

STORIES FROM GREEK HISTORY

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649284566

Stories from Greek history by B. G. Niebuhr

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

B. G. NIEBUHR

**STORIES FROM
GREEK HISTORY**

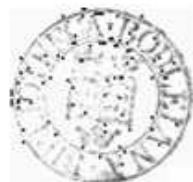
STORIES
FROM
GREEK HISTORY;

In a Series of Tales
RELATED TO HIS SON.

BY
B. G. NIEBUHR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

LONDON:
D. NUTT, 158, FLEET STREET.
1843.



LONDON:
B. CLARK, PRINTER,
SILVER STREET, FALCON SQUARE.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE Translator, in presenting to the English reader the following Tales from Mythological History, cannot but congratulate the English public on the means now afforded them of seeing how a mind so filled with various learning, and the results of deep research, as that of the historian of the Roman Republic, could condescend to the mind of a child, and represent with an almost infantine simplicity those tales—the unexplained traditions of centuries, to which he was the first to supply a key. The object of the translator in the execution of his humble task has been to render the simple diction of the original, and if he be pronounced to have succeeded in this, he will be fully satisfied.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

NIEBUHR relates in a letter * to his friend Hensler, that he was writing Tales from Greek Mythology for his son Marcus. It is remarkable how such a man conceived these myths which have afforded occupation to the learned, in the form of tales for children, and adapted them to the comprehension of a child four years of age. This circumstance will give a wider interest to these tales than that which they possess merely for Niebuhr's personal friends. They are therefore presented to the public, and it is the especial wish of Niebuhr's son, that they may impart to other children the same pleasure which they have given him. The mere writing, indeed, cannot give the lively interest to these tales which they possessed for the boy; for the tender father painted as it were the events while he narrated them, and the boy, on commencing his actual studies, stepped into a circle of friendly forms already well known to him. He still retains a lively remembrance of the joy with which he hailed a fancied discovery of the cave of Cacus on Aventine, and how he used to compare with his father's narrations the representations of the history of Hercules on sarcophagi and other bass-reliefs.

* *Lebensnachrichten über B. G. Niebuhr*, vol. ii. p. 485. Letter 452 of 19 Jan. 1822.

HISTORY

OF THE

HEROIC AGE IN GREECE.

HISTORY OF THE ARGONAUTS.

THERE was a king in Greece whose name was Athamas, and his wife's name Nephele: they had two children, a son and a daughter; they were very good and loved one another very much. The son's name was Phryxus, that of the daughter Helle. The father, however, was a bad man, and drove away his wife, the mother of the good children, and married another wife, whose name was Ino, and who was a bad woman. Ino treated the poor children very ill, and though they were good, she beat them because they cried for their mother. At last she resolved to sacrifice Phryxus, but on his being brought to the altar to be sacrificed, the god Hermes brought a fine large ram which had a fleece of gold, and could run upon the clouds; and upon that ram with the golden fleece Hermes placed Phryxus and his sister Helle, and told them to proceed through the air to the land of Colchis.

The ram knew the way; the children were obliged to hold fast by his horn with one hand, while they twisted the other arm round one another's body: but Helle let go her

brother and fell down into the sea. Phryxus cried bitterly at the loss of his dear sister, but rode safely on, and arrived safe at Colchis. When there, he sacrificed the ram, and nailed the golden fleece to an oak.

After this there reigned in Thessaly another king, who was named Pelias: he had a brother called Aeson, who had a son whose name was Jason, who could beat to the earth all who ventured to contend against him with their fists.

JASON was a young and gallant knight, and dwelt with his father outside the city. Now it had been foretold to King Pelias, that a man who would come to him with one shoe would deprive him of his kingdom. And it happened that King Pelias gave a great feast, to which Jason was invited. In coming into the city Jason had occasion to pass through a brook, there being no bridge over it. There had been that night a terrible thunder storm, and it had rained heavily; the brook was full of water and greatly swollen, as it was at Albano when the heavy rain fell. The strings of one of Jason's shoes gave way and he lost it in the water, and so he came into the king's house with only one shoe. When King Pelias saw this he was struck with fear, and commanded Jason to quit the country, and not to return unless he brought with him the golden fleece.

JASON was not at all frightened, and invited all knights who were brave and valiant to go with him on the adventure; for, in order to obtain the fleece it was necessary to fight with wicked monsters and wicked men.

JASON built a great ship for himself and his companions. The goddess MINERVA, who loved him, assisted him in his undertaking; she gave him a tree for a mast, and when JASON consulted this tree it told him what he was to do.

This ship was named ARGO, and they who sailed in it were called the ARGONAUTS. Amongst the Argonauts was HERCULES; as likewise two brothers who had wings and could fly through the air; also a hero named POLLUX.

Sailing away in this ship they reached a country, the king of which was named Amyelus; he was a man of mighty strength, and when strangers came into his country he forced them to fight with him and killed them. But Pollux beat him to the earth and slew him, for he was a very wicked man.

After this the Argonauts came with their ship to a city called Salmydessa, where there dwelt a king whose name was Phineus. This king had made Jupiter angry, and Jupiter to punish him had strack him with blindness, and when he sat down to meals, there came great nasty birds called Harpies. These Harpies had skins of iron like armour, and when Phineus' servants shot or struck at them, they were not able to wound or hurt them: and these creatures had great sharp iron claws with which they tore the people who tried to drive them away. And when the food was put upon the table they came and carried it off, and if they could not carry the whole away, they dirtied the dishes and tables and made a most abominable smell, so that as poor Phineus could never get his meals properly, he was almost starved to death. When the heroes arrived in his country, he informed them of his misfortune, and with many tears implored their help. The heroes bade him sit down to dinner, whereupon, as soon as the meat was put upon the table, the Harpies also made their appearance. Jason and his companions cut away at them lustily, but it was all of no use. Thereupon the two sons of BOREAS, ZETUS and CALAIS, who had wings on their shoulders, soared into the air above the Harpies. The Harpies then became frightened and flew away, the two heroes after them, till at last the Harpies became so overwhelmed with terror that they fell into the sea and were drowned. Zetus and Calais then came back, and poor Phineus after this was left at peace and could eat his meals in comfort.

As soon as the wind was favourable, the heroes again