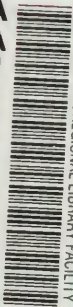
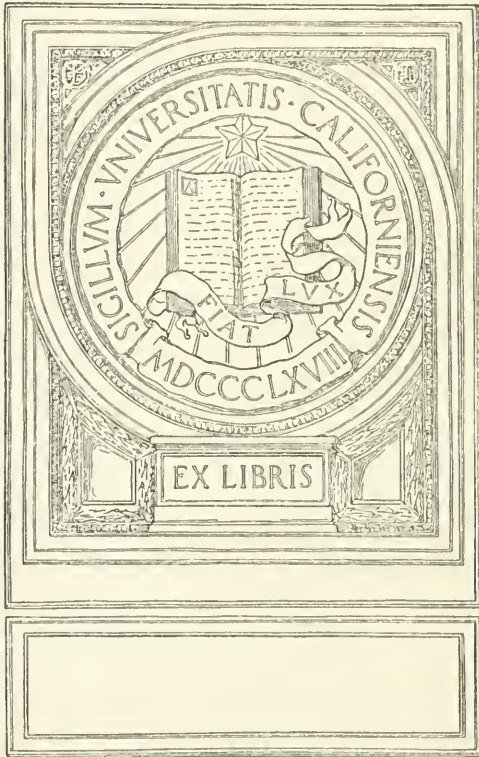


A
A
0
0
0
4
1
0
7
5
7
9



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



EX LIBRIS

W. A. Stead,

Jan. 25, 1917.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

PATRIOTIC POETRY
GREEK AND ENGLISH

PATRIOTIC POETRY

GREEK AND ENGLISH

AN ADDRESS GIVEN ON THE 500TH ANNIVERSARY OF
AGINCOURT

BY W. RHYS ROBERTS

LITT.D. (CAMBRIDGE), HON. LL.D. (ST. ANDREWS)
PROFESSOR OF CLASSICS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS; FORMERLY PROFESSOR
OF GREEK IN THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH WALES, BANGOR

WITH SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES AND REFERENCES
AND FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS

ὦ παῖδες Ἑλλήνων ἴτε,
ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδ', ἐλευθεροῦτε δὲ
παῖδας, γυναῖκας, θεῶν τε πατρῴων ἔδη,
θήκας τε προγόνων· νῦν ὑπὲρ πάντων ἀγών.

AESCHYLUS, *Persians*, 402-5

Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger ;
The greater therefore should our courage be.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry the Fifth*, iv. i. 1

• • • • •

• • • • •

• • • • •

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

1916

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

IN MEMORIAM MILITVM
QVI NVPER NON MODO PRO PATRIA
SED ETIAM GENERIS HVMANI PRO LIBERTATE
MORTEM OCCVMBERE NON DVBITAVERVNT

ALBROGLIO 70. VIII
21.1904 20.11.19
YRABLI

PN
1080
R 59p

PREFACE

THE more martial portions of this paper were delivered on St. Crispin's Day, Monday, October 25th, 1915, to the Literary and Historical Society of Leeds University, and on the same day (in connexion with the School Lecture Scheme of the Leeds and District Branch of the Classical Association) to the boys of St. Peter's School, York.

On Saturday, October 23rd, King George the Fifth's message to his people had been published :

At this grave moment in the struggle between my people and a highly organized enemy who has transgressed the Laws of Nations and changed the ordinance that binds civilized Europe together, I appeal to you. . . . The end is not in sight. . . . In ancient days the darkest moment has ever produced in men of our race the sternest resolve.

At such a time, when unhappily the official Greece of to-day was, like other neutral governments, shrinking before the German advance, it seemed well for a teacher of the ancient classics to recall the great poetry not only of

Allen - 10-3-42 - Classics 2

Greece, but of our own England. Shakespeare makes King Henry the Fifth say, when utter ruin threatened him at Agincourt upon St. Crispin's Day, 1415 :

*Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger ;
The greater therefore should our courage be.*

Wordsworth writes in November 1806, shortly after the defeat of Prussia at Jena by Napoleon :

*'Tis well ! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought ;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought ;
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.*

LEEDS UNIVERSITY,
October 28th, 1915.

The absence on active service of both our Classical Lecturers, Captain P. W. Dodd (West Yorkshire Regiment) and Lieutenant A. M. Woodward (Interpreters' Corps, Salonica Army), has delayed the completion of the supplementary notes to this address. The holding of their Greek classes, in addition to my own, has been no light task, though it has been gladly undertaken in these difficult times when all are anxious to help in whatever way they can. Written under easier conditions, the little volume might well have been less imperfect. As it stands, I hope it may

be found to bring Greek and English patriotic poetry into some sort of relation with the ruthless prose of to-day, and to be of service to readers who know no Greek as well as to those who have had a classical training, to boys and girls at school as well as to older people.

St. Crispin's Day has long passed, St. David's Day has recently gone by, St. George's Day (coinciding this year with Easter Day and with the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death) will be here in a week. The issue of war still remains undecided. We can only wait in quiet confidence, saying with Aeschylus : τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω, "But let the good prevail."

LEEDS UNIVERSITY,
April 16th, 1916.

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS: THE OLD GREEK SPIRIT OF FREEDOM	137
HOMERIC SHIELD OF ACHILLES: SCENES OF PEACE	139
ATTICA, THE MEGARID, AND PARTS OF CORINTH AND BOEOTIA, WITH YORKSHIRE ON THE SAME SCALE: SMALL SIZE OF GREEK STATES	141
A BRITISH SOLDIER'S GRAVE NOT FAR FROM THE DARDANELLES	148

PATRIOTIC POETRY

GREEK AND ENGLISH

THE greatest of all English patriotic poems is Shakespeare's *King Henry the Fifth*. For anything like it in Greek literature we must look to Homer and to Aeschylus. We shall begin this short survey by passing rapidly from Shakespeare to the *Iliad*, from the *Iliad* to Aeschylus, and from Aeschylus to the *Odyssey*; and, even on a St. Crispin's Day which finds our country again at war, we shall throughout say more about Greek patriotic poetry than about English, just because it is not our own and so not familiar. Of Homer himself, as the earliest of great poets, we shall say more than of either Aeschylus or Shakespeare.

Henry the Fifth of England is a national hero who fought nobly, died young, and left a name which, thanks mainly to Shakespeare,¹

¹ Shakespeare, the tercentenary of whose death falls on April 23rd, 1916, seems to have written *King Henry V* in 1599, when he had hardly passed the age of thirty-five. His hero would, when he fought at Agincourt, be twenty-eight.

The great writer of Spain, Cervantes, died in the same year

still moves the heart as with a trumpet.¹ In Greece the nearest counterpart to such a hero is the Achilles of the Iliad. The differences are great; but among them we need not reckon the legendary nature of the Trojan War. Were that war far more legendary than it is now held to be, the solid historical fact remains that the deeds of Achilles, as sung by the supreme poet of all Greece, fired the imagination of the young in each succeeding generation, until at length the great Alexander, in direct emulation of them, began that brief but amazing career which is one of the chief links between the ancient and the modern world.

The differences, real or imaginary, between Achilles and King Henry do not touch that heroic temper which is common to both. To take, almost at random, no more than two points of likeness. It was a great thing for Greece, and it is a great thing for England, that the warrior chiefs in both lands should hate falsehood and love courtesy. There

and month as the great writer of her rival England. Nominally also on the same day (April 23rd), though really (allowance being made for the discrepancy between the national calendars) ten days earlier.

¹ Sir Philip Sidney's words (in the *Defence of Poesie*) carry our patriotic poetry still farther back: "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet."

is no more scathing scene in Shakespeare's play than that in which, before sailing from Southampton, King Henry denounces his treacherous nobles, and hands them over to justice. There are no more scathing words in Homer than those in which Achilles says :

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.¹

Nowhere, on the other hand, is Achilles' courtesy better shown than when, during the Games, he hands an unwon prize to the aged knight Nestor.² Nor can our own aged knight Thomas Erpingham (whose name still survives at Norwich in the Erpingham gateway which he built) have ever had a courtlier greeting than that which fell from the lips of his young king in the early dawn of the great day of Agincourt :

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham :
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.³

But if Henry the Fifth can be compared with Achilles alone among the heroes of Greek literature, Shakespeare's play, taken as

¹ *Il.* 9. 312, 13 (Pope):

*ἐχθρὸς γὰρ μοι κείνος ὁμῶς Ἀίδαο πύλῃσιν
ὅς χ' ἕτερον μὲν κεύθη ἐνὶ φρεσίν, ἄλλο δὲ εἶπη.*

² *Il.* 23. 615-23.

³ *K.H.V.*, Act IV. Sc. i, 13-15.

a whole, has its nearest Greek parallel in the *Persians* of Aeschylus, where there is no Achilles, nor indeed any Greek character at all. In the *Persians* Aeschylus celebrates the Greek triumph at Salamis. He wrote the play only eight years after the battle.¹ It is as if Shakespeare, in the year 1599 A.D., had written not *King Henry V*, but a play on Britain's Salamis, the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588. This, for some reason, Shakespeare does not do. He may have felt that the great event was too near for dramatic perspective, and that the choice of one hero among many would not be easy. Aeschylus faced these and other difficulties. He took a sea-fight as his subject, though a battle by land is better material for a play, and Marathon lay ready for the poet's use, only ten years farther back. He did not shrink from a quite contemporary theme, though the personal rivalries of the day, or some other motive, made him avoid any direct mention of the Spartan Eurybiades and, among Athenians, of Themistocles or Aristeides. His play in the end bears a narrative or epic cast, as for that matter does *Henry V*. But it remains a true tragedy

¹ Salamis was fought in 480 B.C. (about September 20th); the *Persians* was produced in 472.

because the poet by a stroke of genius lays his scene not anywhere in Greece, but far away at Susa, the capital of the routed and mourning Persians. And as a patriotic poem it gains from the fact that the glory of no individual leader is suffered to obscure the triumph of a people.¹ Literature cannot show a finer paean of a people than that which the Athenian poet, through the mouth of a Persian messenger, describes the Greek combatants as raising when the morning sun lit up the waters of Salamis on the day of battle :

ὦ παῖδες Ἑλλήνων ἴτε,
 ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδ', ἐλευθεροῦτε δὲ
 παῖδας, γυναῖκας, θεῶν τε πατρῴων ἔδη,
 θήκας τε προγόνων· νῦν ὑπὲρ πάντων ἀγών.

“On, sons of the Greeks, fight for the freedom of your fatherland, for the freedom of your sons, your wives, the shrines of your ancestral gods, and the tombs of your forefathers. All is now at stake.”²

These words, found in the earliest historical play of Europe, were put there by a poet who himself bore a hand in the great struggle for Western liberty which we know as the Persian Wars. They will furnish as good a peg as we can get for an hour's talk on the patriotic poetry of Greece and England.

¹ Cp. Demosth., *Aristocr.*, 196-8. ² Aeschylus, *Persians*, 402-5.

We will take the words almost one by one, though not quite as they come in the Greek.

(1) First, *πατρίς* (*patris*), "fatherland"; from which the term *patriotism* has been formed in order to denote *the love of fatherland*.¹ If a Frenchman or an Italian who is fighting for his country to-day were to translate into his own tongue Horace's *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*,² the last three words (not to speak of those which precede them) would be very like the Latin from which they descend: *mourir pour la patrie* and *morir per la patria*. But the French *patrie*, the Italian and Latin *patria*, go back farther still, right back to the earliest literature of Greece and Europe. Horace had in his mind Homer's line:

οὐ οἱ ἀεικὲς ἀμυνομένῳ περὶ πάτρης
τεθνάμεν,³

where we find the word *πάτρη*, the equivalent of *πατρίς*, which occurs four lines later in the same Homeric passage.⁴ Here and elsewhere in Homer patriotism meets with its first recorder and all but its modern name.

¹ Note, p. 81.

² Horace, *Odes*, iii. 2, 13: *Sweet and seemly is it to die for fatherland*.

³ *Il.* 15. 496, 7 (Hector): *It is no unseemly thing for him to die in defence of fatherland*,

⁴ Note, p. 93.

The very soil of their native land is dearly loved by the men whom Homer delights to honour. Let us glance at some examples.

Even the great Achilles, son of a goddess though he is and a warrior stern and invincible, does not forget, in the very hour of his overwhelming wrath, to speak with affection of his paternal home in "rich heroic Phthia."¹ Still more "patriotic" is the wise, patient, and long-lived Odysseus (Ulysses), whose master passion is the love of home and fatherland. The *Odyssey* is not only an epic of manly adventure; it is also an epic of patriotism. The patient chieftain's heart is set on a safe return to Ithaca. Achilles, like Henry the Fifth, is pre-eminently a patriotic hero in war; Odysseus is a patriotic hero in war and in peace, on land and at sea, in youth and in his "green old age."²

In the ninth book of the *Odyssey* the hero begins the story of his wanderings by a brief reference to his island-home of Ithaca. Mark the sturdy belief in his rugged, mountainous country. His confident patriotism would do no discredit to a modern Scotsman: "I am Odysseus, Laertes' son, known to men

¹ *Il.* 1. 155, ἐν Φθίῃ ἐριβώλακι βωπτιανείρῃ.

² ὠμογέρων, *Il.* 23. 791.

for all manner of craft, and my fame reaches to heaven. I dwell in far-seen Ithaca, wherein is Mount Neriton, with quivering leaves, viewed by every eye; and round about lie many islands very near to one another, Dulichium and Same and woody Zacynthus. And Ithaca itself lies low in the sea farthest of all toward the west, but the rest apart toward dawn and sunrise; a rugged island it is, but a goodly rearer of youth. For myself, I can look upon nothing sweeter than a man's own country. Verily Calypso, the fair goddess, would fain have kept me there in her hollow caves, desiring that I should be her husband; and likewise Circe would have stayed me in her halls, guileful Circe of Aia, desiring that I should be her husband. But never could they win over my spirit within my breast. So true it is that nothing is sweeter than a man's own fatherland and parents, even though he should dwell in a wealthy home afar off, in a foreign land, away from his father and mother."¹ Quite early in the first book, the goddess Athene tells of Odysseus' longing to "see the smoke leap upwards from his own land";² and again and again, until his purpose is finally achieved,

¹ *Od.* 9. 19-36.

² *Od.* 1. 57-9.

we hear of this desire to reach his "loved fatherland," his "fatherland, and house, and all that is dear to him."¹ He would gladly die could he once behold "his own domain, his serving-men, and his wide and lofty dwelling."² The moment of his supreme trial was when, with his hand ever on the helm, he had come in sight of the beacon fires of Ithaca, and then slumber stole over him in his weariness, and his comrades, full of envy and sordid greed, let loose the winds of Aeolus, which drove the vessel far out to sea once more, and thus delayed his return for years. But still his steadfast heart bore up, until at long last he reached wife, and son, and fatherland.³

The Homeric poems kept alive for centuries the best ideals of patriotism, the love alike of the soil and of the noble men and women whom it breeds. More than a thousand years after they first rose like a star above the dark tracts of Europe, that clever man of letters Lucian, who lived under the Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius, and to whom, as to the emperor himself, Greek was largely an acquired language, quotes Homer throughout his writings, and harks back to

¹ *Od.* 1. 290, 2. 221, 7. 320, 10. 66, etc.

² *Od.* 7. 224.

³ *Od.* 10. 28 ff.

him in a short essay on patriotism. This essay, which is headed "Praise of Fatherland," begins with the words of Odysseus himself,¹ that "nothing is sweeter than a man's own fatherland," and ends with the reflexion, no less true to Homer, that "the name of fatherland makes even the coward brave." "A man's heart," says Lucian, "brings him to his fatherland, though it is but an island and fortune attends him elsewhere,"²—a remark which holds good not only of Odysseus, but of the Greek who to-day cherishes his *νησάκι*, or islet, far above the town (though it be Athens itself) in which he has prospered. And among our own poets from Shakespeare onwards it is England not as a collection of great cities, but as a sea-girt island that most enchants the imagination :

your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters.³

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,⁴

¹ *Od.* 9. 34.

² Lucian, *Patr. Enc.*, § 11.—In § 9 we are told that the old, being wiser, love their fatherland more than the young.

³ *Cymbeline*, iii. 1. 18-20.—In *King Henry V* it is a French noble who says (in prose), "That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage."

⁴ *King Richard II*, ii. 1. 40.

and all that great passage in *King Richard the Second*.

This isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main.¹

The inviolate island of the sage and free.²

A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.³

Lucian holds that a man will wish to die, no less than to live, in his native land.⁴ It was the longing of every Greek to be laid to rest in the soil of his own fatherland, as Helen's brothers lay resting in "lovely Lacedaemon":

So said she; they long since in Earth's soft arms were
reposing,
There, in their own dear land, their fatherland, Lacedaemon.⁵

The chief heroes of the two poems were not thus favoured in their death. Odysseus was destined to reach his home, but not to die there. Achilles, less happy than Hector whom he slew, was fated to perish in the land of Troy, "far from his own fatherland."⁶

¹ Milton, *Comus*.

² Byron, *Childe Harold*.

³ Burns, *Cotter's Saturday Night*. See also note on p. 94.

⁴ Lucian, *Patr. Enc.*, § 9.

⁵ *Il.* 3. 243, 4: as rendered by Hawtrey into English hexameters.

⁶ *Il.* 24. 86.

“Lovely Lacedaemon,” overlooking the deep valley of the Eurotas, well deserves the praise which Homer gives it. Athens is mentioned more than once in Homer, and with all due honour.¹ But it is in later times, when the art of her sculptors and architects had nobly seconded nature, that the finest poetic tributes were paid her. The praise that pleased the Athenians most came from the Theban Pindar, who hailed their city thus :

ὦ τὰ λιπαρὰ καὶ ἰοστέφανοι καὶ ἀοίδιμοι,
Ἑλλάδος ἔρεισμα, κλεινὰ Ἀθῆναι, δαιμόνιον προλιέθρον.

*Thou radiant wearer of the violet crown, thou theme of minstrelsy, bulwark of Greece, renowned Athens, citadel divine.*²

The Athenian poets themselves, and Sophocles especially, are not wanting in songs of love and praise for their city. The longing of Athenian sailors in a distant land is to be “where, crowned with trees, there rises over the deep a sea-washed headland, beneath the level steep of Sunium, that so we might greet sacred Athens.”³ *God-built, full of piety, blissful, most honoured of*

¹ *Il.* 2. 546 ; *Od.* 3. 278, 11. 323.

² Pindar, *Dithyr.* 54. Athenian pride in the passage is quizzed by Aristophanes in *Acharnians*, 636 ff. ; *Knights*, 1324 ff.

³ Sophocles, *Ajax*, 1217-22.

all cities,¹—these are among the epithets which Sophocles bestows upon her. And it is he who hears the nightingale sing near the city, beneath green glades in bright Colonus, amid the wine-dark ivy. Euripides tells of the pure air of Athens, where Harmony was mother of the Muses, where a fair river flowed and roses bloomed, where Love joined with Wisdom to fashion all manner of excellence.²

(2) ὧ παῖδες Ἑλλήνων, “Sons of the Greeks,” “Sons of the Hellenes.”

By the time of Aeschylus, the terms “Hellas” and “Hellenes” had come to mean “Greece” and “Greeks,” in the widest sense. The Homeric poems describe a joint enterprise, and appear to be feeling after a joint name for a fatherland enlarged by a conflict shared in common. But none seems to have been generally accepted yet; not *Argives*, nor *Danaans*, nor *Achaeans*, nor even *Pan-Achaeans*. Once only we find the comprehensive but awkward phrase *Pan-Hellenes and Achaeans*.³ To cover all this ground, and more than this, the terms “Hellas”

¹ Sophocles, *El.* 707, *Oed. Col.* 260, 282, 108.

² Sophocles, *Oed. Col.*, 668 ff.; Euripides, *Medea*, 824 ff.

³ Πανέλληνας καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς, *Il.* 2. 530 : in the *Catalogue*.

and "Hellenes," which in Homer are restricted to Northern Greece and most commonly to a district of Thessaly, were afterwards happily extended and made universal. Hesiod, the ancient farmer-poet of Boeotia, clearly has already this wide sense in mind when he describes the Homeric Achaeans as mustering at Aulis in order that they might sail from "sacred Hellas" to attack Troy.¹ With Aeschylus the usage is well established. He speaks of the Persian hosts as eager "to set the yoke of slavery upon Hellas,"² and he urges the sons of the Hellenes,—Athenians, and Spartans, and Megarians, and all the rest of them,—to go forward in the cause of freedom. And from that day to this the sense of a common nationality has never wholly died out among the widely scattered men of Greek blood and speech and aspirations. King Constantine at this hour is called "King of the Hellenes," βασιλεὺς τῶν Ἑλλήνων.

On the 500th anniversary of the great battle of Agincourt,³ which was fought on October 25th, 1415, our minds will turn less to Greek than to British national unity; and a Welshman may perhaps be forgiven

¹ Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 650-3.

² Aeschylus, *Persians*, 49-52.

³ Note, p. 94.

if he refers at some little length to the ancient and patriotic Welsh element in that British unity. The Welsh features of *King Henry the Fifth* are less hackneyed than most of its other aspects; they may, therefore, give us a comparatively fresh point of view. Besides, a speaker who sees the play through Welsh eyes can with better grace than a pure-blooded Englishman say, when the time comes, "On, on, you noblest English." Let us follow the lead which Shakespeare himself has given us. Keenly alive to the political conditions of his own day, he desires to see the four nations—English, Welsh, Irish, Scotch¹—welded into one; and he portrays four several captains in King Henry's army—Gower, Fluellen, Macmorris, Jamy—who reflect the characteristics of the four peoples. But the Welshman figures more largely in the play than the Scotsman or the Irishman, and not always, or chiefly, as a butt for laughter, however genial. May not Shakespeare have called to mind that 1415 was the year in which died Owen Glendower, the prince who nearly gained independence for Wales, and whom he had treated none too fairly in the First Part of *King Henry the*

¹ The Scot especially is "a giddy neighbour to us," *K.H.V.*, i. 2. 145.

Fourth? At all events in *King Henry the Fifth* the King will himself pass as a Welshman. "For I am Welsh, you know, good countrymen."¹ Yet though "porn at Monmouth," and with "Welsh plood in his pody,"² the King Henry the Fifth of Shakespeare is English to the core: English even in the political shrewdness which makes him more than once profess himself a Welshman.³ Nothing is more interesting in the character-drawing of the play than the skill with which the Welshman Fluellen is set over against three types of Englishman—bad, good, heroic,—Pistol, Gower, Henry. Fluellen himself, a fiery fellow and yet a great believer in "the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans,"⁴ seems beyond a doubt to have been sketched by Shakespeare from a Welshman of his own age. This was the soldier of fortune Sir Roger Williams, who was born at Penrhos in Monmouthshire, and served with distinction in the armies of Henry of Navarre as well as in those of Queen Elizabeth.⁵ Fluellen's last stand for discipline, and his last appearance in the play, is when

¹ *K.H.V.*, iv. 7. 101.

² *ib.* iv. 7. 10 and 101.

³ Note, p. 95.

⁴ *ib.* iii. 2, 86.

⁵ Sir Roger Williams died some four years (1595) before Shakespeare would be writing *K.H.V.* His career is reviewed by Sir Sidney Lee in *D.N.B.*, 61. 441-5.

he forces Pistol to eat the leek. Pistol is the lowest type of arrogant Englishman, not confined (like Fluellen and his friends) to plain prose, but made to speak throughout in absurd bombastic verse, and morally to out-villain even those arch-villains whom the English stage had long been accustomed to ridicule. It is reserved for the sensible Gower, Fluellen's dear friend, "goot captain and literated in the wars,"¹ to fire at Pistol the parting shot which every decent Englishman from Shakespeare's day to ours has felt to be well merited: "I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel; you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well."² No wonder that, with its memories of Shakespeare, Agincourt, and St. David, the pungent leek rather than the gentle daffodil should be the badge of the new Welsh Guards, side by side with the dragon emblazoned on the King's colours over the motto *Cymru am Byth* (*Wales for Ever*). No wonder that, once more fighting in France, though happily

¹ *K.H.V.*, iv. 7. 143-4.

² *ib.* v. 1. 69-74.

now on France's side, our Welsh soldiers sing with peculiar pride the moving and patriotic strains of *Hen Wlad fy Nhadau* (*Old Land of my Fathers*).¹

The footing on which the Welsh officer, Fluellen, stands towards the great English king reflects honour on both, and shows in both a fine and noble patriotism. When Henry hears Fluellen's learned argument for silence in camp, he muses :

Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman ;²

and again :

For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury.³

King Henry often seeks Fluellen's judgment, and notably upon the point of honour whether a man can repudiate a pledge once given. It is a straightforward answer that the King receives : " Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzepup himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath : if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack-sauce as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's

¹ Note, p. 96. ² *K.H.V.*, iv. 1. 82-3. ³ *ib.* iv. 7. 172-4.

ground and his earth, in my conscience, la !”¹
 And honourable alike to subject and to liege
 lord is the famous passage in which Fluellen
 tells King Henry that he is not ashamed to
 be his countryman so long as his majesty is
 an honest man :

King Henry. I wear it for a memorable honour ;
 For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Fluellen. All the water in the Wye cannot wash your
 Majesty’s Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you
 that : Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases
 his grace, and his majesty too.

King Henry. Thanks, good my countryman.

Fluellen. By Jeshu, I am your majesty’s country-
 man, I care not who know it ; I will confess it to all
 the ’orld ; I need not to be ashamed of your majesty,
 praised be Got, so long as your majesty is an honest
 man.

King Henry. God keep me so !²

But not even a Welshman must seek to
 exalt his countryman at the expense of the
 true hero of the play. The seriousness of
 the young English king, free now from the
 spell of the dead Falstaff and resolved hence-
 forth to live not for himself, but for his
 country and his kind, is felt to rest on a
 broader basis of patriotism and humanity
 than the fiery speeches of honest Fluellen.
 It is this new, grave Henry who is seen when

¹ *K.H.V.*, iv. 7. 128-33. ² *ib.* iv. 7. 100-10, and note on p. 97.

And alone he prays, knowing well that the hearts of his men faint within them :

O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts ;
 Possess them not with fear ; take from them now
 The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them ! Not to-day, O Lord,
 O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown.¹

And, after all the tension through this night of doubt, how magnificent and thrilling the courage—a courage worth many legions—of his famous reply on St. Crispin's Day to Westmoreland's wish :

West. O that we now had here
 But one ten thousand of those men in England
 That do no work to-day !

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so ?
 My cousin Westmoreland ? No, my fair cousin :
 If we are marked to die, we are enow
 To do our country loss ; and if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.²

These opening lines will recall the rest. Here we have the spirit that must win ; here and in the words before Harfleur :

Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height ! On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof !³

K.H.V., iv. 1. 278-83. ² *ib.* iv. 3. 16-22. ³ *ib.* iii. 1. 15-18.

Once again there is no need to quote the whole famous passage, pitched in the same great fighting key. Yet with all this strength there mingles the gentle courtesy we have already noticed in the words which pass between him and old Sir Thomas Erpingham. Truly a princely Englishman.

Yes, Henry is English through and through. But when the words "English" and "England" are enshrined for ever in the pages of Shakespeare, need we shrink, as some would have us do, from the concurrent use of "Britain" and "British," names which have also been ennobled at the same great fount of honour? Tradition and convenience dictate that we should speak of "English" literature and the "English" language, but of the "British" Empire and the "Britains" beyond the seas.¹ And indeed, as we look forward with some remote degree of hope to a great confederation in which the United States of America may one day be leagued with other free English-speaking peoples, we feel that "British" is a more fitting, because a more elastic, title than "English." "Pan-Angles" would no doubt be comprehensive. But

¹ Compare, or contrast, "Latin" literature and "Roman" Empire. See also note on p. 99.

it is ugly and aggressive, reminding us of "Pan-German" or "Pan-Slav." The name "Britons," on the contrary, is unpretentious and goes right back to the earliest literary records, Greek and Roman, of the islands in which we live. We should be better pleased if the American of to-day would cease to call us "Britishers" (a term which smacks, and not in termination only, of *foreigner*), and would begin to call himself a "Briton," in token not so much of common birth as of common aims. And how gladly should we see the great aboriginal name of "Briton" borne by each inhabitant of that tiny island of Niue, one of the loneliest spots in the Pacific, whose twelve native chiefs lately sent to Great Britain, in her hour of stress, one hundred and thirty-one pounds in money, together with the following message: "*To King George the Fifth, all those in authority, and the brave men who fight. I am the island of Niue, a small child that stands up to help the kingdom of George the Fifth.*"¹ Why, Homer himself, in his much-praised description of the scanty following which the chieftain Nireus brought to Troy from the little island of Syme in the Aegean, has hardly

¹ Note, p. 99.

outdone the simple loyalty and untutored poetry of that message from Niue.¹

(3) *παῖδας, γυναῖκας*, “ your sons and your wives ”; or, to give the words their widest possible meaning, “ your women and your children.”

The home-life of the Greeks will be glanced at later, when we come to the patriotism of peace. Where grim war is in question, it is enough to think of the Spartan mother who bids her son, as she gives him his shield, return “ with it or on it; ”² of Andromache whose heart her husband would have rejoice—such is the cruelty of warfare—when their infant son grown to manhood shall bear home the gory spoils of foemen;³ or of Andromache’s own fears for Astyanax in his orphanhood.⁴ Ancient Greek and modern Briton alike die gladly for their country and their home.⁵ The most English

¹ *Il.* 2. 671–5: with admiring comments in Demetrius, *On Style*, §§ 61, 62.

² Note, p. 100.

³ *Il.* 6. 480:

*φέρου δ' ἔναρα βροτόεντα
κτείνας δῆϊον ἄνδρα, χαρείη δὲ φρένα μήτηρ.*

⁴ *Il.* 22. 484 ff.

⁵ *Il.* 15. 497 (the passage quoted on p. 6 above, continuing thus):

*ἀλλ' ἄλοχός τε σόη και παῖδες ὀπίσσω,
καὶ οἶκος και κλῆρος ἀκήρατος, κ.τ.λ.*

The modern Briton knows well that, whether in France or Flanders or any other theatre of this war, he is defending his own home in England.

of Victorian poets tells how, in the midst of the combat, that country flashes across the soldier's mind in the living guise of wife and children :

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
 That beat to battle where he stands ;
 Thy face across his fancy comes,
 And gives the battle to his hands :
 A moment, while the trumpets blow,
 He sees his brood about thy knee ;
 The next, like fire he meets the foe,
 And strikes him dead for thine and thee.¹

The same thought is put, more quietly but not less resolutely, in those lines of Wordsworth which dwell on the call of dead ancestors, as well as of living wife and child, not to speak of Nature herself :

We read the dictate in the infant's eye ;
 In the wife's smile ; and in the placid sky ;
 And, at our feet, amid the silent dust
 Of them that were before us.²

(4) *θήκας τε προγόνων*, " and the tombs of your forefathers."

The duty of guarding ancestral tombs was widely felt in classical antiquity, and needs no illustration.³ In modern times we may think of the piety with which the

¹ Tennyson, *Princess*, iv.

² Wordsworth, *Sonnet on the Feelings of the Tyrolese*.

³ Note, p. 100.

Japanese respect the memory and the remains of their forefathers; or of our national burying-places, Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, now threatened from the sky by the new and beautiful art of flight which man has turned to evil ends.¹ It is said that, at the beginning of the present war, a traditional friend of France and England, the aged Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, requested the German Emperor—vainly, it would seem—*not to bombard Nancy and the tombs of his ancestors*, his ancestors being the Lorraine Hapsburgs who are buried in the Cordelier Cathedral at Nancy.

There is this difference between us and the Greeks who fought at Salamis. Reverence for the tombs of our ancestors is a strong sentiment among us to-day; but it is a sentiment and little more. To the Greeks it was much more. The mighty dead lived indeed, for them as for us, in another world than the one we know. But their presence was felt, and their help gained, only around the sacred places where their bodies were buried. It was no light matter for the Athenians to gaze from the wooden walls of their ships towards the stone walls of their abandoned city, and to know that their

¹ Note, p. 100.

enemies were trampling upon each hallowed sanctuary, and cutting them off from the helpers in whom they trusted not less than in the Olympian gods.¹

(5) θεῶν τε πατρώων ἔδη, “and the shrines of your ancestral gods.”

The Greek poets see how closely religion and patriotism are linked together. Aeschylus makes the Persian King Darius rise from the dead to denounce the wanton and impious insolence of his successors who, invading the land of Greece, had not shrunk from tearing down the images of the gods, from burning temples, from demolishing altars, from overthrowing holy shrines.² Darius' reverence for the Athenian gods is the same as that which prompts the Persian messenger to say :

Ay, the gods ward the goddess Pallas' town.³

Aeschylus is a religious thinker in a deeper sense than Homer. But Homer is large-minded enough to put his greatest single saying on patriotism into the mouth of a foreigner and an enemy, the Trojan Hector :

εἰς οἰωνὸς ἄριστος ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρης,⁴

¹ Note, p. 101.

² Aeschylus, *Persians*, 808-12.

³ *ib.* 347, θεοὶ πάλιν σφύζουσι Παλλάδος θεᾶς : A. S. Way's translation.

⁴ *Il.* 12. 243.

“one omen is best, to defend the fatherland,” or as Pope’s well-known couplet runs :

Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country’s cause,

or more briefly and exactly :

The best of omens is our country’s cause.

In the passage of the Twelfth Iliad where this line comes Hector puts his faith “in the counsel of great Zeus,”¹ and rejects, as so much superstition and with a scorn that must have hurt some pious minds, the misgivings that an inauspicious flight of birds has caused in the breast of his comrade Polydamas, a devout believer in augury. Like the Greeks, Hector is anything rather than priest-ridden, but like them he clearly feels that there is a day of destiny and that all men need gods.² He knows, as all the Trojans and all the Greeks know, how much the issue of the struggle hangs on the gods who fight for or against them. Above all he believes that the defence of his country is a supreme duty—that such patriotism is itself a binding and exalting faith.³

¹ *Il.* 12. 241.

² *Il.* 6. 487-9 (Hector); *Od.* 3. 48 (Peisistratus).

³ Note, p. 101.

Turning again to Shakespeare, we notice that Henry the Fifth is an invader, as were the Greeks at Troy though not at Salamis. The patriotic task of Shakespeare and of Homer was, so far, more difficult than that of Aeschylus, who can picture the Greeks fighting in their own waters for all that they hold dear. In the Iliad it is the Trojans who play this part. Still, Homer can give, as a powerful and well-nigh sacred reason for the Greek attack on Troy, a violated home; though there are good scholars in our day who maintain that in this as in most subsequent wars the real motive was one of solid interest rather than of honour and sentiment—the desire to capture trade-routes in the Dardanelles rather than to recapture Helen.¹ Whatever may be thought of Henry's French claims when viewed with the just eye of history, Shakespeare spares no pains to bring home to the mind of the reader the king's personal sincerity and piety. He is represented as "the mirror of all Christian kings," at a time when "honour's thought Reigns solely in the breast of every man."² The most heroic male figure in all Shakespeare, he speaks throughout in

¹ Cp. Leaf's *Troy : a Study in Homeric Geography*, pp. 328 ff.

² *K.H.V.*, Act ii., Chorus.

that strain of dependence upon divine aid which led him, according to Holinshed as well as Shakespeare, to have *Non nobis* and *Te Deum* sung when victory was won.¹ The conference with his bishops before the die is cast is meant to heighten our sense of the king's piety. In his later bearing towards the French nation there are things that jar. But other things still please; for instance, the "express charge that in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for" (and here the pleasure is somewhat damped by the cool calculation of it all) "when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner."² The end of the play pleases too, though neither is this free from the same vein of masterful policy. Fluellen is first and last a soldier, and in the scenes where he appears no woman's voice is heard: it is all alarms and excursions—the blare of trumpets and the tramp of armed men. But in the fifth and last act, bright peace smiles once more upon merry England and fair France. Hatred, which creates nothing, but kills all it

¹ *K.H.V.*, Act iv., end; and Note on p. 102. ² *ib.* iii. 6.

can, is laid aside, and we have that ever fresh and delightful scene of the conqueror's wooing, with its culmination in the French king's speech :

Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up
Issue to me ; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.¹

Amid the nameless horrors of the war that desolates Europe to-day, we must never give up our hope of a lasting peace to come. The crowning tragedy is that, after nearly two thousand years of Christian teaching, the German and his English kinsman, each with unfaltering faith in the justice of his own cause, should be singing Luther's "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," or Carlyle's rendering "A safe stronghold our God is still."² The Germans are told that they are defending their country against the Slav and against a general scheme of encirclement : we on our part felt bound (*we could no other*, to use Luther's words as our own) to resist the violation of Belgium and

¹ *K.H.V.*, v. 2. 327-34.

² Note, p. 102.

any other act of German aggression. Neutrality for us would have been a crime: we should have betrayed our plighted word for fear of loss. And yet while we fight on and on unflinchingly for victory,¹ in a conflict far deadlier than that through which England had just passed in Shakespeare's own day, we must keep alive a spirit of human kindness towards a maddened enemy and of hope for a better mind and heart in all men. York and St. Peter's School will suggest utterances, modern and ancient, that we may well ponder. America is a new country as compared with ours; and it is only a few months ago that the Lord Mayor of York was sending a message congratulating New York (one of the oldest of American towns) on the 250th anniversary of the installation of its first Mayor and Board of Aldermen. Let a great American speak to us words of charity. In his second Inaugural Address, delivered fifty years ago (March 4th, 1865), little more than a month before he fell by an assassin's bullet, Abraham Lincoln said, at a time when great issues of freedom—then as now—were at

¹ While we—

combat in the sight
Of a just God for liberty and right.

(Wordsworth.)

stake, "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right; let us strive on to finish the work we are in." It is the resolution breathed in these words, together with the human pathos of the clause *as God gives us to see the right*, that makes them a needed message from the New World to the Old.¹ And, a long time back, there is the reply attributed to the Apostle after whom this most ancient School is named when scoffers asked "Where is the promise of His coming?"—"One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. . . . Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."²

(6) ἐλευθεροῦτε: "fight for the freedom of."³ ἐλευθεροῦτε is the governing word of all the paeon, this first paeon of European liberty. It is a long, resounding word, and when repeated for still greater stress, it fills almost a whole line:

ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδ', ἐλευθεροῦτε δὲ
παῖδας, γυνάικας, κ.τ.λ.

The adjective *eleutheros*, "free," is found

¹ Note, p. 103.

² 2 Peter iii. 4, 8, 13; and Note on p. 103.

³ Note p. 104.

(like *πατρίς*, "fatherland") as early as Homer, and in our own times it appears in the forename of Eleutherios Venizelos, the leading statesman of modern Greece.¹ Homer contrasts the "day of freedom"² with the "day of slavery,"³ and one of his finest sayings (true of men in all eras, and of nations as well as men) is that "Zeus whose voice is heard afar takes away half a man's worth when the day of slavery falls upon him."⁴

Since Greek days Freedom has always held its place among the chief of European battle-cries. Even then it was already an ancient cry—an "archaeology" as Thucydides has it, an "old tale" or "common-place" as we might say. In the crisis of the Sicilian campaign the Athenian general Nicias appeals to his sea-captains, one and all, to act worthily of their forefathers, and to remember their wives and children, their ancestral gods, their fatherland which was the freest of the free, and the liberty, void of all dictation, which in their daily life they enjoyed within its borders. Such are

¹ Note, p. 104, and portrait, p. 137.

² *ἐλεύθερον ἡμαρ*: *Il.* 6. 455, 16. 831, 20. 193.

³ *δούλιον ἡμαρ*: *Il.* 6. 463; *Od.* 14. 340, 17. 323.

⁴ *Od.* 17. 322, 3 (lines found, it should be noticed, in the episode of the dog Argus). See also Note on p. 104.

the arguments, says Thucydides, which in the midst of a great national peril men will not shun through any fear of being thought to utter commonplaces (*ἀρχαιολογεῖν*).¹

The Athenians prided themselves particularly on their right of equal speech and their frank outspokenness, their *ἰσηγορία* and *παρρησία*.² This freedom of speech was the counterpart of their equality before the law, their *ἰσονομία*. The overthrow of the tyrant's rule at Athens was popularly attributed to Harmodius and Aristogeiton, whose exploit was celebrated in a well-known *scolion*, or catch, which began :

In a wreath of myrtle I'll wear my glaive,
Like Harmodius and Aristogeiton brave,
Who, striking the tyrant down,
Made Athens a freeman's town ;³

or in more literal prose, “ gave equal laws to Athens.”

The Greek ideal was to unite order with freedom—*ἐννομία*, we may say, with *ἰσονομία* and *ἐλευθερία*. Of the Lacedaemonians at all events it can be said, in Herodotus, by a Lacedaemonian exile who is addressing the Persian king, that “ free though they are,

¹ Thucyd. vii. 69 : see Note, p. 105.

² Note, p. 106.

³ Conington.

they are not free in every way, for over them is set as master Law, and of Law they stand in far greater fear than your subjects stand of you.”¹ Ordered liberty is the ideal for all nations: the combination of qualities found in Athenian and Spartan, or in Greek and Roman. Modern Greece and modern Italy each pursue this ideal, and we hope that Greece will not lag behind Italy in the new struggle for freedom and right. In Greece Eleutherios Venizelos (at once the Themistocles and the Aristeides of today), and in Italy Gabriele D’Annunzio, are inspiring names in this new fight for European liberty. D’Annunzio is pre-eminently the poet of freedom; and as for Venizelos, does not his chief organ in the Athenian press bear the name of *Patris*?²

For us the supreme poet of liberty is not Shakespeare, nor even Milton (nobly though he has celebrated the praises of freedom in prose and verse), nor yet Shelley, nor Byron, nor Burns, nor Scott, but rather Wordsworth in his *Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty*.³ There, inspired by the great struggle against the despotic aims of

¹ Herodotus, 7. 104: the words *ἔπειστι γὰρ σφί δεσπότης νόμος* are metrical and may be taken from some poet.

² Note, p. 106.

³ Note, p. 107.

the Corsican Napoleon a century ago, he appeals immortally to the soul of England, bidding her secure for other peoples that free choice of their own government which she has always and at all hazards claimed for herself. Wordsworth knew—none better—how great is the debt that modern civilization owes to lands which though small were free—to Judaea, to Greece,¹ to the republics of Italy in the middle ages, to Switzerland, to Elizabethan England,² and to Holland.³ To these countries must now be added one which, since Wordsworth wrote, has not only done fine work in literature and the arts, but has also in our own day made a heroic stand for national independence. The tragic sufferings of Belgium will, at the bar of history, always tell of liberty outraged beyond parallel or belief; outraged by the sheer and wanton might of an aggressor, in open scorn of those solemn treaties without whose observance there is no hope for human progress.⁴ And, as Wordsworth would have demanded with all the vigour of his prime,

¹ A map of Attica and Yorkshire on the same scale will be found on p. 141. It has been reproduced, by permission, from A. E. Zimmern's *Greek Commonwealth*, p. 152 (Oxford University Press).

² Would the population of England in Shakespeare's time be more than one-eighth of what it is now?

³ Note, p. 109.

⁴ Note, p. 109.

England once more champions the sacred cause of freedom : an England, too, whose own government rests on a far broader footing than it did in Wordsworth's day. Now it forms a true democracy (*δημοκρατία*), or *people-power*. That *people-power* rests on *sea-power* (*thalassocracy, θαλασσοκρατία*). To-day, as at Salamis, the power of a people is upheld by the power of a fleet—that fleet of ours which for more than four hundred days and nights ¹ has kept ceaseless vigil over the waters of the world lest liberty and right should be overthrown. England has not fallen like the Venetian Republic, which “once did hold the gorgeous east in fee.” Britain's sea-voice, and her mountain-voice (for a mountain-voice too is hers), are still among the chosen music of Liberty :

Two Voices are there ; one is of the sea,
 One of the mountains ; each a mighty Voice :
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty.²

(7) *νῦν ὑπὲρ πάντων ἀγών* : “all is now at stake.” “All” is a big word ; but no word seems too big when lovers of their country, whether in ancient Greece or in

¹ October 26th, 1915, was the second Trafalgar Day in its long watch.

² Note, p. 109.

modern England, watch the wavering scales of destiny. Let us, in what remains of this lecture, consider three great results of victory which may well have been before the mind of a poet and thinker such as Aeschylus: Peace, Humanity, Progress. These three results were no more than ideals in the time of Aeschylus, and they are ideals still; but who can doubt that the Greek triumph at Salamis helped to ensure for them a lasting place among the best hopes of mankind?

PEACE

τὸ πρῖν ἐπ' εἰρήνης.

HOMER, *Iliad*, 9. 403, 22. 156.

ἔθηκε πᾶσι εἰρήνην φίλους.

AESCHYLUS, *Persians*, 769.

Peace,

Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V.*, v. 2. 34.

Effice ut interea fera moenera militiai

Per maria ac terras omnes sopita quiescant.

LUCRETIUS, I. 29, 30.¹

A oes Heddwch? ² (traditional question at opening of Welsh National Eisteddfod: omitted at Bangor in August 1915).

πόλεμος εἰρήνης χάριν . . . τέλος εἰρήνην πολέμου.

ARISTOTLE, *Politics*, vii. cc. 14, 15.

La paix par la victoire.

FRENCH WAR MOTTO.

¹ And the whole passage, i. 29-43; especially 40-43: "*petens placidam Romanis, incluta, pacem. | nam neque nos agere hoc patriai tempore iniquo | possumus aequo animo nec Memmi clara propago | talibus in rebus communi desse saluti.*"

² "Is it Peace?"

It is sometimes said that the Greek poets, with their martial themes and heroes, are blind to the blessings of peace and the horrors of war. No; in the greater writers of Greece, war appears in its true colours against the constant background of a longing for kindly peace.

In the short and fiery appeals which Callinus and Tyrtaeus¹ make to fighters, the praise of peace cannot be looked for, any more than in similar passages of Shakespeare. Callinus asks: "How long lie you down; when will you show a brave heart, young men? Have you no shame before your neighbours, so utterly slack as you are? Do you think to sit in peace, when war overspreads all the land?"² King Henry, before Harfleur, rouses his followers with the grim words:

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage.³

But, taken as a whole, the best works of Greek as of English poetry support the just view. War is an evil, however unavoid-

¹ Note, p. 110.

² Note, p. 110.

³ *K.H.V.*, iii. 1. 3-8.

able it may sometimes seem; it is an evil, in spite of any redeeming features it may have. Human welfare and human happiness are to be sought in peace, not in war. Aristophanes makes Aeschylus say that, in the *Persians*, he had "glorified a noble deed."¹ This Aeschylus has certainly done. But he has done more. He has described, not without sympathy, the victory as it was felt by the vanquished rather than the victors.² All his characters are Persian: the Chorus of Elder Statesmen, the noble Queen-Mother Atossa, the Ghost of the revered Darius, the infatuated young King Xerxes, and the Messenger. There is not one Greek among them. The scene is Susa, the Persian capital; and the passage from apprehension to utter despair, as the tale of Persian disaster and Greek triumph unfolds itself, touches the common heart of humanity. Aeschylus, we remember, lived through the great crisis in which that Greek civilization to which our own owes so great a debt was threatened by alien hosts. But the woes of the innocent victims in Persia, old men and helpless women, come home to

¹ Aristophanes, *Frogs*, 1028, κοσμήσας ἔργον ἀριστον.

² The latter part of the Song of Deborah (Judges v.) is wonderfully dramatic, but the mood is fiercer than that of Aeschylus.

him; and, like some Hebrew prophet, he seems to feel that the same fate will one day overtake his own land if it is carried away by the spirit of insolent pride and wanton aggression. For his own people, as for the Persians, Aeschylus would count peace as the best of all fortune's gifts. In this play he says of "Cyrus the Fortunate" that "he gave to all his people peace."¹ Euripides, in his *Women of Troy*, has drawn a more tender and more harrowing picture of the cruelties which war inflicts on the weak, on women and children above all. And is there, in all literature, a scene more fully charged with terror and with pity than that in which the aged Priam of Troy makes his way, through the black night, to the tent of Achilles, in order that he may kiss in supplication those hands, the terrible, the murderous, that had slain so many of his sons? Or anything anywhere more moving than the lamentations which Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, one after the other, utter over the body of the slain Hector? The *Iliad*

¹ Aeschylus, *Persians*, 768, 9:

πρίτος δ' ἀπ' αὐτοῦ Κῦρος, εὐδαίμων ἀνὴρ,
ἀρξας ἔθηκε πᾶσιν εἰρήνην φίλοις.

The word *εἰρήνη* occurs, I believe, here only in the seven extant plays of Aeschylus.

² *Il.* 24. 478.

and the *Odyssey* breathe throughout the patriotism which war quickens; but they exalt no less the patriotism of peace.

Words denoting "war" and "battle" occur often in the *Odyssey*, and times without number in the *Iliad*, which is more directly martial in theme. The word for "peace," the beautiful word *ēvrēnē* (in its very sound as much more beautiful than the jerky *pōlēmos* as *peace* is than *war*), is found once in the *Odyssey*, thrice in the *Iliad*. At the very end of the *Odyssey* Zeus ordains a reconciliation after the slaying of the suitors. "Let the two sides," he says, "love one another as aforesaid, and let there be wealth (*πλοῦτος*) and peace (*εἰρήνη*) in plenty."¹ In the Second *Iliad* Iris chides the aged Priam: "Old man, words without count are ever dear to thy heart, as once in time of peace (*ὡς ποτ' ἐπ' εἰρήνης*); but war, relentless war, is now afoot."² Achilles in the Ninth Book speaks of all the wealth that Troy was said to possess "in the former days of peace, before the sons of the Achaeans came."³ Again, when the

¹ *Od.* 24. 486 (Aristarchus regarded the *Odyssey* proper as ending with 23. 296).

² *Il.* 2. 797.

³ *Il.* 9. 403 (*τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' εἰρήνης, πρὶν ἐλθεῖν υἱὰς Ἀχαιῶν*: so in *Il.* 22. 156). How much does that simple phrase, "In the former days of peace," mean throughout the world to-day!

poet is describing, in the Twenty-second Iliad, that terrible race around the walls of Troy for the life of Hector, he pauses to note that pursuer and pursued ran past "the washing-troughs, wherein the wives and fair daughters of the Trojans were wont to wash bright garments in the former days of peace, before the sons of the Achaeans came."¹

Homer is a brave man, and his heart is with the brave on either side. But war in itself he feels to be a hateful thing: "hateful," he names the god of war, "blood-stained," "bringer of many tears," "pest of men," "sacker of cities."² From the nature of the poems, which are filled with conflict on land and (in the Odyssey) on sea as well, the word "peace" is seldom used in them. War and robust adventure are their absorbing themes. Yet by the method of contrast, often a brief passing contrast, the abiding beauty of peace is brought home more surely than by any set and tedious discourse on the word. Deftly sketched pictures of peaceful daily life relieve, and yet heighten also, the grief

¹ *Il.* 22. 153-6; and Note, p. 110 below.

² *στηγγερός, μαιφόνος, πολύδακρυς, βροτολαιγός, πολλίπορθος*: the words occur often, especially in the Iliad.

and horror with which the great tale of Troy closes. In the midst of all there is the description of the games—boxing, wrestling, the foot-race, the chariot-race; and when Hector is fighting his last fight, we are told not only of those washing-troughs without the city which had been used in the former days of peace, but also of the warm washings which, in his home, Andromache was making ready for him when he should return from battle,—“fond heart, she knew not how, far from all washings, bright-eyed Athene had slain him by the hand of Achilles.”¹

On the very shield made for the warrior of warriors, Achilles, most of the scenes wrought by the divine artificer were not martial, but peaceful.² There was a city, in which were espousals and marriage-feasts, brides led from their chambers amid blazing torches, the bridal hymn uprising, youths circling in the dance, flutes and viols making music, women gazing from their doorways.³ Fields, too, were on it. In one men were ploughing furrow upon furrow and gladly drinking from a goblet offered to them as they turned at

¹ *Il.* 22. 445, 6.

² A figure of the Homeric Shield of Achilles has been reproduced for this volume, by permission, from Leaf's *Companion to the Iliad*, p. 309 (Macmillan & Co.). See p. 139 below.

³ *Il.* 18. 491-9.

the boundary. In another labourers, sickle in hand, were reaping corn which their fellows took and bound in sheaves while by a furrow stood their chief, holding his staff and silently rejoicing.¹ On it, again, was a vineyard where maids and youths with tender thoughts bore in woven baskets the honey-sweet fruit.² On it, too, was a dancing-place, where youths and maidens were dancing, with hands upon one another's wrists.³

Homer's love for the young, and even for the very youngest, makes itself felt amid the most warlike surroundings. The last fight between Hector and Achilles gives occasion for the tender image of youth and maid holding sweet converse together beside some oak or rock.⁴ It is the implacable Achilles himself who speaks, in the gentlest way, of the smallest of children: "Why dost thou weep, Patroclus, like a baby girl that runs by her mother's side, and bids her mother take her up, clinging to her gown, and hinders her as she hastens on, and looks at her tearfully till her mother takes her up?"⁵ In another simile the goddess Athene wards off a weapon from Menelaus, as a mother brushes away a fly from her sleeping babe,⁶

¹ *Il.* 18. 541-60.

² *Il.* 18. 561-72.

³ *Il.* 18. 590-4.

⁴ *Il.* 22. 126-8.

⁵ *Il.* 16. 7-10.

⁶ *Il.* 4. 130-1.

In yet another Apollo, demolishing a wall made by the long labour of the Greeks, is compared to a boy who in sport rears sand castles beside the sea and then with wanton feet and hands brings them down again in ruin.¹ Most touching of all is the picture of the poor workwoman, for whom life is a perpetual battle. Anxious to win a scanty wage for her children, and yet not to defraud her employers, she weighs her wool with careful and honest hand. Homer sees in this act of hers an image of an evenly poised combat in the field.²

Apart from the similes, there are found up and down the two poems such immortal children as the infant Astyanax, who shrinks into the bosom of his nurse when he sees the horse-hair crest nodding fiercely from the top of his father's helmet;³ the same Astyanax as seen by his mother's fears in the coming days of orphanhood, buffeted by a happier playmate from the board where his father had been wont to feast;⁴ children who prattle at their father's knee when he returns safe home from the fray;⁵ other children who are fed with dainties from kindly hands, and are given play-

¹ *Il.* 15. 361-4.

² *Il.* 12. 433-6.

³ *Il.* 6. 467-70.

⁴ *Il.* 22. 496-8.

⁵ *Il.* 5. 408-9.

things; ¹ the cunning little lad who runs along at his nurse's side; ² or, lastly, the boy Odysseus who had long ago, as he reminds his aged father on his return, followed him through the terraced garden and begged of him this tree and that, while Laertes told him the names of each one, and gave him of pear-trees thirteen, of apple-trees ten, and of figs two score.³

The all-embracing sympathy which made Homer so true a lover of his country is seen in his care for horses and dogs as well as for children, and in his view of inanimate (if that is the right term) as well as of animate nature. For horses Homer has an astonishing variety of epithets, showing how closely they were observed in all their beauty, speed, and strength. The horse is thought of as sharing his master's sorrows and even as warning him with human voice of his impending doom.⁴ The dog was also a true companion to man. We hear of dogs that fawn about their lord when he returns from a feast bringing fragments to delight them.⁵ We hear, too, of dogs fed at table whose duty it is to guard the house.⁶ We have

¹ *Od.* 16. 442-4; 18. 323.

² *Od.* 15. 450-1.

³ *Od.* 24. 336-41. ⁴ *Il.* 17. 437-40; 23. 283-4; 19. 407-17.

⁵ *Od.* 10. 216.

⁶ *Il.* 22. 69.

also the affecting picture of the dog Argus who, unlike the men around, knows his master again after the long years of absence, and dying droops his ears in feeble recognition.¹

To get some faint idea of the broad sweep of Homer's patriotic vision, we will glance once more and finally at the similes he draws from the still life of nature as well as from the animal world, from nature's larger aspects as well as from her humblest forms. His great store of images is taken from objects such as the troubled sea before a storm;² the mists that gather on the mountain-tops while the mighty winds are asleep;³ the multitude of stars that gladden the shepherd's heart on a still moonlit night;⁴ the winter-torrent that scatters the causeways and floods the fruitful orchard;⁵ the leaves of the forest that fall in autumn and are renewed in spring;⁶ the winds that contend with one another in the dells of a mountain and bring ruin to the quivering trees;⁷ the flakes of snow that Zeus the Counsellor makes to fall on a winter's day, veiling therewith the crests of the hills, the

¹ *Od.* 17. 291-327.

² *Il.* 14. 16-19.

³ *Il.* 5. 522-4.

⁴ *Il.* 8. 555-9.

⁵ *Il.* 5. 87-91.

⁶ *Il.* 6. 146-8.

⁷ *Il.* 16. 765-9.

headlands, the grassy plains, the ploughed fields, the shores and havens of the sea, all save only the wave that keeps off the snow in its shoreward course.¹

Still more various are the similes taken from the animal world, from creatures as far apart as the wolf and the fly, the lion and the vulture, the horse and the bat, the snake and the grasshopper, the dog and the wasp, the locust and the leopard, the hawk and the ass, the cormorant and the bee, the cuttle-fish and the nightingale.² Many of these comparisons are elaborated with much detail, as that of the lion which a whole township sallies out to destroy, while he makes ready for a bound and lashes himself to fury, eager to slay or to be slain;³ or that of the stalled horse fed with barley at the manger, who breaks his tether and careers across the plain to his haunts near the river, vaunting his comeliness;⁴ or that of the tribes of feathered birds, wild geese or cranes or long-necked swans, that fly screeching hither and thither over the Asian mead.⁵ Not less striking are the illustrations drawn from the world of trees and flowers. A hero will await his foes like

¹ *Il.* 12. 278-86.

² Note, p. 111.

³ *Il.* 20. 164-73.

⁴ *Il.* 6. 506-11.

⁵ *Il.* 2. 459-63.

a towering oak-tree on the hills, that for ever abides the wind and rain, firm-rooted in the soil; when wounded, he will fall like a tall poplar which grows in a low-lying fen; dying, he will bow his head burdened with his helm, even as a poppy droops its head when borne down with fruit and the showers of spring.¹

Death, equally with life, is part of nature's universal order; and this the poet feels when he makes heroes—they are heroes fighting on the Trojan side—bow to earth like poplar-tree or poppy-flower. Behind the violence and cruelty which attend on war he sets this universal order, and he relieves and irradiates the picture by glimpses of much human kindness and many great social and domestic virtues. The fierce turbulence of warlike times is there, but there also are found the trusted and honoured slave, the well-loved horse and hound, the courteous bearing of young towards old and of host towards guest, the warm friendship between man and man, the unchanging love for wife and child and home. The *Odyssey*, as compared with the *Iliad*, is concerned less with war between man and man than with the stubborn fight against the sea and

¹ *Il.* 12. 132, 4. 482, 8. 308.

the unconquerable yearning for home and fatherland, themes which will keep their freshness when the inhumanities of war have long faded into a distant past. It is the returning husband of the faithful Penelope who, in a strange land far from the common haunts of men, says to Nausicaa, in whom all readers see the most perfect embodiment of maidenhood in Greek literature :

So what you require

May the Gods grant you to your heart's desire ;
Husband and house, and in your household ways
Fair concord : since no height of bliss is higher

Than this, when in one house according well
A husband and a wife together dwell :
Great grief to foes, but joy to well-wishers ;
And their full bliss themselves alone can tell.¹

In the *Odyssey* there is the keen delight of early man in perilous enterprise, in roving across undiscovered seas on those slender swift-moving boats of his, which the imagination pictured as horses crossing a great wet desert;² there is his instinctive and passionate love for the sea itself, and his ready response to Nature's various moods ; there is his transparent enjoyment of un-resting movement and the growth within

¹ *Od.* 6. 180-5 (Mackail).

² *Od.* 4. 708.

him of the qualities which adventure fosters ; there is (here and in Homer generally) the feeling of a free, healthy, natural, open-air life, full of youthful vigour, passed under a beautiful sky amid gracious and heroic forms, sustained by hearty appetites, elevated by strong affections and sincere beliefs, a life to inspire

bards who died content on pleasant sward,
Leaving great verse unto a little clan.¹

“ Pleasant sward ” ; “ great verse ” ; “ a little clan : ” with the intuition of genius Keats, living in a far different age, has seen what patriotism meant in those early days of Greece. The love of a little island such as Ithaca—of its *πατρὶς ἄρουρα*,² its “ native soil ” ; its *πόλις καὶ γαῖα*,³ its “ town and land,”—was enough to inspire the noblest effort alike in hero and in bard.

The Patriotism of Peace is as manifest in Homer as the Patriotism of War. War quickens devotion to country by bringing men face to face with death, and the Iliad is a song of war. But the undertone is the love

¹ Keats, “ Fragment of an Ode written on May Day.”

² *Od.* 10. 29 : also *γενεὴ καὶ πατρὶς ἄρουρα*, *Od.* 1. 407, 20. 193. In *Od.* 13. 354 *κύσε δὲ ζείδωρον ἄρουραν* : cp. *Od.* 4, 522.

³ *Od.* 6. 177, etc.

of fatherland in the happy times of peace. So in the Old Testament there is the constant presence of war, and yet the prophet can foresee a day when "they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more:"¹ or when "there shall yet old men and old women dwell in the streets of Jerusalem, and every man with his staff in his hand for very age. And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."² And the Psalmist says of the same Jerusalem (best loved perhaps of all the world's cities), "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee."³

There are two set pieces in Greek poetry which have come down to us bearing the actual title of *Peace*. The first is a fragment of the lyric poet Bacchylides. As translated by J. A. Symonds,⁴ it runs :

¹ Isaiah ii. 4, Micah iv. 3.

² Zechariah viii. 4, 5. ³ Psalm cxxii. 6-8; Note on p. 111.

⁴ Symonds, *Studies of the Greek Poets*, i. 317 (third edition).

To mortal man Peace giveth these good things :
 Wealth, and the flowers of honey-throated song ;
 The flame that springs
 On earven altars from fat sheep and kine,
 Slain to the gods in heaven ; and, all day long,
 Games for glad youths, and flutes, and wreaths, and
 . circling wine.
 Then in the steely shield swart spiders weave
 Their web and dusky woof :
 Rust to the pointed spear and sword doth cleave ;
 The brazen trump sounds no alarms ;
 Nor is sleep harried from our eyes aloof,
 But with sweet rest my bosom warms :
 The streets are thronged with lovely men and young,
 And hymns in praise of boys like flames to heaven are
 flung.

A frankly pleasure-loving picture of the joys of peace ; yet patriotic too. There is no gloating on private and selfish enjoyments : we behold the common happiness of a whole people.¹

The other poem is Aristophanes' comedy, *Peace*, produced in 421 B.C., when the Peloponnesian War had already been running ten years. Peace has, so the playwright feigns, been imprisoned in a cave,² and it is for the Greeks to set the maiden free. To Aristophanes, none the less a true patriot because he had that sense of humour which

¹ Note, p. 111.

² *Peace*, 223, ὁ Πόλεμος αὐτὴν ἐνέβαλ' εἰς ἀντρον βαθύ.

keeps the judgment sound and healthy, war among Athenians, Spartans, and other Greeks was civil war, the most distressing of all wars to the patriotic mind. In his comedy ¹ he makes his peace-loving peasant quote from Homer the lines in which Nestor bans and curses the man who loves fierce civil strife.² His own prayer to Peace on behalf of distracted Hellas is characteristic of his comic genius :

μείξον δ' ἡμᾶς τοὺς Ἑλληνας
 πάλιν ἐξ ἀρχῆς
 φιλίας χυλῶ, καὶ ξυγγνώμῃ
 τινὶ πρασιτέρᾳ κέρασον τὸν νοῦν.³

And solder and glue the Hellenes anew
 With the old-fashioned true
 Elixir of love, and attemper our mind
 With thoughts of each other more genial and kind.⁴

HUMANITY

ὡς ἂν διδαχθῆ τὴν Διὸς τυραννίδα
 στέργειν, φιλανθρώπου δὲ παύεσθαι τρόπου.

ÆSCHYLUS, *Prometheus Bound*, 10, 11.

Homo sum : humani nil a me alienum puto.

TERENCE, *Self-Tormentor*, i. 1. 25.

οὔτοι συνέχθειν ἀλλὰ συμφιλεῖν ἔφυν.

SOPHOCLES, *Antigone*, 523.

For dearly must we prize thee, we who find
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of men.

WORDSWORTH, *Poems of Liberty*, xvii.

¹ *Peace*, 1096-8.

² *Il.* 9. 64 ; and Note on p. 112.

³ *Peace*, 996-9, with B. B. Rogers' translation. ⁴ Note, p. 112.

For the nearest equivalent to "humanity" in the vocabulary of the patriot, poet, and soldier Aeschylus, we must turn to his *Prometheus Bound* where, within the first dozen lines, we find the earliest reference in the world's literature to "philanthropy"—to the *φιλάνθρωπος τρόπος* (or "man-loving nature," "kindliness") of Prometheus, the Titan and friend of mankind, who had helped men, from the days when they were cave-dwellers, to observe the stars, to harness wild beasts to their will, to sail the seas, and above all to use fire, the mother of every art.¹ We have detected in the *Persians* the same feeling of humanity—of a kindliness transcending the bounds of race and national culture. To Aeschylus patriotism means not the hatred of another's country, but the love of one's own.

What is true of Aeschylus is true of Homer at an even earlier day.² Love of country did not narrow Homer. Rather it kindled within him an admiration for bravery in friend and foe alike, for duty and honour seen in the never-ending conflict of which the whole course of man from birth to death

¹ Cp. Aesch., *Prometheus*, 7, 436-506, and note on p. 113.

² In one respect magnanimity was harder for Aeschylus than for Homer: he was a contemporary and a combatant.

seemed to him to be made up, for all the beauty of life's more peaceful scenes, for freedom and all that freedom brings, for love of home and wife and children, for tender pity and lovingkindness. This broad humanity, which transfigures patriotism, is nowhere more clearly shown than in the poet's treatment of the foreigner and arch-enemy Hector, beginning from the passage, near the opening of the *Iliad*, where Achilles names him as the warrior whom he alone could resist, and continuing to the very last line of the poem, where the Trojans are holding funeral "for Hector, tamer of horses."¹ There is in Homer no more lovable man than the knightly Hector, lovable in his strength, lovable, too, in his moments of weakness. When his body is brought back to Troy from the Greek camp, he is bewailed not only by his wife and his mother, but even by Helen, the Greek stranger within the gates, for whose sake all the long and deadly conflict is supposed to have been waged. Her tribute to the chivalry of Hector has a place apart.²

Hector was the foremost enemy of the Greeks. But he is not the only enemy whose nobility and patriotism the poet cele-

¹ *Il.* i. 241-4; 24. 804.

² *Il.* 24. 761-75.

brates with a true humanity. At the end of the list of combatants given in the Second Book we are told, in two simple lines, that "Sarpedon and blameless Glaucus led the Lycians out of far-off Lycia, even from eddying Xanthus."¹ From the lips of these two Lycian chiefs, fighting on the Trojan side, fall two of the most remarkable utterances on the brevity of human life and the calls of human duty that even Homer has conceived. In the Sixth Book Glaucus asks :

Brave son of Tydeus, wherefore set thy mind
My race to know ? The generations are
As of the leaves, so also of mankind.
As the leaves fall, now withering in the wind,
And others are put forth, and spring descends,
Such on the earth the race of men we find ;
Each in his order a set time attends ;
One generation rises and another ends.²

And in Book Twelve Sarpedon, with words hardly less memorable, urges his loved Glaucus to give glory or to win it.³ It is Glaucus who speaks of "an undaunted spirit such as enters into men who for their fatherland welcome toil and strife against men that are their foes."⁴ It is Sarpedon who, when sore wounded, fears that he will not

¹ *Il.* 2. 876-7. ² *Il.* 6. 145-9 (Worsley and Conington).

³ *Il.* 12. 310-30.

⁴ *Il.* 17. 157-8: "men" (*ἄνδρες*) repeated of set purpose.

“return home to his dear fatherland, to gladden his dear wife and infant son.”¹ Once more, it is Glaucus who speaks of the inspiration that comes from fathers as well as fatherland: “Hippolochus begat me, from him I claim to be sprung; he sent me to Troy and bade me right urgently to be ever the best and to excel all other men, and bring no shame upon the race of my fathers who proved themselves the noblest in Ephyre and in wide Lycia. This is the race and blood whereof I avow myself to be.”² At Phthia his aged father Peleus had given to the Greek Achilles the same charge as Hippolochus had given to Glaucus, “ever to be the best and to excel all other men”;³ and the close tie of honour and pride binding Achilles to Peleus, and again to his own son Neoptolemus, is seen in that moving episode of the *Odyssey*⁴ where Odysseus meets the shade of Achilles in the land of the departed, and answers his questions about the life on earth of father and of son.

This wide sympathy still persists in the Greeks of our own day. I well remember some ten years ago seeing the *Antigone* of

¹ *Il.* 5. 686-7.

³ *Il.* 9. 784.

² *Il.* 6. 204-11.

⁴ *Od.* 11, 471-540.

Sophocles acted at Athens before a vast audience in the open air, and noticing that, in all the play, the line most rapturously applauded was Antigone's

οὔτοι συνέχθειν ἀλλὰ συμφιλεῖν ἔφην :¹

the utterance of a woman strong as well as tender. After that experience, it was no surprise still more recently to find in a modern Greek book, Demetra Vaka's *A Child of the Orient*, one of the most humane of writings—humane even towards the Turk, whose great misfortune throughout the centuries has been the lack of a humanizing literature.² From modern Greece our thoughts wander back more than two thousand years to another famous scene upon the stage. It is the year 163 before Christ, and the place is a crowded theatre at Rome. A play called the *Self-Tormentor* is being produced by one Terence of Africa, a young man not more than thirty years of age, to whom Latin, which he writes exquisitely, is probably an acquired language.³ At the opening of the play one old man asks another, who has lately become his neighbour,

¹ Soph. *Antig.* 523 : "I am made for league of love and not of hate" (Way). For the clash between humanity and false patriotism, cp. Creon's attitude in *Antig.* 182, 3; 522. See also note on p. 113.

² Note, 114.

³ Note, p. 114.

why he toils so pitilessly from morn to night on his farm. We can still, on a miniature in an old manuscript of Terence, see the two farmers, with mattocks in their hands, talking to one another.¹ The Self-Tormentor (a tender-hearted father who is tortured by the fancy that he has acted harshly towards his only son who has left his home, in consequence, for foreign parts) says to his sympathiser: "Have you so much leisure from your own affairs that you can attend to things with which you have no concern?" Then comes, when little more than twenty lines of the play have been spoken, the great reply:

Homo sum: humani nil a me alienum puto;

"I am a human being: nothing human do I count a matter of unconcern to me."² The words are hackneyed now, but we can well believe the tradition that, when first they fell from the actor's lips, the audience burst into a tumult of applause.³ *Homo* is as broad a word as one could have: it includes women ("homo nata fuerat," "she was born a human being—a mortal," says Sulpicius⁴ in his beautiful

¹ Note, p. 114.

³ Note, p. 115.

² Note, p. 114.

⁴ Note, p. 115.

letter of condolence to Cicero on the death of his daughter Tullia): it knows no distinction of sex, of race, of religion, of rank.

PROGRESS

λομεν, ἡέ τῷ εὐχος ὀρέζομεν, ἡέ τις ἡμῖν.

HOMER, *Iliad*, 12. 328.

ὦ παῖδες Ἑλλήνων Ἴτε.

AESCHYLUS, *Persians*, 402.

On, on, you noblest English!

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

us̄us et imp̄igrae sim̄ul experient̄iā mentis̄
paulatim docuit pedetemptim progredientes.

LUCRETIVS, *On the Nature of Things*, V. 1452, 3.

Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.

OLD TESTAMENT, *Book of Exodus*, xiv. 154

Lastly, *Progress*. For this we may find a stirring watchword not only in the Ἴτε of the *Persians*, but in that passage, already mentioned, of the Twelfth Iliad¹ in which the Lycian captain Sarpedon reminds his fellow-Lycian Glaucus that of princes much is required, and that for all men life is short. He points the moral in the great exhortation, “let us go forward, whether we are to give glory or to win it”;² and then “they twain (Sarpedon and Glaucus) went straight forward, leading the great host of the

¹ *Il.* 12. 311-28.

² *Il.* 12. 328, λομεν, ἡέ τῷ εὐχος ὀρέζομεν, ἡέ τις ἡμῖν.

Lycians.”¹ The word ἵομεν was, it is said, once repeated from this passage of Homer by a British statesman who lay dying when the preliminary articles of the Treaty of Paris which followed the Seven Years War were brought to him for signature.² There has never been, in the history of our country, a time when this stern resolve, “let us go forward,” was more needed than now, in order first to win decisive victories on land and sea for liberty and right, and then to realise, as one among the free communities of Europe and the world, our ideals in the arts of peace.

When *Henry the Fifth* was written, England had not long since passed through a great crisis, as we are passing through a great crisis now. The Spanish Armada had failed, as the German Armada (under the waves, or among the clouds) will fail. We have our quarrel just, and we shall win: there is no doubt of that, brave though our foe is and strong and resourceful. We are at one of the turning-points in the world's history, when the future of world-powers, and (what moves us more) of world-ideals, is to be decided. The clouds are black, but

¹ *Il.* 12. 330, τῷ δ' ἰθὺς βήτην Λυκίων μέγα ἔθνος ἀγοντε.

² Note p. 115.

Britons fight best when the storm gathers thickest.¹ In Shakespeare's phrase, they "set the teeth, and stretch the nostrils wide"; or, as Fluellen might have said in longer but not more telling words and comparisons, they show in danger the *fortitudo* and *constantia* (the endurance able to bear the most unabating strain) which, again and again, carried the ancient Romans from defeat to victory. When others fail them, they feel with Wordsworth:

'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought;
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.²

To-day they will be content with nothing less than those decisive victories which are needed for the sake of an honourable and enduring peace. After the unutterable deeds that have been done in Belgium, or in those Irish waters where the *Lusitania* with her living freight was sunk without pity, any premature and inconclusive peace would be a crime against humanity. There must be no drawn conflict. The victory must be so complete that international

¹ Cp. Euripides, *Suppliant Women*, 323, ἐν γὰρ τοῖς πόνοισιν ἀδξεται [σὴ παρῆς].

² Wordsworth: November, 1806.

law and public right shall once again be respected. Now and for the future the great need is, as Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has expressed it, "to put force back of righteousness."¹ Moral progress is slow, and legal compulsion should be applied among states no less than among individuals. There is a strong call for a Court of International Arbitration, supported by all liberty-loving nations which, themselves bound together in a League of Peace, will be ready to employ an International Army or an International Police in order to curb lawless aggressors.² Even more needful than united action for the settlement of disputes is united action for the common good. When this new spirit comes, the words in the battle-cry of Salamis, ὦ παῖδες Ἑλλήνων ἴτε might be read as ὦ παῖδες ἀνθρώπων ἴτε, and *all* the sons of men could go forward in new paths of amity and freedom, since all the world would then be regarded as one great fatherland.

The weak side of peace is the love of inglorious ease. Warlike ardour is needed in peaceful avocations. There is a strife that is "good for mortals,"³ and military meta-

¹ Note, p. 116.

² Note, p. 116.

³ Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 24.

phors bring this home. "Peace hath her victories, No less renown'd than War," says the English poet who had lived through times of war and peace.¹ When the Greeks came to require a formal word for "progress"—an idea which they seem to have been the first nation to conceive—they found it in the term *προκοπή*, originally used of cutting away obstacles before an advancing army.²

Patriotic progress will include many things. But living where and when we do, and looking to the imperious needs which will follow this war, we may first say it will include, and we hope exalt, such everyday terms as "commerce," "business," "industry," "work," "wealth." The terms "business" and "commerce" are early found in connexion with the sea. In the *Odyssey* the question asked of a ship's company who land where they are not known is: "Strangers, who are ye? Whence sail ye over the watery ways? Come ye on business bent (*κατὰ πρῆξι*), or do ye idly roam like pirates across the sea who roam hazarding their lives, bringing evil to men of other lands?"³—a passage which re-

¹ Milton, *Sonnet to the Lord General Cromwell*. Note, p. 117.

² Note, p. 117.

³ *Od.* 9. 252-5 (cp. 3. 71-4).

minds us, in some ways though not in all, of the words of the familiar Psalm, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters."¹ For "commerce" the more specific word is *ἐμπορία*, as in the epitaph written by Simonides on a Cretan trader :

Κρῆς γενεὰν Βρόταχος Γορτύνιος ἐνθάδε κείμεαι
οὐ κατὰ τοῦτ' ἐλθὼν, ἀλλὰ κατ' ἐμπορίαν.²

The word *ἐμπορος*, like *mercator* in Latin, bears the sense of "merchant," as opposed to "huckster" (*κάπηλος*: *caupo*, *institor*). The early Roman poet Ennius says, "Let us wage war like warriors, not like hucksters,"—*nec cauponantes bellum, sed belligerantes*.³ It is the broad-minded merchant, rather than the man who has the outlook of a petty trader, that we want to see in our modern communities. To help in producing such men one would like to have in our new universities a mercantile training of a high order: a humanizing course which included history, political science, economics, English literature, and modern languages;

¹ Ps. cvii. 23; and Note, p. 117.

² Mackail, *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology*, p. 172: "I, Brotachus of Gortyna, a Cretan, lie here, not having come hither for this, but for traffic."

³ Ennius, *Annals*, 201: cp. Aesch. *Septem*, 545, ἐλθὼν δ' εἴκειν οὐ καπηλεύσειν μάχην. See also note on p. 117.

which threw the mere money-getting side of commerce into the background; which encouraged men to acquaint themselves with the ideas as well as the current prices of the nations with whom they deal; and which recognized that a language, really known, is a key to the knowledge of a people. To stimulate such liberal commerce with the world is an aim worthy of any university.¹

Nor is the increase of wealth a purpose which a patriotic university can wisely neglect. By the Greek poets, as we have seen at the end of the *Odyssey* and in the fragments of Bacchylides, the words "peace" and "wealth" are often coupled together; and the union of the two will be a crying need for us in the time of stress that we shall soon experience. Of the eleven surviving plays of Aristophanes one, to which reference has already been made, is named "Peace"; another bears the title "Wealth" (*Plutus*). In the *Plutus*, towards the end, the god *Hermes* is made to say:

πατρίς γάρ ἐστί πᾶσ' ἔν' ἄν πράττη τις εὔ,

Where'er I prosper, there's my fatherland.²

The line is taken from some tragedy. By

¹ Note, p. 118.

² Aristoph. *Plut.* 1151 (B. B. Rogers); and note on p. 119.

a comic twist Aristophanes applies it to the sort of patriot who thinks more of what he can get from his country than of what he can give to her. Still, it must not be supposed that either he or the Greeks generally undervalued money. Rather they regarded it as a part of true "wealth" and true "prosperity." In their best days they practised simplicity in private life, and thrift in public expenditure.¹ But neither the Parthenon at Athens, nor the glorious structures of commercial Venice in later days, were built without money. Once built, they formed part of a common heritage. They were worth making; they were worth defending. Our own national inheritance of great monuments and traditions is not less splendid than any in the world's past. The need of the future is so to adjust the duties and the opportunities of British citizens, at home and overseas, that the life of each one may be richer, in the fullest sense, than ever before. A country which claims so much of the earth's surface must do its best, on grounds alike of duty and of interest, to diffuse human happiness far and wide. That will be the noble rivalry of to-morrow; and the achievement of

¹ Note, p. 121.

nations will be great in proportion to their success in this task.¹ The smallest of States may, in that sense, prove themselves among the greatest. Each State, whether small or large, will bring its own contribution to the common stock, and there will be a rich variety in that European unity of which we sometimes dream. In the autumn of last year the French Universities ended a powerful manifesto with these words: "As for the Universities of France they believe, as they have always believed, that civilization is the work not of a single people, but of all peoples; and that the intellectual and moral wealth of humanity is produced by the natural differences and the vital independence of the national genius of every race. Like the armies of the Allies, they do their part to defend the liberty of the world."²

As the manifesto hints, work is a condition of national wealth; and, in the new time, work must be reinvested with honour and with joy. The shrewd countryman who lived at Ascra in Boeotia will supply once more a useful maxim. "Work," says Hesiod, "is no disgrace; the disgrace is

¹ Note, p. 121.

² Note, p. 122.

idleness.”¹ And the more polished Sophocles will remind us how essential toil is in every undertaking :

Mark—without striving no success is won.²

Patriotism does not consist in having “ a good time,” if “ a good time ” (the εὖ πράττειν of the Plutus) excludes hard and well-directed work. A few years ago the heads of some British firms in South America were complaining that the young men who come out to them from England are not, as a rule, equal to the young Germans who are sent to serve German houses. “ They care less for their work and do it less thoroughly ; their interests at school in England have lain chiefly in playing or in reading about cricket and football, not in any pursuit needing mental exertion, and here, where cricket and football are not to be had, they become listless and will not, like the young Germans, spend their evenings in mastering the language and the business conditions of the country.”³ Of the Ger-

¹ Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 311 : ἔργον δ' οὐδὲν θνειδος, ἀεργίη δὲ τ' θνειδος. Compare the description of the man who “ has his heart in his work ” and “ drives a straight furrow,” *ib.* 441-4.

² Sophocles, *Electra*, 945, ὄρα, πόθου τοι χωρὶς οὐδὲν εὐτυχεῖ : A. S. Way. Also Note, p. 126.

³ The opinion is quoted in Bryco's *South America : Observations and Impressions*, p. 216.

mans in their own country it was said, a year before the war broke out, that they show "a spirit of patriotic thoroughness in things small and great—a habit of pursuing as a national interest the knowledge that passes into mastery—an eagerness on the part of each fellow-worker to contribute his mite to the common wealth."¹ Patriotic thoroughness may unhappily be turned to evil ends by unscrupulous rulers. But, when rightly used, it makes a country prosper in ways that help the whole human race. Its true directors are reason and kindness. At the moment there is no little risk of a reaction against reason,²—that guiding-star of the Greeks, who, in the unfettered search for truth, tried to follow whithersoever reason led.³ This war, however, is the offspring not of reason, but of appalling unreason. Of reason joined to kindness our country has inspiring ex-

¹ *Classics at Leeds*, p. 28: a pamphlet issued in December 1913 when the new Leeds and District Branch of the Classical Association was formed.

² Not only against reason and science, but against religion, art, literature, history, patriotism. Most good things can be *abused*, but that is no reason why they should not be *used* in their best and highest forms. More, not less, of all good influences (the teaching, example, and ideals of the best and greatest in all ages) will be needed in the coming period of reconstruction.

³ Note, p. 126.

amples in such men as Newton and Darwin ; and if their spirit could but penetrate the community and help towards the conquest of nature, the dream might perhaps one day be realized (so far as the conditions of human decay and death allow) of happy homes in a happy land in a happy world. Love of home and love of country may sometimes seem to narrow and estrange. But does not common experience tend to show that the best son or daughter makes the best citizen and that the best citizen of his own land makes the best citizen of the world ? ¹

The worker in those paths of science that open up ever new horizons of knowledge, and bring comfort to man's estate, stands in need, as Darwin himself knew, of the ideal feelings and aspirations that are awakened by music and poetry.² When the war with all its agonies and heroisms is over, we shall look to witness a rebirth of song in our midst.³ And to the poets, new and old, of England and the world we shall hope to see our young men and women turning a delighted ear. True poets are prophets of the ideal. Among the Babylonians, the Assyrians, and the Phoenicians,

¹ Note, p. 126.

² Note, p. 127.

³ Note, p. 127.

we seek in vain for ideals: we find them among the poets of Greece and Judaea. The very word *ideal*, like *patriotism* and *poetry*, hails from Greece. As soon as Western civilization dawns, patriotism and poetry and love of the ideal are there, rich in promise for the immaterial side of life. To drink from streams of song fed by Homer and Shakespeare, the two supreme poets of All-Greece and All-Britain, is a splendid inspiration for a people which refuses to believe that its glories lie wholly in the past. It is from such perennial sources that we must draw (and we can never draw too freely) the ideals we crave of courage, patience, hope, faith.

The keen stress of the future will demand from those who are now growing to manhood and womanhood all the spirit they can muster: the μένος or "mettle" of Homer's poems, the ῥώμη or "nerve" of Demosthenes' speeches.¹ "Give me the spirit, Master Shallow."² One of the first rules for men, and for nations, is never to lose faith in themselves and their destiny. Such loss of strength and confidence, such poison of uncertainty, can bring nothing but disaster.

¹ Note, p. 127.

² Falstaff in *Second Part of King Henry IV*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

As therefore from the darkness of to-day we gaze anxiously into the hidden future, it is to the young we turn with hope. They are the champions of a brighter morrow. To them, as to the Greeks of old, belongs the secret of conquering youth. It is they who must try to unite tradition with progress; to hold securely the best gains of the past, while they strive to make good our best hopes for the future. In the passage of Aeschylus we seem to hear generation calling to generation when the children (*παῖδες*) of the Greeks are bidden to fight for the freedom of their own wives and children (*παῖδας*). The young who are nearing manhood and womanhood were dear to the hearts of all patriotic Greek poets and thinkers. There are no nobler types of girlhood than Nausicaa in the *Odyssey* or than Antigone in Sophocles. There is no more confident youth than the Antilochus of the *Iliad*, nor any cleaner lads than those who have known the old-time training as portrayed by Aristophanes in the *Clouds*, or than that young Ion in Euripides who has his fellow in the Hebrew Samuel or in the Alyosha of modern Russian literature. In almost every part of the world, many of the best and bravest among our own youths—

among those whom we have ourselves taught and cherished—have given their lives for their country. It was a saying of the humane Pericles that the loss of the young in war is like taking the spring out of the year.¹ That sad bit of poetry in prose is all too true. The sole hope is that the young who remain, youths and girls alike, will strain every nerve to fill the gap.² Aristotle, who preserves the saying of Pericles, remarks elsewhere in the same treatise that, where things are not well with women, a State is robbed of almost half its prosperity.³ Among all the movements of our own day none is fuller of hope than that which recognizes that men and women must rise or fall together, and that, through better training, women must be given a fair chance of being companions to men in those higher thoughts and interests that should be theirs as joint servants of the State. No one can deny that our women, by the patriotic help they have rendered to their country in its present ordeal, have fully justified their claim to these enlarged opportunities. Men are largely what women make them, and among manly qualities it is courage—the highest kind of courage—that women will,

¹ Note, p. 127.

² Note, p. 130.

³ Note, p. 130.

now more than ever, prize and foster. Men, as well as women, have a shining example of courage in the heroic death of Nurse Cavell, who was "glad to die for her country."¹ Indomitable courage is needed for victory in the war now waged, as well as in the conflicts, more peaceful but equally relentless, that await United Britain in the future. It is courage above all that the Greek and Roman writers mean when they refer to "manhood" (*ἀνδρεία*, *virtus*), or to "men" (*ἄνδρες*, *viri*) as distinguished from "human beings" (*ἄνθρωποι*, *homines*).² In the *Persians* Atossa asks:

Ha! and is Athens-town unwasted yet?

and the Persian messenger, speaking with the voice of Aeschylus, replies:

Sooth, while her men live, stands her bulwark firm.³

The same patriotic thought runs through the well-known ode written around a line of

¹ On Saturday, October 23rd, 1915, was published Mr. Gahan's account of Miss Edith Cavell's death, ending with the words: "The German military chaplain was with her at the end, and afterwards gave her Christian burial. He told me—'She was brave and bright to the last. She professed her Christian faith, and that she was glad to die for her country. . . . She died like a heroine.'" See note, p. 131.

² Note, p. 131.

³ Note, p. 131.

Alcaeus by Sir William Jones, the judge and Orientalist,¹ who served his country so memorably in India some hundred and twenty years ago :

What constitutes a State ?

Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate ;

Not cities fair with spires and turrets crowned.

No : men, high-minded men,

With powers as far above dull brutes endued

In forest, brake, or den,

As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude :

Men, who their duties know,

Know too their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,

Prevent the long-aimed blow,

And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain.²

To prevent the long-aimed blow, to crush the tyrant, to dare maintain our rights : such seems to be the task laid upon us to-day, as often in the past.³ In this battle, as in all the battles of life, each one of us must try to answer that war-cry, raised again and again alike by Greek and gallant Trojan, as they are depicted fighting near the modern Dardanelles in the earliest patriotic poem of Europe : ἀνέρες ἔστε, *Be men, Quit you like men, Play the man.*⁴

And, as mothers of brave and gentle men,

¹ Note, p. 131. ² Note, p. 132. ³ Note, p. 132. ⁴ Note, p. 133.

we need gentle and brave women.¹ England rightly honours women. Almost alone among great nations she has had women seated on her throne.² We can speak of "our country," "our native land," "our homeland," "our fatherland," but in Britain and across the seas the best word is "our motherland," the *μητρὶς* as the Cretans named it.³ Ancient Greece and modern Yorkshire here join hands when a living poet, "sprung," as he himself has said, "from many generations of the purest stock of Yorkshire dalesmen and daleswomen," sings of

England, my mother,
Wardress of waters,
Builder of peoples,
Maker of men.⁴

¹ Note, p. 135.

² Note, p. 135.

³ Plato, *Republic*, 9. 575 D, and note on p. 135.

⁴ William Watson, *Poems* (1905), i. 65.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES AND REFERENCES

Page 6, note 1.—A note of some length on (A) Patriotism and (B) Greek Patriotic Poetry may conveniently be given here.

(A) **Patriotism.**—The word πατριωτισμός is found only in modern Greek. In ancient Greek, “patriotic” would be φιλόπατρις, or φιλόπολις (cp. λόγιος ἀνὴρ, ὦ παῖ, λόγιος καὶ φιλόπατρις: “he [Cicero] was an eloquent man and a true lover of his country”—words attributed to Augustus Caesar in the story told by Plutarch at the end of his *Life of Cicero*); and “patriotism” would be τὸ φιλόπατρι or τὸ φιλόπολι. In English, the term “patriotism” has not been traced earlier than the eighteenth century, when it is used by Bolingbroke and Berkeley. “Patriot” occurs a century sooner, but some defining adjective such as “good” or “worthy” was at first coupled with it, since πατριώτης [*member of (a common) fatherland*, late Latin *patriota*] did not of itself convey praise. If proof were needed for the fact that the absence of an idea is not necessarily implied in the absence of a single word to denote it, we need but remember that the term “patriotism” does not seem to have existed in an age when every fibre of Shakespeare’s heart was penetrated with love of country, or (for that matter) in the time of Homer himself. It is in the later, introspective stages of national life that we first find such words as φιλαντος in Greek, or “selfish” in English. Plutarch, from whom the adjective φιλόπατρις has just been quoted, can also express in a single word the idea of “local patriotism”: ἡμεῖς δὲ μικρὰν οἰκοῦντες πόλιν [*sc.*

Chaeronea], καὶ ἵνα μὴ μικροτέρα γένηται φιλοχωροῦντες (Plut. *Demosth.* c. 2). No good poetry loves -isms, but it is worth notice that even *mother-country*, *motherland*, and *fatherland* are not found in Shakespeare, who uses "native home," "native clime," "native coast," "native place," "native town," but never (I think) couples "native" with his great words "country" and "land."

Although "fatherland" can be shown to have been in use soon after Shakespeare's death, it does not seem to have taken deep root in the English language. "Motherland" has about it a touch of chivalrous affection which makes it dearer to Britons than "fatherland" (cp. p. 80, above). The word was in use at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and is sometimes stated (wrongly, I believe) to have been employed earlier still by Cromwell. "Mother-country" is said to have made its appearance towards the end of the sixteenth century. "The Fatherland" is now so generally used of Germany in particular that, even if the English language were more given to forming compounds than it is, "Fatherlandslove" (*Vaterlandsliebe*) would be little likely to displace "patriotism." It is true that "patriotism" does not tell its own tale so readily as a vernacular word would; yet it has the advantage of reminding us, through its foreign origin (emphasised in the above address by the employment of "fatherland" where "native land" would be more usual English), that there have been and are many fatherlands in the civilised world. The aggressive aims of "Das Vaterland" have, we are sometimes told, caused the Swiss Germans, before the present war broke out, to use *Patriotismus*, or *Heimathsliebe*, in preference to *Vaterlandsliebe*. True patriotism is not hatred of another's country, but love of one's own. It is an *amour de la patrie*; a *gwladgarwch* (Welsh = "patriotism"; literally, "country-love"). Probably the modern English poet was conveying "precept

through praise" when he spoke of the Welsh people as—

An ancient folk, speaking an ancient speech,
And cherishing in their bosoms all their past,
Yet in whose fiery love of their own land
No hatred of another's finds a place.

WILLIAM WATSON, "Wales: a Greeting," in *New Poems*, p. 61.

That is the ideal patriotism, however imperfectly attained by the people of to-day.

Like other good things, patriotism can be abused; and thus abused it may sometimes prove "the last refuge of a scoundrel" (Johnson, in Boswell: G. Birkbeck Hill, vol. ii. p. 348). But, after all, the true patriot is "one whose ruling passion is the love of his country" (Johnson, in the *Dictionary*); and no internationalism, or cosmopolitanism, is likely in any near future to render superfluous the love of country or of family. The true patriot will be jealous for his country's honour as well as for its power, and will bear in mind that there is a patriotism of reproof, practised by sincere lovers of their country from the days of Isaiah to those of Milton and Wordsworth. With Shakespeare, he will wish to see the land he loves "dear for her reputation through the world." A short philosophical discussion of "Patriotism in the Perfect State," by Bernard Bosanquet, will be found in the collection of lectures entitled *The International Crisis in its Ethical and Psychological Aspects* (1915), and an attempt to outline the course of English patriotism has been made in E. Wingfield-Stratford's *History of English Patriotism* (1913: 2 vols.). In the present address, given to young hearers and with the object of sending them direct to the great poets of Greece and their own country, philosophical subtleties and detailed comparison between Greek and English patriotic poetry have been avoided, and stress has been laid on the *great commonplaces* of patriotism among all nations (cp. pp. 34, 35 above, and pp. 105, 6 below).

(B) **Greek Patriotic Poetry.**—Greek poetry which reflects the love of country is so abundant that selection

is not easy. But a few references to passages not mentioned in the address may be added here. In a book which it is hoped will be read by some who have no knowledge of Greek, mention should be made of a few English translations in verse and prose. No modern English verse-translator from the Greek poets has covered so much ground as Arthur S. Way, whose sustained vigour and scholarly accuracy are remarkable. His close line-for-line renderings can be used with confidence by the English reader, and the careful numbering makes reference easy. Like Philemon Holland before him, he is the "Translator Generall" of his age, and that in a task which entails far more difficulty than a prose translation (cp. T. E. Page, "Greek Poetry in English Verse," *Quarterly Review*, October 1915; with a useful list of recent English verse-translations of Greek epic, dramatic, and elegiac poetry). A special mark has been made, in our own time, by the verse-translations of Mackail (*Odyssey*), Morshead (Aeschylus), Murray (Euripides), Rogers (Aristophanes). Prose-translations will be found in the Loeb Classical Library (with the Greek text on the opposite page) and in the Oxford Series of Classical Translations. One of the best of all books for the English reader who knows little or no Greek is the late John Addington Symonds' *Studies of the Greek Poets* (3rd ed. 1893), essays to which professed scholars also are indebted for much in the way of stimulus and enlarged outlook.

Homer. About love of country in Homer a good deal, comparatively, has been said in the address, though all such references to his poetry and to that of later Greek poets can only be partial and fragmentary. **Aeschylus.** On p. 5 above it is pointed out that in the *Persians* Aeschylus secures dramatic perspective by resorting to remoteness of scene where remoteness of time is out of the question. Something of this kind has been attempted, with regard to the Spanish Armada, in a modern one-act play, John Masefield's *Philip the*

King, where the scene is laid in Spain (in a "little dark cell in Philip's palace") and "at dawn in late September, 1588." In his *Short View of Tragedy: its Original, Excellency, and Corruption. With some Reflections on Shakespear and other Practitioners for the Stage* (published in 1693) Thomas Rymer sketches, with the *Persians* in mind, an English "tragedy called the *Invincible Armado*," and reaches (p. 17) the quaint conclusion that "if Mr. Dryden might try his pen on this subject, doubtless, to an audience that heartily love their country and glory in the virtue of their ancestors, his imitation of Aeschylus would have better success, and would *pit, box, and gallery*, far beyond any thing now in possession of the stage, however wrought up by the unimitable Shakespear." The plot, if it may be called a plot, of the *Persians* is neatly given as follows by Laurand (*Littérature grecque*, p. 152), and is (from the Persian standpoint) melancholy enough: "Un chœur de vieillards exprime d'abord son inquiétude; puis Atossa mère de Xerxès, raconte un songe qui l'a effrayée. Un messager apporte le récit du désastre. L'ombre de Darius paraît, explique le malheur des Perses par l'orgueil de Xerxès, prophétise une nouvelle défaite (celle de Platées), enfin Xerxès fugitif arrive et le chœur fait entendre un long chant de deuil." As to Aeschylus' actual description of the sea-fight, is there any poetic description of the vanquished Armada, or of Lepanto or Trafalgar, that can be compared with it for life and brevity? Tolstoy's *Sebastopol* is a modern picture of land-fighting by a great writer who himself took part in the Crimean War, and his *War and Peace* is also the work of one who was a soldier as well as a literary artist. Keble, in his *Praelectiones Academicæ* (pp. 301 ff., 819 ff.), discusses the difficult question of the apparently derisive element in the *Persians*, as seen especially towards the end of the play, when the degenerate Xerxes, whose king-made war had caused so much disaster, cuts a miserable figure. His general conclusion

is that the attitude of Aeschylus is magnanimous, and that such magnanimity made good patriotic poetry : " Profecto non sunt haec [certain expressions early in the play] irridentis, neque sedulo elevantis hostem, sed eius potius scriptoris, qui ingenua aemulorum laude patriam suam victricem ornari sentiat" (p. 301). The lines of the *Persians* (p. 5 above) which form the chief text of this address appear as follows in the prose of our French and Italian allies : (1) *O enfants des Hellènes, allez ! Délivrez la patrie, vos enfants, vos femmes, les demeures des Dieux de vos pères et les tombeaux de vos aïeux ! Maintenant, c'est le suprême combat !* (Leconte de Lisle). (2) *O figli degli Elleni, andate, liberate la patria, e liberate i figli, le consorti, e degli dei patrii i tempj, e le tombe degli antenati ; ora per tutti v'è la contesa* (Vincenzo Strazzulla). In modern Greek verse, A. R. Rangabé gives :

Ἑλλήνων παῖδες, ἄγετε,
ἐλευθεροῦτε τὴν πατρίδα, σώζετε
παῖδας, γυναῖκας, ἱεροῦς θεῶν ναοὺς,
προγόνων τάφους. Ἐπερ πάντων ὁ ἀγών.

A modern Greek version, by J. Gennadius, of Herodotus viii. cc. 59, 60 (advice of Themistocles at Salamis) is given in Vincent and Dickson's *Handbook to Modern Greek*, pp. 196, 7. The relation between the descriptions of Salamis found in Aeschylus' *Persians* and in Herodotus viii. is discussed by such modern authorities as Macan, Grundy, Hauvette.—Next to the *Persians*, the *Seven against Thebes* is the most directly patriotic play of Aeschylus : e.g. lines 1–38, 585 (*πατρίς τε γαῖα, κ.τ.λ.*), and throughout. Some other references : *Suppliants*, 16 ff., 625–709, 1014 ff. ; *Agamemnon*, 503–41 (especially the two last lines) ; *Eumenides* 681 ff., 754 ff., 853 ff., 903–end ; *Prometheus*, 665 (Io's exile from home and fatherland) ; *Persians*, 774, 5 (a Persian king who is a " disgrace to his fatherland and ancient throne"). **Sophocles.**—*Oedipus at Colonus* throughout, esp.

669-719, 1124-7, 1518-55. *Oedipus the King*, 641, 825, and elsewhere. *Antigone*, 182 ff., 663 ff. (these two passages give the despot's view of patriotism). *Ajax*, 515-18, 596 ff., 859 ff., 1217 ff. *Women of Trachis*, 633 ff. *Philoctetes*, 222, 721 ff.—**Euripides**. *Medea*, 643-63, 824-45. *Hippolytus*, 1459-66 (this love of Athens is felt throughout the play). *Trojan Women*, 214-29, 386-9 (Τρῶες δὲ πρῶτον μὲν, τὸ κάλλιστον κλέος, ὑπὲρ πάτρας ἔθνησκον, κ.τ.λ.), 794 ff. *Hecuba*, 541-2, 905-6, 1289-92. *Phoenician Maidens*, 226-38, 280, 358-60, 388 ff., 406, 606 ff., 818-33, 913-14, 994-1005, 1015-19 (a fine ideal of patriotic service). *Suppliant Women*, 184 ff., 321-3, 375-80, 403-8, and 429-56 (freedom and equality at Athens: lines 438-41 are the motto of Milton's *Areopagitica*), 506-8, 578, 650-730 (patriotic joy in victory). *Children of Heracles*, 191 ff., 354-80, 500 ff., 748 ff., 892 ff. *Ion*, 1581 ff. *Electra*, 1315-16. *Iph. in T.* 1123 ff. *Iph. in Aul.* 1378-1401, 1552 ff. The ideal of Euripides for Athens, as expressed particularly in the *Children of Heracles*, is that she shall be "true to Hellas and all that Hellas stands for: for law, for the gods of mercy, for the belief in right rather than force" (Gilbert Murray, *Euripides and his Age*, p. 94).—The **Greek Tragic Fragments** which touch on patriotism are mainly from lost plays of Euripides: e.g. the following numbers in Nauck's *Tragicorum Graecorum Fragmenta* (second edition, 1899): 1, 30, 120, 282 (line 21), 347, 360 (lines 15 and 53), 362, 530 (line 3), 543 (line 3), 729, 777, 798, 886, 964, 1045, 1046, 1047, 1113. Further: Crates, *Fragm.* 1 (Nauck, p. 809), and the following fragments of uncertain ascription: *Adespota*, 284, 318, 392, 411.—**Aristophanes**. *Knights*, 565-73, 581-94. *Clouds*, 299-313, 961 ff. *Wasps*, 1071-90. *Peace*, 987 ff., 1320-28. *Birds*, 33-41. *Lysistrata*, 1247-61, 1296-1318. *Thesmophoriazusae*, 312-30, 859, 1136-59. *Frogs*, 377-81, 686-705. *Plutus*, 1151.

Greek Poets other than Epic and Dramatic.—Among the lyric poets Simonides writes the most telling records

of patriotic deeds : records simple in their strength, strong in their simplicity. His "epigrams" are collected in Bergk's *Poetae Lyrici Graeci*, pp. 1147-62 (third edition). One of the most famous is that on the Spartan soldiers who fell with Leonidas at Thermopylae:

ὦ ξέν', ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῆδε
κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι,

which in bald word-for-word English prose is, *O stranger, tell the Lacedaemonians that here we lie, to their behests obedient*, and in Cicero's Latin rendering (*Tusc. Disp.* i. 101)

Dic, hospes, Spartaē nos te hic vidisse iacentes,
dum sanctis patriae legibus obsequimur.

Noble use was made of this epigram by *Punch* (September 30, 1914), in lines written in memory of "those who died in the early days of the war":—

Not theirs to triumph yet ; but, where they stood,
Falling to dye the earth with brave men's blood
For England's sake and duty. Be their name
Sacred among us. Wouldst thou seek to frame
Their fitting epitaph ? Then let it be
Simple, as that which marked Thermopylae :
" Tell it in England, thou that passest by,
Here, faithful to their charge, her soldiers lie."

Another tribute of Simonides (Bergk, p. 1150) to the same heroic Spartans has, as Mr. John Murray kindly reminds me, been translated by Alma Strettell (G. R. Thomson's *Selections from the Greek Anthology*, p. 256) :

Unquenchable glory ye cast round your well-beloved country,
The while round yourselves ye have cast the dusk cloud of Death's
night ;
Yet dying ye died not, for glorious honour doth crown you
With homage, and lead you from Hades' dark house to the light.

To the martial poetry of Callinus, Tyrtæus, and Alcaeus reference is made elsewhere (pp. 6, 40, 79, 93, 110, 132). For patriotic praise of εὐνομία (p. 35, above), see *Solon* 4, 1-40, and *Theognis*, 43 ff. True love of country shines in *Theognis*, 783-8, 1003-6, and of "peace and wealth" in 885, 6, (cp. *Odyssey* and *Bacchylides* on

pp. 43, 55, 69 *supra* ; also Pindar, *Olymp.* 13, 7). Among the patriotic poems in the Greek Anthology, reference may be made to those given in Mackail's *Select Epigrams*, e.g. ii. 1, iii. 1-16 ; or to such as the following in the Didot edition of *Epigrammatum Anthologia Palatina*, vii. 243-4, 246-8, 250, 257-8, 432-7, 724. Stobaeus, in his *Florilegium* of verse and prose, has a section (39 : Gaisford, vol. ii. pp. 68 ff.) *περὶ πατρίδος*, and related sections (50 and 51 : Gaisford, vol. ii. 362 ff. and 367 ff) *περὶ πολέμου* and *περὶ τολμῆς*. Pindar's patriotism, like that of Simonides, is what may be called, in no depreciatory sense, " adoptive " or " expansive " : e.g. *Olymp.* xiii. 1-8 (Corinth), *Pyth.* i. 61-80 (exploits of various Greek rulers and peoples), vii. 1-12 (Athens), xii. 1-3 (Acragas), *Nem.* x. 1-20 (Argos : in *Isthm.* vii. 1-15 Pindar's own Thebes is celebrated), *Dithyrambs* 53 (Athens). The late poet Theocritus wrote when Greece had been robbed of her independence and when national pride had lost much of its strength. He is a true lover of pastoral beauty in Greek Sicily—beauty so refreshing to the minds of those who knew, as he knew, the dusty life in the new commercial city of Alexandria. But a *patris*, in the old Greek sense of a fatherland at once loved and free, did not exist for the court poet of the Ptolemies. When modern Greece was regaining her freedom, one of the most famous patriotic appeals to the spirit of ancient Greece was made in the lines of Constantine Rhigas (afterwards handed over to the Turks by the Austrians, and shot at Belgrade in 1798) which begin :

Δεῦτε, παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων !
 Ἄνδρες, φίλοι τῶν κινδύνων,
 Ἡ πατρίς σᾶς προσκαλεῖ !
 Σάλπιγγι τῆς Ἐλευθερίας
 Πανταχοῦ διαλαλεῖ !
 Τὰ ὄπλα λάβωμεν,
 Ἕλληνας, ἄγωμεν !
 Τὸ αἷμα τῶν ἐχθρῶν
 Ἄς ρεύσῃ πρὸ ποδῶν !

Ὁ Λυκοῦργος μᾶς φωνάζει
 Ἐκ τοῦ τάφου καὶ προστάζει :
 "Ἡ τοὶ τάν, ἦ ἐπὶ τάν !"
 εἶναι ἴδιον Ἑλλήνων
 Τὸ ἐνδόξως τελευτᾶν.
 Τὰ σπλα λάβωμεν,
 Ἑλληνας, ἀγωμεν !
 Τὸ αἷμα τῶν ἐχθρῶν
 Ἄς ῥεύσῃ πρὸ ποδῶν !

Byron's free imitation of these and other lines of Rhigas runs :

Sons of the Greeks, arise !
 The glorious hour's gone forth,
 And, worthy of such ties,
 Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS

Sons of Greeks ! let us go
 In arms against the foe,
 Till their hated blood shall flow
 In a river past our feet.

Then, manfully despising
 The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
 Let your country see you rising,
 And all her chains are broke.
 Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
 Behold the coming strife !
 Hellènes of past ages,
 Oh, start again to life.

The traditional courage of the Spartan mother survives not only in Rhigas' lines (ὁ Λυκοῦργος . . . ἐπὶ τάν), but in "a simple impromptu lament composed by peasants, and sung in a little village on the promontory of Taenarum, a few days before Christmas, 1912. It is a *μυρολόγι*, a keening in honour of the dead [sons who had lately fallen, fighting against the Turks], like those of our own Irish peasants in Synge's 'Riders to the Sea.' The people are Black Mainiates, claiming descent from Sparta, who still, like the Scottish Highlanders, retain the clan feeling towards their old chieftains the Mavromichali or House of Black Michael" (*Quarterly Review* :

as below). The following lines, with an English version by Ronald M. Burrows (article on "The New Greece" in the *Quarterly Review*, April 1914, pp. 483-505; the full poem was published in *Διογραφία*, iv. pp. 6-11, Athens, June 1913), are taken from this lament:

Δέν τὸ θωροῦμε γιά κακὸ	Is it not a shame
Καὶ γιά μεγάλη προσβολή	And a great reproach,
Νὰ κλαίμε τὰ παιδιά μας;	To weep for our children?
Καὶ πῶς; οἱ Σπαρτιάτισσαι	For Spartan women
Δέν κλαῖνε τὰ παιδιά τους,	Do not weep for their sons,
"Όταν πᾶν καὶ σκοτώνονται	When they go and are slain,
Γιά τῆς πατρίδας τὸ καλὸ.	For the glory of their country.
'Ο Βενιζέλος ὁ καλὸς	The good Venizelos,
('Όποῦ εἶναι καὶ πρωθυπουργός)	Who is our first minister,
"Εἰκανε τηλεγράφημα	Sent a telegram
Εἰς τὴ Μαυρομχάλαινα.	To the lady Mavromichali.
Σκοτώθη τὸ παιδάκι της,	Her son had been killed,
Ποῦ ἦτα κι' ἀξιωματικός·	Who was an officer.
Κ' ἐκέλευε τοῦ ἀπάντησε·	And she sent him an answer,
Τὶ ἔκαμε τὸ καθήκο του.	"He has done his duty."
Μεῖς ἔχομε τὸ φυσικόν,	That is our nature.
'Απ' ἀκοῆς κι' ἀγροικητά,	As tradition tells us,
'Απὸ τὴ Σπάρτη ἦρθαι.	Our folk have come from Sparta.

For so many centuries has the spirit of the line *Σπάρτην ἔλαχες· κείνην κόσμει* (Euripides, *Fragm.* 723 Na ck: Latin, *Spartam nactus es: hanc exorna*; or, *Spartam tibi quae contigit orna*) nerved the minds of men and women, not in Greece only, but throughout the world. Nor in the Athens of to-day, ill guided though she may for the moment be by leaders other than Venizelos, is the spirit of the old free Athens dead: the spirit which inspired not only her dramatic poets but her great writers of prose—Thucydides, who, in the Funeral Speech of Pericles, finds the strength of a State in men "who know their duty" (Thucyd. ii. 43, *γιγνώσκοντες τὰ δέοντα*: cp. "men who their duties know" on p. 79 above); Plato, who, throughout his writings, portrays Socrates as the bravest of the brave, whether in civic life or on the field of battle, and, in the *Crito*,

as a true lover of his country ready to die sooner than break her laws; or Demosthenes, who, in the *Crown*, would have men and nations keep their lives continually upon the loftiest level of their past achievements (καὶ γὰρ ἄνδρα ἰδίῃ καὶ πόλιν κοινῇ πρὸς τὰ κάλλιστα τῶν ὑπαρχόντων ἀεὶ δεῖ πειρῆσθαι τὰ λοιπὰ πράττειν, *de Corona*, § 95).

British Patriotic Poetry.—Every lover of England and its poetry forms his own anthology of English Patriotic Poetry. But among the many good collections issued during the war may be mentioned Halliday's *Pro Patria*, Knight's *Pro Patria et Rege*, and Salt's *English Patriotic Poetry* (containing a short historical estimate of "the patriotic note in English verse"). There is an anthology of prose and verse, entitled "This England," by E. Thomas, and an "Anthology of Patriotic Prose" by F. Page. Some patriotic verse written since the war began is included in *Poems of To-day* (Sidgwick & Jackson); here, again, each lover of poetry will have been making his own selection. Sir Herbert Warren's Oxford lectures on "Poetry and War" begin with Hebrew and Greek times and come down to the present conflict, while his still more recent lectures on the "Poetry of the Empire" (including Australia, Canada, South Africa, India) bring home the vast expansion of the original British *patria*. In the field of patriotic poetry written in English, the United States have produced such stirring songs as the "Battle Hymn of the Republic"; and, among American poets, Lowell is inspired by a patriotism which combines affection for the New World with a sympathetic and respectful study of the Old World. There are separate collections of Scottish poetry (where Scott and Burns make any selection difficult) and of Irish poetry, and these contain much patriotic verse; e.g. A. P. Graves' recent *Book of Irish Poetry*, with its sections headed "Irish War Poetry" and "Irish National Poetry." Finally, the elastic term "*British Patriotic Poetry*,"

as given above, will enable me to refer to volumes, issued by old pupils or former colleagues of mine, which contain patriotic poems, in English or Welsh, that are specially connected with *Wales*: Edmund D. Jones' *Poems of Wales*, W. Jenkyn Thomas' *Cambrensia* and *Penillion Telyn*, W. Lewis Jones' *Caniadau Cymru*, and the Welsh Gift Book, prepared by J. Morris Jones and W. Lewis Jones, and published in June 1915 under the title *Gwlad fy Nhadau; Rhodd Cymru i'w Byddin*. Mr. William Watson's poem, *Wales: a Greeting*, dated "London, June 15, 1909," is given whole in two of the above volumes, but it expresses with so finely prophetic an instinct the feeling of every patriotic Welshman towards the cause which now unites all the Britains under the flag of Humanity that one further extract must be made from it here:

Sons—daughters—of Wild Wales, whose kindred swayed
 This island, ages ere an English word
 Was breathed in Britain,—let an English voice
 Hail and salute you here at England's heart.
 On Europe, east and west, the dim clouds brood,
 Disperse, and gather again; and none can tell
 What birth they hold within them. But we know
 That should they break in tempest on these shores,
 You, that with differing blood, with differing spirit,
 Yet link your life with ours, with ours your fate,
 Will stand beside us in the hurricane,
 Steadfast, whatever peril may befall:
 Will feel no separate heartbeats from our own,
 Nor aught but oneness with this mighty Power,
 This Empire, that despite her faults and sins
 Loves justice, and loves mercy, and loves truth,
 When truly she beholds them; and who thus
 Helps to speed on, through dark and difficult ways,
 The ever-climbing footsteps of the world.

Page 6, note 4. With the passage of Homer and of Horace should be compared *Callinus* (Bergk, p. 390):

τιμῆν τε γὰρ ἔστι καὶ ἀγλαὸν ἀνδρὶ μάχεσθαι
 γῆς περὶ καὶ παίδων κουριδῆς τ' ἀλόχου
 δυσμενέσιν, κ.τ.λ.

Sir Henry Newbolt (in *Clifton Chapel*) has given Horace's "pro patria" in a modern setting:

God send you fortune; yet be sure,
 Among the lights that gleam and pass,
 You'll live to follow none more pure
 Than that which glows on yonder brass.
Qui procul hinc, the legend's writ—
 The frontier-grave is far away,—
Qui ante diem perit:
Sed miles, sed pro patria.

The Greek words for "fatherland" (*πάτρις, πατρίς, πατρὶς γαῖα* or *αἶα*) are used in the *Iliad* nearly fifty, in the *Odyssey* nearly a hundred times; and, in both poems alike, with a deep and constant affection.

Page 11, note 3.—Spenser (*Faery Queen*, bk. i. l. 30) addresses Elizabeth as—

Great Lady of the greatest Isle.

In mediæval Welsh a common name for Great Britain is "Ynys y Cedyrn"—"Island of the Mighty."

Page 14, note 3. Shakespeare was not the only Elizabethan poet to celebrate the battle of Agincourt. Michael Drayton's poem *The Battaile of Agincourt* was published in 1627. His fine Ballad of Agincourt probably appeared about 1605, some six years after *King Henry V*. Its title and opening lines are—

TO MY FRIENDS THE CAMBRO-BRITANS AND THEYR HARP

Fayre stood the winde for France,
 When we our sailes advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry;
 But putting to the mayne,
 At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
 With all his martiall trayne
 Landed King Harry.

It concludes with a reference to "happy Crispin day," when "fought was this noble fray." **Crispin** (Crispinus) and Crispian (Crispianus) are said to have been brothers, born at Rome, who as Christian missionaries had travelled to Soissons, where they were

martyred about A.D. 300. Later, they became the patron saints of shoemakers, the trade which they had themselves followed in France after giving up their property at Rome. Do we, in the industrial North of England, always remember (1) that, with Roman tradition and Church support behind them, such guilds as that of the Shoemakers (Cordwainers), did much to promote municipal liberty in the Middle Ages; and (2) that, at this moment (March 6, 1916), those industrial districts of France which correspond to our Lancashire and Yorkshire are wholly occupied by the German invader?

Anniversaries. In England we make too little, rather than too much, of anniversaries. All true patriotism should be firmly rooted in history. In connexion with St. Crispin's Day, it is well to remember that Chaucer died on October 25, 1400—just fifteen years before the battle of Agincourt; and that at Balaclava on October 25, 1854, was made that famous charge of the Light Brigade, which Tennyson has commemorated in the metre of Drayton's Ballad of Agincourt. Among the centenaries falling in 1915 were: (1) Magna Carta, our first great national protest against autocracy, 1215; (2) Battle of Morgarten, the foundation-stone of Swiss liberty, 1315; (3) Beginning of Hohenzollern rule in Brandenburg, 1415; (4) Martyrdom of John Huss, who strove for early Christian purity and for Slav independence, 1415; (5) Battle of Waterloo, and final overthrow of Napoleon, 1815. Such centenaries suggest many things. And so do still longer sets of centuries. Some nineteen centuries passed between Salamis and Agincourt; some nineteen between the birth of Christ and to-day. *What of the next nineteen centuries?*

Page 16, note 3. Has Shakespeare's delineation of **English characteristics** ever been better described than in a too little-known essay by J. R. Seeley? "It is by Shakespeare that England takes rank in the world of literature; for it is in him that we have given to mankind a

new type of genius—something that cannot be paralleled, something that cannot be replaced. The mighty national character which fills so vast a space in modern history, the human type which seems destined ultimately to predominate upon the globe, is made intelligible and familiar to all the other families of mankind by Shakespeare. In him we ourselves note fondly, and foreigners note respectfully, all the English traits—careless force, kindly humour, sensibility under the control of hard sense and varied now and then by cynicism, a lucky blending of many opposites, a happy eccentricity, a disregard of all forms, both intellectual and moral, combined with a sufficient fidelity to essential taste and substantial morality. This strange and vigorous English character, most unlike the character of all the nations that had before given laws to literature, suddenly enters into literature, and competes for supremacy there in the person of Shakespeare” (Seeley, *Lectures and Essays*, p. 152 : essay on ‘Milton’s Poetry’). For the Germanic, Celtic, and Norman elements in the composite English (British) genius, see Matthew Arnold and T. E. Ellis in the Welsh Gift-book, *Land of My Fathers*, pp. 120, 121.

Page 18, note 1. There is a good English version (by W. Lewis Jones) of *Hen Wlad fy Nhadau* in *Land of My Fathers*, pp. 14, 15. This national anthem of Wales was composed sixty years ago (1856); the words by an old Welsh weaver of Pontypridd in Glamorgan, Evan James (Ieuan ap Iago); the music by his son, James James. The Welsh words, like those of the *March of the Men of Harlech*, are highly patriotic. Their spirit is that of two Welsh proverbs: (1) “Cas gwr na charo’r wlad a’i maco”—“Hateful is the man that loves not the land that rears him”; (2) “Gwell angeu na chywilydd”—“Better death than dishonour” (cp. Euripides, *Heracl.* 200, 1). It is the spirit that to-day animates the most distinctively Welsh soldiery Wales has known since Agincourt, the spirit of Captain Haggard’s last words to the Welsh Regiment, “Stick it, Welsh!”

("Dal ati, Gymro!"). The motto of the Welsh Regiment is "Gwell angeu na chywilydd."

Page 19, note 2. Earlier in the same scene Fluellen has drawn his famous parallel between Macedon and Monmouth. For this parallel see Leaf's *Troy: a Study in Homeric Geography*, pp. 333, 4, "To the Teutonic tribes of Central Europe all their neighbours to the west and south were 'Welsh.' . . . If only the immortal Fluellen had known that Macedon is in fact largely inhabited by Welshmen!"—Reference may here be made also to the same author's recent volume *Homer and History*, and its contention that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are what they profess to be and "really do depict, as contemporaries, the Achaian age."

A teacher who desires to see Welsh patriotism form a part of the widest British patriotism cannot but find in Shakespeare one of the greatest links between the two. Shakespeare's plays should be read and acted throughout Wales, during school-days and in later life. "Shakespeare and Wales," or "Shakespeare and the Welsh," would be a first-rate subject for an historical essay by some gifted graduate of the young University of Wales. Useful matter will be found in Lewis Edwards' *Traethodau Llenyddol*, pp. 629-35 ("Shakespeare a'r Cymry"); in the *Red Dragon* (Cardiff: 1882-7), vol. i. 366-71; vol. iii. 170-73; vol. vii. 28-36, 247-51, 445-9; vol. x. 248-64 and 332-45 (two articles on "The Welshmen of English Literature," originally published in *Y Cymmrodor*); and in the *Welsh Outlook* (Cardiff: 1915), vol. ii. 103, 104 (points of resemblance between Fluellen and Sir Roger Williams: cp. vol. i. 520-2). Shakespeare seems to have had special opportunities of studying Welsh characteristics at Stratford. From the parish register of Stratford it has been ascertained that in his youth a considerable number of Welshmen were living there: Ap Roberts, Ap Rice, Ap Williams, Ap Edwards, Hugh ap Shon, Howell ap Howell, Evans Rice, Evans Meredith, and others. A certain William Fluellin was buried at Stratford on July

9, 1595 (Hunter, *New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. i. 60, vol. ii. 58). The London printer James Roberts, who printed the quarto edition of the *Merchant of Venice* in 1600 and used on his floral device the Welsh motto *Heb Ddieu* (= *Dduw*), *heb ddim* ("Without God, without anything"; the Welsh must, I think, be read in the order just given, rather than as indicated, after the device itself, in Sir Sidney Lee's *Four Quarto Editions of Plays by Shakespeare*, p. 24), was no doubt of Welsh nationality, as was the goldsmith John Williams, who is mentioned as "my dear and worthy friend" in the preface to the *Polyolbion* of Drayton, Shakespeare's contemporary. It was natural that Welshmen should flock to London in Tudor times. Then, and for some time afterwards, Wales—its language and people—roused much interest in London. In Ben Jonson's *For the Honour of Wales*, as written for King James, there are some Welsh sentences, as well as much Welsh-English. In Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, written ten years or so before Jonson's "Anti-Mask," Belarius is made to say (Act. v. sc. 5):

Sir,
 In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen :
 Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
 Unless I add, we are honest,

where the assurance conveyed in the last line has its amusing connotations. When a boy, Shakespeare seems to have had a Welsh teacher, Thomas Jenkins, at the Stratford Grammar School. His recollections of Jenkins, and his own brief experience as a schoolmaster (cp. the tradition on which R. Garnett's *Shakespeare: Pedagogue and Poacher*, is based), may perhaps have suggested the Latin lesson given by Sir Hugh Evans in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Shakespeare hardly does justice (p. 15, above) to Owen Glendower, who among other things conceived the idea of founding one or more universities in Wales. Glendower's failure to accomplish this purpose has told

against Wales, in comparison (say) with Scotland, where four universities have existed for many centuries. The oldest Scottish university, St. Andrews, was founded in 1411, four years before Agincourt; the youngest, Edinburgh, in 1582, some twenty years before *King Henry V* was written.

Page 22, note 1. English is, or is rapidly becoming, a universal language among educated people in North America, Northern Europe, and throughout the world. All the more patriotic reason to keep it pure and vigorous by constant contact with the best writers and speakers. "Universal" languages are subject to special dangers. The so-called "Common Dialect," the *lingua franca* of the Graeco-Roman world at the beginning of the Christian era, shows that a language is apt to lose its distinctive character—its *idiom*—when divorced from dialect in the narrower sense. The drama (including plays in living dialects), and the periodical press, can effect much in modern times. The Welsh writers of the future, much as they love their own language, will surely use English if they wish to be widely read; just as Verhaeren, notwithstanding his love for Flanders, writes in French and not in Flemish, or as Walter Scott wrote mainly in English rather than in the Scots dialect. It would be a great thing for Wales if a Welsh writer possessing even a tithe of Scott's genius and patriotism should arise to make her past a living thing to herself, to England, and to the world.

Page 23, note 1. Niue, and United Britain. From the *Times* of December 7, 1914 (letter from its Wellington correspondent, dated October 16, 1914): "Niue, or Savage Island, is one of the Cook Islands, which were annexed to New Zealand in 1901. It has a population of about 4,000, almost entirely composed of natives very closely akin to the Maoris. The [New Zealand] House of Representatives was roused to enthusiasm last week by the Premier's announcement that the island of Niue had forwarded £164 to the Empire Defence Fund, no

less than £131 having been contributed by the natives themselves. The gift was accompanied by the offer of 200 able-bodied young natives for service wherever required, and the offer was not made any the less touching by the explanation of the Resident Commissioner that 'the natives could not possibly provide or pay for the equipment, and, further, they do not understand any language but their own.' The letter, signed by twelve chiefs, which accompanied the gift, is translated by the Resident Commissioner as follows: 'To King George V., all those in authority, and the brave men who fight. I am the island of Niue, a small child that stands up to help the kingdom of George V. There are two portions we are offering—(1) money; (2) men.' Niue was visited by the great Yorkshire seaman, Captain James Cook, in 1774, and thus first brought within the British ken. Its touching loyalty, in the hour of British danger, does not stand alone. The Persian wars made a United Hellas. The European war that began in August 1914 has made a United Britain, with loyal sons and daughters in every quarter of the globe.

Page 24, note 2. Plutarch, *Lacaenarum Apophthegmata*, § 16, ἄλλη προσαναδιδούσα τῷ παιδί τὴν ἀσπίδα καὶ παρακελενομένη 'ρέκνον' ἔφη ἣ ταύταν ἢ ἐπὶ ταύτας.' Cp. p. 90 above (third line in the second stanza quoted from Rhigas).

Page 25, note 3. This duty was felt by "barbarians" as well as Greeks: e.g. by the Scythians, as described in Herodotus, iv. 127.

Page 26, note 1. The abuse of the art of flight was foreseen by Greek and English patriots: e.g. (1) by Aristophanes in the witty scenes towards the end of *The Birds*; (2) by Johnson in *Rasselas*: "If men were all virtuous, I should with great alacrity teach them all to fly. But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas could afford any

security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind, and light with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them" (Johnson, *Rasselas*, c. vi.).

Page 27, note 1. "Through all the course of ancient thought run two strains of belief with regard to the survival of the dead, the one chthonic and animistic, centring in the tomb, the other anthropomorphic and associated with the Olympian religion, focused on a vision of a future world" (Cyril Bailey, *Some Greek and Roman Ideas of a Future Life*, p. 23. The relation of these co-existent beliefs is discussed in Mr. Bailey's paper, which was printed in 1915 by the Leeds and District Branch of the Classical Association).

Page 28, note 3. A truly Homeric incident was recorded in *Le Matin* at the beginning of the present war: one which shows that a gallant German will expect a Frenchman to feel the same religious fidelity to *La Patrie* that he himself feels towards *Das Vaterland*. Only two days after war broke out between France and Germany a young German officer, Lieutenant Baron von Marschall (son of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, who for a few months towards the end of his life was German Ambassador in London) was wounded fatally in a frontier skirmish near Nancy. As he lay dying, the French soldiers raised him and did what they could for him. His last words were: "Thank you, gentlemen. I have done my duty. I have served my country, as you are serving yours" ("Nos soldats relevèrent l'officier et cherchèrent à lui porter secours; il les en remercia et leur dit: 'Merci, Messieurs. J'ai fait mon devoir. J'ai servi mon pays comme vous servez le vôtre'" *Le Matin*, August 11, 1914).

Even more humane is another incident of the war: more humane because, amid all the courage that patriotism has inspired in three dying men, there comes a hint of the feeling that nations, if rightly led, might settle their differences by other methods than those of revolting

war. In a letter written on the battle-field to the American girl he was about to marry, and afterwards found near his dead body, a French cavalry officer tells how he had been wounded in the chest and had for a time lost consciousness. He goes on: "There are two other men lying near me, and I do not think there is much hope for them either. One is an officer of a Scottish regiment and the other a private in the Uhlans. They were struck down after me, and when I came to myself I found them bending over me rendering first aid. The Britisher was pouring water down my throat from his flask, while the German was endeavouring to staunch my wound with an antiseptic preparation served out to them by their medical corps. The Highlander had one of his legs shattered, and the German had several pieces of shrapnel buried in his side. In spite of their own sufferings they were trying to help me, and when I was fully conscious again, the German gave us a morphia injection, and took one himself. . . . After the injection, feeling wonderfully at ease, we spoke of the lives we had lived before the war. We all spoke English, and we talked of the women we had left at home. Both the German and the Britisher had only been married a year. . . . I wondered, and I suppose the others did, why we had fought at all." (F. Lenwood, *Chariots of Fire*, p. 15).

Page 30, note 1.—Holinshed (Stone's *Shakspeare's Holinshed*, p. 197), "The king . . . commanded euerie man to kneele downe on the ground at this verse: *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam.* Which doone, he caused *Te Deum* with certeine anthems to be soong; giuing laud and praise to God, without boasting of his owne force or anie humane power." The same piety is shown in many other passages of *K.H.V.*: e.g. i. 2, 289; iii. 5, 163; iv. 3, 132.

Page 31, note 2.—"Luther's Psalm": Carlyle's *Miscellaneous Essays*, iii. 62-64—Luther's words at Worms: "Hier stehe ich, ich kann nicht anders. Gott

helfe mir. Amen." ("Here I stand. *I cannot otherwise.*
God help me. Amen.")

Page 33, note 1.—See *Lincoln's Speeches and Letters*,
Everyman's Library, pp. 223-4 (Second Inaugural
Address). On p. 222 of the same volume is given
Lincoln's beautiful letter (written in November 1864)
of consolation to the mother of five sons who had fallen
in battle.—We, no less than those of our own blood in
America, know that

freedom ain't a gift
Thet terries long in han's o' cowards;

we, no less than they, know that

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth or Falsehood, for the good or evil side.
LOWELL, *Poetical Works*, p. 280 and p. 77.

With Lincoln's large charity to nations that now think
it their duty to stand aloof in what seems to us a world-
battle for the right, we shall strive on to finish the
work we are in. It is of the utmost moment for us to be,
as Lincoln once said in reference to the cause that he
upheld, on God's side,—on the side of eternal righteous-
ness: οὐ γὰρ τι νῦν γε καχθές, ἀλλ' αἰεὶ ποτε | ζῆ ταῦτα
(Sophocles, *Antigone*, 456, 7). "Magna est veritas et
praevalet" (1 Esdras iv. 41; LXX, μεγάλη ἡ ἀλήθεια καὶ
ὑπερισχύει): Truth conquers in the end.

Page 33, note 2.—St. Peter's School, York, is said
to have existed since the year 735 A.D., or even earlier,
and to be the oldest school in the British Isles possessing
documentary evidence of its foundation.—The writer
of the "Second Epistle of Peter" would, no doubt,
be influenced by the millennial views of his age: he
would be a stranger to the vast æons of the earth's
history which modern science reveals: he would not
share the modern historical view that civilisation is
but in its infancy. The passage is here quoted as in-
culcating hope and patience upon those who feel the
growth of a true Christian spirit to be almost unbearably

slow. Millennium upon millennium may yet pass before the dreams of the seers are fully realised. But moral progress there is, hard though it may be to discern. Has there ever before been a war which has struck the whole world with such horror as this war, or any in which the wounded and the sick have been cared for more skilfully or more tenderly? In the religion of the poet of Salamis (Aesch. *Pers.* 742), and in that of the chief leader at Salamis as reported by its historian (Herod. vii. 60 end), man tends to work out his own destiny; and no believer in God or humanity can feel that brutal war will last for ever.

The Greek words in 2 Peter iii. 13 are *καινούς δὲ οὐρανούς καὶ γῆν καινὴν κατὰ τὸ ἐπάγγελμα αὐτοῦ προσδοκῶμεν, ἐν οἷς δικαιοσύνη κατοικεῖ*. Plato in his great dialogue *περὶ δικαιοσύνης* cherishes the belief that the aspirations there expressed are not merely visionary (not merely *εὐχαῖς ὅμοια*, *Republic* vi. 499 C, vii. 540 D, v. 456 B).

Page 33, note 3.—The present tense should not, I think, here be rendered “set free,” “liberate.” As in the lines quoted on p. 78, Aeschylus admits as little as he can with regard to the fate of Athens.

Page 34, note 1.—*Eleutherios*: cp. “Frank” as a forename in English, and “Freeman” as a surname. **Eleutherios Venizelos**, who was born in 1864, is a Cretan,—a Cretan truth-teller (*Κρήσις ἄρ’ ἀληθέει*). His “father belonged to one of the best families of Crete, whither his ancestors had emigrated long before from Crevata, near Sparta” (*Kerofilas, Eleftherios Venizelos: his Life and Work*, p. 4). The son was sent to the University of Athens, where he studied with great success, returning to Crete as a well-equipped young lawyer in 1886, to begin the public career which has made him famous (*ib.* p. 5).

Page 34, note 4.—This passage is often overlooked by critics who reproach the Greeks as slave-owners. A just historical view recognises that the Greeks (1) were unusually humane towards their slaves, (2) were

the first to question, and so to undermine, an institution which other nations, in their crude greed, took for granted.

Page 35, note 1.—The passage of **Thucydides**, together with the version by **Hobbes** of **Malmesbury**, who translated **Thucydides'** history not long before our own Civil War broke out, is as follows: ὁ δὲ Νικίας . . . αἰδῖς τῶν τριηραρχῶν ἔνα ἕκαστον ἀνεκάλει, πατρόθεν τε ἐπονομάζων καὶ αὐτοὺς ὀνομαστὶ καὶ φυλῆν, ἀξίων τό τε καθ' ἑαυτόν, ᾧ ὑπῆρχε λαμπρότητός τι, μὴ προδιδόναι τινά, καὶ τὰς πατρικὰς ἀρετάς, ὧν ἐπιφανεῖς ἦσαν οἱ πρόγονοι, μὴ ἀφανίζειν, πατρίδος τε τῆς ἐλευθερωτάτης ὑπομνησκῶν καὶ τῆς ἐν αὐτῇ ἀνεπιτάκτου πᾶσιν ἐς τὴν δίαιταν ἐξουσίας, ἀλλὰ τε λέγων, ὅσα ἐν τῷ τοιοῦτῳ ἤδη τοῦ καιροῦ ὄντες οὐ πρὸς τὸ δοκεῖν τινι ἀρχαιολογεῖν φυλαξάμενοι εἴποιεν ἄν, καὶ ὑπὲρ ἀπάντων παραπλήσια ἔς τε γυναῖκας καὶ παῖδας καὶ θεοὺς πατρώους προφερόμενα, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ τῇ παρουσίᾳ ἐκπλήξει ὠφέλιμα νομίζοντες ἐπιβοῶνται (*Thucyd.* vii. 69). **Hobbes**: "Nicias . . . called unto him again all the captains of gallies, and spake unto them every one by their fathers, their tribes, and their proper names, and entreated every one of them that had reputation in any kind, not to betray the same; and those whose ancestors were eminent, not to deface their hereditary virtues; remembering them of 'their country's liberty, and the uncontrolled power of all men to live as they pleased'; and saying whatsoever else in such a pinch men are accustomed, not out of their store to utter things stale, and in all occasions the same, touching their wives, children, and patrial gods, but such things as being thought by them available in the present discouragement, they use to cry into their ears."

If, in the light of this passage of prose, **Shakespeare's** *K.H.V.* iii. 1, 17–34 is compared with **Aeschylus'** *Persians*, 402–5, it will be seen how closely akin, in its material (the great, primary, universal commonplaces of national life), is **British patriotic poetry** to **Greek**. The chief difference is that **King Henry** appeals to his own kingship rather than to the love of freedom.

Thucydides may well have had the passage of the *Persians* in mind. The parallel is very near. Shakespeare is, of course, independent of Aeschylus, and coincidences are due, here and elsewhere, to the nature of the subject. Even such close verbal resemblances as "sea of troubles" (*Hamlet* III. i. 59), and *κακῶν πέλαγος* (*Persians* 633) are so far as our information goes purely accidental (Sidney Lee, *A Life of William Shakespeare*, new edition, p. 17, n. 1).

Page 35, note 2.—The effect of *ισηγορία* at Athens is indicated in Herodotus v. 78, *δηλοῖ δὲ οὐ κατ' ἐν μόνον ἀλλὰ πανταχῆ ἢ ἰσηγορίῃ ὡς ἐστὶ χρῆμα σπουδαῖον, εἰ καὶ Ἀθηναῖοι τυραννεύμενοι μὲν οὐδαμῶν τῶν σφέας περιοικέοντων ἦσαν τὰ πολέμια ἀμείνους, ἀπαλλαχθέντες δὲ τυράννων μακρῶ πρώτοι ἐγένοντο.* A good description of *παρρησία* is that in Euripides, *Phoen.* 390–2: *ΙΟ. τί φυγάσιw τὸ δυσχερές; | ΠΟ. ἔν μὲν μέγιστον, οὐκ ἔχει παρρησίαν. | ΙΟ. δούλου τόδ' εἶπας, μὴ λέγειν ἄ τις φρονεῖ.* It is said of the Attic orator Lysurgus that he was *παρρησιαστῆς διὰ τὴν εὐγένειαν* (*Vitt. X Oratt.*, attributed to Plutarch): his nobility made him outspoken. Another, and less pleasant, motive for outspokenness is ascribed by Aristotle (*Eth. Nic.* iv. 3, 28) to his high-minded man: *παρρησιαστῆς γὰρ διὰ τὸ καταφρονητικὸς εἶναι.* Livy suggests a worthier aim for a gentleman: *haud minus libertatis alienae quam suae dignitatis memor* (Livy, vii. 33). For cities the best ideal is that indicated by Herodotus (p. 36 above) and by Aeschylus (*Eum.* 526–8, *μήτ' ἀνάρχετον βίον | μήτε δεσποτούμενον | αἰνέσης*: cp. *ib.* 699, 700). What we owe to-day, in free speech and in other ways, to the Greek and Roman city-states is suggested by the very words "political" and "civilised."

Page 36, note 2.—Having been able to obtain from Greece the "Patris" of September 22nd [our October 5th], 1915, reporting fully a parliamentary speech by Venizelos in defence of his own foreign policy, I make from it a brief extract which shows his respect for covenants securing national independence: *Δύναμαι νὰ διαβεβαιώσω τὴν*

Βουλὴν, κύριοι, ὅτι ἀπὸ τῆς πρώτης στιγμῆς τῆς ἐκρήξεως τοῦ Εὐρωπαϊκοῦ πολέμου οὐδέποτε ἦλθεν ὁ λόγος εἰς τὸ μέρος τοῦτο τῆς ἐξωτερικῆς πολιτικῆς τῆς Κυβερνήσεως χωρὶς ἢ ὑπ' ἐμὲ Κυβέρησις νὰ δηλώσῃ πάντοτε ἐμφανῶς ἄνευ περιορισμοῦ τὴν ἀπόφασιν αὐτῆς ὅπως τηρήσῃ πιστῶς τὰς συνθήκας, αἱ ὁποῖαι ἔφερον τὴν ὑπογραφὴν τῆς Ἑλλάδος, τὴν ὑπογραφὴν τοῦ Βασιλέως, τὴν ὑπογραφὴν τῆς ὑπευθύνου Κυβερνήσεως (Χειροκροτήματα παρατεταμένα): "I can assure the Chamber, gentlemen, that from the first moment of the outbreak of the European War, this part [viz. the relations between Greece, Serbia, and Bulgaria] of the Government's foreign policy was never discussed without the Government of which I am head, declaring on all occasions, clearly and without qualification, its resolve to maintain loyally the compacts which bore the signature of Greece, the signature of the King, the signature of the responsible Government (prolonged applause)."

The student of past and present will notice, at the end of this sentence, the old words βασιλεύς ("king") and ὑπεύθυνος ("subject to account," "responsible"). There was no king at Athens in the time of Aeschylus. The Athenians were defending their free institutions against the hordes of King Xerxes (—Ξέρξης βασιλεύς, Aesch. *Pers.* 5), who (as the queen-mother, Atossa, reminds the old Persian councillors) is *not responsible to the State* (οὐχ ὑπεύθυνος πόλει, *Pers.* 213). We do not yet fully know the part played during the present war by King Constantine. But, if he should be misled by any contrary conceptions of monarchy in ancient or modern times, he will do well to remember that his own kingship is *constitutional* (ὑπεύθυνος πόλει).

Page 36, note 3.—Among the finest lines on **freedom** in Burns, Scott, and Byron are :

- (1) Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die.

BURNS, *Bruce's Address to his army at Bannockburn* ("Scots, wha hae").

- (2) His was the patriot's burning thought
Of freedom's battle bravely fought.
SCOTT, *Lord of the Isles*, III. xxvii.
- (3) For Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
BYRON, *The Giaour*, 123-5.

A good discussion on "English Poets and the National Ideal" will be found in the lectures published under that title by E. de Sélincourt in 1915. The book attempts to trace the development of the ideal of nationality (1) in Shakespeare, where the leading idea is national independence; (2) in Milton, national liberty and the rights of the individual within the State; (3) in Wordsworth, the combination of the two ideas, which he formulates as an ideal applicable not only to our own nation, but one towards which human effort everywhere should strive, a thing to be desired for other nations as well as our own; (4) in the poets of the nineteenth century, the development of Wordsworth's conception, leading to a patriotism that is not lost but transfigured in cosmopolitan sympathy.

Wordsworth's ideals, as expressed in prose and verse, are also appraised in the introductions to Dicey's edition (1915) of Wordsworth's *Tract on the Convention of Cintra* and Acland's selection (1915) of Wordsworth's *Patriotic Poetry*. Wordsworth believed, if ever man did, that spiritual forces are invincible. But he is practical too, and he desires to see the union of the civic and the military spirit in persons and peoples. It is characteristic of him to celebrate the victory of Trafalgar not in any martial ode of the usual kind, but by "The Happy Warrior," in which Nelson's death, and life, become an incentive to all high effort.

Scott did not simply ask in verse "Breathes there a man with soul so dead," or sing the requiem "Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er;" he also wrote in prose: "My only ambition is to be remembered, if remembered at all, as one who knew and valued national indepen-

dence and would maintain it in the present struggle [that against Napoleon] to the last man and the last guinea, though the last guinea were my own property and the last man were my own son."

Page 37, note 3.—For the "Value of Small States" see H. A. L. Fisher's pamphlet (1914) bearing that title. With regard to Holland in particular something is said in the present writer's *Ancient Boeotians*, c. 5: the name of Hugo Grotius, for instance, will always be famous in the history of international law.

Page 37, note 4.—Hesiod might almost have had the cruel fate of Belgium in mind when he wrote, "Might shall be right, and one shall sack the other's city. Neither shall there be any respect of the oath abiding or of the just or of the good: rather shall they honour the doer of evil and the man of insolence. Right shall lie in might of hand, and Reverence shall be no more. . . . Then verily shall Reverence and Awe veil their fair bodies in white robes and depart from the wide-wayed earth unto Olympus to join the company of the Immortals, forsaking men," Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 189-199; Mair's translation.—May England ever be found loyal to the maxim of the First Edward, PACTUM SERVA.

Page 38, note 2.—The occurrence (in Herodotus and Thucydides) of the words *θαλασσοκρατεῖν* and *ναυκρατεῖν* is enough to show that the Greeks were no strangers to that notion of "sea-power" which Captain Mahan did so much to revive some twenty years ago. Cp. Lysias, *Olympiacus*, § 5, *ἐπίστασθε δὲ ὅτι ἡ μὲν ἀρχὴ τῶν κρατούντων τῆς θαλάττης, τῶν δὲ χρημάτων βασιλεὺς ταμίαις*. Though now in a different guise, the "wooden walls" (so quickly brought together, then as in August 1914) have meant as much to Europe to-day as they did at Salamis or in the struggle against Napoleon. In the one case, according to Herodotus (vii. 139), they saved Greece or, as we may say, Europe; in the other, according to Mahan (writing of Nelson's ships before Toulon), those far-distant, storm-beaten ships, upon

which the Grand Army never looked, stood between it and the dominion of the world.

Page 40, note 1.—Remains of Tyrtaeus in Bergk, pp. 393–405. One of the principal fragments (that beginning *τεθνάμεναι γὰρ καλόν*) is preserved by Lycurgus in his speech, delivered probably about 332 B.C., against Leocrates, an Athenian citizen accused of treason. Lycurgus there claims Tyrtaeus as an Athenian whom the Spartans had taken over to be their general, teacher, and poet. In a speech which is an Athenian eulogy of patriotism the chief poetical quotations are (1) this from Tyrtaeus, (2) some lines from Homer, (3) a long extract from the lost *Erechtheus* of Euripides.

Page 40, note 2.—Callinus, Bergk, p. 389 :

μέχρις τεῦ κατάκεισθε ; κότ' ἄλκιμον ἔξετε θυμόν,
ὦ νέοι ; οὐδ' αἰδεῖσθ' ἀμφιπερικτίονας,
ὥδε λίην μεθιέντες ; ἐν εἰρήνῃ δὲ δοκεῖτε
ἦσθαι, ἀτὰρ πόλεμος γαῖαν ἄπασαν ἔχει ;

Callinus is one of the very first in that long line of poet-warriors which includes the psalmist David, Tyrtaeus, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Ennius, Sidney [“ Sidney, as he fought, And as he fell, and as he lived and moved ” : Shelley, *Adonais*, xlv.], D'Annunzio, Rupert Brooke.

There is something of the swashbuckler in the battle-zest of Hybrias the Cretan, whose *scolion* (ἔστι μοι πλοῦτος μέγας δόρυ καὶ ξίφος : Bergk, p. 1295) is well known through Thomas Campbell's fine rendering (“ My wealth's a burly spear and brand ” : Symonds i. 132), or through that of John Leyden. Campbell also translated the lines of Tyrtaeus mentioned in the previous note : “ How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand, | In front of battle for their native land ” (Symonds i. 73). The Harmodius *scolion*, and that on Leipsydrion, are given in Bergk, pp. 1290, 91.

Page 44, note 1.—In the three passages of the *Iliad*, peace is clearly *la moll' anni lagrimata pace* (Dante, *Purg.*, x. 35).

Page 50, note 2.—References for Homeric similes drawn from the animal world: *Il.* 4. 471, etc.; *Il.* 2. 469; *Il.* 3. 23, and often elsewhere in both poems; *Il.* 7. 59, etc.; *Il.* 6. 506, etc.; *Od.* 12. 433; *Il.* 22. 93; *Il.* 3. 151 (*cicalas*, more strictly); *Il.* 5. 476, etc.; *Il.* 12. 167; *Il.* 21. 12; *Il.* 21. 573; *Il.* 13. 62; *Il.* 11. 558; *Od.* 5. 51; *Il.* 2. 87; *Od.* 5. 432; *Od.* 19. 518.—These similes (to which many could be added), and the other illustrations of Homer's many-sidedness (which might be extended to include his minute appreciation of objects wrought by man's hands), help to show how the poet looks at war and fatherland in relation to the *sum of things* as he knew it.

Page 54, note 3.—The sorrow for the fall of cities like **Jerusalem** has never been restricted to their own sons. Scipio is said (Appian, *Libyc.*, 132) to have wept over fallen Carthage and, thinking of the fate that might some day overtake Rome herself, to have repeated Homer's lines:

ἔσσειται ἡμαρ ὄτ' ἄν ποτ' ὀλώλη Ἴλιος ἱρὴ
καὶ Πριάμος καὶ λαὸς ἐϋμμελίω Πριάμοιο.

Iliad, vi. 448, 9.

A modern poet, in images known to Greek and Hebrew poetry, says that:

Cities and Thrones and Powers
Stand in Time's eye,
Almost as long as flowers,
Which daily die:
But, as new buds put forth
To glad new men,
Out of the spent and unconsidered earth
The cities rise again.

If after this war Jerusalem could rise again, not so much in material splendour as in the things that made her real greatness, there would be glad hearts in many lands.

Page 55, note 1.—This fragment of **Bacchylides** (τίκτει δέ τε θνατοῖσιν εἰρήνα μεγάλη, κ.τ.λ.) is preserved by Stobaeus: it is given in Kenyon's *Poems of Bacchylides* (1897)

p. 213. On pp. 61 and 129 of the same edition, among the newly-discovered poems, are two other references to εἰρήνη. Cp. also H. Weir Smyth's *Greek Melic Poets*, pp. 143, 472, for the fragment of unknown authorship
 ὦ γλυκεῖ εἰρήνη | πλουτοδότειρα βροτοῖς.

The original of "the brazen trump sounds no alarms" is χαλκεῶν δ' οὐκ ἔστι σαλπίγγων κτύπος. A comparison of the Greek here with Milton's "The trumpet spake not to the armed throng" (*Ode on the Nativity*, l. 58) would confirm the judgment of Longinus that Bacchylides is not supremely distinguished by "sublimity" or grandeur (cp. Roberts' edition of *Longinus on the Sublime*, pp. 36, 128, 129, 219, 220), though the balance would, on the purely formal side, be somewhat redressed by the sonorous lines which open the new 18th Ode:

βασιλεῦ τᾶν ἱερᾶν Ἀθανᾶν,
 τῶν ἀβροβίων ἄναξ Ἰώνων,
 τί νέον ἔκλαγε χαλκοκώδων
 σάλπιγγε πολεμητῆαν αἰοιδᾶν;

Page 56, note 2.—*Iliad* 9. 63, 64 (Nestor speaks):

ἀφρήτωρ ἀθέμιτος ἀνέστις ἐστίν ἐκείνος
 δὲ πολέμου ἔραται ἐπιδημίου ὀκρυβέντος.

For "civil war," cp. also Solon, 4. 19 (Bergk, p. 418), ἢ στάσιν ἔμφυλον πόλεμόν θ' εὖδοντ' ἐπεγεῖρει, and Aeschylus, *Eumenides*, 862-4, ἐμφύλιος Ἄρης contrasted with θυραῖος πόλεμος.

Page 56, note 4.—Much could be said about Aristophanes' patriotic attitude as a man of peace (εἰρηνικός), both in the *Peace* and in other plays. It is a feeling that runs through Greek literature. Plato makes his Athenian in the *Laws* say that the best thing is not war and civil strife, but peace and kindness (τό γε μὴν ἄριστον οὔτε ὁ πόλεμος οὔτε ἡ στάσις, ἀπευκτόν δὲ τὸ δεηθῆναι τούτων, εἰρήνη δὲ πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἅμα καὶ φιλοφροσύνη, 628 c.: cp. 628 D, οὔτ' ἂν νομοθέτης ἀκριβῆς, εἰ μὴ χάριν εἰρήνης τὰ πολέμου νομοθετοῖ μᾶλλον ἢ τῶν πολεμικῶν ἕνεκα τὰ τῆς εἰρήνης). The modern

humanism, sprung from classical antiquity, which regards the continuance of war as an affront to human nature itself, finds its best voice in the writings of the Dutchman Erasmus. His constant text is *Dulce bellum inexpertis*; his constant cry, a *Querela Pacis*.

Any peace made at a moment when Belgium, Serbia, and a large part of France are in the hands of lawless aggressors would cover England with dishonour; it would mean that, through craven fear, we had acquiesced in the open triumph of wrong (*εἰρήνη γὰρ μετὰ μὲν τοῦ δικαίου καὶ πρέποντος κάλλιστόν ἐστι κτήμα καὶ λυσιτελέστατον, μετὰ δὲ κακίας ἢ δειλίας ἐπονεϊδίστου πάντων αἰσχιστον καὶ βλαβερότατον*, Polybius, *History*, iv. 31). The time will come, however, when Athene, as Goddess of Wisdom, and Aphrodite, as Goddess of Love, will unite to bring the carnage to an end. In Homer the two goddesses incite to war rather than to peace. But, in the device on the cover of this book, the well-known scene from the west pediment of the temple of Athena at Aegina does at least seem to show, under the shield of the wise goddess, not only a way of fighting less inhuman than our modern devilish machine-guns and bombs and gases and torpedoes, but some stay of battle in order to succour a fallen warrior; while, in the lines of Lucretius quoted on page 39, the Goddess of Love is implored to bring it to pass that

the fell tasks of war
O'er every land and sea be hushed in sleep.

Page 57, note 1.—In its dramatic context here, *τρόπος* is strictly "turn," "crotchet": with a shade of contempt for this fad of a Titan. But the humanity of the poet, and the benevolence of Prometheus himself, are not in doubt.

Page 61, note 1.—In August 1915 M. Romain Rolland concluded an inspiring message to the Women of Europe with the words: "Soyez la paix vivante au milieu de la guerre—l'Antigone éternelle qui se refuse à la haine, et qui, lorsqu'ils souffrent, ne sait plus distinguer entre ses frères ennemis."

Page 61, note 2.—In other words, the misfortune of the Turks is that they have never outgrown the time when they were nomad raiders. Though they have some good qualities, they seem incapable of governing others except by massacre. Intellectually they are an almost barren race, as compared even with the Persians who still retain much of their old intellectual life. Can it be imagined that Rome would have ruled so long, and on the whole so humanely, over other peoples without that breadth of outlook which Roman statesmen learnt from Greece, or from Roman literature as inspired by Greek?

Page 61, note 3.—An interesting academic essay might be written on the literary fame achieved by ancient and modern authors in some tongue not their own: such men as Terence the Carthaginian, Lucian the Syrian, Marcus Aurelius the Roman, Erasmus the Dutchman, or (in quite modern days, and in the characteristic modern medium of the novel) Joseph Conrad the Pole.

Page 62, note 1.—The manuscript is the tenth-century Codex Vaticanus of Terence. The miniature probably preserves the stage tradition of a much earlier time.—In its tender simplicity, this scene of Terence's play might perhaps to-day find its nearest parallel somewhere among the Slavonic peasantry.

Page 62, note 2.—If the Latin is taken direct from the Greek of Menander, may the original line have been something like this: *ἄνθρωπος εἶμι· κοινά μοι τὰνθρώπινα?* Hardly: the use of "aliena" in the previous line would seem to point to *ἄλλότρια . . . ἄλλότριον* for *aliena . . . alienum*. Perhaps the Problems Editor of the *Saturday Westminster Gazette* will some day set the whole passage for translation into Greek. Such exercises may seem trifling in such days as these. But is anything trifling which preserves, as Greek and Latin studies attempt to do, some sense of unity and continuity in the higher traditions of Europe?

Page 62, note 3.—St. Augustine, or Seneca, is usually named as an authority for this tradition. But I am regretfully unable, after considerable search, to give any exact reference, and must hope that some fellow-student of the ancient classics will kindly supply me with it.

Page 62, note 4.—Servius Sulpicius, writing in 45 B.C. (Cic. *Epp. ad Fam.* iv. 5, § 4): “Quae si hoc tempore non diem suum obisset, paucis post annis tamen ei moriendum fuit, quoniam homo nata fuerat.” Sulpicius’ words earlier in the same section should also be read in this connexion, and as further illustrating note 3 on p. 111 above: “Ex Asia rediens cum ab Aegina Megaram versus navigarem, coepi regiones circumcirca prospicere. Post me erat Aegina, ante me Megara, dextra Piraeus, sinistra Corinthus, quae oppida quodam tempore florentissima fuerunt, nunc prostrata et diruta ante oculos iacent. Coepi egomet mecum sic cogitare: ‘Hem! nos homunculi indignamur, si quis nostrum interiit aut occisus est, quorum vita brevior esse debet, cum uno loco tot oppidum cadavera proiecta iacent? Visne tu te, Servi, cohibere et meminisse hominem te esse natum?’” Compare, in a slightly different vein, Webster’s *Duchess of Malfi*, Act v. Sc. 3:

I do love these ancient ruins;
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history.

Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,
Must have like death that we have.

Page 64, note 2.—The statesman was the Earl of Granville (Lord Carteret), then President of the Council; and the date 1763. The story is told by Robert Wood in his *Essay on the Original Genius and Writings of Homer* (1775), Preface, p. vii. “Being directed to wait upon his Lordship, a few days before he died, with the preliminary articles of the Treaty of Paris, I found him so languid that I proposed postponing my business for

another time : but he insisted that I should stay, saying it could not prolong his life to neglect his duty, and repeating the following passage [viz. *Iliad*, 12. 322-28, ὁ πέποι . . . ὑπαλύξαι, | ἴομεν] out of Sarpedon's speech, he dwelled with particular emphasis on the third line, which recalled to his mind the distinguishing part he had taken in public affairs. His Lordship repeated the last word [viz. ἴομεν] several times with a calm and determinate resignation ; and after a serious pause of some minutes, he desired to hear the Treaty read, to which he listened with great attention : and recovered spirits enough to declare the approbation of a dying statesman (I use his own words) on the most glorious War, and the most honourable Peace, this nation ever saw."

Page 66, note 1.—Theodore Roosevelt, *Why America should join the Allies*, p. 23. In this sense of a repressive police-force, the precept *si vis pacem para bellum* (a phrase originating, it would seem, with the military writer Vegetius in the 4th or 5th century A.D.) is likely long to hold good.

Page 66, note 2.—The Greeks were pioneers in regard alike to international arbitration and schemes of political confederation. Cp. M. N. Tod's *International Arbitration amongst the Greeks* ; A. H. Raeder's *L'arbitrage international chez les Hellènes* ; E. A. Freeman's *History of Federal Government in Greece and Italy* ; and the fragment of a Greek History (*Hellenica*), recently discovered in Egypt, which gives some new particulars of the Boeotian League. Holland, to which Mr. Roosevelt belongs by descent, is traditionally connected with the cause of peace and international arbitration, as the names of Erasmus and Hugo Grotius, and of the modern Hague Tribunal, may suggest. Behind any scheme of international arbitration that is fully to succeed there should be a deeper feeling of sympathy and humanity than now exists ; and, as an important detail, there should somehow be secured that interval for cool and

reasonable thought which is little likely to be readily allowed by a military caste, with an omnipotent war-lord to say the last word, and this with an eye to dynastic as well as other interests. In the last days of July, 1914, may not the determining thought in the dark chambers of an emperor's mind,—the supreme ruler of armed millions,—have been “for the good of my house and my people let war come in my time rather than in that of my wild and headstrong son”?

Page 67, note 1.—Milton's own varied experience is reflected in his view that “a compleat and generous Education [is] that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices both private and publick of Peace and War” (Milton, in his tractate *Of Education*).

Page 67, note 2.—προκοπή, and the verb προκόπτειν, were not used in the full sense of the comprehensive term “progress.” But it was a great thing that the Greeks should have made a beginning in the expression, and the attainment, of the idea of “advance” in relation to human knowledge, conduct, and happiness.

Page 68, note 1.—Psalm cvii. 23 : LXX, οἱ καταβαίνοντες εἰς τὴν θάλασσαν ἐν πλοίοις, ποιῶντες ἐργασίαν ἐν ὕδασι πολλοῖς.

Page 68, note 3.—It is unfortunate that the *Annals* of Ennius, the most national of all Roman poets, should survive only in fragments. Appended is the whole of the present fragment, together with a fine English version which appeared in the *Times* of September 18, 1914 :

Nec mi aurum posco nec mi pretium dederitis,
 Nec cauponantes bellum, sed belligerantes
 Ferro non auro vitam cernamus utrique.
 Vosne velit an me regnare era quidve ferat Fors
 Virtute experiamur, et hoc simul accipe dletum :
 Quorum virtuti belli fortuna pepercit,
 Eorundem libertat ime parcere cerfumst.
 Dono ducite doque volentibu' cum magnis dis.
 Ennius, *Annals*, Book VI. (Cic. *de Off.* I. 12, 38).

Not paid gold do I ask, nor shall ye render a ransom ;
 Ours be a waged warfare, not sordid barter of hucksters ;
 Iron it is, not gold, that must pass doom upon each one.
 Yours or mine to prevail, what anon dame Destiny sends us,

Let valour only decide ; and herewith take ye a saying :
 Whose valour in this strife war's chance in mercy preserveth,
 I to preserve their freedom alike in mercy resolv'd am.
 Deem it a gift, giv'n gladly, the great gods thereto assenting.

Page 69, note 1.—After the war, modern languages will be more and more needed, in preparation for the diplomatic and consular services and for commercial careers. Teachers of languages, ancient and modern, should work together in order to secure the most liberal training for their pupils. In the course indicated on p. 68 above, ancient Greek and Latin should be admissible languages. The Perse School has shown that it is possible to combine modern with ancient subjects ; and Latin, well taught, is an excellent basis for sound linguistic knowledge of all kinds. Should not every university include, in addition to Greek and Latin, at least the following groups of modern languages and literatures ? I. *Romance* : French, Spanish, Italian. II. *Germanic* : German and Scandinavian languages. III. *Slavonic* : Russian and other Slavonic languages. IV. *Oriental* : Indian languages, Arabic, Chinese, Japanese. The German universities have long made provision for these and many other languages.

The fruitful study of Greek history and Greek poetry is in no way inconsistent with activity in **commerce**. The standard English *History of Greece* is that of George Grote, a London banker. Another London banker, Dr. Walter Leaf, is among the foremost living authorities on Homer ; and, as President of the Hellenic Society, he has been suggesting, as a magnificent subject for research, a History of Greek Commerce. “ As Grote made Greece live by writing for the first time with full comprehension and sympathy a political history of Greece, so some one, in no very long time, will earn equal fame by writing out of the fullness of his knowledge a commercial history of Greece. Till that is done, we shall not understand what ancient Greece really was. To Greece more than to any country of which we know,

commerce has always been the foundation of national life, the very heart's blood of existence. Greece can not live on agriculture, manufacture, or mining. Her economic function has always been from the first the bringing together of markets by her shipping; and her place in the world has been determined by the success with which she has been able to carry out this function. Purely commercial conditions have controlled Greece even more than they have controlled Great Britain" (*Journal of Hellenic Studies*, xxxv. 163). Cp. on p. 162 of the same article, "The Greek spirit can not only be taken into [modern] active life, but it can actually help and vivify that life. . . . It can keep alive the imagination, that supreme faculty which is given us to keep ourselves fresh and alert. . . . That such a wide horizon is a valuable possession for a man in business—that the gift of managing and administrating requires something wider and more liberal than the rule of thumb learnt in the office or the workshop—this is a fact which is being steadily, though still slowly, learnt by the leaders of the great commerce of England. Every year the demand is growing for University men who will enter business with the special object of training themselves for the higher posts; in commerce or finance the idea that a University man is a useless product of an effete system is gradually dying out."

Page 69, note 2.—The line in the *Plutus* seems to have been taken, with or without change, from some Greek tragedy (perhaps of Euripides) which is now lost. The speaker may have been Teucer if we are to seek a Greek original, Latinised possibly by Pacuvius, for Cicero's quotation in *Tusc. Quaest.* V. 37, 108: *itaque ad omnem rationem Teucris vox accommodari potest, "patria est ubicumque est bene."* Teucer's meaning probably was: *ἅπαντα δὲ χθῶν ἀνδρὶ γενναίῳ πατρίς* (Eurip. fr. 1034), viz. *omne solum forti patria est* (Ovid. *Fast.* I. 493): a brave exile will bear up and make a home somewhere. To Menander is attributed a line corresponding more

closely with that in the *Plutus*: τῷ γὰρ καλῶς πράσσοντι πᾶσα γῆ πατρίς (Men. monost., 716: Meineke); cp. Lysias' speech *Against Philo*, § 6: οἱ δὲ φύσει μὲν πολῖται εἰσι, γνῶμη δὲ χρωῶνται ὡς πᾶσα γῆ πατρίς αὐτοῖς ἐστὶν ἐν ἣ ἂν τὰ ἐπιτήδεια ἔχωσιν, οὗτοι δὴλοὶ εἰσιν ὅτι <βραδύως> ἂν παρέντες τὸ τῆς πόλεως κοινὸν ἀγαθὸν ἐπὶ τὸ ἑαυτῶν ἴδιον κέρδος ἔλθοιεν διὰ τὸ μὴ τὴν πόλιν ἀλλὰ τὴν οὐσίαν πατρίδα ἑαυτοῖς ἡγεῖσθαι. Here Lysias probably has in mind some lines similar to those of Aristophanes and Menander already given, or to another fragment attributed to Aristophanes (πατρίς δὲ πᾶσα τῷ πένητι προσφιλέης, | ἀφ' ἧς τροφήν τε καὶ τὸ μὴ πεινῆν ἔχει: this looks like a borrowing from Euripides), or as Eurip. fragm. 774: ὡς πανταχοῦ γε πατρίς ἡ βόσκουσα γῆ.

A punning modern Latin epigram on the theme *ubi bene, ibi patria* is that of the Welsh epigrammatist **John Owen**, of New College, Oxford, c. 1560–1622: Ioannes Owenus [or, Audoenus] Cambro-Britannus Oxoniensis. It is no. 100 in the set ("liber") addressed "ad Carolum Eboracensem [viz. Charles, Duke of York; later, Charles I], fratrem Principis [viz. brother of Henry Prince of Wales: the two previous sets are addressed "ad Henricum Principem Cambriae"], filium Regis [viz. son of James I of England, VI of Scotland], and runs as follows:

Where I do well,
There I dwell.

Illa mihi patria est ubi pascor, non ubi nascor:

Illa ubi sum notus, non ubi natus eram.

Illa mihi patria est, mihi quae patrimonium praebet;

Hic, ubicumque habeo quod satis est, habito.

If seriously meant, this self-seeking attitude towards the motherland would be more than odious. The true patriot should share alike in the prosperity and the perils of his country: ἐγὼ γὰρ οὐκ ἄλλους τινὰς φημι δίκαιον εἶναι βουλευεῖν περὶ ἡμῶν, ἢ τοὺς πρὸς τῷ εἶναι πολῖτας καὶ ἐπιθυμοῦντας τούτου. τούτοις μὲν γὰρ μεγάλα τὰ διαφέροντά ἐστιν εἶ τε πράττειν τὴν πόλιν τήνδε καὶ ἀνεπιτηδείως διὰ τὸ ἀναγκαῖον σφίσι αὐτοῖς ἡγεῖσθαι εἶναι μετέχειν τὸ μέρος τῶν δεινῶν, ὥσπερ καὶ τῶν ἀγαθῶν μετέχουσι (Lysias, *Against Philo*, § 5). As Doctor Folliott puts it in T. L. Peacock's

Crotchet Castle, "I say the nation is best off, in relation to other nations, which has the greatest quantity of the common necessities of life distributed among the greatest number of persons; which has the greatest number of honest hearts and stout arms united in a common interest, willing to offend no one, but ready to fight in defence of their own community against all the rest of the world, because they have something in it worth fighting for."

Page 70, note 1.—Cp. Thucydides, ii. 40: φιλοκαλοῦμέν τε γάρ μετ' εὐτελείας καὶ φιλοσοφοῦμεν ἄνευ μαλακίας. Demosthenes, *Aristocr.*, §§ 206, 7: καὶ γάρ τοι τότε μὲν τὰ μὲν τῆς πόλεως ἦν εὐπορα καὶ λαμπρὰ δημοσίᾳ, ἰδίᾳ δ' οὐδεὶς ὑπερέιχε τῶν πολλῶν. τεκμήριον δέ τῆν Θεμιστοκλέους μὲν οἰκίαν καὶ τῆν Μιλτιάδου καὶ τῶν τότε λαμπρῶν, εἴ τις ἄρ' ὑμῶν οἶδεν ὅποια ποτ' ἐστίν, ὅρᾳ τῶν πολλῶν οὐδὲν σεμνοτέραν οὔσαν, τὰ δὲ τῆς πόλεως οἰκοδομήματα καὶ κατασκευάσματα τηλικαῦτα καὶ τοιαῦθ' ὥστε μηδενὶ τῶν ἐπιγιγνομένων ὑπερβολὴν λελεῖφθαι, προπύλαια ταῦτα, νεώσοικοι, στοαί, Πειραιεύς, τᾶλλ' οἷς κατασκευασμένην ὀρᾶτε τὴν πόλιν: and the corresponding passage in *Olynthiacs*, iii. §§ 25, 26, where "the house of Aristides," not that of Themistocles, is mentioned along with that of Miltiades and the other "distinguished men of that day."

Page 71, note 1.—On the material side, vast progress is admitted to have been made by Germany during recent years. "All over Germany, under the shield of Prussia, there has been an outburst of industrial and commercial energy which is one of the wonders of the modern world. During the last ten years I have been more and more impressed on each visit to Germany by the vigour, the foresight, the conquering *élan* of its commercial and industrial life. Most of our manufacturing cities are in external appearance (I am not speaking of inner and hidden things) squalid vulgar places compared with towns like Leipzig, Nürnberg, Mannheim, Elberfeld, and Cöln" (M. E. Sadler, *Modern Germany and the Modern World*, 1914, p. 11). Had Germany, instead of diverting her energy and resources into the paths

of war, followed this peaceful track and brightened it with the love of all things beautiful, neighbouring countries might in time have been drawn to join her in some Germanic confederation. In the past, the thought of world-dominion has attracted even philosophic and poetic minds: cp. (1) Aristotle, *Politics*, vii. 6, διόπερ ἐλεύθερόν τε διατελεῖ [τὸ τῶν Ἑλλήνων γένος] καὶ βέλτιστα πολιτευόμενον καὶ δυνάμενον ἄρχειν πάντων, μιᾶς τυγχάνον πολιτείας. (2) Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 851, *tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento* [on this famous line and its context there are some well-based strictures in F. J. Haverfield's *Some Roman Conceptions of Empire*, a paper read to the Leeds and District Branch of the Classical Association on January 19, 1916]. Nor is it to be denied that the conquests of Alexander the Great, and of the Romans after him, helped forward the civilisation of the ancient world. But to-day the conditions are changed. Peaceful means of diffusing knowledge and culture from land to land have been increased indefinitely; and local freedom (of which the Romans recognised the importance) is now absolutely essential in order to keep the world from a fatal uniformity. Hence the attraction of national independence or of some elastic political tie, such as that which binds the British colonies (including, most wonderful of all, South Africa), to the motherland in ready loyalty and free self-development.

Page 71, note 2.—French Universities' Manifesto: Wilamowitz-Moellendorff's Rectorial Address. Extract from the letter of "Les Universités Françaises aux Universités des Pays Neutres," issued in November 1914: "Les Universités Françaises, elles, continuent de penser que la civilisation est l'œuvre non pas d'un peuple unique, mais de tous les peuples, que la richesse intellectuelle et morale de l'humanité est créée par la naturelle variété et l'indépendance nécessaire de tous les génies nationaux. Comme les armées alliées, elles défendent, pour leur part, la liberté du monde."

The world would, in truth, be a poor place if it did not contain within it different types of civilisation and different types of men. No patriotic Briton and no patriotic Frenchman would wish to be of the other's nationality. But the patriotism of the one burns all the brighter and purer for its appreciation of the strong points of the other. To Britons France is still, when all deductions have been made, the "Queen of the Nations." They could not, when war broke out in 1914, stand by and see France crushed.

To Germany, as well as France, the world owes a great debt,—in music and literature especially. Here, too, a recent academic manifesto is of interest. More than a year after the war began, the eminent Greek scholar Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff was, on October 15, 1915, delivering his inaugural address as Rector Magnificus of Berlin University. The address included a eulogy of the Hohenzollerns during their 500 years of Prussian rule, and quoted the imprecation "To the dust with all the enemies of Brandenburg." Each nation must choose its own government without foreign interference. But, as we in England look back 500 years, we are glad to think that we have long discarded that kind of monarchy which is at once military, autocratic, and hereditary. Henry V, we remember, could not, notwithstanding his ardent hopes as expressed in Shakespeare's play, assure himself a stronger son and successor than Henry VI. Through loyalty to his sovereign and respect for that sovereign's many able predecessors, Wilamowitz seems to be blind to the dangers of a system which entrusts so much power to one man. His opinion is of greater weight in regard to the pursuit of learning. He asks, "Was it the English who opened up Anglo-Saxon poetry? The English ruled Wales and Ireland, but Zeuss and Ebel are the creators of Celtic grammar. The English conquered India, but without German scholars where would they be in the knowledge of the languages, religions,

and inscriptions of India? The Rig Veda was printed at Oxford by the German Max Müller, and at Madras there lies buried our countryman R. Pischel, who was invited to India to give lectures on Prakrit to Englishmen and Indians" ("Sind es Engländer gewesen, die die angelsächsische Poesie erschlossen haben? Beherrscht haben die Engländer Wales und Irland, aber die Schöpfer der keltischen Grammatik sind Zeuss und Ebel. Erobert haben die Engländer Indien, aber wo wären sie ohne die deutschen Gelehrten in der Erkenntnis von Indiens Sprachen, Religionen, Inschriften? Der Deutsche Max Müller hat in Oxford den Rigveda gedruckt, und in Madras ruht unser R. Pischel, nach Indien berufen um Engländern und Indern Vorträge über Prakrit zu halten"). There is some truth in these claims; and though there are greater things in the world than knowledge and learning, yet knowledge and learning should be the special care of British as of all universities. The present writer sees no reason to withdraw the views he expressed, twenty-four years ago when the charter of the University of Wales was being drafted, in a pamphlet headed "British Universities: Notes and Summaries contributed to the Welsh University Discussion." The work accomplished during the nineteenth century by Berlin (founded 1809), Bonn (1818), and Munich (1826) seems to him now, as then, astonishing; and he can only regret that the progress of London University (founded in 1826: the same year as Munich) has been so leisurely. One of the great needs of our country to-day is an insatiable thirst for new and ordered knowledge of man and nature; and universities that can excite and guide that craving in their students are among the best of patriotic institutions.

Wilamowitz himself deserves respect as a scholar of genius who has brought light into many dark places of classical study; he evokes sympathy as a patriotic father whose eldest son fell in the early days of the

war (October 15, 1914: exactly a year before the delivery of the inaugural address). At the moment his appreciation of British merits, in the field of classical scholarship as elsewhere, is somewhat mute. In happier times he would have been the first to acknowledge the eminence of (say) the Yorkshireman Richard Bentley (who was born in 1662 at Oulton, some six miles from Leeds) among the scholars of every age. Bentley has, in fact, constantly been praised by German scholars, if only as a touchstone for inferior work among his classical successors of British stock: in such terms as "*opus huiusmodi lucem vidisse in patria Bentlei, iure mireris.*" The severity of comparisons like this must not irritate us into ignoring a real weakness of our own. We have had, and still have, great scholars and men of science; but they work too much in isolation, and schools of learning and research are too rare among us. Some forty years ago a shrewd classical scholar, who had been engaged in drawing up a select list of important British and foreign books for the use of classical students, summed up his impressions in a military analogy which still holds good to a greater extent than lovers of our country could desire: "It is not that German editions or histories are always superior to the English. The English books on Plato are, as far as I can judge, better than the German; and the histories of Thirlwall and Grote are at any rate unsurpassed by any German history of Greece: but, intentionally or unintentionally, the Germans appear to work in concert, carrying out to the utmost the principles of co-operation and division of labour; while Englishmen, as a rule, seem to pride themselves on working in entire independence of all that is being done around them by others. The former present the appearance of a vast army moving regularly onwards by a series of combined operations to storm the citadel of knowledge; while the latter are at best like brilliant skirmishers, each fighting for his own convenience or

amusement, without any thought of the general plan of the campaign, or much regard for the general good" (J. B. Mayor, *Guide to the Choice of Classical Books*, pp. xviii, xix).

Page 72, note 2.—In praise of labour, compare also such Greek and Latin passages as Pind. *Pyth.* 12, 50; Eurip. *Or.* 694, 5, and *fragm.* 134, 432; Virg., *Georg.*, I. 145, 6, *Aen.* xii. 435. In Seneca, *Ep.* 23, 3, 4, (*Disce gaudere . . . Mihi crede, verum gaudium res severa est*), the reference is to the austerity of true joy.

Page 73, note 3.—Cp. Plato, *Republic*, iii. 394 D, *ἄρα ἂν ὁ λόγος ὡσπερ πνεῦμα φέρη, ταύτη ἰτέον*. Mated with kindness, reason could create alike a happier England and a happier world. Shakespeare's lines refer to internal treachery, but like all great literature they can be read in wider ways than those which first appear:

O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!

King Henry V, Act ii. Prolog. 16-19.

Page 74, note 1.—There is sense and truth in the poet's assertion that

That man's the best cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best.

TENNYSON, *Hands all Round*.

Unless cosmopolitanism is to be a mere cloak for selfishness, its professor will first have found a training-ground in his own family and his own State. There were cosmopolites in Greek and Roman times who despised the State "to which the accident of birth had assigned them" (Seneca, *De Otio*, § 31), and who "urged all men to steal, harry, break oaths, but not to die for fatherland, since the one and only fatherland was the world" (Diels, *Doxographi Graeci*, p. 591). According to a late authority, Socrates once described himself as a citizen, not of Athens or of Greece, but of the world (*οὐκ Ἀθηναῖος οὐδ' Ἕλληγν ἀλλὰ κόσμος*: Plutarch, *De Exilio*, c. 5,

where there is a play on the meaning "orderly"). Marcus Aurelius Antoninus put his own position thus: "My city and country as Antoninus is Rome, but as a human being the world" (πόλις καὶ πατρίς ὡς μὲν Ἀντωνίνῳ μοι ἡ Ῥώμη, ὡς δὲ ἀνθρώπῳ ὁ κόσμος, Marcus Aurelius, *To Himself*, vi. 44). In modern times the attraction of this world-wide fatherland is expressed in Lowell's lines beginning "Where is the true man's fatherland?" But such a fatherland should be a unity in variety, and the path to it must be paved by an enlarged human sympathy and by common work for the common good.

Page 74, note 2.—*Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, vol. i. p. 101: "If I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

Page 74, note 3.—The wonderful rally of the sons of England from every quarter of the globe might well inspire a British Homer. And are there not deep founts of disciplined emotion in Russia and Serbia; and in Germany herself, once she returns to her better past so long hidden from view by the false ideal of "Deutschland über Alles"?

Page 75, note 1.—In peace, no less than in war, the men of the future will need the μένος that will wear them out in the service of their country (δαιμόνιε, φθίσει σε τὸ σὸν μένος, *Iliad* 6, 407.)—For ῥώμη (*animi robur*), and its opposite ἀρρωστία, see Thucydides, vii. 42, 2; 47, 1.

Page 77, note 1.—Loss of the Spring from the Year. Aristot. *Rhet.* i. 7, 34, καὶ τὸ μεγάλου μέγιστον μέρος, οἷον Περικλῆς τὸν ἐπιτάφιον λέγων, τὴν νεότητα ἐκ τῆς πῶλεως ἀνηρῆσθαι ὡσπερ τὸ ξαρ ἐκ τοῦ ἐνιαυτοῦ εἰ ἐξαιρεθελί: and iii. 10, τῶν δὲ μεταφορῶν τεττάρων οὐσῶν εὐδοκιμοῦσι μάλιστα αἱ κατ' ἀναλογίαν, ὡσπερ Περικλῆς ἔφη τὴν νεότητα τὴν ἀπολομένην ἐν τῷ πολέμῳ

οὕτως ἠφανίσθαι ἐκ τῆς πόλεως ὥσπερ εἴ τις τὸ ξαρ ἐκ τοῦ ἐνιαυτοῦ ἐξέλοι. This striking simile, twice quoted in the *Rhetoric*, is not found in the funeral speech attributed to Pericles by Thucydides (book ii). Herodotus (vii. 162) puts it in the mouth of the Syracusan ruler Gelo. Euripides (*Suppl.* 448, 9) has two lines which may have been suggested by it.

War seems to single out the *best* for death :

πόλεμος οὐδέν' ἀνδρ' ἐκὼν
αἶρεϊ πονηρόν, ἀλλὰ τοὺς χρηστοὺς αἶει.
SOPHOCLES, *Philoctetes*, 436, 7.

This view is often expressed elsewhere in Greek poetry, e.g. Soph. *fragm.* 657, Gaisford's Stobaeus, vol. ii. p. 362, Mackail's Greek Anthology, p. 151. The Greeks sometimes found consolation in the thought that "those whom the gods love die young" :

ὄν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν, ἀποθνήσκει νέος,
MENANDER, *fragm.* 125.

Menander's meaning is no doubt rightly conveyed by Plautus :

quem di diligunt
Adulescens moritur, dum valet, sentit, sapit.
PLAUTUS, *Bacchides*, iv. 7, 18.

The idea is not, as some have wished it to be, that a good man always dies young, however long a life he may have spent in the service of his country. Human decay was to the Greeks an unlovely thing, and a Spartan mother gloried in her young son's death, the more so that the life of Sparta herself was thereby sustained. It is to a "poor old hag" that the memorable reply is made in Plutarch's anecdote : θάπτουσά τις τὸν υἱόν, ὡς γραιδίον εὐτελὲς προσελθὼν αὐτῇ 'ὦ γύναι τὰς τύχας' εἶπε, 'νή τῷ σιῶ ἀλλὰ τὰς καλὰς γ' ἔφη· 'καὶ γὰρ αὐτὸν οὐ ἔνεκεν ἔτεκεν, ἔν' ὑπὲρ τὰς Σπάρτας ἀποθάνη, τοῦτό μοι συνέβη (Plutarch, *Lacaenarum Apophthegmata*, § 8): "Viros commemoro; qualis tandem Lacaena? quae cum filium in proelium misisset et interfectum audisset, 'Idcirco,' inquit, 'genueram, ut esset qui pro patria mortem non dubitaret occumbere,'" Cicero, *Tusc. Disp.* i. 42, 102).

Mr. G. F. Bradby is in the line of a great tradition when he chooses as title for his recent book "For this I had borne him." The English mother in his story is a true Spartan mother. Her cabled answer, sent from South America when war breaks out, "Dick must do whatever is right," is like the reply of the lady Mavromichali, *ἔκαμε τὸ καθήκο του* (page 91 above). And Dick, her only son, the Rugby boy who has brought momentary sunshine into the childless home of middle-aged friends, and in whose own heart young love is dawning, "went laughing to his death at Festubert."

When the above address was being written news had come that two Leeds students of Greek, one of whom had just graduated while the other was in his last year, had fallen in battle. On August 9, 1915, Lieutenant George Henry Willis, of the 6th South Lancashire Regiment, was wounded in action on the Gallipoli Peninsula, and died while being carried down to the dressing-station. He was buried on the spot along with his Colonel. On October 13, 1915, 2nd Lieutenant Clifford Salman, 8th Royal Berks Regiment, was killed in France. A brother officer writes that he was leading his men most bravely when he was hit in the leg, and a second wound proved fatal. I think with mingled grief and pride of these and other students of Greek at Leeds who now lie still in France or by the Dardanelles. No lads of truer metal have ever given their lives for country and for kind. They were young (how young!), and a life of bright promise was opening out before them. With their death the spring seems in very truth to be vanishing from the year, and it is hard for older men to work and faint not. But in working while the light lasts we shall be emulating their own spirit of simple loyalty to duty. They met their fate cheerfully, and they would wish us, in their own familiar words, to *do our bit*, to *stick it*, to *play the game*, to *carry on*. They would remind us from their Homer how, on the farther side of the Dardanelles, those gallant young merchant-

princes of Lycia had reminded one another that life for all men is short and the call of honour loud and clear; wherefore “ ‘ let us go forward, whether we are to give glory or to win it.’ Thus Sarpedon spake, and Glaucus turned not aside but hearkened to his bidding, and they twain went straight forward, leading the great host of the Lycians ” (*Il.* 12, 328–330).

It is some comfort to dream that those we have lost have, like Sarpedon, been carried swiftly and gently home, their brief day of service over, by the twin brethren Sleep and Death. Lives so bright and un-sullied have a beauty and a completeness all their own; they are not to be measured by mere length of days or bulk of growth :

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be ;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear :
A lily of a day
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night ;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see ;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON, *Underwoods.*

Page 77, note 2.—Fill the gap. There is the spirit of a nation—a pledge of national continuity—in the simple and everyday words (unlettered verse, not great poetry like that just quoted) which some of our soldiers in Flanders are said have scratched on the rough wooden cross that marks the grave of a comrade :

Poor old Bill, he left this place
With smoking gun and smiling face ;
But Bill won't care, if some good chap
Will follow up and fill the gap.

Page 77, note 3.—Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, i. 5, 7, ὅσοις γὰρ τὰ κατὰ γυναῖκας φάβλα ὥσπερ Λακεδαιμονίοις, σχεδὸν κατὰ τὸ ἤμισυ οὐκ εὐδαιμονοῦσιν.—It may be mentioned that the members of the Leeds University Literary and Historical Society present at this address were chiefly women. Most of the men-students were away on military duty. Although

Leeds University is but young, over 1,200 of its members are on active service with the forces of the Crown.

Page 78, note 1.—It is said that a favourite motto with Miss Cavell was :

Nor love thy life, nor hate ; but what thou liv'st
Live well ; how long or short permit to heaven.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, xi. 553, 4.

Page 78, note 2.—Cp. Herodotus, vii. 210, viii. 88, Xenophon, *Hiero* 7, and *Anabasis*, i. 7.

Page 78, note 3.—Aeschylus, *Persians*, 348, 9 (Way's translation). In the line ἀνδρῶν γὰρ ὄντων ἕρκος ἐστὶν ἀσφαλές, the emphatic position of the first word is to be noticed.

Page 79, note 1.—Is it fanciful to trace in the career of Sir William Jones some of the causes which have led to British success (of the best sort) in the government of India? He was trained at Harrow, learning there those habits of self-government and fair play which a public school fosters by outdoor games and in other ways. His chief subject at school was the great writers of Greece and Rome. His mind was thus imbued early with a respect for ancient civilisations ; and his wonderful gifts as a linguist had a fine central basis for the study of French, Italian, and other modern languages, as well as of the old languages of the East. The fact that he was of Welsh descent may have helped him, as I think their ethnical detachment (combined with essential loyalty to England) has helped many great Scottish and Irish administrators to show, when facing the difficult problems of Indian government, every sympathy towards the native. Certainly Sir William Jones's vast studies alike in Indian law and Indian languages have formed one of the best of ties between England and India. For Europe, he was the discoverer of Sanskrit, the language of the Brahman Scriptures. It seems a matter for some regret that the name " Indo-Germanic " should now be the prevailing one for that family of languages which includes Sanskrit, Zend, and most European tongues. Why should

not "Indo-European," rather than "Indo-Germanic" or "Indo-Celtic," be the accepted term in Germany and Great Britain, as it is in France? In comparative philology, as in other fields, the Germans have been very active, and they have not been backward in affixing their name to new mental territory. Of Sanskrit there are to-day five professorships in Great Britain; in Germany, some twenty-five.

Page 79, note 2.—Alcaeus, fragm. 23, *ἄνδρες πόλλης πύργος ἀρεΐοιο*. Sir William Jones's rhetorical but forcible lines, some only of which are here quoted, follow closely certain paraphrases in the rhetor Aristeides, especially vol. ii. p. 273 (Dindorf), *ὃν* [sc. *τὸν λόγον*] *πάλαι μὲν Ἀλκαῖος ὁ ποιητῆς εἶπεν, ὕστερον δὲ οἱ πολλοὶ παραλαβόντες ἐχρήσαντο, ὡς ἄρα οὐ λίθοι οὐδὲ ξύλα οὐδὲ τέχνη τεκτόνων αἱ πόλεις εἶεν, ἀλλ' ὅπου ποτ' ἂν ᾤσιν ἄνδρες αὐτοὺς σφῆξιν εἰδότες, ἐνταῦθα καὶ τείχη καὶ πόλεις*: see also *ib.* i. 791 and 821. Parallels are found not only in Aesch. *Pers.* 349, but in Soph. *Oed.* T. 56, 57, Eur. *Phrixus*, fr. 828 Nauck, Thucyd. vii. 77 fin. (*ἄνδρες γὰρ πόλεις, καὶ οὐ τείχη, οὐδὲ νῆες ἀνδρῶν κενά*), Dio Cassius, *Hist. Rom.*, 56, 5, 3, Justinus *Historiae Philippicae*, II, 12, 14.

Page 79, note 3.—Two passages written during or soon after the great European struggle against Napoleon are highly apposite to-day: (1) "The spirit of conquest, and the ambition of the sword, can never confer glory and happiness upon a nation that has attained power sufficient to protect itself. . . . Woe be to that country whose military power is irresistible. I deprecate such an event for Great Britain scarcely less than for any other land. . . . If a nation have nothing to oppose or to fear without, it cannot escape decay and concussion within. . . . Indefinite progress, undoubtedly, there ought to be somewhere; but let that be in knowledge, in science, in civilisation, in the increase of the numbers of the people, and in the augmentation of their virtue and happiness. But progress in conquest cannot be indefinite; and for that reason, if for no other, it cannot be a fit object for the exertions of a people, I

mean beyond certain limits, which, of course, will vary with circumstances. My prayer as a patriot is that we may always have, somewhere or other, enemies capable of resisting us, and keeping us at arm's length" (Wordsworth, Letter to Captain Pasley, in 1811); (2) "When I read for the first time that from unlimited power gaining its ends by force, nothing but evil arises; and that from resistance to such a power, under whatever form it appears, nothing but good arises and in all ages has arisen—a truth of which I had only a dim consciousness before stood out clearly revealed to me for my whole lifetime; and from my earliest youth up, this clue has guided me constantly and surely amongst the historical phenomena of the present and the past" (the German historian Niebuhr's *Life and Letters*, vol. ii. p. 132, second edition).

Page 79, note 4.—*ἀνέρες ἔστε* (accompanied usually by *μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς*, but also by *καὶ ἄλκιμον ἦτορ ἔλεσθε* and *καὶ αἰδῶ θέσθ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ*) is found in *Il.* 5, 529 (Agamemnon), 6, 112 (Hector), 8, 174 (Hector), 11, 287 (Hector), 15, 487 (Hector), 15, 561 (Ajax), 15, 661 (Nestor), 15, 734 (Ajax), 16, 270 (Patroclus), 17, 185 (Hector).—**Quit you like men.** 1 Cor. xvi. 13, *Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong*: *γρηγορεῖτε, στήκετε ἐν τῇ πίστει, ἀνδρίζεσθε, κραταιοῦσθε*: *vigilate, state in fide, viriliter agite, confortamini*. Cp. 1 Sam. iv. 9. *Be strong, and quit yourselves like men, O ye Philistines, that ye be not servants unto the Hebrews, as they have been to you: quit yourselves like men, and fight*. Among the last words written by Lord Roberts were these: "Two years ago, at a crowded meeting in Manchester, I said to my fellow-countrymen: 'Arm and prepare to quit yourselves like men, for the time of your ordeal is at hand.' I claim a hearing therefore when I say to-day: 'Arm and prepare to quit yourselves like men, for the time of your ordeal has come'" (*Hibbert Journal*, October 1914, p. 21).—**Play the man.** Cp. J. R. Green's *History of the English People*, c. vii.: "Latimer and Bishop

Ridley of London were now drawn from their prisons at Oxford. 'Play the man, Master Ridley,' cried the old preacher of the Reformation as the flames shot up around him; 'we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as I trust shall never be put out.'" Cp. (1) 2 Esdras xiv. 25, *I shall light a candle of understanding in thine heart, which shall not be put out*; (2) 2 Sam. x. 12, *Be of good courage, and let us play the men* (LXX, ἀνδρῖζον καὶ κραταιωθῶμεν) *for our people, and for the cities of our God: and the Lord do that which seemeth him good.* This is, I think, the only passage in which the Authorised Version has the phrase "play the man." In 1 Cor. xvi. 13, the A.V. (1611) follows the versions of Tyndale (1534) and Cranmer (1539) in giving "quit you like men." Wycliffe (1380) has "do ye manly."

At the end of this volume there is a photograph of the grave, not far from the **Dardanelles**, of a British soldier who has "played the man." If the Gallipoli expedition was a failure, it had its glories which we shall always remember with pride as we think of the sons of Britain, from Australasia and from the mother-country, who fought and died there. In all the long annals of British bravery there is no more thrilling story than that of the landings which the English, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, Australians, and New Zealanders made good during the year 1915 on the coasts of Gallipoli against a withering fire. The transport *River Clyde* was playfully named "The Horse of Troy" by those it carried, but our modern heroes performed a finer feat than that which Homer celebrates when he describes the wooden siege-tower or whatever else the Trojan Horse may have been. We feel as an aged Trojan felt when Nisus and Euryalus went forth to their death:

di patrii, quorum semper sub numine Troia est,
non tamen omnino Teucros delere paratis,
cum tales animos iuvenum et tam certa tulistis
pectora.

Virgil, *Aeneid*, ix. 247-50.

Page 80, note 1.—In the new England the countryside must also have its due. There are few passages of prose more truly English than that in which, on the third day of angling, Piscator in Walton's *Compleat Angler* hears the milkmaid sing "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and the milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh, in his younger days." Nor is there any more truly English poetry than Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. It remains for some warrior, in the nobler strifes of the future, to act in the spirit of Blake's words:

Bring me my Bow of burning gold!
Bring me my Arrows of desire!
Bring me my Spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Page 80, note 2.—I do not forget Catherine of Russia, Maria Theresa, Semiramis, Catherine de' Medici, Zenobia.

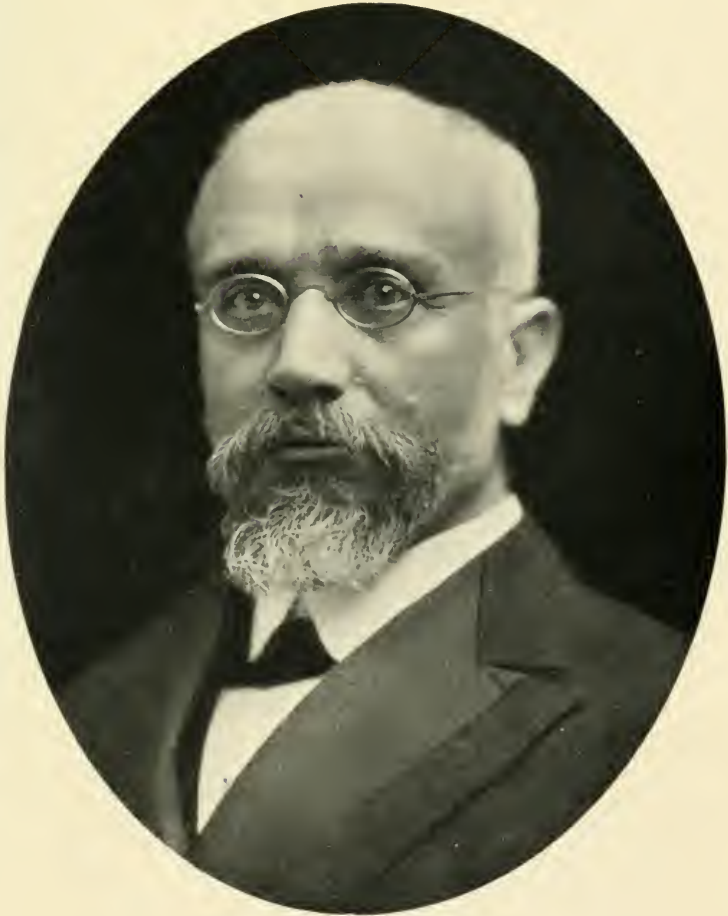
Page 80, note 3.—Is the preference of the Cretan Greeks for "motherland" to be connected in any way with the fact that the worship of the Great Goddess, as distinguished from male divinities, meant more to them or their predecessors than to the Greeks generally?

"Patriotism" and "motherland" together form a happy pair of Greek-descended and native English words. "Patriotism" does not exclude "matriotism." When Demosthenes says ἡγήετο γὰρ αὐτῶν ἕκαστος οὐχὶ τῷ πατρὶ καὶ τῇ μητρὶ μόνον γεγενῆσθαι, ἀλλὰ καὶ τῇ πατρίδι (*De Corona*, § 205), he does not mean to exclude the notion of καὶ τῇ μητρίδι. Plutarch does in fact use, as one phrase, ἡ δὲ πατρὶς καὶ μητρὶς ὡς Κρήτες λέγουσι (*An seni respubli-lica gerenda sit*, § 17). But stress inevitably falls on the aspect that is expressed. This is so in "motherland": a word which, for us in England to-day, is charged as never before with feelings of the most unselfish devotion.

PRINTED BY
HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD.,
LONDON AND AYLESBURY,
ENGLAND.

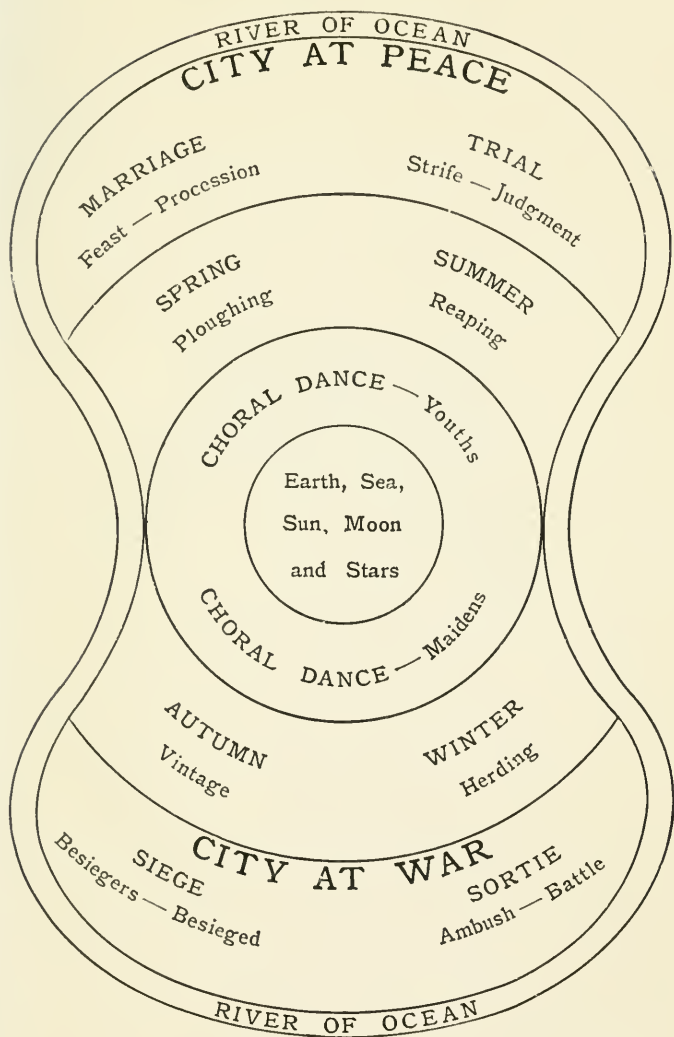
ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS

(Ἐλευθέριος Βενιζέλος)



From the " Illustrated War News, October 13, 1915." See pp. 34, 36, 91, 104, 106, 107 above.

HOMERIC SHIELD OF ACHILLES
Iliad xviii, 478-608



From Leaf's "Companion to the *Iliad*." See p. 45 above.

ATTICA, THE MEGARID, AND PARTS OF CORINTH AND BOEOTIA, WITH
YORKSHIRE ON THE SAME SCALE



From Zimmern's "Greek Commonwealth." See p. 37 above.

A BRITISH SOLDIER'S GRAVE

On the cliffs near Cape Helles, in a grave marked by a simple cross, a British soldier rests. Beside it a comrade has paused. See pages 79, 129, 131 above.

From the *Daily Graphic*, August 17, 1915. Official photograph: circulated on behalf of the Press Bureau.



ὦ ξείν', ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῆδε
κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

SIMONIDES (page 88 above).

ὁ δὲ ὑπομείνας εἰς τέλος οὗτος σωθήσεται.

NEW TESTAMENT (S. Matthew x. 22, xxiv. 13; S. Mark xiii. 13).

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT LOS ANGELES
THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below

MAY 20 1958

JAN 8 1967

JAN 8 1967

REC'D LD-URL
NOV 6 1968
NOV 6 1968

DL

REC'D LD-URL
SEP 27 1976

SEP 3 1976

REC'D LD-URL 1983

FEB 09 1983

RECEIVED
MAIN LOAN DESK

8 9 10 11 12 1 2 3 4

A.M. P.M.

Form L-8
20m-1, '42(6510)

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT
LOS ANGELES
LIBRARY



3 1158 00850 1321

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 410 757 9

