size and beauty, a young soldier began to rise toward the leadership of public affairs. This was Cimon, the son of Miltiades. It was he who had been forced to ransom his father's dead body from prison, in the days after the failure to capture Paros. But Cimon had served Athens well in her time of need, and had won such praise by his bravery at Salamis that he had been given command of the Athenian fleet. He had also carried on successful war with the Persians along the coast of Macedonia, and against the pirate stronghold of Scyros.

From this latter island, Cimon had brought back to Athens the long buried bones of the hero Theseus, who was supposed to have died there. These were now carried with rejoicing into the city of which Theseus had been the hero-king, and were given

THE DEDICATION OF A GREEK TEMPLE

burial with great public ceremony. Over his tomb was raised a temple called the Theseum, where honor was long paid to his memory.

In these voyages against the Persians and the island pirates of the Ægean Sea, Cimon had taken so much booty that he was counted among the richest citizens of Athens. He was as generous and open-handed as he was wealthy, and gave large sums for improving the public buildings and market-places.

Years before, a garden tract outside the city walls to the northwest had been given to the people of Athens as a pleasure ground. It took its name, "the Academy," from an ancient Greek hero, Academos, who was said to have lived there in the time of the Trojan war. Hipparchus the tyrant had built a wall around it, but it had long gone without care. It was now a piece of dry, bare ground, under the neglected boughs of its sacred olive trees. Cimon planted it with other trees and green turf, and made of it a garden so pleasant to walk in that the people of Athens loved to gather there and enjoy its beauty and cool shade.

This Academy soon came to be far more than a mere pleasure ground for idle townsfolk. Certain wise men and scholars made it their habit to meet there under the olive trees, and to discuss with each other what they were studying, and what they had learned from both men and books, or by travel. The younger Athenians would come to listen and ask questions under the wide branches of the sacred grove; and soon the Academy came to be like a wonderful open air school, where eager students and grave scholars sought together for truth. Some new thing could always be learned there. From this

lovely garden, the name *Academy* has come down to us as meaning, above all, a place where learning is passed on to those who love it for its own sake.

But Cimon himself had other work to do for Athens. Word came of a vast Persian fleet that was threatening the southern shores of Asia Minor, and he lost no time in making ready the Athenian triremes and setting sail for the coast of Caria. There he struck the Persian forces a double blow, defeating them in a great battle at once by land and sea. So he finally put an end to Persian dominion over the Greek colonies. Xerxes was only too thankful to make peace and to swear that his navy would never again be sent into the Ægean Sea. With the spoils taken from Persia in these battles, the Acropolis was once more fortified and made the stronghold of the city.

Cimon was not alone in the favor of the Athenians. Pericles, a young noble who had many followers among the poorer classes, was gaining much influence in Athens. Little by little, he came to be one of their greatest leaders. But while the other great men that have been spoken of were especially famous for their brave deeds in war, Pericles was above all the leader of the Athenians in peace. It was in his time that a treaty was made among the states of Greece, which put an end to their strife for thirty years.

During this Thirty Years' Peace so much was done to make Athens glorious in beauty, and to draw wise men and skilled artists into her service, that "The Age of Pericles" has come to mean the golden time in all the history of Athens. It was now that the Parthenon, that most beautiful temple

of Athene, was built, white and fair and noble, to be the glory of the Acropolis forever. Even today in its ruin, when ages have touched the snowy Pentelic marble with warm golden brown tints, there is hardly anything more lovely in the world. We can see pictures of its graceful columns and perfect carvings; but even if we stood on the Acropolis today, we could scarcely imagine how much more marvelous it was in the time of Pericles, for the greatest works of Phidias, one of the master-sculptors of the world, have been taken from it, or broken.

Phidias was the friend of Pericles, and was so great an artist that even the imperfect copies of his works, or the half shattered stones that came from his chisel, are among the noblest treasures handed down to us by a people who loved beauty with an enduring love. Among his greatest works was the statue of Athene, carved from ivory and gold, which stood in the Parthenon; and he also wrought the carvings of gods and heroes on its outer walls. Some of these remain there still to help men of today to realize something of what was done in the Age of Pericles.

CHAPTER XII

THE WISDOM OF GREECE

THE wars with Persia had made the many states of Greece feel as never before that they were all parts of one nation. But now something was growing in Hellas which was to do more than any great war could to give a feeling of brotherhood to all the countries of the earth. The Greeks themselves did not guess how important a part of the world's history their love of learning and wise words was to prove.

Those Athenians in the days of Pericles lived what seemed to them plain, everyday lives. They were contented because peace had been made, and because they now had time to enjoy the homes they had built again for themselves in and near the lovely "City of the Olive Crown." Some have said that another name for this newer Athens, "The City of the Violet Crown," was given her by poets who sang of the sweet-scented purple flowers as the emblem of the city. Others have believed that the beautiful name was from the violet-tinted haze which often encircled the city—then as now—toward twilight.

No people have ever given their poets higher honor than the Greeks. The songs of Homer were valued as a national glory, worth far more than gold; and the man who did not know them was pitied as ignorant and stupid.

An Athenian citizen around whose home the new

city was growing found much to see, day by day, as he walked here and there through its streets. The new houses that he passed were much like his own. They were built with the rooms around a central court, which was uncovered to the sky. In this court might be a plot of flowers, carefully tended by the daughters of the home, or a fountain where his sons could sail boats of leaves and bits of wood. Nearly all the windows of these houses were toward this inner court rather than in the outer wall.

In those days there were no newspapers like ours. The men of Athens enjoyed going out into the town to hear of any new thing that had happened, or to see how the building of the walls of their favorite temple was progressing. The Athenian whose morning walk took him up on the Acropolis saw not only the rising walls and columns of the Parthenon, built of pure white marble quarried on Mount Pentelicus, but around it other temples, one of the Wingless Victory, and another, the Erectheum, beside which grew the sacred olive tree. Here lived the priestesses and high born maidens who served the goddess.

Everywhere were statues which had been set up in honor of the gods. High in air flashed the sunlit bronze helmet of the statue of Athene, the battle-trophy which spoke of Marathon to sailors far out at sea. Our Athenian would turn to look back at it with a thrill of pride, as he passed out between the pillars of the noble gateway and down the hill. This road led him past the Areopagus (the Hill of Ares, or Mars) and by the market-place; then out through the Dipylon (or double gate) to where the gray-green olive branches kept guard over the shaded paths of the Academy.

This was the place for our Athenian to join a handful of his friends in their eager talk about a play of the poet Æschylus, soon to be given in the great open Theater of Dionysus, below the Acropolis. They all knew how Æschylus had been only a little lad when Hipparchus the tyrant had been slain by the two young Greeks, Harmodius and Aristogiton, whose statues they passed every day in the busy market-place. The boy Æschylus, grown to manhood, had fought gallantly at both Marathon and Salamis. No wonder that a singer who had taken part in such great and stirring times had been able to write the wonderful tragedy telling of the slaying of Agamemnon the King, even as he returned to his palace at Argos, after the burning of Troy.

Some one in the little group might nudge his companions quickly to turn and see, strolling to and fro under the gnarled olive boughs with Pericles himself, the poet Euripides, born the very day of the victory of Salamis. These two noble Greeks had been students together, but about many things they thought very differently. If they were arguing, as was likely, over the need of certain temple ceremonies, Pericles would be apt to speak with much earnest authority; while his companion would listen to his friend's words with a shake of his head and a smile. For Euripides did not feel himself bound by the strict, old-time beliefs about what was due to the gods. He thought many of the stories told of them were fit only to amuse children, and he was not afraid to let his own ideas be seen in what he wrote. In spite of this, his tragedies were loved by Greeks far and near; and certain Athenian captives

in Sicily would one day have their lives spared and be set free without ransom, because they were able to repeat parts of the dramas of Euripides to the men who had taken them prisoners.

There was still another famous writer of tragic plays whose name all Athenians spoke with respect. Sophocles, who has been called the noblest thinker of them all, had taken the first prize at the great Dionysia, or spring festival, with his tragedy, the "Antigone." It is safe to say that the Athenians, proud in their hearts of their countrymen as they chatted in the green paths of the Academy, would not have been greatly surprised if some one had told them that more than two thousand years after they themselves were forgotten, the "Antigone" of Sophocles would still be read with reverence for its sorrowful beauty, and would be named one of the master-poems of the Age of Pericles, and of all time.

But the Athenian who did most to make the Academy remembered as the garden where wise thoughts grew was the son of a carver of stone. He had a queer, rugged looking face, so ugly that people who did not know him would laugh at it. But his mind and soul had in them something so beautiful that his friends never thought of his odd looks. His name was Socrates.

This man had been brought up to his father's trade, but had known what it was to lay aside his chisel and mallet, so that he might take up sword and spear and shield, to fight the battles of his fair, "olive-crowned" city. And he served her well, through many a weary march and hard won fight, never complaining of cold or hunger.

When fighting was at an end, and the Thirty

THE GREAT OPEN THEATER OF DIONYSUS

Situated in Athens, below the Acropolis, this was the most noted of Greek theaters and a model of all the others.

Years' Peace begun 445 B. C., Socrates made his home in Athens, where he started in to study, with deep eagerness that was like hunger, to find out the truths he was sure were at the root of all knowledge. When he was not wrapped up in study, he was giving freely what he had learned to all who wished to be taught. His greatest wish was to force people to do some real thinking for themselves, instead of going through life satisfied with the traditions of their forefathers, which they had learned as parrots learn.

In order to set people thinking, Socrates would walk about the city, and perhaps sit down first beside some old fisherman who had brought his morning's catch up from the Piræus in a basket, and who was waiting to sell it to the house slaves who came to buy fish for their masters' tables. Socrates would ask the old man some simple question about what he believed was right or wrong, and try to make the fisherman find out for himself why he believed that thing. Another citizen, stopping to see the fish in the basket, would be drawn into the talk. Still others would join in, and by his questions Socrates would bring them to admit how useless were some of their everyday customs, and how little reason there was for upholding them. With all this, he taught them the value of simple and honest living, as dearer to the gods than any rich offerings.

Socrates went about the city, poor and shabby. There was little comfort in his home. Xantippe, his ill-tempered wife, cared nothing at all for his love of teaching, which brought in neither silver nor gold. Yet when he stood watching the lads running foot races at the Academy, young men and old gathered

around him, eager to hear his words. He did not pretend to any wisdom of his own. But when he talked with his companions as one willing to learn of their greater knowledge, they found that his simplest questions were no easy ones to answer, as they called for perfect truth in reply. This often made learned men angry with him, for it showed their hearers how uncertain they really were about things which they pretended to know well. In fact, those who fell into a talk with Socrates were either made to feel cross at him, or else humble and eager to learn from him.

One of the close friends of Socrates was a young kinsman of Pericles, named Alcibiades, who was much spoken about in Athens. This was partly because he was a handsome youth and had a great deal of money, and partly because he had won the prize in the chariot race at Olympia three times. Alcibiades was clever, but spoiled by too much good fortune. He insisted on having his own way in all things; and sometimes, to show how little he cared for what the common people thought about him, he acted foolishly. Once he cut off the tail of a valuable dog, for which he had paid a high price. Of course this made much gossip and wonder in Athens. Some one asked him why he did it, and he laughed. "I wished the Athenians to talk about it," he said, "so that they might not say something worse of *me*."

Socrates saw much that was good in the boy, and tried to make him see that he was wasting his time and talents. In the company of this wise friend, who had once saved his life in battle, Alcibiades would confess how useless were the trifles on which he spent his time, and would promise to be more of

a man. But it was easy to forget, when he was away from the older man, and when flatterers, drawn around him by his lavish ways, urged him on to some piece of thoughtless mischief that might end in upsetting half the city.

After the death of Pericles, a general named Nicias, brave but rather slow-witted, was chosen leader in his place. Nicias was backward in taking action about anything important, and cared most of all to keep the city and state peaceful and prosperous. Alcibiades, on the other hand, not only enjoyed stirring up a whole neighborhood by some prank, but wanted to rouse Athens and all Attica into quarrels with other states. He was anxious to win glory for himself as a great soldier, even if he had to do so by provoking a war; and this eagerness proved a curse to himself and to all Athens.

Two other pupils and friends of Socrates, whose names will always live, were Plato and Xenophon. Plato was a quiet and loving hearer of all that Socrates taught. He never wearied of setting down his master's sayings, as well as full accounts of the quaint talks, both questions and answers, which he heard him having with other people. If Plato had not taken this trouble, little would now be known of the actual words of Socrates, for the good philosopher (which long word means "lover of wisdom") wrote down nothing at all. For many years after the death of Socrates, Plato went on teaching what Socrates had taught in the Academy. Men came from far over seas to join the number who gladly heard Plato tell of Socrates' wisdom.

Xenophon was a young Athenian knight who dearly loved and reverenced the wise words of

Socrates, and who tried to live as his master advised him. In after years he, too, wrote a book about Socrates, as well as a famous history, well known to all who study Greek.

Even when Socrates was only a poor stone cutter, who often neglected earning his daily bread, his teachings must have had their influence on the citizens of Athens, and on what they decided in the great public assemblies where every freeman had his vote on state questions. The Greek way of governing was not like ours, for the citizens never thought of electing men to take from them the trouble of voting on the affairs of the state. The man who did not go in person to the assembly would have no voice in deciding affairs.

It had always been so in Hellas. Even far back in the time of the kings, little could be done by a ruler without first calling together his soldiers in the camp, or the free citizens in the market-place, and gaining their consent to what he wished. And while the Greek freeman might be too busy with his trade or his farm to take much part in the real work of governing, and might be carried away by the eager words of some noble who had his own purpose to serve, yet in all the turns of public life the real power was with the mass of everyday people, who were learning to use it in their assemblies.

Pericles himself, who held leadership at Athens for so long, was yearly elected to his office of general by the people.

CHAPTER XIII

TROUBLOUS TIMES

IT WAS while Pericles was still living and directing the affairs of Athens that the Thirty Years' Peace came to an end and thinking men began to feel that trouble was ahead for Hellas. Athens, while growing lovely to see, had been growing rich as well. Her ships traded with cities in northern Italy, with the Phœnicians of Carthage, and with Sicily, where the colonies from Greece had grown large and powerful. The city of Syracuse, first settled by men from Corinth, was larger than any city of Greece except Athens. From Thrace, too, where Greek towns had grown up all along the coast, ships from Athens brought great cargoes of corn and lumber and fish, as well as gold and silver, mined back in the mountains of Macedonia.

All these trading ships had to be protected from pirates and from hostile foreign powers by stout warships. Of these latter, Athens had plenty; so trade prospered, and the Piræus was always crowded with merchant vessels. Toll was taken there for the state from every grain ship which put in for shelter or for repairs, to the shadow of the great Arsenal.

The City of the Olive Crown had also been growing strong; too strong to please some of the neighbor states of Greece, who could find no way of checking her without breaking the Peace. The Long Walls were now finished, protecting the four miles of road-

way between the city itself and the harbor town of Piræus. Sparta heard of these walls with deep jealousy.

At first only small wars disturbed the quiet of the country. Some of the islanders of the Ægean, unable to agree with neighbors, drew their mother cities into their disputes. Pericles had to put down a rebellion in Samos, where the people of the island tried to get ships and soldiers from Phœnicia to fight on their side. But two hundred Athenian warships frightened back the Phœnician allies, if they really had intended to come and help. Samos was blockaded until she gave in and asked for peace.

Now came a more serious disturbance. Over on the western coast of Greece was the Island of Corcyra, now called Corfu. Like Syracuse, it had been colonized in early times by settlers from Corinth, but it had long ago thrown off the rule of its mother city. Writers of history say that the first real sea battle between any two Greek powers was fought between Corcyra and Corinth, in 435 B. C.

Corcyra was now having trouble with a colony of her own, which made an appeal to Corinth for help. The Corcyrans in 433 B. C. won another naval victory over Corinth, who persuaded Sparta to join forces with her. Then Corcyra sent envoys to the Assembly at Athens, who urged many good reasons (to them) why *their* two cities should stand together. Sparta and Corinth, they said, were both jealous of Athens. Should they prevail over Corcyra, they would then have a strong and united force, ready to seize on the first pretext for striking a blow at Athens. Corcyra possessed one of the three largest Greek navies. If Corinth should capture it, that of

Athens would be greatly over-matched. The envoys from Corinth who had been sent to prevent the proposed alliance, had no such strong arguments to offer. The two older cities had never trusted each other.

It needed no great wisdom to foresee what was coming next. In a short time the ancient enemies were again arming for battle; and from merely taking part with friendly cities at a distance, Sparta and Athens were soon fighting directly against each other. This began, in 431 B. C., what is known as the Peloponnesian War. It was to last for twenty-seven years.

Athens was powerful at sea, but had no large land force. Spartan warriors were among the best in Greece, and were always ready for battle. Which would have the advantage?

Sparta threatened Athens with her army, and the country folk from all over Attica took refuge in the well fortified city, leaving their farms and property at the mercy of the invaders. The Athenian fleet, in the meantime, took several towns along the enemy's coasts, and won full possession of the Island of Ægina in the Saronic Gulf. Commanded by Pericles in person, it drove off a Spartan sea force, but came back to find the Spartan army still besieging Athens.

A new enemy had now to be reckoned with. The people were so crowded together in Athens that a terrible sickness broke out, raging throughout the city, and costing a great many lives. Pericles went everywhere that it was most severe, giving all his time to those who were suffering. This he did even while grief-stricken for his own family, who had

nearly all perished. In the end he, too, took the plague and died in the year 429 B. C.

It was in the hour before his death that he overheard his weeping friends recounting the many great things he had done for Athens. He roused for a moment, and told them that he was proud only of one thing. Never had any Athenian been forced to wear mourning through any action of his. Then Pericles closed his eyes, and spoke no more. For more than thirty years he had governed Athens with justice, loving his country, and showing mercy and kindness to all who were poor and weak.

The Spartans retreated from Attica, fearing lest they, too, might be attacked by the plague; and for a while the war was not pushed very hard. We have said that Nicias, who was given leadership after the death of Pericles, was never anxious to act rashly. In the end, it was Alcibiades who persuaded the Athenians to send an expedition against Syracuse, in Sicily. That large city, he said, was the ally of Sparta, and would prove a rich prize.

Nicias opposed the plan of invading Sicily, but the Assembly was won over by Alcibiades, and the fleet was made ready to sail. It was about to leave the Piræus when a great excitement arose in Athens. The citizens awakened in the morning to find that all the little statues of Hermes, the god of travelers, which stood as boundary marks in the city, had had pieces broken from their heads. Not only was the deed itself thought a bad omen for the ships about to sail, but many Athenians believed the affair to have been a prank of Alcibiades, which would bring down the anger of the gods if not punished. Alcibiades denied the charge, and asked to be given

a trial at once, but his hearing was put off, and he was allowed to sail for Sicily.

The fleet had joined forces with certain friendly Sicilian cities, which had promised money aid to the expedition, and had taken one ship of Syracuse, when a swift galley brought an order for Alcibiades to return to Athens and stand his trial for impiety. In hot anger, he refused to go. He escaped to Sparta, instead. There he made friends with the people, and even made them believe that he much preferred living in the rugged Spartan fashion! Athens held the trial without him, found him guilty, condemned him to death and took away all his property.

In the meantime, the Athenian fleet entered the harbor of Syracuse; but the people of the city blocked up the narrow sea entrance, gave battle, and defeated Nicias and his forces (413 B. C.). The old general was killed, and thousands of prisoners were taken. Not one Athenian ship of that gallant company ever reached home again. Nearly all the prisoners taken were thrown into the quarries, where they were allowed to starve to death. It was at this time that some few of the Athenians were freed, because they knew and could recite the tragedies of Euripides, whom the Syracusans honored highly.

Alcibiades, to be revenged on Athens, betrayed all that he knew of her war plans to the Spartans. But in a short time he was suspected of being a traitor to his new friends, as well as to old ones, and he fled to Persia. Persia and Sparta were friendly just then, so in order to make himself more secure, Alcibiades tried to stir up discord between *those* two countries. He would even have gone back to the

Athenian side, but it was now of no use. Spartan troops under Lysander, their general, had won victory after victory over the Athenians, and had ended by marching into the city without any one daring to oppose them.

Being now in power over her rival, Sparta set aside the laws of Solon and appointed thirty of her own citizens to rule Attica. The Long Walls were pulled down, and the defenses of Athens were in the hands of her bitter enemy. For fear Alcibiades should come from Persia to fight for his old home, the Spartans bribed the Persian governor and had him put to death by hired assassins.

In the eight months during which the Thirty Tyrants ruled over Athens, they condemned to death nearly fifteen hundred of her citizens, besides forcing many of her people into exile. Thebes and Argos gave them shelter and soon the tide began to turn. The other Greek states were not any too well pleased at seeing the power of Sparta becoming so great.

Thrasybulus, one of the banished Athenians, had the courage to act. He sent for all the exiles to whom he could get word, and together they set out for Athens. They managed to enter the city and put an end to the rule of the Thirty Tyrants (403 B. C.). Athens, rejoicing, was free again.

So open was the feeling that was growing throughout Hellas against the pride of Sparta, that she made no move to invade and punish Attica. So there was peace again for a while. The Long Walls were rebuilt, and Athens soon felt able to hold her own.

About this time, civil war broke out in the Persian Empire. The king now on its throne was named

Artaxerxes. His younger brother, Cyrus, who was satrap in Asia Minor, had long wanted to overthrow him and make himself king instead. Having seen during the Peloponnesian War how the Greeks could fight, Cyrus wanted their help. He was raising an army to march against his brother, so he sent into Hellas, offering high pay to any Greek soldiers who would come over into Persia and fight on his side. He had many well wishers in Hellas, and among those who accepted his offer was Xenophon, the friend and pupil of Socrates.

With a hundred thousand of his own countrymen and more than ten thousand Greeks, Cyrus started (401 B. C.) to march from Sardis inland toward Persia. The Greeks had not expected to be taken so far from the coast, and they made a strong protest; but by that time they had gone too far to turn back safely, so they went on. After many weeks the army of Cyrus reached Cunaxa, near Babylon. There it struck the far greater army of Artaxerxes, and fought a battle. The Greek warriors drove back all who fought against them; but Cyrus was killed, and the Persians who had followed him had now no one to battle for. They gave way and fled in dismay, leaving their Greek allies alone in the heart of a strange land.

But the Greeks had fought so valiantly that Artaxerxes thought it too much of a risk to attempt to destroy them by a hand-to-hand struggle. Instead he chose treachery as a better means of ridding himself of them. Tissaphernes, the Persian general, made a truce for the time. He sent word to the Greeks that Cyrus was dead and that if they would cease fighting, they should be allowed to go

safely back to their own country. Trusting in his word the Greek leaders went to his tent to arrange matters. There he had them surrounded by soldiers and killed.

He may have thought that the ten thousand Greek soldiers would now surrender, but he was mistaken. They held a swift council, chose new leaders for themselves, and set off on the long march northward. One of these new commanders was Xenophon, who proved so brave and clear headed that he succeeded in taking them safely up through Media and Armenia, across the mountains and along the wild coast country until they reached certain Greek cities, just across from where Constantinople now stands (400 B. C.).

Xenophon had brought these ten thousand men out of the center of the Persian Empire, through hostile tribes and dangerous passes, and had lost hardly a man on the road! We can read in his own words of that world-famous retreat, which took five months of steady marching, and of the great shouts of joy when at last they caught sight of the sea, which they scarcely had hoped ever to see again. All Greece had reason to honor the men who made that march, as well as the captain whose cool steadiness held them together in an enemy's country, and who afterward wrote out the whole story of it. His book is called the "Anabasis," or "Up-Going," and it has kept the memory of that wonderful exploit alive in the heart of Hellas for all time.

But the man whose kindly praise would have meant most of all to Xenophon, when he finally returned to Athens, no longer lived. Socrates, lover of truth, had made too many enemies by his plain

speaking. The Thirty Tyrants had done him no harm, though he had been fearless in his stand against their cruelty. Now that Athens had shaken off Spartan rule, his own fellow-townsmen turned on the man who spoke the open truth to them and of them. They accused him of not believing in the gods, and of teaching evil to the young men of the city.

Socrates had no fear of death, and he was certain of his own innocence. He might have escaped, but he came forward and stood trial. He told them frankly that he did believe in a divine power even higher than all the gods on Olympus; but he had always shown reverence to those gods as part of the great All-Power, and he denied having taught any other beliefs to the young Athenians.

In spite of this, which was well known to be the truth, Socrates was condemned and sentenced to drink hemlock, a deadly poison. But the sacred ship which carried the yearly offerings of Athens to the shrine of Apollo at Delos had sailed. Until its return no man sentenced to death could be executed. So for thirty days Socrates was kept in prison, and there his pupils and close friends gathered around him in bitter sorrow. They would have bribed his jailers to let him escape, even now, knowing that his absence from Athens for the rest of his life would have satisfied his accusers. But he would not consent to break the law of Athens, to which he had always taught obedience.

"Master," said his pupil Crito, "will you then stay here and die, being innocent?"

"That would be far better," Socrates replied, "than that I should die for having done wrong." And he made ready to obey the orders of the court.

Plato, his pupil, was with him to the end, and he has written down the last words of loving wisdom spoken by Socrates. When the appointed hour came, he drank the poison and quietly passed from this life (399 B. C.), leaving teachings behind him which can never die.

With his dear master gone, Xenophon had no desire to remain in Athens. He went over and fought against the Persians in Asia for a while. At last he made a quiet home for himself in the lovely country near Olympia, where he spent the rest of his life. It was here that he wrote the "Anabasis," his account of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, and a number of other books, among them a strong defense of the memory of Socrates.

CHAPTER XIV

STRIFE AMONG THE STATES

THOSE ten thousand sturdy Greek fighting men who had marched out of Persia with Xenophon did not return to Greece with him when that famous retreat was over. They were ready for more fighting and more gold, and when they heard that Sparta was sending an expedition into Asia Minor, to help the Ionian settlements to free themselves from Artaxerxes, they said that here was work for them.

Cyrus, in order to gain the good will of the Greeks, had persuaded the Ionian cities to throw off the Persian yoke, promising to protect them when he should become king. But Cyrus had failed; and one of the first acts of the victorious Artaxerxes was to plan severe punishment for the Greeks in Asia Minor. They were not strong enough to make their stand alone against the Persians, and they sent to Sparta, asking her to help them.

Though Sparta was leaving the Athenians to themselves for the time being, she was still looked on as the most powerful state in Greece, and the one that should be war leader, in case an enemy should invade Hellas. Her new king, Agesilaus, was willing to win glory by leading a force against the satraps of King Artaxerxes in Asia Minor. Indeed, he was so certain of success against them that he

began to think of himself as a second Agamemnon, going out to capture another Ilium.

The notion took so firm a hold of him that he led part of his forces to the coast by way of Aulis, in Bœotia, in order to make a sacrifice to the goddess Artemis in her temple there, just as Agamemnon had done before sailing for Troy. He had not taken the trouble to find out first whether the Bœotians would approve of this, but went right ahead with it in his own way.

As it happened, however, Bœotian customs entirely forbade a sacrifice being made by a strange priest in such fashion; and the Bœotians, looking on the act as an insult, sent a band of armed men from Thebes to stop the ceremony. Agesilaus had to leave the temple with his sacrifice half finished. He sailed away for Asia Minor with a deep grudge in his heart against Bœotia and the Thebans.

Once they were over in Asia, with the Ten Thousand to help them, the Spartan forces won several battles, and Artaxerxes made no headway against them. He tried to think of some plan for compelling the Spartans to return to Greece. At last he sent an envoy to Athens, promising a large bribe to the city and her allies if they would go to war against the Spartans, and thus force Agesilaus to hurry home from Asia Minor.

Few of the other Greek states were feeling friendly toward Sparta at this time. She had been too insolent in her treatment of both allies and enemies, and because she was the strongest, had even refused the states who had sided with her their share of the battle spoil. Thebes and Argos and Corinth had all been given reason to resent the ac-

tions of Sparta, and it would not need much to turn them wholly against her. So when the Athenians decided to accept the offer of King Artaxerxes, they were fairly certain that they would not have to fight Sparta unaided.

Thebes and Athens together declared war on Sparta, and her chief men at once called Agesilaus home to command the Lacedæmonian army. Though the Persians were almost at his mercy, he did not dare to disobey. He hastened back to Sparta and at once led an army up into Bœotia. The forces of Thebes and Athens met him at a place called Coronea, north of Mount Helicon, and were badly defeated there.

Yet the Thebans, who had always been called slow and dull, here fought so splendidly that the victory was not one of which the Spartans could boast. Bœotia showed her warlike rival that she, too, could send strong warriors into the field; and Agesilaus had to retire from the country whose troops he had beaten. This was partly because word was brought him that the Athenian fleet, under Conon, had won a stirring victory over the Spartan ships at Cnidus, an island off Caria, where the Persian ships in the Ægean had joined forces with the Athenians against Sparta.

At Athens the money sent by Artaxerxes to bring on the war was used to pay for making the city walls stronger than before, and to repair the Long Walls, which the Spartans had broken down in order to humble the City of the Olive Crown. Strange to say, the Persian admiral, Pharnabazus, allowed Conon to take his own Persian fleet and sailors up to Athens, in order to help with this work. But

Agesilaus had so injured Persia that Pharnabazus was glad to make things even by aiding his enemies in this manner. So for a time Sparta found it wise to make a treaty with Persia and the hostile Greek states, and to keep the peace.

But no treaty seemed strong enough to keep Sparta from trampling down the rights of any weaker state. By a trick, a large number of Spartan soldiers managed to enter Thebes while the festival of Demeter, goddess of grain fields and the harvest, was taking all the attention of the people. They surprised the citadel, or fortress within the city, and not only drove out its garrison and held it for Sparta, but from there took it on themselves to rule the city. They also lost no time in banishing from Thebes a number of the chief citizens, who might otherwise have raised an army to drive them away.

In Thebes, just before this, had been living two men who were widely known for their bravery, and for their close and loving friendship. One of them, named Epaminondas, was poor, although he came of a noble family. He was more of a student than a warrior, yet in battle his valor had saved the life of his dear comrade Pelopidas, who had fallen, badly wounded, and who would have been taken prisoner or killed but for Epaminondas.

Pelopidas had great wealth, and was fond of hunting and other vigorous exercises. He would gladly have shared all he had with Epaminondas; but when he saw that his friend cared nothing for luxury and preferred his quiet and simple ways of living, Pelopidas made it his own pleasure to live in like manner. He used his money largely in helping the poor, so that he was well loved in Thebes.

Pelopidas was among those forced into exile by the Spartans; and he and some other friends took refuge at Athens. Epaminondas was not looked on as being important enough to be a menace to the garrison in the citadel, so they let him go on living quietly in Thebes.

Sparta, wishing to have it seem that she had never intended to break the peace treaty, pretended to be much displeased at the trick played by her soldiers. She fined their commander a large sum. But the Spartan garrison was given no order to withdraw from Thebes.

After some time had passed, Pelopidas, who was in Athens, resolved to retake Thebes by some device, if it could be managed. He had been kept advised of all that was going on in Thebes. When the right hour seemed to have come, he and six of his fellow exiles, dressed as common huntsmen, slipped away from Athens and out into the country unnoticed.

The little band of Theban patriots made their way straight across the border into Bœotia, and reached Thebes just as the peasants were going home to the city after working all day in the fields. Mixing with these men, Pelopidas and his company passed the gates in safety and reached the house of a friend. A loyal Theban who knew what was planned made a feast for the Spartan leaders, and when they were laughing and drinking much wine, he opened a door and brought in a band dressed as veiled dancing women, with wreaths of flowers shading their faces. The Spartans were much pleased, but when the veils were put aside, they saw Pelopidas and his companions, who slew them with daggers.

In the confusion, the Theban citizens attacked the

Spartan soldiers everywhere in the city. Having no leaders to rally them, the Spartans fled. In the darkness, they thought a great hostile force had entered the city. Epaminondas and other loyal citizens joined the returned exiles, and Thebes was again free from Sparta, without dragging Athens into breaking any treaty. And Sparta might be sure that Thebes would not be thrown back into slavery by her own will.

Well knowing that few neighbor states would uphold her if she tried to punish the Bœotian city, Sparta waited for her chance. She waited ten years and then sent an army to invade Bœotia. It was met at Leuctra by a Theban force under Epaminondas, and was entirely defeated by that man whom the Spartans had not thought important enough to banish.

This victory made Thebes the leading power in Hellas at the time. Her friendship was now desired by many weaker states. Thessaly was ruled by a cruel tyrant, and its people begged Thebes to help them free themselves.

Two expeditions were sent into Thessaly to carry the aid asked for. They ended in the overthrow of the tyrant, but also in the heroic death of Pelopidas. Even as this last battle was being fought, Epaminondas was hastening southward with part of the Theban army to meet another Spartan force, which was marching to conquer Bœotia in spite of a truce that had been made. It was led by Agesilaus, and the army of Epaminondas struck it at Mantinea, a town in the Peloponnesus itself, not far north of Spartan territory.

Mantinea saw the victory of the Bœotian forces,

but their loss was greater than their gain. Epaminondas, their noble and fearless general, who had always known what was best to be done when enemies threatened Bœotia, and who could hold together an army in the face of defeat, was struck in the breast by a Spartan spear. Knowing that he would die when it was pulled out, he allowed no one to touch it until he knew that the victory was won. His friends gathered around him, sorrowing aloud because he had no children to keep alive the memory of his name. He told them that Leuctra and Mantinea were daughters who would keep his fame alive forever. Then, hearing that the enemy was overthrown, he drew out the spear-head and died. No man, it has been said, ever understood so much and spoke so little. In all his life he thought and acted only to uphold the right, and never for his own selfish advantage.

If the Greek states could only have held together without jealousy of each other, Hellas might have remained a great power for long ages. But only fierce war with an invader could put a stop to the bitter feelings of one state toward another. As it was, each of these internal wars left Hellas more and more at the mercy of any outland power which might be ready to strike.

The colonies were slipping away. In Asia Minor the cities along the coast, while not always obedient to the Persian king, had really become part of his empire. Up in the north, the mountain states that bordered on Greece, and that had once turned toward her for support, were now feeling the new power that was steadily growing in Macedonia, a country looked on by cultured Greeks as almost barbarous,

but where much had been learned during the Persian wars.

Over in Sicily, the city of Syracuse had been able to defeat the Athenian invaders. For a time, this colony from Corinth was far the strongest of all Greek cities. She had held her own against outsiders, both in peace and war, and her trading ships carried out rich cargoes from her port and brought back gold to add to the power of Dionysius, her tyrant.

Like all Greek cities and colonies, Syracuse had begun by being self governed. The people had held their assembly and made their own laws. But Dionysius (405-367 B. C.), who was not even a man of noble birth, had contrived to force himself into the highest place, and had kept himself there by ruling the people of Syracuse and the country around with ever watchful cruelty.

At first he had been only a clerk in some small public office; but he had fought well in battle when an army came into Sicily from Carthage, in northern Africa, expecting to plunder the rich towns and villages. He then made a speech in the assembly, accusing certain weak generals of treason. This made people notice him, and soon he was put in a high office, which gave him the chance to win more and more power.

A new invasion set this ambitious man at the head of the state, and he has been accused of making himself still stronger by taking bribes from the Carthaginians, who wanted him to leave them free to plunder the western side of the island. As the Syracusans knew only that their own city was spared, they gave Dionysius credit for turning back the in-

vaders; and in the end he was able to make himself tyrant, in the most cruel meaning of the word.

The people soon came to hate and fear him; but there was no one who could deliver them. Yet at times this tyrant could be noble. A certain story will be told of him as long as the records of brave deeds endure.

In the city of Syracuse, while Dionysius was reigning, lived two young men whose close friendship was indeed part of their very lives. Their names were Damon and Pythias. Certain men of the city, who dreamed of ridding themselves of the detested tyrant, drew Pythias into their plot for killing Dionysius. When it was betrayed, Pythias was thrown into prison under sentence of death.

His friend, Damon, who had not been concerned in the plot, made every effort to win pardon for him, but without success. Yet he went to the tyrant and made one last plea. The aged mother of Pythias lived far away in the hills with her young daughter. They had no other protector, and would be left helpless and alone in the world. If Dionysius would allow Pythias to journey to his mother's house and provide for her and his sister, he, Damon, would take his place in prison until his comrade's return.

The tyrant, wondering at such devotion, consented. He warned Damon, however, that unless his friend was back in Syracuse at the appointed day, his own life would be forfeited. Pythias at first refused to hear of the risk being taken, but at last he consented. He hastened homeward, where he saw his sister married to a good man, who would care for the mother. Then he started back toward Syracuse.

Pythias had none too much time in which to make

DAMON AND PYTHIAS

the journey, if he meant to save his dear friend from dying in his place. He was waylaid by robbers, who bound him, and only by hard effort was he able to free himself. Then, the stream that he would have to cross had been swollen by a storm in the mountains, and in trying to ford it he was swept away and nearly drowned. Yet he dragged himself to shore and hurried on toward the city where death was awaiting him, eager only to be in time for it.

Dionysius, not believing that Pythias would ever come back, made merry over Damon, who had so played the fool, and who would have to die for a man who cared nothing for him. Damon did not lose faith in his friend for even a minute. He would have been glad to lay down his life for Pythias, and did not fear to say as much to the tyrant.

The day of the execution came, and Damon was taken to the place of torture, there to be nailed to a cross. But in the last moment, when his body was outstretched on the crossed beams, a weary figure staggered into the open space, covered with dust and stained with blood. Pythias had reached Syracuse in time! The tyrant was so shamed by the pure love of the two men that he freed them both, and begged that he, too, might be called friend by them.

It was the son of this tyrant, a man of the same name, who invited Plato, the noble friend of Socrates, to visit Sicily. For a time his wisdom was hearkened to by the young ruler. But when it was found that the youthful Dionysius was being swayed by the counsel of the good Athenian, his court grew jealous. By their plots the gentle philosopher would have been sold into slavery, had he not been rescued

and sent safely back to Athens by some of his loving pupils.

The older Dionysius had been a strong tyrant. While he had been suspected of taking gold from the Carthaginians, yet he had made the city of Syracuse far more of a power than it had ever been before. His son was a weakling, who played at being a tyrant until he turned his chief general against him. In the end his people rose against him and appealed to Corinth. Help was sent and Dionysius the Younger was banished from Sicily forever. A legend says that he became a teacher of singing and reading, living humbly in Corinth.

Carthage, which had sent several expeditions into Sicily, was an old colony of the Phœnicians in northern Africa. It had grown steadily into a kingdom. It was there that the Trojan hero Æneas was said to have rested, with his companions, after his flight from the burning city of Ilium. It was from there, too, that he sailed into Italy, where his children's children were to found the city of Rome.

The Carthaginians were true Phœnicians, fearless sailors and cunning fighters; and with all their hearts they coveted the fair island of Sicily, which lay but a short voyage across the Midland Sea from their own great merchant city.

CHAPTER XV

SPREAD OF GREEK CULTURE

HAVE these little wars, fierce battles and jealousies among a handful of tiny states dulled the memory of Greece as guardian of the Fire of Knowledge? They should not, for even as the savage lad shielded the live brand which would be needed to light the next campfire without stopping to think out a reason for what he was doing, so the Greeks carried with them their wisdom and the customs which grew out of it. Without knowing it, they taught all the nations with whom they came in contact, whether in the quiet times of peace or in strenuous times of war.

From the beginning, when the Pelasgians learned of the Phœnician traders how to use fire, to lay stone on stone for defense, and to forge metal into knives and axes and spearheads, every new art spread among them. Soon they were making stronger walls and sharper weapons. Soon they were becoming wiser through inventing for themselves new ways of using these things. And they improved what they already knew by every hint gathered from outside visitors.

Wherever they picked up new ideas, they left behind some of their own. The Greek trading ships that sailed along the coasts of Asia Minor, the war galleys that chased the pirate back to his stronghold in some island of the Ægean, the merchants who

bartered their goods on the shores of Sicily or Italy, all were sure to show the stranger folk something worth remembering, if it was only the songs they sang about olden heroic ages, or their fashion of worshiping the gods.

To put it in another way: the Greek wisdom and the Greek ways of doing things seemed to spread outward from their own little peninsula like the ripples from a stone dropped into the water. The stone does not have to be very large to make those wavelets. Some of the ripples from Hellas reach down to the present day.

It is well to have some notion how far those first ripples were spreading while Greece and its people were fighting wars and were trying to take power from each other.

The Greeks owed their sea-faring ways in large part to the shape of that rugged little peninsula of theirs. The sea was everywhere. Even the fresh, clear air of the mountains bore the life and vigor of the sea breezes which swept across them. The farmer often found it far shorter and easier to take his oil and wine, figs and lemons and oranges to the market places of the nearest towns in a boat, than to toil over the rough hill passes with them, in a queer, slow-moving ox or donkey cart.

Even the Greek warrior had to be a sailor. When he grew tired of staying in one place, or wanted something that could not be had there, he became a trader; and if he found the shore of some new land a good place for buying and selling, or for building a new city that should protect the fields which he had planted on some rich strip of coast land, he became a colonist. He was serving his own state

by extending her boundaries into new countries. So he built strong walls to protect his settlement, and from there was quite as likely as not to sail out still farther into unknown seas and plant more colonies which should own his first settlement as mother-soil.

How far did he go?

Take the ripple sent by one little tribe. When the Æolians and Ionians settled on the coast of Asia Minor, one of the towns which grew up on the shore was called Phocæa. Its people must have been fearless mariners, for those long-ago days. They sent out colonies to the far parts of the Midland Sea, settling not only on the Island of Corsica, west of Italy, but on the distant shores of France and Spain. They founded the colony-city of Massalia, some six hundred years before the time of Christ. They fought with the Carthaginians, and sometimes beat them.

Massalia, founded about 600 B. C., the Marseilles of today, became a port where trading galleys from Greece and Asia Minor brought their wares and bartered them with the barbarous tribes of the valleys farther inland. These natives brought what they had to sell down the rivers, or through their great, wild forests, to some appointed place under the walls of the Greek town. There they would mingle with the strangers, and perhaps try to imitate their unfamiliar words or their manner of dressing, or even the shapes of the pottery dishes and cups from which they ate and drank.

Over in Egypt, on the banks of the Nile and not far from the present city of Cairo, was the ancient Greek trading city of Naucratis. It was founded

even earlier than Massalia, by colonists from the great Ionian town of Miletus, in Caria. Naucratis, within its well built walls, was divided into different quarters, each belonging to a separate Greek or Asian-Greek trading colony. It was famous for its potteries, the wares from which were carried to far countries. It was famous, too, for its flowers. The weaving of lovely garlands was a well known trade in Naucratis.

When a city in a foreign land came to be spoken of as a center of Greek civilization, it was sure to be drawing in, for the use of its people, what was to be learned from the surrounding country. In this manner Naucratis drew on the wisdom of that old, old land of Egypt. Every Greek merchant who went there to trade sailed homeward with some strange new craft he had seen practiced in that part of Africa. Perhaps he took with him a slave who had been trained there in some art or craft.

There was another wealthy Greek city in Africa. Over on the coast, west of Egypt, toward Carthage, was Cyrene, whose settlers came from the islands of the Ægean. It was noted for its love of learning. Its people also were famous for the fine horses they raised, which they rode and drove in chariots with wonderful skill. These cities in Africa endured through hundreds of years, but only ruins of them are left now.

In the earliest ages the sailor-traders from countries around the Ægean Sea had traded with the natives of the Island of Cyprus for copper—a metal which they needed for many purposes. When the Ionians of the Peloponnesus were driven out by the Dorians, they did not all settle in Asia Minor. Some

of them turned aside and built their new homes on the shores of Cyprus, which was farther down, toward Phœnicia itself, and where many Phœnicians were living. Here the two races mingled, and here the Greek settlers first learned how to use marks on wood or stone or skins in order to preserve their spoken words for others to understand. They were the first of the children of Hellas to be taught this new art, many years before the Greek alphabet came into use. But the Cypriot signs were a poor and clumsy way of setting down words, and a better one had to be learned in the years to come.

Much has been said about the colonies on the eastern coast of Asia Minor; but some of the Greeks were not content to stop so near home. Ships built and manned by them sailed the Hellespont many years before its waters were lashed for disobeying Xerxes; and beyond the Bosphorus they sped out into a large open sea which they named the Pontus Euxinus, or Great Hospitable Sea. This name hardly suited the Euxine (the Black Sea of today) as it was and is a stormy body of water. Some old writers believed that the Greeks called it by that kindly name in order that the unknown gods of the strange countries around it might be pleased with them and let them sail in safety on its dark waters.

Colonies were planted here by men from Megara. One of these, settled fully seven hundred years before the time of Christ, they called Byzantium. A thousand years later the Megaran merchant city was given the name of Constantinople, which it still retains. Its position at the "gate" of the Black Sea allowed it to control all trade passing through the straits leading into the Mediterranean, especially

that in grain and fish. Beyond it, along the Euxine shores, many other Greek colonies arose even at the far eastern end where Colchis of old was thought to have been—the country to which Jason went for the Golden Fleece.

The colonies in Sicily were far famed and prosperous; but even before Messenia and Syracuse were founded on that lovely island where Mount Ætna guards the rich fields and vineyards and orchards, Greek sailors from Eubœa had landed on the Italian coast and had founded a settlement there, called Cumæ. Records set the founding of this first Greek city in Italy at a date a thousand years before Christ. It had grown and flourished for many years when some of its people, in turn, founded "Nauplia," the "new city," about ten miles away, on a lovely curving shore, watched over by another great volcano, called Vesuvius. Naples is what we call that colony from ancient Cumæ, when we speak of the cities of the world most famous for beauty.

More and more of the black-hulled ships came winging across the Ionian Sea from Hellas. Soon there were so many thriving Greek towns all across the southern part of old Italia, and around its shores, that the lower part of the peninsula, in the time from six to seven hundred years before Christ, was given the name of Magna Græcia, or Greater Hellas.

It was odd that from here, rather than back in their own homeland, the Greeks should first have received a national name. The wild people around the settlements heard a certain small clan of the newcomers called Hellenes and gave the name to all the Greeks who settled in their neighborhood. The newcomers took up the name themselves, and before

long the use of it had so spread that it was ever after given to people of the Greek race. In order to make this usage seem to have a historical reason, the old story-tellers invented an ancestor for their whole race, whom they called Hellen, and for whom they claimed honor as the son of Zeus. After a while this tradition came to be firmly believed by many of the people of Hellas.

Some of the most beautiful and noble ruins still remaining from the days when the Greek builders knew—as no people since have ever done—how to shape temples of fair white marble, are those at Girgenti and Selinus in Sicily, and at Pæstum, on the borders of Magna Græcia in Italy, south of Naples on the coast. Looking at them, or at their pictures, it is easy to believe that the Greeks almost worshiped beauty of line and form, and wherever they went left tokens of that love, as a noble inheritance for all who learned of them.

It was this trust of knowledge and beauty which our Guardians of the Fire held faithfully, and handed on to all the races of Europe who came after.

CHAPTER XVI

PHILIP AND ALEXANDER

THE country of Macedonia was a large kingdom to the north and west of Thessaly, reaching from the Ægean coasts almost over to the Ionian Sea, but so far in history it had not seemed to be of any great importance. The Greeks looked on its people as hardly half civilized.

The tribes from whom the Trojans and Phrygians were descended had come down out of Macedonia, ages before; and the people who still lived there had been a race of strong barbarians for many centuries. Yet they had a kinship to the Greeks of Hellas and a love for the same manly and warlike actions. They were ruled by a king in a fashion almost as ancient as that of Agamemnon or Menelaus, or of Achilles, to whom the Macedonians paid highest reverence as a hero belonging especially to them.

Darius, the Persian king whose army had been forced back from Marathon, had sent a large force into Macedonia, and compelled her to give him the title of over-lord. And it was through Macedonia that the land forces of Xerxes had marched to Thermopylæ. The fact that Macedonia kept faith with Persia would, of course, make the Greeks turn against her and look upon her as an outland nation. They also mistrusted her kings, who often played a

double game with the states of Hellas, never being quite faithful to the treaties they made.

Those Macedonian rulers did not have an easy time, it is true, half-way between the Persian provinces and the states of Greece. Yet with every war or invasion by a foreign power Macedonia was growing into a strength of its own. The kingdom was like a great ungainly boy, who has not yet learned to use his muscles well, but who is coming to stout manhood in spite of the jeers of his elders and the taunts of better trained neighbor lads.

There had been several kings of Macedonia named Alexander. One of them, who was murdered, left two sons, Perdiccas and Philip. This was at the time when Pelopidas went up into Thessaly to make war on its tyrant. On the same expedition he made a treaty with Macedonia, by which the young Prince Philip was sent down to Thebes as a pledge of friendship. Here the boy was trained as a warrior by Epaminondas himself, and was given other teaching, such as was held needful for a young Greek noble of those days. So, while he was almost a prisoner for the time being, yet he was learning what would put him far above the Macedonian princes who had remained in their wilder country.

He had scarcely reached full manhood when word came to Thebes that his brother, Perdiccas, had been slain in battle, leaving a helpless little son to sit on his throne. Philip managed to escape from Thebes and to reach his own country, where he took the rule into his own hands, as guardian of the young boy Amyntas. He now began to use the knowledge gained in those years at Thebes, where he had been the companion and pupil of a noble Greek general.

He determined that Macedonia, guided by himself, should not only be a free land, but should become the leading state of all Greece, and a mighty kingdom.

Philip's first act was to raise an army of hardy warriors. These he trained himself, until they had few equals in the known world; and with them he put an end to the invasions of the half savage nations round about, and made them respect and wonder at his power. He captured the great fortress of Amphipolis, on the River Strymon, near the borders of Thrace. This gave him possession of the rich gold mines near by, which provided means for increasing his army and for buying allies. Macedonia was suddenly seen to be a rising power among the nations. The child Amyntas, who was feeble witted, never became king. Philip was soon given the title as well as the power.

Much of the love which Philip's people showed him was because of his justice toward them, and because the training he gave them knit the wild hill tribes into one nation, with a national pride in their country. Yet before this time they had been as jealous of each other as were ever the states of Hellas!

Philip had had some disputes with Athens about a treaty, in which each side had expected to be able to trick the other. It opened the eyes of the Athenian leaders to the greatness of the power that was rising in the north, ruled by this man who was a Greek by education. Demosthenes, a very eloquent speaker, tried to arouse the assembly of the people to the danger that might arise, urging them to resist Philip in every possible way, lest he should end by

conquering all Hellas. He won great applause for his speeches, which became noted as the "Philippics" of Demosthenes, but Athens made no move to follow his advice.

Early in his reign (356 B. C.) Philip had married Olympias, the daughter of a prince of Epirus. A year later a son was born to him, whom he called Alexander. This news meant nothing to the people of Athens, nor to any of the Greek states who may have happened to hear it at the time. They could not have dreamed that that tiny child would one day be the most powerful man in the world.

If Demosthenes had really known what the years were bringing, he could not have been more anxious to arouse his countrymen against the Macedonian king, who was making every effort to persuade the Greek states to count Macedonia as one of themselves.

A Sacred War was being fought in Hellas, just then (355-346 B. C.). The men of Phocis had been accused of claiming lands which were the rightful possession of the god Apollo, lands which ought to be held only by his priests. The Phocians, angry at this, seized the shrine at Delphi, and used the gold they found there to buy over troops to aid them.

There was so much treasure stored at Delphi that the Phocians soon raised a large army, and the other Greek states appealed to King Philip to take part with them. He came down from Macedonia with a large force, and the rebel Phocians were soon glad to beg for peace.

To show their gratitude for his help, the council of men from the different Greek states which had charge of the property of the Delphic shrine and held

much political power made the Macedonian king their president. This honor filled his heart with joy, as it showed that, instead of being looked down on as an outland barbarian, he was at last counted as one of themselves by the Greek princes. He was also given chief authority over the Pythian games. When these were over, he led his army back into Macedonia and watched for the next move in his own game. While he was waiting, he seized every chance to make friends among neighboring states, and to increase his army in size and power.

Athens remained hostile to Philip, and no gifts or kindnesses from him could win over Demosthenes, who spoke so bitterly against him that at last he stirred up the Athenian citizens and made them understand what he meant. They sent out messengers to the different Greek states, trying to form a league to act against Macedonia. This meant war, and Philip was quite ready for it. His forces marched down into Bœotia and met the allied armies of Athens and Thebes at a place called Chæronea, where he defeated them and forced them to fly in every direction. Among those who fled most swiftly was Demosthenes.

Alexander, the young prince, though only a boy of eighteen, commanded part of the Macedonian army in this battle and fought gloriously.

Instead of pushing his victory and making himself tyrant of all Greece, Philip acted with generous kindness toward the states. He tried to bring them into full union, as he had done with his own hill tribes, so that together they might oppose Persia and bring freedom to the Greek colonies in Asia Minor. This plan was really taking shape and Philip

was about to march into Asia, when a man named Pausanias, whom an officer of Philip's had injured, stabbed and killed him. The kingdom of Macedonia, with all its growing importance, passed into the hands of the young prince who had helped his father win the battle of Chæronea (338 B. C.).

There had been omens at the birth of Alexander which had made many people prophesy greatness for him in years to come. On the same day an important victory was won by one of Philip's generals. Over at the Olympian games, the horses of the Macedonian king had taken a prize in the chariot races. And it was that same day that saw the burning of the temple of Diana at Ephesus, counted one of the wonders of the world.

While the boy was quite young, Philip chose Aristotle, one of Plato's wisest pupils, to be his son's teacher; and through all his life Alexander paid honor to his tutor, and often turned to him for counsel. As a lad of thirteen, the young prince had tamed and ridden a beautiful and fiery horse which none of the royal grooms could ride. Yet his power was merely the use of common sense. He had seen the horse's nervousness at sight of his own moving shadow on the ground. Once his head was turned from it, the boy was able to mount him and soon to control him without trouble.

At sixteen Alexander had been left to rule over Macedonia while his father was absent on an eastern expedition. At eighteen, he had led his troops against the Sacred Band of the Thebans, whom none had ever conquered. He fought against them at Chæronea until all were slain.

Now at twenty he was king, with all the power and

with all the enemies that his father had had. He needed all his abilities to handle them. It is said that Alexander had often resented his father's many victories, grieving because Philip would leave him no worlds to conquer. But now, in spite of his father's successes, he found plenty to do.

Many of the provinces which had submitted to Philip thought this their chance to free themselves. Alexander had to show them that his hand was firm upon them, that he was king and no weak boy. Athens had heard of Philip's death with joy, but when his son marched into Greece with a powerful army, she was quick to send her citizens to greet him and ask for his friendship.

Nearly all Hellas followed the example of Athens, and at Corinth a council of the Greek states elected Alexander general of the forces for invading Asia. It was while he was in Corinth that he came, one day, upon the queer old philosopher, Diogenes, whose aim was to do without all bodily comforts. His only shelter was a great earthen tub, and his only garment a coarse woolen cloak. He had been known to go around the city with a lantern, peering here and there, and telling those who questioned him that he was trying to find an honest man.

Alexander, hearing of him, went to see what manner of man he was, and found him lying on the ground in the sun. He would make no civil answer to the young king's questions. At last Alexander asked if there was not something which he desired. "Yes," Diogenes told him. "I would have you stand away from between me and the sun!" The courtiers laughed, but the king understood the independence of the man so well that he told them:

"If I were not Alexander, I would choose to be Diogenes!"

Alexander was called away from Corinth in haste. Thrace had rebelled against his power. While he was bringing back order there, Thebes took up arms, believing a rumor that he was dead. But the king himself was so close behind the bringers of false tidings that he appeared under the walls of the Bœotian city, stormed it, and levelled it with the ground. The only house left unharmed was that of the poet Pindar, whose writings the king loved and admired. Such of the Thebans as were not slain in the fight, Alexander sold into slavery. Greece had had its lesson!

The allied armies were soon ready to march for the east, along the road by which Xerxes had invaded Greece years before. Alexander himself sailed directly across the Ægean to the old site at Troy, where he made a solemn sacrifice at the huge barrow-tomb of Achilles, his great hero-ancestor. Then, joining the army, he marched with it against the Persian forces. He defeated them by the River Granicus, with great slaughter. In this battle he fought so recklessly that he was nearly overpowered. But he was saved from death by Clytus, the son of his old nurse, whom he had made his devoted friend.

Alexander's next move was toward Caria. The cities of Sardis and Ephesus surrendered to him without offering any resistance. He passed on into Phrygia, and here, at the city of Gordium, he saw in an old temple the chariot of King Midas. It had its yoke and pole fastened together with a curiously tangled knot, and the old saying was told him, that whoever should loosen it would make himself master

of all Asia. The young king wasted no time fumbling at the cord, but drew his sword and severed the knot, saying that so he fulfilled the prophecy.

Filled with eagerness, Alexander now hurried his army onward to meet the Persian king, another Darius. But the name of his great ancestor brought to *this* ruler of the Persian Empire no good fortune. His mighty army met that of Alexander at Issus (333 B. C.), and was shattered. The Persian king himself managed to escape, but all his family fell into the hands of the conqueror. Alexander treated them with all the respect due to noble ladies, and soon won their affection by his boyish gentleness toward them.

Instead of pursuing Darius, the Macedonian king now went southward into Syria and Phœnicia, where he captured many rich cities. Among these were Sidon and Damascus, as well as the city of Tyre. The latter resisted for a long time, but after a siege of seven months fell into his hands, and was burned.

Then he went onward toward Jerusalem, where the people submitted and were treated with kindness. The young king even offered reverent sacrifice in the temple of the Holy City. Later on, when he had conquered Egypt, he sent for Jews to come and settle in the city which he built there and called for himself, Alexandria. They made some of its best and most prosperous citizens.

CHAPTER XVII

ALEXANDER EXTENDS HIS CONQUESTS

ALEXANDER was only twenty-four years old when he led his army down through Syria and Palestine, taking the great walled city, "Gaza of the Philistines," as he went. On he marched into Egypt, whose Persian satrap had but one thought on hearing of his coming. This was to yield his authority to the conqueror without an hour's delay, and so to avoid an unequal battle, for he had no forces to aid him. He knew only too well that he was entirely cut off from his own country, not only by the vast army which had swept around the eastern end of the Mediterranean's shores like a sudden storm, but also by a Macedonian fleet which had appeared from the north and was now lying off the city of Pelusium, at the eastern mouth of the Nile.

The native Egyptians, who had already submitted to Persian rule, had no idea whatever of trying to resist the young Macedonian king.

Alexander sent his ships up the River Nile; at Memphis, the capital city of the Pharaohs, he made sacrifice in the temple to the gods of Egypt. This action filled the people with joy, as their Persian rulers had treated all the religious customs of the country with scorn. Alexander showed all respect to the customs and religion of those whom he conquered, but he never lost any time in convincing his

new subjects that his widening empire was to be looked upon as a Greek realm.

If ancient Egypt had once sent her learning across the Mediterranean to uplift Greece, the city of her Pharaohs now saw how the people of that rugged little land overseas had profited by it. Alexander held Greek games at Memphis, and many noted athletes and poets came over from Hellas to take part in the competitions.

Stop and think for a minute what it might have meant to the after history of the world, and even to the people of our own day, if that young half barbarian prince, Philip of Macedon, had not felt so strongly within him that no honor in all the world was so high as that of being counted one of themselves by the free-born Greeks. The Macedonian king must have been able to feel, under all the selfish disputes and ignoble quarrels among the states of Hellas, a spirit that was true and grand and fine, and worth claiming kinship with, or he would not have clung so to his ambition to make his empire Greek.

Philip could have gone on conquering just as well without that aim, and could have brought men fully as wise from the far east to teach his son, instead of giving him the education of a noble Greek lad and so planting in him, too, the love and reverence for Greek ways and learning. Macedonia was really halfway between the East, which was Asia, and the West, which was Europe. A little thing could have swung her toward either civilization. If Philip had chosen Eastern ways, all Europe might have taken its learning and after ways of growth from Asia,

instead of from the land of Socrates and Plato and Pericles.

There is something that concerns every one today in the ambition which sent both Philip of Macedonia and his son Alexander out to conquer the world that they knew. Both carried with them as they went the standards of a race that has hardly changed, either in language or ways, from the days when Homer sang before her free-born warriors, even down to this twentieth century after Christ. It is to be remembered, too, that in all those twenty-eight hundred years there has never been a generation in Hellas which has not loved and reverenced Homer. It may be that to Alexander of Macedon, who took the richest jewel casket of the Persian king to hold his copy of the Iliad, we owe a debt for his large share in keeping alive that old Greek spirit which made Hellas "Guardian of the Fire" for men of today.

If Alexander had never conquered anything beyond Egypt, he did a thing there which would have kept his name alive. That was the founding of a great Greek city, called Alexandria, for himself, at the eastern mouth of the Nile. It was a splendid place for a trading port, and it grew steadily, and became one of the world centers of learning.

Alexander himself traced out the plans for its walls and market-places and temples and for the harbor, which has kept its usefulness for more than two thousand years. Schools grew up there and in after years its immense library and museum (or college) drew wise men and students from all quarters of the world. These Alexandrian scholars kept for us all that is known of ancient wisdom, not only

in history, but in geography and astronomy and mathematics. Euclid himself, whose geometry is still studied in schools of today, was a Greek of Alexandria, three hundred years before Christ.

Alexander had in mind something else that he wanted to do before going on from Egypt. All through his life courtiers had flattered him by whispering in his hearing that he was not really the son of Philip. They asserted that he was a demigod, whose father was Zeus himself; and sometimes the boy acted as if he himself believed it.

Far across the African desert, in Libya, there was an Egyptian temple, famous among the Greeks, who made the journey there to offer sacrifices when they needed an especial favor from the ruler of the gods. It was the temple of Zeus, or Jupiter Ammon. Alexander decided to visit it, although it meant a long and toilsome journey across the burning sand and under the blazing sun of Africa. When he reached the oasis where it stood, he made rich gifts to the Father of the Gods. There the priests, to win his favor and flatter him, spoke to him as if he were really the earthly son of the god whom they served.

This act accomplished, Alexander led his army back out of Egypt and up the coast as far as Tyre. He was now ready to set out on an eastern expedition so remarkable that it is hard to believe it the achievement of a king not long out of boyhood. He aimed at Babylon first, and on the way there he was met by another immense army, collected, as his last hope, by Darius, the Persian king.

At Arbela a mighty battle was fought (331 B. C.) and Darius was utterly defeated, though he was not

captured nor slain. This victory meant that Babylon and Susa and Persepolis, the chief cities of the Persian Empire, must fall into the hands of Alexander. To try to stay his enemy from making further conquests, Darius wrote and offered to share his dominions with him, if he would make peace. Alexander, determined to make Darius his prisoner, refused; but before he could realize this ambition, the Persian king was slain by some of his own subjects, who hoped by that act to win the favor of Alexander. The young conqueror treated Darius' body with all the honor due a king, and sent it to Persepolis to be buried with the other rulers of Persia. After this he assumed the title which Darius had borne, "Shah-in-Shah," or "King of Kings."

Not satisfied with this mighty land which was now his own, Alexander next looked eastward toward India. If he had gone around the Mediterranean like a storm, he was now sweeping across Asia like a hurricane, leveling all power before his own. He marched into what is now called Afghanistan, and then down into northwestern India, conquering all the country as far as the River Indus and its upper branch, the Sutlej. Porus, king of that land, came against him with a vast army mounted on elephants, which the Macedonians had never before seen. But elephants could not save the Indian army from defeat, and Porus became the subject of Alexander.

But this eastern land itself was now conquering Alexander. He had grown to enjoy its feasting and its soft luxury, and he now lived as an eastern prince, instead of as an active, hardy Greek warrior. In one drunken feast he even slew his dear friend Clytus. In another his comrade Hephæstion drank

himself to death, much to the grief of the king, who built him a wonderful tomb. The result of all this was that when his soldiers refused to march any farther into unknown lands, he had no longer the energy to compel them to obey him. He returned with them to Babylon, where he married Roxana, a Persian princess, amid feasting and rejoicing.

On the march back to Babylon embassies met him from nearly all parts of the known world, making suit for the favor of so mighty a conqueror. From the Phœnician colonies of Spain, from France and Africa, from the Black Sea, and from Italy they came, bringing him rich gifts. It almost seemed as though those countries wanted to buy him off from trying to conquer them too.

But there was one country, slowly growing to be among the powers that counted, from which no envoy was sent to the King of Kings, Alexander. A little fortified town, built on seven low hills near the River Tiber, in Italy, was steadily gaining in influence and wealth. The empire conquered by Alexander was one day to hear of Rome and the Romans.

The envoys from the western lands need have had no fear of conquest by Alexander. A fever attacked the great king, and the man who had made a vast empire his own had no strength to resist a creeping illness. He died at Babylon (323 B. C.), when only thirty-two years old. In twelve years he had made nearly all the known world bow to his power, and now it was ended.

CHAPTER XVIII

MACEDONIA AND ROME

THERE is a tradition that when Alexander lay on his death bed, with his generals around him, he was asked to whom he left his great empire, and that he drew off his royal signet ring, whispering, "To the strongest." But who *was* the strongest? He had left a half-brother who was feeble minded, and a baby son. Could either of these rule the broad lands conquered by Alexander, and hold together his Greek allies in the union of which the great conqueror had dreamed?

The generals could not answer. They took council together and decided that the little son of Alexander and the feeble-minded brother, whose name was Arridæus, should be proclaimed as joint rulers of the empire, and that four generals should act as their guardians. The realm was to be divided into thirty-three provinces, governed for the two kings by men whom Alexander had had for his chief officers. These captains believed themselves able to keep the empire together.

The states of Hellas had been watching the world-sweep of Alexander's army, wondering what it would mean to them. They questioned whether the great king meant to come back and force them to bow to his power, or whether he would respect their freedom. The Spartan king, Agis, had never given allegiance to the Macedonian alliance. With Alex-

ander far away, he had ventured by himself to begin a war against Macedonia.

Only a few of the Peloponnesian states were willing to help Agis. The people of Athens also held back, advised by Phocion, a noble citizen, and at first by Demosthenes himself. It was well for them that they did, for the king's regent in Macedonia brought down an army and soon crushed out the Spartan rebellion. Agis lost his life in battle, and Spartan hostages were taken by the regent to insure peace.

In the meantime Athens was prospering. Having no wars to fight, she was free to build and trade, and to drill her young men into fine warriors.

It was just a year before Alexander died that Harpalus, a dishonest treasurer of the great king, came sailing to the shore of Attica with thirty ships and a large company of paid soldiers. He had also a quantity of money, which he had stolen from Alexander's treasury, and his purpose was to arouse Attica to lead a rebellion against his master. But Athens was not to be tempted. She would not even permit him to land his troops.

Harpalus took away his paid soldiers and landed them in the southern part of Sparta, where he left them and went back to Athens, hoping to use his stolen money in buying friends there. Before he had been there long, officers of Alexander sent to demand that he should be surrendered to them. The Athenians took the advice of Demosthenes in this matter, and arrested Harpalus. The treasure was put in safe keeping at the Acropolis, and word was sent that the Athenians would give up the treasurer only on condition that Alexander sent a special

officer to take him and the stolen money back to the king.

Harpalus did not wait for the coming of any special royal officer. He escaped from the Athenians and rejoined his men in Sparta. Soon his men quarreled with him and killed him.

The money at the Acropolis, taken from Harpalus, was now put in charge of certain citizens of Athens, of whom Demosthenes was one. Nobody had troubled to count it, but all knew that it amounted to about seven hundred talents. Rumors began to be whispered around that this treasure was being used by Demosthenes and his party to bribe the people to side with them. Search was made, and it was found that at least half the sum had vanished. Even if Demosthenes had not taken this money, or part of it, he had undertaken to guard it. He was tried and sentenced to pay a fine of fifty talents. He did not own so much, he told them, so he was put in prison instead. From there he managed to escape and leave the city.

About this time word of Alexander's death came and Athens was persuaded to join in an attempt to free the states of northern Greece from Macedonian control. An army was raised, which marched northward to Thermopylæ. At first it was able to drive back the regent, Antipater, with some loss; but in a final battle the Greek general was slain, and Antipater was able to break the agreement between the rebel states.

When the Macedonian regent came marching south, Athens submitted to him at once. He demanded that the men who had stirred up her citizens against Macedonia should be given into his

hands. Demosthenes, being the chief offender, managed to escape in time, and took refuge in the temple of Poseidon, at Calauria, where he thought he would surely be safe. But no temple was respected by the men of Antipater. They surrounded him and took him prisoner.

The once powerful Athenian orator asked for permission to write a message of farewell to his friends, and when it was granted he drew out his tablet and reed pen, pretending to write. But the pen was poisoned. He put it to his lips and died a few moments later.

There was no longer any real resistance to Macedonia among the people of Athens. Phocion, a quiet and cautious man, was now their leader, and he had no desire to let them bring on war with anybody. Athens sank more and more under the mastery of Antipater. The regent was fairly kind to the Athenians. He had no wish to make unnecessary enemies, when the Macedonian Empire was so unsteady.

The truth was that Alexander's generals had not been able to agree, even from the first. Perdiccas, the chief among them, started back to Macedonia with the baby king, and Antipater knew that his coming would mean the end of his own authority in Macedonia. He made war on Perdiccas, and was joined by other generals who were jealous of losing their power. Soon the whole empire was breaking apart and falling away from the heirs of Alexander.

Athens would have kept out of the quarrel, if it had been possible; but Phocion was accused of favoring the son of Antipater, when his father died. This meant that the other Macedonian generals

would probably declare war on the city. Athens had no appetite for war, so Phocion and some other leading citizens who were his friends, were hurriedly tried and sentenced to death. They were given hemlock to drink, and that was the end. Athens had no more loyal patriots to sacrifice.

Phocion, though neither a very wise man nor a great soldier, had loved his country and wanted to keep it free. Writers have called him "The Last of the Athenians," for after his death the city never won back its old time liberty. Its noble Parthenon might be counted among the Seven Wonders of the World, ranking with the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the great statue called the Colossus of Rhodes, the royal tomb of Mausolus at Halicarnassus, the Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens of the kings at Babylon, and the Pharos (or great lighthouse) at the port of Alexandria; but the spirit which had made the building of the Parthenon possible was dying, crushed out by the warring tyrants of the Macedonian Empire. Once or twice a league was made between the states, with the hope of restoring freedom to Hellas; but only one of these alliances, the Achæan League, lasted for any length of time (281-146 B. C.).

That Achæan League of towns in the Peloponnesus was able to take and hold Corinth, and to drive out the Macedonian troops. It even entered into a treaty with certain Roman envoys, who wished its help in putting down piracy through the Ionian Sea and among the islands.

But Sparta took no part in any efforts to restore the old days of liberty. The stern customs that had made her a power in Hellas had fallen out of use,

THE GREAT SPHINX AND THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH

and her kings no longer lived hardily, scorning luxury. There were plots and counterplots; but the after history of this once brave state, as well as of her neighbor clans and cities, became a record of quarrels and treachery among themselves. No one trusted his closest ally.

This state of affairs continued for about a hundred years after the Achæan League had won success at Corinth, and at last came a time when Sparta and Ætolia rose to make a last struggle against Macedonia. They sent an envoy westward to the Romans of Italy and asked their aid against the enemy.

Rome was now growing to be a great and powerful nation, ambitious to reach out into new lands. She sent an army into Greece; but, after helping the Spartans to win a victory, she had no idea of leaving Hellas to itself. On one pretext after another, the Roman forces were sent back again and again into the coveted little peninsula. At last a strong army came and defeated the power of Macedonia, once and for all (146 B. C.).

It was at the Isthmian Games that Quintus Flaminius, the Roman Consul, announced to the Greeks that Macedonia had submitted to Rome.

It was some time before the Greeks realized the meaning of the fact. Rome wanted Hellas and meant to take possession of it. Soon the Achæan League was accused of helping the Macedonian king in an attempt to throw off the Roman yoke. As a punishment, Hellas became the Roman province of Achaia.

And yet the burning brand was only being passed along to a new Guardian of the Fire. Out over the

great Roman Empire that was to be, the learning and customs of the Greeks were to spread. And so many fires were lighted by that wisdom-flame which she had carried so faithfully, that the great work of Hellas was really finished. It was her lot to rest until—after many hundreds of years—she rose again, a free nation.

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AND PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

NOTE: In the case of words whose pronunciation is not clearly indicated by their accentuation and syllabication, sounds of letters have been denoted as follows: ā, like *a* in *dāy;* ȃ, like *ā*, only less prolonged; ă, like *a* in *căn;* ä, like *a* in *cär;* ạ, like *a* in *bạll;* ē, like *ee* in *keep;* ȇ, like *ē*, only less prolonged; ĕ, like *e* in *lĕt;* ê, like *e* in *thêre;* ẽ, like *e* in *cẽrtain;* ī, like *i* in *līne;* ĭ, like *i* in *tĭn;* ō, like *o* in *nōte;* ȏ, like *ō*, only less prolonged; ŏ, like *o* in *cŏt;* ô, like *o* in *ôrb;* o͞o, like *oo* in *no͞on;* o͝o, like *oo* in *fo͝ot;* ū, like *u* in *ūse;* ü, like the French *u;* ȳ, like *ī;* æ and œ have the same sound that *e* would have in the same position; c and ch, like *k;* ç, like *s;* g̃, like *g* in *g̃et;* ġ, like *j;* ch, as in German *ach;* ñ, like *ni* in *minio͂n;* n̓ denotes the nasal sound in French, which is less pronounced than *ng* in *long.*