

# **THE AGE OF FABLE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649438372

The Age of Fable by Thomas Bulfinch

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**THOMAS BULFINCH**

**THE AGE  
OF FABLE**



# THE AGE OF FABLE

BY

THOMAS BULFINCH

Told in words of one syllable

BY

EDGAR LEE

---

Illustrated by

CARL TRACY HAWLEY

---

THE SAALFIELD PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO

AKRON, OHIO

NEW YORK

## CON-TENTS

	PAGE
In-tro-duc-tion . . . . .	7
Pan-do-ra's Box . . . . .	9
The Gold-en Age . . . . .	10
Pun-ish-ment . . . . .	11
The Py-thon . . . . .	15
Daph-ne and A-pol-lo . . . . .	15
The Swift Dog, Le-laps . . . . .	18
I-o and Ar-gus . . . . .	20
The Beau-ti-ful Cal-lis-to . . . . .	23
Di-an-a and Ac-tæ-on . . . . .	25
La-to-na and the Boors . . . . .	26
Pha-e-thon, Child of the Sun . . . . .	28
Mi-das, the King with the Gold-mak-ing Pow-er . . . . .	36
Bau-cis and Phi-le-mon . . . . .	38
Cad-mus . . . . .	42
The Sto-ry of Ech-o . . . . .	45
He-ro and Le-an-der . . . . .	47
The Or-i-gin of the Spi-der . . . . .	49
Ni-o-be . . . . .	52
The Sphinx and Her Rid-dle . . . . .	54
The Cen-taur and the Doc-tor . . . . .	55
The Pyg-mies and the Cranes . . . . .	56
At-a-lan-ta and Hip-po-me-nes . . . . .	56

*Contents*

4

	PAGE
The Sto-ry of Her-cu-les . . . . .	58
The-se-us and the Min-o-taur . . . . .	65
Dæd-a-lus and Per-dix, the In-vent-ors . . . . .	69
The Wood-chop-per's Pun-ish-ment . . . . .	71
Cor-nu-co-pi-a, the Horn of Plen-ty . . . . .	74
Or-pheus and Eu-ryd-i-ce . . . . .	75
Mel-am-pus and the Ser-pents . . . . .	78
Ti-tho-nus, the Grass-hop-per . . . . .	79
The Tro-jan War . . . . .	79
The Sa-cred Deer . . . . .	80
A Won-der-ful Wood-en Horse . . . . .	81
The Fate of Hel-len . . . . .	84
The Land of the Lo-tus Eat-ers . . . . .	84
The Cy-clops . . . . .	85
The Is-land of Æ-o-lus . . . . .	89
Cir-ce, the Daugh-ter of the Sun . . . . .	89
Seyl-la and Cha-ryb-dis . . . . .	91
The Is-land of the Sun . . . . .	91
Mod-ern Mon-sters . . . . .	94
The Phœ-nix . . . . .	95
The Bas-i-lisk . . . . .	96
The U-ni-corn . . . . .	96
The Sal-a-man-der . . . . .	97

## IL-LUS-TRA-TIONS

	PAGE
Pan-do-ra closed the cov-er quick-ly . . .	Frontispiece
He touched the tree, and felt Daph-ne trem-ble with-in it	17
He raised his spear to slay her . . . . .	24
Ju-pi-ter threw a light-ning bolt straight at Pha-e-thon .	35
Cad-mus drove his sword through its bod-y . . . . .	43
A great wave washed the bod-y up on the beach . . . . .	47
Drag-ging it by the tail to his cave . . . . .	63
When the Min-o-taur at-tacked him, he cut off its head .	67
Woods-fair-ies de-light-ed to dance a-round this oak . . .	73
With long ropes pulled the horse in-to the cit-y . . . . .	81
“My name is No-man,” he re-plied . . . . .	87
King U-lys-ses and Queen Pe-nel-o-pe a-gain sat on the throne . . . . .	93





## IN-TRO-DUC-TION

That you may un-der-stand this book, I must tell of the people who first told these sto-ries to *their* chil-dren. We know them now as the An-cient Greeks, who lived man-y, man-y hun-dreds of years a-go in Greece, and who not at all knew things as we know them to-day.

They said the world was flat and cir-cu-lar, like the plates on your moth-er's din-ner ta-ble; that their coun-try was the mid-dle of the earth, and its cen-tral point Mount O-lym-pus, where dwelt the gods they wor-shiped or feared, and that in the Tem-ple of Del-phos these gods spoke to the peo-ple.

A sea they called the Med-i-ter-ra-ne-an, which means "mid-dle of the earth," crossed the world from west to east. A-round the edge of the earth flowed the Riv-er O-cean. On it were nev-er storms or tem-pests, and all the riv-ers of the earth had their wa-ters from it.

In the north, lived the Hy-per-bo-re-ans, a hap-py folk who dwelt in ev-er-last-ing bliss and con-stant spring-time, be-yond great moun-tains from whose cav-erns came the north winds that chilled the peo-ple of Greece. Hy-per-bo-re-a could not be reached by land or sea; its peo-ple nev-er died of dis-ease or old age, were nev-er wear-y, for they did not la-bor; they just lived in per-fect bliss and peace. On the south side of the earth, close to the Riv-er O-cean, lived a peo-ple

as good and hap-py as the Hy-per-bo-re-ans. They were the E-thi-o-pi-ans; these peo-ple were so high-ly fa-vored that the gods would some-times leave Mount O-lym-pus to at-tend their ban-quets and fes-ti-vals.

A-long the west edge of the earth, on the banks of the Riv-er O-cean, was a hap-py place where good Greeks were ta-ken gent-ly by the gods to en-joy bliss for-ev-er. It was named "The E-lys-ian Plain," or "For-tu-nate Fields," or "Isles of the Blessed." Way be-yond these lands, the Greeks be-lieved there dwelt hor-rid mon-sters and gi-ants.

You can see they real-ly knew noth-ing at all of the earth, for this was ev-er so long be-fore men sailed the seas in ships, and, of course, Chris-to-pher Co-lum-bus had not then been heard of.

The sto-ries in this book were all "made up" by the wise men of Greece, who had noth-ing else to do but im-ag-ine things, and yet, as you grow old-er, and un-der-stand things bet-ter, and learn of the won-ders of Na-ture, why the sea-sons change from Spring to Sum-mer, to Au-tumn, to Win-ter; learn of the won-ders of the sun and moon and stars, and man-y oth-er things, you will see these old Greeks had some rea-son for these beau-ti-ful fa-bles. They did not know of God and His wond-rous works, or of His love for us, as we now un-der-stand and know; and so, when you re-mem-ber this, I think you will find some love-ly thoughts in these strange sto-ries of what we call the Age of Myth-ol-o-gy, when peo-ple did not KNOW, and could on-ly GUESS.

E. L.