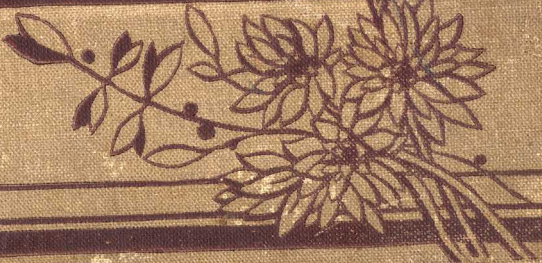
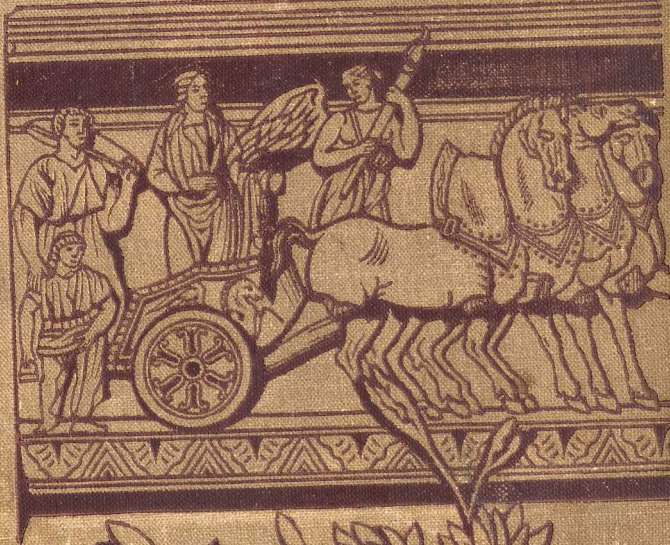




OUR
YOUNG FOLKS

PLUTARCH

BY
ROSALIE
KAUFMAN





DEATH OF AEGEUS.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS'

ENTERTAINMENT

BY

W. H. GARDNER

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Rome or you perish. As for myself, I shall not wait for war to decide, for if I cannot prevail with you to prefer peace to hostility and become the benefactor of both parties rather than the destroyer of one, rest assured that you shall never reach your country unless you trample upon the dead body of her who gave you life. It would ill become me to wait for the day when my son should come into Rome as the conqueror of his fellow-citizens, or be led into it as their captive. If I desired you to save your country by ruining the Volscians the case would be hard, for it would be quite as dishonorable to betray those who have put their trust in you as to destroy your countrymen. All we ask of you is a deliverance that will be most to the honor of the Volscians, though equally beneficial to them and to us. We ask of them the blessing of peace and friendship, which their superiority enables them to grant. If our petition meets with favor, you will be regarded as the chief cause of it; if we are repulsed, you alone must expect to bear the blame from both nations. The chances of war are uncertain. If you conquer Rome, you will have the reputation of having undone your country, but if the Volscians are defeated under you, all the world will say that to satisfy your revenge you brought misfortune to your friends and benefactors."

Marcus listened to his mother, but said not a word. Wondering at his silence, she spoke again: "My son, why are you silent? Is it an honor to yield everything to revenge, and a disgrace to grant your mother so important a petition? Does it become a great man to remember injuries done him, and to forget the reverence he owes his parents? Surely you, of all men, should take care to be grateful who have suffered so much from ingratitude. Yet you have not made your mother the least return for her kindness and devotion. The most sacred ties of nature and religion require you to indulge me in this reasonable and just request, but if it must be so, this only is left." She fell on her knees at his feet, and Valeria and his children did the same.

"Oh, mother, what is it you have done?" cried Coriolanus, as he raised her from the ground and tenderly pressed her hand. "You have gained a victory fortunate for the Romans, but ruinous to your son! By you alone am I defeated."

Although he knew that the Volscians would never forgive him



CORIOLANUS AND HIS MOTHER.