





47  
M  
NIEBUHR, B.G.  
HEROIC  
1844  
C.2



37131 062 401 922

This book is a gift from  
the library of  
Miss Sybille Pantazzi

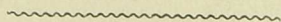


HEROIC TALES OF  
ANCIENT GREECE,  
RELATED BY BERTHOLD NIEBUHR TO HIS  
LITTLE SON MARCUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

EDITED, WITH NOTES AND REFERENCES TO ANCIENT  
SCULPTURE, ETC. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, ETC.

BY FELIX SUMMERLY.



LONDON:  
JOSEPH CUNDALL, 12, OLD BOND STREET.

---

1844.



“THE recital of these tales is simple, neat, and we may even say touching, displaying great address in presenting the stories so as to be clearly apprehended by a very young boy, and forming a remarkable contrast to the difficulty which we often lament to find in the style of his elaborate work. More interesting narratives for boy as well as man, no book of fairy tales can supply: nor do we know where a father or preceptor can find them so fitly arranged as in this affectionate memento of the illustrious historian of Rome.”

*Article on Grecian Legends in No. 77,  
in Westminster Review by G. G.*





## PREFACE.



THE tales in this volume were related by Berthold Niebuhr, the celebrated modern historian of Rome, to his son Marcus, a child about four years of age. The son says that during the relation of them, his father connected the various personages and objects alluded to in the tales, with ancient works of art, which were to be found in the collections at Rome ; and he speaks of his recollection of the joy he experienced in believing that he had found the cavern of Cacus in Mount Aventinus, (see page 52.) and of his endeavours to find out the various histories of Hercules on the bas-reliefs. He says that the mere recital of the tales without the father's illustra-



tions but imperfectly conveys the lively interest which they excited under such favourable circumstances.

Some slight attempts have been made to supply by notes the mode of illustration which Niebuhr employed. They are rather suggestions for an intelligent instructor, than illustrations as full as might be given. It was judged best to confine them to the works of art which are accessible to all in the British Museum\* and other free exhibitions. Particular references to printed works on such subjects being for the most part very costly and not easily accessible, have been purposely avoided; or it is obvious that the notes would have been extended to a much greater length.

---

\* It would be a happy result if these tales should help to induce a relaxation of the regulations at the British Museum which exclude children under twelve years of age; and so afford the intelligent English child those advantages of seeing ancient works of art, which the little Niebuhr, when four years old, enjoyed at Rome.



In the perusal of these tales, it is suggested that there should be a ready access to maps of ancient Greece and Rome. They are especially wanted in the Tales of Hercules, and the Heraclides and Orestes. These two tales if read with an identification of the geography to which they allude, will lead a child to make an acquaintance with ancient geography, much more interesting and lasting than almost any amount of professed study. Indeed the particular purpose of the tales seems to have been, to instill imperceptibly into a child the rudiments of a taste for sober ancient history. They begin with pure mythology, as in the tale of the Argonauts—then proceed to Hercules, where they are partly mythological and partly historical, and end with the Heraclides and Orestes, which in the main are historical.

These tales have been found to have great

charms for a child, and during their translation they were listened to with as wrapt attention as fairy tales by a little girl of five years of age, who had never before heard a word of ancient mythology. The editor can bring his personal experience to certify the accuracy of the character given of them in a quarterly review by one of our most eminent Greek scholars ; and it was their peculiar fitness for children, rather than their philological curiosity, as the work of a philosopher, written for a little child, that caused the present translation. It has been purposely made very literal, in order to convey as far as possible an impression of the style of the author. That constant use of the same words for the same ideas, equally remarkable in these tales as in Greek authors, has been adhered to in the translation. In his history of Rome, Niebuhr's style is uncommonly involved and obscure,



whilst in this, his child's book, it is very clear, being resolved into the most natural elements of thought.

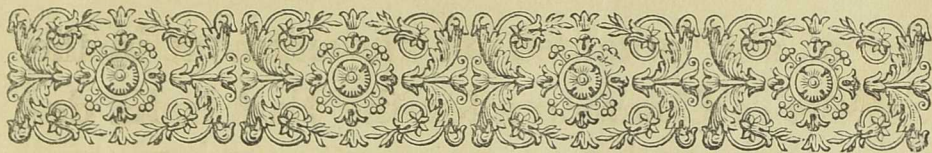
A few words on the author himself may not perhaps be considered out of place.

Berthold George Niebuhr was the son of the celebrated traveller Carsten Niebuhr, and was born on 27th August, 1776. Before he was eight years old, all his friends thought him a juvenile prodigy of learning, and as he grew older, he became quite fixed in the habits of a student. In 1796, he accepted the office of private secretary to the Danish Minister of Finance, but he was not happy in this post owing to his bashfulness, and he exchanged it to become secretary of the Royal library of Denmark. He continued in this office until 1798, when he sailed to England: and resided in London and Edinburgh for about a year and a half. In 1800, he went to Copen-


hagen, and obtained an appointment in the College of Commerce for the East India department, which he held until 1806. During this period he married. Between 1806 and 1810, he entered upon several official duties, and was made a privy councillor. In 1810, he became lecturer on Roman history at Berlin, and passed several years in the midst of a circle of learned friends. In 1816, he went to Rome as ambassador of the king of Prussia, and remained there for six years. He spent the autumn of 1822 at Albano, and in these tales he refers to several of the incidents which occurred there during his stay. Niebuhr, upon resigning his ambassadorship, retired to Bonn, and became a professor at its university, where he wrote his famous Roman history. He died on 2nd January, 1831.

12 Oct. 1843.





## THE EXPEDITION OF THE ARGONAUTS.

 HERE was a King in Greece (1) whose name was Athamas, and his wife's name was Nephela. They had two children, a son and a daughter, who were very good, and loved each other very much. The son's name was Phrixus, and the daughter's Helle. But the father was wicked and put away his wife, the mother of the good children, and married another wife whose name was Ino, and who was very wicked. She treated the poor children very badly, gave them bad

things to eat, and bad clothes, and beat them, although they were good, because they wept after their mother. Ino was a very bad step-mother. At last both Athamas and Ino sought to kill Phrixus and to offer him as a sacrifice. (2)

But when he was brought to the altar, the God Hermes (3) brought a fine large Ram who had wool of gold and could walk on the clouds. On this Ram with the golden fleece, Hermes placed Phrixus and also his sister Helle, and told them to go through the air to the country of Colchis. (4)

The Ram knew his way. The children were told to cling with one hand to one of the horns, and they bent their other arm about each other's waists : but Helle let go her hold, and fell down into the sea. Phrixus wept very much because his good sister was dead, but went on riding until he came to





The Ram with the Golden Fleece.





Colchis. There he sacrificed his Ram, and nailed the fleece against an oak-tree.

Afterwards there was in Thessaly (5) another King, whose name was Pelias. He had a brother whose name was Æson, and Æson a son whose name was Jason. Jason was a young and brave warrior who dwelled with his father out of the town. Now it had been said to King Pelias, that if a man with only one shoe should come to him, he would take away his kingdom. Then it happened that King Pelias gave a great dinner, to which he invited also Jason. Jason was obliged to wade through a brook in coming to the town, for there was no bridge over the brook. There had been in the night a heavy thunder-storm, and it had rained very heavily; the brook was full of water, and flowed strongly, as at Albano, (6) when the heavy rain happened. Then the ties of one of Jason's shoes were

loosened so that he lost it in the water, and he came with only one shoe into the King's house. When King Pelias saw this, he was greatly frightened, and told Jason he should depart out of the country, and not come back unless he brought him the golden fleece at Colchis.

Jason was not at all afraid, and sent an invitation to all brave warriors to go with him. In order to get the fleece, it was necessary to fight with evil beasts and with evil men.

Jason built a large ship for himself and for his comrades. Then the Goddess Minerva, (7) who loved him, lent him assistance, and made him a present of a tree for his mast, which, if Jason questioned it, told him what he was to do.

The ship's name was Argo, and they who went in her were called Argonauts. Amongst



the Argonauts there was one Hercules, and two brothers who had wings and could fly through the air: and another hero's name was Pollux: he knocked every man down who boxed with him.

Then the Argonauts came with their ship to a country where there was a king whose name was Amycus; and whenever strangers came to his country, they were compelled to fight him, and he was very strong and struck all dead. But Pollux knocked him down and struck him dead; for Amycus had been very wicked.

After that, the Argonauts came in their ship to the town of Salmydessus, (8) where there lived a king whose name was Phineus. He had rendered Jupiter (9) angry, and Jupiter, to punish him, made him blind. Whenever Phineus sat down to his dinner, there came nasty great birds which they called Harpies.

These Harpies had a skin of iron like a coat of mail, and if the attendants of the blind king shot after them or struck at them, they could not wound them. The Harpies had also long sharp iron claws, with which they tore the people to pieces who wished to drive them away. As soon as dinner was served, they would come and carry it away, and if they could not carry away all, they dirtied the dishes and the table, so that it stank most detestably. Thus, as poor Phineus could never dine comfortably, he was very near starving. When the heroes came to him, he related to them his misfortunes, and wept sorely, and begged them to help him. The heroes sat down with him at the table, and when the meals were brought in, then the Harpies came flying in. Jason and his comrades drew their swords and struck at them, but it availed not a bit. The two sons of Boreas, (10) Zetes and Calais, who had wings,



jumped into the air ; then the Harpies lost courage and flew away, and the two heroes flew after them : the Harpies at last became quite weary and still more frightened, and fell into the sea and were drowned. Then Zetes and Calais came back, and now poor Phineus had rest and could eat.

When the wind was favourable, the heroes went back to their ship Argo, to sail towards Colchis, and when they bade farewell to Phineus, he took them into his arms and kissed them, and thanked them a great many times that they had helped him out of his disagreeable trouble ; and as a recompense for the service, he gave them good advice. In the great sea over which they were to sail, there floated two great rocks, as icebergs float in the sea, where there is no summer, but always winter. Those mountains were as high as Monte Cavo, (11) and whenever they struck against each other, they crushed every thing to pieces

that had got between them ; if fishes swam in the water, they crushed them to death ; and if birds flew through the air when the rocks dashed together, they crushed them to death ; and if a ship was about to sail through, they rushed together when the ship was in the middle, and crushed it into small pieces, and all that were in it died. Jupiter had placed these rocks in the sea, lest any ship should come to Colchis. Phineus, however, knew that the rocks always parted very widely from each other after having crushed together, and they always came together whenever a fish was about to swim through, or a bird fly through, or a ship sail between them.

Therefore he gave clever advice to the Argonauts, and they did what he advised them and got safely through, and I will tell you how they managed it.

When they came near the place where the



rocks swam, the rocks were lying widely asunder, as far as Monte Cavo lies from Rome (about fifteen miles), but they immediately prepared to meet each other. The Argonauts sailed straight towards the middle of them, and when they were close to them, one of the heroes stood up on the ship and held a dove in his hand, and he let it fly; whenever any living thing got between the rocks, they were obliged to crush together, and then again they parted widely asunder. The dove was quick, and the goddess Minerva helped her, because she was a very good dove: she was quite white. When the rocks had crushed together, only her tail was left behind, which was torn out, but the feathers soon grew again. Then the rocks again parted widely asunder, and then the heroes rowed with all their might and got happily through: when the rocks crushed together again, they could only catch

a small bit of the ship's stern, which they knocked off. The dove sat again down on the ship, and was not angry at all at the Argonauts; and afterwards Minerva took her and placed her in the firmament, where she is now a beautiful constellation.

When the Argonauts had passed happily through the Symplegades (as these rocks were called), they entered at last the river Phasis, which flows through Colchis. Some remained in the ship; but Jason and Pollux and many other heroes went into the town where the king dwelt. The king's name was *Æetes*, and he had a daughter whose name was *Medea*. Jason told King *Æetes* that *Pelias* had sent him to fetch the golden fleece, and requested him that he would give it to him. *Æetes* was unwilling to lose the fleece, but could not refuse it to Jason, it having been predestined that he must give it whenever any one came



from Greece, and asked for it. He, therefore, told Jason that he should have it, but first, that he must yoke certain brazen bulls to a plough, and plough up a great tract of land, and then sow the teeth of a certain dragon. The brazen bulls had been made by Vulcan; (12) they walked and moved and were living like real bulls, but they belched out fire from nose and mouth, and were far more fierce and strong than real bulls. Therefore there was built a stable of great stones and iron for them, in which they were bound with strong iron chains.

And when the dragon's teeth got under the earth as corn gets under the earth when it has been sowed, there would grow out of the earth iron men with lances and swords, who would kill him who had sown them. Thus the king wished that the bulls should kill Jason; and if the bulls should not kill him, then he thought that the iron men would do it.

Medea, the daughter of the king, saw Jason at her father's, and conceived a fondness for him; and she was sorry that Jason should perish. She was able to brew magic liquors: and placed herself on a chariot drawn by flying serpents: and thus she flew through the air and collected herbs, on many mountains and in many vales, on the brinks of brooks, and from all these herbs she pressed out the juice and prepared it; and then she went to Jason without her father knowing it, and brought him the juice, and told him to rub his face and his hands, and arms and legs, and also his armour, his sword and lance, with the juice, whereby he would become for a whole day stronger than all the other heroes together, and fire would not burn him, and steel would not wound him, or go through his shield or armour, but his sword and his lance would pierce steel as if it were butter.



Then a day was appointed when Jason should yoke the bulls and sow the teeth ; and early in the morning before the sun rose, there came King Æetes, with his daughter, and his ministers, generals, chamberlains, and his courtiers, and sat down on a throne near the place where Jason was to plough, and the others sat down on benches as they do on the Corso (13) at the races, and all people went out of the town to see how it would happen, and the boys climbed up the trees in order to see better.

Jason rubbed himself and his weapons with the juice as Medea had told him, and came to the place. The stall in which the bulls were shut up, stood on the place. Then the doors were opened with a key, and Jason courageously stept in and was not at all afraid. He loosened the bulls from the chain, and seized each with one hand by its horn, and dragged

them out. The bulls bellowed most horribly, and all that time fire came out from their noses and mouths ; and as much smoke as when a house is burning, or when Mount Vesuvius (14) is spitting fire. Then the wicked King Æetes felt quite glad ; but when the good amongst the spectators saw what a beautiful man and how courageous Jason was, they were grieved and feared he would die ; for they did not know that Medea was helping him. Jason, however, pressed the heads of both the bulls down to the ground ; then they kicked with their hind legs, but Jason pressed them down so strongly that they fell on their knees.

The plough to which they were to be yoked was all of iron ; Pollux brought it near and threw the yoke over their necks and the chain around their horns ; whilst Jason kept their mouths and noses so close to the ground that



they could not belch out fire. When Pollux had done and the bulls were yoked, he leapt quickly away, and Jason then seized the chain in one hand and the handle of the plough in the other, and let loose his grasp of the horns; the bulls jumped up meaning to run away, but Jason held the chain so fast that they were obliged to walk quite slowly, and to plough quite orderly. It was sunrise when they were yoked, and when it was noon, Jason had ploughed up the whole field. Then he unyoked the bulls and let them loose; but the bulls were as shy as a cat after a beating, and they ran without looking behind them to the mountains. There they would have set all the woods on fire if Vulcan had not appeared, and caught them and led them away.

When Jason had done ploughing, he went to King Æetes, telling him he must now give him the dragon's teeth. Dragons and ser-

pents have their mouths full of small teeth, and Æetes gave to Jason a helmet all filled with their teeth. Jason took them out with his hand and went up and down the field and threw them in all directions ; and then he took his large spear and beat the clods, the large lumps of earth, into small pieces, and then he smoothed the soil as the gardener does after having sowed. And then he went away and lay down to rest until the evening, for he was very weary.

Towards sun-set he returned to the field, and iron men were everywhere growing out of the soil. Some had grown out to the feet, others to the knees, others to the hips, others to the under part of the shoulders, of some only the helmet or forehead could be seen, whilst the remainder of their bodies stuck in the ground. So in the pictures at the Loggie (15) (at Rome,) in the creation of the animals,







Jason and the Iron Men.



nothing but the head of the horse is to be seen above the earth. Those who had their arms already out of the earth and could move them, shook their lances and brandished their swords. Some were just freeing their feet and preparing to come against Jason.

Then Jason did what his friend Medea had told him, and taking a big stone, he threw it on the field just in the midst of them. When the iron men saw the stone, they sprung quick to take it. I suppose that it must have been a fine great marble stone. Then they began to bicker amongst each other, because each wished to have it, and to cut and thrust at each other, and as soon as one got his feet out of the soil, he ran to join the others, and all of them fought together, until every one of them was killed. Jason meanwhile leisurely walked over the field and cut off the heads of those that were about to grow out. In this way all

the iron men perished, and the King Æetes became furious like a madman; but Medea and the heroes and the spectators were uncommonly pleased.

The next morning, Jason went to King Æetes and asked him now to give him the fleece; but the king did not give it to him, and said that he should come again: he wished to have Jason murdered. Medea told that to Jason, and told him also that he must fetch the fleece himself, or else he would never get it. The fleece was nailed to an oak, and at the foot of the oak there lay a dragon that never slept, and ate all men, excepting King Æetes, that should touch the fleece. As the dragon was immortal, Medea could not help Jason to kill him. But the dragon ate sweet cakes with delight, and Medea gave to Jason honey-cakes, in which she had mixed a juice which obliged the dragon



to go fast asleep. Jason came with his cakes and threw them before him; the stupid dragon ate all of them, and fell asleep immediately. Then Jason stepped over him and drew out with pincers the nails with which the fleece was fastened to the oak, and then taking down the fleece, he wrapped it in his cloak and carried it off to the ship. Medea came also and became Jason's wife, and went with him to Greece.

Æetes thinking the Argonauts would go back in the Argo the same way they had come, sent a great many vessels to attack them; but they took another way and went up the large river Ister, (16) and then the heroes carried the Argo into the Ocean, (17) (which goes all around the earth,) and then they came again to Iolcos: but the Colchians always waited at the Symplegades, which now stood fastened, and the Argo never coming, they

returned at last home again ; and King Æetes was terribly angry ; for he had lost the fleece, and the brazen bulls, and the dragon's teeth ; and his daughter was gone, and had also taken with her all her jewels, and every body laughed at him.

When Medea arrived with Jason in Thes-saly, she made old Æson young again, so that his white hair became black again, and all his teeth came again ; he grew as strong as any young man, and lived a great many more years : but she killed Pelias, and Æson became king in his stead. (17 a)







## TALES OF HERCULES.

**H**ERCULES was the son of Jupiter and Alcmena : Amphitryon was the husband of Alcmena, and King of Thebes in Greece. Amphitryon was the step-father of Hercules, but he loved him as tenderly as if he had been his own son. Amphitryon and Alcmena had also a son who was named Iphicles : he was therefore the stepbrother of Hercules.

Hercules and Iphicles did not lie in a cradle, but in a great brass shield in which their mother had made them their bed, and when they went to sleep they were rocked in the shield. Hercules never cried. When he

was a little boy his name was not Hercules but Alkaios, or Alkides.

Juno (18) was the enemy of his mother Alcmena, and intended to have Hercules killed. It was midnight, Amphitryon and Alcmena were asleep, and the two boys likewise slept in their shield, which stood at the side of their mother's bed, when through a hole under the door, two great serpents came creeping into the sleeping room and silently glided towards the shield. The eyes of the serpents glared like fire, so that the whole sleeping room became as light as if a large fire had been kindled in it. They raised their heads on the side where Hercules lay, and were just going to creep into the shield and to bite him, when they set the shield into motion, and Iphicles awoke and began to cry out frightfully, because he was much terrified. Alcmena also awoke at his cry, and seeing







The Infant Hercules and the Serpents.



the light in the room she awakened Amphytryon, who quickly sprung up and seized his sword, which hung on a nail behind the bed.

When Hercules saw the serpents he was not at all afraid, and did not cry, but laughed, and with one hand he gripped the one serpent, and with the other hand the other round their throats, and squeezed them as much as he was able. They could not bite him, but wound themselves around him with their tails, but Hercules kept them firm until they both were dead. When they were dead their eyes glistened no longer, and when Amphytryon was ready with his sword, it was quite dark again in the room. Then he called his servants to bring a light, and when the light was brought, Hercules showed the two dead serpents and laughed very heartily.

Hercules even as a child was very big, and ate much roast meat and bread, but no

dainties. He learned to read and write, and to mount on horseback, and to drive a biga (19) and quadriga, to shoot with the bow, and throw the lance at the mark, and to wrestle, and to fight with the cæstus. (20) There was a good Centaur (21) whose name was Chiron, who taught him to know the stars, and herbs, and trees, and told him tales of them and of animals, which Hercules liked to hear, and he learned all very well. He was very good-natured; he had only the one fault, that he became furious when he was angry, and then he did bad things, though afterwards he wept sorely at what he had done, but it came too late, and could not undo what he had done. Alcmena and Amphytryon had not punished him for it when he was little. He had a master whose name was Linus, and who taught him to play the lyre; and once Hercules being inattentive, Linus beat him, at



which Hercules became so angry that he took the lyre and struck it against the head of Linus, so that he died.

Then Amphytryon would no longer keep him in the house, but sent him to his herds of cattle on mount Cithæron. This mountain is not far from Thebes, and was covered all over with wood, in which the cattle went to pasture. In this wood there dwelt a great, very fierce lion, who had already torn to pieces many cattle, and many herdsmen, and many other persons, but Hercules slew him with an iron club. Then Amphytryon permitted him to return to Thebes, and to live in his house again.

The Thebans were obliged to give every year a hundred oxen to the King of the Minyans. Hercules did not like to see his town tributary; and when the King of the Minyans sent heralds to ask for the cattle,

Hercules cut off the heralds' ears and noses, and drove them away. Thereupon King Erginus came with a large army before Thebes. The King of Thebes was called Creon; he was a coward, and had no courage to go against the enemy, and for this reason he had paid the tribute: but this time he appointed Hercules as his general, at which the Thebans became very glad, and had now great courage to go to the war. Minerva gave Hercules a suit of armour, Mercury (22) presented him with a sword, and Apollo (23) with a bow and arrows, and the armour with which Minerva had presented him was all of gold. Hercules and the Thebans obtained a victory over the enemy, and killed their King Erginus, and thenceforth the Minyans, whose town was called Orchomenos, (24) were obliged to give to the Thebans two hundred oxen every year. Creon gave to Hercules his



daughter Megara for a wife, who bore him three children, and Hercules lived happily for several years at Thebes. But Juno made him fall ill, so that he became mad, and imagining his children to be wild animals he took his bow and shot every one of them. And when he had done this he saw that they were his own children, and became inconsolable and ran out of the town into the woods.

When the ancients were at a loss how to act, they went to the oracles (24) and sought the advice of Apollo. The oracles were temples where a priest or priestess sat; she was questioned, and Apollo told her what she had to answer. When a king was going to war he would send to the oracle, and if Apollo sent him word back that he should be beaten, he gave up the war.

The greatest oracle was at Delphi; there sat a priestess on a tripod (25) in the temple,

and answered to all those who came thither : and if in obeying the oracle they had obtained success, they made presents of vessels, and other beautiful things, of gold, or silver, or brass, to the temple, which thus became filled with gifts. The priestess was called Pythia, and Delphi lies in Greece at the foot of Mount Parnassus. (26)

Poor Hercules went to Delphi and asked the Pythia what he should do, being so grieved for having killed his children. The Pythia told him, he should go to the town of Tiryns (27) and serve King Eurystheus, and execute patiently all he should be commanded by him. She told him that Eurystheus would impose twelve labours upon him, which were so dangerous that at each of them he might lose his life ; but if he had courage, and was patient, the Gods would help him. And when he had overcome the twelve trials,



he would regain his good spirits, and after his death become a God.

King Eurystheus was wicked and mean, and had no courage, and did no good thing himself, and hated all those who could do good and noble actions. Hercules patiently went to Tiryns and came before King Eurystheus, and told him that Apollo had commanded him, through the Pythia, to serve him, and that he was willing to do any thing he would command him.

Then Eurystheus told him to go to Nemæa, and to kill the lion there. Nemæa was a valley with a dense wood, between high mountains, in the land of Eurystheus: in the wood there dwelled a very savage lion, whose skin was so strong that no iron could wound him, and when the herdsmen threw lances at him, they fell down without doing harm to the lion, and the lion leapt at them and tore them to

pieces. Hercules placed himself in the wood behind the trees, as hunters are used to do, that the beast of prey might not see him when he shot at it. The lion at last came through the wood: he had eaten some cattle, and his mouth and mane were quite bloody: he was licking with his large tongue the blood that was upon his mouth, and roared. When a lion roars in the wood, it sounds like thunder, and the earth seems to tremble. With his tail he lashed his flanks and the trees. Hercules shot, but the arrow rebounded. Hercules shot a second time, but the arrow could not pierce the skin of the lion, but if it had hit a man in full armour, it would have gone through the coat of mail and his body. Then the lion saw Hercules and leapt at him. When a lion leaps, he bends his back, leans with his breast against the ground, and draws his tail between his hind-legs: he can leap as far as



this room is long ; (about twenty feet). Hercules wrapped his cloak round his left arm, and in his right he held a large club he had cut for himself in the wood, and with this he gave a stroke on the lion's head. But the lion did not fall dead but stood on his legs, though he was quite stunned and frightened. Then Hercules jumped over him and seized his neck between both his arms and lifted him up and strangled him : with his feet he stood on the lion's hind-legs. When the lion was dead, he drew off his skin and hung it round himself ; putting the jaws of the lion over his head as a helmet, and the forefeet he knotted round his neck. His club was broken when he hit the lion on the head : so strong were the bones of the animal. Then he cut himself another club, and thenceforth he always walked thus with his club and in the lion's skin.

Now Hercules returned to Tiryns, and sent

word to the king that the lion was dead. Eurystheus then conceived a great fear of him, and had a room of brass made for himself under the ground, into which he descended when Hercules came, and there was a grate in it through which he spoke to Hercules, and commanded him to go and kill the hydra of Lerna. (28) This hydra was a large serpent, as long as a ship; it had nine heads, and lived in the marsh of Lerna. Hercules mounted on his car, and his friend Iolaus guided the horses, and then they drove to Lerna.

The hydra hid herself from Hercules and retired into a hole, but he took his bow, and having wrapped tow dipped in pitch and sulphur round the arrows, he kindled them and shot them at the hydra into the hole under the ground, into which she had crept. Then she started out of the hole, right against Hercules: Hercules seized her with one hand round



the neck where her nine heads sat, but she wound herself with her long tail round one of his legs. Hercules with his club struck the heads and split them in two, but whenever he had crushed one head, two others grew out instead. There came also a frightfully large lobster, who pinched the leg of Hercules that the serpent had wound round, and kept it fast between his claws, and caused him great pain ; he was a friend of the hydra, and wished to assist her ; but Hercules trod him in two with his other foot. He continued striking with his club on the heads of the Hydra, and new ones always grew out again, and he would never have come to an end if his friend Iolaus had not been with him. Iolaus hewed down trees, and piled up the logs and made a large fire ; then he took large burning logs, and whenever Hercules had crushed a head, he burnt the wound, and then no new

ones grew instead. When all the heads had been crushed, the Hydra was dead, and Hercules dipped the points of his arrows into her blood, which was so poisonous, that if the arrow only scratched the skin, the man or animal died. This was the second labour which Hercules executed at the command of Eurystheus, as he had been commanded to do by Apollo.

Then Eurystheus commanded him to catch the stag of Cerynia, (29) and to bring him alive. This stag had horns of gold, and ran so quickly that neither horse nor dog could overtake him: but Hercules also was as swift as he was strong; he ran a whole year behind the stag until he seized him, and carried him on his shoulders to Tiryns. That was the third labour.

Thereupon Eurystheus demanded that he should bring alive the wild boar of Eryman-



thus. Erymanthus is a mountain in Arcadia: the boar dwelled there, and made inroads into all the corn-fields and gardens, and wasted them; and if people came against him with lances, he trampled them down and wounded them with his large tusks so that they died. Hercules then departed for Erymanthus, but on his way he came one evening to a cavern where there dwelt the Centaur Pholus, and Hercules wished to pass the night there. Many Centaurs dwelt on the mountain, who had a large winecask, which was in the cavern of Pholus, and they drank of that wine only when they assembled in the cavern of Pholus and feasted. Pholus had no other wine, and when Hercules, after having eaten with him, also asked him for some wine, he said that if he broached that cask, all the other Centaurs would come and kill him. Hercules said that would not happen, and drew a pitcher full of

wine for himself. But this was no such wine as we drink ; for Bacchus (30) had made a present of it to the Centaurs ; and the wine had a fragrance like the finest roses, and was so strong that when drawn from the cask it could be scented as far off as a man can see with his eyes. The Centaurs consequently smelled it, and arrived immediately afterwards at full gallop, for the sake of killing Pholus : some tore out large blocks of rock : others tore pine-trees and firs out of the ground ; for the Centaurs did not fight with swords and lances, and only a few of them had bows and arrows. Hercules placed himself near the entrance of the cavern and threw burning logs against the Centaurs, and then he bent his bow and shot at them the arrows whose points had been dipped in the blood of the hydra of Lerna, and all those he hit with them died immediately, as if bitten by the hydra herself. Then





The Centaurs.





the remainder betook themselves to flight. Pholus was astonished how a little arrow could kill such huge creatures, and he drew an arrow from one of the Centaurs lying dead there, and examined it ; but he was not cautious, and let the arrow slip from his hand, and it fell on his foot, and he died on the spot. Meanwhile Hercules had pursued the flying Centaurs, and when he came back he found poor Pholus dead. He was then very grieved that he had opened the winecask against his request, and he burned his corpse, (31) and buried his ashes and bones.

After this he went on to Erymanthus, and supposed that the boar would run against him as against other hunters, and that he should seize him with his hands, but the boar was afraid of him, and ran away from him. Hercules ran after him, and the boar always ran forward ; in his fright he leapt into a deep

ravine which was full of snow, for on the mountains of Arcadia there lies deep snow as on the Alps. (32) But Hercules had made a noose of a strong cable, which he threw round the boar's legs and body when he was sprawling to get out, and drew him up, and threw the animal over his shoulders, and thus carried him to Tiryns. The boar lay on his back with his legs upwards, and grunted, and butted with his head and kicked with his legs, but he could not free himself. This was the fourth labour.

Then Eurystheus commanded Hercules to cleanse the stable of Augeas (33) in one day. Augeas was king of Elis, and had three thousand cattle, who had a stable as large as the Palatinus (34) at Rome ; it was a yard, round which went a wall with vaults, into which they drove the cattle in the evening from the fields. The people of King Augeas were lazy, and



allowed the dung to accumulate, which at last became so high that the cattle could no longer get into the vaults, and it would have been the work of a whole year to dig it out and to cart it away. But Hercules dug a deep ditch close to the wall of the yard, and into the garden he turned two rivers which with great vehemence fall from the mountains; and he made a large hole in the wall, and the water rushed into the yard; and then he broke another hole in the opposite side of the wall, from whence the water ran out again and washed away all the dung, and the whole yard became in one day clean, so that the paving was quite as clean as the pavement at Albano after the storm of rain had washed away all the dirt, and when the people in the house near the cooper's swept the dirt and straw into the street so that the current should carry it away. And previously the dung had lain

as high as our room is. Augeas had promised Hercules the tenth part of his cattle if he cleansed his stable in one day as he had told him he would do ; but he was wicked and did not keep his word, and therefore he was afterwards punished when Hercules had executed all his labours for Eurystheus, for then Hercules came and made war on him and killed him. This was the fifth labour.

After this Eurystheus commanded Hercules to drive away the birds from the marsh of Stymphalus. (35) These birds had iron beaks and claws like the Harpies, and bit men and animals to death ; and after they had eaten them up, they flew back to the marsh. The marsh was like a great lake, and looked as a lake, excepting that many trees stood in it like a large wood : no one could go on the water with a boat, because it was not deep but merely a thick slime ; and no one could walk into it,



for if he put his foot into it, he sank into the slime. Thus even Hercules could not have driven out the wicked birds unless good Vulcan (12) had helped him. Vulcan made a rattle of brass which he gave to Hercules, who, standing with his rattle on a mountain near the marsh, swung it, and then it made such a terrible noise that the birds were frightened, and all flew away. Whilst they were on the wing, Hercules took his bow and shot at them, and killed some, and the others were so frightened that they flew far over the sea and never returned again. This was the sixth labour.

Then Eurystheus commanded him to bring the ferocious bull out of Crete. (36) Hercules went in a ship to Crete, and begged Minos, the king of the island of Crete, to permit him to catch the bull; and Minos very willingly permitted him, for the bull wasted the land, and no man was a match for him. But Hercules

seized him by the horns and dragged him away, and brought him to the ship, and returned to the Peloponnesus, (37) and dragged the bull to Tiryns. Neptune (38) forbade the killing of the bull, and thus he ran away again and did much damage in the country, until Theseus (39) killed him. This was the seventh labour.

Then Eurystheus commanded Hercules to bring the horses of King Diomedes of Thrace. Hercules went again into a ship and went to Thrace. (40) The horses were very savage, and devoured men, and King Diomedes was so wicked that he ordered strangers who came to his country to be thrown before the horses, who tore them and devoured them, as tigers and savage wolves do. Diomedes refused to give up the horses when Hercules claimed them; then Hercules killed him and threw him before his own horses to be devoured. The horses themselves he brought to his ship



and to Tiryns ; but Eurystheus allowed them to run away, and when they came into the woods, the beasts of prey tore them to pieces, and thus these savage animals perished. This was the eighth labour.

The Amazons (40\*) were a nation of women who rode on horses, and made war, and were as brave as heroes : their queen's name was Hippolyta ; she had a precious girdle of gold set with gems, which Mars (40a) had given to her. Of this girdle Eurystheus had heard, and wanted to have it for his daughter Admeta, and commanded Hercules to fetch it. Hercules made it known through all Greece that he was going to make war on the Amazons, and that all brave men might go with him. He went in a ship, and took all those with him who presented themselves. When he came to the country of the Amazons, he let Queen Hippolyta know why Eurystheus had sent him. Hippolyta knew that Hercules must obey

Eurystheus, because Apollo had so commanded him, and she was willing to make him a present of the girdle : but the Amazons would not suffer it, and attacked Hercules and his companions. Then a great battle was fought, which is represented on many bas-reliefs ; (40 b) the Amazons fought on horseback, and Hercules and his companions on foot ; and if Hercules had not been there, the women would have vanquished. Hercules put them to flight and took Hippolyta a prisoner : but he did her no harm, and set her free again after he had got the girdle.

Then he turned the ship and sailed back to Greece : and near Troy (40 c) he cast anchor, and went on shore, and into the town. At that time Laomedon was king of Troy, and was very rich and powerful ; but Apollo and Neptune were angry with him, and had brought him and his empire into great dis-



tress. This had happened thus. Troy was a large town, and had no walls : then came Apollo and Neptune to Laomedon, and told him, that if he would reward them for their labour, they would raise walls around the town, which no enemy should be able to destroy. King Laomedon believed they were men, and agreed with them what he should give them for building the walls. Apollo and Neptune built the wall exceedingly high, and out of enormously huge blocks. When they had finished, Laomedon said, because he was wicked, that he would give them nothing for their work ; for he believed they were only heroes, and he knew that no enemy could break the walls. But the gods had only wished to see whether Laomedon would keep his word, or had told a lie. Then Neptune sent a monster, which every day rose out of the sea and tore men and animals, and no man durst

any more go out of the town : and as the fields were no longer cultivated, hunger and great scarcity happened ; and the Trojans threatened to kill the king, who was the cause of the great misfortune. The king sent to the oracle and asked what he should do, so that the monster should not come any more out of the sea ; and the oracle commanded him to bind his daughter Hesione to a rock on the shore ; whom the monster would devour, and then come no more. When Hercules landed, they were leading poor Hesione to the place to which she was to be bound. Hercules told the king, that he need fear nothing for his daughter, for he would fight the monster ; but if he killed it, Laomedon must give him the horses which Jupiter had presented to him : these were the most beautiful horses of all in the world. Laomedon promised that he would give them to him. Hercules then made



all the others reenter the town, and remained alone near Hesione, and when the monster rose from out of the sea, and was about to rush on Hesione, he attacked it and killed it, and brought Hesione back to her father. But Laomedon was so wicked that he did not give the horses to Hercules. Hercules became angry, but he would not begin a war, because he had not yet finished all the labours which the gods had commanded him. He sent word, therefore, to Laomedon, that he would punish him hereafter ; and sailed to Tiryns, and gave the girdle to Eurystheus. This was the ninth labour.

Near Spain there lies an island, where the great town of Cadiz now stands, but then its name was Erythia, and then there was no town there, but very fine pastures with excellent grass ; where the cattle of King Geryon were accustomed to graze. These cattle were

the most beautiful in the world, and all of red colour, and the dog who watched them was called Orthus, and had two heads, and was so strong that he could fight two wolves at once, and kill them. King Geryon was as if grown together out of three giants, and had three heads, six arms, and six legs. It was not easy to take the cattle from him, even after the dog had been killed: and there Eurystheus thought Hercules must perish certainly. Therefore he commanded him to fetch the cattle of Geryon. Hercules went there alone, and only took his bow and club with him. He went through Libya, (40 d) where the sun shines exceedingly hot; then he grew angry at the sun-god, who on his chariot drove very close over the country, and he told him to drive more aside, and not to burn him so much. The sun-god, whose name in Greek is Helios, laughed and answered that it was his own road. Hercules



then grew exceedingly angry, and bent his bow to shoot at Helios : but Hercules was as yet only a man, and could not have vanquished Helios. Helios was greatly pleased that Hercules was so courageous, and told him he must put up with the inconvenience, but that he would lend him a golden ship, wherein he could get beyond the sea to Erythia ; for between Libya and Europe, there is the sea whereon your grandfather (41) has sailed, and the two great mountains, of which one lies on either shore, are called to this day the columns of Hercules. When Hercules sailed on the ocean, the god Oceanus wished to try whether he could frighten him, and he raised a great storm ; but Hercules bent his bow again, and then Oceanus became afraid and ordered the sea to become calm again.

Hercules landed on the island of Erythia, and killed the dog Orthrus, (41 a) and also the

herdsman Eurytion; and he had well deserved it, for he made his cattle eat men, as King Diomedes did his horses. Then Hercules drove the cattle away. King Geryon heard that, and came to fight with Hercules, but it fared ill with him, as Hercules shot him dead with his bow.

Hercules drove the oxen through Spain, and through Liguria, and the Ligurians assembled many thousands to take away the oxen; and all shot arrows, and threw stones at him. Those that came near him, he killed: but they shot and threw from a distance at him; and then Hercules could only use his arrows. The enemy being so numerous, he shot away all his arrows, and in the end they would certainly have shot him dead, if his father, Jupiter, had not come to his help. Jupiter caused it to rain stones, which killed many Ligurians, and Hercules picked up the other



stones and threw them at his enemies ; and to this day the field is to be seen, which is full of stones, in the part of France called Provence ; and the field is called Crau.

Then Hercules drove the oxen over the Alps, (31) and made a way for them through the snow and ice, and came with them to the Tiber, where Rome stands now ; but then there was no town at Rome, and in a cavern under the Aventinus there lived a wicked giant whose name was Cacus, who breathed fire from his mouth and nose, and plagued all the people very much who lived in that region. He came in the night and stole some of the finest of the oxen, and dragged them into his cavern, and lest Hercules should see by their footsteps that he had brought them there, he dragged them in backwards by their tails, and thus the footsteps looked as if the oxen had come out of the cavern.

Hercules sought the stolen oxen everywhere, and when he could not find them, he went on with the remainder. As he drove them along the foot of the Aventinus, on the road which leads from Porta San Paolo to the Bocca della Verità, one of the oxen of Hercules lowed, and when the stolen oxen, which were chained against the wall of the cavern, heard that, they answered. Cacus had closed the entry with huge stone blocks, which Hercules rolled away, and as Cacus could not run off, he breathed fire against Hercules; who was not afraid, but killed him.

At last when he had arrived on the Isthmus, and was not far from Tiryns, he was attacked on a spot where the road is very narrow, being between steep mountains and the sea, by a wicked giant who was called Alcyoneus, and who threw a stone at him, which was so heavy that if it had been laid on a waggon, twenty-



four buffaloes could scarcely have drawn it ; but Hercules was watchful, and parried the stone with his club : and the stone lies to the present day on the spot where it fell. The next day he came to Tiryns, and the wicked Eurystheus got the beautiful oxen. This was the tenth labour, and very hard it had proved to Hercules.

Then Eurystheus commanded Hercules to bring him the golden apples of the Hesperides. When Juno celebrated her wedding with Jupiter, she presented him with golden apples, which he planted in the earth in the garden of the Nymphs, who were called Hesperides, and from these apples grew trees which bore golden apples. Many would have been glad to steal them, and therefore the Hesperides were obliged to watch the garden themselves ; and they kept also a great dragon in it which had a hundred heads. But Hercules did not know

where the garden was, and was obliged to wander many days at random, before he learned where it was.

On his way he met Antæus, who was a son of the Earth, and exceedingly strong; he wrestled with all those he met, and killed them: for if one was so strong that he threw Antæus on the ground, he sprang up immediately again, because the Earth was his mother, and made him stronger when he touched her; and when he had thrown down his antagonist, he killed him. When Hercules observed that Antæus became stronger when he threw him on the earth, he lifted him up between his arms on high, so that he did not touch the earth even with a foot, and squeezed him so tightly in his arms that Antæus died.

After this he came into Ægypt, where Busris was king, who sacrificed all strangers on the altar of his gods. Hercules allowed them



to bind his hands, and to lay a band around his head as a victim, and to lead him to the altar, and to strew salt and meal upon his head; but when the priests were about to take the knife and to stab him, he broke the ropes with which his hands were bound asunder, and killed the priests and the cruel king Busiris.

Hercules, being so large and strong, had therefore a very large appetite; once when he was very hungry, he met a peasant who had yoked two oxen before his plough and ploughed; he prayed this peasant to give him something to eat, but the peasant would give him nothing. At this Hercules grew angry, and drove him away, and unyoked the oxen and killed one of them, and broke the plough into pieces, and made a fire with the wood of the plough, at which he roasted the ox and ate him up entirely.

Then he came to the Caucasus, (41 b) which

is a very high mountain, towards the east ; on one side of this mountain which was entirely steep, and so high that nobody could ascend it, Prometheus, at the order of Jupiter, had been nailed with chains, and every day an eagle came who pecked through his side. Hercules took his bow and shot the eagle dead, and prayed Jupiter to set Prometheus free ; and Jupiter did so, and Prometheus returned to the other gods on Olympus. (42)

At last Hercules came to Atlas, who stood at the edge of the earth, and bore heavens on his shoulders, so that they should not fall to the earth. Atlas was brother of the father of the Hesperides, and Hercules prayed him to persuade his nieces to give him the apples. Hercules had no fear of the dragon, and would have killed him, but he did not wish to take the apples from the nymphs by force. Atlas went to the Hesperides, and until his



return Hercules took the heavens on his shoulders. The Hesperides gave their uncle three apples which he was to give to Hercules, if he would promise that they should have them back again, for all of them knew that Hercules would keep to what he had promised. When Atlas returned, he wanted to leave Hercules there holding the heavens, but Hercules threatened to let them drop, and then Atlas took them again, and gave him the apples. Hercules carried these to Eurystheus, and said that he had promised to give them back again ; and Eurystheus would have liked to keep them, but as he knew that Jupiter would then permit Hercules to punish him, he gave them back to Hercules, who brought them to Minerva, and she sent them to the Hesperides. This was the eleventh labour.

Only one labour remained now, and when

this was accomplished, Hercules would be free, and Eurystheus could no longer command him. Then he commanded him to bring up the dog Cerberus from the lower world.

Hercules went to the Tænarus. (42 a) This is a high promontory in Greece, and in the rock there are great clefts and caverns, through which, one may descend into the lower world. And there Hercules descended deeper and deeper until he arrived at the river Styx, which flows round the whole of the lower world, where Pluto is king. (43) Over this river there is no bridge, but Charon ferries backwards and forwards on it with a boat. Charon said that Hercules was much too big and heavy, and that the boat would not carry him, but he was obliged to obey. Mercury accompanied Hercules, and showed him the way. After he had passed the river, the head of Medusa or Gorgon appeared to him, which



turned all that were frightened at it into stone ; but Hercules was not afraid of her, and drew his sword and struck at her, whereupon she fled away. Cerberus would have torn every other living man to pieces, but when he saw Hercules, he began to howl, and took refuge under the throne of Pluto.

Hercules wished to offer a sacrifice to the Gods, and Pluto having a large herd of cattle, he took a bull to slaughter him. The herdsman, Menœtius, came running and struck at him ; but Hercules seized him, and squeezed him so terribly that he would have broken all his bones, if Proserpine (44) had not interceded for him. Whereupon he let him go. Pluto and Proserpine welcomed Hercules in a friendly manner, and told him he might take Cerberus with him, if he could master him, and would promise to bring him back. Cerberus was as big as an elephant, and had

three heads, and on each head a mane of serpents, and his tail was a large serpent. Hercules had put on the armour which Vulcan had given to him; and wrapped the lion-skin closely around himself, and grasped Cerberus by the neck and dragged him away. The serpent which was the dog's tail was always biting him, but Hercules did not loosen his grasp, and returned through the caverns through which he had descended. When Cerberus arrived above and saw the light, he became quite furious, and the foam ran from his mouth, and wherever it dropt, there sprung up poisonous herbs, and those who ate of them died. All those who saw Cerberus fled, and Eurystheus hid himself; whereupon Hercules brought back the dog, and gave him to Charon, that he might carry him in his boat to the other side of the Styx.

This was the twelfth and last labour, and



Hercules was now free again. But his father, Jupiter, did not chuse that he should live happy and idle, without using the powers which he had given him to punish the wicked, and to assist those who suffered wrong ; but wished that he should undergo hardships as long as he lived on the earth, and should bridle his anger : and if he did not do it, he should bear the punishment, as he had done when he served Eurystheus ; but if he should hold out in goodness to the end, he was resolved to receive him in heaven, and to recompense him richly for all the hardships he had suffered on earth.

Hercules might have punished the wicked Eurystheus for all the ill-treatment he had received from him ; but he knew that he had borne the yoke of servitude as a punishment, and went away from Tiryns without doing him any harm.

On the island of Eubœa, (45) was a town, Æchalia, the king of which town was called Eurytus. He was an excellent marksman with the bow, and as excellent marksmen were his sons: and he had it proclaimed through all Greece, that none should have his daughter Iola for a wife, unless they could shoot further and hit a more distant mark than he himself and his sons. Iola was very beautiful, and many had come to Æchalia, to try with their bow, but none could shoot as well as Eurytus, and the Eurytides. (45) Hercules at last came, and shot better than they; but Eurytus did not keep his word, and did not give Iola to Hercules for his wife. At this Hercules grew very angry, for when he promised anything, he always kept his word, and he demanded that others should do likewise; but he mastered his anger, and went away to Thessaly.



King Admetus, of the town of Thrace in Thessaly, was the host of Hercules ; and Hercules went to his house in order to sleep and eat there. But when he came to the house he found all of them full of grief, and in tears ; for King Admetus had fallen very ill, and would have died, if his wife Alcestis, who was in good health, had not obtained from the gods the favour and permission to die for her husband, so tenderly did she love him. Thus she had died, and Admetus had recovered. But when he was recovered, and heard that his wife had died for him, he was much grieved, and would rather he himself had died, and Alcestis had lived. Happily at this moment Hercules arrived, before her corpse was burned, and he descended in great haste down to the lower world, and besought Pluto so much that he set the soul of Alcestis at liberty ; she returned then into her body,

which became warm and living again, and Alcestis lived afterwards many more years with her husband Admetus, and both were grateful to Hercules as their greatest benefactor, as long as they lived. If Pluto upon his earnest supplication had not given up the soul of Alcestis, Hercules would have used force, though all the gods feared Pluto.

Then came Iphitus, one of the sons of Eurytus, to Hercules, to beseech him to assist him in seeking his father's cattle, which the cunning thief Autolycus had stolen. Autolycus could change into another form all that he stole, so that the owner could not know it even when he saw it. Hercules thought that this was a deceit of Eurytus to entice him to Eubœa, and was also angry that a man who had acted so shamefully to him should have the impudence to ask him to take any trouble for him: thus he got beside himself with



anger, and took Iphitus by the arms and threw him over the walls of the town, so that he fell on his head and died. Jupiter was very angry that Hercules had forgotten again to restrain his anger and only employ his strength to help other men: therefore he punished Hercules with a strong fever, and in the fever he became furious, and ran to Delphi in order to ask the oracle of Apollo how he could become well again. Apollo would not answer. Hercules then took the tripod away on which the Pythia sat when she pronounced the oracle, and would have set about destroying the temple, when Apollo sprang forth from the Adytum, (46 a) and bent his bow against Hercules, and Hercules his against him: but Jupiter threw a thunderbolt between both, and commanded Apollo to utter the oracle. Apollo pronounced that if Hercules would allow himself to be sold as a

slave for three years, he should recover from his disease and fury. This was very hard ; but Hercules had now become obedient again, and allowed himself to be sold, and was bought by Omphale, Queen of Lydia. She made jokes on Hercules, and made him put on women's clothes, and spin, and sit amongst her women ; and she took his lion-skin and wore it herself. But she was not so wicked as Eurystheus, and commanded him no such terrible fights.

When the three years had passed, Hercules was free again, and returned to Greece, where he collected heroes and other warriors in order to punish Laomedon. (See p. 44.) They could not demolish the walls of the town because Apollo and Neptune had built them ; but he and his companions scaled them with ladders : Laomedon was slain ; and his daughter Hesione was given by Hercules for a wife



to his friend Telamon, who had first scaled the wall with him. Hercules did not destroy the town of Troy, but set a son of Laomedon as king over it, whose name was Priam. Priam was the father of Paris, who carried off the beautiful Helen; and also of Hector, who defended Troy when Agamemnon and Menelaus led the Greeks to war there; and Priam was slain after Troy was taken.

Afterwards Minerva called Hercules to Phlegra; this is the fine country around Naples, on this side of Mount Vesuvius, where at that time insolent giants dwelt, who made war on the gods, and Hercules fought for the gods against the giants. At last the gods conquered, and Jupiter threw the island of Sicily upon their king Tiphœus, so that he fell down, unable to raise himself again; but the Greeks said, that whenever he tried to rise and to throw off the burden lying on him, the earth-

quakes in Italy were occasioned by it. After this fight was over, Hercules returned to Greece, and came to Æneus, King of Calydon; (47) he had a beautiful daughter Deianira, whom Hercules wished to marry, and Æneus was willing to give her to him for a wife, but the river-god Achelous also wanted to marry her, and Hercules was obliged to combat him. As Achelous was vanquished, he changed himself into a terrible dragon, and when Hercules seized him with his hands at the throat, then he changed himself into an enormous bull, and endeavoured to strike Hercules in the body with his horns, but Hercules seized his horns in his hands and broke off one of them; then Achelous begged that he would do him no more harm; and Hercules married Deianira, and took her along with him. At that time he no longer used his club which he had made in the wood from a wild olive-tree when he fought with the lion, but he



had thrust it into the earth, and consecrated it to the gods: it struck root and threw out leaves and boughs, and the tree to which it grew stood even in the times of Marcus Aurelius. (48)

Hercules desired to bring Deianira to a town named Trachin. (49) On his way thither he was obliged to traverse the river Evenus, which was very broad and deep after it had rained, and there was no boat there. Hercules himself waded through the river, but a Centaur named Nessus, who lived on the river, and carried travellers over on his horseback if they paid him, promised to carry Deianira over. The Centaur was a rogue, and wished to carry off Deianira, and run with her into the mountains. Hercules shot one of the arrows at him which had been poisoned in the blood of the Hydra, and the villain died; but before he died he told Deianira to preserve the blood from his wound,

and if ever she believed Hercules did not love her any longer, to pour it on a garment which Hercules was to put on, and then he would love her again very much. The villain did this to revenge himself, and it was a great misfortune that Deianira believed him, and preserved the blood without telling Hercules anything of it.

Parnassus and Œta (50) are large tracts consisting of many mountains, between which are many valleys, as is the case with the chains of mountains you see behind Tivoli. In these mountains lived the Dorians, who were a small but very brave nation, which was continually attacked by another nation, much more numerous, called Dryopians. The king of the Dorians was called Ægimius. Having heard that Hercules assisted and rescued those who were too weak to defend themselves against stronger people who wronged them, he prayed him to assist him and his people



against the Dryopians. Hercules did that very willingly, and routed the Dryopians, and rendered them so weak that the Dorians thenceforth lived in tranquillity and peace in their mountains. Ægimius was old and had no children, and therefore he gave orders that Hercules after his death should become king of the Dorians, and his descendants after him ; the Dorians were very satisfied with this arrangement, and under the Heraclides, (51) from a small and weak nation they became a great and very powerful one.

After this war Hercules went to Trachin, and lived there with Deianira and his children, near the good old King Ceyx, and rested himself awhile from his labours. Afterwards he proclaimed through all Greece that he intended to go to war ; and when this was done, brave men came from all regions and towns to fight under his command. When his host was assembled, he went with them over the

sea, which between Trachin and Eubœa is very small, to the latter island, and made war on Eurytus. Eurytus and his sons fell in the battle ; Œchalia was taken, and Hercules carried away Iole with the other prisoners to Trachin. He intended to give her to his eldest son Hyllus for a wife ; but wicked people told Deianira that Hercules would send her away and marry Iole himself, and Deianira was uncommonly grieved at it.

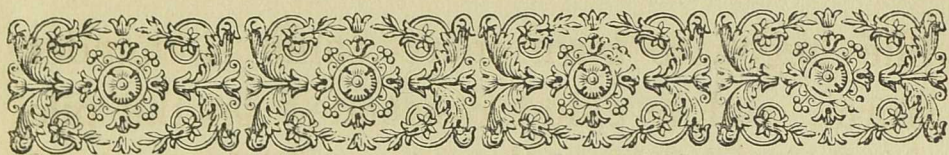
Hercules did not return directly to Trachin, but intended first to offer a sacrifice for his victory to Jupiter, at the foot of Mount Œta. And as it was the custom to appear in a white and clean apparel at a sacrifice, and as his apparel had become blood-stained and unclean, he sent a servant to his house at Trachin to fetch him a clean and new apparel. Then Deianira unfortunately remembered the malicious advice of Nessus, and rubbed some



of his blood on the shirt which she sent by the servant to Hercules, who put it on. As soon as the shirt became warm on his body, it stuck to the skin, and the poison burned Hercules in an insupportable manner; he endeavoured to pull it off, but it stuck fast, and the poison had already penetrated into his body, and Hercules felt that he must die. Then he felled trees, and placed them over each other, and himself on the top of the pile, and begged his friends to set it on fire. With him there was a youth whose name was Philoctetes, the son of one of his friends; Hercules had a great affection for this youth, who was very obedient to him: Hercules bequeathed to him his bow and arrows, and commanded him to fire the pile; and the youth obeyed him, though he was very grieved at it. Therewith all the sufferings and misery of Hercules had an end; for as soon as the

pile began to burn there came a thunder storm, and a cloud descended on the pile amidst thunder and lightning, which received the soul of Hercules and carried it to Olympus. His body was consumed. When his soul arrived in Olympus, Jupiter transformed him into a god, and Jupiter and all gods who had always loved him, welcomed and embraced him ; and even Juno, who had always been his enemy, became reconciled to him, and gave him her beautiful daughter Hebe (52) for a wife ; and amongst all nations where Hercules had done good, and extirpated tyrants and cruel animals, he was for ever remembered with gratitude, and spoken of with the greatest reverence ; and now many thousands of years have passed by, and still we speak with glory and affection of him ; but the wicked and mean Eurystheus is hated and despised.





THE  
HERACLIDES, AND ORESTES.

**E**URYSTHEUS was so wicked that after the death of Hercules, he persecuted his children, and sought to take away their lives: for he knew well that they would one day punish him for all the evil he had inflicted on their father, who had not been permitted to revenge himself. The old King Ægimius could not defend them, and they fled to Athens. (53) Eurystheus then marched with a great army against Athens, and demanded that the Heraclides should be given up to him: but the Athenians, and their king The-

seus, were good and generous, and preferred to risk all, rather than to act so vilely. Iolaus, the friend of Hercules, was now dead, and heard in the lower world that the children of his friend were in danger: then he besought Pluto to permit him, only for one day, to re-enter into life, and to return to the upper world in order to defend them. Pluto granted the request, and the Athenians vanquished in a grand battle; and Iolaus himself slew Eurystheus, and then descended again to the lower world: but the Heraclides returned to King Ægimius; and after his death, Hyllus became king of the Dorians in his stead.

The ancestors of Alcmena (see page 21) had been kings of Argos, and Hercules had a right to be king of that country, and after him, his sons and descendants. After the death of Eurystheus, Hyllus with his Dorians made an attempt to conquer the Pelopon-



nesus, but did not succeed ; he lost his life in a single combat with Echemus, king of Arcadia, and his son Cleodæus was obliged to retreat with the Dorians into their country, on the Parnassus. The Peloponnesus is a peninsula : that is to say, the sea goes all round it as round an island, excepting at one place, where a small neck of land goes from the Peloponnesus to the other part of Greece, which is not broader than from Ponte Molle to the Capo di Bove. (54) This small tract of land is called the Isthmus, and consists of high mountains, over which no road goes, but the road goes along the foot of the mountains, on the shore of the sea, and is so narrow that a few people may defend it : and if there are others standing above on the mountains, who throw stones down, nobody can go on the narrow road. The Peloponnesus is a large country, full of high mountains, and on

many of those mountains snow and ice lie even in summer, for they are almost as high as the Alps ; other parts of the mountains are covered with large woods, or pastures ; and the valleys are very fertile, and much corn and olives, and vines grow there : and there were many fine towns in the Peloponnesus, Sparta, Argos, Mycenæ, Tiryns, Corinth, Pylus, and many more.

After the death of Hyllus, his son Cleodæus renewed the attempt, and marched towards the Isthmus, but he could not penetrate into the Peloponnesus ; and after his death, the same happened to his son Aristomachus. The latter had three sons, Temenus, Cresphontes, and Aristodemus. These did not lose courage because their great grand-father, their grand-father, and their father had failed, but mindful how much trouble it had cost to their great-grandfather's grandfather, Hercules, be-



fore he rose to great honours, they again fitted out an army, and the Dorians were willing to go with them, for their country was small and not fertile, and they thought if their kings conquered the Peloponnesus, those who went with them would receive a share of such a beautiful and large country. But first, the three Heraclides asked the oracle at Delphi what they must do, in order to succeed better than their ancestors. Apollo answered them, they should take a man with three eyes for their guide. This appeared strange to them, and they were afraid they should never find a man with three eyes; but in leaving Delphi, they met a certain Oxylus, from Ætolia, who had fled from his country because he had the misfortune of killing another unintentionally, by the throw of his discus. (54 a) This Oxylus had only one eye, for the other he had lost by the shot of an arrow, and he rode on a

mule, both of whose eyes were quite sound. Then the Heraclides thought that the oracle had meant them to take him for their guide, and so it was. Oxylus told them immediately, that their ancestors had not acted wisely to attack the Isthmus, but that they should have built ships and gone by sea ; then the kings of the Peloponnesus would not know where they would land, and could not resist them. The Heraclides then moved with their whole army to the shore which lies opposite the northern coast of the Peloponnesus ; and there the sea has no great breadth. On the mountains are many trees, which they felled and sawed to pieces, and of the pieces they built boats ; but the very large trees they made into boats by only hollowing them out. The spot where they made their boats was afterwards called, from this fact, Naupactus, (54 b) and now it is called Lepanto.



Two hundred and fifty years ago, (A. D. 1571) the Christians, on the sea before Lepanto, vanquished and destroyed a large Turkish fleet, with which the Turks intended to attack Italy; and they would have conquered Italy, if their fleet had not been destroyed.

The kings and nations in the Peloponnesus did not agree together; for the Ionians, who lived on the shore, opposite to Naupactus, and the Arcadians, who lived in the middle of the Peninsula, made peace with the Heraclides and Dorians, and allowed them to pass through their country; and that was very silly, and turned out very badly for them, as you shall hear afterwards.

Menelaus (55) had died without leaving behind him a son who could inherit his kingdom, for Helen had only a daughter, Hermione; and his son, Megapenthes, was born

from a slave. Agamemnon, who was king of Mycenæ, and who had led the Greeks in the war against Troy, as general of all the Greek kings, had a son, Orestes, who was very young when his father, on returning from Troy, was slain by his criminal wife Clytemnestra, and by Ægistheus. Ægistheus intended also to kill the boy, but his sister Electra, who was older than he, hid him, and sent him away with a trusty servant to Phocis, to a guest of their father's, whose name was Strophius. He told no one that the boy was Orestes, for he was afraid lest the wicked Ægistheus should send murderers to kill the boy. Strophius had a son whose name was Pylades; he was very good, and Orestes was brought up with him; and both learnt every thing together. The boys had extraordinary love for each other, and had no joy when they were not together; and as they grew



up, their friendship increased: and when two friends love each other so much that each only thinks how to make the other happy, and does every thing for him, and risks his life for him, people say that they love each other like Orestes and Pylades: and this is a saying to this very day. Both were tall, strong, and brave.

When Orestes was grown up, and a tall youth, he went to Delphi, and asked the oracle what he should do to recover the kingdom of his father: and the oracle commanded that he should revenge the death of his father on Clytemnestra and Ægistheus, but he must execute it without an army, and employ only stratagem. Then he set out to go to Mycenæ, accompanied by his faithful friend Pylades and the old servant who had brought him, as a boy, to Strophius. Orestes and Pylades hid themselves near the town in a tomb; and

the old servant, whom nobody recognized, went into the palace as a foreign traveller, and told to Clytemnestra and Ægistheus that Orestes, at a race-course at Delphi, had overturned his chariot and been killed. This they believed, and the mother Clytemnestra was so wicked that she was glad of it: for her conscience told her that she deserved to be killed by her son, as the murderess of his father: and she and Ægistheus resolved to celebrate a festival, because they had now no longer to dread any revenge. Then Orestes and Pylades came into the town, and asked to speak to the King and Queen, in order to tell them more of the manner in which Orestes had lost his life; and when they were admitted before them they stabbed both. But though Orestes had killed his mother at the command of the oracle, neither Apollo nor Minerva could protect him against the Eume-



nides. The Eumenides were terrible goddesses, who came with serpents and burning torches, and persecuted those that had killed their parents, brothers, sisters, or guests : and when Orestes saw them, he was terribly frightened, and fled ; but the Eumenides always followed him.

Pylades and his sister Electra did not forsake the unfortunate Orestes, and shared all his misery with him. At last Orestes fled to Athens into the temple of Minerva, and Minerva would not suffer that the Eumenides should torment him there : and she and Apollo persuaded the Eumenides that the judges of the Areopagus (56) should decide whether Orestes had acted justly or no, in murdering his mother, as Apollo had commanded him to do so, and as he could not otherwise revenge his father. The judges were twelve, and there stood before them an urn, and every judge had

a white and a black little stone: whoever believed the accused to be guilty, threw the black little stone into it, and whoever believed him innocent, threw the white. Six judges declared Orestes to be innocent because he had obeyed the gods and revenged his father; and six declared him to be guilty, because Clytemnestra was still his mother: but when the urn was emptied and the little stones poured out, Minerva and Apollo worked a miracle, and there were found seven white little stones, namely, one more than had been thrown in: and thus Orestes was free, and the terrible Eumenides could not torment him any more. After this, Orestes and Pylades wandered for a time through many countries, in order that Orestes might expiate the murder; and Pylades never forsook him: but Electra returned to Argos.

Orestes and Pylades came to the country



of the Taurians, who live on a peninsula in the Black Sea, which sea was called by the Greeks the Euxine. It is a large sea ; the countries which lie on one side of it belong to Europe, and those on the other side belong to Asia ; and near Constantinople there flows from this sea a kind of large river into another little sea which is called the Propontis ; and from the Propontis another such sea-river flows into the Mediterranean, around which in Europe lie Greece, Italy, France, and Spain ; and in Asia, Anatolia and Syria ; and in Africa, Egypt and Libya. The peninsula of the Taurians was called the Taurian Chersonesus, and is a very fine and fertile land : but the Taurians were a savage and cruel nation, who sacrificed all the strangers who came to them to Diana : few came by their own will, whereas many were thrown by shipwrecks on their coast ; for in the Euxine are

very violent storms, and the navigation is very dangerous.

Orestes and Pylades were brought before the priestess of Diana to be sacrificed, and when the priestess saw that they were Greeks, she was very grieved, for she herself was a Greek ; and she asked them who they were, and who their parents were. Orestes answered, he was the son of the unhappy King Agamemnon. When the priestess heard this, she embraced him, and told him she was his sister Iphigenia, whom Orestes had believed to be dead.

And this came to pass thus : When the Greeks went against Troy, the ships of their fleet assembled in the port of Aulis in Bœotia : but when all had arrived and were ready to sail, the wind was always adverse to them, so that they could not leave the port and take to sea. Then the sooth-sayer, Calchas, de-



clared that Diana had been offended by Agamemnon at a sacrifice, and that the wind would not change, and the fleet would never get to Troy, if Agamemnon did not sacrifice his eldest daughter, Iphigenia. Agamemnon would not do this, but preferred to give up the war and dismiss home all the Greek princes with their armies; but the Greeks would not suffer this, as contrary to their honour, and forced Agamemnon to consent. Iphigenia herself resolved voluntarily to be sacrificed, so that the honour of her nation should not be stained, by Paris and the Trojans remaining unpunished. But when Iphigenia, crowned with bands like a victim, was led to the altar, Diana covered her and the altar with a dark cloud, and after it had disappeared, the Greeks saw, instead of Iphigenia, a white roe, which was sacrificed to Diana; and thereupon the wind immediately

grew favourable, and all the Greeks went on board and sailed prosperously to Troy. But Diana carried Iphigenia in the cloud through the air to the land of the Taurians, and made her the priestess in her temple.

Now when Iphigenia and Orestes knew that they were brother and sister, they considered how they could fly together, and Iphigenia prayed to Diana, who commanded the king of the Taurians that he should allow them to depart ; and thus Iphigenia came back to Mycenæ with Orestes, who henceforth remained in his country in tranquillity. Pylades married Electra, and with her remained near his friend : and Orestes married Hermione his cousin, the daughter of his uncle Menelaus ; and after Menelaus had been conducted (by Mercury) into the Elysian fields, (57) Orestes inherited his kingdom, Lacedemon ; so that he was at the same time king of Lacedemon and Mycenæ.



After his death, his son Tisamenus reigned: he was king when the Heraclides, with the Dorians, came into the Peloponnesus. Tisamenus went with his Achæans to encounter the Heraclides, but he was routed, and the Heraclides conquered the whole of his kingdom. After this, Tisamenus led all the Achæans who would not be subjects of the Dorians, against the Ionians who had permitted the Heraclides and Dorians to pass through their land. Tisamenus drove these Ionians out of their land, and dwelled there with his Achæans; and the land was called after them Achæa, until the Turks subjugated Greece. This was the punishment which fell on the Ionians for having permitted a foreign nation to come into the Peloponnesus without offering resistance.

When the Dorians prepared themselves at Naupactus to pass over to the Peloponnesus,

they had three kings, Temenus, Cresphontes, and Aristodemus ; who were all Heraclides, and brothers and sons of the great grandson of Hercules ; that is to say, Hercules was the grandfather of their grandfather. Aristodemus was killed by lightning, and left two sons, Eurysthenes and Procles, whose guardian was the brother of their mother, and they were still little children. Now, when the Dorians had conquered the kingdom of Tisamenus, and also the country of Pylus, they would not live under one king, but divided the country into three kingdoms, Argos, Lacedemon, and Messene. Messene was the finest of the three, and all wished to have it in preference, and as they could not agree who should have it, they decided to draw lots. They settled therefore that he whose name was first drawn from the urn, should have Argos, and he whose name was drawn afterwards,



Lacedemon, and the third, Messene. Now at that time there was little paper, and the people wrote on bits of broken pots, and Temenus wrote his name on such a bit, and Theras, the uncle of Eurystheus and Procles, his on another, and Cresphontes, his name on a third ; and the three bits were put into a vessel filled with water, and a priest was to take out one after the other. But Cresphontes had written his name not on a bit of burnt clay, which does not dissolve in water, but on a bit of dried earth, which being put in the water dissolved, as if you were to throw a bit of dry earth into the watertank ; and thus he who was to draw out the bits did not find it, but drew first the bit of Temenus, and afterwards that of the sons of Aristodemus ; and thus Temenus received Argos, and the Aristodemides Lacedemon, and Cresphontes Messene. But on account of this deceit,

there always remained an enmity between the kings of Lacedemon and the descendants of Cresphontes.

Cresphontes had a wicked brother, named Polyphontes, who wished to be king, and murdered him and all his children, excepting one boy, who was called Æpytus. The boy's mother Merope had hidden him, and sent him afterwards to a guest of her murdered husband, who lived in Ætolia; Ætolia is a great territory in Greece, on the river Achelous. At this guest's house Æpytus grew up, and his mother sent the old servant who had carried him away, often to Ætolia to hear whether her son was still alive, and whether he was in good health, and behaved well. Æpytus heard from the guest and from the old servant that his uncle had murdered his father Cresphontes, and he resolved to revenge his father: and when he was old and strong



enough, he went away from Ætolia, and told nobody, before going, what he was about ; for you must never do that, if you intend to execute anything great and dangerous. He went through Achaia and Elis to Messene, and announced himself to King Polyphontes, to whom he said that he was an Ætolian, and had slain the young Æpytus, whom Polyphontes feared as much as Ægistheus did Orestes : and he told him that he came to ask for a reward. Polyphontes was very glad, and promised him a large reward, and told him that he should live in his palace as long as he remained in Messene. And then Polyphontes had it proclaimed that the next day he would celebrate a great festival because he had received glad tidings. Merope heard that the murderer of her son was in the palace, and on the very same day the old servant whom she had sent to Ætolia returned, and

said that Æpytus was not there, and that nobody knew whither he had gone. Therefore she believed it to be certain that her son had been killed, and that the stranger was really the murderer; and she wept immoderately, and tore her hair. Disconsolate she ran through the whole palace, and there found Æpytus sleeping in a gallery, for he was very fatigued from his journey: and as she did not know him, for he was a little boy when he was carried away, she seized a dagger, and would have killed him; but luckily the old servant came and recognized Æpytus, and told the mother that the stranger was her son. Then Merope threw herself on him, and kissed him, and he awoke, and the old servant told him that she was his dear mother; and then he embraced her, and they all wept with joy and concerted how they would take revenge on Polyphontes. The next morning the ty-



rant had prepared everything for a great festival and sacrifice, and sent for the stranger to accompany him: and he was so detestably wicked that he also sent an order to Merope to be present at the festival. Æpytus went by the side of Polyphontes and requested, as an honour, to be permitted himself to sacrifice a bull: Polyphontes sacrificed a whole hecatomb. (58) The tyrant stood at his side, and Æpytus struck him with the hatchet on the head, instead of striking the bull; and Merope called to the guards and people: "This is my son Æpytus, your king, who has revenged his father Cresphontes, who was your good king." The people had loved Cresphontes very much, and hated his murderer, and thus they all instantaneously greeted Æpytus as king, and his descendants after him ruled over Messene, and were called the Æpytides.

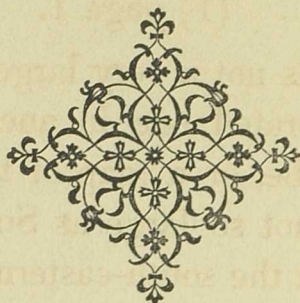
The sons of Aristodemus, Eurysthenes and Procles, were little children when the Herac-  
lides conquered the Peloponnesus, and their  
uncle Theras ruled for them until they were  
grown up. Both were kings of Sparta (59)  
at the same time, and as both left children,  
there were always two kings at Sparta. Cres-  
phontes had treated the Messenians very  
well; but the sons of Aristodemus treated the  
inhabitants of Laconia very harshly, and  
made them subjects of the Dorians, who had  
come with them, so that the Dorians alone  
had the command; and they took from the  
ancient inhabitants many ploughfields, and  
other land. Upon this, the inhabitants of the  
great town of Helos revolted, and many other  
Laconians joined them: but King Agis, son  
of Eurysthenes, overcame them, and destroyed  
the town of Helos: and all the Laconians  
who had taken arms against the Spartans



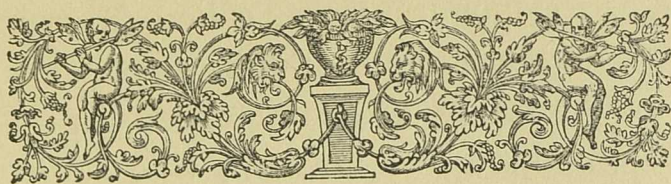
were made bondsmen : they were compelled to give every year one half of the produce of their fields to the Spartans, and when a Spartan killed a Helot, he was not punished. The Helots were not allowed to have arms, excepting slings and javelins, when the Spartans permitted them to accompany them to war.

THE END OF THE TALES.









## NOTES.

(1) page 1.

GREECE was not a very large country, though a most celebrated one in ancient times. If we look upon a globe, or a map of the world, we shall see that it was not so large as Scotland, and find it to be situated at the south-eastern corner of Europe, stretching out into the Mediterranean Sea, and not far from Asia. The Greek people in the earliest times were called Greeks, and their country Greece; but afterwards they were called Hellenes, and their country Hellas.

Upon a map of ancient Greece you will see the names of the districts which were comprised in the country. At first the name Hellas was only applied to a part of Thessaly; afterwards all the northern parts of Greece were called Hellas, whilst the south-

ern part, or Peloponnesus, was called Argos. At last both parts, northern and southern, were called Hellas. In the mountains of a district called Epirus, there were people still called Graikoi, who settled themselves in Italy, and from them the Romans applied the name of Greece to all those places where the Hellenes had settled. Taking the whole of ancient Greece together, it contains about 29,000 square miles, being rather larger than the kingdom of Portugal.

(2) p. 2. *Sacrifice*—The Greeks, like our ancestors the Britons and Saxons, and all nations, were accustomed to kill animals, both men and beasts, and offer them as a holy gift, or sacrifice, to their gods or deities. (see No. 3) Bulls, rams, goats, boars, lambs, sheep, &c. were the chief beasts sacrificed. (See a very good little work entitled “The Public and Private Life of the Ancient Greeks,” translated from Heinrich Hase, p. 100, &c.) In one of Raffaele’s Cartoons at Hampton Court Palace, called St. Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, there is the representation of a sacrifice about to take place. In the front of the Cartoon is the ox crowned with garlands, which a man is going to strike on the head; and there is also the altar. Among the Elgin Marbles at the British



Museum, you will find several sculptures relating to sacrifices. In the Sculptures numbered 86, 87, the ox is being led to the altar. In No. 85, the ox is struggling to get loose. In room VI. No. 26 of the Townley Gallery, is a small and perfect group (very beautiful) of a winged female, called Victory, preparing to kill the ox—and in the same room are altars (No. 17, 50, 64). In the VIIth room there are likewise several altars.

(3)p.2. *Hermes*—*The “God” Hermes*—The ancient Greeks had no knowledge of the Christian religion: they did not believe in only one God, but in many Gods, both male and female. The latter were called Goddesses. They believed that their Gods were of the same shape as themselves, but of far greater size, strength, power, beauty, &c. They believed that both Gods and Goddesses often visited the earth and its inhabitants. They believed that each God had particular powers of his own, and looked after certain things. Jupiter, who was the chief or king of Gods, was the chief in Heaven—Neptune was the God of the Sea—Mars was the God of War, &c.—Hermes was the son of Jupiter, and was called Mercury by the Romans. He was the God who looked after commerce, and all things which require skill. He was the

messenger of the other Gods, and is usually represented as a youth, having wings on his cap and at his feet, and holding a stick with serpents twined about it, called a Caduceus. In the National Gallery there is a famous picture of Mercury, painted by an Italian artist, named Correggio, (No. 10). The Greeks were accustomed to make graven images of their Gods in various ways. Sometimes as statues—sometimes as bas-reliefs, (see No. 40 b of these notes)—sometimes as gems. Some of these statues, bas-reliefs, and gems, have been found and preserved, and they enable us to see what sort of things the Greeks thought their Gods were. In the British Museum, (room XI.) there is a bas-relief of Mercury seated on a heap of stones. In room III. No. 21, is a head of Mercury. Statues of Mercury are not so often met with as those of the other Gods.

(4) p. 2. *Colchis* or *Colchos*, now called Mingrelia—a country at the south of Asiatic Sarmatia, east of the Euxine Sea, north of Armenia, west of Iberia.

(5) p. 3. *Thessaly*—a country in the northern part of Greece. On the east it is bounded by the Ægean Sea, and you will trace on the map a chain of lofty mountains which divides it from the other districts of Greece. This chain begins with Mount Olympus



at the north, and proceeds west to Mount Pindus, then south, and then turns eastward to Mount Cæta.

(6) p. 3. *Albano*—a village about sixteen miles from Rome, where Niebuhr resided, when he related these tales. The landscape by Gaspar Poussin, (No. 68, in the National Gallery) is said to be a view near Albano.

(7) p. 4. *Minerva*—called Pallas-Athene by the Greeks, was the Goddess of Wisdom and Science—who sprung from the head of Jupiter—full grown and armed. At the British Museum are the following sculptures of her. In room I. No. 16, a bas-relief representing Minerva assisting the Argonauts in the building of their ship Argo. Room II. Nos. 1 and 16, two colossal or very large heads. In room XII. No. 17, is a head found at Rome. See also No. 20.

(8) p. 5. *Salmydessus*, also called Halmydessus, in Thrace—a bay on the Euxine, now called the Black Sea, between Europe and Asia.

(9) p. 5. *Jupiter*, called Zeus by the Greeks, was king of all the Heathen Gods, and father of men. He made himself king of heaven, gave the kingdom of the sea to his brother Neptune, and the kingdom below the earth to his brother Pluto. Jupiter had many children: some were gods, and some only men. He sat on a golden or ivory throne, and held thunder-

bolts in his hand. The eagle generally stood at his feet. A head of Jupiter in the Townley Gallery (room VI. No. 15), almost perfect, is said to be more than two thousand years old. No. 48 is a small statue.

Of Jupiter's son Hercules, in the same Gallery, there are many sculptures. A very large head which was dug up near Mount Vesuvius, (room III. No. 11). Its form, and the tight curls of hair show how very strong he was supposed to be, (see also No. 12, 40, 46). In room IV. No. 9; room VI. No. 62, is a bronze statue of Hercules about two feet six inches high. He is here represented as having just picked the golden apples from the Hesperides. On the tree behind, the serpent hangs down asleep. In room XI. No. 40, is an alto relievo, which represents five of the labours of Hercules. He was called Herakles by the Greeks.

(10) p. 6. *Boreas*—was also the name given to the north wind.

(11) p. 7. *Monte Cavo*—a mountain about fifteen miles from Rome.

(12) p. 11. *Vulcan*, called Hephæstus by the Greeks, was the God of Fire, and a great worker of metals. He was the son of Juno, and having offended Jupiter was kicked out of heaven, and fell on the Isle of Lemnos in the Ægean Sea. He broke his leg in the fall, and was nine days falling from heaven to earth.



(13) p. 13. *The Corso*—a public street at Rome, where races of various kinds take place.

(14) p. 14. *Vesuvius*—a burning mountain, about six miles to the east of Naples. The burning liquid and ashes which were thrown out of the top of Vesuvius, covered up and destroyed the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

(15) p. 16. *Loggie*—are open galleries, built round three sides of the older portion of the Vatican Palace. They consist of three stories, and in the middle story are the pictures which Raffaello designed.

(16) p. 19. *Ister*—this river is now called the Danube; if you turn to the map you will see that the Argonauts could not have got into the ocean by going up the Danube. If they had gone as high as they could, they would have got at last into the Black Forest. Charlemagne planned to unite the Danube and the river Rhine, and it has been done by the king of Bavaria.

(17) p. 19. *Ocean*—the ancient Greeks thought that the ocean flowed like a river round the earth from south to north. They thought that the earth was flat and round like a plate, and that they lived in the midst of it.

(18) p. 22. *Juno* was Jupiter's wife and the chief of the Goddesses, and the Queen of Heaven. She was

very cruel to those of Jupiter's children, whose mothers were mortals. In the XIIth room at the British Museum, (No. 1) is a head of Juno, crowned with a broad diadem. She was called Here by the Greeks.

(19) p. 24. *Biga and Quadriga*. A Biga was a chariot drawn by two horses, or other animals. A Quadriga by four. The bas-relief numbered 81, among the Elgin marbles, is a fragment of a Quadriga, and there is a more perfect one on the sepulchral urn numbered 17, in Room V. of the Townley Gallery.

(20) p. 24. *Cestus*—when the ancients boxed, they bound their hands round with thongs of leather, in order to render their blows harder. These thongs or bands were called the Cestus.

(21) p. 24. *Centaur*, a creature half a man and half a horse. The Centaurs were thought to live in Thesaly. There are many sculptures of Centaurs among the Elgin marbles, which, though often broken, will show you very plainly what a Centaur was.

(22) p. 26. *Mercury*—see No. 3.

(23) p. 26. *Apollo* was one of Jupiter's sons. He was the God of music and song, of poetry, painting, &c. He is pourtrayed with flowing hair, as being always young. Sculptures of persons consulting his oracle, are in the Townley Gallery, Room III. No. 5, and



Room I. No. 53. In Room IV. No. 2, is his statue. He was called Phœbus-Apollo and Helios by the Greeks.

(24) p. 26. *Orchomenos* in Arcadia; a town of Bœotia, on the west side of the lake Copais.

(25) p. 27. *Tripod*—any thing with three legs—as a table, stool, pot, &c.: here it means a three legged stool. You may see one in the British Museum, in Room X. in a case numbered 38.

(26) p. 28. *Parnassus*—a mountain of Phocis. The Greeks believed that whosoever slept on it, became inspired as a poet.

(27) p. 28. *Tiryns*—an ancient city of Argolis, in the Peloponnesus, at no great distance from the Argolic Bay, now the Gulf of Napoli, or Nauplia di Romania. See Penny Cyclopædia, where the account is very ample.

(28) p. 32. *Lerna*—a country of Argolis, between Arcadia and the Argolic Gulf. The name of its chief city was Argos.

(29) p. 34. *Cerynia* or Cerynea, a town of Achaia on the bay of Corinth.

(30) p. 36. *Bacchus*—the God of wine. In that finely coloured picture in the National Gallery, painted by Titian, (No. 39.) Bacchus is seen bounding from his car. There are several bas-reliefs in the Elgin marble

room, showing how Bacchus turned certain pirates, who took him prisoner, into dolphins. (No. 359. &c.) In the Townley Gallery, Room IV. No. 8, is a very beautiful figure of this God, with the boy Ampelus and a panther. There are several other sculptures, (Room I. No. 30. &c). He was called Dionysius by the Greeks.

(31) p.37. *Corpse*. The ancients were not accustomed to bury the body of a dead person in a coffin, as we do; they burnt it on a pile of wood. They greased the body and placed jars of honey and oil around it, to make the flames burn rapidly. They then set fire to the pile and burnt the body. When the fire was nearly out, they put it quite out by pouring red wine upon the ashes, which they collected most carefully together and generally placed in urns, sometimes made of gold. The urn was usually buried in the ground. In the British Museum are many sepulchral urns, and they are placed so as to show how the ancients used the urns, &c. See those numbered 4 and 17, in Room V. of Townley Gallery, which are handsomely sculptured. In the Elgin Saloon are many little sculptured stones, erected to the memory of the dead. See Nos. 258. 290. 351. &c.; also Nos. 183. 230. 275. Sepulchral Urns.



(32) p. 38. *Alps*—great mountains in Southern Europe, thought to be so called because their tops are always white or *alb* with snow.

(33) p. 38. *Augeas*—one of the Argonauts.

(34) p. 38. *Palatinus*—the largest of the seven hills of Rome.

(35) p. 40. *Stymphalus* in Arcadia, bordering on Argolis.

(36) p. 41. *Crete*—a large island in the Mediterranean Sea; now called Candia.

(37) p. 42. *The Peloponnesus* was that part of ancient Greece, almost an island or peninsula, which contained the districts of Achaia, Elis, Arcadia, Argolis, Messene, and Laconia.

(38) p. 42. *Neptune* was Jupiter's brother, and God of the sea, (see No. 3.) called Poseidon by the Greeks.

(39) p. 42. *Theseus*—one of the most famous heroes of Greece, and one of the kings of Athens, about 1235 years before the birth of Christ—that is 3078 years ago. Among the Elgin marbles in the British Museum, (No. 93.) is a large nobly formed statue in a sitting posture, which has been named Theseus. When you have knowledge enough of sculpture, you will be able to understand what a fine statue this is; but at present, being very much broken and injured, it

may not appear so beautiful to you as it will perhaps when you are older.

(40) p. 42. *Thrace*. In earlier times, it was the name of the country bounded on the north by the Danube, on the south by the Propontis and the Ægean Sea, on the east by the Black Sea, and on the west by the river Strymon and the chain of mountains which form the continuation of Mount Rhodope. See article in Penny Cyclopædia.

(40\*) p. 43. *Amazons*. There are several bas-reliefs of these warlike women, among the Phigaleian marbles. See Nos. 18. 23. &c. In Room VI. No. 25. is the head of an Amazon.

(40 a) p. 43. *Mars*, called Ares by the Greeks, was the God of war. He was the son of Jupiter and Juno.

(40b) p. 44. *Bas-reliefs* are sculptured figures which seem to be cut about half out of a wall. The marbles on the walls of the Elgin room, in the British Museum, are bas-reliefs or sculptures partly standing from a flat behind them. A statue is not a bas-relief; it stands distinct, not touching any thing else. When the figures project or come very much forward, and only just touch the back-ground, then they are said to be in *high* relief, or *alto relievo*. Bas means low, that is not far from the ground or back. Alt is high or



far from the ground or back. Some of the Phigaleian marbles in the British Museum, are rather to be called high (alt) than low (or bas) reliefs.

(40 c) p. 44. *Troy*—the capital city of Troas, built near the confluence of the rivers Simois and Scamander, and between them.

(40 d) p. 48. *Libya*—in Africa, lying between Egypt on the east, and Tripoli on the west.

(41) p. 49. *Your grandfather*. Niebuhr's father was a celebrated traveller. He was named Carsten Niebuhr, and was born in 1733. He was one of a party employed by the king of Denmark to explore Arabia. All the party gradually died in their travels, except Niebuhr, who returned after six years absence in 1767.

(41 a) p. 49. *Orthrus*—sometimes called Orthus. He had two heads.

(41 b) p. 55. *Caucasus*—a very lofty mountain, between the Euxine and Caspian Seas.

(42) p. 56. *Olympus* — a mountain on the borders of Macedonia and Thessaly, at least a mile and a half high. As its top was often seen rising above the clouds, the Greeks believed that it touched the heavens, and that the Gods lived upon it, Jupiter holding the highest seat.

(42 a) p. 58. *Tænarus*—a promontory in Laconia.

(43) p. 58. *Pluto* was the brother of Jupiter, and received the lower world for his share, when Jupiter took the heavens, and gave Neptune the sea.

(44) p. 59. *Proserpine*—a daughter of Jupiter and Ceres, and wife of Pluto, who carried her off to the lower world. The Greeks believed that no one could die until Proserpine or her minister Atropos had cut off one of the hairs of the head. A fragment of noble statues of Ceres and her daughter Proserpine, is among the Elgin marbles, (No. 94).

(45) p. 62. *Eubæa*—a large oblong-shaped island, bounded on the east by the Ægean Sea; and on the west, separated by a narrow channel from the coast of Locris, Bœotia, and Attica.

(46) p. 62. *Eurytides*—The name given to the children of Eurytus. Among the Greeks, the name of the founder or first of a family was generally applied to his descendants—as the Eurytides, the Heraclides, &c.

(46 a) p. 65. *Adytum*—The secret place of the Temple, to which only the priests and priestesses had access.

(47) p. 68. *Calydon*—A city of Ætolia, between the Evenus river and the coast.



(48) p. 69. *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*, a Roman emperor, born A. D. 121.

(49) p. 69. *Trachis* or *Trachinia*—a town in the south of Thessaly, on the Malean Gulf, near Mount Œta.

(50) p. 70. *Œta*—a mountain in the north of Phocis.

(51) p. 71. *Heracidæ*—the descendants of Hercules, named after their ancestor.

(52) p. 74. *Hebe*—daughter of Jupiter. She was always blooming, and was the Goddess of Youth. She was the cupbearer of the gods.

(53) p. 75. *Athens*—the chief city of Attica, erected on a high rock. A large print representing the city as it was supposed to have existed, has been published by Mr. Cockerell, the architect.

(54) p. 77. *Capo di Bove*—a promontory or height of land a short distance from Ponte Molle.

(54 a) p. 79. *Discus*—a flat piece of stone or iron made round, which used to be hurled at a distant mark. The quoit, which you may see the soldiers in Hyde Park playing with, was the ancient discus.

(55) p. 81. *Menelaus*—a king of Sparta—the husband of Helen, who was the cause of the famous Trojan war.

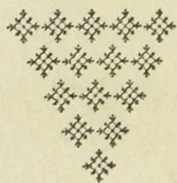
(56) p. 85. *Areopagus*—the Hill of Mars, a height at Athens. The most venerated court of justice among the Athenians being held on this hill—was therefore called the *Areopagus*. All trials for murder were held in this court.

(57) p. 90. *Elysian fields*—a place in the lower world inhabited by the souls of the good after death, and where there was universal happiness.

(58) p. 97. *Hecatomb*—means properly a sacrifice of a hundred oxen, but was applied to the sacrifice of a hundred victims of any kind.

(59) p. 98. *Sparta*—the chief city of Laconia, about thirty miles from the mouth of the river Eurotas.

END OF THE NOTES.





# The Home Treasury of Books, Pictures, Toys, &c. purposed to cultivate the Affections, Fancy, Imagination, and Taste of Children.

Edited by FELIX SUMMERLY.

## BIBLE EVENTS, FIRST SERIES.

ILLUSTRATED WITH EIGHT PICTURES  
DESIGNED BY HANS HOLBEIN.

Coloured, price 4s. 6d.

Plain, 2s. 6d.

## TRADITIONAL NURSERY SONGS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH EIGHT PICTURES  
BY DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS.

Coloured, price 4s. 6d.

Plain, 2s. 6d.

## SIR HORNBOOK; OR, CHILDE

LAUNCELOT'S EXPEDITION.

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS.

Coloured, price 4s. 6d.

Plain, 2s. 6d.

## THE PLEASANT HISTORY OF

REYNARD THE FOX

TOLD IN FORTY PICTURES

BY EVERDINGEN.

Price 6s. 6d.

## THE BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FOUR PICTURES

BY AN EMINENT ARTIST (F. T.)

Coloured, price 3s. 6d.

Plain, 2s.

## LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FOUR PICTURES

BY AN EMINENT ARTIST (T. W.)

Coloured, price 3s. 6d.

Plain, 2s.

## BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FOUR PICTURES

BY AN EMINENT ARTIST (J. C. H.)

Coloured, price 3s. 6d.

Plain, 2s.

## JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FOUR PICTURES

BY AN EMINENT ARTIST (W. C.)

Coloured, price 3s. 6d.

Plain, 2s. 6d.

## CINDERELLA, A NEW EDITION.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FOUR PICTURES

BY AN EMINENT ARTIST (R. R.)

Coloured, price 3s. 6d.

Plain, 2s.

## TESSELATED PASTIME. A BOX

OF VARIOUSLY COLOURED TESSERÆ;

ACCOMPANIED WITH A BOOK

OF PATTERNS.

Price

## Works in Preparation.

---

### PUCK'S REPORTS TO OBERON.

GOLDEN LOCKS : GRUMBLE AND CHEERY : THE  
SISTERS : THE EAGLE'S VERDICT.

WITH FOUR NEW PICTURES.

Coloured, price 4s. 6d.

### BIBLE EVENTS, SECOND SERIES.

ILLUSTRATED WITH SIX PICTURES.

FROM RAFFAELLE'S LOGGIE.

Coloured, price 4s. 6d.

Plain, 2s. 6d.

### JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FOUR PICTURES.

BY A DISTINGUISHED ARTIST.

Coloured, price 3s. 6d.

Plain, 2s.

### BOX OF TERRA-COTTA BRICKS

GEOMETRICALLY PROPORTIONED.

WITH WINDOW-FRAMES,

DOOR, AND ROOF.

Price 10s. 6d.

---

## ORIGINAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE HOME TREASURY.

THE character of most Children's Books published during the last quarter of a century is fairly typified in the name of Peter Parley, which the writers of some hundreds of them have assumed. The books themselves have been addressed after a narrow fashion almost entirely to the cultivation of the understanding of children. The many tales sung or said from time immemorial, which appealed to the other, and certainly not less important elements of a little child's mind, its fancy, imagination, sympathies, affections, are almost all gone out of memory, and are scarcely to be obtained. Little Red Riding Hood, and other fairy tales hallowed to children's use, are now turned into ribaldry as satires for men ; as for the creation of a new fairy tale or touching ballad, such a thing is unheard of. That the influence of all this is hurtful to children, the conductor of this series firmly believes. He has practical experience of it every day in his own family, and he doubts not that there are many others who entertain the same opinions as himself. He purposes at least to give some evidence of his belief, and to produce a series of Works, the character of which may be briefly described as anti-Peter Parleyism.

Some will be new Works, some new combinations of old materials, and some reprints carefully cleared of impurities, without deterioration to the points of the story. All will be illustrated, but not after the usual fashion of children's books, in which it seems to be assumed that the lowest kind of art is good enough to give first impressions to a child. In the present series, though the statement may perhaps excite a smile, the illustrations will be selected from the works of Raffaele, Titian, Hans Holbein, and other old masters. Some of the best modern Artists have kindly promised their aid in creating a taste for beauty in little children.

In addition to the printed Works, some few Toys of a novel sort, calculated to promote the same object, will from time to time be published.



THAT the supposed want of such a class of works was no mistake, has been abundantly proved both by the success which has attended the works already published, and the welcome they have received from the Press.

But what shall we say of the 'Home Treasury?' a "gallery" of Art in itself, if it had no other merit? Children have, of late years, been overdosed with what is called *useful* knowledge,—no scandal against Marcet or Markham,—and we rejoice that the beautiful and the fantastic (the nonsensical, if the reader please,) are now to have a turn. In our opinion, even the wordless jingle of the coral and bells ought not to be despised, so long as little eyes brighten and little lungs "crow" at it; and these Nursery Rhymes, with enlarged resources in the way of illustration, ought to be heartily welcomed. The Metals, and the Planets, and the Manufactures, may wait a year or two; there is time enough for the utilities; and for our parts, we would a thousand times rather have the Old Woman in her Basket, who visited the Moon, and the will of 'Betty Pringle's Piggy;' than the impossibly-good little boys and girls, and the perfect fathers and mothers, which have been of late exhibited to our children to wonder at, not to play with nor to believe in. Nay, we may as well own, that '*Dickery, dickery, dock*' (ours, not Mr. Summerly's, is the true and lawful version,) seems to us, as a lyric, far more wholesome than some of the so-called spiritual songs of late prepared for the infant ear, the superficial music of which has not deafened us to the uncharitableness murmuring through the strain in malicious under-current.

From what we have said, the reader will infer that we consider this 'Home Treasury' to be rich in profit as well as pleasure. Compare *these* gilt books with the old tomes published by Mr. Newbery, backed with a waste morsel of tarnished Dutch paper, and illustrated with woodcuts little better than the portraits of the Royalties on a pack of cards; The cover of Summerly's casket is splendid enough to have been stolen from an Alhambra alcove; the pictures accompanying the 'Nursery Rhymes' are capital. Look at the frontispiece, the King of the Song of Sixpence counting his money in the parlour, while the Queen (wherefore in the kitchen, Mr. Summerly? OUR Queen condescended for her "bread and honey" no lower than the pantry,) is stuffing herself right royally in the back-ground,—why, it is as clever as if a Prize Cartoon Exhibitor had drawn it—suppose one Mr. Horsley. Again, 'Bye, O my baby,' has as much grace and pathos as a picture by Redgrave; while the 'Beggars coming to Town,' with the accompaniment of barking dogs, recalls to us Cope himself; and if Mr. Webster be not guilty of Mother Hubbard, when, returning home, she is surprised by the accomplishments in reading of her dog, he need not have been ashamed of the design—that's all. The boy with the lost hare, too, is capital—a delicious mixture of fright and fun. Will any one assert, that in such an early introduction of our children to what is artistically good, there is no *use*? If such there be, he deserves to be sentenced to read nothing but Pinnock till his dying day.

We have not yet spoken of Felix Summerly as editor. His preface to the 'Nursery Rhymes' is cheerful and wise. As to the correctness of his text, that is a grave matter, every householder being, of course, prepared to maintain the purity of his own version. Our traditions, we are inclined to think, lend themselves better to the toss-up and round-about tunes of the nursery, than some of his. But we will not cavil about their purity. Let the members of the Camden or the Percy Society look to it. In the meantime we announce, with right good will, the opening of his Treasury. It will, of course, yield us faery tales by the dozen, and to all we say "grace and welcome."—ATHENÆUM.



The Editor of these little works is already favourably known as the author of several of the best Guide Books of the present day. We particularly allude to the 'Guide to Hampton Court,' to 'Westminster Abbey,' and to the 'Hand Book for the National Gallery.' Finding it difficult to procure the works which used to amuse the childhood of those now in middle life, especially the works of imagination, he has determined upon reprinting some of the best of these; and several distinguished artists have no thought it beneath them to aid his exertions by what in their case may well be called a labour of love. Accordingly, the pictures are done *con amore*, and very differently from those usually found in children's books; and the painting of the coloured copies, being evidently after the artist's pictures, is such as never hitherto has been seen in books for the young.

The 'Nursery Songs' contain a large collection of the old friends of our infancy chanted in those dark ages when something besides absolute wisdom was permitted to the young. 'Little Red Riding Hood,' another old friend, seemingly destined to immortal youth, is here pictured to the life. 'Sir Hornbook,' a grammatical poem for children (by a distinguished literary character,) which had much celebrity thirty years ago, and was remarkable for the beauty of its illustrations, has now reappeared to delight a new generation; and the scriptural designs of Hans Holbein have a vigour and quaintness exceedingly refreshing after the mawkish illustrations usually found in children's books.—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

These two elegant little books with gilded covers, coloured prints, and beautiful type, are the commencement of a series of reprints of once popular books for children, under the title of "the Home Treasury of Books, Pictures, and Toys;" which is intended to include picture-alphabets, fairy tales, old ballads, and the Bible-events illustrated by HOLBEIN and RAFFAELLE. An infusion of legendary lore and romantic fable in the current of useful information that now flows into the nursery from so many different sources, will be welcome to many, parents and children too, who do not share the dislike of FELIX SUMMERLY to PETER PARLEY and his progeny; and the attractive style in which the old nursery classics are got up, as well as their novelty to the present generation of infants, will recommend them. The designs of the "Nursery Songs" are of a homely character, with touches of the comic or the graceful, as the case may be; and their simplicity is not lessened by the refined taste shown in one or two—that of the "Beggars coming to Town," for instance: the colouring is gay, but not vulgar.

SPECTATOR.

We should be ungratetul for the joy derived (very long ago) from the Nursery Songs here collected for the first time, if we do not own that we recollect them well, and have read them all over—stopping at every picture to admire not merely the bright and tasteful colouring, but the uncommon beauty of the design, whose superiority, in several instances, shows that some practised and popular hand has here condescended—and most wisely too—to employ its art on the subjects which first fascinated his little soul in early infancy. And as for Sir Hornbook, it is an extremely prettily-planned and neatly executed set of verses, fit to reward and delight every tender juvenile in the kingdom. The illustrations are perfect, so is the binding. We must say that he who supplies novelties for the Nursery like these, does a Christian-like and gentlemanly act.

AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

---

JOSEPH CUNDALL, 12, OLD BOND STREET.











