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The Women of Sparta

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The Women of Sparta.

Miss Allen: Looking over the miscellaneous subjects, in the Nov. 1st and 15th No. of the "Scanned Library and Reading Room on Conception street, I met with the following:

Do they not hesitate the very spirit of the Southern mother, wife, sister? Have they not proved to the silent wonder of the cynosure of Sparta? Can doubts from experience of the past, that Southern women are properly to exhibit the like sentiment, for their "loved homes in the South," and justify to the world that when those homes are "trampled from the earth," Southern women do die and be free? Laurens' historical extempore, which forms the basis of the lines—please give them an insertion in your paper.

"Pyrrhus next advanced against the city. It was resolved to send the women into Greece, to reconquer against it; and the Queen and her flamboyant attempt to appeal the trampled, went into the Conchibail with a sword in her hand, and said they did their wives' great wrong, they th' ugh them so faith-hearted as to live and spare a woe destroyed.

The chiefs were met in the Common Hall,
Their words were sad and few;
They were ready to fight and ready to fall,
As the sound of heroes do.
And consecrated the ancient heroine lay
The last of the Spartan fleet.
She should bear the Spartan woman away
To the city alone in Crete.
Her heart went back to the days of old;
They thought of the world widepherical,
When the Persian host like an ocean rolled
To the foot of the Olympean peak;
And they turned their faces, eager and pale,
To the glory in the dream.
As the claim of the Spartan man
Were the tramp of the conqueror's feet.

Sparta Archidamia, Spartan Queen,
Hope as her father's song;
She stood, like the alliance that comes between
Thetis and the thunder deck;
She looked in the eyes of the startled crowd:
Cathy she stood around;
Her voice was neither low, nor loud,
But clear like the accent on the ground.

"Sparta," she said—and her woman's face
Flushed out both pride and shame—
And the memory of your race,
Are ye worthy of the name?

Ye have hidden the seeds of hearts and graves
Beyond the reach of the fire
And now by the rash of the blue sea waves
We swear we will not go.

Is the name of Pyrrhus to blanch your cheeks?
Shall he turn and beiled cowardly?
Are ye sons of the dauntless Greeks?
Whose name the name of Troy?
But through the seas have scathless stood
In the rank of the Persian war;
Their sword be red to its hilt with the blood
That beat at the heart of fellow.

Brothers and dears! we have feared you men;
Our walls are the oceans swell;
Our winds have seen the godly grain;
When the station Thres Hymettus fell.
Our hearts are drenched in the wild sea dew;
In the lighted hills and the sky.
The Spartan woman, it need be so,
Will touch the trap to die.

Woe be brave men's mothers, and brave men's wives;
Prepare to do and dare;
You are ready to meet your wish with our lives,
And string your bow with our hair.
Let the young and brave lie down to night;
And dream of the brave old day.
Your bows should be bright for foe-crow's fight;
Their swords be all their head.

Our breasts are better than noble and bars;
Our poison and our spear;
We will fight our success in the star,
And mark while our warrior sleep.
We hold not the iron in our blood
Yea, than straightness they;
The memory of our motherhood
Is due to be longed and told.

Woe to the traitors hearts that spring;
To the faint soul arms of peace;
If the demon rage among his wings
At the very gates of Greece;
Aye did the mothers your gain both;
And join turn and face
When the stars are tempted from the wall;
For the heart's desires, and be free.