region and the Æolian lands lay the territory of the Ionians, where women were regarded in the Oriental manner as very inferior to men. Thus Lesbos was as likely to be influenced by the one as by the other; and it would therefore seem that there was a basic similarity between the Æolians and the Dorians in their treatment of women, and that the code of Lycurgus simply pushed to extremes an attitude with which the Lesbians were familiar.

There is not much direct evidence, other than that supplied by the life of Sappho herself, as to the position of women in Lesbos; but the general inference, as I have already said, is that they were almost as free as the western women of to-day. When Lesbos was visited by Tournefort [15] about two hundred years ago, the Lesbian women were noted for their lack of feminine bashfulness, and the fact that, in spite of the island being under the rule of Islam, they then often went naked to the waist, and that their ordinary dresses did not cover the breast, indicates that there was still a very strong tradition of freedom from that kind of male dictation which demands the veiling and the seclusion of their womenkind. A century later the traveler Skene [16] describes the Lesbian women as being extremely masculine, as inheriting all landed property, and as being the managers of all family affairs. In fact, he says that they used to go out to work, or to hunt on horseback, while the men sat at home to spin. I do not wish to suggest that the men of Lesbos in Sappho's time were henpecked by their wives, as the Spartan men were said to be; but it seems that we are to picture Lesbian women as then being particularly free—as free in some respects as the Spartans, and, indeed, freer, since they were not called upon to conform to a soulless system which developed the body and stultified the brains.

[15] Tournefort: *Voyage into the Levant.*
[16] Skene: *Wayfaring Sketches,* 1847.

## Chapter Nine

# SAPPHO AND HER *HETÆRÆ*

THE return of Sappho and the noble exiles to Mitylene was due, it would seem, to the fact that Pittakos was now so firmly established there as Tyrant, and had so won the affections of the people at large, that no danger of a rising was to be feared. It may be supposed that his aristocratic wife, who in the past had distributed her favors so widely amongst the eligible men of the city, had now been of some use to Pittakos as a go-between in his negotiations with the rebel nobles; and at any rate he himself bore no grudges, and seems to have been very willing to establish friendly relations with them. Such an attitude is indicated by the fact that he now permitted Sappho's youngest brother, Larichos, who was at this time about twenty years of age, to act as cup-bearer at the public banquets in the Town Hall of Mitylene [1]—this being a duty to which much honor was attached, and one which was only assigned to young men of the highest social standing.

Sappho, as has been said, had already established her reputation as a poetess and a personality of astonishing brilliancy of life, and this special consideration for her brother was probably a mark of respect for herself, particularly since she was now a very wealthy woman—unless we are to suppose that her husband's riches had somehow been lost to her, which is not

[1] Athenæus, x, 24. Previous to the exile he would perhaps have been too young, and certainly his family too hostile to Pittakos; so he was probably given this post after the return.

likely in view of her references, as we shall presently read, to her luxuries and her slaves.

Under these favorable conditions she now began—casually, I think, and without plan—to gather about her a number of young girls from her own walk of life, to whom, as a labor of love, she taught the arts in which she excelled—that is to say, verse-making, music, and dancing. As a lyric poetess she had always set her poetry to her own musical accompaniment on the harp; and it evidently gave her pleasure to teach others to do the same. Rhythmic movements in time to the music, and gestures expressing the emotions aroused by the subject of the poem, were customary, but in any case came naturally to her; and it seems that she had in such a marked degree the ability to instruct her young friends in the art of being graceful thus in word and action that mothers were anxious to obtain her interest in their daughters. She was not much more than a girl herself at this time, yet she had come back from her exile with such a reputation for wealth, brains, talents, and elegant graces that the ladies of Mitylene quickly acknowledged her as the supreme figure in their fashionable circle, to know whom was an honor and by whom to be taken up a social and artistic privilege. As Strabo says, she was a miracle of a young woman.[2]

Sappho always speaks of these girls who thronged to her house as her *hetæræ,* a word which sounds strange to the ears because it was later used to denote those trained courtesans who were the usual mistresses of Greek men of means; but at this time it had not this significance, and it may best be translated as "intimate companions" or "bosom-friends," there being, however, a certain tender affection in the term. I do not suppose, thus, that she thought of herself as in any sense the head-mistress of a school or academy, as is usually believed, nor does it seem that she wished to be regarded at

[2] Strabo, xiii, 617.



first as a teacher around whom a group of students, or pupils, or disciples was gathering, for in that case she would hardly have called them her *hetæræ.* It is more probable that her attitude was quite individual, quite undictated by any artistic or educational custom: she simply enjoyed having these girls, younger than herself, around her, making free use of her charming house and gardens, vying with one another to do little things for her, adoring her as their ideal, and incidentally learning from her, as from a friend older and far cleverer than themselves, the refinements of the already famous Lesbian culture, to which she could now add a very thorough knowledge of the elegancies of Sicilian and Sybarite life.

One might have thought that this celebrity of hers was only attained in later years, and, indeed, by middle age it had certainly grown to sublime proportions; but there seems to me to be no doubt that her brilliance was thus early recognized, for she speaks afterwards of this time as being the period when her "own girlhood was still all flowers," [3] and looks back on it as "the splendid heyday of youth." [4] Everybody was talking about her, and soon her fame spread to the neighboring lands. One of the girls, for instance, who was brought to Mitylene to be near her was a certain Anaktoria, who came from Miletus in Asia Minor, according to the Lexicon of Suidas (where, however, the name is miswritten as Anagora); and there is evidence that her association with Sappho dates from this period of the story.[5]

This far-reaching fame presently brought to her a beautiful, fragile girl named Gyrinno [6] or Gyrinna,[7] who is probably to be identified with the poetess Erinna, a contemporary

[3] Terentianus Maurus: *On Metres,* VI, 390 (Keil).
[4] *Oxyrhynchus Papyri,* 1231, 13.
[5] *Berliner Klassikertexte,* P. 9722, 5.
[6] Hephæstion, 69.
[7] Maximus of Tyre, xxiv (xviii).

of Sappho according to Suidas, though Eusebius, apparently confusing her with another, gives her a later date. Her home —if this identification may stand—was in Telos, an island not far from Rhodes, off the southwestern coast of Asia Minor; but with great difficulty she persuaded her mother to allow her to come to Mitylene, where she seems to have stayed in Sappho's house. There she wrote, amongst other verse, an epic poem of three hundred lines which she called "The Distaff." It is now lost except for a few unimportant lines, but it was very highly regarded in antiquity, written though it was in that mixed Æolian and Doric dialect which was spoken in Rhodes; and it may have been to her that Sappho wrote the appreciative lines:

"I do not believe that any maiden under the sun will ever rival you in your art." [8]

Maximus of Tyre says that what Alcibiades was to Socrates so this frail and lovely girl became to Sappho, which means that Sappho loved her, though to what degree the romantic aberration was carried is concealed amidst the poems which the débris of the past still hides, and may hide for ever; but their relationship, whatever it was, came to a sad end, for when she was only nineteen the delicate lamp of her passionate burning failed and went out. There is a verse about her in the Greek Anthology, which J. A. Symonds has not very successfully translated thus:

These are Erinna's songs: how sweet, how slight!
(For she was but a girl of nineteen years)
Yet stronger far than what most men can write:
Had death delayed, whose fame had equalled hers?

[8] Chrysippus: *Negatives,* 8, 13.



Her verses, however, must have been largely inspired by her wayward love, for they were later considered to be bad for public morals, and, with Sappho's, were burnt by the Church.[9]

Damophyla, too, who came from Pamphylia on the south coast of Asia Minor, and was herself a poetess, although not a line of hers remains, stayed for some time with the hospitable Sappho at Mitylene, and there wrote love-poems and also certain hymns to the goddess Artemis which were adaptations of her patroness's poems.[10] She seems, like Sappho, to have been moved by the beauty she saw in her own sex: at least, it is said that she later gathered her own *hetæræ* about her, which indicates, perhaps, that her emotional tendencies, concealed or expressed, lay in a similar direction. Four other girls from abroad who joined Sappho's circle are known by name—Gongyla of Kolophon, near Ephesus, and Timas of Phokæa, of whom we shall read in later chapters; Euneika [11] of Salamis, near Athens; and Hero [12] of Gyara, near Andros, whom Sappho, in the single surviving mention of her, calls

"the fleet-footed little maiden."

Her other *hetæræ* who are known by name were apparently natives of Lesbos: Atthis, about whom, as will presently be seen, a good deal is known; Praxinoa; [13] the beautiful Kydro; [14] Telesippa and Megara,[15] who, with Atthis, are particularly named by Suidas as having stirred Sappho's strange, romantic affections, but all other reference to whom

[9] Petrus Alcyonius.
[10] Philostratus: *Life of Apollonius of Tyana,* i, 30.
[11] Suidas.
[12] Aldus: *Cornucopia,* 268B.
[13] *Berliner Klassikertexte,* P. 9722, 2.
[14] Ovid: *Epistolæ Heroidum,* xv, 15.
[15] Suidas.

has been lost in the destruction of her works; and Mnasidika, called Dika for short, to whom there are two references in the surviving fragments of Sappho's poetry. One of these references is in a single line quoted by Hephæstion [16] as an example of a certain meter:

> "More beautiful of figure is Mnasidika than the delicate Gyrinno . . ."

and the other is a passage of four lines, reading:

> "But you, Dika, plait with your delicate fingers a wreath of sprigs of anise to place upon your lovely hair; for very sure it is that the blessed Graces are inclined to look with favor on anything decked with pretty flowers, and to turn away from all that shall come to them ungarlanded." [17]

The episode of Sappho's tragic love for Atthis, which I am about to attempt to piece together, is one which her biographer must approach with hesitation, fearful of some apprehended poison blended in it with its sweetness and sorrow, doubting the poison, doubting himself for doubting it, aware that here in truth was love in its most overwhelming radiance, yet conscious, too, that this love had nothing in nature to justify its frenzy, nothing by which to make a demand upon the sympathies of ordinarily-minded men and women. Atthis was a young girl; Sappho a woman in the later twenties when the affair began. They were "bound together," says Suidas, "by an affection which was slanderously declared to be shameful"; and it must have been chiefly on account of this slander, if slander it be, that Sappho's poems—so many of them addressed to Atthis—were burnt. Yet now that some of these verses, which enthralled antiquity, have been brought to light, now that we know that they cannot be read unmoved, who shall say that the destruction of the bulk of them has been of service to the world and has not, rather, robbed it of a thing of beauty? Beauty is not called into being by rule, nor can it always be shaped to fit into the limits of the good or the healthy.

[16] Hephæstion, 69.
[17] Athenæus, xv, 16.



I have had to piece the tale together from stray quotations in the works of classical writers who, as often as not, had referred to them merely to illustrate some grammatical point, some rare use of a word, or some custom, and from the fragments of poetry brought to light by modern excavations; but some sort of sequence can be found in these, and the general lines of the story are clear. When they first met, Atthis was but a young schoolgirl; for Sappho afterwards wrote:

> "I loved you, Atthis, long ago, when my own girlhood was still all flowers, and you seemed to me an awkward little child." [18]

But as the years passed she grew into a beautiful young woman, the most promising of all the *hetæræ,* and it was probably when she was of about marriageable age that she began to take complete possession of Sappho's thoughts. The girl's own attitude is fully revealed in a letter which she wrote to Sappho and which has come to light in a partly illegible manuscript of the seventh century A. D.[19] It seems that Sappho had taken her daughter Kleïs and some of the girls, including Atthis, to stay during the hot summer months in the cool, wooded uplands, perhaps on the slopes of the Lesbian Olym-

[18] Terentianus Maurus: *On Metres,* vi, 390 (Keil).
[19] *Berliner Klassikertexte* P. 9722, 1. Restored by J. M. Edmonds: *Lyra Græca,* i, p. 239.

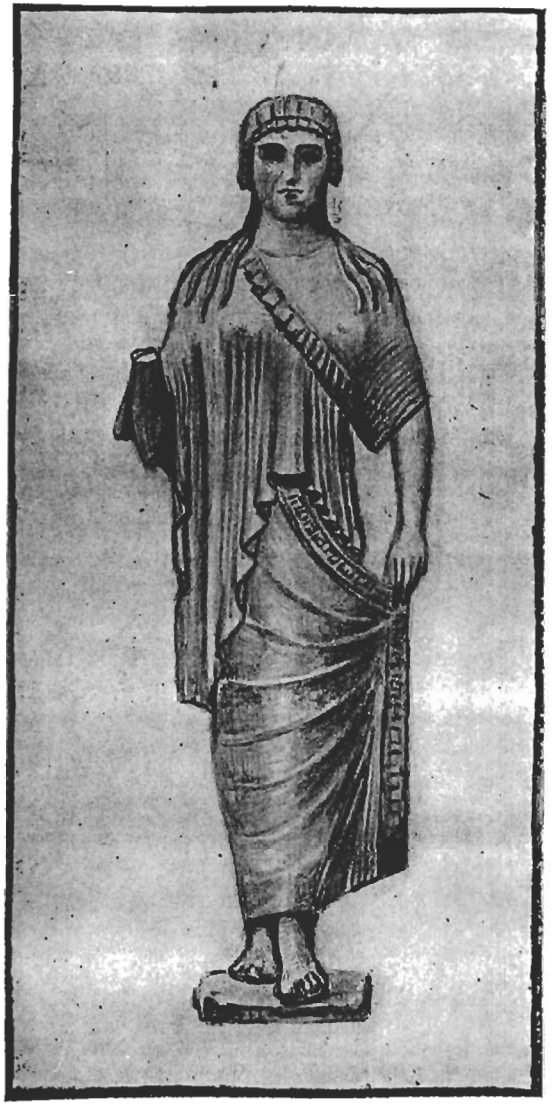
pus; but in the autumn, when the chestnuts were ripe, and the air chilly, Sappho could hardly be persuaded to return to the city, although her young companions were tired of their rustic life and were eager to go back to Mitylene. At last one day she promised to take them home on the morrow; but at midmorning she was still in bed, and Atthis, impatient to be off, wrote her this letter which, I suppose, was to be sent in to her by a servant, and which Sappho afterwards put into verse. It reads:

> "Sappho, I swear I will not love you any more! O, do get up for our sakes, and release [20] your beloved strength from the bed, and, like a spotless lily beside the pool, take off your *Chian* [night] dress and bathe in the water. And Kleïs will bring from your boxes a saffron *lōpē* [upper garment] and a purple *peplos* [dress] and a *chlaine* [cloak] shall be put over you, and you shall be crowned with flowers wreathed about your head, and so you will come, sweet with the beauty with which you make me mad. And Praxinoa will roast us some chestnuts so that I may make the girls a grander breakfast; since one of the gods has granted us a favor. This very day Sappho, the sweetest of all women, has promised that, like a mother with her children, she will go back with us to Mitylene, the belovedest of all cities."

When they had returned to the city Atthis began to receive attentions from various young men, and Sappho was racked with jealousy, her passion for the beautiful girl being now overwhelming. In this state of mind it seems that she wrote the famous ode [21] which is preserved in a work on

[20] Set free, loosen, unharness, or unleash.

[21] This ode has sometimes been thought to refer to Anaktoria, but it was much more probably written to Atthis, since the poems given



*British Museum*

A BRONZE STATUETTE OF A WOMAN WEARING A COSTUME OF THE PERIOD OF SAPPHO

*The Sublime* written by Longinus, a Greek philosopher of the third century A. D., and which reads:

> "Peer of gods he seemeth to me, that man who sits before thee, and close beside thee listens to thy sweet voice and thy lovely laughter—this, this indeed, causes the heart in my breast to tremble. For if I but see thee a little moment my voice fails me, my tongue is broken, and straightway beneath the flesh impalpable fire runs. Mine eyes see nothing, there is a roaring in my ears, sweat runs down, a tremor seizes me altogether, I am paler than grass, and death itself seems not far off. But now, since I must lack, I must endure all . . ."

These verses, except for the last line, have been put into Sapphic meter [22] by J. A. Symonds, as follows:

> "Peer of gods he seemeth to me, the blissful
> Man who sits and gazes at thee before him,
> Close beside thee sits, and in silence hears thee
> Silverly speaking,
> Laughing love's low laughter. Oh this, this only
> Stirs the troubled heart in my breast to tremble!
> For should I but see thee a little moment,
> Straight is my voice hushed;
> Yea, my tongue is broken, and through and through me
> 'Neath the flesh impalpable fire runs tingling;
> Nothing see mine eyes, and a noise of roaring
> Waves in my ear sounds;

in the next chapter show that Anaktoria had been the particular friend of Atthis rather than of Sappho.

[22] "*Peer* of *gods* he *seem*eth to *me,* the *bliss*ful . . ." the accent falling on the syllable in italics; and in the fourth line, "*sil*verly *speak*ing." I will refer more fully to this meter in Chapter Sixteen.

Sweat runs down in rivers, a tremor seizes
All my limbs, and paler than grass in autumn,
Caught by pains of menacing death, I falter,
Lost in the love-trance."

"Is it not amazing," writes Longinus in commenting upon this Ode, "how Sappho beats and drives into it soul and body, hearing, speech, sight, and flesh, all as separate things, and by contraries is both frozen and burnt up, is mad and is sane, and indeed is afraid she is nearly dead, so that she expresses not one emotion but a concourse of emotions?" And in the same connection Plutarch says,[23] "Sappho fully deserves to be reckoned amongst the Muses. The Romans tell how Cacus, son of Vulcan, sent forth fire and flames from his mouth; and Sappho utters words really mingled with flames, and gives vent through her song to the fire that consumes her heart."

Now, at this time there was a school of poetry and music at Mitylene, of which the mistress was a certain Andromeda, while one of the teachers, perhaps, was a woman named Gorgo,[24] a discarded friend of Sappho's, about whom one revealing line has been left us—

"I am very tired of Gorgo." [25]

This Andromeda presently made overtures to the beautiful Atthis, inviting her to leave Sappho; and on hearing this the distracted poetess wrote some verses to her beloved, a fragment of which is quoted by Athenæus [26] with the note that the words referred to Andromeda.

[23] Plutarch: *Amatorius,* 18.
[24] Maximus of Tyre, xxiv (xviii).
[25] Aldus: *Cornucopia,* 268 B.
[26] Athenæus, i, 38.



"What is this countrified woman in countrified clothes who has bewitched your heart, though she knows not enough to arrange her dress about her legs?"

But Atthis had listened to the voice of the temptress, and was making up her mind to go to this school, whereupon the heartbroken Sappho wrote to her, quoting the letter which Atthis had written that day when they were about to come back from the hills to Mitylene, and adding:

"Darling Atthis, can you then forget all this that happened in the old days?"

And in another poem,[27] perhaps addressed to her, she wrote:

"When I look at you, it seems to me that Hermione [daughter of Helen] was never such as you are, and that it is right to liken you rather to Helen herself than to any mortal girl; and I tell you I render your beauty the sacrifice of all my thoughts, and worship you with all my senses."

Perhaps for a little while Atthis, beguiled by these protestations, came back to her, for there is a quotation preserved in a passage of a letter [28] written by the Emperor Julian the Apostate to his friend Iamblichus in the fourth century A. D., which reads:

" 'You are come, and all is well. I was longing for you, and now you have made my heart to flame up and burn with love. Bless you, I say, thrice bless you, and for just

[27] *Oxyrhynchus Papyri,* 1231, 14.
[28] Julian: *Letters,* 60.

so long as you and I have been parted,' as the beautiful Sappho says."

The original words may have been addressed to Atthis, as also may another line of Sappho's quoted for grammatical reasons by Herodian: [29]

"Sweet one, to you from whom I had been wholly separated I am brought back."

But Atthis no longer loved her, and, indeed, one may suppose that her parents or guardians were doing their best to separate them; and four lines quoted by Hephæstion [30] reveal Sappho's sorrow:

"Love, the limb-loosener, shakes me—that creature fatal, bitter-sweet; but you, Atthis, have come to hate the thought of me, and have run off to Andromeda instead."

Sappho's anger against Andromeda was intense, and is perhaps expressed in two surviving fragments. The first is the bitter remark:

"Andromeda has driven a pretty bargain!" [31]

and the other is a taunt preserved by Stobæus [32] in about the sixth century A. D., with the note that it was addressed by Sappho to a "countrified woman," in whom we can hardly fail to see the "countrified" Andromeda who could not arrange her skirts aright:

[29] Herodian: *Words Without Parallel,* ii, 932. 29 (Lentz).
[30] Hephæstion, 46.
[31] Hephæstion, 87.
[32] Stobæus: *Anthology,* 4, 12.



"When you die, there will be no remembrance of you thereafter, for you have no part in the roses of Pieria; [33] but you will wander obscure in the house of Death, drifting about amongst the forgotten dead."

Atthis made an attempt to explain her behavior, and Sappho writes: [34]

". . . She was sobbing at leaving me, and she said, 'Alas!—how terribly we have suffered! Sappho, I swear that it is against my own wishes that I leave you.' I answered, 'Go the way of your own happiness, but remember me, for you know how I loved you, or, if you do not remember, let me remind you of what you have forgotten—how fond and beautiful was the life we led together; for with many a wreath of mingled violets and sweet roses you used to deck your long hair at my side, and your slender throat with many a necklace woven of a hundred flowers; and with various scents, both precious and even royal, you used to perfume your beautiful young body in my bosom, and, lying upon a luxurious bed, you used to have from the hands of my gentle slave-girls all that the most fastidious Ionian [35] could desire; and there was no hill, nor sacred grove, nor stream, which we did not visit together, nor ever did the gathering sounds of early spring fill any wood with the chorus of the nightingales, but you wandered thither wth me . . .' "

Then, in the same manuscript, comes the last, sad cry:

[33] That is to say the literature of poetry, Pieria being the traditional home of poetry.
[34] *Berliner Klassikertexte,* P. 9722, 2.
[35] The Ionians were notorious for their luxury. See Chapter Fourteen.

"I shall never see Atthis [86] again, and indeed I might as well be dead."

There is, however, an anodyne for sorrow which is a gift from heaven to every poet, namely the ability to pour forth the heart's grief in song, and to create out of the secret turmoil of the emotions a tale to tell openly, which, in the public telling, rids the poet of his private pain. In beautiful verses which must have formed an enthralling sequence, Sappho told the story of her love for Atthis, and published them for all to read, covering the whole episode, in her inimitable way, with a gossamer so lovely and so pure that even the doubtfully acceptable description of her physical emotions does not offend. That is the remarkable fact about her poetry: it never offends, even though it says so much that is not said by others without offense; but, somehow, by means of a faultless instinct, she carries us unspotted through the deluge of her passions, and thus—even when we see Atthis taken from her apparently by the girl's anxious guardians—retains the ancient reputation of having been the most exquisite spirit ever incarnated.

From this time onwards she knew that to love as she loved was to court sorrow and suffering; and the epithet *glukupikros,* "bitter-sweet," which she uses to describe the god of Love, was apparently invented by her.[87] Love, she says, is

"a weaver of fictions,"

and

"a bringer of pain." [88]

[86] The name "Atthis" is lost but it fits the meter.
[87] Maximus of Tyre, xxiv (xviii) 9.
[88] Idem.



She says:

"As for me, love has shaken my mind as a down-rushing wind that falls upon the oak-trees." [89]

and yet she calls it

"the belovedest offspring of Earth and Heaven." [40]

These events seem to carry forward the story of Sappho's life to somewhere around the year 580 B. C. when her age was thirty-two. It was at about this date that Pittakos, the Tyrant of Mitylene, laid down the reins of government, and, feeling that he was growing old and that his public usefulness was past, retired into private life. The citizens, in recognition of his services, made him a present of a fine house and estate; but he would accept only a part of it, and the rest he consecrated to the gods.[41] He lived on in this retirement, we read, for another ten years, simple in his habits, uncouth in appearance, renowned for his practical wisdom, respected by all men, and no longer even laughed at, so far as we know, by Alkaios who had now become a law-abiding citizen, famous as an inspired, if rather drunken, poet.

Meanwhile Periander, Tyrant of Corinth, had died there, full of sorrows and anxieties, but leaving a name for wisdom which did not perish. Upon his tomb the Corinthians caused this epitaph to be inscribed: "This sea-beaten land of Corinth in her bosom doth here embrace her ruler Periander, greatest of all men for his wealth and wisdom." [42] But Diogenes Laertius declares that he had heard it said that the tomb did not contain the Tyrant's body, and he gives an

[89] Idem.
[40] Pausanias, ix, 27, 2.
[41] Diogenes Laertius: *Pittakos.*
[42] Diogenes Laertius: *Periander.*

account of the manner of his death which, though improbable as history, is interesting as an instance of the great care which was expected to be taken in ancient times by those who feared their enemies, to prevent their bones being dug up and scattered during some later outcry against their memory.

Periander, he says, being desirous of ending his life, devised this ingenious method both of committing suicide and of concealing his body. He sent for two professional assassins, and, telling them in secret that there was a man whom he wished to be removed from this earth, instructed them to proceed along a certain road at a certain hour that night, and to kill and carefully bury the first man they should meet, who, by private information, he said he knew would be this enemy of his, after which they were to continue their way along the road. He then sent for four other assassins, and told them that he wanted them to dispose of two men whom they would meet walking along this same road; and, having sent them off with orders to walk straight ahead after they had done their work, he notified one of his captains that four men would be found upon this road at a certain hour that night, and commanded him to waylay them with a body of soldiers and to kill them all.

Periander, bent on suicide, then went out, disguised, and placed himself in the way of the first two assassins, who, not recognizing him, killed him and buried him; but presently they were attacked and murdered by the four other hired assassins, and these four in turn were cut down by the soldiers. Thus the secret of his place of burial was secured, and his body was made safe from disinterment.

This period of Sappho's life coincides with a very important period in the history of Lydia, the kingdom which lay behind the Æolian and Ionian colonies on the adjacent coast of Asia Minor; and to this part of the world, where East met West, we must now turn our attention.

## Chapter Ten

# THE KINGDOM OF LYDIA, AND ITS RELATIONS WITH LESBOS

MENTION has been made of Anaktoria, a girl from Miletus who was one of Sappho's *hetæræ* at the time when Atthis was the bright particular star of that sparkling company. Maximus of Tyre [1] names her with Atthis as having inspired more than friendship in the susceptible heart of the little poetess; but Suidas seems to recognize a distinction in that regard between her and Atthis. Ovid,[2] using material which is now lost, makes Sappho describe her as *vilis,* "of no account"; but there is a surviving poem by Sappho which shows that at any rate she was very fond of the girl, and was grieved and a little hurt when she married and went away to live in Sardis, the capital of Lydia.

This poem, which has been recovered from the sands of Egypt,[3] is written in the form of a letter addressed to Anaktoria some time after her marriage, perhaps as a reproof for her not having written. It reads:

> "The fairest thing in all the world some say is a company of horsemen, and some say a regiment of marching soldiers, and some again a fleet of ships; but to me it is the heart's beloved—and how altogether easy it is to make this obvious to everybody! When Helen, who was the most beautiful of mortals, chose as the best of men the

[1] Maximus of Tyre, xxiv (xviii).
[2] Ovid: *Epistolæ Heroidum,* xv, 15.
[3] *Oxyrhynchus Papyri,* 1231, i, i B. Partly restored by Hunt, Edmonds, and others. The last dozen words are conjectural.

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SAPPHO OF LESBOS: HER LIFE AND TIMES

# SAPPHO OF LESBOS

## *HER LIFE AND TIMES*

By ARTHUR WEIGALL

*Late Inspector-General of Antiquities, Egyptian Government*

WITH THIRTEEN REPRODUCTIONS FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS

"Some say that there are nine Muses; but they are careless, for look! — there is Sappho of Lesbos, who is a tenth."

— PLATO

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