

**Chapter 1 : Artemis to Actaeon 3**

*Artemis to Actaeon and Other Verses has 13 ratings and 2 reviews. Edith Wharton (), born Edith Newbold Jones, was an American novelist, short st.*

For who rules now? The twilight-flitting monk, Or I, that took the morning like an Alp? He held his own, I let mine slip from me, The birthright that no sovereign can restore; And so ironic Time beholds us now Master and slave -- he lord of half the earth, I ousted from my narrow heritage. My kingdom knows me not. Fallopius reigning, vice -- nay, not so: My throne stood empty; he was heir to it. And see their answer: Ay, and so meet -- hold fast to that, Vesalius. They only, who re-conquer day by day The inch of ground they camped on over-night, Have right of foothold on this crowded earth. He names me -- true! Oh, give the door its due I entered by. Only, I pray you, note, Had door been none, a shoulder-thrust of mine Had breached the crazy wall" -- he seems to say. So meet -- and yet a word of thanks, of praise, Of recognition that the clue was found, Seized, followed, clung to, by some hand now dust -- Had this obscured his quartering of my shield? How the one weakness stirs again! I thought I had done with that old thirst for gratitude That lured me to the desert years ago. I did my work -- and was not that enough? Nay, let the folio rest upon my knee. I do not feel its weight. The hurrying traveller does not ask the name Of him who points him on his way; and this Fallopius sits in the mid-heart of me, Because he keeps his eye upon the goal, Cuts a straight furrow to the end in view, Cares not who oped the fountain by the way, But drinks to draw fresh courage for his journey. That was the lesson that Ignatius taught -- The one I might have learned from him, but would not -- That we are but stray atoms on the wind, A dancing transiency of summer eves, Till we become one with our purpose, merged In that vast effort of the race which makes Mortality immortal. His life shall find it": Yet all was well -- or seemed so -- till I heard That younger voice, an echo of my own, And, like a wanderer turning to his home, Who finds another on the hearth, and learns, Half-dazed, that other is his actual self In name and claim, as the whole parish swears, So strangely, suddenly, stood dispossessed Of that same self I had sold all to keep, A baffled ghost that none would see or hear! This Fallopius It is who dragged the Galen-idol down, Who rent the veil of flesh and forced a way Into the secret fortalice of life" -- Yet it was I that bore the brunt of it! O, for that Best gift of all, Fallopius, take my thanks -- That, and much more. At first, when Padua wrote: But now that death waylays me -- now I know This isle is the circumference of my days, And I shall die here in a little while -- So also best, Fallopius! Already, see, Her scaffold rises on my hidden toil, I but the accepted premiss whence must spring The airy structure of her argument; Nor could the bricks it rests on serve to build The crowning finials. I abide her law: A different substance for a different end -- Content to know I hold the building up; Though men, agape at dome and pinnacles, Guess not, the whole must crumble like a dream But for that buried labour underneath. Yet, Padua, I had still my word to say! Let others say it! Nay, Truth is many-tongued. What one man failed to speak, another finds Another word for. May not all converge In some vast utterance, of which you and I, Fallopius, were but halting syllables? So knowledge come, no matter how it comes! No matter whence the light falls, so it fall! You miss a point I saw? Yet expound your own! Obscure one space I cleared? The sky is wide, And you may yet uncover other stars. For thus I read the meaning of this end: There are two ways of spreading light: I let my wick burn out -- there yet remains To spread an answering surface to the flame That others kindle. Turn me in my bed. The window darkens as the hours swing round; But yonder, look, the other casement glows! Let me face westward as my sun goes down.

Chapter 2 : Artemis to Actaeon, and other verse | Open Library

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But authors were free to suggest different motives for his death. He stopped and stared, amazed at her ravishing beauty. Once seen, Artemis got revenge on Actaeon: Upon hearing the call of his hunting party, he cried out to them and immediately transformed. At this he fled deep into the woods, and doing so he came upon a pond and, seeing his reflection, groaned. His own hounds then turned upon him and pursued him, not recognizing him. In an endeavour to save himself, he raised his eyes and would have raised his arms, had he had them toward Mount Olympus. The gods did not heed his plea, and he was torn to pieces. An element of the earlier myth made Actaeon the familiar hunting companion of Artemis, no stranger. Further materials, including fragments that belong with the Hesiodic Catalogue of Women and at least four Attic tragedies, including a Toxotides of Aeschylus, have been lost. According to the Latin version of the story told by the Roman Ovid [12] having accidentally seen Diana Artemis on Mount Cithaeron while she was bathing, he was changed by her into a stag, and pursued and killed by his fifty hounds. Names of the dogs who devoured Actaeon[ edit ] Volterra, Italy. Etruscan cinerary urn; Actaeon torn by the dogs of Diana, Volterra. In the first part of the list, Hyginus fails to correctly differentiate between masculine and feminine names. According to Ovid [20] Dogs: Authors other than Ovid Dogs: The "bed of Actaeon"[ edit ] Death of Actaeon by Titian In the second century AD, the traveller Pausanias was shown a spring on the road in Attica leading to Plataea from Eleutherae, just beyond Megara "and a little farther on a rock. It is called the bed of Actaeon, for it is said that he slept thereon when weary with hunting and that into this spring he looked while Artemis was bathing in it. But you hit him and turned him into a wolf, His own herd-boys hunt him down And his dogs tear at his haunches. In the case of Actaeon, the dogs symbolize the sacrificers and Actaeon symbolizes the sacrifice. Actaeon also may symbolize a human curiosity or irreverence. Aeschylus and other tragic poets made use of the story, which was a favourite subject in ancient works of art. Giordano Bruno, "Gli Eroici Furori". His story is relinquished at this point, in favour of the other plots.

**Chapter 3 : Artemis to Actaeon**

*Artemis to Actaeon and Other Verse Electronic Text Center, University of Virginia Library. This is a version of the HTML edition at the University of Virginia. It has been placed at the EWS site so that additional links can be added and so that it can be searched easily.*

SET wide the window. Let me drink the day. O, too long I walked  
In that thrice-sifted air that princes breathe,  
Nor felt the heaven-wide jostling of the winds  
And all the ancient outlawry of earth! Now let me breathe and  
see. This pilgrimage They call a penance " let them call it that! I set my face to the East to shrive my soul  
Of mortal sin? If my blade Once questioned living flesh, if once I tore  
The pages of the Book in opening it, See  
what the torn page yielded ere the light Had paled its buried characters " and judge! The girl they brought  
me, pinioned hand and foot In catalepsy " say I should have known  
That trance had not yet darkened into death, And held my scalpel. Well, suppose I knew? Sum up the facts " her life against her death. The scum  
upon the pools of pleasure Breeds such by thousands. Perchance The obolus to appease the ferrying Shade,  
And waft her into immortality. Think what she purchased with that one heart-flutter That whispered its deep  
secret to my blade! For, just because her bosom fluttered still, It told me more than many rifled graves;  
Because I spoke too soon, she answered me, Her vain life ripened to this bud of death As the whole plant is  
forced into one flower, All her blank past a scroll on which God wrote His word of healing " so that the  
poor flesh, Which spread death living, died to purchase life! The sin I sinned was mine, not theirs. But I, I  
know. I sinned against my will, Myself, my soul " the God within the breast: Can any penance wash such  
sacrilege? When I was young in Venice, years ago, I walked the hospice with a Spanish monk, A solitary  
cloistered in high thoughts, The great Loyola, whom I reckoned then A mere refurbisher of faded creeds,  
Expert to edge anew the arms of faith, As who should say, a Galenist, resolved To hold the walls of dogma  
against fact, Experience, insight, his own self, if need be! For who rules now? The twilight-flitting monk, Or I,  
that took the morning like an Alp? He held his own, I let mine slip from me, The birthright that no sovereign  
can restore; And so ironic Time beholds us now Master and slave " he lord of half the earth, I ousted from  
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re-conquer day by day The inch of ground they camped on over-night, Have right of foothold on this crowded  
earth. He names me " true! Oh, give the door its due I entered by. Only, I pray you, note, Had door been  
none, a shoulder-thrust of mine Had breached the crazy wall" " he seems to say. So meet " and yet a word  
of thanks, of praise, Of recognition that the clue was found, Seized, followed, clung to, by some hand now  
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that enough? Nay, let the folio rest upon my knee. I do not feel its weight. The hurrying traveller does not ask  
the name Of him who points him on his way; and this Fallopius sits in the mid-heart of me, Because he keeps  
his eye upon the goal, Cuts a straight furrow to the end in view, Cares not who oped the fountain by the way,  
But drinks to draw fresh courage for his journey. That was the lesson that Ignatius taught " The one I might  
have learned from him, but would not " That we are but stray atoms on the wind, A dancing transiency of  
summer eves, Till we become one with our purpose, merged In that vast effort of the race which makes  
Mortality immortal. His life shall find it": Yet all was well " or seemed so " till I heard That younger  
voice, an echo of my own, And, like a wanderer turning to his home, Who finds another on the hearth, and  
learns, Half-dazed, that other is his actual self In name and claim, as the whole parish swears, So strangely,  
suddenly, stood dispossessed Of that same self I had sold all to keep, A baffled ghost that none would see or  
hear! This Fallopius It is who dragged the Galen-idol down, Who rent the veil of flesh and forced a way  
Into the secret fortalice of life" " Yet it was I that bore the brunt of it! O, for that Best gift of all, Fallopius, take  
my thanks " That, and much more. At first, when Padua wrote: But now that death waylays me " now I  
know This isle is the circumference of my days, And I shall die here in a little while " So also best,  
Fallopius! Already, see, Her scaffold rises on my hidden toil, I but the accepted premiss whence must spring

The airy structure of her argument; Nor could the bricks it rests on serve to build The crowning finials. I abide her law: A different substance for a different end " Content to know I hold the building up; Though men, agape at dome and pinnacles, Guess not, the whole must crumble like a dream But for that buried labour underneath. Yet, Padua, I had still my word to say! Let others say it! Nay, Truth is many-tongued. What one man failed to speak, another finds Another word for. May not all converge In some vast utterance, of which you and I, Fallopius, were but halting syllables? So knowledge come, no matter how it comes! No matter whence the light falls, so it fall! You miss a point I saw? Yet expound your own! Obscure one space I cleared? The sky is wide, And you may yet uncover other stars. For thus I read the meaning of this end: There are two ways of spreading light: I let my wick burn out " there yet remains To spread an answering surface to the flame That others kindle. Turn me in my bed. The window darkens as the hours swing round; But yonder, look, the other casement glows! Let me face westward as my sun goes down. FRA PAOLO, since they say the end is near, And you of all men have the gentlest eyes, Most like our father Francis; since you know How I have toiled and prayed and scourged and striven, Mothered the orphan, waked beside the sick, Gone empty that mine enemy might eat, Given bread for stones in famine years, and channelled With vigilant knees the pavement of this cell, Till I constrained the Christ upon the wall To bend His thorn-crowned Head in mute forgiveness. Three times He bowed it. I have lain here, these many empty days I thought to pack with Credos and Hail Marys So close that not a fear should force the door " But still, between the blessed syllables That taper up like blazing angel heads, Praise over praise, to the Unutterable, Strange questions clutch me, thrusting fiery arms, As though, athwart the close-meshed litanies, My dead should pluck at me from hell, with eyes Alive in their obliterated faces! And so I thought, into some human heart, Pure, and yet foot-worn with the tread of sin, If only I might creep for sanctuary, It might be that those eyes would let me rest. How should I forget The day I saw him first? You know the one. I had been laughing in the market-place With others like me, I the youngest there, Jostling about a pack of mountebanks Like flies on carrion I the youngest there! So much is known; so much effaced; the sin Cast like a plague-struck body to the sea, Deep, deep into the unfathomable pardon " The Head bowed thrice, as the whole town attests. How grew so white a bud in such black slime, And why not mine the hand to pluck it out? Why, so Christ deals with souls, you cry " what then? When Christ, the heavenly gardener, Plucks flowers for Paradise do I not know? But when my lover gathered me, he lifted Stem, root and all " ay, and the clinging mud " And set me on his sill to spread and bloom After the common way, take sun and rain, And make a patch of brightness for the street, Though raised above rough fingers " so you make A weed a flower, and others, passing, think: Well, so I grew, with every root and tendril Grappling the secret anchorage of his love, And so we loved each other till he died. Well, it was there Christ came to me, you know, And led me home " just as that other led me. Just as that other? Father, bear with me! And gather sinners to the knees of grace. Suppose my lover had not died? At last my question! Father, help me face it. Why, to the sin I died to That other was as Paradise, when God Walks there at eventide, the air pure gold, And angels treading all the grass to flowers! He was my Christ " he led me out of hell " He died to save me so your casuists say! Your Christ out-pity mine? Why, yours but let the sinner bathe His feet; Mine raised her to the level of his heart. But this man kept for sacramental use The cup that once had slaked a passing thirst; This man declared: The sodden grasses spring again " why not The trampled soul? Is man less merciful Than nature, good more fugitive than grass? If this could be as I so oft have dreamed , I, who have known both loves, divine and human, Think you I would not leave this Christ for that? You start from me, Fra Paolo? Go, then; your going leaves me not alone. I marvel, rather, that I feared the question, Since, now I name it, it draws near to me With such dear reassurance in its eyes, And takes your place beside me. Yet not one replies. And, for the Christ there " is He silent too? Poor father; you that have but one, And that one silent " how I pity you!

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**Chapter 8 : Artemis to Actaeon and Other Verse**

*Artemis to Actaeon and Other Verses is a classic poetry collection by Edith Wharton. THOU couldst not look on me and live: so runs The mortal legend--thou that couldst not live Nor look on me (so the divine decree)!*

**Chapter 9 : Artemis to Actaeon and Other Verses by Edith Wharton**

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