

Instructions: Read the preface, and pick at least five (5) of the stories to read and reflect on.

Preface

Regarding the virtues of women, Clea, I do not hold the same opinion as Thucydides. For he declares that the best woman is she about whom there is the least talk among persons outside regarding either censure or commendation, feeling that the name of the good woman, like her person, ought to be shut up indoors and never go out. But to my mind Gorgias appears to display better taste in advising that not the form but the fame of a woman should be known to many. Best of all seems the Roman custom, which publicly renders to women, as to men, a fitting commemoration after the end of their life. So when Leontis, that most excellent woman, died, I forthwith had then a long conversation with you, which was not without some share of consolation drawn from philosophy, and now, as you desired, I have also written out for you the remainder of what I would have said on the topic that man's virtues and woman's virtues are one and the same. This includes a good deal of historical exposition, and it is not composed to give pleasure in its perusal. Yet, if in a convincing argument delectation is to be found also by reason of the very nature of the illustration, then the discussion is not devoid of an agreeableness which helps in the exposition, nor does it hesitate

To join
The Graces with the Muses,
A consorting most fair,

as Euripides says, and to pin its faith mostly to the love of beauty inherent to the soul.

If, conceivably, we asserted that painting on the part of men and women is the same, and exhibited paintings, done by women, of the sort that Apelles, or Zeuxis, or Nicomachus has left to us, would anybody reprehend us on the ground that we were aiming at giving gratification and allurements rather than at persuasion? I do not think so.

Or again, if we should declare that the poetic or the prophetic art is not one art when practised by men and another when practised by women, but the same, and if we should put the poems of Sappho side by side with those of Anacreon, or the oracles of the Sibyls with those of Bacis, will anybody have the power justly to impugn the demonstration because these lead on the hearer, joyous and delighted, to have belief in it? No, you could not say that either.

And actually it is not possible to learn better the similarity and the difference between the virtues of men and of women from any other source than by putting lives beside lives and actions beside actions, like great works of art, and considering whether the magnificence of

Semiramis has the same character and pattern as that of Sesostris, or the intelligence of Tanaquil the same as that of Servius the king, or the high spirit of Porcia the same as that of Brutus, or that of Pelopidas the same as Timocleia's, when compared with due regard to the most important points of identity and influence. For the fact is that the virtues acquire certain other diversities, their own colouring as it were, due to varying natures, and they take on the likeness of the customs on which they are founded, and of the temperament of persons and their nurture and mode of living. For example, Achilles was brave in one way and Ajax in another; and the wisdom of Odysseus was not like that of Nestor, nor was Cato a just man in exactly the same way as Agesilaus, nor Eirene fond of her husband in the manner of Alcestis, nor Cornelia high-minded in the manner of Olympias. But, with all this, let us not postulate many different kinds of bravery, wisdom, and justice — if only the individual dissimilarities exclude no one of these from receiving its appropriate rating.

Those incidents which are so often recited, and those of which I assume that you, having kept company with books, have assuredly record and knowledge, I will pass over for the present; but with this exception: if any tales worthy of perusal have escaped the attention of those who, before our time, have recorded the commonly published stories. Since, however, many deeds worthy of mention have been done by women both in association with other women and by themselves alone, it may not be a bad idea to set down first a brief account of those commonly known.

I. The Trojan Women

Most of those that escaped from Troy at the time of its capture had to weather a storm, and, because of their inexperience in navigation and ignorance of the sea, were driven upon the shores of Italy, and, in the neighbourhood of the river Tiber, they barely escaped by running in, under compulsion, where there were anchorages and havens. While the men were wandering about the country, in search of information, fit suddenly occurred to the women to reflect that for a happy and successful people any sort of a settled habitation on land is better than all wandering and voyaging, and that the Trojans must create a fatherland, since they were not able to recover that which they had lost. Thereupon, becoming of one mind, they burned the ships, one woman, Roma, taking the lead. Having accomplished this, they went to meet the men who were hurrying to the sea to save the ships, and, fearful of their anger, some embraced their husbands and some their relatives, and kissed them coaxingly, and mollified them by this manner of blandishment. This is the origin of the custom, which still persists among the Roman women, of greeting their kinsfolk with a kiss.

The Trojans, apparently realizing the inevitable necessity, and after having also some experience with the native inhabitants, who received them kindly and humanely, came to be content with what had been done by the women, and took up their abode there with the Latins.

II. The Women of Phocis

The deed of the women of Phocis has not found any writer of high repute to describe it, but it is not inferior in point of bravery to anything ever done by women, as is attested by imposing sacred rites which the Phocians perform even to this day in the neighbourhood of Hyampolis, and by ancient decrees. Of these events a detailed account of the achievements is given in the Life of Daiphantus, and the women's part was as follows.

The Thessalians were engaged in a war without quarter against the Phocians. For the Phocians had slain on one day all the Thessalian governors and despots in their cities. Whereupon the Thessalians massacred two hundred and fifty Phocian hostages; then with all their forces they made an invasion through Locris, having previously passed a resolution to spare no grown man, and to make slaves of the children and women. Accordingly Daiphantus, Bathyllus's son, one of the three governors of Phocis, persuaded the men to meet the Thessalians in battle, and to bring together into some one place the women with their children from all Phocis, and to heap about them a mass of faggots, and to post guards, giving them instructions that, if they learned the men were being vanquished, they should with all haste set fire to the mass and reduce the living bodies to ashes. Nearly all voted approval of the plan, but one man arose in the council and said it was only right that the women approve this also; dotherwise they must reject it, and use no compulsion. When report of this speech reached the women, they held a meeting by themselves and passed the same vote, and they exalted Daiphantus for having conceived the best plan for Phocis. It is said that the children also held an assembly on their own account and passed their vote too.

After this had been done, the Phocians engaged the enemy near Cleonae of Hyampolis, and gained the victory. To this vote of the Phocians the Greeks gave the name of "Desperation"; and the greatest festival of all, ethe Elaphebolia in honour of Artemis, they celebrate in Hyampolis even to this day in commemoration of that victory.

III. The Women of Chios

The reason which led the Chians to appropriate Leuconia as a settlement was as follows: One of the men who appear to have been prominent in Chios was getting married, and, as the bride was being conducted to his home in a chariot, the king, Hippoclus, a close friend of the bridegroom, being there with the rest amid the drinking and merry-making, jumped up into the chariot, not with intent to do anything insulting, but merely following the common custom and indulging in facetiousness. Whereupon the friends of the bridegroom killed him.

Signs of divine anger were soon disclosed to the Chians, and the god of the oracle bade them slay the slayers of Hippoclus, but they said that they all had slain Hippoclus. So the god bade them all leave the city, if they were all involved in the crime. And thus the guilty, both those who had taken a hand in the murder and those who had in any way assented to it, being not few in number nor without strength, the Chians sent away to settle in Leuconia, which they had earlier wrested from the Coroneans and taken possession of with the co-operation of the Erythraeans.

Later, however, they became involved in war with the Erythraeans, the most powerful of the Ionians; and when these marched against Leuconia, they were not able to hold out, and agreed to evacuate the town under truce, each man to have one cloak and one inner garment and nothing else. The women, however, called them cowards if they purposed to lay down their arms and go forth naked through the midst of the enemy. But when the men said that they had given their oath, the women bade them not to leave their arms behind, but to say, by way of answer to the enemy, that the spear serves as a cloak, and the shield as a shirt, to a man of spirit. The Chians took this advice, and when they used bold words towards the Erythraeans and displayed their weapons, the Erythraeans were frightened at their boldness, and no one approached nor hindered them, but all were well pleased at their departure. So the Chians, having been taught courage by their women, were saved in this way.

A deed which does not in the least fall short of this one in bravery was performed by the women of Chios many years later at the time when Philip, son of Demetrius, was besieging their city, and had made a barbarous and insolent proclamation bidding the slaves to desert to him, their reward to be freedom and marriage with their owners, meaning thereby that he was intending to unite them with the wives of their masters. But the women, suddenly possessed of fierce and savage spirit, in company with their slaves, who were themselves equally indignant and supported the women by their presence, hastened to mount the walls, both bringing stones and missiles, and exhorting and importuning the fighting men until, finally, by their vigorous defence and the wounds inflicted on the enemy by their missiles, they repulsed Philip. And not a single slave deserted to him.

IV. The Women of Argos

Of all the deeds performed by women for the community none is more famous than the struggle against Cleomenes for Argos, which the women carried out at the instigation of Telesilla the poetess. She, as they say, was the daughter of a famous house but sickly in body, and so she sent to the god to ask about health; and when an oracle was given her to cultivate the Muses, she followed the god's advice, and by devoting herself to poetry and music she was quickly relieved of her trouble, and was greatly admired by the women for her poetic art.

But when Cleomenes king of the Spartans, having slain many Argives (but not by any means seven thousand, seven hundred and seventy-seven, as some fabulous narratives have it) proceeded against the city, an impulsive daring, divinely inspired, came to the younger women to try, for their country's sake, to hold off the enemy. Under the lead of Telesilla they took up arms, and, taking their stand by the battlements, manned the walls all round, so that the enemy were amazed. The result was that Cleomenes they repulsed with great loss, and the other king, Demaratus, who managed to get inside, as Socrates says, and gained possession of the Pamphyliacum, they drove out. In this way the city was saved. The women who fell in the battle they buried close by the Argive Road, and to the survivors they granted the privilege of erecting a statue of Ares as a memorial of their surpassing valour. Some say that the battle took place on the seventh day of the month which is now known as the Fourth Month, but anciently was called Hermaeus among the Argives; others say that it was on the first day of that month, on the anniversary of which they celebrate even to this day the 'Festival of Impudence,' at which they clothe the women in men's shirts and cloaks, and the men in women's robes and veils.

To repair the scarcity of men they did not unite the women with slaves, as Herodotus records, but with the best of their neighbouring subjects, whom they made Argive citizens. It was reputed that the women showed disrespect and an intentional indifference to those husbands in their married relations from a feeling that they were underlings. Wherefore the Argives enacted a law, the one which says that married women having a beard must occupy the same bed with their husbands!

V. The Persian Women

At the time when Cyrus induced the Persians to revolt from king Astyages and the Medes he was defeated in battle. As the Persians were fleeing to the city, with the enemy not far from forcing their way in along with the Persians, the women ran out to meet them before the city, and, lifting up their garments, said, "Whither are you rushing so fast, you biggest cowards in the whole world? Surely you cannot, in your flight, slink in here whence you came forth." The Persians, mortified at the sight and the words, chiding themselves for cowards, rallied and, engaging the enemy afresh, put them to rout. As a result of this it became an established custom that, whenever the king rode into the city, each woman should receive a gold coin; the author of the law was Cyrus. But Ochus, they say, being a mean man and the most avaricious of the kings, would always make a detour round the city and not pass within, but would deprive the women of their largess. Alexander, however, entered the city twice, and gave all the women who were with child a double amount.

VI. The Celtic Women

Before the Celts crossed over the Alps and settled in that part of Italy which is now their home, a dire and persistent factional discord broke out among them which went on and on to the point of civil war. The women, however, put themselves between the armed forces, and, taking up the controversies, arbitrated and decided them with such irreproachable fairness that a wondrous friendship of all towards all was brought about between both States and families. As the result of this they continued to consult with the women in regard to war and peace, and to decide through them any disputed matters in their relations with their allies. At all events, in their treaty with Hannibal they wrote the provision that, if the Celts complained against the Carthaginians, the governors and generals of the Carthaginians in Spain should be the judges; and if the Carthaginians complained against the Celts, the judges should be the Celtic women.

VII. The Women of Melos

The Melians, being in need of wide acres, put in charge of the colony to be sent forth Nymphaeus, a young man and unusually handsome. The god bade them sail, and wherever they should lose their transports to settle in that place. It came about, as they put in at Caria and went ashore, that their ships were destroyed by a storm. The Carian inhabitants of Cryassus, whether pitying their sorry plight or fearing their boldness, bade them live near themselves, and gave them a portion of their land. Later, seeing their great expansion in a short time, they plotted to make away with them, after preparing a sumptuous banquet for the purpose. It happened that a Carian maiden was in love with Nymphaeus, but nobody else was aware of this. Her name was Caphene. As the plan was being put into operation, she could not suffer Nymphaeus to be put to death, and so she disclosed to him the intention of her fellow-citizens. So, when the Cryassians came to invite them, Nymphaeus said that it was not the custom for the Greeks to go to dinner without women. When the Carians heard this, they told them to bring the women too. On this understanding Nymphaeus informed the Melians of what had been done, and told the men to go to the place unarmed in conventional attire, but that each of the woman should carry a sword in the fold of her garment and sit beside her husband or male relative. When, about the middle of the meal, the predetermined signal was given to the Carians, and the Greeks realized that the time had come, all the women at the same instant threw open the fold of their garments and the men, seizing their swords, attacked the barbarians and slew them all together. Then, taking possession of the land and razing that city, they built another, to which they gave the name of New Cryassus. Caphene married Nymphaeus and received the honour and gratitude merited by her valuable services. It is right and proper to admire both the silence and the courage of the women, and that not a single one of them among so many was led by timidity to turn coward even involuntarily.

VIII. The Etruscan Women

When the Etruscans had gained possession of Lemnos and Imbros, they carried away forcibly from Brauron Athenian women, and children were born to them. These the Athenians expelled from the islands on the ground that they were in part barbarian, and they put in at Taenarum and made themselves useful to the Spartans in the war with the Helots. For this they received citizenship and the right of intermarriage, but were not deemed worthy to hold office or to be members of the Senate, and this gave colour to the idea that some radical design underlay their coming together, and that they purposed to disturb the established institutions. Accordingly the Spartans took them into custody and, shutting them up in prison, placed a strong guard over them, seeking to convict them by clear and certain proofs. The wives of the prisoners, coming to the prison, by dint of many prayers and intreaties, were permitted by the guards to pass within just to greet and to speak to their husbands. When they had gone inside they bade their husbands to change their clothing quickly, leaving their own for their wives, and then, putting on their wives' garments, to depart with their faces covered. This done, the women waited there, prepared to face all terrors, but the guards were deceived and allowed the men to pass, supposing, of course, that they were women.

Following this, they seized the strongholds on Mount Taygetus, incited the body of Helots to revolt, and gladly received them as an addition to their forces. The Spartans were thrown into a great state of fear and, sending heralds, made peace with them, the conditions being that they should get back their wives, should receive money and ships, and sail away and, having found land and a city elsewhere, be considered as colonists and kindred of the Spartans. This the Pelasgians did, taking as their leaders Pollis and Delphus and Crataïdas, all Spartans. A part of them settled in Melos, but Pollis and his associates, with the great majority, sailed to Crete, testing the truth of the oracles. For an oracle had been given them that whenever they should lose their goddess and their anchor they should cease from their wanderings and found a city in that place. So, when they had come to anchor off that part of Crete which is called the Chersonese, panic confusion fell upon them by night, by which they were so excited that they leaped aboard in utter disorder, leaving behind on land an ancient statue of Artemis which had been handed down to them from their ancestors, having been originally brought to Lemnos from Brauron, and from Lemnos had been carried about with them in all their journeyings. But when at sea, as the confusion subsided, they missed this, and at the same time Pollis discovered that the fluke was gone from the anchor (for apparently it had been broken off as the anchor dragged in some rocky places, without anybody's noticing its loss), he declared that the god-given predictions were now fulfilled, and gave the signal to return. He took possession of the country, prevailed in many battles over those who ranged themselves against him, settled Lyctus, and took other cities under his control. Because of all this people regard them as related to the Athenians by descent on account of their mothers, and as colonists of the Spartans also.

IX. The Lycian Women

That which is said to have happened in Lycia sounds like a myth, yet it has some supporting testimony in the tales that are told. Amisodarus, as they say, whom the Lycians call Isaras, arrived from the Lycian colony in the vicinity of Zeleia, bringing with him pirate ships, in command of which was Chimarrhus, a warlike man, bloodthirsty and brutal. He sailed in a vessel which had a lion as its figurehead at the prow, and a serpent at the stern. He did much evil to the Lycians, and it was not possible to sail at sea or even to live in the cities near the sea.

This man Bellerophon slew, pursuing him with Pegasus as he was trying to escape. Bellerophon also drove out the Amazons, but met with no just treatment; in fact, Iobates was most unjust with him. Because of this, Bellerophon waded into the sea, and prayed to Poseidon that, as a requital against Iobates, the land might become sterile and unprofitable. Thereupon he went back after his prayer, and a wave arose and inundated the land. It was a fearful sight as the sea, following him, rose high in air and covered up the plain. The men besought Bellerophon to check it, but when they could not prevail on him, the women, pulling up their garments, came to meet him; and when he, for shame, retreated towards the sea again, the wave also, it is said, went back with him.

Some, attempting to explain away the mythical element in this account, assert that he did not get the sea to move by imprecations, but that the most fertile part of the plain lies below the sea-level, and Bellerophon broke through the ridge extending along the shore, which kept the sea out; then, as the ocean rushed in violently and covered up the plain, the men accomplished nothing by beseeching him, but the women, flocking about him in a crowd, met with respect, and caused his anger to subside.

Still others assert that the Chimaera, as it was called, was nothing but a mountain facing the sun, and that it caused reflexions of sunlight, fierce and fiery in the summer time, and by these, striking all over plain, the crops were dried up, and that Bellerophon, sensing this, cut away the smoothest part of the precipice which mostly sent back the reflexions. When, however, he met with no gratitude, in anger he turned to avenge himself upon the Lycians, but was prevailed upon by the women.

But the reason which Nymphis gives in the fourth book of his treatise about Heracleia is least mythical of all; for he says that Bellerophon killed a wild boar which was making havoc of the stock and crops in the land of the Xanthians, but obtained no fitting reward; whereupon he addressed to Poseidon imprecations against the Xanthians, and the whole plain suddenly became glittering with a salt deposit and was completely ruined, since the soil had become saline. This lasted until Bellerophon, out of respect for the women who besought him, prayed to Poseidon to give up his anger. For this reason it was the custom for the Xanthians to bear names derived not from their fathers but from their mothers.

The Women of Salmantica

When Hannibal, the son of Barca, before making his campaign against the Romans, attacked a great city in Spain, Salmantica, at first the besieged were terrified, and agreed to do what was ordered by giving him six thousand pounds and three hundred hostages. But when he raised the siege, they changed their minds and did nothing of what they had agreed to do. So he returned and ordered his soldiers, with the promise of plunder, to attack the city. At this the barbarians were panic-stricken, and came to terms, agreeing that the free inhabitants should depart clad in one civilian garment, and should leave behind weapons, property, slaves, and their city. The women, thinking that the enemy would search each man as he came out, but would not touch the women, took swords, and, hiding them, hastened out with the men. When all had come out, Hannibal set over them a guard of Masaesylian soldiers in a place near the city, and kept them there under constraint. The rest of the soldiers rushed into the city in disorder and set to plundering. As much booty was being carried off, the Masaesylians could not bear to be merely spectators, nor did they keep their mind on their watching, but were much aggrieved and started to move away as if to have their share of the spoils. At this juncture the women, calling upon the men, handed them the swords, and some of the women of themselves attacked their guards. One of them snatched away the spear of Banon the interpreter, and smote the man himself; but he happened to have on his breast-plate. Of the others, the men struck down some, routed the rest, and forced a way out in a body, accompanied by the women. Hannibal, learning of this, sent in pursuit of them, and caught those who could not keep up. The others gained the mountains, and, for the time, escaped. Afterwards, however, they sent a petition to him, and were restored to their city, and received immunity and humane treatment.

XI. The Women of Miletus

Once upon a time a dire and strange trouble took possession of the young women in Miletus for some unknown cause. The most popular conjecture was that the air had acquired a distracting and infectious constitution, and that this operated to produced in them an alteration and derangement of mind. At any rate, a yearning for death and an insane impulse toward hanging suddenly fell upon all of them, and many managed to steal away and hang themselves. Arguments and tears of parents and comforting words of friends availed nothing, but they circumvented every device and cunning effort of their watchers in making away with themselves. The malady seemed to be of divine origin and beyond human help, until, on the advice of a man of sense, an ordinance was proposed that the women who hanged themselves should be carried naked through the market-place to their burial. And when this ordinance was passed it not only checked, but stopped completely, the young women from killing themselves. Plainly a high testimony to natural goodness and virtue is the desire to guard against ill repute, and the fact that the women who had no deterrent sense of shame when facing the most terrible of all things in the world, death and pain, dyet could not abide nor bear the thought of disgrace which would come after death.

XII. The Women of Ceos

It was a custom for the maidens of Ceos to go in a company to the public shrines and spend the day together, and their suitors watched their sports and dances. At evening they went by turns to each one's home and waited upon one another's parents and brothers even to washing their feet. Very often more than one youth would be in love with one maid, but their love was so orderly and so controlled by custom, that when the girl became engaged to one, the others ceased their attentions at once. The net result of this orderly behaviour on the part of the women was that there was no memory of a case of adultery or seduction in that country for the space of seven hundred years.

XIII. The Women of Phocis

When the despots in Phocis had seized Delphi, and the Thebans were waging war against them in what has been called the Sacred War, the women devotees of Dionysus, to whom they give the name of Thyads, in Bacchic frenzy wandering at night unwittingly arrived at Amphissa. As they were tired out, and sober reason had not yet returned to them, they flung themselves down in the market-place, and were lying asleep, some here, some there. The wives of the men of Amphissa, fearing, because their city had become allied with the Phocians, and numerous soldiers of the despots were present there, that the Thyads might be treated with indignity, all ran out into the market-place, and, taking their stand round in silence, did not go up to them while they were sleeping, but when they arose from their slumber, one devoted herself to one of the strangers and another to another, bestowing attentions on them and offering them food. Finally, the women of Amphissa, after winning the consent of their husbands, accompanied the strangers, who were safely escorted as far as the frontier.

250XIV. Valeria and Cloelia

The two things that brought about the expulsion of Tarquinius Superbus, seventh king of Rome from Romulus, were arrogance and the virtue of Lucretia, a woman married to a distinguished man of royal lineage. For she was outraged by one of Tarquin's sons who had been welcomed as a guest in her home. She told her friends and family what had been done to her, and immediately slew herself. Deposed from power, Tarquin waged various wars in his endeavours to regain his sovereignty. bFinally he persuaded Porsena, ruler of the Etruscans, to march against Rome with a great force. At the same time with the war famine also attacked the Romans, and they, learning that Porsena was not merely a great soldier but a just and fair man as well, wished to make him judge in their case against Tarquin. But Tarquin was stubborn, saying that Porsena, if he did not remain faithful as an ally, would not be a just judge either; and so Porsena renounced him and made it his endeavour that when he went away he should be a friend of the Romans, and should get back such part of the land as they had cut off from the Etruscans, and also the prisoners of war. To confirm these terms hostages were given to him, ten youths and ten maidens, among whom was Valeria, the daughter of Publicola the consul, whereupon Porsena at once remitted all his preparation for the war, although the agreement was not yet consummated.

The maidens went down to the river as if to bathe, a short distance away from the camp. At the instigation of one of them, Cloelia, they fastened their clothes to their heads, and took the risk of breasting a swift current and deep-whirling eddies, dand by swimming close together they reached the other side by dint of a hard struggle, and with many a chance of failure. There are those who say that Cloelia procured a horse and, mounting it, swam it across slowly, acting as guide for the others, and encouraging and helping them as they were swimming. The argument with which they support this I will mention in a moment.

When the Romans saw them safe and sound, they admired the maidens' bravery and daring, yet did not like their coming back, nor could endure to prove themselves less honourable than one man in keeping faith. Accordingly they commanded the girls to go back again, and sent men with them to see that they got there. Tarquin set an ambush for these when they had crossed the river, and came very near getting the maidens in his power. But Valeria, daughter of the consul, Publicola, ewith three servants succeeded in escaping to the camp of Porsena, and the others Porsena's son, Aruns, rescued from the enemy by hastening with all speed to their assistance.

When they were brought to camp, Porsena, with a look at them, bade them say which one of them was the instigator and leader in the plan. The others, for fear regarding Cloelia, said not a word; but Cloelia of her own accord said that it was herself, and Porsena, in admiration of her, ordered a horse to be brought, fittingly caparisoned, and presented it to her, and sent them all back kindly and humanely. Many make of this an indication that Cloelia rode across the river on a horse. Others, however, say this is not so, but that Porsena, because he admired her strength and daring as above that of a woman, deemed her worthy of a gift fitting for a warrior. At all

events, there stood an equestrian statue of a woman close beside the Sacred Way, as it is called, and some say that this is the statue of Cloelia, others of Valeria.

XV. Micca and Megisto

Aristotimus, having succeeded in becoming despot over the people of Elis, was able to prevail through the support of Antigonus the king, but he used his power for no seemly or moderate purpose. He was himself brutal by nature, and he was led by fear to be subservient to a band of mixed barbarians who kept guard over his person and his sovereignty, and he overlooked many arrogant and cruel deeds done to the citizens by them. An example is what happened to Philodemus. The man had a beautiful daughter named Micca, and this girl one of the officers of the despot's mercenaries named Lucius, to show his arrogance, rather than for love of her, undertook to make his paramour, and sent a summons for her. Her parents, seeing the necessity, advised her to go, but the girl, being noble and high-minded, begged her father, embracing and beseeching him, that he would rather bear to see her dead than robbed of her maidenhood in such a shameful and lawless way. There was some delay, and Lucius himself, lustful and drunk, started forth in the midst of his drinking in a passion. Finding Micca with her head on her father's knees, he commanded her to follow with him. But, as she was not willing, he tore off her clothes and whipped her naked body, while she bravely bore the painful blows in silence. Her father and mother, effecting nothing by their intreaties and tears, resorted to calling upon gods and men to witness their frightful and lawless treatment. But the barbarian, utterly crazed by rage and drink, killed the maiden, as she lay with her face in her father's bosom.

The despot, however, was not moved even by things like this, but he made away with many, and forced even more into exile. At any rate, it is said that eight hundred men fled for safety to the Aetolians, asking for rescue of their wives and youngest children from the despot. A little later he himself caused proclamation to be made that the women who wished might go away to their husbands, taking along as much as they wished of their feminine possessions. When he learned that they all received the proclamation with gladness (and their number was over six hundred), he issued orders that all should proceed in a company on a specified day, as if purposing himself to assure their safety. When the day arrived, the women gathered at the gates with their possessions which they had packed up, and some of their children they carried in their arms, and others they had in wagons, and they were waiting there for one another. Suddenly many of the despot's men bore down upon them, calling out to them, while still a long way off, to wait. And when these came near, they ordered the women to move back, and then turned the teams about and rode them at the women, driving them through their midst mercilessly, and giving the women no chance either to follow or to stay or to come to the help of their little ones who were being killed, some of whom perished by being thrown from the wagons, others by falling under foot. The mercenaries urged them on like a flock of sheep, with shouts and whips, while the women tripped over one another, until the soldiers had cast them all into prison. Their possessions were carried off to Aristotimus.

The people of Elis being highly indignant over this affair, the holy women devoted to Dionysus, whom they call the Sixteen, taking suppliant branches and fillets from those sacred to the god, went to meet Aristotimus close by the market-place. His bodyguard made way out of respect,

and the priestesses silently halted, first of all reverently holding out their suppliant branches. But when it became clear that they were petitioning in behalf of the women, and trying by intreaty to mollify his anger, he, greatly exasperated with his guards, screamed out that they had permitted the priestesses to come into his presence, and he made them drive these from the market-place by pushing or striking one or another, and he fined each woman four hundred pounds.

After these events, Hellanicus started a concerted activity against the despot. He was a man, who owing to his advanced years and the death of two sons, was not thought of by the despot as likely to be active in any way. The exiles crossed over from Aetolia and occupied Amydone, a stronghold in Elis, well adapted to serve as a base for warlike operations, and there they received a great addition to their numbers from the citizens who managed to escape from Elis. Aristotimus, alarmed at this, went to see the imprisoned women, and, thinking that he should accomplish his purpose better by fear than by favour, he gave orders to them to write and send letters to their husbands so that the men should leave the country; and if they would not write, he threatened to put them all to death after torturing them and making away with their children first. As he stood there a long time and urged them to say whether they would carry out any part of this programme, most of the women made no answer to him, but looked at one another in silence, and showed by nods that all their minds were made up not to be frightened or perturbed at the threat. Megisto, the wife of Timoleon, who, on account of her husband and her own virtues as well, held the position of leader, did not think it meet to rise, nor would she allow the other women to do so; but, keeping her seat, she made answer to him: "If you were a sensible man, you would not be talking to women about husbands, but you would send to them, as to those having authority over us, finding better words to say to them than those by which you tricked us. But if you despair of persuading them yourself, and are attempting to use us to mislead them, do not expect to deceive us again, and I pray that they may never entertain such a base thought that, to spare their wives and little children, they should forsake the cause of their country's freedom. In truth, it is not so bad a thing for them to lose us, whom they have not at present, as it is a good thing to rescue the citizens from your cruelty and overbearing insolence."

As Megisto spoke thus, Aristotimus could not brook her words, and ordered her young child to be brought, as if intending to kill him in her sight. As the servants sought for him mingled among the other children playing and wrestling, his mother, calling him by name, said, "Come here, child, and, before you can realize and think, be delivered from this bitter despotism; since for me it is more grievous to look upon your undeserved slavery than upon your death."

At this, Aristotimus drew his sword upon the mother herself, but as he was rushing at her in a rage, one of his intimate associates, Cylon by name, who was thought to be loyal to him, but really hated him, and was in the conspiracy with Hellanicus and the rest, intervened and turned him from his purpose by intreating him and saying that such action was ignoble and womanish, not that of a manly ruler who had learned to meet any situation. The result was that Aristotimus, with difficulty regaining his senses, came away.

An ominous thing, however, happened to him. It was midday, and he was resting, and his wife was with him. While preparations for dinner were going on, an eagle was seen high in air circling over the house; then, as if with intent and design, it let fall a good-sized stone on that part of the roof under which was the room where Aristotimus happened to be lying. At the same moment there was a great crash above and shouting outside by those who saw the bird. Aristotimus was seized with consternation, and when he learned what had happened, he sent for a seer whom he constantly consulted in the market-place, and, much perturbed, questioned him about the ominous happening. The seer encouraged him to believe that Zeus was rousing him and aiding him, but, on the other hand, told those citizens in whom he trusted that judgement was hovering over the despot's head, and was all but ready to fall on him. Wherefore it seemed best to Hellanicus and his friends not to delay but to make their attack on the next day.

That night Hellanicus in his sleep dreamed that one of his dead sons stood beside him and said, "What has happened to you, father, that you are asleep? To-morrow you must be commander of the city." So he, having gained good courage because of the vision, urged on his associates, while on the other hand, Aristotimus also having learned that Craterus was coming to his aid with a numerous force and was encamped at Olympia, became so extremely bold that without his bodyguard he went forth into the market-place in the company of Cylon. When, therefore, Hellanicus realized the opportunity, he did not give the signal which had been agreed upon between himself and those who were to make the attempt, but with clear voice, stretching out both arms at the words, he said, "Why delay, brave men? Fair is this place on the soil of your own native land to stage your contest!" So then Cylon first, drawing his sword, smote one of the men following with Aristotimus, but, as Thrasybulus and Lampis rushed at him from the opposite side, Aristotimus forestalled the conspirators by taking refuge in the temple of Zeus. There they slew him, and, exposing his corpse in the market-place, they sounded for the citizens the call to freedom. As a matter of fact, they were not much ahead of the women, for these at once ran forth with joyful acclamations and, surrounding the men, adorned them with ribbons and garlands. Then the crowd surged towards the house of the despot, but his wife, bolting the doors of her chamber, hanged herself. She had two daughters, still unwedded, most beautiful to look upon, of marriageable age. These they seized and dragged out, having resolved to do away with them, but to torture and insult them first. But Megisto, with the rest of the women, meeting them, cried out that they were committing a frightful crime if they who deemed themselves worthy to be a democratic people were, in this matter, showing recklessness and wanton violence like despots. As many had respect for the high worth of the woman who spoke so boldly amid her tears, they decided to omit the violence, and permit the daughters to die by their own hand.

When, therefore, they had returned the maidens to the house and ordered their death immediately, the elder, Myro, loosing her girdle and making a noose of it, bade farewell to her sister and urged her to take note and do exactly what she saw her do, "so that," she said, "we may not end our lives in any humiliating way, unworthy of ourselves." But when the younger sister wanted the other to concede to her the privilege of dying first, and seized hold of the

girdle, the elder said, "I have never denied you anything else that you wanted; and so you may receive this favour also, and I will patiently endure and bear what is more grievous than death, and that is, dearest, to see you die first." Thereupon she instructed her sister how to put the noose around her neck, and when she saw that she was dead she took her down and covered her. She herself begged Megisto to take care of her and not to suffer her to be laid in any ignominious way when she should be dead. In consequence no one there was so bitter or such a hater of despots as not to shed tears and commiserate the nobility of the maidens.

Of the deeds, countless in number, done by women acting together these may suffice as examples. But cases of individual bravery I will put down as they come to me, not in any order, because I think that the record of the present subject does not at all require a chronological arrangement.

XVI. Pieria

Some of the Ionians who came to Miletus, owing to lively disagreements with the sons of Neileus, went away to Myus and settled there, suffering many ills at the hands of the Milesians; for these made war upon them because of their defection. However, the war was not without truce or intercourse, but at certain festivals the women commonly went to Miletus from Myus. There was among the people of Myus a prominent man named Pythes, who had a wife named Iapygia and a daughter Pieria. As there was a festival in honour of Artemis, and a sacrifice, which they call Neleis, he sent his wife and daughter, who had asked that they might participate in the festival. The most influential of Neileus's sons, Phrygius by name, fell in love with Pieria, and tried to think what could be done on his part that would be most pleasing to her. And when she said, "If only you could make it possible for me to come here often and many with me," Phrygius was quick to understand that she wanted friendship and peace for the citizens, and stopped the war. There was, consequently, in both cities repute and honour for Pieria, so that the women of Miletus pray even to this day that their husbands may love them as Phrygius loved Pieria.

XVII. Polycrite

A war arose between the Naxians and Milesians on account of Neaera the wife of Hypsicreon of Miletus. It was because she fell in love with Promedon of Naxos and sailed away with him. He was a friend and guest of Hypsicreon, but yielded to Neaera's ardent advances, and then, as she was in fear of her husband, he took her away to Naxos, and placed her as a suppliant at the shrine of Hestia. When the Naxians, as a favour to Promedon, refused to give her up, though they advanced another excuse, her position as suppliant, the war arose. Besides the many others who fought on the side of the Milesians the Erythraeans were the most zealous among the Ionians; and the war dragged on and on, and brought great calamities. Then it came to an end through a woman's bravery, as it had arisen through a woman's badness.

Diognetus, the general of the Erythraeans, entrusted with the command of a stronghold, its natural advantages reinforced by fortification to menace the city of the Naxians, gathered much spoil from the Naxians, and captured some free women and maidens; with one of these, Polycrite, he fell in love and kept her, not as a captive, but in the status of a wedded wife. Now when a festival which the Milesians celebrate came due in the army, and all turned to drinking and social gatherings, Polycrite asked Diognetus if there were any reason why she should not send some bits of pastry to her brothers. And when he not only gave her permission but urged her to do so, she slipped into a cake a note written on a sheet of lead, and bade the bearer tell her brothers that they themselves and no others should consume what she had sent. The brothers came upon the piece of lead and read the words of Polycrite, advising them to attack the enemy that night, as they were all in a state of carelessness from drink on account of the festival. Her brothers took this message to their generals and strongly urged them to set forth with themselves. When the place had been taken and many slain, Polycrite begged for the life of Diognetus from her citizens, and saved him. When she herself arrived at the gates, and found herself confronting the citizens who came to meet her, welcoming her with joy and garlands and giving expression to their admiration for her, she could not bear the immensity of her joy, but fell down dead beside the gate; and there she is buried, and her tomb is called the Tomb of Envy, as though by some envious fortune Polycrite was begrudged the enjoyment of her honours.

This is the story which the Naxian writers record. Aristotle, however, says that Polycrite was not taken captive, but that Diognetus, in some other way, saw her and fell in love with her, and stood ready to give or to do anything; and she agreed to come to him, if she might obtain just one thing, for which, as the philosopher asserts, she required an oath of Diognetus. And when he had given the required oath, she demanded in fulfilment that Delium be given to her (the place was called by this name), otherwise she would have nothing to do with him. He, because of his love and his oath, was carried quite away, and handed over the spot to Polycrite, and she in turn to the citizens. Following this, the Naxians were again put on an equal footing, and effected a reconciliation with the Milesians on such terms as they desired.

XVIII. Lampsace

There came from Phocaea twin brothers Phobus and Blepsus of the family of the Codridae, of whom Phobus was the first to throw himself into the sea from the Leucadian Rocks, as Charon of Lampsacus has recorded. Phobus, having influence and princely rank, sailed to Parium on some business of his own, and having become the friend and guest of Mandron, who was king of the Bebrycians who are called the Pityoessenians, he aided them by fighting on their side when they were being harassed by their neighbours. When Phobus took his departure Mandron expressed the utmost regard for him, and, in particular, promised to give him a part of their land and city if Phobus wished to come to Pityoessa with Phocaeen colonists. So Phobus prevailed on his citizens and sent out his brother with the colonists. And what Mandron had promised was at their disposal, as they expected. But they, inasmuch as they made great gains for themselves through the spoils and booty which they took from the neighbouring barbarians, were first an object of envy, and later an object of fear also, to the Bebrycians, who, desiring to be rid of them, could not prevail on Mandron, who was a fair and just man in his treatment of the Greeks; but when he had gone away on a journey, they prepared to destroy the Phocians by treachery. But the daughter of Mandron, Lampsace, a young girl, learned of the plot beforehand, and tried first to dissuade her friends and relatives and to point out to them that they were undertaking to carry out a frightful and wicked deed in murdering men who were their benefactors and allies and now also their fellow-citizens. But when she could not prevail on them, she secretly told the Greeks what was afoot, and warned them to be on their guard. And they, having made ready a sacrifice and banquet, invited the Pityoessenians to come to it just outside the city; then, dividing themselves into two parties, with the one they took possession of the walls, and with the other made away with the men. Having gained control of the city in this manner, they sent for Mandron, and bade him be king jointly with one or another of their outnumber. Lampsace died as the result of an illness, and they buried her within the city most magnificently, and called the city Lampsacus after her name. When Mandron, endeavouring to avoid any suspicion of treachery, asked to be released from dwelling with them, but asked as his right to take away with him the children and wives of the slain, they sent them forth, doing them no wrong. They rendered heroic honours to Lampsace at first; later they voted to offer sacrifice to her as to a goddess, and so they continue to do.

XIX. Aretaphila

Aretaphila, of Cyrene, was not born long years ago, but in the crucial times of Mithradates; she displayed, however, a bravery and an achievement which may well rival the counsel of the heroines of olden time. She was the daughter of Aeglator and the wife of Phaedimus, both men of note. She had beautiful features, and was reputed to be unusually sensible and not deficient in political wisdom, but the common misfortunes of her country brought her into prominence.

Nicocrates, having made himself despot over the people of Cyrene, not only ordered the murder of many persons, but killed with his own hand Melanippus the priest of Apollo, and took the priesthood himself. He also killed Phaedimus the husband of Aretaphila, and made Aretaphila his unwilling wife. In addition to his other unnumbered acts of lawlessness, he stationed guards at the gates, who maltreated the dead that were being borne to the grave, prodding them with daggers, and applying red-hot irons to them, so that none of the citizens should be secretly carried out in the guise of a corpse.

Even for Aretaphila her own troubles were hard enough to bear, although the despot, because of his love for her, granted her the fullest enjoyment of his power, for he was quite vanquished by her, and with her alone did he conduct himself civilly, being relentless and brutal in all else. But even so, the piteous and undeserved suffering of her country distressed her the more; for one citizen after another was slaughtered, and there was no hope of vengeance from any quarter; for the exiles, altogether weak and timid, were scattered here and there and everywhere. So Aretaphila, risking herself as the sole remaining hope for the common weal, and emulating the glorious and far-famed daring of Thebe of Pherae, but being destitute of faithful supporters in the household, such as the circumstances provided for Thebe, undertook to dispatch her husband by poison. In preparing, procuring, and testing many potent mediums she did not go unnoticed, but was betrayed. And when proofs were presented, Calbia, Nicocrates's mother, who was by nature bloodthirsty and inexorable, felt that she ought to make away with Aretaphila after torturing her. But Nicocrates' love had the effect of tempering his anger with procrastination and weakness, and the fact that Aretaphila vigorously met the accusations and defended herself against them provided some excuse for his attitude. But when she was apprehended by the proofs, and saw that her preparations for the poisoning admitted no denial, she confessed, but said that she had prepared no fatal poisoning. "No, my dear," said she, "my striving is for very important things, your affection for me, and the repute and influence which I enjoy because of you, and so I am an object of envy to bad women. It was fear of their potions and devices that led me to counteract them. It was foolish and feminine perhaps, but not deserving of death, unless you as judge decide to put to death because of love-potions and charms a woman who yearns for more love than you are willing to grant her."

In spite of this defence of Aretaphila's, Nicocrates decided to have her put to the torture, and, with Calbia standing by, relentless and inexorable, he tested her in this way. She sustained herself with indomitable courage under the torments until even Calbia unwillingly gave over;

and Nicocrates was convinced, and acquitted her, and was sorry that he had caused her to be tortured; and after no long time he came back again, impelled towards her by his passion for her, and resumed the old relations, and tried through honours and acts of kindness to regain her goodwill. But she, who had been triumphant over tortures and pain, had no intention of being vanquished by a show of favour, and, with eagerness for victory added to her eagerness for the honourable and good, she resorted to another device.

She was fortunate in having a daughter of marriageable age, rather good-looking. Her she dangled as a bait before the despot's brother, who was a young man and an easy prey to pleasures. There is much talk to the effect that Aretaphila, by using charms and love-potions on the girl, got the youth in hand and upset his reasoning powers. His name was Leander. When he had been captivated, and, by importuning his brother, had gained his consent to the marriage, the girl, on the one hand, instructed by her mother, tried to influence him and to induce him to set the city free, farguing that not even he himself was living as a free man under the despotism, and had not even warrant to contract a marriage or to keep to it; and, on the other hand, his friends, thinking to do a favour to Aretaphila, suggested to his mind certain prejudices and suspicions against his brother. When he discovered that Aretaphila was planning and working to the same end, he undertook the deed, and by urging on Daphnis a servant, through him he slew Nicocrates. For the rest, he no longer paid any attention to Aretaphila, but straightway showed by his deeds that he had made away with his brother, but not with the despot; for he ruled in a crazy and foolish way. Nevertheless there remained with him some respect for Aretaphila and some influence on her part, as she was not hateful to him and not directly hostile, but carried on her activities in his affairs unknown to him. First she secretly stirred up a war with the Africans for him by persuading a certain potentate Anabus to overrun the country and lead his army against the city; then she falsely accused to Leander his friends and generals, intimating that they were not zealous in carrying on the war, but wanted rather peace and quiet, which his circumstances and despotism required, as he wished to hold secure his power over the citizens. She said that she herself would effect the reconciliation, and would get Anabus to come to a conference with him, if he would but give the word, before the war should have wrought some irremediable ill. When Leander gave the word, she herself had a talk with the African beforehand, in which she desired him, on the promise of many presents and much money, to seize the despot when he should come to the conference with him. When the African had been won over, Leander was hesitant, but, abashed before Aretaphila, who said that she would be present herself, he went forth unarmed and unattended. When he came near and saw Anabus, he again felt uneasy, and wanted to wait for his bodyguard. But Aretaphila, who was there, at one moment encouraged him, and the next called him a coward. Finally, as a delay ensued, she, quite impulsively and boldly dragging him by the hand, brought him up to the barbarian and handed him over. Instantly he was seized and made a prisoner, and, after having been put in bonds, was kept under watch by the Africans, until Aretaphila's friends, who were bringing the money for her, arrived, accompanied by the rest of the citizens. For almost all of them, on hearing the news, ran out at the call. When they saw Aretaphila, they came near forgetting their anger against the despot, and considered vengeance upon him a secondary concern. Their first concern in the enjoyment of their freedom was to greet her

with joy and tears, prostrating themselves before her as before the statue of a god. As the people surged on, one close upon another, it was with difficulty that by evening they took over Leander and returned to the city. When they had had their fill of honours and praises for Aretaphila, they then turned their attention to the despots. Calbia they burned alive, and Leander they sewed up in a leathern sack and sank in the depths of the sea. They asked that Aretaphila, as her proper due, should share with the best citizens in the control and management of the government. eBut she, as one who had played through a drama of varying sort and of many rôles up to the winning of the prize, when she saw the city free, withdrew at once to her own quarters among the women, and, rejecting any sort of meddling in affairs, spent the rest of her life quietly at the loom in the company of her friends and family.

XX. Camma

There were in Galatia two of the most powerful of the tetrarchs, distantly related to each other, Sinatus and Sinorix. One of these, Sinatus, had married a maiden, Camma by name, conspicuous for her form and beauty, but even more admired for her virtues. Not only was she modest and fond of her husband, but she was also quick-witted and high-minded, and unusually dear to her inferiors by reason of her kindness and benevolence. A thing that brought her into greater prominence was the fact that she was the priestess of Artemis, whom the Galatians especially reverence, and was seen magnificently attired always in connexion with the processions and sacrifices.

So Sinorix fell in love with her, and not being able to prevail upon her either by persuasion or force as long as her husband lived, he committed a horrible deed, and treacherously killed Sinatus. Then, without allowing much time to elapse, he commenced to woo Camma, who was spending time in the temple and bearing Sinorix's lawless transgression in no pitiful nor abject manner, but with a spirit that showed sense and bided its time. He was persistent in his suit, and seemed not to be at all at a loss for arguments that had some plausibility, to the effect that in all respects he had shown himself a better man than Sinatus, and had made away with him for love of Camma and not because of any other nefarious intent. The woman's denials at the first were not too peremptory, and later, little by little, she appeared to be softened; but her relatives and friends also brought pressure to bear upon her by way of service and favour to Sinorix, who held such very great power, and they tried to persuade and coerce her. Finally she yielded, and sent for him to come to her, on the ground that the consenting and pledging should take place in the presence of the goddess. When he had come, she received him kindly and, having led him to the altar, poured a libation from a bowl, then drank a portion herself and bade him drink the rest; it was a poisoned mixture of milk and honey. When she saw that he had drunk, she uttered a clear cry of joy, and, prostrating herself before the goddess, said, "I call you to witness, goddess most revered, that for the sake of this day I have lived on after the murder of Sinatus, and during all that time I have derived no comfort from life save only the hope of justice; and now that justice is mine, I go down to my husband. But as for you, wickedest of all men, let your relatives make ready a tomb instead of a bridal chamber and a wedding."

When the Galatian heard these words, and felt the poison already working and creating a disturbance in his body, he mounted a chariot as if to try shaking and jolting as a relief, but he got out almost immediately and changed over into a litter, and in the evening he died. Camma endured through the night, and when she learned that he had come to his end, she died cheerful and happy.

XXI. Stratonice

Galatia produced also Stratonice the wife of Deiotarus and Chiomara the wife of Ortiagon, women that deserve to be remembered.

Stratonice, well knowing that her husband desired children from her to succeed to the kingdom, but having no child herself, prevailed upon him to have a child by another woman, and to connive at its being passed off as her own. Deiotarus thought highly of the idea, and did everything in dependence upon her judgement, and she procured a comely maiden from among the prisoners, Electra by name, and sealed her to Deiotarus. The children that were born she brought up with loving care and in royal state as if they had been her own.

XXII. Chiomara

It came to pass that Chiomara, the wife of Ortiagon, was made a prisoner of war along with the rest of the women at the time when the Romans under Gnaeus overcame in battle the Galatians in Asia. The officer who obtained possession of her used his good fortune as soldiers do, and dishonoured her. He was, naturally, an ignorant man with no self-control when it came to either pleasure or money. He fell a victim, however, to his love of money, and when a very large sum in gold had been mutually agreed upon as the price for the woman, he brought her to exchange for the ransom to a place where a river, flowing between, formed a boundary. When the Galatians had crossed and given him the money and received Chiomara, she, by a nod, indicated to one man that he should smite the Roman as he was affectionately taking leave of her. And when the man obediently struck off the Roman's head, she picked it up and, wrapping it in the folds of her garment, departed. When she came to her husband and threw the head down before him, he said in amazement, "A noble thing, dear wife, is fidelity." "Yes," said she, "but it is a nobler thing that only one man be alive who has been intimate with me."

Polybius says that he had a conversation with this woman in Sardis, and that he admired her good sense and intelligence.

XXIII. A Woman of Pergamum

When Mithradates, after sending for sixty of the noblest of Galatians to come to Pergamum as friends, seemed to comport himself arrogantly and despotically toward them, and all were indignant, Poredorix, a man of great bodily strength and of unusual spirit, tetrarch of the Tosiopians, undertook, when Mithradates should be hearing cases on the tribunal in a gymnasium, to seize hold of it suddenly and precipitate him, tribunal and all, down into the ravine. But by some chance Mithradates did not go up to the gymnasium on that day, but sent for the Galatians to come to his house, whereupon Poredorix urged them to keep up their courage and, when they all should be met together there, to rend Mithradates limb from limb, and kill him, by falling upon him from all sides at once. Knowledge of this came to Mithradates through the agency of some informer, and he delivered over the Galatians one by one to be executed. A little later, happening to remember a young man who, in comeliness and beauty, far surpassed those of his age, he felt sorry for him and changed his mind. It was plain that he was much distressed, since the youth had probably put to death among the first; yet he sent orders that, if the youth should be found alive, they should let him go. The young man's name was Bepolitanus, and a marvellous piece of luck befell him in this wise: when he was arrested he was wearing very beautiful and costly clothing, which the executioner wished to keep, unstained by blood and unsullied, for himself, and he was stripping this off in a leisurely way, when he saw the messengers from the king running towards him and shouting the youth's name. So in the case of Bepolitanus, avarice, which has been the undoing of many a man, unexpectedly saved his life.

Poredorix was executed and his body cast forth unburied, and not one of his friends dared to go near him; but a woman of Pergamum, who for her loveliness had been known to the Galatian while he was living, took the risk of burying and covering up his body. The guards, noticing her, arrested her and took her before the king. It is said that Mithradates' emotions were stirred at the sight of her, as the girl appeared altogether young and innocent. A still stronger influence very likely came from his having learned that love was the reason behind it all; at any rate, he relented and granted her permission to remove and bury the corpse, and to take for it clothing and adornment from what belonged to him.

XXIV. Timocleia

Theagenes of Thebes, who had come to entertain the same aspirations for his city as Epameinondas and Pelopidas and the noblest of the Thebans, came to grief, involved in the general fortunes of Greece at Chaeroneia, when he was already overpowering and pursuing the opposing lines. He is the one who, in answer to a man who cried out, "How far is your pursuit to go?" said, "As far as Macedonia!"

A sister survived him to bear witness that by reason of the virtues of the family and his own natural endowment he was a great and splendid man. However, she had the advantage of getting some benefit from her virtues, so that she could bear more lightly so much of the general misfortunes as came upon her.

For when Alexander had overpowered the Thebans, and some of his men were going to this part of the city, and others to that, and plundering, it happened that a man took possession of Timocleia's house who was not reasonable or civil but arrogant and foolish. He was commander of a certain Thracian troop, and bore the same name as the king, but was in no way like him; for, without showing the least respect for the ancestry or the estate of the woman, after he had guzzled his fill of wine, he summoned her after dinner to spend the night with him. And this was not the end; he asked for gold and silver, if any had been hidden away by her, at one time threatening to kill her, at another promising to keep her for all time in the position of a wife. She, seizing upon the hold he offered, said, "Would God I had been dead before this night rather than to be alive, so that I might at least, when all else is being ravaged, have preserved my honour. But, since what has been done is done, if I must look upon you as my protector, lord, and husband, by God's will, I will not deprive you of your own; for I see that I myself have become whatever your will shall decide. I did possess personal ornaments and silver fashioned into drinking-cups, and there was also some gold and money. When the city was being captured, I told my maid-servants to get this all together, and I threw it, or rather deposited it, into a dry well. Nor do many know of it; for there is a cover over the well, and a shady wood growing all around it. I hope you may be fortunate in obtaining it, and for me it will serve as proofs and tokens to you of the happy and splendid state of my house."

When the Macedonian heard this, he could not wait for daylight, but went straight to the place under the guidance of Timocleia, and, after ordering the garden to be shut close, so that nobody should find out what was going on, he climbed down into the well in his shirt only. An odious Fate led him on, destined to work vengeance upon him at the hands of Timocleia standing over him at the top of the well. When she could tell by his voice that he had reached the bottom, she herself brought many of the stones, while her maid-servants rolled in many big ones on top until they had beaten him down and completely buried him. When the Macedonians came to know of this and recovered the corpse, inasmuch as proclamation had been made before this to kill none of the Thebans, they arrested Timocleia and brought her to the king, and told of her daring deed. But he, seeing in the composure of her countenance and her unhurried step an indication of high rank and noble blood, first questioned her as to who

she was among the women. She quite undauntedly and courageously said, "I had the good fortune to have a brother Theagenes, who was a general at Chaeroneia and fell there, fighting against you Macedonians for the freedom of Greece, that we might not have any such experience as we have had. But since we have had an experience undeserved by our family, we have no wish to escape death; for it were better, perhaps, not to live to experience another such night, unless you put a stop to this thing."

At this the most sympathetic of those present began to weep, but it did not occur to Alexander to pity the woman, for he felt that she was too great for that, but he marvelled at her bravery and her words, which touched him greatly, and he issued orders to his officers that they should take good care and be on the watch that no such insult should again be offered to a noted house. Timocleia he allowed to go free, both herself and all others who were found to be related to her.

XXV. Eryxo

Arcesilaus, the son of Battus who was nicknamed 'The Happy,' was not at all like his father in his ways. In fact, while his father was still living, he surrounded his house with a rampart, and was fined two hundred pounds by his father; and when his father had come to his end, for one thing Arcesilaus, being harsh by nature (and this gave him his nickname), and for another consorting with a vicious friend Laarchus, instead of being a king became a despot. Laarchus, secretly scheming to become despot, banished or murdered the noblest among the men of Cyrene, and diverted all the blame for this from himself to Arcesilaus; and finally he brought Arcesilaus into a wasting and grievous illness by a drink containing sea-hare, and thus accomplished his death; then he took over the sovereign rule himself on the pretext that he was keeping it for Arcesilaus's son Battus. The boy, by reason of his lameness and his youth as well, was looked down upon, but to his mother many gave heed, for she was discreet and humane, and had many influential relatives. Wherefore Laarchus lavished attentions upon her, trying to win her as his wife, saying that it was only right and proper to make Battus his own son by marrying her, and to proclaim him colleague in the sovereignty. Eryxo (for that was the woman's name), after taking counsel with her brothers, bade Laarchus to have an interview with them, as if she herself looked with favour on the marriage. But when Laarchus interviewed them, and they purposely misled him and put off, Eryxo sent a maid-servant to him to tell him from her that at present her brothers declared themselves opposed, but if the union should be consummated, they would cease their dissent and give over; he must, therefore, come to her by night if he were willing; for if the beginning were once made, all the rest would be well.

This was joyful news to Laarchus, and, all excitement in view of the woman's compliant mood, he agreed to come whenever she should give the word. Eryxo carried out all this in consultation with Polyarchus the eldest of her brothers. When a time had been determined upon for the coming together, Polyarchus was secretly introduced into his sister's room, having with him two young men with sword in hand who were intent on avenging the murder of their father, whom Laarchus, a short time before, had put to death.

When Eryxo sent for Laarchus, he came in unattended, and, the young men falling upon him, he was run through by their swords and killed. His body they threw over the wall and, bringing forward Battus, they proclaimed him king in succession to his father's rights, and Polyarchus restored to the people of Cyrene their original form of government.

It happened that there were in the city numerous soldiers of Amasis, king of the Egyptians. These Laarchus had employed as trusty retainers, and they were not the least of his instruments through which he terrorized the citizens. These soldiers sent men to Amasis to accuse Polyarchus and Eryxo. He was much incensed and had thoughts of making war on the people of Cyrene, but just then it happened that his mother died, and it was during the days in which he was holding her funeral that messengers returned from Amasis with the tidings. So Polyarchus thought it best to go there to make his defence. When Eryxo would not be left behind, but expressed her wish to go with him and share the danger, their mother Critola,

although well on in years, would not be left behind either. Her standing was of the highest, since she was the sister of Battus the Happy. When they came to Egypt, the people expressed wondrous approval of their exploit, and Amasis expressed extraordinary approval of the self-control and courage of the woman; and after honouring both Polyarchus and the women with presents and royal attentions he sent them back to Cyrene.

XXVI. Xenocrite

No less admiration might be expressed for Xenocrite of Cumae for her behaviour towards Aristodemus the despot, who, some think, had the nickname of 'Mild' given to him, but they do not know the truth. The fact is that by the barbarians he was called 'Mild,' which, in their tongue, means 'childlike,' because, when he was a mere youth with others of his age who were still wearing their hair long (whom they called 'harassers,' from their long hair presumably), in the wars against the barbarians he was conspicuous and brilliant, not merely by daring and the work of his hands, but showing himself to be above others in quickness of mind and forethought. Wherefore he advanced to the highest offices, being admired by his fellow-citizens, and he was sent to bring aid to the Romans when they were besieged by the Etruscans who would restore Tarquinius Superbus to his kingdom. In this campaign, which lasted a long time, he gave in altogether to the citizens who were in the military service, and, by playing the part of a demagogue rather than that of a general, he persuaded them to join him in attacking the Senate and in driving into exile the noblest and most influential. Following upon this, he made himself despot, and in the ways in which he misconducted himself towards women and free-born youth he surpassed his former record for viciousness. In fact it is recorded in history that he imposed on boys the custom of wearing long hair and golden ornaments, and the girls he compelled to bob their hair and to wear boy's clothes and the short undergarment. However, he was singularly enamoured of Xenocrite, whom he kept, the daughter of an exiled father, without restoring her father to his country or winning his consent, but believing that somehow the girl was contented to be with him, inasmuch as she was envied and deemed happy by the citizens. But all this did not make any great impression on her. She was distressed at being partner to a union in which there had been no giving in marriage nor plighting of troth, and she longed for her country's freedom no less than did those who were the object of the despot's hatred.

It happened at that juncture that Aristodemus was extending a moat all the way round the country, a work neither necessary nor useful, but the real reason was that he wished to wear out the citizens and waste their strength with toils and labours; for it was prescribed for each one to carry out a certain number of measures of earth. One woman, when she saw Aristodemus approaching, stepped well out of his way and covered her face with her garment. When he had gone, the young men made fun of her and asked her, in joke, why her modesty led her to avoid Aristodemus only, when she had no such feeling towards the rest of the men. She with a very serious purpose replied, "Because among all the people of Cumae Aristodemus is the only man!"

These few words thus spoken laid holding of them all, and also incited the noble-minded, for very shame, to struggle for their liberty. It is said that when Xenocrite heard of it she said that she herself would rather carry earth for her father, if he were only in his own land, than be associated with Aristodemus in all his luxury and power. These things gave added strength to those who were banding together against Aristodemus, at the head of whom was Thymoteles. And when Xenocrite provided them with a safe way to get in and assurance that Aristodemus

was unarmed and unattended, they forced their way in without much difficulty, and dispatched him. Thus the city of Cumae was made free by the bravery of two women, the one who put into their minds the thought and impulse for the deed, and the other who co-operated with them to bring about its conclusion.

Honours and great gifts were tendered to Xenocrite, but she would have none of them; one request only she made, to bury the body of Aristodemus, and this they granted her, and chose her to be priestess of Demeter, feeling that the honour would be no less pleasing to the goddess than appropriate for Xenocrite.

XXVII. The Wife of Pythes

It is said the wife of Pythes, contemporary with Xerxes, was wise and good. Pythes himself, as it appears, came by chance upon some gold mines, and, delighting in the wealth from them not with moderation, but insatiably and beyond measure, he himself spent all his time over them, and put the citizens down there also, and compelled all alike to dig or carry or wash out the gold, performing no other work and carrying on no other activity. Many perished and all were completely exhausted, when the women, coming to the door of the wife of Pythes, made supplication. She bade them depart and not lose heart; then she summoned the goldsmiths whom she trusted most, secluded them, and ordered them to make golden loaves of bread, cakes of all sorts, fruit, and whatever else in the way of dainties and food she knew Pythes liked best. When these had all been made, Pythes arrived home from abroad; for he had been travelling. And when he called for dinner, his wife caused a golden table to be set before him which contained nothing edible, but everything of gold. At first Pythes was delighted with the mimic food, but when he had gazed his fill, he called for something to eat; and she served to him a golden replica of whatever he chanced to express a desire for. By this time he was in a high dudgeon and shouted out that he was hungry, whereupon she said, "But it is you who have created for us a plentiful supply of these things, and of nothing else; for all skill in the trades has disappeared from among us; no one tills the soil, but we have forsaken the sowing and planting of crops in the soil and the sustaining food that comes from it, and we dig and delve for useless things, wasting our own strength and that of our people."

These things moved Pythes, and he did away with much of his activities at the mines, but not all, ordering a fifth of the citizens to work the mines in turn, and the remainder he transferred to agriculture and the trades.

When Xerxes was on his way to invade Greece, Pythes, who had been most splendid in his entertainments and gifts, asked as a favour from the king that, as he had several sons, the king should exempt one from military duty, and leave him at home to be a comfort to Pythes in his old age. Xerxes, in his rage, ordered that this one son for whom the father made his request should be killed and cut in two, and that the army should march between the two halves; the others he took with him, and all perished in the battles.

Because of this Pythes lost all spirit, and went through an experience similar to that of many bad and foolish men; for he was afraid of death and burdened with life. He wished not to live, and yet could not let go of life. As there was a great mound in the city, and also a river flowing through it, which they called the Pythopolites, he made ready a mausoleum in the mound, and then turned the course of the stream so that the river was carried through the mound with its waters touching the tomb. Upon the completion of all this he went down into the mausoleum, committing the government and care of the whole city to his wife, and ordered her not to come near him, but to send his dinner for him every day, by placing it in a boat, until the time when the boat should pass by the tomb with the dinner untouched; then she should cease sending,

taking it for granted that he was dead. He passed the remainder of his life in this way, and his wife administered the government excellently, and gave the citizens relief from their miseries.