

**PHILOTHEA: A
GRECIAN
ROMANCE**

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Philothea: A Grecian Romance by L. Maria Child

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L. MARIA CHILD

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GRECIAN
ROMANCE**

PHILOTHEA:

A Grecian Romance.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

AUTHOR OF LETTERS FROM NEW YORK, FLOWERS FOR CHILDREN, &c.

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or sweet by slow stream, or poetry spring,
Or chasms and wady depths, all these have vanished—
They live no longer in the faith of Reason!
But still, the heart doth need a language—still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names. *Coleridge.*

A Spirit hung,
Beautiful region! o'er thy towers and fens,
Statues, and temples, and memorial tombs,
And emanations were perceived. *Wordsworth.*

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MUNSON & FRANCIS
Boston.

TO

MY BELOVED BROTHER,

Dr. Francis,

OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY,

To whose Early Influence I owe my Love of Literature.

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED.

P R E F A C E .

THIS volume is purely romance ; and most readers will consider it romance of the wildest kind. A few kindred spirits, prone to people space "with life and mystical predominance," will perceive a light *within* the Grecian Temple.

For such I have written it. To minds of different mould, who may think an apology necessary for what they will deem so utterly useless, I have nothing better to offer than the simple fact that I found delight in doing it.

PHILOTHEA.

CHAPTER I.

Hence let us seek Athenæ's towers,
The cradle of old Cæcrop's race,
The world's chief ornament and grace;
Here mystic fanes and rites divine,
And lamps in sacred splendour shine;
Here the gods dwell in marble domes,
Feasted with costly hecatombs,
That round their votive statues blaze,
Whilst crowded temples ring with praise;
And pompous sacrifices here
Make holidays throughout the year.

AMSTOPHANES.

THE moon was moving through the heavens in silent glory; and Athens, with all her beautiful variety of villas, altars, statues, and temples, rejoiced in the hallowed light.

The white columns of the lofty Parthenon stood in distinct relief against the clear blue sky; the crest and spear of Pallas Promachos glittered in the refulgent atmosphere, a beacon to the distant mariner; the line of brazen tripods, leading from the Theatre of Dionysus, glowed like urns of fire; and the waters of the Illyssus glanced right joyfully, as they moved onward to the ocean. The earth was like a slumbering babe, smiling in its sleep, because it dreams of Heaven.