HOMESPUN

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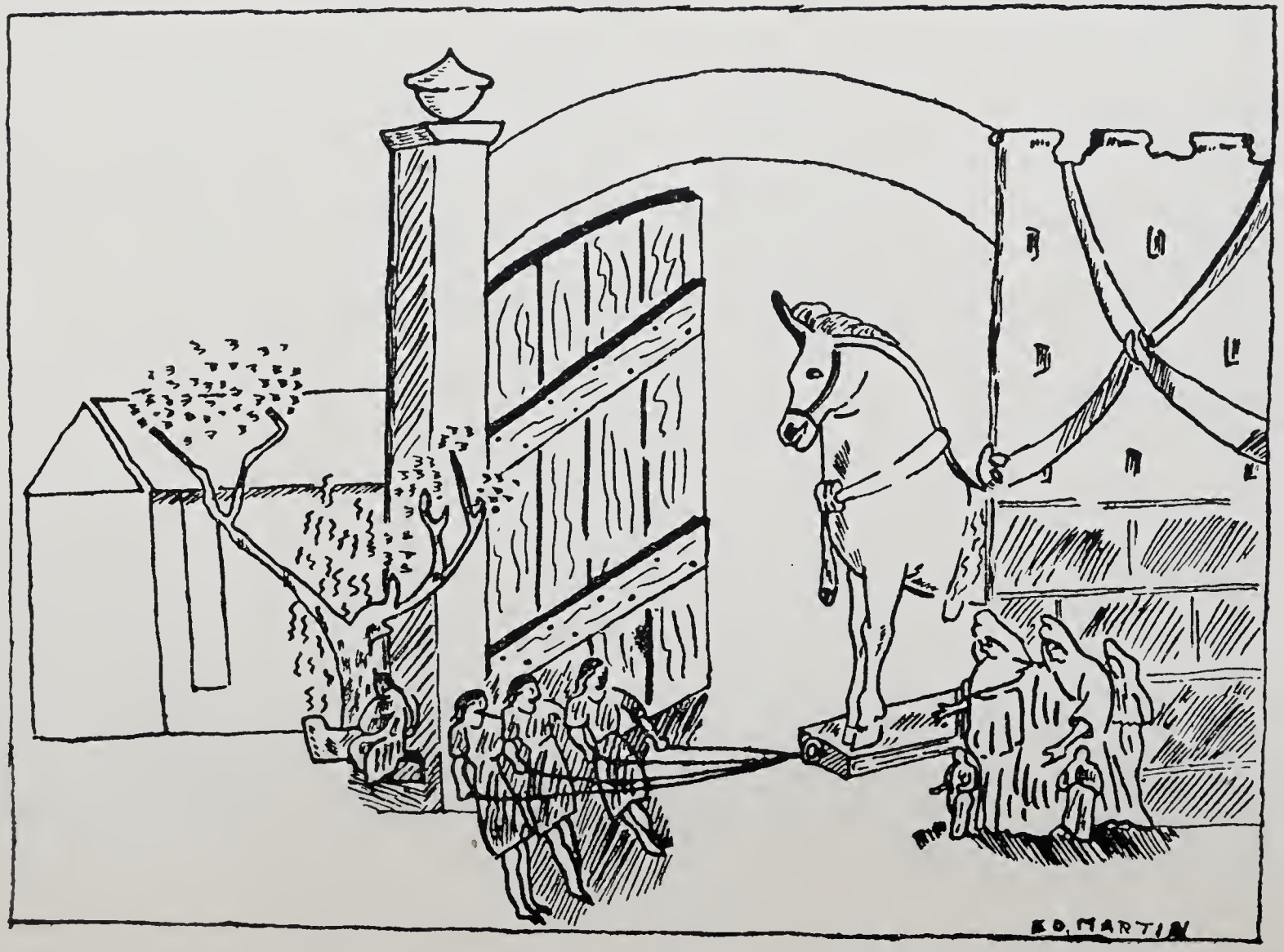
ED. MARTIN

THE WEAVE

To Vergil

W. B. Davis

The pomp of Roman legions has fallen to decay;
The splendor that was Caesar's has lasted but a day;
The bravest Grecian warriors are heaps of mould'ring dust;
The Forum in its majesty has fallen down in rust.
The Roman world is sleeping in the halls of aged time,
But still this noble son of Rome sings perfect-patterned rhyme;
Sings the rhythm of the thunder as it crashes in the sky,
Sings the music of the waters as the storm-wind rushes by,
Sings the hero-bard of Romans whose "Aeneid" is like the sound
Of the weird prayer-chants of nations rising upward from the ground.
Still shall his accents echo like a trumpet-note unfurled,
Till the demons, Flame and Darkness, shall descend upon the world.

"Wielder of the Stateliest Measure"

Sarah Scott Moore

Two thousand years ago Rome was mistress of the known world. Every nation bowed down before her, and half the world paid tribute to her. She was unmolested by war, and her people gave themselves up to splendor and luxury. Fleets of ships from every nation on the earth came loaded with silks and jewels, gold and silver, perfumes and spices, and all the rare and delicate things of the world; for the Romans spared no expense where their comfort and pleasures were concerned.

One entering the city, seeing its stately palaces and temples, its beautiful monuments and bridges, its broad streets and brightly-colored shops all bathed in warm Italian sunshine, would not soon forget the sight. One would also be somewhat confused at the bustle and chatter in the crowded streets. At least one stranger was; and that stranger was Publius Vergilius Maro.

People have often wondered how Vergil made himself so famous, since throughout his entire life he endured such poor health. He was very dyspeptic and subject to headaches. Unlike the other young men of that time, he was not interested in politics and armies, but preferred a quiet life at home to entering into those practices. He retired to his father's home and there spent his time writing.

He never entertained the idea of getting married, probably because he thought that it would interfere with his work. He was such a shy, modest man, and so averse to public attention in the days of his fame that he is known to have taken refuge often in doorways to avoid meeting people whom he knew would insist upon complimenting him.

Vergil was quite different from the beaux of that day. He was a broad-shouldered man with dark complexion, although somewhat sallow; his mouth showed signs of being sensitive; and his eyes were large, deep set, and luminous. His hair was closely cut, and it is said that that was done to hide the gray flecks which began to appear when he was young. His delicate features showed signs of habitual poor health.

Not to be outdone by his poor health, however, he studied and made himself one of the most famous Romans known in history, and one of the few Latin classics who were not lost sight of, even in the Dark Ages.

His gentleness and modesty won for him a host of friends in Rome. His most intimate friend was Maecenas, who introduced Vergil to the Emperor Augustus. The Emperor soon became very fond of Vergil and gave him a place in the royal palace. He persuaded Vergil to write a poem that would tend to draw the people into the country which at that time was nearly deserted, partly because it was wasted by war before Augustus became Emperor, and partly because people were attracted to the bright city.

Out of this persuasion came the *Georgics*, which tells of the fields and trees, horses and cattle, bee-keeping, and other things belonging to rural life. It is written in such a manner as to make any city dweller wish to leave the city for the country. Although the poem is about the every-day subject of farming, the great English essayist, Joseph Addison, calls it "the most finished of all poems."

Vergil received much tribute from Rome for this poem and the ones that followed, but it did not turn his head. He was still the simple country lad, but Rome loved him none the less for his shy awkwardness; she gloried in crowning his head with her laurels of glory.

"While in true poetic inspiration Vergil does not rank with Lucretius or Catullus, yet in his larger conception of the poet's function, in his more artistic handling of his themes, and in his mastery of technique he is far superior to them."

His writing always has been, and always will be a school book for youth, a treasure-house for mature appreciation, and a model for artists. Using Tennyson's description of Vergil as a poet, we learn that he is a "lord of language who stands out as having shown what perfect expression is, as having achieved the utmost beauty, melody, and significance of which human words seem to be capable."

Vergil, like Shakespeare, retains his uplifting and enlarging influence; he speaks directly to us and interprets actual life to us

as much as ever. He has not a mere historical value or a mere antiquarian interest. To each generation he comes afresh, a revelation of the beauty of the world and the wonder of the human soul.

The Works of Vergil

W. B. Mayes, Jr.

The earliest poems by Vergil of which we have any positive knowledge are the ten pastoral poems called *Eclogues* or *Bucolics*. The themes and language of these poems were supposed to be drawn from the lives of shepherds. In these works Vergil closely imitated the *Idyls* of Theocritus, the Greek.

The next greatest work of this master poet was the *Georgics*. Addison said that this was the most finished and one of the most perfect poems in any language. Apparently the *Georgics* were written to point out the attractiveness of rural life. The cultivation of fields, crops, tree planting, and bee-keeping are described with lightness of touch, wealth of allusion, and with many a digression. The style of this work is delightful. Vergil draws not only upon his own experience but also that of the ancient poets. There is a great similarity between Izaak Walton's manner of lingering on themes and Vergil's style.

The masterpiece of Vergil, however, is the *Aeneid*. The *Aeneid* is an epic commemorating the fall of Troy and the wandering of Prince Aeneas, the Trojan, until, "having compassed land and sea, he laid the walls of lofty Rome." The theme of the poem is partly the same as that treated by Homer in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Vergil was immediately hailed as the equal of the Greek poet. Vergil and the *Aeneid* created a furore in society. As was the fashion of the time, Vergil brought into the poem the royal family, making Aeneas the remote ancestor of Augustus. In book six he introduced a beautiful allusion to the loss of Marcellus, the son of Octavia, the sister of Augustus. On one occasion Vergil read

the poem before the royal family. At that time Octavia is said to have fainted from emotion. After she recovered, she sent Vergil a present of five hundred dollars for each line of the allusion to her son.

The *Aeneid* was hailed with acclamation immediately on its publication, and its author was regarded as the inspired poet of his native land. His works became textbooks in the Roman schools, and lines from the *Aeneid* have come to light which were scribbled by schoolboys on the walls of Pompeii. A few weak voices were raised in feeble protest against the general wave of praise, but they had no effect. The influence of the poem was widespread and enduring, not only on the Roman poetry that followed, but on prose as well.

The Prophesy

(Vergil—Book I: Lines 257-296)

Let not the mists of care bedew thine eyes,
Nor dark forebodings overcast thy smile,
O, Cytherea, whose care is told in sighs
For Troy's true sons that vie with tempests wild
For conquered Ilion's sake.

The Fates decree; my honor has been given.
The dust of Priam's walls shall Empire build,
And from his race shall come majestic Rome
Of mighty Mars, with coffers over filled
From far-flung distant seas.

And Julius Caesar, sprung from Trojan blood,
Shall rise, heaven blessed and blessing all
With golden days of prosperous peace and good.
His sceptered hand shall bring foul Furor's fall
And the Golden Age of Love.

Henry E. Biggs, Jr.

Iris

Grace Hobbs

Ceyx, dear husband of Halconia,
Lost amid the wild Aegean foam,
Whispered thoughts to fair Halconia
For the waves to carry home.
He told of flowered slumber gardens
Where the night is long and deep,
That his soul was going there
For a new eternal sleep.
But the zephyrs stole the whispers,
Twined them in their locks of gold,
And his loved one waited long,
Watched the billows toss and roll.
There never slipped a silken twilight
But she strained her eyes toward the foam,
Prayed to Juno—offered incense
That he bring her lover home.
Weary of pleading and useless prayer,
Iris, winged with her message of heaven,
Tinging the sky with her color,
Mounted her bow cloven
With sunbeams.—Ceyx was sleeping in Samnus,
Dreaming 'neath the shadowed skies;
And Iris thrust away the dreams
And brushed the shadows from her eyes.
The shadows gathered close to kiss her
And clustered near lest she should go;
So telling her message she hastened away,
Swift as a deer across the bow.
Morpheus flew to the city,
For Ceyx, dreaming, would not awake,
To tell her of her lover's death—
Then lest her heart should break

They were changed to birds with wide-spread wings;
Ceyx, wakened from death—was happy, too,
And with hearts thankful to Iris,
They drifted through the skies of blue.
And never a song was more low;
Never seemed song more sad,
But two happy, winged lovers
Were above the earth and glad.

AENEAS

W. B. DAVIS

Aeneas, wandering long ago
Must have wondered some, I know,
Why the gods should favor Greece,
Why the Fates should upset peace,
Why Venus guarded over him,
Kept him sound in mind and limb,
Why young Helen came away
With Paris and began this fray.

From his vision rose a land
Broad and fair. No human hand
Had marred its virgin beauty yet;
No eye had watched its beaches wet
In the morning of the earth
Ere the nations had their birth;
Here Aeneas made his home
And built the place that men call Rome.

Dido Infelix

Sarah Burton Clegg

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Dido—Queen of Carthage
Aeneas—Son of Venus—Trojan hero
Anna—Dido's sister
Venus—Aeneas's goddess-mother—
Goddess of beauty
Juno—Patron-goddess of Carthage
A Maid—Dido's servant

. . . . . .

Scene I—Dido's bed-chamber
Scene II—In the forest
Scene III—Dido's bed-chamber

SCENE I

The scene is laid in Dido's *bed-chamber. It is handsomely furnished. The bed has not been made up as this scene is early in the morning. Left-back is a door. Right-back there is a dresser; right-front, a door. There are also a table and several chairs in the room. Back-center is a large bay-window which affords a view of the sea.* Dido, *who is sitting by the dresser while an Ethiopian maid arranges her hair, is robed in purple and gold for a hunt. Anna, who is devoted to her sister, admiringly watches her. Shortly after the curtain goes up, the maid leaves the room. Then* Dido *turns and nervously rubs her hands as though worried.*

Dido: *(Confidently going over to her sister)* Anna, you are my only confidant now that Sychaeus has met his death at the hands of our own brother. Ah, how I did love Sychaeus—I love him still. Yet, I am in a wretched state. Since Aeneas came, I have had no peace. I confess that if my dead husband did not still have my love, I would give it to Aeneas. Oh, how disgraceful that a lady should ever think such thoughts! I pray that Almighty Jupiter may hurl me to the shades before I break the laws of mar-

riage. My love which I gave to Sychaeus shall ever remain with him, even in his sepulchre!

ANNA: Oh, dear sister, do not waste your youth and beauty in sorrow. Sychaeus would not care if you remarried—he would desire you to marry again. You need a companion. Do not spurn Aeneas as you have your other suitors.

DIDO: But, Anna, our goddess' wrath would be aroused by such a crime.

ANNA: Sweet sister, was it not by by that divine hand of Juno that Aeneas's fleet was directed hither?

DIDO: *(Nervously walking around)* It is shameful that I should love him.

ANNA: He will be preparing to leave soon. Delay him with feasts, hunts, and entertainments. Your charm will lure him, and he will forget his mission. It is the decree of the gods that you should love him.

DIDO: Ah, how comforting your words are to me, Anna. But first, we must get the blessing of the gods. We will sacrifice choice sheep on the altars; Juno's shrine indeed shall be filled more richly than the others, for she is our patron-goddess.

ANNA *and* DIDO *exeunt through left-back door. Presently the maid enters through the right-front door. She immediately goes to the window and looks out.*

THE MAID: Something is wrong—Royal Dido looks worried. *(Comes toward the bed)*. Look at that bed—she must have spent a sleepless night. *(Has an idea)*. Last night at the banquet I noticed that the queen had eyes for none but that Trojan hero. I've heard about his bravery in trying to save his homeland from those infernal Greeks. He's the son of Venus, too; and he is truly handsome. No wonder her majesty loves him. *(She makes up the bed while she talks.)* And he, I wager, will return her love—that is, if she will forget her dead husband and center her attention on him. *(The sound of the hunting horn is heard.)* Sh-sh-sh *(runs to the window)*. Royal Dido looks indeed beautiful riding beside that Trojan prince. *(Sits on the windowsill. After a moment or two she speaks.)* Look! those dark clouds! *(Thunder is heard.)* That

looks like trouble. It's a bad omen. *(The roar of thunder continues—the maid shakes her head.)*

Curtain

SCENE II

The curtain opens on a part of the forest. There are a number of trees, and on one side of the stage there is a spacious cave. JUNO *and* VENUS *enter; they are engaged in conversation.*

JUNO: This is my plan, dear Venus: While Dido and Aeneas are on the hunt, I will summon a storm. They will seek shelter in yon cave. I will be there, and they will be married. I will give Dido to Aeneas; and, as a dowry, I will bestow the Tyrian people upon you. Do you not approve this?

VENUS: I like that well, but will it meet the decree of the Fates and of Father Jupiter?

JUNO: I shall learn of Jupiter's will.

VENUS: Go on. I shall follow. *(Exit Juno.)* Complications are arising. Aeneas is destined to be the father of the Roman race—Jupiter told me this. I should not worry as to the outcome. *(Exit.)*

Enter DIDO *and* AENEAS *accompanied by courtiers. Distant thunder is heard. It comes nearer. The sky darkens and flashes of lightning are frequent. Presently the wind comes, and the courtiers flee.* DIDO *and* AENEAS *seek shelter in the cave.*

DIDO: *(Sees* AENEAS*).* Oh, I am frightened!

AENEAS: *(Goes close to* DIDO *to protect her from the storm.)* Do not be frightened; the storm will soon pass. I will protect you. *(Puts one arm around her and holds her hand.)*

DIDO: Aeneas, I have hoped that you would not leave so soon; can you not linger a while longer with me?

AENEAS: Most royal queen, beautiful Dido, you are so alluring—you seem to hold me.

DIDO: Oh, Aeneas, I love you.

AENEAS: You are the most wonderful, most beautiful woman that I have ever seen.

DIDO: Aeneas, this is our marriage. Tellus and the cave are witnesses; the lightning takes the place of the torches; the howling

of those nymphs is the wedding march; and the divine presence of Juno is the priest.

AENEAS: Dido, you are wonderful—you are mine now. I do love you.

DIDO: Aeneas——

Curtain

SCENE III

This scene takes place about three months after the wedding of DIDO *and* AENEAS. *It is set in* DIDO'S *bedchamber. When the curtain opens,* DIDO *is seen looking out of the window.*

DIDO: Oh, wretched Fate, that Aeneas should leave me! Look! They invoke the gods and the winds. Would that I could stop them! I love him more than life itself. But, he goes; 'tis Jove's command. My entreaties are not heeded.

ANNA *comes in.*

ANNA: Do not grieve, sweet sister. I shall go to Aeneas and entreat him to stay.

DIDO: Go! Hasten! For, look, they prepare to sail. Delay his flight.

Exit ANNA. DIDO *summons her maid.*

DIDO: Prepare an elaborate feast for tonight—make this the richest banquet of all.

Exit maid. Enter ANNA.

ANNA: Dear sister, do not grieve. Aeneas determines to obey the command of Almighty Jove.

DIDO *goes over to the table on which there is a bottle of purple wine. She pours some of the wine into a glass, and as she does so it turns to blood. Accidentally* DIDO *drops the glass. This is a bad omen, but* DIDO *tries to hide her emotions from* ANNA.

DIDO: *(Excitedly)* Anna, rejoice! I know what I shall do to gain my lover or lose my love. I shall get the Massylian priestess to work her charms for me. Now, go and erect a lofty pile in the open, where I may burn the presents which Aeneas gave me—that is what the priestess requires.

ANNA: Very well, Dido, I shall go at once. *(Exit.)*

DIDO: Little does she know that she lights my funeral pyre. I have been a fool. My shade will find rest in Sychaeus's arms—Sychaeus, ah, he will forgive me—sweet Sychaeus.

She goes to the window and lifts her arms in prayer to the gods. The sky grows darker—a strange light illuminates the room. Then she comes back to the table, unsheathes the sword which is thereon, comes to the middle of the stage, and stabs herself.

ANNA: *(Comes in to get her sister to go to the service. When she sees* DIDO's *form, she is frantic.)* Sister! Dido! Sweet Dido, come back to me. *(Sobbing).* Dido, Dido.

DIDO: *(Dying).* Be calm, dear sister. Do not weep. I am happy now.

THE GREAT EPICS OF THE WORLD

ELSIE MILLER

An epic, we are told, is a poem written in formal verse about the real or mythical achievements of heroes. In this type of verse the story is the dominant element. The epic arose in the age of wandering singers, who went about repeating the stories of the heroes to the kings and courtiers.

Every country has its national epic. In Greek there are the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey;* in Latin there is the *Aeneid;* in Italian, Dante's *Divine Comedy;* in German, the *Niblelungenleid;* in Spanish, *Le Cid;* in French, *Chanson de Roland;* in Anglo-Saxon, *Beowulf;* in English, *Paradise Lost;* and in Finnish, the *Kalevala. Hiawatha* is considered, by some critics, the American epic.

The *Iliad* is regarded by many as the greatest epic ever written. It is ascribed to the ancient Greek poet, Homer. The *Iliad* is divided into twenty-four books, which deal with a part of the Trojan War. The greater part of the poem is taken up with a description of the wrath of great Achilles over an insult offered

him by Agamemnon and with the tragic results of that wrath to the Greeks. In all, the story covers only about forty days.

Achilles hears with indifference of the repeated defeats which the Greeks have met because of his absence. The Trojans, believing that Achilles hates his commander, Agamemnon, more than he despises them, prepare to set fire to the Grecian camp. Achilles's best friend takes his place in the battle. His friend's death at the hands of Hector arouses Achilles, who dons a new suit of armor made for him by Vulcan and in his turn meets and kills Hector. He drags the body of the brave Trojan at his chariot wheels. He finally gives the body up to the aged father of the hero. The poem concludes with an account of the funeral rites.

The *Iliad* is a very valuable piece of work. It not only tells a fascinating story, but also tells of the modes of life and of thought in those times.

The *Odyssey,* like the *Iliad,* is in twenty-four books. The poem describes the wanderings and the sufferings of Odysseus, or Ulysses, on his return from the Trojan War.

The *Aeneid* was written by the Roman poet, Vergil. It is divided into twelve books and relates the wanderings and adventures of the Trojan hero, Aeneas. Vergil used the Greek epics, the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad,* as his models. His purpose in writing the poem was to glorify Rome and the line of Augustus Caesar. Vergil's desire to revive interest in the ancient mythology caused him to introduce gods and goddesses. He pictured them as taking an active interest in the affairs of mortals.

The story of the Latin epic is quite interesting. After the fall of Troy, Aeneas, accompanied by friends, is sailing from Sicily to Italy. In the course of a terrible storm, brought about by Juno, he is shipwrecked upon the African coast. There he receives aid from Dido, Queen of Carthage. He tells Dido about the fall of Troy, about the destruction of the city by fire, and about his perilous wanderings. Under the influence of Venus, Dido falls in love with Aeneas. She offers to him her hand in marriage. As the gods have other plans for the hero, Jupiter sends Mercury to command Aeneas to continue his journey. As he sails away from Carthage, Aeneas

looks back to the flames from the funeral pyre of the heart-broken queen who has committed suicide.

When Aeneas comes to Italy, he is taken down into the lower regions. There he sees his father and learns from him that he is to be the founder of a glorious race—the race from which Augustus, ruler of Rome at the time the poem was written, was said to have descended.

After Aeneas arrives in Latium, he marries Lavinia, the daughter of a neighboring king. Juno strives to break the engagement, but is unsuccessful.

Vergil began this famous epic in the year 30 B. C. When he died nine years later, he wanted the manuscript to be burned. The poem is a remarkable piece of literature. From the standpoint of style it has never been surpassed.

The great Italian epic of later times is Dante's *Divine Comedy,* a marvelous account of the wanderings of a soul in hell and purgatory. As it ends cheerfully, it is called a comedy. The poem was written during Dante's exile. It shows the firm grasp and the keen insight of a mature man. The epic represents the poet as traveling through hell and purgatory under the guidance of Vergil, and through paradise with the beautiful Beatrice as his leader. Beatrice was the idol of Dante's life from childhood and the inspiration of his poetry, although he saw her only a few times.

Dante pictures the sin and punishment of guilty souls in hell. Purgatory is not so gloomy, because the penalties imposed are merely temporary.

With entrance into paradise, all that is sordid and evil disappears; and the poet moves with Beatrice through beautiful flowers, soft breezes, and sweet sounds. Finally he emerges into the celestial paradise, where he feels himself in the presence of God but cannot see Him because of the excess of light. So, in a burst of triumph, this great poem ends. The story has been translated into many languages. Longfellow made an excellent reproduction in English.

Germany, likewise, has her national epic. The *Nibelungenlied* probably dates back to the twelfth or thirteenth century. The name of the author is not known. For centuries after it was written, it

attracted very little attention, but from the beginning of the nineteenth century it has been the object of much interest and study. As a picture of life in the Middle Ages, it is of immense value.

Wagner, a great composer, has based several of his famous operas on the story. The "Ring of the Nibelungs" is based directly on the great epic.

In the Spanish literature we find *Le Cid,* written about 1200. Cid was the great national hero of Spain. He lived in the latter part of the eleventh century. Cid's real name was Rodrigo. He first appears in history during the reign of Ferdinand I, and under the successors of that monarch he won distinction as a great warrior.

Chanson de Roland, the French epic, dates from the eleventh century. The poem ranks as a masterpiece. It has been translated into many different languages and has formed the basis of many stories. Roland is the nephew of Charlemagne, in whose army he fights against the Saracens in Spain. When the army crosses the Pyrenees into France, Roland remains behind with the rear guard. A little later he is defeated and killed by a Saracen. His friend, Oliver, begs him, in the early stages of the battle, to blow a blast upon his horn and bring the forces of Charlamagne to his aid, but he refuses; and only with his last breath does he sound the call. Charlemagne hears it, turns back, and overthrows the Saracens.

Beowulf is the most important relic of Old English literature. The only existing manuscript of this poem was written about 1000 A. D. It is preserved in the British Museum. The poem recounts the adventures of the hero, Beowulf, especially with his delivery of the Danish kingdom from the half-human monster, Grendel. It concludes with an account of the slaughter of a fiery dragon and the death of the hero from wounds received in the conflict. The character of the hero is attractive because of his noble simplicity and disregard of self. In imaginative quality and in strength this poem is comparable to the epics of Homer.

A later English epic, *Paradise Lost,* was written by John Milton. In this poem Milton describes the fall of man. It was published in 1667. Milton wrote the poem after he had become blind. He chose the Biblical narrative because he thought it the only theme lofty enough.

Even little Finland has her epic. The *Kalevala* is concerned entirely with the mythology of folklore of the Finnish people. In the story there is a certain unity of plot, though the various parts appear to be the product of different minds at different periods. The songs were rearranged systematically by Dr. A. Lonnrot in 1835 and in 1840 totally rearranged and enlarged into 22,800 verses. While the *Kalevala* loses in importance as a national epic, it justly maintains its place in popular literature on account of the vivid imagery displayed by the popular poet.

America, strictly speaking, has no great national epic. The nearest approach to a genuine epic is *The Song of Hiawatha,* by Longfellow, which celebrates the heroes, not of the white Americans, but of the native Indians.

The epic tells of Hiawatha's birth and childhood, of his contest with the West-Wind, his father, of his fasting, of his fishing, of his wedding, of his planting the corn, of his grief at the deaths of his friends and wife, Minnehaha, and, finally, of his departure into "the Land of the Hereafter." There is about the poem enough of an air of realism to make it interesting; yet the atmosphere of mystery, of something more than human, is felt throughout it.

The real epic of America, most critics agree, is yet to be written.

COLORS IN THE WEAVE

MYTHS FROM THE AENEID

AURORA

"Whose rosy fingers ope the gates of day."

LEILA GEORGE CRAM

Aurora was the daughter of Sol, the sun, and the mother of the stars and winds. At the close of each night she arose from her couch and rode in a splendid golden chariot drawn by white horses. She ascended to heaven from the river Oceanus to proclaim to the world the coming of the new day. As she rode across the sky, all the earth was lighted by her golden chariot. Then the rays of the great Sun would touch the earth.

The Goddess of the Morning was loved by Tithomus, and she also loved him. She begged the gods to grant him immortality, but Aurora forgot to ask at the same time that he should not get old and decrepit.

Aurora was pictured as a beautiful girl with snow white skin and teeth. Her golden hair played over her shoulders as she flew in her chariot through the heavens.

Orion

Elizabeth Sockwell

All day long Orion had scoured the forest with his faithful dog, Sirius, pursuing closely at his heels. Just as the sun began to fade behind the clouds, the youth caught sight of a group of Diana's nymphs, the seven Pleiades, daughters of Atlas, tripping gaily through the forest. These fair nymphs needed but to be seen to be passionately loved. When Orion first saw them, his heart burned, and he drew near to view them more closely. The maidens, who were very coy, turned and sped quickly away.

Orion, fearing that he would never see the nymphs again, pursued them hotly. The nymphs ran until their strength failed them; then they called upon their patroness for aid. She heard their earnest plea, and so, just as Orion, panting and weary, came up, she changed them into seven snow-white pigeons. After winging their way into the azure sky, the Pleiades were transformed into a constellation, composed of seven bright stars.

Orion, being a very fickle youth, was soon consoled for the disappearance of his beauties and fell in love with Merope, daughter of Oenopeon, King of Chios. The king agreed to the marriage of Merope and Orion, provided Orion should win his bride by a heroic deed. Orion was a very impatient man and, unwilling to wait till he should perform such a deed as was required, decided to abduct his bride instead of marrying her openly. Oenopeon learned of Orion's plans and punished him not only by the loss of his bride, but also by the loss of his eyesight.

Unable to hunt because of blindness, Orion wandered alone from place to place searching for someone who could restore his eyesight. At last he came to the Cyclops' cave, and one of them pitying the lonely and wretched youth led him to the Sun, from whose radiance he borrowed a store of light.

Happy Orion again hunted from morning until evening. One day Diana met him in the forest and immediately fell in love with him. Apollo disapproved of this and vowed to put an end to his sister's love. Calling her to him, he broached the subject of archery;

then in pretext of testing her skill in the sport dared her to hit a black speck rising and falling far out at sea.

With an accurate aim Diana sent her arrow through the air and watched the speck vanish into the sea, ignorant that her target was the head of Orion, who was refreshing himself by a sea bath.

On discovering her error, Diana was horrified and vowed never to forget her youthful hunter; so she placed Orion and his faithful dog, Sirius, as constellations in the sky.

Tantalus

Leila George Cram

Tantalus was the son of Zeus. He is known in ancient stories for the terrible punishment inflicted upon him in the lower world after his death.

Jupiter had invited Tantalus to dine with the gods and communicated his divine counsels to him. Jupiter told him never to disclose the secret of the gods. But Tantalus could not keep the secret and divulged the promise thus entrusted to him. Jupiter became maddened at this broken promise and punished him in the lower world by afflicting him with a raging thirst. Tantalus was placed in the midst of a beautiful lake, the waters of which always receded from him as soon as he attempted to drink them. Over his head hung a branch of fruits, which drew back in like manner every time he stretched out his hand to get it.

The punishment of Tantalus was proverbial in ancient times, and from it the English language has borrowed the verb "to tantalize."

Atlas and Hercules

Carey Sloan

A short while after Hercules had killed Antaeus, the gigantic defender of the Pygmies, he came upon Atlas holding the heavens on his broad shoulders. Atlas listened earnestly to Hercules's story of his search for the Hesperian apples and finally declared that he knew exactly where the apples could be found. The giant even promised to get these apples for Hercules if he would only relieve him of his burden for a little while. Happy that he could accomplish his purpose so easily, Hercules allowed the heavy sky to be shifted to his broad and spacious back. As soon as the burden was off his shoulders, Atlas hastened to fulfill his part of the agreement.

The giant Atlas saw the beautiful fruit shining and glittering in the dewy morn. He walked cautiously up to the garden walls and then crept stealthily through the gate and across the beautiful blooming garden until he came upon the giant dragon who was enjoying his early morning nap. Atlas drew his sharp sword and with one strong stroke slew the sleeping beast. The giant hurriedly plucked the golden fruit and returned unmolested to where he had left the brave Hercules.

As he drew near to the hero, however, his steps began to drag. He could not think of taking over the heavy load that had been so easily thrown off; freedom was wonderful. He stopped and almost turned away without saying anything to Hercules. His big mind was filled with many thoughts, some urging him to resume the task, and others pulling and striving to keep him away from it. What must he do?

Freedom was so sweet that he resolved to keep it. Coolly stepping up to the over-burdened Hercules he said, "Friend, I have found the golden apples, and with them has come freedom. I am going to place these golden apples in the lily hands of Eurystheus and let you hold my heavens for a while." Hercules could hardly resist dropping the heavens and killing Atlas, but he decided to try to detain him for a moment.

"This is very hard on my shoulders. Hold this burden long

enough for me to get a cushion and place upon my shoulders," he said. Atlas, like all giants, was good-natured, and so he threw the fruit on the grass beside him and assumed the weight. Hercules, instead of preparing to resume the holding of the weight, quickly picked up the fruit and left Atlas standing alone. Atlas remains as Hercules left him, and there he must remain holding the heavy sky upon his shoulders until some other compassionate hero shall come and set him free.

The Judgment of Paris

James Doubles

Paris, the second son of Priam, king of Troy, and his wife, Hecuba, was the cause of the Trojan War. Before his birth his mother dreamed that she had given birth to a firebrand which had set the world on fire. This dream was interpreted by Helenus to signify that the child Hecuba was about to bear would bring destruction upon Troy. Priam, in order that this might be avoided, had his son exposed upon Mount Ida. Shepherds found the infant and reared him. After many years had passed, Paris discovered that he was the son of Priam. Paris's father received him, but he chose to live on Mount Ida. The reason for this was the fact that he had fallen in love with Aenone.

While Paris was on Mount Ida, he was chosen as arbitrator in a strife which had arisen among three goddesses, Hera, Athene, and Aphrodite. All the gods and goddesses had been invited to the wedding of Peleus and Thetis, Discord being the only one excluded. To avenge this slight she entered secretly after all had assembled and flung among them a golden apple, upon which were inscribed the words, "To the most beautiful." A violent quarrel arose imme-

diately among the goddesses, for each one believed herself to be the most beautiful.

Each of the three goddesses attempted to bribe Paris that he might declare her the most beautiful. Hera promised him great power; Athene promised him military renown; Aphrodite promised him Helen, the fairest of women, who was the wife of Menelaus, for his wife. Paris decided in favor of Aphrodite. Having equipped a ship, Paris sailed to Sparta, where with the help of Aphrodite he persuaded Helen to elope with him to Troy.

The prediction of the oracle with regard to Paris was accomplished, for in the Trojan War which followed Troy suffered total destruction.

The First Aviators

Sarah B. Clegg

When Daedalus, the far-famed architect, was trapped in the labyrinth which he had constructed for the hideous Minotaur, he decided to manufacture some wings for himself and his son, Icarus, who was with him. He fashioned Icarus's wings first and bade him fly hither but not too high for fear that the sun would melt the wax of which the wings were constructed; he promised that he himself would follow shortly.

But Icarus, enjoying his flight so much, forgot his father's warnings and flew too high. Soon the heat softened and melted the wax, and Icarus, no longer supported by his wings, sank faster and faster until he fell into the sea where he was drowned. This sea, in memory of him, bears the name Icarian Sea to this day.

Orpheus

Mary Mann

Orpheus, a Greek hero supposed to be the son of Apollo and Calliope, was given a lyre by Apollo. With this instrument he was able to move men and beasts, trees and rocks. He made the trip with the Argonauts and by his music was able to put monsters to sleep and stop cliffs from falling.

On his wedding day his wife, Eurydice, was bitten by a snake and died. Orpheus followed her to the lower regions and prevailed on Pluto, who allowed him to take her back if he would not look around while they ascended. Unluckily, Orpheus looked back and so lost his wife forever.

According to some traditions, Orpheus was killed by a thunderbolt from Zeus for revealing the divine mysteries, and according to others, he was torn to pieces by the Maenades and buried at the foot of Mount Olympus, where a nightingale sings over his grave.

Pluto

Elizabeth Leak

Pluto, son of Cronus and Rhea, received as his share of the world the Infernal Regions, situated beneath the earth. He was also appointed god of the dead and of riches, for all precious metals are buried deep in the bosom of the earth. Pluto inspired all men with a great fear. They hoped that they might never see his face, for when he came to the surface of the earth it was either to drag someone back with him to his dismal dwelling or to make sure that there was no crevice through which a sunbeam might shine to brighten his gloomy home. When he came on one of these adventures, he rode in a chariot drawn by four coal-black horses; and, if anything prevented him from progressing, he struck it with his two-pronged fork, the emblem of his power, and it was imme-

diately removed. Proserpine, the goddess of vegetation, was captured on one of these wild journeys of Pluto. He took her with him to Hades and made her his queen.

This mighty man is always represented as a stern, dark, bearded man, with tightly closed lips, a crown on his head, a scepter and a key in hand, to show how carefully he guards those who enter his kingdom, and how vain are their hopes to effect their escape.

There are very few statues of this god, and there were no temples dedicated to him. Sometimes on his altar human sacrifices were made. At his festivals every hundred years, the so-called Secular Games, none but black animals were slain.

As Regiments of Ants

(Book IV: Lines 393-412)

Although prone to sympathize with Dido, and even though he grieved for the love against which he struggled, considerate Aeneas, finally determined, obeys Jupiter's command and returns to his fleet.

The Trojans press on the launching of their ships; soon the well-tarred keels are afloat; either leafy branches, or else the saplings themselves, become oars in the hastened flight.

The swarms of Trojan soldiers rush from the city and along the shores like regiments of ants on the march, unforgetful of coming winter and heeding the anticipation of future wants, that plunder a huge pile of meal and convey the grain to their cells. The ants tread a narrow path as their black troops move onward, straining every nerve, the grain heavy on their shoulders. Some guard their spoil; some urge on the laggards; the entire army works and maintains equal share in the labor.

Pangs of longing and of loss shoot through Dido's heart as the shouts of far-off sailors come to her ears—these mixed with the sounds of a mournful sea. She sees from her tower the hustling men on the shore.

Tyrannous love, what struggles thou dost cause in the human heart!

Margaret Kernodle

Justification of Aeneas' Treatment of Dido

Bernice Love

I think that Aeneas was justified in leaving Dido to seek Italy. I do not believe that his departure from Carthage detracts from the "piety" of his character. At first Aeneas seems very cruel and inhuman, because he forsakes Dido. This departure, however, really adds to the true greatness of his character.

Aeneas really did love Dido in his own way. People then ask, "Why did he leave her?" Aeneas, deep down in his heart, wanted to remain in Carthage because of his love for the Queen. In his case duty was master over love. He knew that he was destined to reach Italy, and his inner conscience dictated to him to carry out the divine will of the gods.

Venus, Aeneas's mother, played a dominant part in the affair between Dido and her son. She seemed always to be present in Aeneas's mind, urging him to seek Italy. Not only did Venus, but other divinities as well, influence Aeneas to go to Italy. Jupiter himself had promised his daughter, Venus, that her son would reach Latium. With all the gods urging him to leave Carthage, it seemed inevitable for him to depart from Dido.

The dates of Vergil's life are 70 B. C. to 19 B. C. Could a man in these days be expected to treat the woman he loved with the same affection as a man living in the twentieth century? Then women were not on the same social standing as men, and even love did not justify the evasion of the will of the gods.

The personage of Dido has helped Vergil to rank among the great creators. If there had been no tragedy and if the hero and heroine had lived "happily together ever afterwards" in book-like fashion, Vergil would never have ranked as a master creator. I think that the departure of Aeneas for Italy has helped to seal the everlasting greatness of Vergil's *Aeneid*.

(Book II: Lines 453-475)

There was an entrance in the rear,
A doorway hidden at the back,
A thoroughfare through Priam's house,
Through which the sad Andromache,
When yet King Priam's hand held sway,
Was wont to take Astyanax,
His son, to see his father's sire.
Then I escape and take the roof,
From which the hapless Trojans throw
Vain weapons at the gaining Greeks.
A tower rising to the stars,
Whence all of Troy may be seen
And the familiar Grecian ships,
With crowbars now we do attack.
The flooring gives in yielding joints,
And now we see it overthrown.
It, falling with a noise, trails
In ruin and cuts the Grecian ranks.
Still others come, and neither rocks
Nor any kind of weapon bold
Can stem the tide of dauntless Greeks.
Before the entrance Pyrrhus stands,
Rejoicing in his weapons new
And gleaming in their brazen light.
As when a snake well-filled with grass,
Which swollen, down beneath the sod
Cold winter hid; but now is new,
Has shed its skin and in the light
All bright and slippery rolls up.
Its head is to the sun; its tongue
Three-forked is darting from its mouth.

Katherine Wagner

Sinon

The Most Perfect Traitor in Fiction

Dorothy Burnside

It was to Sinon that the Greeks owed their victory over Troy. They sent him to induce the Trojans to bring their wooden horse filled with Grecian soldiers into the city so that they might capture it.

Sinon, who allowed himself to be captured by the Trojans, began his pitiful story by saying that the land was dangerous for him, as he had been one of the invaders of Troy, and that they would demand his life as a penalty. He said the sea was also forbidden to him as it was filled with Greeks who would demand his life because he had escaped when he was supposed to be sacrificed to the gods. Sinon thus displayed his craftiness at the beginning of his speech by gaining the sympathy of the Trojans.

From the time of his capture he proceeded in a flawless manner. He first told them something they knew to be true; then he added a plausible falsehood which fitted in with the beginning of the story. Nothing anywhere in fiction has been conceived with greater art than the introductory speech of Sinon. He knew just the statements that would arouse the sympathy of the people and realized he must put enough truth in his speech to make his hearers believe the whole was true.

This crafty traitor excited the Trojans' curiosity concerning the horse. They, being very gullible, believed his story. He told them that the Greeks left the horse on the Trojan shores so that it might prove a snare to them, and so that they might be induced to violate it with fire or sword. If they did that, it would bring down the wrath of Minerva on them. He added that the Greeks made it large so that the Trojans would not be able to get it within their city, thereby gaining the favor of Minerva. This, of course, was just his cunning way of influencing the Trojans to take the horse into their city. In this way he gained the Greeks' entrance into Troy.

The ruin of Troy was due to the artful Sinon who knew how to give his story the air of veracity. In the *Aeneid* Vergil has portrayed the most perfect traitor in fiction.

(Book IV: Lines 1-19)

The queen with love was long since smitten,
And now she feeds its heavy wound,
And with its fire her heart's inflamed.
The many virtues of the man,
The glory of his ancient race,
His words and looks cling to her mind.
Nor do they let her e'er be calm.
Then when Aurora lights the earth
With Phoebus' torch and dewy shades
Disperses from the heavens high,
The queen, insane, her sister seeks,
"Oh, Anna, how my sleeplessness
Does frighten me! What man has come
Within our palace? What a face
He has! How strong in heart and arms!
He did not vainly boast his birth.
He is of Venus born, I'm sure.
How tossed by unkind fate is he!
How many endless wars he sings!
Were not so fatal my first love,
And had I not my mind so set
Against a second love, I might
Succumb again to this one fault."

Katherine Wagner

Gossip

Douglas Cartland

No one can fully understand and enjoy Vergil's poetry without a thorough knowledge of the mythology of the Greeks and Romans. For the *Aeneid,* Vergil makes free use of Greek and Roman gods. He has woven together the scattered legends that tell of Olympian deities.

I believe that Vergil himself believes in the divinities of which he writes. His sincerity in showing that his fatherland has ever been under the special care of the gods can not be doubted.

Vergil's own creation is "Gossip," one of the most hated of the deities. From the *Iliad* we learn of "Discord," who threw the golden apple into the midst of the feasting gods and caused much sorrow.

We have read of cruel Pluto, who rules over the underworld. We know of the tormenting Furies and of the sinister Fates, who weave the destinies of man. We have studied of the wicked Cronus, who devoured his own children, and we know of the monstrous Titans, who threatened to destroy Jove. But a goddess more hateful than all of these, however, is "Gossip." If Vergil fell in love with Dido, he was affected in the opposite way by "Gossip."

Mad at Olympus, Mother Earth brought forth this goddess, the last daughter of the giants. The diseases with which men suffer do not spread so swiftly as she runs. Her very motion lends power to her progress. She grows larger and more hateful. At first "Gossip" slinks along close to the earth and cowers and shrinks away with dread. Before long, she grows so large that she plants her feet upon the ground and allows her head to pierce the clouds.

Every feather that clothes her body has a watchful eye hidden beneath. For each plume, there is a saucy tongue and a straining ear. She sweeps along between the earth and the sky in the night time; she never sleeps. All day long she fills large cities with fear and trembling, sitting perched on a rooftop or a turret. Sometimes she speaks the truth, but she loves to tell falsehoods. Wherever she goes she sows the seed of hatred and wrath.

This creature, "Gossip," can be compared to our modern radio. It has not a thousand ears and tongues, but one organ which may be in thousands of places. It picks up static and music and pours both into the listening ear. We like the music, but many times the radio brings in static. There is only one fundamental difference. Radios may be cut off by simply pressing a button. "Gossip," on the other hand, is a persistent creature; and unless we combat her with our better nature, she will make inroads upon our character.

Why Did Dido Fall in Love With Aeneas?

Harriett Powers

It is almost impossible to explain why people fall in love. There are various and sundry reasons. Dido's first impression of Aeneas seemed to be a favorable one. She was greatly impressed by his physical appearance. He was, as we say today, as handsome as a Greek god both in face and physique.

Sympathy often leads into love. This might be proved in this affair. Dido was moved from the start by a people in the same ill fortune she had suffered. She, too, had been driven from her home and forced to build a new empire for her people. She had pity for the leader, Aeneas, because she was the leader of her people.

All women love children. Although Dido had been married and was a widow, she was childless. When she saw the boy, Ascanius, immediately her heart went out to him. She had all the love for him that a real mother might have. She might have softened her heart toward the boy's father on his account.

Aeneas showed great tact in bringing the queen gifts, although they were second-hand. He brought her a mantle of gold which once belonged to Helen, a veil, a beaded necklace, and a circlet of gold. What woman would not be moved by the presentation of such gifts?

Laocoon

(Book II: Lines 200-219)

Laocoon, by lot the chosen priest,
Was offering on the altar now a beast;
Behold two serpents through the deep do ride
With hairy crests above the waves. And side
By side, their other parts in coils, with might
They gain the shore. I shudder at the sight.
A noise comes from the foaming sea. And now
They hold the fields. With blood they do allow,
And fire, their ardent eyes to be suffused.
Their flashing, darting tongues with fury loosed.
They lick their hissing mouths. We flee. They find
Laocoon at once, and then they bind
The bodies of his youthful sons, and break
Their limbs. And next Laocoon they take
Who tries to aid his sons. With massive coils
They bind Laocoon. With might he toils,
His waist encircled twice. Then twice around
His neck they twine and o'er his head rebound.

Katherine Wagner

Dido and Aeneas

Mollie Harrison

I have never forgiven Aeneas for leaving Dido. What if the gods did order him back to Latium? Did that justify his forgetting all that Dido had done for him and his men? Did that make it right for him to break her heart? I don't think so.

Ever since I have known anything about Dido, I have admired her greatly. She was a wonderful queen. But, after all, she was only human; and her love for Aeneas ruined all of the carefully-constructed edifices of her life.

When Dido first saw Aeneas, his beauty attracted her. He was very tall and well-built. He had curly golden hair and magnificent blue eyes. Dido had never seen a man as handsome as he or as gifted in the power of speech.

Dido was as beautiful as Aeneas. She had large black eyes and long pale-gold hair. I should like to have seen them together. They must have made a spectacular picture.

I think Aeneas was weak—he loved Dido, and yet he weakly let himself be persuaded to leave her.

Until I read a book that came out recently, I had always imagined that Dido killed herself merely because Aeneas left Carthage. It has given me quite a little satisfaction to know that she had another motive as well. Aeneas was not worthy of the sacrifice.

Anna—the Older or Younger Sister?

Irene Dorsett

For a long time the question of whether Anna was older or younger than Dido has bothered Vergil scholars. Of course, there is no way of knowing for sure, so everyone is entitled to his own opinion.

There are several reasons which convince me that Anna was younger than Dido. In the first place, I think Anna had a devotion to Dido that was like a younger sister's adoration of an older sister. She was faithful to her sister to the end. She always seemed to think that anything Dido did was perfectly all right. She came at Dido's beck and call and did everything that Dido asked her to do. She was always comforting and sympathetic towards Dido. She did not dictate or condescend to Dido, but was her willing servant.

There are other reasons which confirm my belief. In the old days the oldest sister had to be married before any of the younger ones were allowed to marry. Dido was married; Anna was not. Does this not prove that Dido was the older? Then, too, it was customary for the oldest to inherit the kingdom. In this particular case, Dido was ruler. Therefore, I am convinced that Dido must have been older than Anna.

Anna—Friend or Foe?

Annie Laurie Felder

Many people who have only a slight knowledge of the *Aeneid* do not even know that there is a person by the name of Anna in the story. To all outward appearances she hardly seems important enough to mention, but it was really because of her that a large part of the fourth book of the *Aeneid* was written.

It was Sister Anna who played the part of adviser to Dido. It was she who, in the dark hour when Dido was trying to throw off the love for Aeneas which she believed would leave a blemish on her woman's honor, counselled Dido to lay aside all fears and give herself up to the mad, joyful ecstasy called love. It was she who finally convinced Dido that there was nothing wrong in loving and marrying Aeneas, even if she (Dido) had vowed never to love or marry anyone again.

One can easily see that Anna was trying to do everything she possibly could for the sister she literally worshipped, but why did she have to try to help Dido in this abominable way? Why did she not stop and consider the future before she gave her over-ready aid!

To me Anna has shown herself to be the unconscious destruction of Dido. Anna knew Aeneas as well as Dido herself did. She, too, heard him relate his story of his many wanderings. It seems that she, who always looked out for Dido's happiness, would have recognized in Aeneas that roving spirit and ardently pleaded with her sister to forget him.

Then, too, she was a firm believer in the gods of Olympus and the power they had over poor mortals. It does seem that a sister as anxious as Anna was for Dido's safety and happiness would have had keen enough insight to see the hand of the gods in the directing of the life of Aeneas.

She appears very week, it seems to me—a well-designing sister who directed the feet of trusting Dido astray. She was Dido's friend; none can deny that, but it is quite often that friends become the cause of the ruin of their comrades' lives and thereby become foes instead of friends. This is the way Anna has impressed

me all the way through the story. She was such a friend and counselor that she let her ardor get the best of her, and because of this she ruined Dido's life.

Was Anna a friend or a foe? That question is, of course, up to the individual, but I will always consider Anna Dido's "friendly foe."

(Book IV: Lines 648-662)

But Dido, climbing on the pyre, reclines,
And through her tears she sees her wedding couch.
Delaying in her plan a bit, she says,
"Sweet relics, while the fates and gods permit,
Receive this soul and loosen it from care.
I've lived my life and done what fortune bade,
But now my shade will go beneath the earth.
I've built a town; its citadels I've viewed;
And as avenger of my husband's death,
Exacted of my brother punishment.
O happy I, too happy, had the ships
Of Troy not touched upon these shores of mine!"
And so she said and kissed the bed farewell.
" 'Tis pleasing thus to go into the shades.
O let that cruel Trojan out at sea
Drink with his eyes these funeral fires of mine
And bear with him this omen of my death."

Katherine Wagner

WARP AND WOOF

This Issue

As this issue goes to press, the present staff of Homespun surrenders its editorship. It is with a great deal of sadness that we sever our personal contact with Homespun, for the work has been both pleasant and inspiring.

In the four issues which have already been published this year we have tried to picture life in its various stages. First, there was youth with its rosy and wonderful conception of living. Then we came to the early manhood and womanhood, that first glamour not yet having worn off. After that, we glimpsed the maturity of life as we

realized its joys and sorrows. Finally, came the peace and quiet of old age in our issue, "The Sunset Trail."

Now, in our last issue, we turn HOMESPUN over to the Latin students who are honoring the memory of Vergil. We feel that the regular staff members can express in a final way our delight and pride in editing this magazine and our regret in leaving in no more beautiful a form than this tribute to the great Roman poet.

Susan Gregory

Why Study Vergil?

Every truly cultured person should be familiar with Vergil's *Aeneid*. It is generally conceded to be a classic among classics. It is the greatest Latin poem written by the foremost Roman poet. One is amazed at how much he can learn about mythology from this one piece of literature. It is impossible to obtain the fullest enjoyment from reading masterpieces of a later age if one has not a knowledge of the story of the *Aeneid*, for all the outstanding writers, especially Shakespeare, continually refer to the Latin epic. The well-educated must have a background of the *Aeneid* to be able to appreciate completely good literature.

Of course, the study of Vergil also offers to the true Latin student the usual opportunity of further training in the language. A course in Latin is not complete without studying the most beautiful of the types of literature—poetry. In this form are found new grammatical constructions and peculiarities which are never seen in Caesar or Cicero. A thorough understanding of Latin grammar necessitates a familiarity with the poetic forms. Since the *Aeneid* is by the best of the Roman poets, a pupil gains the best idea of Latin poetry through a study of this great epic.

One of the most important reasons why we should read the *Aeneid* in Latin is the sheer enjoyment we can receive from it. The

plot of the epic stirs the imagination; the beauty of the powerful rhythm of its lines sways the emotions. The magnificence and force of the original cannot be maintained in translation; so one derives more pleasure from reading the Latin version than the English. If one delights in good English poetry, he will certainly enjoy the *Aeneid* by a master of the art of writing—Vergil.

Kate Wilkins

Is Latin Dead?

One usually thinks of the word "dead" as having one of the following meanings: inactive, unprofitable, monotonous, destitute of life, not transmitting a current, out of the play, or the point or degree of greatest lifelessness. Yet we dare to call Latin a dead language.

Latin, however, cannot be inactive when it continues even to the present day to influence literature. Certainly Latin cannot be accused of being unprofitable, for it is true the average Latin student is much more proficient in the grammar of his own language and is constantly making comparisons that are helpful to him. The study of Latin cannot be monotonous, for its literature abounds in romance, adventure, and the numerous glories of an ancient civilization. Can Latin then be called destitute of life? Do our emotions not react to the life portrayed in Latin literature?

Of course when the term "dead" is applied to Latin, it means not spoken by a people of this time. This is true, of course. However, there are volumes of great literature which will never die as long as there are any lovers of literature. It is true that Latin is no longer the language of poets, orators, or play writers, but certainly the literature of the ancients is still influential. Latin is not dead!

Margaret Kernodle

The Vergil Bimillenary

Two thousand years have elapsed since the birth of Vergil, the greatest of Roman poets; but his fame has not in the least diminished through this long period. His works still appeal to every lover of good poetry, high adventure, and true patriotism.

In 1925 the Athene E Roma Society of Italy reminded the world that on October 15, 1930, the two thousandth birthday of Publius Vergilius Maro would occur, and it invited all nations to unite in doing honor to one of the world's greatest epic and pastoral poets.

It has been the aim of the Vergil class of the Greensboro High School this year to show esteem and admiration for the beloved poet. Each week the class has taken five minutes of an assembly program to tell the student body of Vergil. Five of these programs have been arranged so as to take up five important steps in his life; one was given over to reciting a passage from the *Aeneid;* on still another occasion the class recited Tennyson's *Tribute to Vergil;* and a final tribute was in the form of the presentation of a play based on the *Aeneid*.

It is only just that Vergil be accorded the highest praise and that his two thousandth birthday be especially honored, for, as Dr. Anna Pearl MacVay says, "No other poet except Euripides has pictured more sympathetically man's emotions, whether of passionate love or keenest sorrow, and shown more vividly the horrors of war and the desolation that it brings to its innocent victims." Vergil is loved through all the world because of his frankness; he never pictures war as a glorious adventure, but always makes us feel its cruelty and barbarous origin.

Because of our love for the poet Vergil and our desire to commemorate his birth, and because of the enjoyment which we have received from reading the *Aeneid,* the greatest of Vergil's work, the Vergil class of 1930 publishes this issue of HOMESPUN.

Elizabeth Sockwell

TANGLED THREADS

Sunset

Grace Hobbs

Thoughts led me down a path of silver
Lit with sunset's fire,
And I ran to meet the streaming color
In the harbor of desire.
Then they seemed to burst and flame
And slowly die away,
And I found my hope was dead,
A symphony in gray—
But then the dawn thrust
A thousand stars into my hair,
Jewels to brighten a world-worn soul,
To keep it sparkling—fair.
And in my heart I felt a promise
That my life's sunset would be
A flame—a burst of color,
And a rainbow in the life to be.

Silence

Billye Hobgood

Softly, silently,
Like tiny, bare footsteps of snow,
Moments pass. So quietly . . .
A peacock feather sailing
Would strike heavily as hurled stone.
Softly, silently,
Lulling as the whisper of heard wind,
So sibilantly
That breathing is a roar,
Harsh, stentorian,
Against white sounds of silence . . . .

Have you ever listened to silence?
Intently, straining your ears into conch shells?
Pressing forward, alert, your heart rebelling
At the coercion of stillness?
Then suddenly through the soundlessness of silence
Creeps softly the slow insistent throb . . . .
Hurting, it is, like the whisper
Of thrashing wings in a cage,
Soft, tender, painful,
Like the hurt of too much love . . . .
These sounds . . . . the voice of silence;

You can't hear them, my friend,
Unless your heart has been pierced with pain,
Unless your eyes see beauty in love,
Unless your ears hear the foot-steps of snow falling,
Or sense the rhythm of heard wind-song.
Christ stopped and listened on the cross . . . .
I guess he heard the silence
Of treachery.

Fairy Story

Grace Hobbs

A little fairy danced among the morning-glory cups,
And she drank from the dewy goblets with dainty fairy sups.
In buzzed her angered lover—gallant Sir Bumble Bee,
So our fairy stepped inside lest he kiss her pretty chin,
But Bumble Bee just quickly laughed, quite playfully, and then
He jumped about with muffled shout and twisted Amy in.
I thought it was a bud until, beneath the warm spring air,
It opened up, and then I saw the fairy sleeping there.

Sea Call

Nancy Hudson

O call me back to sea again,
To barren rocks and reefs,
Where wild winds roar and the tide sucks in,
And waves beat on the beach.

Take me back to smell of salt again,
Where fog o'erlays the air,
Where keels are laved with foamy brine,
And there's death to brave and dare.

O back, back to the sea again,
And the moist wind in my face.
Back to where the mermaids sing
And blue-finn'd Dolphins race.

O back to the pound of surf again,
And clippers riding roughshod,
Where ships are ships and men are men,
And God is the only God.

A Hardware Deal

Bill Edgerton

Two classes of people travel by train in private cars: rich men and guests of the Government. Mickey Sumner was, unfortunately, a guest and was now on his way to Atlanta for an extended visit at the Federal Hotel. But his car could scarcely be called private; he shared it with several dozen other "guests," some of whom had decided—by request—to make Atlanta their permanent home.

Mickey Sumner was gifted—or perhaps, afflicted—with the art of conversation. He could talk as easily with millionaires as with miners, with senators as with sailors; he could hold your interest with a story and pick your pocket, both at once. For three hours Sumner had talked to his fellow-prisoners upon politics and policemen, farming and football, prohibition and war, radio and cooking, aviation and ships; and he was becoming worried lest his supply of subjects should fail. It was while drawing a deep breath after a discourse on algebra that an inspired idea struck him.

"Fellow men," he said, "just to pass the time away, let's each tell the story of his capture."

A red-headed man who needed a shave awoke for a moment. "You tell yours first," he suggested.

Sumner needed no further incitement. "Well," he began, "it all started when I was making a trip through the South—just a leisurely pleasure trip, you know. I'd grown rather tired of life in New York—had a few arguments with the police—so I started to Florida by automobile. Business was pretty good for the first few days; whenever my money ran low, I'd flash some checks. Those Southerners would take them all—accommodating folks, they are.

"One morning I pulled in at a little town called Durban. It was an innocent-looking place, and my pocket-book was suffering from malnutrition; so I decided to autograph a few checks.

"Now, I use methods of my own invention—none of this common stuff for me. First thing when I got to Durban, I made a trip around town, found where all the rich people lived and all

that. Then I got a city directory and found out who owned the houses I'd seen. Slick fellow, I am—don't take chances, you know. So I picked one name—Pennington, Gordon Pennington; and from the looks of his house I judged he could live on a hundred dollars less.

"The next thing I did was to get a blank check, and this fellow Pennington gives me a hundred bucks; but he don't know it. Then I endorse the check—John Blacknall was my pen-name—I hate publicity, you know.

"Well, it was all over then but the cashing. I went across the street to a hardware store, bought a wheelbarrow, told 'em to send it out. Where? Oh, I've forgot. The wheelbarrow cost seven-fifty; my profit, ninety-two and a half. Not bad, eh? So I gave him the check. He looks at it, takes it over to the office, and comes back with the change. 'Easy enough,' says I. Then I thanked him for his trouble and walked out feeling stronger.

"Soon I remembered an important engagement on the road to Florida; so I faded out of Durban—modest, you know; don't like publicity.

"Well, I was feeling pretty big right then—ninety-two fifty in less than an hour—no chance of being caught—good car putting another mile every minute between me and Durban.

"But even a good car can't run without gas, and about sixty miles out of Durban I had to stop at a service station. Well, would you believe it; I hadn't been there thirty seconds before two cops rode up and put the bracelets on me. Didn't say 'howdy-do' or nothing; just walked over and grabbed me and told me to come along. Before I could catch my breath they had taken me to court, tried me for check-flashing, and put me on this train. Started to send me to a little one-horse jail, but after they'd looked up my record they had a little more respect for my pride and sent me to a more exclusive place."

The red-headed man who needed a shave opened one eye. "But how'd they catch up with you so soon?"

A faint smile played about Sumner's mouth. "The man who sold me the wheelbarrow," he said, "was Gordon Pennington."

The Flower

Nancy Hudson

It was a flower,
A lovely and fragile thing
Blooming in life's garden bed.
Man saw it,
And touched it,
And thought in his kind,—
The lawyer,
The student,
The hoarder of gold:
"It is a fair client
That will bring me great fame."
" 'Tis a specimen of the rare and wild Rosaceae—
An interesting study,
They say."
"It is a precious thing.
Riches will come in its sale.
Ah! Gold, it symbolizes,—
Glistening gold and power!"
Practical men! Foolish, fond men!—and
beauty is unknown.
But God,
The only God,
Master of all trades,
Looked down from Paradise,
And smiled,
And said,
"It is a rose,
And roses are love,
And love is life."
Supreme God, King of Eternity—and
beauty is a rose.

PATTERNS

From the Book Shelf

Gertrude Atherton—*Dido*

Do you want to read a book that will thrill you, make you laugh, and make you cry? Unless you are an inhuman sort of monster, Gertrude Atherton's *Dido* will do all these things, and more. It will leave you with a sense of having read a book of a century.

When the story opens, Elissa, a Tyrian princess, is in a state of intense jealousy of her brother, Pygmalion, who is King of Tyre. She can, however, do nothing, until finally Pygmalion hires men to murder her husband, Sychaeus, High Priest of Tyre. The death of Sychaeus, whom she loves intensely, breaks Elissa's heart temporarily and inspires in her a plan of vengeance. She takes a thousand and sixty of Pygmalion's nobles, and sixty biremes (ships) full of treasure, and, changing her name to Dido, leaves Tyre. After many trials and disappointments, Dido finds the site on which she wants her city to be built. Finally it is completed, and she names it Carthage (New Town).

When Sychaeus was killed, Dido vowed to Astarte, the Phoenician goddess of love and of fertility (otherwise known as Ishtar, Ashtoreth, Selene, Aphrodite, Astoroth, Selene, and Artemis) that she would never love another man; and, although she is very beautiful and beloved of many men, she keeps her vow until Aeneas comes to Carthage. She falls in love with him almost at first sight, and he is similarly affected. We all know the rest—how Aeneas is visited by Mercury and ordered to go on to Latium, how Dido kills herself when he departs; but you can never know the

tragedy and the hopelessness of Dido's and Aeneas's love until you have read Gertrude Atherton's version of it.

The sources of information used in the writing of *Dido* are: Oxford Bible, the *Aeneid,* Alfred J. Church, Wallace B. Fleming, Mabel Moore, Georges Perrot, Charles Chipiez, and R. Bosworth Smith. The quotations from the *Aeneid* are taken from Professor J. W. Mackail's prose translation.

This book is so beautifully written and so vividly descriptive that, when you have finished it, you will have an absurd desire to turn back to the beginning and read it all over again. It is a book that you will remember a long time. Parts of it will remain in your mind always. I am not exaggerating when I say that it is the most magnificent book of its particular type that I have ever read. It is really superb in its depth of feeling, its pathos, its dramatic intensity, and, above all, in its characterization of Dido, queen of Carthage.

Mollie Harrison

RAVELINGS

Mercury Visits Aeneas

James Strickland

It was midnight. The tall, inky masts of ships silhouetted in the moonlight towered to the sky. A slight breeze stirred the waters and ruffled the halyards of the Trojan ships. Two guards paced the deck of one of the largest ships, and at intervals whispered remarks disturbed the tranquillity of the scene.

Within a small enclosure on the deck of this ship, an enclosure which we today would call a cabin, a strong, sinewy, well-proportioned man of middle age reveled in the sweet nectar of a good night's sleep. Forgetful of his break with Dido, queen of Carthage, and otherwise his estranged fianceé, he allowed nothing to disturb his rest until he felt a hand on his shoulder. He roused himself, as would a surprised deer.

"Ah, friend Mercury, we meet again," began he of the muscular frame, addressing the new arrival.

"Ay, truly, son of Venus, and it seems that my first visit has had little or no bearing on your plans, for I see you are still here. How, by Jove, can you enjoy the sweetness of slumber when so much remains to be done?" The visage of the god clouded in a frown.

"Well, now, Merk, old top, don't get so 'het up' over the subject. We've always been good friends, haven't we? You know, if we men fall by the wayside, it's the women that make us do it, isn't it?" The Trojan dodged just in time to escape a collision between Mercury's staff and his pate.

"Take it back," warned Mercury, menacingly, "or I'll give you worse."

"Oh, I forgot you and your particular 'crush' in the heat of the moment, old thing. No hard feelings, I'm sure." Their hands met in a friendly clasp. "Have some of this good old Tyrian wine, a reminder of times spent in that palace." Pointing his left finger toward the tower, Aeneas poured out a full cup of the good ale and handed it to his companion.

"By the way, Aeneas, you didn't seem to shine up to that queen so well. What was the matter? Something go wrong?"

The face of the Trojan leader became a study, half smiling and half frowning.

"Well, my lad, I suppose after you've been married two or three times, you'll begin to know what it's all about. Women are all alike. One will treat you just like another. One will fall on your neck and say you're the grandest, most handsome thing in the world; that you're her ideal; that she has been waiting for you all her life. And still another will pass you up as if you were your wife's poor relation. Well, it's all in a lifetime, and you've got to take your share of it and like it."

The brawny Trojan leaned back on his couch and sipped contentedly at his wine, as would a philosopher who had expounded a new theory. The soft grey eyes of Mercury gazed at him, scarcely believing, almost incredulous. So this was his idea of women, was it? Well, Dido had gotten a pretty raw deal, he thought, from this fellow who was so woman-wise. "Some folks who claim to know all don't know the half of it," he reflected, draining his cup and helping himself to another cupful of the delicious concoction.

Suddenly the son of Maia heard a remonstrative voice in his ear.

"Why are you loitering so? Just for this you're docked a half-day's pay." It was "his master's voice."

"Great jumping Jupiter!" ejaculated Mercury. "Well, that beats all. Don't forget, Aeneas, you're to set sail immediately,

under orders from headquarters. And don't forget this, either: women are always fickle and changeable," he added, drily.

"That's the spirit," answered Aeneas, as he began calling his men for the task of departure.

Helen of Troy

Marnita Adams

Helen was that beautiful lady who caused so much trouble down in Troy. It seems that though she had a perfectly good husband (well, perhaps not so good when he got the bills for Helen's imported frocks), she thought that Paris, a young chap from Troy, was much more attractive. Anyway, Menelaus didn't understand her.

Paris came to call quite a few times, but Menelaus, who was a very busy man, thought that he was just one of the many young men who came from miles around just to see Helen, who was really a famed beauty.

One night Paris came to dinner, and Menelaus thought he was a nice, promising young fellow, but of course he had no idea that he was in love with his wife.

That very same night Paris proposed that Helen come with him to Troy. He told her that Menelaus was so busy looking after Sparta that he never saw her, so of course did not appreciate her loveliness. Helen thought of all of her past quarrels with Menelaus and decided to go away with Paris.

Menelaus never paid much attention to his little wife, but he became terribly angry when he discovered that she had gone off with Paris. He called out his army and navy and sailed after Helen.

When he got to Troy, he was so angry that he decided to have a war. There had not been a battle recently, anyway. When Helen heard of all the terrible conflicts, she said that she

had stayed at home by her own little fireside, then there would not have been so much trouble.

Menelaus was wounded in a fight with Paris, but he soon recovered and was even more angry, if possible, with Paris. He thought up a plan to enable him to get into Troy. It was to build a big wooden horse. When it had been built, he and his men got into the horse and persuaded Sinon (probably with the aid of a bountiful check) to let them enter the city.

When he got to the palace where Helen was staying, he found that Paris was already dead. He also found Helen all dressed up, looking as pretty as ever; then he decided that it was not her fault if Paris had carried her off; so he willingly forgave her.

The next day Menelaus took his little wife home on his ship, and let us hope that they lived happily ever afterward.

Requiescat in Pace

Henry Bagley

What do I care for Vergil?
What did he care for me?
He wrote a bunch of Latin verse
I've got to learn. Oh, Gee!

How could he be so cruel
To the students of today?
We have to study what he wrote
And what he had to say.

Now we are pretty modern
In this year of nineteen-thirty,
But still we study Vergil's works.
That deal's what I call dirty.

Latin Class on Monday

Annie Laurie Felder

The slow drip, drip, drip of the rain on the outside of the window-panes droned on monotonously. The twenty or more pupils within the room gazed dejectedly out of the rain-soaked windows. In the minds of each person ran the same thought—*what a day to have to study Latin!*

A few seconds later the teacher took her place at the head of the class and called the roll. After some preliminary duties she opened her textbook to the lesson for the day. As she did so, every pupil in the room sighed audibly and then turned sorrowful eyes toward her.

"It's not the Latin that is dead; it is you pupils who are dead," said the instructor with smiling eyes. "Do you like romances?" she continued. "I see by your faces that you do. Well, let's get down and learn something about the love affair of Aeneas and Dido. That's our lesson for today."

Somewhat encouraged by her words, the class quickly hunted up their lesson. Then, for about twenty minutes they peered into the innermost part of Dido's heart and learned how it was almost bursting with the love that was consuming it.

While they delved into the guarded secrets of Dido, the pupils' faces began to light up so rapidly that they seemed almost to be excited. Soon an animated discussion was underway, based upon the passage that had just been translated. As the conversation advanced, new and interesting stories and myths of Troy and ancient times were brought to light and charmingly narrated.

Even the teacher sat forward in her chair that she, too, might not miss any of the myths that were being related. Her eyes were glistening with a brightness that proceeds from interest and absorption in a subject.

Being unwilling to leave the passage concerned with Dido's love until it had been very beautifully translated, the whole group again bent over their books. Each one was absorbed in trying to translate silently that passage when the hourly bell startled the quiet

room into the unwelcome knowledge that it was time to change classes.

With looks of disappointment at not having retranslated the interesting poem, the class slowly filed out of the room. It was not until they had gone out of the building that the thought that the rain was still drip-dripping on the window-panes again occurred to the Latin students who had so dreaded "*to have to study Latin*" on such a day.

Vergil's Ghost

Mary Gray Kornegay

The school was hoarding a swarm of bees. These bees were human beings who buzzed lessons all day to their teachers.

Lo! Publius Vergilius Maro visited a Latin class one day. This honorable man's ghost had drifted from the old world to see how it liked the Vergil classes. Poor ghost, the shocks it received were many.

One student was translating as Vergilius hovered near him.

"Miss Andrews, Vergil is crazy stuff. If that man were alive today I could tell him a mouthful. Bah! What bosh."

As the pupil said this, Vergil's temper rose. He tramped up and down the aisle. Someone did not like his work. Revenge must be had. But how?

While his anger was raging, the innocent student was placidly chewing gum and drawing a grin on a stern-faced Roman.

Bang! a great idea struck the noble ghost. Stepping behind Miss Andrews, he found her ready to record a grade for the loose-tongued student. Quickly he whispered in her ear, "Give him a D."

THE SHUTTLE

THE following story, reprinted from *The Cycle* of Woodsville, New Hampshire, shows that Vergil is influencing high school writers even at the present time:

HELEN OF TODAY

(Modernized from Helen of Troy)

Helen was sitting by the casement window waiting for a brand new sport roadster to come gliding down the street. She had been going with Clarence for nearly two years. As Helen was waiting she began to think that she didn't like him as well now. Could it be that Clarence's affections bored her? At the last country club dance she didn't have as good a time with him as she did with Pat.

That morning Pat had called and wanted her to go on a camping trip in the mountains with his parents.

The sound of an approaching car could be heard. She must not go with Clarence. She would show him a thing or two. The door bell rang and no answer. Steps were heard approaching the side entrance; another bell rang. After a few minutes the car disappeared.

Helen went to the telephone and called Pat.

"189-4, please."

"Hello, Pat, say you remember you called this morning about going on that trip. Well, I have decided to go with you. I'll be ready tomorrow when you call for me."

"Yes."

"Oh! Don't worry about that; I don't care what he thinks."

"No."

"All right. Good-bye."

The next day Helen and Pat's folks left for their trip in the mountains. The young couple spent a marvelous two weeks with his folks, when as a bolt out of a clear sky the atmosphere changed in Helen's heart. Pat's brother seemed to be a better swimmer, golfer, and horseback rider. Thus Helen spent the rest of her summer vacation in companionship with Dale, Pat's brother.

Late that fall, when Helen and Dale were at a fraternity house party, Helen again met Clarence with one of her best girl-friends. Then that spark of friendship became rekindled and that night she told Clarence of the day she stood behind the locked door. Helen promised Clarence she never wanted any one else. She had tried all types, but Clarence proved to be the best.

"Make new friends, but keep the old,
The first is silver, the latter is gold."

Martha Thayer '32

THE WEAVERS' GUILD

The Night Patrol

(The Aeneid—Book II: Lines 370-385)

Henry Biggs, Jr.

The city was a turmoil—fiery embers—groans of pain
When Aeneas and his comrades rallied on the plain,
Faced defeat and sword death, dared the phalanx and the flame
For the honor of a city that honored Priam's name.

The streets were dark destruction hiding honor in their shade;
The clash of arms incessant, Trojan shield 'gainst Grecian blade;
And the warriors as they stumbled down the smirky, death-draped
street
Kept their peace and only wondered when they heard the tread of
feet.

The parties met in darkness; a salute rang out in Greek;
The Trojans held their council, but their manner none too meek
Betrayed them. And their accent told their kind.
Then they joined in battle, and blood ran red like wine.

Fiercely went the struggle; swords all broken; lances struck
As Greek arms, uncertain, wavering, gave place to Trojan pluck.
And as the moon brushed back the shadows the ground revealed its
dead
While the conquered pressed on like conquerers with Aeneas at their
head.

Vergil's Life and Character As Revealed in His Works

Bernice Apple

Throughout all of Vergil's works one can see his life and character, sometimes very clearly, sometimes vaguely; his two earliest works, however, probably gave his life most clearly. Both the *Eclogues,* or *Bucolics,* and the *Georgics* are filled with Vergil's own experience.

In the *Eclogues,* which give an expression and reflection of the quiet and seclusion of Vergil's life during the thirty-seven years of comparative peace and exhaustion of the Roman nation, and during his education at Cremona, Milan, and Rome, is found the story of the confiscation of lands. The first *Eclogue,* or pastoral, is the blending of the poet's own deep love of his home, of sights and sounds familiar to him from childhood with his Italian susceptibility to the beauty of nature. In the first, sixth, ninth, and tenth, Vergil describes the feelings he had about his home and the appreciation to Varus and Gallus who aided him in repossessing his property. The site of Vergil's farm is described in Eclogue IX, a picture of Mantua, which lay too close to the unfortunate Cremona. Vergil's earliest protector, Pollio, is referred to in the fourth and eighth pastorals. Throughout the pastorals there is the ever-present love and feeling for nature and the beauty of nature.

The *Bucolics,* which are four books dealing respectively with crop-raising, tree-growing, cattle-raising, and bee-keeping, give a picture of the early years spent at Mincio in pastures and cornfields, among the hives, and later at Naples. Vergil was entirely familiar with these subjects and seems more natural than he does in the *Eclogues.* At the end of the preface or introduction to the third *Georgic* there is the declaration of his intention to sing of the battles of Caesar, but, as we know, this ambition was changed to the great epic. Maecenas, Vergil's greatest literary patron, is appealed to in each of the *Georgics.* Books I, II, III, and IV contain prayers to Maecenas to lend his aid and encouragement.

Probably the most outstanding trait of Vergil's character as revealed in his early works is his attitude toward nature. In the *Georgics* the certainty and innocence of agriculture attracted him His love of nature was of such a kind that he easily became jealous of encroachments of tillage: what pleased him in rustic life was its contrast with the life of the town. To him nature was very much alive. In the *Georgics* and the *Aeneid* Vergil diffuses a national feeling and his philosophy with the simple joys of country life.

Vergil's ideas about nature and government were indeed outstanding. The *Georgics* set forth the thought that nature is universal law; the *Aeneid,* that Fate is the authority. His doctrine of universal law was that the human race was governed by divine powers, which to him were the same authority as Fate given him in the *Aeneid.*

To Vergil the world from the physical standpoint was always a riddle and an attraction. Silenus's song in the sixth pastoral told of the creation, how the primal atoms of earth, air, water, and fire were collected and from them all things were formed. Iopas at Dido's court also sang of the creation. In the *Georgics* Vergil sets forth his aspirations after the "cause of things." Vergil was always a deep thinker on life. Anchises in the *Aeneid* expounded the Vergilian philosophy as to man's place in the world, the meaning of life, the origin and lasting of souls, and the issues of death.

Vergil's character is, too, revealed in his attitude toward his works. He was fastidious and melancholy, a fact which is shown in his search after perfection. He spent years on each of his works. In 43 B. C. he began the *Eclogues* which were published in 37 B. C. Immediately he started the *Georgics* and published them in 29 B. C. The *Aeneid* was begun at once, but he did not live to perfect it. Because of this fact Vergil, just before his death, expressed a desire that the *Aeneid* be burned because he could not revise it before it was published.

The prophetic instinct which Vergil seems to have possessed is at play in the fourth pastoral. This pastoral has probably called forth more comment than any other part of Vergil's great contributions to the literary world. It is the prediction of a return of the Golden Age to the earth under the rule of a child soon to be born.

Some have expressed their opinion that the child was the son of Pollio; others, that it was Christ. In the *Aeneid* Anchises predicts Rome's greatness.

Vergil's attitude toward religion is set forth in the *Georgics*. He did believe in moral law, but this is probably more clearly brought out in the *Aeneid*. The *Georgics* reveal Vergil's idea of worship. Simcox says that the poet never reaches the elevation at which it is possible to repose upon the thought of the goodness and justice of the Most High. His highest conception of gladness is a solemn sacrifice, where men pay vows which they make in trouble. His worship is almost without praise, yet it is not a service of fear. It is a service of thanksgiving and of paying vows.

The *Aeneid* alone, however, sets forth a Vergil. In this last work we see a Vergil well-read in Greek literature and philosophy, especially the works of Homer and Hesiod. The *Aeneid* is modelled on Homer's great epic with some scenes and incidents very much like the Greek. Legends and myths of the poet's own native land fill the *Aeneid* with a rich local color which makes the epic lovely.

Probably, though, the word *pietas* attracts Vergil more than any other single word. That one word gives the keynote of Vergil's own character. Anyone with such ideals as Vergil embodies in Aeneas is bound to have some of the qualities in himself. *Pietas* includes courtesy, pity, love and devotion to right, sympathy with misfortune, resignation in suffering, loyalty and faithfulness, and reverence and obedience. These, too, are the marked traits of Vergil. These moral qualities, the embodiment of the very essence of Roman character, seem to empower Vergil in all his work. He appears to me from reading the *Aeneid* and the other two works as one who by his own example could lay before the people of his own time the "ideal man." Yet, one characteristic remains which is possibly the one secret of Vergil's power—tenderness. Vergil's heart was not in the battles; undoubtedly he was in spirit with the mothers who waited for their husbands and sons to return. He calls Dido *infelix*. It is one quality easily traced through the *Aeneid*. Because of these very traits which Vergil possessed, he was distant, he was intimate with only the closest of friends; yet within a deep personality lodged.