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Extracts from the Translations by

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Selected and Edited by

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PREFACE

WITH the widening of education and the decline of the study of the Greek language, a work of paramount importance has been the steady stream of translations of Greek authors. The difficulties of rendering a foreign masterpiece in verse into English prose or poetry are almost insuperable. Yet, as far as Homer is concerned, from the dullest word-for-word rendering or the freest interpretation in verse, there is something to be gained by one who does not know Greek. In English, Chapman's verse-translation, "loud and bold," is in an unsuitable metre, is now archaic, and is full of Elizabethan quaintnesses and "conceits"—yet it is full of life, and at times breathes a fire that perhaps no other English version has achieved. Pope's heroic couplets, neat, antithetical, and polished, are not Homer, but Augustan England—yet they approach the swiftness of Homer's verse. Cowper's blank-verse translation is the baldest of all, and Derby's is a simple unadorned rendering much nearer to Homer than Pope or Chapman ever achieves. But all have something to give, though none is Homer.

The prose translations, however, from which we are privileged to present extracts, are, we think, the best approach to Homer—except of course the learning of Greek. Many to whom the verse-translations have proved a stumbling-block, who have found it almost impossible to see the Homeric wood for the Popeian trees, have found in reading this noble, almost

PREFACE

Biblical prose, what Keats found in Chapman. They have felt,

" Like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken."

And it is as a tribute to the translators,¹ to those who have brought Homer into the experience of those with " small Latin and less Greek," and in a desire to share a treasure that an unknown genius hands down to us across the ages, that we offer this volume to any who as yet know not Homer.

H. M. K.

¹ Lang, Leaf and Myers: *Iliad* (Globe Edition.) Macmillan.
Butcher and Lang : *Odyssey*. Macmillan.

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INTRODUCTION

HOMER

OF Homer, the supposed author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, nothing definite is known. There are a number of ancient books which purport to narrate the " Life " of Homer,¹ but none of them dates back before the Christian era, and as Homer is supposed to have lived nearly one thousand years before the birth of Christ, these " Lives " are based on uncertain tradition, or built up out of incidents in the poems themselves.

Herodotus, the earliest Greek historian (fifth century B.C.), tells us that Homer lived four hundred years before his time, and modern opinion accepts the ninth century B.C. as the latest date at which the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* could have been composed.

The uncertainty and incoherence of the legends which grew round the author of these epics are illustrated in the many fanciful explanations given by classical writers to his name, " Homer." According to Ephorus he was called Homer after he became blind, for blind people *followed* a guide (Gr. *homer-euontes* = follow). Aristotle accepted the etymology, but said that when the Lydians, pressed by the Aetolians, decided to abandon Smyrna, Homer said

¹ Two of these " Lives " are falsely ascribed to Herodotus and Plutarch. In the former Herodotus is made to say that Homer lived 622 years before the invasion of Greece by Xerxes (480 B.C.), while the latter was apparently known to Quintilian, who lived before Plutarch.

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that he would "follow" them. Another derivation is from *ho meros*, "the thigh," because Homer was branded *in his thigh*, being an illegitimate child. A fourth is from *ho me oron*, "one not seeing." Yet another is that Homer was delivered up by the people of Smyrna as a pledge or hostage (*homeros*) on the conclusion of a truce with some enemy. Finally the name has been derived from *homouein* "to sing in concert," and from *home?-ein*, "to assemble together," the latter suggesting that Homer was a rhapsodist who collected lays together.

These fanciful etymologies not only cancel each other out, but also show the tendency to work back, to make a story to fit the facts. Similarly the legendary details of the life of Homer—that his father was a daemon or genius, that he became a poet and school-master in Smyrna, that he visited the Tomb of Achilles and besought the shade of the great hero to appear in all his glory and that the vision blinded him, that wherever he travelled (except in Smyrna) his poetry was admired, that a rival poet Thestorides not only stole his poems and recited them as his own but also set his dogs on Homer, and that he died at Ios, on his way to Athens (after falling over a stone *or* through vexation at being unable to guess a riddle !)—all these we regard as interesting accretions round a famous name, some of which may be true, though we can be certain of none.¹

¹ Theories of more modern times have (i) identified Homer with Odysseus, and made the *Odyssey* autobiographical, (2) made him a Trojan and read a pro-Trojan sentiment into the *Iliad*, (3) made him a native of Cumae in Italy, (4) [Samuel Butler] stated that the *Odyssey* was written by a woman, whose own portrait she drew in Nausicaa.

As a tail-piece might we add Joshua Barnes, of whom Bentley said that he knew as much Greek as an Athenian cobbler. This worthy surmised that the epics were written by Solomon, as by reading *omeros* backward, in the Hebrew manner, we get Soremo = Solemo = Solomon !

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It has been seriously questioned whether, if Homer lived in the ninth century B.C., he knew how to write. The oldest known records of Greek writing are inscriptions dating back to 620 B.C. Legends suggest a much earlier date, for Herodotus says that the Phoenician Cadmus brought the alphabet to Greece in those pre-historic days which can be given almost any date between 1000 and 1500 B.C., Aeschylus attributes its introduction to Prometheus, and Euripides to Palamedes, the rival of Odysseus—all three inventors being farther back in time than we want to place Homer. Further, we find that the Homeric poems are only a part of a vast collection of epic literature dating back to 750 B.C. at least, and it is difficult to imagine that so vast a collection could have been transmitted orally. Then the poems themselves, "classical" and restrained in style, highly developed in construction, expression and diction, point to a long line of poetic composition and artistic development of which they form the apex, and, just as Shakespeare's work was preceded by a century of dramatic development, so we think of the Homeric epic as having been preceded by less elaborate work in the epic field. And it is impossible to believe that all this took place without writing.

Against this it is argued that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* seem, from internal evidence, to have been first composed in times when writing was, if not unknown, at least a great mystery and possibly crude signs rather than letters and words. There is only one reference in Homer to writing. In Book VI of the *Iliad*, Proitos sent Bellerophon to his father-in-law, "and gave him *tokens of woe*, graving in a folded tablet many deadly things,"⁵⁵ and bade him "show these to his father-in-law that he might perish." Ten days after his arrival, Bellerophon was asked for the "tokens" and when the king received "Proitos' evil

INTRODUCTION

token " he tried to have Bellerophon slain. Critics have read into this curious account a reference to hostile signs rather than a message in words, although there is no reason why it could not refer to writing as we know it.

It is pointed out, too, that the minstrels of the *Odyssey* are blind, and sing their songs either by heart or extempore. On the other hand they sing only short songs, utterly unlike the elaborate epics that we are considering.

Moreover, the language of the poems is said to contain such variety of forms as to be considered a " literary " language rather than a dialect spoken at any time in Greek history, and distinct from the language of the Greeks of historical times almost in the way that Biblical English differs from Modern English, and as certain expressions are now archaic but are still used in poetry. This again not only points to the fact that the Homeric poems are very old, but also suggests that they are the crown of a long line of poetic tradition which had built up a " poetic language " of its own.

The political centre of Homer's Greece is Mycenae, the city of Agamemnon, and the most important part is Boeotia, from a port in which the Greeks sail. By the time Greek history begins, the Doric invasions, the growth of Sparta, Delphi, Miletos, and the colonies have changed the political structure of the whole country. Homer's names for Greek tribes—Achaians, Argives, and Danaans—have been replaced by Hellenes, Dorians, Aeolians, and Ionians. The coast of Asia Minor has become a thriving civilisation, whereas in Homer few cities are mentioned in it, and some islands off its coast seem to be unknown to him.

It has been maintained that the two epics were made by joining together a number of shorter, earlier poems. **Evidence of this is said to be found in defective " join-**

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ings,"¹ and in the fact that in historical times *rhapsodoi* (reciters) declaimed Homeric poems, each taking a part of the epic. It is not known, however, how far back this practice existed. Herodotus refers to the putting-down of rhapsodists in c. 600 B.C., and Solon is said to have made a law, in the seventh century B.C., that the poems should be recited "with prompting." But this does not prove that the practice went back to Homeric times, that Homer wrote for rhapsodists to perform, or that he was, as some would imagine, a glorified "prompter," merely putting the lays, or calling upon their reciters, in order. In fact his minstrels in the *Odyssey* seem to be of a different type—inspired lyrical composers rather than epic reciters—nor does Homer record poetic contests or epic recitals in his poems. It is in fact, much easier to imagine Homer as a very great minstrel, a super-minstrel, of the kind he describes in the *Odyssey*,² knowing the whole "matter of Troy," and composing from it two mighty epics, at leisure in the court of some king Alcinous, than as an editing rhapsodist arranging in order lays which had almost, like Topsy, "just growed."

Most important of all is the fact that each of the poems, in its artistic unity, is the work of one man—even if not of the same man. The *Iliad* is magnificently built on a single theme—the wrath of Achilles—and its subject is that alone,³ in its terrible consequences and its noble resolution. The *Odyssey*, even more obviously and more exquisitely artistic, sets the adventures of Odysseus in the framework of his homecoming, and

¹ E.g. *Iliad*, Book XVIII, where a short dialogue between Zeus and Hera is inserted between Achilles' speech to his Myrmidons and the arrival of Thetis at the mansion of Hephaestus.

² As Odysseus practically becomes when telling his story to Alcinous.

³ Apart from the "episodes" like the exploits of Odysseus and Diomedes—and even a great artist is allowed to digress!

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from the beginning moves steadily to the end of which its author is always aware. Whether this author was one and the same man we shall never know. Longinus felt that Homer wrote the *Iliad* while young, impetuous, active, and passionate, and the *Odyssey* in his old age, when he was more prudent, more restrained, more reflective. Hence the *action* of the former, with its hero Achilles, and the *wisdom* of the latter, with its hero Odysseus. Discrepancies between the two works have been observed—the messenger of the gods for example, in the *Iliad* is Iris, whereas in the *Odyssey* it is Hermes. Differences in manners have been noted, those of the *Odyssey* being somewhat later, more refined, than those of the *Iliad* ; the gods lose their majesty, the mortals (Odysseus apart) seem dwarfs by the side of the mighty heroes of the Trojan plains, and there is a new element of romance, of Oriental fable almost, in the *Odyssey*.¹ Again, in the latter poem we have the added artistic device of maintaining two stories side by side—the adventures of Odysseus and of Telemachus—until they coalesce at the climax, whereas the *Iliad* tells a plain tale.

We should remember, however, that not only can the differences be exaggerated and the great similarities be forgotten, but also that much of the difference between the poems is due to their subject matter. After all, one deals with a war, and the other with wanderings, and the treatment of each presents different problems to the author. It is like comparing Shakespeare's *Henry V* with his *Hamlet*

Summing up our chain of probabilities we find, then, that the poems date back beyond the days of historical Greece and towards 1000 B.C. However they originated, they were almost certainly put to-

¹ In the *Odyssey* the apotheosis of Heracles is definitely stated, whereas in the *Iliad* Castor and Pollux, whom later legend deified, are spoken of as men, dead and buried (Book I I I . 243).

INTRODUCTION

gether in the days of writing. They presuppose a long period of epic tradition, creation, and style, of which they are the end and the crown. In their superb structure and unity they are works of art, works formed by a man, by one of the world's greatest poets. And of that man we have nothing but the legends that his name was Homer, that he was a Greek, and that he was blind like his own minstrels, and the facts that, long after his death, seven cities claimed the honour of having given birth to him, that he had travelled much in the lands round the Aegean Sea, and that he was a great and noble genius.

Fragments of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were recited in the seventh century B.C. by rhapsodists in various parts of Greece. If we accept the epics as the works of Homer, these were extracts from the original, and were not realised at first to be such. The merit of binding them together again was ascribed by the ancients to several people.

It is said¹ that Lycurgus (c. 600 B.C.), the Spartan law-giver, fell in with the poems of Homer during his travels in Asia, and that, being delighted with them, he brought them back to his city. Plutarch² elaborates the earlier story and tells that Lycurgus "wrote them out eagerly," and that previously there had been "only an obscure rumour of these verses among the Greeks"—but it is possible that all that Lycurgus did was to bring rhapsodists to Sparta for the first time, or to have them recite in sequence what they had previously not realised were parts of an epic poem.

A little later, in Athens, detached parts of the epics, such as *The Embassy to Achilles*, *The Arms of Achilles*,

¹ In a fragment by Heraclides Ponticus and in several ancient "Lives" of Homer.

² In the spurious *Life* attributed to him.

INTRODUCTION

Odysseus' Visit to Hades, were being recited at the great Pan-Athenaic festivals. Solon,¹ one of the Seven Wise Men of the Greeks, and the giver of laws to the Athenians, directed that these rhapsodies, or lays, should be arranged in order.

On the other hand we are told that it was Pisistratus, Tyrant of Athens (c. 560 B.C.), who first "disposed the books of Homer, which were before confused, in the order in which we now have them."² And, again, that "Pisistratus collected the verses of Homer which were dispersed and retained in different places by memory."³ Pisistratus was aided in his task—in one story by the great poets of his time (among them Anacreon), and in another, by Seventy Grammarians. Plato,⁴ however, says that it was Hipparchus, the son of Pisistratus (c. 525 B.C.) who first brought the poems to Athens and made the rhapsodists at the Pan-Athenaic festivals recite the works in order, instead of portions at will.

Whoever the "discoverer" was, it is certain that by the middle of the sixth century B.C. Homer's epics, roughly in the form in which we know them, were famous up and down Greece. From then onwards their fame lasted as long as Ancient Greece lasted, ever increasing. There were temples erected to Homer at Smyrna, Chios, and Alexandria, and the Greeks sacrificed and prayed to Apollo and Homer together. All the great authors paid high tribute to Homer, who was a Greek Moses, and whose works were a Bible to the Greeks, for their style, their system of theology, and their moral excellence. Aristotle took the *Iliad* as his standard of faultless perfection in epic poetry, and his book on the art of poetry did much to consolidate the fame of Homer. Plato, who

¹ According to Diogenes Laertius.

² Cicero, *De Oratore*.³ Pausanias.

⁴ In a dialogue now thought not to be by Plato, but very old.

INTRODUCTION

banished Homer and all poets from his ideal republic, yet burnt his own verses in despair at being unable to equal those of the master. Written copies seem to have become more and more general. Theagenes (c. 525 B.C.) is said to have been the first to study the text of Homer. Antimachus, a contemporary of Socrates, is said to have prepared a complete copy of the epics—the first editor. Aristotle's own copy of the *Iliad* was corrected by Alexander the Great, who carried it in a valuable chest throughout his campaigns. Alcibiades is supposed to have struck a schoolmaster who admitted that he had not a single rhapsody of the *Iliad* in his possession.

The first "critic" of Homer,¹ in the evil connotation of that word, was Zoilus (c. 300 B.C.), who wrote nine books against Homer, pointing out his faults. He attempted to recite this attack at the Olympic Games, but was lynched by the Homer-loving Greeks ! Another story says that he was burned to death on a pyre made of his own books.

When the Macedonian Empire split up, Alexandria became a great centre of learning. Here an important school of critics arose, who edited and annotated the text of Homer, the greatest of them being Aristarchus (c. 180 B.C.), still famous, who, besides correcting the text, first divided each epic into twenty-four books—one for each letter of the Greek alphabet. During the long days of transmission of these great works by manuscript, we owe much to the diligence and accuracy of these "word-catching" editors and critics who so jealously guarded the text, that one of them was famous for his restoration of a circumflex accent to a letter, and another for a note on a single word ! The most famous manuscript of the *Iliad* is one of the tenth century, at St. Mark's in Venice, and it contains the text and the critical remarks and notes of Aristarchus,

¹ Apart from Plato (*vide* Book I I I of his *Republic*).

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first made over a thousand years before.

The admiration for Homer survived to the latest Greek authors. Strabo, a geographer (c. 50 B.C.), regarded Homer as the source of all wisdom and knowledge, whilst the historian Dionysus of Halicarnassus, who lived in the reign of Augustus, wrote a treatise on the metre of Homer.

The Romans, who imitated the Greeks in matters of art, joined in their admiration of Homer. Roman lawyers are said to have quoted him as an authority, and in the great sixth century collection of Roman Law, the Pandects of Justinian, he is called " the father of all virtue." Cicero, in praise of Plato, called him the Homer of philosophy, and Virgil, the greatest Latin poet, paid Homer the finest tribute of all—that of imitating his excellence. Martial wished that he could have seen Zoilus hanged !

With the growth of Christianity, Homer's renown waned. He was the father of lies, for he was the author of most of the stories of false gods and, according to St. Augustine, the " Grand Master of Fable " and a " gentle liar." Christian hostility and the downfall of the Western Roman Empire destroyed Homer in Western Europe, but the epics survived in Constantinople and Greece during the Dark Ages, even escaping a holocaust of Greek poems in Constantinople in the tenth century. Eustathius, Archbishop of Thessalonica, was an enlightened Christian who made a commentary on Homer in the twelfth century.

Baarlam, a Greek monk, came to Italy in 1339 to negotiate the union of Greek and Roman faiths. Here he introduced the great Italian poet Petrarch to Greek and to Homer, which before Petrarch had seen only in prose summaries. The disciple of Baarlam, Leontius Pilatus, translated Homer into Latin, and these three men, with Boccaccio, did much to rekindle the flame

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of Greek learning in the west.¹ The Fall of Constantinople in 1453, which drove Greek scholars and Greek manuscripts westward, completed the work. Homer now conquered the new states of the Renaissance, and entered on a second five hundred years of renown.

In 1488 the first complete edition of Homer's works was printed and published at Florence, and from that time onwards editions and translations poured from the presses of Western Europe. There were temporary declines, it is true, in the reputation of Homer. The modern "Zoilus" was Scaliger (1484-1558), who ranked Homer beneath Virgil, and who said "Homer is a country wench; Virgil a noble matron," and in France during the long seventeenth-century struggle between the Ancients and the Moderns, Homer was often foolishly attacked by those who wished to exalt contemporary genius, and equally foolishly defended by pedants who used the classics to formulate mechanical and spiritless rules for the epic poem. But set-backs such as these failed to prevent Homer from gaining in modern times the renown that he had obtained in Ancient Greece, and in our day, despite the war between the sciences and the humanities, we can say with Aristotle, "Homer, as compared with all others, would seem to be a divine poet."

The nineteenth century produced the great critics, German chiefly, who studied Homer by the fierce light of textual criticism and archaeological research, proved to their satisfaction that the poems were compilations, chopped them into fragments, and showed the separate authorship of the two epics.² But the epics remained

¹ Yet t)ante, in the thirteenth century, had called Homer "monarch of sublimest song," and spoke of "Homer, of all bards supreme."

² This is obviously no adequate comment on the labours and the great achievements of nineteenth-century research. For an example of what has been achieved the student is referred to

INTRODUCTION

—the Word was unshaken, and Homer still sat alone and aloof, on Parnassus.

THE TROY LEGEND

Fresh young minds, having heard of the assembly of the Greeks, the embarkation at Aulis, the wrath of Achilles, the Sack of Troy, have been known to experience some disappointment on their first perusal of the *Iliad*, and some critics, ignoring the artistic unity of that poem, have expressed the wish that Homer had treated the story of Troy from its very beginning to its bitter end. For better or worse this was not to be, but the heroic saga of Troy provided material for several other epics (now lost), intended to act as sequels or preludes to the *Iliad*. From their titles and prose summaries which have come down to us the following series may be constructed :—

Cyprian Verses : Two books—origin and early part of the war.

ILIAD

Aethiopis : Five books—the Amazons, Memnon, death of Achilles and the quarrel over his armour.

Lesser Iliad: Four books—continues *Aethiopis* to the Fall of Troy.

Iliu Persis : Incidents attending capture of Troy—Laocoon—Aeneas.

The Home-comings : Five books—Greek heroes return home—Menelaus—Agamemnon.

ODYSSEY

Telegonia : Two books—Telegonus, son of Odysseus.

Ludwig's *Schliemann*—the Life of an archaeologist whose excavations at Troy and Mycenae, for traces of the old cities and for treasure, read like romance.

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From this source, and from Greek tragedy, we can obtain sufficient material to build up the whole Legend of Troy, deservedly the most famous in all Greek mythology.

The ancestor of the Trojan kings was Dardanus, whose descendant Laomedon offended Poseidon and Apollo. These deities, as a punishment from Zeus, were given in service to Laomedon—Poseidon to build the walls of Ilios, Apollo to tend the flocks and herds. Cheated of their promised reward, they ravaged his coast with a sea-monster, which Laomedon was forced to propitiate by the offer of his virgin daughter Hesione,¹ whom Heracles rescued from her fate. He too was treacherously treated by the Trojan king and in revenge captured Ilios and slew Laomedon. Priam, who alone of the unfortunate king's sons had denounced his father's double-dealings with the hero, was given the kingdom. By his marriage to Hecuba, Priam became the father of a proud line of sons and daughters—Hector,² Paris (Alexandras), Deiphobus, and Troilus among the former, and Creusa³ and Cassandra among the latter.

The soothsayers warned Priam, before the birth of Paris, that the child about to be born to him would be fatal to him and to his city. The infant was therefore exposed on Mount Ida, but he survived among the shepherds. To him appeared Aphrodite, Hera, and Pallas Athene, disputing for the golden apple which, inscribed "For the fairest," had been thrown by the Goddess of Mischief,⁴ into the wedding-feast of the goddess Thetis and Peleus, the father of Achilles.

¹ Married to Tclamon and mother of the archer Teukros.

² According to one legend his real father was Apollo.

³ Later the wife of Aeneas. She perished in the fall of Troy.

⁴ According to some accounts this trick was part of the designs of Zeus, who wished to reduce the teeming numbers of the earth's population.

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Paris gave the apple to Aphrodite, Goddess of Love and Beauty, and was appropriately rewarded with the love of the most beautiful woman in the world—Helen, the wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta.

Assisted by Aphrodite, Paris went to Sparta, in spite of the never-heeded warnings of Cassandra. He was hospitably entertained, but during the absence of Menelaus in Crete, eloped with Helen,¹ and took refuge in Ilios. To revenge the injury Agamemnon, king of Mycenae and brother of Menelaus, summoned Greece to arms. Promises came from all quarters and it has been computed that the armament which eventually assembled at Aulis consisted of 1186 ships and 100,000 men. Pallas Athene² and Hera, naturally taking sides against Aphrodite, and remembering their traditional love for Argos, Mycenae, and Sparta, lent invaluable assistance. Some heroes had to be persuaded to come or tricked into lending their aid. Odysseus, who had but lately wed Penelope, feigned insanity, but was exposed in his guile by Palamedes ;³ while Achilles, without whose aid Ilios could not fall, was hidden away among girls by his mother Thetis, but cleverly discovered by Odysseus. Achilles, divine youth of intrepid temper and irresistible valour, was offered a short brilliant life with much honour or a long tranquil existence with no glory, and he chose the former.

After a false start from Aulis, the fleet was once more assembled, but adverse winds, sent by Artemis, whom Agamemnon had offended, delayed the expedition, until the goddess was appeased by the

¹ He also took a sum of money, and this charge is mentioned several times by Homer as an additional crime.

² Homer says that the horses of Athene were wearied by repeated journeys up and down Greece !

³ The execution of this hero, the rival of Odysseus for wisdom and a reputed inventor of the alphabet, was a sinister affair and in it the hands of Odysseus were not very clean.

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sacrifice of the leader's daughter, Iphigenia.¹ Eventually the Greeks reached Tenedos and, after peaceful overtures had failed, forced a landing, Protesilaos, the first to set foot ashore, being slain by Hector.

The Trojans had assembled a large body of allies, drawn mainly from Asia Minor and including Aeneas with his Dardanians and Lykians under Sarpedon. They proved no match for the Greeks and were soon driven within the walls of their city. The Greeks, with Achilles at the zenith of his powers, plundered the surrounding districts and subdued all who dared oppose. Priam's youthful son Troilus² was among those who fell in these early encounters. Altogether nine years³ were consumed in these conquests and expeditions, and all the time the Trojans kept within their walls for fear of the great Achilles.

Then followed the ruinous wrath of the godlike son of Peleus, with all its consequent disasters to the Greek arms. . . .

The despair of the Trojans which followed the death of Hector was to some extent alleviated by the appearance of Penthesileia, the beautiful warrior-queen of the Amazons. • With the help of her followers the Trojans enjoyed some temporary success, but she too fell before the all-conquering Achilles. He wept at her death, and slew with a blow of his fist the jibing Thersites⁴—an act which offended Diomedes.

¹ Clytaemnestra, wife of Agamemnon, had been unwilling to let her daughter go, but was persuaded she was the intended bride of Achilles. At the sacrifice, Artemis relented at the last moment and carried Iphigenia off to Tauris, to be her priestess there.

² Troilus was later to become the romantic hero of mediaeval legend.

³ Ten years had been fixed for the duration of the siege, as ten years was the period of preparation, and ten years the wandering-time of Odysseus. Ten years was obviously the epic unit of time.

* A deformed and railing Greek (*Iliad*, II), whose character Shakespeare has immortalised in *Troilus and Cressida*.

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Next appeared Memnon, with a horde of black Aethiopians and he created great slaughter among the Greeks, Antilochus, beloved son of Nestor, falling before him in protecting his aged father. After a tremendous combat Achilles slew him. This great hero's death was now imminent and, as Hector had prophesied, he fell at the Skaian Gate, by an arrow sent from the bow of Paris and directed by Apollo.¹

Another disaster followed. Thetis, his distraught mother, offered his wonderful armour, the work of Hephaestos, to the Greek warrior who had most harmed the Trojans. Odysseus and Aias Telamon contested for the panoply and, on the testimony of some Trojan prisoners, Odysseus was successful. In grief and despair Aias became insane and, after slaughtering a flock of sheep under the delusion that the animals were the men who had wronged him, committed suicide. Next to Achilles he had been the greatest of the Greek warriors.

It was then learnt that Troy could not be taken without the help of Philoctetes and of Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles. The former, who still possessed the bow and arrows of Heracles, had been left at Lemnos, having been stung by a serpent. He was healed of his wound and, coming to the assistance of the Greeks, slew Paris² with one of his arrows. Neoptolemus proved a worthy successor to his father and was prominent both on the field and in the council-chamber.

Troy, however, would remain impregnable as long as the Palladium, a statue of Pallas Athene, remained

¹ He was wounded in his vulnerable heel. A mound near Troy was long held to be his tomb, and Alexander sacrificed there on his way to his Persian victories.

² According to one story, Menelaus mutilated his dead body—according to another Paris was carried to die in the arms of the nymph, Oenone, whom he had deserted for Helen (cf. Tennyson's *Oenone*).

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within the city. Odysseus, disguised as a beggar, penetrated into Troy and, helped by Helen (or Helenus, a son of Priam), managed to steal the statue.

Yet once more was Odysseus of the many wiles to be of supreme value to the Greeks. Resorting to stratagem, he ordered the construction of a huge hollow wooden horse,¹ and inside were concealed the chief warriors² including Neoptolemus, Menelaus, and Odysseus himself. The rest of the Greeks struck camp and sailed away to lie in wait at Tenedos. The Trojans were unable to decide what to do with the horse, some wishing to take it into the city, and others advising that no trust be placed in the Greeks even "when they gave presents." Laocoon, a priest of Poseidon or Apollo, hurled a spear at it, and the clang of the steel was re-echoed from within. But a monster,³ issuing from the sea, seized Laocoon and his sons, and the Trojans, seeing in this an omen, and listening to the fraudulent tale of Sinon, a Greek "deserter" who had been carefully instructed in his part by Odysseus, at length dragged the horse into Troy.

That night, while the Trojans feasted and revelled, Sinon kindled the beacon, which was a signal to the Greeks at Tenedos, and loosened the bolts of the wooden horse. The Greeks returned, poured through the open gates, and Troy was doomed. Its inhabitants were slaughtered or made captive, and the city itself sacked and burnt. Priam sought sanctuary in vain at the altar and was savagely slain by Neoptolemus. Deiphobus, husband of Helen after the death of Paris, fell a victim to the fury of Menelaus. Hector's little son, Astyanax, "like unto a beautiful star," was hurled from the battlements lest he should one day

¹ Invented by Epeius.

² The number is given as one hundred.

³ Sent by Zeus, for Troy was doomed !

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avenge the ruin of his country. To the women fell the usual fate of war, servitude to the conquerors. Andromache, the wife of peerless Hector, fell to the lot of Neoptolemus and Cassandra to Agamemnon. Helen was restored to Menelaus. Aeneas, protected by his mother Aphrodite, was the only survivor of the leading Trojan warriors, and to him was reserved a great and glorious destiny.¹

The return of the Greeks was in many cases fraught with severe trials and disasters. In the intoxication of victory some had offended the gods, quarrels broke out among former friends, and very few had tranquil voyages to Greece which they had left ten long years before. Agamemnon reached Mycenae, only to be treacherously slain "like a stalled ox" by his faithless wife Clytaemnestra. The wanderings of Odysseus, "much enduring," were immortalised by Homer. The voyage of Menelaus and Helen was long and perilous and the travellers suffered both in Egypt and Cyprus before the gods permitted them to return safely to Sparta.² Aias son of Oileus, who had insulted the shrine of Pallas Athene in Troy, was shipwrecked, but managing to land on the Gyraean rock, rashly boasted that he had escaped in spite of the gods, whereupon Poseidon split the rock with a blow of his trident, and Aias was drowned.

With the return of the heroes the actual story of the Trojan War may justly be said to conclude, but repercussions of the story never ceased to be felt throughout ancient mythology. Again and again the tributary leads back to this famous source. Throughout the ages of Greece and Rome the story was studied, embellished, and added to, until the mass of material at

¹ See Virgil's *Aeneid*.

² In Homer they lived happily afterwards. Another legend says that after Menelaus' death Helen was hanged, another that widows of Greeks slain at Troy tore her to pieces, a third that after death she lived with Achilles in the Happy Isles.

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the hands of succeeding readers and writers was indeed God's plenty. To-day the spade of the archaeologist raises all the problems anew, and throws fresh light on the civilisations of Troy, Mycenae, and Crete, but new discoveries, like the philosophical and critical studies of the nineteenth century, the stilted mechanical appraisals of the pseudo-classical age of modern Europe, and the fascinating attempts through all time to allegorise the incidents of the story, merely form a contemporary setting to the priceless jewel—the Troy Legend itself.

It is no extravagant boast to say that mediaeval and modern literature are permeated with Greek legendary lore, and no influence is greater than that of Homer, both in spirit and in matter. It is impossible to attempt what would be merely a catalogue of poets who have refreshed themselves at the Homeric wells, but one instance can be taken as typical—the story of Troilus and Cressida.

Homer mentions Troilus as a son of Priam in Book XXIV of the *Iliad*, but Cressida,¹ as we know her—the prototype of faithless woman—appears not at all. In mediaeval times French narrative poetry dealt with classical legend and history under the general title of "the Matter of Rome," and this of course included the tale of Troy. This subject was widely read—in Virgil and Ovid, in a summary of the *Iliad*, and above all in the apocryphal prose accounts of Dares the Phrygian² and Dictys the Cretan,³ who, having been

¹ Cressida's name is taken from Homer's insignificant Chryseis, daughter of Chryses, whose seizure by Agamemnon caused the wrath of Apollo.

² His history was extant c. A.D. 150 and a (probably spurious) Latin version survives. A Dares is mentioned in *Iliad*, V.

³ Dictys was supposed to have been a follower of Idomeneus and his history of the war was buried with him. A violent earthquake in the reign of Nero brought it to light! The present version is variously ascribed to the age of Constantine and the fifteenth century A.D.

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present at the siege of Troy, were certainly more trustworthy witnesses than Homer—who was still in his period of eclipse ! Founded on these sources was the twelfth-century *Roman de Troie*, and this spread the story everywhere, is the source of innumerable Troy books in other languages, and enshrines the immortal tale of Troilus and Cressida.¹ Naturally there was much modernisation, and a veneer of chivalric customs and manners covered the more virile material of Homer. Troilus and Cressida became mediaeval lovers, with the Trojan prince another Lancelot or Tristram.² Boccaccio treated their story in his *Filosttrato*, and from his version it entered English literature in Chaucer's great poem *Troilus and Criseyde*. A Scottish Chaucerian, Henryson, added a sequel, the *Testament of Criseyde*, while Lydgate adapted Guido delle Colonna's *Historia Troiae*³ in his immense *Troy Book*. Next came Caxton's *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye* (1475).⁴ The Elizabethans were equally enthusiastic over Homeric legend, and made two outstanding contributions to its literature—Chapman's vigorous translation, and Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*.⁵ This great but unequal play is still a bone of contention among critics, but it certainly paints most vividly the characters of Troilus, Cressida, and Pandar, besides giving remarkable, if not Homeric, portraits of Ajax and Achilles, a series of fine speeches to Odysseus, and a prodigious sketch of the railing Thersites.

This selection of the important handlings of the

¹ The inventor of the details of the Troilus-Cressida episode seems to have been Benoit de St. Maur (c. 1150).

² Alexander the Great suffers the same fate.

³ Chaucer drew on this too.

* This was a copy of a version printed in Cologne in 1471—the first book printed in English !

⁵ There were several earlier plays on this theme—one as far back as 1516—*Troylous and Pandar*, and another, *Troilus ex Chaucero*, by Grimald (c. 1545).

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Troilus and Cressida story is sufficient evidence for the statement that the Troy legend has remained a living force in Western European literature. The debt has to be acknowledged again and again—in tributes from Dante to Keats, in imitation from Virgil to Milton, and Homer reaches down over the centuries to the modern novel even—Erskine's *Helen of Troy*, written in a continent of which Homer was unaware. How the names and incidents are part of literary inheritance and our everyday life ! The wooden horse, the heel of Achilles, the Sirens, the beauty of Helen, the heights of Olympus, Homeric laughter, a Trojan, a hectoring¹ bully, faithful as Penelope, wise as Nestor, to pander,² under the aegis of, faithless as Cressida—the list is without end. We can leave the wise to wrangle over the identity of Homer, over the authorship of the *Odyssey*, over the veracity of the story, and just read him and enjoy him.

¹ What a sad mishandling !

² Pandarus has been even more unfortunate than Hector.

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THE COMBATANTS IN THE TROJAN WAR

(The following tables give the chief characters, both mortal and immortal. Many of the deities were definitely sympathetic to one side or the other, and the letters G (Greek) and T (Trojan) indicate these feelings.)

THE DEITIES

ZEUS (the Olympian, Kronides, son of Kronos, the Thunderer), ruler of gods and men.

HERA (G) (the ox-eyed queen), wife of Zeus.

PALLAS ATHENE (G) (Bright-eyed), Goddess of wisdom and war.

PHOEBUS APOLLO (T) (the Far Darter), God of Poetry and Archery.

APHRODITE (T) (Kypriis), Goddess of Love and Beauty.

POSEIDON (TG) (the Earth-Shaker), God of the Sea.

HADES, the God of the Underworld.

HERMES, messenger of the Gods, and God of Eloquence.

ARTEMIS (T), Goddess of Hunting (the Archer Queen).

THETIS (G) (of the silver feet), sea nymph and mother of Achilles.

HEPHAESTOS (G), the smith and armourer of the Gods.

ARES (T) (bloodstained bane of mortals), God of War.

IRIS, messenger of the Gods, and Goddess of the Rainbow.

THE MORTALS

(I) *Greeks* (" well-greaved Achaians ")

AGAMEMNON (Atreides), Shepherd of the Host, King of Men.

MENELAUS (Atreides), dear to Ares, brother of Agamemnon,

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ACHILLES (Peleides) (Aiakides), fleet of foot.

ODYSSEUS, of the many wiles.

NESTOR, the clear-voiced orator of the Pylians.

AIAS TELAMON, bulwark of the Achaians

AIAS OILEUS

}^{t h e} **Aiantes**

DIOMEDES, of the loud war-cry.

PATROGLUS (son of Menoitios), dearest friend of Achilles.

ANTILOGHUS, son of Nestor.

KALGHAS, the soothsayer.

IDOMENEUS, of Crete.

Achaians, Argives, Danaans, Myrmidons.

[TELEMACHUS, son of Odysseus.]

(2) *Trojans* ("horse-taming Trojans")

PRIAM, godlike, the King of Troy.

HECTOR, tamer of horses, the mighty maker of flight,

ALEXANDROS (PARIS), godlike

sons of Priam.

DEIPHOBOS

AENEAS, son of Anchises and Aphrodite, leader of Dardanians.

SARPEDON, leader of the Lykians.

ANTENOR.

POLYDAMAS.

Dardanians, Lykians, Trojans, Phrygians.

(3) *Women*

HELEN OF ARGOS, of the lovely hair, daughter of Zeus.

HECUBA, wife of Priam.

ANDROMACHE, the white-armed, wife of Hector.

CASSANDRA, peer of golden Aphrodite, prophetess of evil.

BRISEIS, of the fair cheeks.

CHRYSEIS, of the fair cheeks.

CLYTAEMNESTRA, wife of Agamemnon.

PENELOPE, wife of Odysseus.

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I. INVOCATION—THE QUARREL BETWEEN ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON

(Book 1, 11. 1-359)

SING, goddess, the wrath of Achilles, Peleus' son, the ruinous wrath that brought on the Achaians woes innumerable, and hurled down into Hades many strong souls of heroes, and gave their bodies to be a prey to dogs and all winged fowls ; and so the counsel of Zeus wrought out its accomplishment from the day when first strife parted Atreides, king of men, and noble Achilles.

Who then among the gods set the twain at strife and variance ? Even the son of Leto and of Zeus ; for he in anger at the king sent a sore plague upon the host, that the folk began to perish, because Atreides had done dishonour to Chryses the priest. For he had come to the Achaians' fleet ships to win his daughter's freedom, and brought a ransom beyond telling ; and bare in his hands the fillet of Apollo the Far-darter upon a golden staff ; and made his prayer unto all the Achaians, and most of all to the two sons of Atreus, orderers of the host : " Ye sons of Atreus and all ye well-greaved Achaians, now may the gods that dwell in the mansions of Olympus grant you to lay waste the city of Priam, and to fare happily homeward ; only set ye my dear child free, and accept the ransom in reverence to the son of Zeus, far-darting Apollo."

Then all the other Achaians cried assent, to reverence the priest and accept his goodly ransom ; yet

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the thing pleased not the heart of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, but he roughly sent him away, and laid stern charge upon him, saying : " Let me not find thee, old man, amid the hollow ships, whether tarrying now or returning again hereafter, lest the staff and fillet of the god avail thee naught. And her will I not set free ; nay, ere that shall old age come on her in our house, in Argos, far from her native land, where she shall ply the loom and serve my couch. But depart, provoke me not, that thou mayest the rather go in peace."

So said he, and the old man was afraid and obeyed his word, and fared silently along the shore of the loud-sounding sea. Then went that aged man apart and prayed aloud to king Apollo, whom Leto of the fair locks bare : " Hear me, god of the silver bow, that standest over Ghryse and holy Killa, and rulest Tenedos with might, O Smintheus ! If ever I built a temple gracious in thine eyes, or if ever I burnt to thee fat flesh of thighs of bulls or goats, fulfil thou this my desire ; let the Danaans pay by thine arrows for my tears."

So spake he in prayer, and Phoebus Apollo heard him, and came down from the peaks of Olympus wroth at heart, bearing on his shoulders his bow and covered quiver. And the arrows clanged upon his shoulders in his wrath, as the god moved ; and he descended like to night. Then he sate him aloof from the ships, and let an arrow fly ; and there was heard a dread clanging of the silver bow. First did he assail the mules and fleet dogs, but afterward, aiming at the men his piercing dart, he smote ; and the pyres of the dead burnt continually in multitude.

Now for nine days ranged the god's shafts through the host ; but on the tenth Achilles summoned the folk to assembly, for in his mind did goddess Hera of the white arms put the thought, because she had pity

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on the Danaans when she beheld them perishing. Now when they had gathered and were met in assembly, then Achilles fleet of foot stood up and spake among them : " Son of Atreus, now deem I that we shall return wandering home again—if verily we might escape death—if war at once and pestilence must indeed ravage the Achaians. But come, let us now inquire of some soothsayer or priest, yea, or an interpreter of dreams—seeing that a dream too is of Zeus—who shall say wherefore Phoebus Apollo is so wroth, whether he blame us by reason of vow or hecatomb ; if perchance he would accept the savour of lambs or unblemished goats, and so would take away the pestilence from us."

So spake he and sate him down ; and there stood up before them Kalchas, son of Thestor, most excellent far of augurs, who knew both things that were and that should be and that had been before, and guided the ships of the Achaians to Ilios by his soothsaying that Phoebus Apollo bestowed on him. He of good intent made harangue and spake amid them : " Achilles, dear to Zeus, thou biddest me tell the wrath of Apollo, the king that smiteth afar. Therefore will I speak ; but do thou make covenant with me, and swear that verily with all thy heart thou wilt aid me both by word and deed. For of a truth I deem that I shall provoke one that ruleth all the Argives with might, and whom the Achaians obey. For a king is more of might when he is wroth with a meaner man ; even though for the one day he swallow his anger, yet doth he still keep his displeasure thereafter in his breast till he accomplish it. Consider thou, then, if thou wilt hold me safe."

And Achilles fleet of foot made answer and spake to him : " Yea, be of good courage, speak whatever soothsaying thou knowest; for by Apollo dear to Zeus, him by whose worship thou, O Kalchas,

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declarest thy soothsaying to the Danaans, no man while I live and behold light on earth shall lay violent hands upon thee amid the hollow ships; no man of all the Danaans, not even if thou mean Agamemnon, that now avoweth him to be greatest far of the Achaians."

Then was the noble seer of good courage, and spake : " Neither by reason of a vow is he displeased, nor for any hecatomb, but for his priest's sake to whom Agamemnon did despise, and set not his daughter free and accepted not the ransom ; therefore hath the Far-darter brought woes upon us, yea, and will bring. Nor will he ever remove the loathly pestilence from the Danaans till we have given the bright-eyed damsel to her father, unbought, unransomed, and carried a holy hecatomb to Chryse ; then might we propitiate him to our prayer."

So said he and sate him down, and there stood up before them the hero son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, sore displeased ; and his dark heart within him was greatly filled with anger, and his eyes were like flashing fire. To Kalchas first spake he with look of ill : " Thou seer of evil, never yet hast thou told me the thing that is pleasant. Evil is ever the joy of thy heart to prophesy, but never yet didst thou tell any good matter nor bring it to pass. And now with soothsaying thou makest harangue among the Danaans, how that the Far-darter bringeth woes upon them because, forsooth, I would not take the goodly ransom of the damsel Chryseis, seeing I am the rather fain to keep her own self within mine house. Yea, I prefer her before Clytaemnestra my wedded wife ; in no wise is she lacking beside her, neither in favour nor stature, nor wit nor skill. Yet for all this will I give her back, if that is better ; rather would I see my folk whole than perishing. Only make ye me ready a prize of honour forthwith, lest I alone of all the Argives

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be disprized, which thing beseemeth not ; for ye all behold how my prize is departing from me."

To him then made answer fleet-footed goodly Achilles : " Most noble son of Atreus, of all men most covetous, how shall the great-hearted Achaians give thee a meed of honour ? We know naught of any wealth of common store, but what spoil soe'er we took from captured cities hath been apportioned, and it beseemeth not to beg all this back from the folk. Nay, yield thou the damsel to the god, and we Achaians will pay thee back threefold and fourfold, if ever Zeus grant us to sack some well-walled town of Troy-land."

To him lord Agamemnon made answer and said : " Not in this wise, strong as thou art, O godlike Achilles, beguile thou me by craft; thou shalt not outwit me nor persuade me. Dost thou wish, that thou mayest keep thy meed of honour, for me to sit idle in bereavement, and biddest me give her back ? Nay, if the great-hearted Achaians will give me a meed suited to my mind, that the recompense be equal—but if they give it not, then I myself will go and take a meed of honour, thine be it or Aias', or Odysseus' that I will take unto me ; wroth shall he be to whom-soever I come. But for this we will take counsel hereafter ; now let us launch a black ship on the great sea, and gather picked oarsmen, and set therein a hecatomb, and embark Ghryseis of the fair cheeks herself, and let one of our counsellors be captain, Aias or Idomeneus or goodly Odysseus, or thou, Peleides, most redoubtable of men, to do sacrifice for us and propitiate the Far-darter."

Then Achilles fleet of foot looked at him scowling and said : " Ah me, thou clothed in shamelessness, thou of crafty mind, how shall any Achaian hearken to thy bidding with all his heart, be it to go a journey or to fight the foe amain ? Not by reason of the Trojan spearmen came I hither to fight, for they have **not**

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wronged me ; never did they harry mine oxen nor my horses, nor ever waste my harvest in deep-soiled Phthia, the nurse of men ; seeing there lieth between us long space of shadowy mountains and sounding sea; but thee, thou shameless one, followed we hither to make thee glad, by earning recompense at the Trojans' hands for Menelaus and for thee, thou dog-face ! All this thou reckonest not nor takest thought thereof; and now thou threatenest thyself to take my meed of honour, wherefor I travailed much, and the sons of the Achaïans gave it me. Never win I meed like unto thine, when the Achaïans sack any populous citadel of Trojan men ; my hands bear the brunt of furious war, but when the apportioning cometh then is thy meed far ampler, and I betake me to the ships with some small thing, yet mine own, when I have fought to weariness. Now will I depart to Phthia, seeing it is far better to return home on my beaked ships ; nor am I minded here in dishonour to draw thee thy fill of riches and wealth."

Then Agamemnon, king of men, made answer to him : " Yea, flee, if thy soul be set thereon. It is not I that beseech thee to tarry for my sake ; I have others by my side that shall do me honour, and above all Zeus, lord of counsel. Most hateful art thou to me of all kings, fosterlings of Zeus ; thou ever lovest strife and wars and fightings. Though thou be very strong, yet that I ween is a gift to thee of God. Go home with thy ships and company and lord it among thy Myrmidons ; I reck not aught of thee nor care I for thine indignation ; and this shall be my threat to thee ; seeing Phoebus Apollo bereaveth me of Chryseis, her with my ship and my company will I send back ; and mine own self will I go to thy hut and take Briseis of the fair cheeks, even that thy meed of honour, that thou mayest well know how far greater I am than thou, and so shall another hereafter abhor to match his

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words with mine and rival me to my face."

So said he, and grief came upon Peleus' son, and his heart within his shaggy breast was divided in counsel, whether to draw his keen blade from his thigh and set the company aside and so slay Atreides, or to assuage his anger and curb his soul. While yet he doubted thereof in heart and soul, and was drawing his great sword from his sheath, Athene came to him from heaven, sent forth of the white-armed goddess Hera, whose heart loved both alike and had care for them. She stood behind Peleus' son and caught him by his golden hair, to him only visible, and of the rest no man beheld her. Then Achilles marvelled, and turned him about, and straightway knew Pallas Athene ; and terribly shone her eyes. He spake to her winged words, and said : " Why now art thou come hither, thou daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus ? Is it to behold the insolence of Agamemnon, son of Atreus ? Yea, I will tell thee that I deem shall even be brought to pass : by his own haughtinesses shall he soon lose his life."

Then the bright-eyed goddess Athene spake to him again : " I came from heaven to stay thine anger, if perchance thou wilt hearken to me, being sent forth of the white-armed goddess Hera, that loveth you twain alike and careth for you. Go to now, cease from strife, and let not thine hand draw the sword ; yet with words indeed revile him, even as it shall come to pass. For thus will I say to thee, and so it shall be fulfilled ; hereafter shall goodly gifts come to thee, yea in three-fold measure, by reason of this despite ; hold thou thine hand, and hearken to us."

And Achilles fleet of foot made answer and said to her : " Goddess, needs must a man observe the saying of you twain, even though he be very wroth at heart ; for so is the better way. Whosoever obeyeth the gods, to him they gladly hearken."

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He said, and stayed his heavy hand on the silver hilt, and thrust the great sword back into the sheath, and was not disobedient to the saying of Athene ; and she forthwith was departed to Olympus, to the other gods in the palace of aegis-bearing Zeus.

Then Peleus' son spake again with bitter words to Atreus' son, and in no wise ceased from anger : " Thou heavy with wine, thou with face of dog and heart of deer, never didst thou take courage to arm for battle among thy folk or to lay ambush with the princes of the Achaians ; that to thee were even as death. Far better booteth it, forsooth, to seize for thyself the meed of honour of every man through the wide host of the Achaians that speaketh contrary to thee. Folk-devouring king ! seeing thou rulest men of naught ; else were this despite, thou son of Atreus, thy last. But I will speak my word to thee, and swear a mighty oath therewith : verily by this staff that shall no more put forth leaf or twig, seeing it hath for ever left its trunk among the hills, neither shall it grow green again, because the axe hath stripped it of leaves and bark ; and now the sons of the Achaians that exercise judgment bear it in their hands, even they that by Zeus' command watch over the traditions—so shall this be a mighty oath in thine eyes—verily shall longing for Achilles come hereafter upon the sons of the Achaians one and all ; and then wilt thou in no wise avail to save them, for all thy grief, when multitudes fall dying before man-slaying Hector. Then shalt thou tear thy heart within thee for anger that thou didst in no wise honour the best of the Achaians."

So said Peleides and dashed to earth the staff studded with golden nails, and himself sat down ; and over against him Atreides waxed furious. Then in their midst rose up Nestor, pleasant of speech, the clear-voiced orator of the Pylians, he from whose tongue

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flowed discourse sweeter than honey. Two generations of mortal men already had he seen perish, that had been of old time born and nurtured with him in goodly Pylos, and he was king among the third. He of good intent made harangue to them and said : " Alas, of a truth sore lamentation cometh upon the land of Achaia. Verily Priam would be glad and Priam's sons, and all the Trojans would have great joy of heart, were they to hear all this tale of strife between you twain that are chiefest of the Danaans in counsel and chiefest in battle. Nay, hearken to me ; ye are younger both than I. Of old days held I converse with better men even than you, and never did they make light of me. Yea, I never beheld such warriors, nor shall behold, as were Peirithoos and Dryas, shepherd of the host, and Kaineus and Exadios and godlike Polyphemos and Theseus, son of Aegeus, like to the immortals. Mightiest of growth were they of all men upon the earth ; mightiest they were and with the mightiest fought they, even the wild tribes of the mountain caves, and destroyed them utterly. And with these held I converse, being come from Pylos, from a distant land afar ; for of themselves they summoned me. So I played my part in fight ; and with them could none of men that are now on earth do battle. And they laid to heart my counsels and hearkened to my voice. Even so hearken ye also, for better is it to hearken. Neither do thou, though thou art very great, seize from him his damsel, but leave her as she was given at the first by the sons of the Achaians to be a meed of honour ; nor do thou, son of Peleus, think to strive with a king, might against might ; seeing that no common honour pertaineth to a sceptred king to whom Zeus apportioneth glory. Though thou be strong, and a goddess mother bare thee, yet his is the greater place, for he is king over more. And thou, Atreides, abate thy fury ; nay, it is

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even I that beseech thee to let go thine anger with Achilles, who is made unto all the Achaians a mighty bulwark of evil war."

Then lord Agamemnon answered and said : " Yea verily, old man, all this thou sayest is according unto right. But this fellow would be above all others, he would be lord of all and king among all and captain to all ; wherein I deem none will hearken to him. Though the immortal gods made him a spearman, do they therefore put revilings in his mouth for him to utter ? "

Then goodly Achilles brake in on him and answered : " Yea, for I should be called coward and man of naught if I yield to thee in every matter, howsoe'er thou bid. To others give now thine orders, not to me play master ; for thee I deem that I shall no more obey. This, moreover, will I say to thee, and do thou lay it to thy heart. Know that not by violence will I strive for the damsel's sake, neither with thee nor any other ; ye gave and ye have taken away. But of all else that is mine beside my fleet black ship, thereof shalt thou not take anything or bear it away against my will. Yea, go to now, make trial, that all these may see ; forthwith thy dark blood shall gush about my spear."

Now when the twain had thus finished the battle of violent words, they stood up and dissolved the assembly beside the Achaian ships. Peleides went his way to his huts and trim ships with Menoitios⁵ son and his company ; and Atreides launched a fleet ship on the sea, and picked twenty oarsmen therefor, and embarked the hecatomb for the god, and brought Chryseis of the fair cheeks and set her therein ; and Odysseus of many devices went to be their captain.

So these embarked and sailed over the wet ways ; and Atreides bade the folk purify themselves. So they purified themselves, and cast the defilements

ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON QUARREL

into the sea and did sacrifice to Apollo, even unblemished hecatombs of bulls and goats, along the shore of the unvintaged sea ; and the sweet savour arose to heaven eddying amid the smoke.

Thus were they busied throughout the host; but Agamemnon ceased not from the strife wherewith he threatened Achilles at the first; he spake to Talthymbios and Eurybates that were his heralds and nimble squires : " Go ye to the tent of Achilles, Peleus' son, and take Briseis of the fair cheeks by the hand and lead her hither ; and if he give her not, then will I myself go, and more with me, and seize her ; and that will be yet more grievous for him."

So saying he sent them forth, and laid stern charge upon them. Unwillingly went they along the beach of the unvintaged sea, and came to the huts and ships of the Myrmidons. Him found they sitting beside his hut and black ship ; nor when he saw them was Achilles glad. So they in dread and reverence of the king stood, and spake to him no word, nor questioned him. But he knew in his heart, and spake to them : " All hail, ye heralds, messengers of Zeus and men, come near ; ye are not guilty in my sight, but Agamemnon that sent you for the sake of the damsel Briseis. Go now, heaven-sprung Patroclus, bring forth the damsel, and give them her to lead away. Moreover, let the twain themselves be my witnesses before the face of the blessed gods and mortal men, yea and of him, that king untoward, against the day when there cometh need of me hereafter to save them all from shameful wreck. Of a truth he raveth with baleful mind, and hath not knowledge to look before and after, that so his Achaians might battle in safety beside their ships."

So said he, and Patroclus hearkened to his dear comrade, and led forth from the hut Briseis of the fair cheeks, and gave them her to lead away. So these

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twain took their way back along the Achaians' ships, and with them went the woman all unwilling. Then Achilles wept anon, and sat him down apart, aloof from his comrades on the beach of the grey sea, gazing across the boundless main ; he stretched forth his hands and prayed instantly to his dear mother : " Mother, seeing thou didst of a truth bear me to so briefspan of life, honour at the least ought the Olympian to have granted me, even Zeus that thundereth on high ; but now doth he not honour me, no, not one whit. Verily Atreus' son, wide-ruling Agamemnon, hath done me dishonour ; for he hath taken away my meed of honour and keepeth her of his own violent deed."

II. ZEUS PROMISES THAT THE GREEKS WILL SUFFER DEFEAT

(Book I, ll. 493-530)

Now when the twelfth morn thereafter was come, then the gods that are for ever fared to Olympus all in company, led of Zeus. And Thetis forgot not her son's charge, but rose up from the sea-wave, and at early morn mounted up to great heaven and Olympus. There found she Kronos' son of the far-sounding voice sitting apart from all on the topmost peak of many-ridged Olympus. So she sat before his face and with her left hand clasped his knees, and with her right touched him beneath his chin, and spake in prayer to king Zeus, son of Kronos.: " Father Zeus, if ever I gave thee aid amid the immortal gods, whether by word or deed, fulfil thou this my desire : do honour to my son, that is doomed to earliest death of all men : now hath Agamemnon, king of men, done him dishonour, for he hath taken away his meed of honour and keepeth her of his own violent deed. But honour

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thou him, Zeus of Olympus, lord of counsel ; grant thou victory to the Trojans the while, until the Achaïans do my son honour and exalt him with recompense."

So spake she ; but Zeus the cloud-gatherer said no word to her, and sat long time in silence. But even as Thetis had clasped his knees, so held she by him clinging, and questioned him yet a second time : " Promise me now this thing verily, and bow thy head thereto ; or else deny me, seeing there is naught for thee to fear ; that I may know full well how I among all gods am least in honour."

Then Zeus the cloud-gatherer, sore troubled, spake to her : " Verily it is a sorry matter, if thou wilt set me at variance with Hera, whene'er she provoketh me with taunting words. Even now she upbraideth me ever amid the immortal gods, and saith that I aid the Trojans in battle. But do thou now depart again, lest Hera mark aught ; and I will take thought for these things to fulfil them. Come now, I will bow my head to thee, that thou mayest be of good courage ; for that, of my part, is the surest token amid the immortals ; no word of mine is revocable nor false nor unfulfilled when the bowing of my head hath pledged it."

Kronion spake, and bowed his dark brow, and the ambrosial locks waved from the king's immortal head ; and he made great Olympus quake.

III. THE LYING DREAM

(Book II, //. 1-48)

Now all other gods and chariot-driving men slept all night long, only Zeus was not holden of sweet sleep ; rather was he pondering in his heart how he should do honour to Achilles and destroy many beside

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the Achaians' ships. And this design seemed to his mind the best, to wit, to send a baneful dream upon Agamemnon, son of Atreus. So he spake, and uttered to him winged words : " Come now, thou baneful Dream, go to the Achaians' fleet ships, enter into the hut of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, and tell him every word plainly as I charge thee. Bid him call to arms the flowing-haired Achaians with all speed, for that now he may take the wide-wayed city of the Trojans. For the immortals that dwell in the halls of Olympus are no longer divided in counsel, since Hera hath turned the minds of all by her beseeching, and over the Trojans sorrows hang."

So spake he, and the Dream went his way when he had heard the charge. With speed he came to the Achaians' fleet ships, and went to Agamemnon, son of Atreus, and found him sleeping in his hut, and ambrosial slumber poured over him. So he stood over his head in seeming like unto the son of Neleus, even Nestor, whom most of all the elders Agamemnon honoured ; in his likeness spake to him the heavenly Dream :

" Sleepest thou, son of wise Atreus, tamer of horses ? To sleep all night through beseemeth not one that is a counsellor, to whom peoples are entrusted and so many cares belong. But now hearken straightway to me, for I am a messenger to thee from Zeus, who though he be afar yet hath great care for thee and pity. He biddeth thee call to arms the flowing-haired Achaians with all speed, for that now thou mayest take the wide-wayed city of the Trojans. For the immortals that dwell in the halls of Olympus are no longer divided in counsel, since Hera hath turned the minds of all by her beseeching, and over the Trojans sorrows hang by the will of Zeus. But do thou keep this in thy heart, nor let forgetfulness come upon thee when honeyed sleep shall leave thee."

PREPARING FOR BATTLE

So spake the Dream, and departed and left him there, deeming in his mind things that were not to be fulfilled. For indeed he thought to take Priam's city that very day ; fond man, in that he knew not the plans that Zeus had in mind, who was willed to bring yet more grief and wailing on Trojans alike and Danaans throughout the course of stubborn fights. Then woke he from sleep, and the heavenly voice was in his ears. So he rose up sitting, and donned his soft tunic, fair and bright, and cast around him his great cloak, and beneath his glistening feet he bound his fair sandals, and over his shoulder cast his silver-studded sword, and grasped his sires' sceptre, imperishable for ever, wherewith he took his way amid the mail-clad Achaians' ships.

IV. PREPARING FOR BATTLE

(Book II, ll. 4.41-494)

So spake he, and Agamemnon, king of men, disregarded not. Straightway he bade the clear-voiced heralds summon to battle the flowing-haired Achaians. So those summoned and these gathered with all speed. And the kings, the fosterlings of Zeus that were about Atreus' son, eagerly marshalled them, and bright-eyed Athene in the midst, bearing the holy aegis that knoweth neither age nor death, whereon wave an hundred tassels of pure gold, all deftly woven and each one an hundred oxen worth. Therewith she passed dazzling through the Achaian folk, urging them forth ; and in every man's heart she roused strength to battle without ceasing and to fight. So was war made sweeter to them than to depart in their hollow ships to their dear native land. Even as ravaging fire kindleth a boundless forest on a mountain's peaks, and the blaze is seen from afar, even so as they marched went

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the dazzling gleam from the innumerable bronze through the sky even unto the heavens.

And as the many tribes of feathered birds, wild geese or cranes or long-necked swans, on the Asian mead by Kaystrios' stream, fly hither and thither joying in their plumage, and with loud cries settle ever onwards, and the mead resounds ; even so poured forth the many tribes of warriors from ships and huts into the Skamandrian plain. And the earth echoed terribly beneath the tread of men and horses. So stood they in the flowery Skamandrian plain, unnumbered as are leaves and flowers in their season. Even as the many tribes of thick flies that hover about a herdsman's steading in the spring season, when milk drencheth the pails, even in like number stood the flowing-haired Achaïans upon the plain in face of the Trojans, eager to rend them asunder. And even as the goatherds easily divide the ranging flocks of goats when they mingle in the pasture, so did their captains marshal them on this side and on that, to enter into the fray, and in their midst lord Agamemnon, his head and eyes like unto Zeus whose joy is in the thunder, and his waist like unto Ares and his breast unto Poseidon. Even as a bull standeth out far foremost amid the herd, for he is pre-eminent amid the pasturing kine, even such did Zeus make Atreides on that day, pre-eminent among many and chief amid heroes.

Tell me now, ye Muses that dwell in the mansions of Olympus—seeing that ye are goddesses and are at hand and know all things, but we hear only a rumour and know not anything—who were the captains of the Danaans and their lords. But the common sort could I not number nor name, nay, not if ten tongues were mine and ten mouths, and a voice unwearied, and my heart of bronze within me, did not the Muses of Olympus, daughters of aegis-bearing Zeus, put into

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my mind all that came to Ilios. So will I tell the captains of the ships and all the ships in order.

[Here follows the famous Catalogue of Ships and Heroes.]

V. MENELAUS FIGHTS PARIS

{Book III, 11.1-120 ; 245-383 ; 449-461}

Now when they were arrayed, each company with their captains, the Trojans marched with clamour and with shouting like unto birds, even as when there goeth up before heaven a clamour of cranes which flee from the coming of winter and sudden rain, and fly with clamour towards the streams of ocean, bearing slaughter and fate to the Pigmy men, and in early morn offer cruel battle. But on the other side marched the Achaians in silence breathing courage, eager at heart to give succour man to man.

Even as when the south wind sheddeth mist over the crests of a mountain, mist unwelcome to the shepherd, but to the robber better than night, and a man can see no further than he casteth a stone ; even so thick arose the gathering dust-clouds at their tread as they went ; and with all speed they advanced across the plain.

So when they were now come nigh in onset on each other, godlike Alexandros played champion to the Trojans, wearing upon his shoulders panther-skin and curved bow and sword ; and he brandished two bronze-headed spears and challenged all the chieftains of the Argives to fight him man to man in deadly combat. But when Menelaus dear to Ares marked him coming in the forefront of the multitude with long strides, then even as a lion is glad when he lighteth upon a great carcase, a horned stag, or a wild goat that he hath found, being an hungered ; and so he devoureth it amain, even though the fleet hounds and lusty youths set upon him ; even thus was Menelaus

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glad when his eyes beheld godlike Alexandros ; for he thought to take vengeance upon the sinner. So straightway he leapt in his armour from his chariot to the ground.

But when godlike Alexandros marked him appear amid the champions, his heart was smitten, and he shrank back into the host of his comrades, avoiding death. And even as a man that hath seen a serpent in a mountain glade starteth backward and trembling seizeth his feet beneath him, and he retreateth back again, and paleness hath hold of his cheeks, even so did godlike Alexandros for fear of Atreus' son shrink back into the throng of lordly Trojans. But Hector beheld and upbraided him with scornful words : "Ill Paris, most fair in semblance, thou deceiver woman-mad, would thou hadst been unborn and died unwed. Yea, that were my desire, and it were far better than thus to be our shame and looked at askance of all men. I ween that the flowing-haired Aehaians laugh, deeming that a prince is our champion only because a goodly favour is his ; but in his heart is there no strength nor any courage. Art thou indeed such an one that in thy seafaring ships thou didst sail over the deep with the company of thy trusty comrades, and in converse with strangers didst bring back a fair woman from a far country, one that was by marriage daughter to warriors that bear the spear, that she might be a sore mischief to thy father and city and all the realm, but to our foes a rejoicing, and to thyself a hanging of the head ? And canst thou not indeed abide Menelaus dear to Ares ? Thou mightest see what sort of warrior is he whose lovely wife thou hast. Thy lyre will not avail thee nor the gifts of Aphrodite, those thy locks and fair favour, when thou grovellest in the dust. But the Trojans are very cowards : else ere this hadst thou donned a robe of stone for all the ill thou hast wrought."

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And godlike Alexandros made answer to him again :
" Hector, since in measure thou chidest me and not
beyond measure—thy heart is ever keen, even as an
axe that pierceth a beam at the hand of a man that
shapeth a ship's timber with skill, and thereby is the
man's blow strengthened ; even such is thy heart
undaunted in thy breast. Cast not in my teeth the
lovely gifts of golden Aphrodite ; not to be flung aside
are the gods' glorious gifts that of their own good will
they give ; for by his desire can no man win them.
But now if thou wilt have me do battle and fight,
make the other Trojans sit down and all the Achaians,
and set ye me in the midst, and Menelaus dear to Ares,
to fight for Helen and all her wealth. And whichso-
ever shall vanquish and gain the upper hand, let him
take all the wealth aright, and the woman, and bear
them home. And let the rest pledge friendship and
sure oaths ; so may ye dwell in deep-soiled Troy, and
let them depart to Argos, pasture-land of horses, and
Achaia, home of fair women."

So spake he, and Hector rejoiced greatly to hear his
saying, and went into the midst and restrained the
battalions of the Trojans, with his spear grasped by
the middle ; and they all sate them down. But the
flowing-haired Achaians kept shooting at him, aiming
with arrows and casting stones. But Agamemnon,
king of men, cried aloud : " Refrain, ye Argives ;
shoot not, ye sons of the Achaians ; for Hector of the
glancing helm hath set himself to say somewhat."

So spake he, and they refrained from battle and
made silence speedily. And Hector spake between
the two hosts. " Hear of me, Trojans and well-
greaved Achaians, the saying of Alexandros, for whose
sake strife hath come about. He biddeth the other
Trojans and all the Achaians to lay down their goodly
armour on the bounteous earth, and himself in the
midst and Menelaus dear to Ares to fight alone for

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Helen and all her wealth. And whichsoever shall vanquish and gain the upper hand, let him take all the wealth aright, and the woman, and bear them home ; but let all of us pledge friendship and sure oaths."

So spake he, and they all kept silence and were still. Then in their midst spake Menelaus of the loud war-cry : " Hearken ye now to me, too ; for into my heart most of all is grief entered ; and I deem that the parting of Argives and Trojans hath come at last ; seeing ye have endured many ills because of my quarrel and the first sin of Alexandros. And for whichsoever of us death and fate are prepared, let him lie dead : and be ye all parted with speed. Bring ye two lambs, one white ram and one black ewe, for earth and sun ; and let us bring one for Zeus. And call hither great Priam, that he may pledge the oath himself, seeing he hath sons that are overweening and faithless, lest any by transgression do violence to the oath of Zeus ; for young men's hearts are ever lifted up. But wheresoever an old man entereth in, he looketh both before and after, whereby the best issue shall come for either side."

So spake he, and Achaïans and Trojans were glad, deeming that they should have rest from grievous war. So they refrained their chariots to the ranks, and themselves alighted and doffed their arms. And these they laid upon the earth each close to each, and there was but small space between. And Hector sent two heralds to the city with all speed, to bring the lambs, and to call Priam. And lord Agamemnon sent forth Talthybios to go to the hollow ships, and bade him bring a ram ; and he was not disobedient to noble Agamemnon.

Meanwhile were the heralds bearing through the city the holy oath-offerings, two lambs and strong-hearted wine, the fruit of the earth, in a goat-skin bottle. And the herald Idaios bare the shining bowl

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and golden cups ; and came to the old man and summoned him and said : " Rise, thou son of Laomedon. The chieftains of the horse-taming Trojans and mail-clad Achaïans call on thee to go down into the plain, that ye may pledge a trusty oath. But Alexandros and Menelaus dear to Ares will fight with their long spears for the lady's sake ; and let lady and treasure go with him that shall conquer. And may we that are left pledge friendship and trusty oaths and dwell in deep-soiled Troy, and they shall depart to Argos, pasture-land of horses, and Achaïa, home of fair women."

So said he, and the old man shuddered and bade his companions yoke the horses ; and they with speed obeyed. Then Priam mounted and drew back the reins, and by his side Antenor mounted the splendid chariot. So the two drove the fleet horses through the Skaian gates to the plain. And when they had come even to the Trojans and Achaïans, they went down from the chariots upon the bounteous earth, and marched into the midst of Trojans and Achaïans. Then forthwith rose up Agamemnon, king of men, and up rose Odysseus the man of wiles ; and the lordly heralds gathered together the holy oath-offerings of the gods, and mingled the wine in a bowl, and poured water over the princes' hands. And Atreides put forth his hand and drew his knife that hung ever beside his sword's great sheath, and cut the hair from off the lambs' heads ; and then the heralds portioned it among the chief of the Trojans and Achaïans. Then in their midst Atreus' son lifted up his hands and prayed aloud : " Father Zeus, that rulest from Ida, most glorious, most great, and thou Sun that seest all things and hearest all things, and ye Rivers and thou Earth, and ye that in the underworld punish men outworn, whosoever sweareth falsely ; be ye witnesses, and watch over the faithful oath. If Alexandros slay

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Menelaus, then let him have Helen to himself and all her possessions ; and we will depart on our seafaring ships. But if golden-haired Menelaus slay Alexandras, then let the Trojans give back Helen and all her possessions and pay the Argives the recompense that is seemly, such as shall live among men that shall be hereafter. But if so be that Priam and Priam's sons will not pay the recompense unto me when Alexandros falleth, then will I fight on thereafter for the price of sin, and abide here till I compass the end of war."

So said he, and cut the lambs' throats with the pitiless knife. Then he laid gasping upon the ground, failing of breath, for the knife had taken their strength from them; and next they drew the wine from the bowl into the cups, and poured it forth and prayed to the gods that live for ever. And thus would say many an one of Achaïans and Trojans : " Zeus most glorious, most great, and all ye immortal gods, which folk soe'er be first to sin against the oaths, may their brains be so poured forth upon the earth even as this wine, theirs and their children's ; and let their wives be made subject unto strangers."

So spake they, but the son of Kronos vouchsafed not yet fulfilment. And in their midst Priam of the seed of Dardanos uttered his saying : " Hearken to me, Trojans and well-greaved Achaïans. I verily will return back to windy Ilios, seeing that I can in no wise bear to behold with mine eyes my dear son fighting with Menelaus dear to Ares. But Zeus knoweth, and all the immortal gods, for whether of the twain the doom of death is appointed."

So spake the godlike man, and laid the lambs in his chariot, and entered in himself, and drew back the reins ; and by his side Antenor mounted the splendid chariot. So they departed back again to Ilios ; and Hector, son of Priam, and goodly Odysseus first meted out a space, and then they took the lots, and shook

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them in a bronze-bound helmet, to know whether of the twain should first cast his spear of bronze. And the people prayed and lifted up their hands to the gods ; and thus would say many an one of Achaïans and Trojans : " Father Zeus, that rulest from Ida, most glorious, most great ; whichsoe'er it be that brought this trouble upon both peoples, vouchsafe that he may die and enter the house of Hades ; that so for us peace may be assured and trusty oaths."

So said they ; and great Hector of the glancing plume shook the helmet, looking behind him ; and quickly leapt forth the lot of Paris. Then the people sat them down by ranks where each man's high-stepping horses and inwrought armour lay. And upon his shoulders goodly Alexandros donned his beauteous armour, even he that was lord to Helen of the lovely hair. First upon his legs set he his greaves, beautiful, fastened with silver ankle-clasps ; next upon his breast he donned the corslet of his brother Lykaon, and fitted it upon himself. And over his shoulders cast he his silver-studded sword of bronze, and then a shield great and sturdy. And on his mighty head he set a wrought helmet of horse-hair crest, whereover the plume nodded terribly, and he took him a strong spear fitted to his grasp. And in like wise warlike Menelaus donned his armour.

So when they had armed themselves on either side in the throng, they strode between Trojans and Achaïans, fierce of aspect, and wonder came on them that beheld, both on the Trojans, tamers of horses, and on the well-greaved Achaïans. Then took they their stand near together in the measured space, brandishing their spears in wrath each against other. First Alexandros hurled his far-shadowing spear, and smote on Atreides' round shield ; but the bronze brake not through, for its point was turned in the stout shield. Next Menelaus, son of Atreus, lifted up his hand to cast,

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and made prayer to father Zeus : " King Zeus, grant me revenge on him that was first to do me wrong, even on goodly Alexandros, and subdue thou him at my hands ; so that many an one of men that shall be hereafter may shudder to wrong his host that hath shown him kindness."

So said he, and poised his far-shadowing spear, and hurled, and smote on the round shield of the son of Priam. Through the bright shield went the ponderous spear and through the inwrought breastplate it pressed on ; and straight beside his flank the spear rent the tunic, but he swerved and escaped black death. Then Atreides drew his silver-studded sword, and lifted up his hand and smote the helmet-ridge ; but the sword shattered upon it into three, yea four, and fell from his hand. Thereat Atreides looked up to the wide heaven and cried : " Father Zeus, surely none of the gods is crueller than thou. Verily I thought to have gotten vengeance on Alexandros for his wickedness, but now my sword breaketh in my hand, and my spear sped from my grasp in vain, and I have not smitten him."

So saying, he leapt upon him and caught him by his horse-hair crest, and swinging him round dragged him towards the well-greaved Achaians ; and he was strangled by the embroidered strap beneath his soft throat, drawn tight below his chin to hold his helm. Now would Menelaus have dragged him away and won glory unspeakable, but that Zeus' daughter Aphrodite was swift to mark, and tore asunder for him the strap of slaughtered ox's hide ; so the helmet came away empty in his stalwart hand. Thereat Menelaus cast it with a swing toward the well-greaved Achaians, and his trusty comrades took it up ; and himself sprang back again eager to slay him with spear of bronze. But Aphrodite snatched up Paris, very easily as a goddess may, and hid him in thick darkness, and

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set him down in his fragrant perfumed chamber ; and herself went to summon Helen.

Thus laid they them upon their fretted couch ; but Atreides the while strode through the host like to a wild beast, if anywhere he might set eyes on godlike Alexandros. But none of the Trojans or their famed allies could discover Alexandros to Menelaus dear to Ares. Yet surely did they in no wise hide him for kindness, could any have seen him ; for he was hated of all even as black death. So Agamemnon, king of men, spake among them there : " Hearken to me, Trojans and Dardanians and allies. Now is victory declared for Menelaus dear to Ares ; give ye back Helen of Argos and the possessions with her, and pay ye the recompense such as is seemly, that it may live even among men that shall be hereafter." So said Atreides, and all the Achaians gave assent.

[Zeus would gladly have recognised Menelaus as victorious, and intended that the terms of the truce should be carried out, as he pitied both Greeks and Trojans and wanted the slaughter to cease. But Hera and Pallas desired the war to go on until Troy was destroyed, and they persuaded Zeus to allow the truce to be broken.]

Athene descended to the battlefield and tempted Pandarus, a famous Trojan archer, to shoot an arrow at victorious Menelaus. Menelaus was wounded and the angry Greeks moved into battle.]

VI. BATTLE !

(Book IV, ll. 423-472)

As when on the echoing beach the sea-wave lifteth up itself in close array before the driving of the west wind ; out on the deep doth it first raise its head, and then breaketh upon the land and belloweth aloud and goeth with arching crest about the promontories, and speweth the foaming brine afar ; even so **in** close **array**

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moved the battalions of the Danaans without pause to battle. Each captain gave his men the word, and the rest went silently ; thou wouldest not deem that all the great host following them had any voice within their breasts ; in silence feared they their captains. On every man glittered the inwrought armour wherewith they went clad. But for the Trojans, like sheep beyond number that stand in the courtyard of a man of great substance, to be milked of their white milk, and bleat without ceasing to hear their lambs' cry, even so arose the clamour of the Trojans through the wide host. For they had not all like speech nor one language, but their tongues were mingled, and they were brought from many lands. These were urged on of Ares, and those of bright-eyed Athene, and Terror and Rout, and Strife whose fury wearieth not, sister and friend of murderous Ares ; her crest is but lowly at the first, but afterward she holdeth up her head in heaven and her feet walk upon the earth. She now cast common discord in their midst, as she fared through the throng and made the lamentation of men to wax.

Now when they were met together and come unto one spot, then clashed they targe and spear and fury of bronze-clad warrior ; the bossed shields pressed each on each and mighty din arose. Then were heard the voice of groaning and the voice of triumph together of the slayers and the slain, and the earth streamed with blood. As when two winter torrents flow down the mountains to a watersmeet and join their furious flood within the deep ravine from their great springs, and the shepherd heareth the roaring far off among the hills : even so from the joining of battle came there forth shouting and travail. Antilochos first slew a Trojan warrior in full array, valiant amid the champions, Echepolos, son of Thalysios ; him was he first to smite upon the ridge of his crested helmet, and he drave the spear into his brow and the

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point of bronze passed within the bone ; darkness clouded his eyes, and he crashed like a tower amid the press of fight. As he fell lord Elephenor caught him by the foot, Chalkodon's son, captain of the great-hearted Abantes, and dragged him from beneath the darts, eager with all speed to despoil him of his armour. Yet but for a little endured his essay ; great-hearted Agenor saw him haling away the corpse, and where his side was left uncovered of his buckler as he bowed him down, there smote he him with bronze-tipped spear-shaft and unstrung his limbs. So his life departed from him, and over his corpse the task of Trojans and Achaians grew hot ; like wolves leapt they one at another, and man lashed at man.

VII. DIOMEDES WOUNDS ARES

(Book V, II. 84-94 ; 793-794 ; ' 840-909)

So laboured these in the violent mellay ; but of Tydeides man could not tell with whom he were joined, whether he consorted with Trojans or with Achaians. For he stormed across the plain like a winter torrent at the full, that in swift course scattereth the causeys ; neither can the long lines of causeys hold it in, nor the fences of fruitful orchards stay its sudden coming when the rain of heaven driveth it ; and so before it perish in multitudes the fair works of the sons of men. Thus before Tydeides the serried battalions of the Trojans were overthrown, and they abode him not for all they were so many.

And to Tydeides' side sprang the bright-eyed goddess Athene. Then Pallas Athene grasped the whip and reins ; forthwith against Ares first guided she the whole-hooved horses. Now he was stripping huge Periphas, most valiant far of the Aitolians, Ochesios' glorious son. Him was blood-stained Ares

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stripping ; and Athene donned the helm of Hades, that terrible Ares might not behold her. Now when Ares, scourge of mortals, beheld noble Diomedes, he left huge Periphas lying there, where at the first he had slain him and taken away his life, and made straight at Diomedes, tamer of horses. Now when they were come nigh in onset on one another, first Ares thrust over the yoke and horses' reins with spear of bronze, eager to take away his life. But the bright-eyed goddess Athene with her hand seized the spear and thrust it up over the car, to spend itself in vain. Next Diomedes of the loud war-cry attacked with spear of bronze ; and Pallas Athene drave it home against Ares' nethermost belly, where his taslets were girt about him. There smote he him and wounded him, rending through his fair skin, and plucked forth the spear again. Then brazen Ares bellowed loud as nine thousand warriors or ten thousand cry in battle as they join in strife and fray. Thereat trembling gat hold of Achaians and Trojans for fear, so mightily bellowed Ares, insatiate of battle.

Even as gloomy mist appeareth from the clouds when after heat a stormy wind ariseth, even so to Tydeus' son Diomedes brazen Ares appeared amid clouds, faring to wide heaven. Swiftly came he to the gods' dwelling, steep Olympus, and sat beside Zeus, son of Kronos, with grief at heart, and showed the immortal blood flowing from the wound, and piteously spake to him winged words : " Father Zeus, hast thou no indignation to behold these violent deeds ? For ever cruelly suffer we gods by one another's devices, in shewing men grace. With thee are we all at variance, because thou didst beget that reckless maiden and baleful, whose thought is ever of iniquitous deeds. For all the other gods that are in Olympus hearken to thee, and we are subject every one ; only her thou chastenest not, neither in deed nor word, but settest

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her on, because this pestilent one is thine own offspring. Now hath she urged on Tydeus' son, even overweening Diomedes, to rage furiously against the immortal gods. Kypris first he wounded in close fight, in the wrist of her hand, and then assailed he me, even me, with the might of a god. Howbeit my swift feet bare me away ; else had I long endured anguish there amid the grisly heaps of dead, or else had lived strengthless from the smitings of the spear."

Then Zeus the cloud-gatherer looked sternly at him and said : " Nay, thou renegade, sit not by me and whine. Most hateful to me art thou of all gods that dwell in Olympus : thou ever lovest strife and wars and battles. Truly thy mother's spirit is intolerable, unyielding, even Hera's ; her can I scarce rule with words. Therefore I deem that by her prompting thou art in this plight. Yet will I no longer endure to see thee in anguish ; mine offspring art thou, and to me thy mother bare thee. But wert thou born of any other god unto this violence, long ere this hadst thou been lower than the sons of Heaven."

So spake he and bade Paieon heal him. And Paieon laid assuaging drugs upon the wound and healed him ; seeing he was verily of no mortal substance. Even as fig juice maketh haste to thicken white milk, that is liquid, but curdleth speedily as a man stirreth, even so swiftly healed he impetuous Ares. And Hebe bathed him, and clothed him in gracious raiment, and he sate him down by Zeus son of Kronos, glorying in his might.

Then fared the twain back to the mansion of great Zeus, even Hera of Argos and Alalkomenean Athene, having stayed Ares, scourge of mortals, from his man-slaying.

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VIII. THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

(Book VI, Il 369-502)

So Hector of the glancing helm departed ; and anon he came to his well-stablished house. But he found not white-armed Andromache in the halls ; she with her boy and fair-robed handmaiden had taken her stand upon the tower, weeping and wailing. And when Hector found not his noble wife within, he came and stood upon the threshold, and spake amid the serving women : " Come tell me now true, my serving women. Whither went white-armed Andromache forth from the hall ? Hath she gone out to my sisters or unto my brothers' fair-robed wives, or to Athene's temple, where all the fair-tressed Trojan women propitiate the awful goddess ? "

Then a busy housedame spake in answer to him : " Hector, seeing thou straitly chargest us tell thee true, neither hath she gone out to any of thy sisters or thy brothers' fair-robed wives, neither to Athene's temple, where all the fair-tressed Trojan women are propitiating the awful goddess ; but she went to the great tower of Ilios, because she heard the Trojans were hard pressed, and great victory was for the Achaians. So hath she come in haste to the wall, like unto one frenzied ; and the nurse with her beareth the child."

So spake the housedame, and Hector hastened from his house back by the same way down the well-built streets. When he had passed through the great city and was come to the Skaian gates, whereby he was minded to issue upon the plain, then came his dear-won wife, running to meet him, even Andromache daughter of great-hearted Eetion, Eetion that dwelt beneath wooded Plakos, in Thebe under Plakos, and was king of the men of Kilikia ; for his daughter was

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wife to bronze-harnessed Hector. So she met him now, and with her went the handmaid bearing in her bosom the tender boy, the little child, Hector's loved son, like unto a beautiful star. Him Hector called Skamandrios, but all the folk Astyanax ; for only Hector guarded Ilios. So now he smiled and gazed at his boy silently, and Andromache stood by his side weeping, and clasped her hand in his, and spake and called upon his name. " Dear my lord, this thy hardihood will undo thee, neither hast thou any pity for thine infant boy, nor for me forlorn that soon shall be thy widow ; for soon will the Achaïans all set upon thee and slay thee. But it were better for me to go down to the grave if I lose thee ; for never more will any comfort be mine, when once thou, even thou, hast met thy fate, but only sorrow. Moreover I have no father nor lady mother : my father was slain of goodly Achilles, for he wasted the populous city of the Kilikians, even high-gated Thebe, and slew Eetion ; yet he despoiled him not, for his soul had shame of that, but he burnt him in his inlaid armour and raised a barrow over him ; and all about were elm-trees planted by the mountain nymphs, daughters of aegis-bearing Zeus. And the seven brothers that were mine within our halls, all these on the selfsame day went within the house of Hades ; for fleet-footed goodly Achilles slew them all amid their kine of trailing gait and white-fleeced sheep. And my mother, that was queen beneath wooded Plakos, her brought he hither with the other spoils, but afterward took a ransom untold to set her free ; but in her father's halls was she smitten by the Archer Artemis. Nay, Hector, thou art to me father and lady mother, yea and brother, even as thou art my goodly husband. Gome now, have pity and abide here upon the tower, lest thou make thy child an orphan and thy wife a widow. And stay thy folk beside the fig-tree, where best the city

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may be scaled and the wall is assailable. Thrice came thither the most valiant that are with the two Aiantes and famed Idomeneus and the sons of Atreus and Tydeus' valiant son, and essayed to enter; whether one skilled in soothsaying revealed it to them, or whether their own spirit urgeth and biddeth them on.

Then great Hector of the glancing helm answered her : " Surely I take thought for all these things, my wife ; but I have very sore shame of the Trojans and Trojan dames with trailing robes, if like a coward I shrink away from batde. Moreover mine own soul forbiddeth me, seeing I have learnt ever to be valiant and fight in the forefront of the Trojans, winning my father's great glory and mine own. Yea of a surety I know this in heart and soul ; the day shall come for holy Ilios to be laid low, and Priam and the folk of Priam of the good ashen spear. Yet doth the anguish of the Trojans hereafter not so much trouble me, neither Hecuba's own, neither king Priam's, neither my brethren's, the many and brave that shall fall in the dust before their foemen, as doth thine anguish in the day when some mail-clad Achaian shall lead thee weeping and rob thee of the light of freedom. So shalt thou abide in Argos and ply the loom at another woman's bidding, and bear water from fount Messeis or Hypereia, being grievously entreated, and sore constraint shall be laid upon thee. And then shall one say that beholdeth thee weep : ' This is the wife of Hector, that was foremost in battle of the horse-taming Trojans when men fought about Ilios.' Thus shall one say hereafter, and fresh grief will be thine for lack of such an husband as thou hadst to ward off the day of thralldom. But me in death, may the heaped-up earth be covering, ere I hear thy crying and thy carrying into captivity."

So spake glorious Hector, and stretched out his arm

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to his boy. But the child shrunk crying to the bosom of his fair-girdled nurse, dismayed at his dear father's aspect, and in dread at the bronze and horse-hair crest that he beheld nodding fiercely from the helmet's top. Then his dear father laughed aloud, and his lady mother ; forthwith glorious Hector took the helmet from his head, and laid it, all gleaming, upon the earth ; then kissed he his dear son and dandled him in his arms, and spake in prayer to Zeus and all the gods: " O Zeus and all ye gods, vouchsafe ye that this my son may likewise prove even as I, pre-eminent amid the Trojans, and as valiant in might, and be a great king of Ilios. Then may men say of him,^c Far greater is he than his father" as he returneth home from battle ; and may he bring with him blood-stained spoils from the foeman he hath slain, and may his mother's heart be glad."

So spake he, and laid his son in his dear wife's arms ; and she took him to her fragrant bosom, smiling tearfully. And her husband had pity to see her, and caressed her with his hand, and spake and called upon her name : " Dear one, I pray thee be not of over-sorrowful heart; no man against my fate shall hurl me to Hades ; only destiny, I ween, no man hath escaped, be he coward or be he valiant, when once he hath been born. But go thou to thine house and see to thine own tasks, the loom and distaff, and bid thine handmaidens ply their work ; but for war shall men provide, and I in chief of all men that dwell in Ilios."

So spake glorious Hector, and took up his horse-hair crested helmet ; and his dear wife departed to her home oft looking back, and letting fall big tears. Anon she came to the well-stablished house of man-slaying Hector, and found therein her many handmaidens, and stirred lamentation in them all. So bewailed they Hector, while yet he lived, within his house : for they deemed that he would no more come

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back to them from battle, nor escape the fury of the hands of the Achaïans.

IX. HECTOR FIGHTS AIAS

{Book VII, 11. 65-g3 ; 175-312}

AND Hector spake between both hosts : " Hearken to me, Trojans and well-greaved Achaïans, that I may speak what my mind within my breast biddeth me. Our oaths of truce Kronos' son, enthroned on high, accomplished not ; but evil is his intent and ordinance for both our hosts, until either ye take fair-towered Troy or yourselves be vanquished beside your sea-faring ships. But in the midst of you are the chiefest of all the Achaïans ; therefore now let the man whose heart biddeth him fight with me come hither from among you all to be your champion against goodly Hector. And this declare I, and be Zeus our witness thereto ; if that man slay me with the long-edged sword, let him spoil me of my armour and bear it to the hollow ships, but give back my body to my home, that Trojans and Trojans' wives may give me my due of burning in my death. But if I slay him and Apollo vouchsafe me glory, I will spoil him of his armour and bear it to holy Ilios and hang it upon the temple of far-darting Apollo, but his corpse will I render back to the well-decked ships, that the flowing-haired Achaïans may entomb him, and build him a barrow beside wide Hellespont. So shall one say even of men that be late born, as he saileth in his benched ship over the wine-dark sea : ' This is the barrow of a man that died in days of old, a champion whom glorious Hector slew.' So shall a man say hereafter, and this my glory shall never die."

So said he, and they marked each man his lot and cast them in the helmet of Agamemnon, Atreus' son ; and the hosts prayed and lifted up their hands to the

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gods. And thus would one say, looking up to wide heaven : " O father Zeus, vouchsafe that the lot fall upon Aias or Tydeus' son or else on the king of Mykene rich in gold."

So spake they, and knightly Nestor of Gerenia shook the helmet, and there leapt forth the lot that themselves desired, even the lot of Aias. The herald bare it everywhither through the throng, shewing it from right to left to all the princes of the Achaians ; but they knew it not, and every man denied it. But when he came, bearing it everywhither through the throng, to him that had marked it and cast it in the helm, even glorious Aias, then he held forth his hand, and the herald stood by him and put it therein. And Aias saw and knew the token upon the lot, and rejoiced in heart. He cast it by his foot upon the earth, and spake : " My friends, verily the lot is mine, yea and myself am glad at heart, because I deem that I shall vanquish goodly Hector. But come now, while I clothe me in my armour of battle, pray ye the while to Kronos' son, king Zeus, in silence to yourselves, that the Trojans hear you not—nay rather, openly if ye will, for we have no fear of any man soever. For none by force shall chase me, he willing me unwilling, neither by skill ; seeing I hope that not so skill-less, either, was I born in Salamis nor nurtured."

So said he, and they prayed to Kronos' son, king Zeus ; and thus would one speak, looking up to wide heaven : " O father Zeus that rulest from Ida, most glorious, most great, vouchsafe to Aias victory and the winning of great glory. But if thou so lovest Hector indeed, and carest for him, grant unto either equal prowess and renown."

So said they, while Aias arrayed him in flashing bronze. And when he had now clothed upon his flesh all his armour, then marched he as huge Ares coming forth, when he goeth to battle amid heroes

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whom Kronos' son setteth to fight in fury of heart-consuming strife. So rose up huge Aias, bulwark of the Achaians, with a smile on his grim face ; and went with long strides of his feet beneath him, shaking his far-shadowing spear. Then moreover the Argives rejoiced to look upon him, but sore trembling came upon the Trojans, on the limbs of every man, and Hector's own heart beat within his breast. But in no wise could he now flee nor shrink back into the throng of the host, seeing he had challenged him to battle. And Aias came near, bearing his tower-like shield of bronze, with sevenfold ox-hide, that Tychios had wrought him cunningly ; Tychios, far best of curriers, that had his home in Hyle, who made him his glancing shield, of sevenfold hides of stalwart bulls, and overlaid the seven with bronze. This bare Telamonian Aias before his breast, and stood near to Hector, and spake to him threatening : " Hector, now verily shalt thou well know, man to man, what manner of princes the Danaans likewise have among them, even after Achilles, render of men, the lion-hearted. But he amid his beaked seafaring ships lieth in sore wrath with Agamemnon, shepherd of the host ; yet are we such as to face thee, yea, and many of us. But make thou beginning of war and battle."

And great Hector of the glancing helm answered him : " Aias of the seed of Zeus, son of Telamon, chieftain of the host, tempt not thou me like some puny boy or woman that knoweth not deeds of battle. But I well know wars and slaughterings. To right know I, to left know I the wielding of my tough targe ; therein I deem is stalwart soldiership. And I know how to charge into the mellay of fleet chariots, and how in close battle to join in furious Ares' dance. Howbeit, I have no mind to smite thee, being such an one as thou art, by spying thee unawares ; but rather openly, if perchance I may hit thee."

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He spake, and poised his far-shadowing spear, and hurled and smote Aias' dread shield of sevenfold hide upon the uttermost bronze, the eighth layer that was thereon. Through six folds went the stubborn bronze cleaving, but in the seventh hide it stayed. Then heaven-sprung Aias hurled next his far-shadowing spear, and smote upon the circle of the shield of Priam's son. Through the bright shield passed the violent spear, and through the curiously wrought corslet pressed it on ; and straight forth beside the flank the spear rent his doublet; but he swerved aside and escaped black death. Then both together with their hands plucked forth their long spears and fell to like ravening lions or wild boars whose might is nowise feeble. Then Priam's son smote the shield's midst with his dart, but the bronze brake not through, for the point turned back ; but Aias leapt on him and pierced his buckler, and straight through went the spear and staggered him in his onset, and cleft its way unto his neck, so that the dark blood gushed up. Yet even then did not Hector of the glancing helm cease from fight, but yielded ground and with stout hand seized a stone lying upon the plain, black and rugged and great ; therewith hurled he and smote Aias' dread shield of sevenfold ox-hide in the midst upon the boss, and the bronze resounded. Next Aias lifted a far greater stone, and swung and hurled it, putting might immeasurable therein. So smote he the buckler and burst it inwards with the rock like unto a millstone, and beat down his knees ; and he was stretched upon his back, pressed into his shield ; but Apollo straightway raised him up. And now had they been smiting hand to hand with swords, but that the heralds, messengers of gods and men, came, one from the Trojans, one from the mail-clad Achaians, even Talthybios and Idaios, both men discreet. Between the two held they their staves, and herald

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Idaios spake a word, being skilled in wise counsel :
" Fight ye no more, dear sons, neither do battle ;
seeing Zeus the cloud-gatherer loveth you both, and
both are men of war ; that verily know we all. But
night already is upon us : it is well withal to obey the
hest of night."

Then Telamonian Aias answered and said to him :
" Idaios, bid ye Hector to speak those words ; of his
own self he challenged to combat all our best. Let
him be first, and I will surely follow as he saith."

Then great Hector of the glancing helm said to him :
" Aias, seeing God gave thee stature and might and
wisdom, and with the spear thou art excellent above
all the Achaians, let us now cease from combat and
battle for the day ; but hereafter will we fight until
God judge between us, giving to one of us the victory.
But night already is upon us ; it is well withal to obey
the hest of night ; that so thou may est rejoice all the
Achaians beside their ships, and chiefly the kinsmen
and fellows that are thine ; and I throughout the
great city of king Priam will rejoice the Trojan men
and Trojan dames with trailing robes, that with prayer
I ween will enter the holy assemblage. But come, let
us give each the other famous gifts, that men may thus
say, Achaians alike and Trojans : ' These, having
fought for sake of heart-consuming strife, parted again
reconciled in friendship."

So said he, and gave him his silver-studded sword,
with scabbard and well-cut baldrick ; and Aias gave
his belt bright with purple. So they parted, and one
went to the Achaian host and one betook him to the
throng of Trojans. And these rejoiced to behold him
come to them alive and sound, escaped from the fury
of Aias and his hands unapproachable ; and they
brought him to the city saved beyond their hope. And
Aias on their side the well-greaved Achaians brought
to noble Agamemnon, exulting in his victory.

INTERVENTION OF ZEUS

X. ZEUS INTERVENES TO GIVE VICTORY TO THE TROJANS

{Book VIII, Il 1-76}

Now Dawn the saffron-robed was spreading over all the earth, and Zeus whose joy is in the thunder let call an assembly of the gods upon the topmost peak of many-ridged Olympus, and himself made harangue to them, and all the gods gave ear : " Hearken to me, all gods and all ye goddesses, that I may tell you that my heart within my breast commandeth me. One thing let none essay, be it goddess or be it god, to wit, to thwart my saying ; approve ye it all together, that with all speed I may accomplish these things. Whomsoever I shall perceive minded to go apart from the gods, to succour Trojans or Danaans, chastened in no seemly wise shall he return to Olympus, or I will take and cast him into misty Tartaros, right far away, where is the deepest gulf beneath the earth ; there are the gate of iron and threshold of bronze, as far beneath Hades as heaven is high above the earth : then shall he know how far I am mightiest of all gods. Go to now, ye gods, make trial that ye all may know. Fasten ye a rope of gold from heaven, and all ye gods lay hold thereof and all goddesses ; yet could ye not drag from heaven to earth Zeus, counsellor supreme, not though ye toiled sore. But once I likewise were minded to draw with all my heart, then should I draw you up with very earth and sea withal. Thereafter would I bind the rope about a pinnacle of Olympus, and so should all those things be hung in air. By so much am I beyond gods and beyond men."

So said he, and they all kept silence and were still, marvelling at his saying ; for he spake very masterfully. But at the last there spake to them the bright-eyed goddess Athene : " O our father Kronides,

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supreme of lords, well we know, even we, that thy might is unyielding ; yet still have we pity for the Danaan spearmen, that now shall perish and fulfil a grievous fate. Yet will we refrain from battle as thou biddest us, but counsel will we offer to the Argives for their profit, that they perish not all at thy wrath."

Then Zeus the cloud-gatherer smiled at her and said : " Be of good comfort, dear child, Triton-born ; I speak not at all of earnest purpose, but I am minded to be kindly to thee."

So saying he let harness to his chariot his bronze-shod horses, fleet of foot, with flowing manes of gold ; and himself clad him with gold upon his flesh, and grasped the whip of gold, well-wrought, and mounted upon his car, and lashed the horses to start them ; they nothing loth sped on between earth and starry heaven. So fared he to many-fountained Ida, mother of wild beasts, even unto Gargaros, where is his demesne and fragrant altar. There did the father of men and gods stay his horses, and unloose them from the car, and cast thick mist about them ; and himself sate on the mountain-tops rejoicing in his glory, to behold the city of the Trojans and ships of the Achaians.

Now the flowing-haired Achaians took meat hastily among the huts and thereafter arrayed themselves. Likewise the Trojans on their side armed them throughout the town—a smaller host, yet for all that were they eager to fight in battle, of forceful need, for their children's sake and their wives'. And the gates were opened wide and the host issued forth, footmen and horsemen ; and mighty din arose.

So when they were met together and come unto one spot, then clashed they targe and spear and fury of bronze-clad warrior ; the bossed shields pressed each on each, and mighty din arose. Then were heard the voice of groaning and the voice of triumph together of

HECTORS SPEECH TO THE TROJANS

the slayers and the slain, and the earth streamed with blood.

Now while it yet was morn and the divine day waxed, so long from either side lighted the darts amain and the people fell. But when the sun bestrode mid-heaven, then did the Father balance his golden scales, and put therein two fates of death that layeth men at their length, one for horse-taming Trojans, one for mail-clad Achaïans ; and he took the scale-yard by the midst and lifted it, and the Achaïans' day of destiny sank down. So lay the Achaïans' fates on the bounteous earth, and the Trojans' fates were lifted up towards wide heaven. And the god thundered aloud from Ida, and sent his blazing flash amid the host of the Achaïans ; and they saw and were astonished, and pale fear gat hold upon all.

XI. HECTOR'S SPEECH TO THE TROJANS—NIGHT

(Book VIII, 11. 489-565 ; Book IX, 11. 1-7)

Now glorious Hector made an assembly of the Trojans, taking them apart from the ships, beside the eddying river, in an open space where was found a spot clear of dead. And they came down from their chariots to the ground to hear the word that Hector, dear unto Zeus, proclaimed. He in his hand held his spear eleven cubits long ; before his face gleamed the spear-head of bronze, and a ring of gold ran round about it. Thereon he leaned and spake to the Trojans, saying : " Hearken to me, Trojans and Dardanians and allies. I thought but now to make havoc of the ships and all the Achaïans and depart back again to windy Ilios ; but dusk came too soon, and that in chief hath now saved the Argives and the ships beside the beach of the sea. So let us now yield to

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black night, and make our supper ready ; unyoke ye from the chariots your fair-maned horses, and set fodder beside them. And from the city bring kine and goodly sheep with speed ; and provide you with honey-hearted wine, and corn from your houses, and gather much wood withal, that all night long until early-springing dawn we may burn many fires, and the gleam may reach to heaven ; lest perchance even by night the flowing-haired Achaians strive to take flight over the broad back of the sea. Verily must they not embark upon their ships unvexed, at ease : but see ye that many a one of them have a wound to nurse even at home, being stricken with arrow or keen-pointed spear as he leapeth upon his ship ; that so many another man may dread to wage dolorous war on the horse-taming men of Troy. And let the heralds dear to Zeus proclaim throughout the city that young maidens and old men of hoary heads camp round the city on the battlements builded of the gods ; and let the women folk burn a great fire each in her hall ; and let there be a sure watch set, lest an ambush enter the city when the host is absent. Thus be it, great-hearted Trojans, as I proclaim ; the counsel that now is sound, let that stand spoken ; further will I proclaim at dawn amid the horse-taming men of Troy, I pray with good hope to Zeus and all the gods, to drive from hence these dogs borne onward by the fates, them that the fates bear on in the black ships. Howbeit for the night will we guard our own selves, and at morn by daybreak, arrayed in our armour, let us awake keen battle at the hollow ships. I will know whether Tydeus' son, stalwart Diomedes, shall thrust me from the ships back to the wall, or I shall lay him low with my spear and bear away his gory spoils. To-morrow shall he prove his valour, whether he can abide the onslaught of my spear. But he amid the foremost, I ween, shall lie stricken, and many

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comrades round about their lord at the rising of to-morrow's sun. Would that I were immortal and ageless all my days and honoured like as Athene is honoured and Apollo, so surely as this day bringeth the Argives ill!"

So Hector made harangue, and the Trojans clamoured applause. And they loosed their sweating steeds from the yoke, and tethered them with thongs, each man beside his chariot; and from the city they brought kine and goodly sheep with speed, and provided them with honey-hearted wine and corn from their houses, and gathered much wood withal; and sacrificed to the immortals unblemished hecatombs. And from the plain the winds bare into heaven the sweet savour. [But the blessed gods regaled not themselves nor would they aught thereof; for sore was holy Ilios hated of them, and Priam and the folk of Priam of the good ashen spear.] But these with high hopes sate them all night along the highways of the battle, and their watchfires burned in multitude. Even as when in heaven the stars about the bright moon shine clear to see, when the air is windless, and all the peaks appear and the tall headlands and glades, and from heaven breaketh open the infinite air, and all stars are seen, and the shepherd's heart is glad; even in like multitude between the ships and the streams of Xanthos appeared the watchfires that the Trojans kindled in front of Ilios. A thousand fires burned in the plain and by the side of each sate fifty in the gleam of blazing fire. And the horses champed white barley and spelt, and standing by their chariots waited for the throned Dawn. . . .

Thus kept the Trojans watch; but the Achaians were holden of heaven-sent panic, handmaid of palsying fear, and all their best were stricken to the heart with grief intolerable. Like as two winds stir up the main, the home of fishes, even the north wind and

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the west wind that blow from Thrace, coming suddenly ; and the dark billow straightway lifteth up its crest and casteth much tangle out along the sea ; even so was the Achaians' spirit troubled in their breast.

[The despairing Greeks sent an embassy, consisting of Odysseus, Aias, and Phoinix, to beg Achilles to return to the fight. Despite their eloquent pleas, the son of Peleus remained obdurate.]

XII. REPORT OF THE EMBASSY

(Book IX, ll. 670-713)

Now when those were come unto Atreides' huts, the sons of the Achaians stood up on this side and on that, and pledged them in cups of gold, and questioned them; and Agamemnon, king of men, asked them first: " Come now, tell me, Odysseus, full of praise, thou great glory of the Achaians ; will he save the ships from consuming fire, or said he nay, and hath wrath yet hold of his proud spirit ? "

And steadfast goodly Odysseus answered him : " Most noble son of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men, he yonder hath no mind to quench his wrath, but is yet more filled of fury, and spurneth thee and thy gifts. He biddeth thee take counsel for thyself amid the Argives, how to save the ships and folk of the Achaians. And for himself he threateneth that at break of day he will launch upon the sea his trim well-benched ships. Moreover he said that he would counsel all to sail for home, because ye now shall never reach your goal of steep Ilios ; surely far-seeing Zeus holdeth his hand over her and her folk are of good courage. Even so said he, and here are also these to tell the tale that were my companions, Aias and the two heralds, both men discreet. But the old man Phoinix laid him there to rest, even as Achilles bade

AGAMEMNON RESTLESS

him, that he may follow with him on his ships to his dear native land to-morrow, if he will; for he will not take him perforce."

So said he, and they all held their peace and were still, marvelling at his saying, for he harangued very vehemently. Long were the sons of the Achaians voiceless for grief, but at the last Diomedes of the loud war-cry spake amid them: "Most noble son of Atreus, Agamemnon king of men, would thou hadst never besought Peleus' glorious son with offer of gifts innumerable; proud is he at any time, but now hast thou yet far more encouraged him in his haughtiness. Howbeit we will let him bide, whether he go or tarry; hereafter he shall fight, whenever his heart within him biddeth and god arouseth him. Come now, even as I shall say let us all obey. Go ye now to rest, full to your hearts' desire of meat and wine, wherein courage is and strength; but when fair rosy-fingered Dawn appeareth, array thou with all speed before the ships thy folk and horsemen, and urge them on; and fight thyself amid the foremost."

So said he, and all the princes gave assent, applauding the saying of Diomedes, tamer of horses. And then they made libation and went every man to his hut, and there laid them to rest and took the boon of sleep.

[*The Greeks, at the instigation of wily Nestor, utilised the time when they were burying their slain to convert the funeral mound into a wall, which would protect their camp on the shore, and dug before the wall a deep trench (fosse).]*

XIII. AGAMEMNON RESTLESS

(Book X, 11. 1-16)

Now beside the ships the other leaders of the whole Achaian host were sleeping all night long, by soft Sleep overcome, but Agamemnon son of Atreus,

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shepherd of the host, sweet Sleep held not, so many things he debated in his mind. And even as when the lord of fair-tressed Hera lighteneth, fashioning either a mighty rain unspeakable, or hail, or snow, when the flakes sprinkle all the ploughed lands, or fashioning perchance the wide mouth of bitter war, even so oft in his breast groaned Agamemnon, from the very deep of his heart, and his spirits trembled within him. And whensoever he looked toward that Trojan plain, he marvelled at the many fires that blazed in front of Ilios, and at the sound of flutes and pipes, and the noise of men ; but whensoever to the ships he glanced and the host of the Achaians, then rent he many a lock clean forth from his head, to Zeus that is above, and greatly groaned his noble heart.

XIV. AGAMEMNON WOUNDED

—HECTOR'S DEEDS I

(Book XI, 11. 248-309)

Now when Koon beheld him, Koon, An tenor's eldest son, illustrious among men, strong sorrow came on him, covering his eyes, for his brother's fall : and he stood on one side with his spear, and unmarked of noble Agamemnon smote him on the mid-arm, beneath the elbow, and clean through went the point of the shining spear. Then Agamemnon king of men shuddered, yet not even so did he cease from battle and war, but rushed against Koon, grasping his wind-nurtured spear. Verily then Koon seized right lustily by the foot Iphidamas, his brother, and his father's son, and called to all the best of his men ; but him, as he dragged the dead through the press, beneath his bossy shield Agamemnon wounded with a bronze-shod spear, and unstrung his limbs, and drew near and cut off his head over Iphidamas. There the sons of

AGAMEMNON WOUNDED—HECTOR'S DEEDS

An tenor, at the hands of Agamemnon the king, filled up the measure of their fate, and went down within the house of Hades.

But Agamemnon ranged among the ranks of men, with spear, and sword, and great stones for throwing, while yet the blood welled warm from his wound. But when the wound waxed dry, and the blood ceased to flow, then keen pangs came on the might of the son of Atreus. And even as when the keen shaft cometh upon a woman in her travail, the piercing shaft that the goddesses of the birth - pangs send, even the Eilithyiai, the daughters of Hera that have bitter pangs in their gift, even so keen pains sank into the might of the son of Atreus. Then leaped he into his chariot, and bade his charioteer drive to the hollow ships, for he was sore vexed at heart. And he called in a piercing voice, and shouted to the Danaans : " O friends, leaders and counsellors of the Argives, do ye now ward from the seafaring ships the harsh din of battle, for Zeus the counsellor suffers me not all day to war with the Trojans."

So spake he, and his charioteer lashed the fair-maned steed towards the hollow ships, and they flew onward nothing loth, and their breasts were covered with foam, and their bellies were stained with dust, as they bore the wounded king away from the war.

But Hector, when he beheld Agamemnon departed, cried to the Trojans and Lykians with a loud shout: " Ye Trojans and Lykians, and Dardanians that war in close fight, be men, my friends, and be mindful of your impetuous valour. The best man of them hath departed and to me hath Zeus, the son of Kronos, given great renown. But straightway drive ye the whole-hooved horses against the mighty Danaans, that ye may be the masters and bear away the higher glory."

So spake he, and aroused the might and spirit of

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every man. And even as when some hunter tars on his white-toothed hounds against a boar of the wild, or a lion, even so did Hector, son of Priam, like unto Ares the bane of men, tar on the great-hearted Trojans against the Achaïans. Himself with high thoughts he fared among the foremost, and fell upon the fight, like a roaring blast, that leapeth down and stirreth the violet-coloured deep. There whom first, whom last did he slay, even Hector, son of Priam, when Zeus vouchsafed him renown ?

Asaios first, and Autonoos, and Opites, and Dolops, son of Klytios, and Opheltios, and Agelaos, and Aisymnos, and Oros, and Hipponoos steadfast in the fight; these leaders of the Danaans he slew, and thereafter smote the multitude, even as when the West Wind driveth the clouds of the white South Wind, smiting with deep storm, and the wave swelleth huge, rolling onward, and the spray is scattered on high beneath the rush of the wandering wind ; even so many heads of the host were smitten by Hector.

XV. GREEKS DRIVEN BEHIND THEIR WALL

(Book XII, 11. 1-87 ; 210-288)

So in the huts the strong son of Menoitios was tending the wounded Eurypylos, but still they fought confusedly, the Argives and Trojans. Nor were the fosse of the Danaans and their wide wall above, long to protect them, the wall they had builded for defence of the ships, and the fosse they had drawn round about; for neither had they given goodly hecatombs to the gods, that it might guard with its bounds their swift ships, and rich spoil. Nay, maugre the deathless gods was it builded, wherefore it abode steadfast for no long time. While Hector yet lived, and yet Achilles kept

GREEKS DRIVEN BEHIND THEIR WALL

his wrath, and unsacked was the city of Priam the king, so long the great wall of the Achaians likewise abode steadfast. But when all the bravest of the Trojans died, and many of the Argives,—some were taken, and some were left,—and the city of Priam was sacked in the tenth year, and the Argives had gone back in their ships to their own dear country, then verily did Poseidon and Apollo take counsel to wash away the wall, bringing in the might of the rivers, of all that flow from the hills of Ida to the sea. Rhesos there was, and Heptaporos, and Karesos, and Rhodios, Grenikos, and Aisepos, and goodly Skamandros, and Simoeis, whereby many shields and helms fell in the dust, and the generation of men half divine ; the mouths of all these waters did Phoebus Apollo turn together, and for nine days he drave their stream against the wall ; and still Zeus rained unceasingly, that the quicker he might mingle the wall with the salt sea. And the Shaker of the earth, with his trident in his hands, was himself the leader, and sent forth into the waves all the foundations of beams and stones that the Achaians had laid with toil, and made all smooth by the strong current of Hellespont, and covered again the great beach with sand, when he had swept away the wall, and turned the rivers back to flow in their channel, where of old they poured down their fair flow of water.

So were Poseidon and Apollo to do in the aftertime ; but then war and the din of war sounded about the well-built wall, and the beams of the towers rang beneath the strokes ; while the Argives, subdued by the scourge of Zeus, were penned and driven in by the hollow ships, in dread of Hector, the mighty maker of flight, but he, as aforetime, fought like a whirlwind. And as when, among hounds and hunting men, a boar or lion wheeleth him about, raging in his strength, and these array themselves in fashion like a tower, and

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stand up against him, casting many javelins from their hands ; but never is his stout heart confused nor afraid, and his courage is his bane, and often he wheeleth him about, and maketh trial of the ranks of men, and wheresoever he maketh onset there the ranks of men give way, even so Hector went and besought his comrades through the press, and spurred them on to cross the dyke. But his swift-footed horses dared not, but loud they neighed, standing by the sheer edge, for the wide fosse affrighted them, neither easy to leap from hard by, nor to cross, for overhanging banks stood round about it all on either hand, and above it was furnished with sharp stakes that the sons of the Achaïans had planted there, thick set and great, a bulwark against hostile men. Thereby not lightly might a horse enter, drawing a well-wheeled chariot; but the footmen were eager, if they might accomplish it. Then Polydamas drew near valiant Hector, and spake to him : " Hector and ye other leaders of the Trojans and allies, foolishly do we drive our fleet horses through the dyke ; nay right hard it is to cross, for sharp stakes stand in it, and over against them the wall of the Achaïans. Thereby none may go down and fight in chariots, for strait is the place wherein, methinks, we might come by a mischief. For if Zeus that thunders on high is utterly to destroy them in his evil will, and is minded to help the Trojans, verily then I too would desire that even instantly this might be, that the Achaïans should perish here nameless far from Argos : but and if they turn again, and we flee back from among the ships, and rush into the delved ditch, then methinks that not even one from among us to bear the tidings will win back to the city before the force of the Achaïans when they rally. But come as I declare, let us all obey. Let our squires hold the horses by the dyke, while we being harnessed in our gear as foot soldiers follow all together with Hector,

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and the Achaians will not withstand us, if indeed the bands of death be made fast upon them."

So spake Polydamas, and his wise word pleased Hector well, and straightway in his harness he leaped from his chariot to the ground. Nor were the other Trojans gathered upon the chariots, but they all leaped forth, when they beheld goodly Hector. There each gave it into the charge of his own charioteer, to keep the horses orderly there by the fosse. And they divided, and arrayed themselves, and ordered in five companies they followed with the leaders.

Then verily Polydamas stood by brave Hector, and spake : " Hector, ever dost thou rebuke me in the assemblies, though I counsel wisely ; since it by no means beseemeth one of the people to speak contrary to thee, in council or in war, but always to increase thy power ; but now again will I say all that seemeth to me to be best. Let us not advance and fight with the Danaans for the ships. For even thus, methinks, the end will be, if indeed this bird hath come for the Trojans when they were eager to cross the dyke, this eagle of lofty flight, skirting the host on the left hand, bearing in his talons a blood-red monstrous snake, yet living ; then straightway left he hold of him, before he reached his own nest, nor brought him home in the end to give to his nestlings. Even so shall we, though we burst with mighty force the gates and wall of the Achaians, and the Achaians give ground, even so we shall return in disarray from the ships by the way we came ; for many of the Trojans shall we leave behind, whom the Achaians will slay with the sword, in defence of the ships. Even so would a soothsayer interpret that in his heart had clear knowledge of omens, and whom the people obeyed."

Then Hector of the glancing helm lowered on him and said : " Polydamas, that thou speakest is no longer pleasing to me ; yea, thou knowest how to

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conceive another counsel better than this. But if thou verily speakest thus in earnest, then the gods themselves have utterly destroyed thy wits ; thou that bidst us forget the counsels of loud-thundering Zeus, that himself promised me, and confirmed with a nod of his head ! But thou bidst us be obedient to birds long of wing, whereto I give no heed, nor take any care thereof, whether they fare to the right, to the dawn and to the sun, or to the left, to mist and darkness. Nay, for us, let us trust to the counsel of mighty Zeus, who is king over all mortals and immortals. One omen is best, to fight for our own country. And wherefore dost thou fear war and battle ? For if all the rest of us be slain by the ships of the Argives, yet needst thou not fear to perish, for thy heart is not warlike, nor enduring in battle. But if thou dost hold aloof from the fight, or winnest any other with thy words to turn him from war, straightway by my spear shalt thou be smitten, and lose thy life."

So spake he, and led on, and they followed with a wondrous din ; and Zeus that joyeth in the thunder roused from the hills of Ida a blast of wind, which bare the dust straight against the ships ; and he made weak the heart of the Achaians, but gave renown to the Trojans and to Hector. Trusting then in his omens, and their might, they strove to break the great wall of the Achaians. They dragged down the machicolations of the towers, and overthrew the battlements, and heaved up the projecting buttresses, that the Achaians set first in the earth, to be the props of the towers. These they overthrew, and hoped to break the wall of the Achaians. Nor even now did the Danaans give ground from the path, but closed up the battlements with shields of bulls' hides, and cast from them at the foemen as they went below the walls.

Now the two Aiantes went everywhere on the towers, ever urging, and arousing the courage of the

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Achaïans. One they would accost with honeyed words, another with hard words they would rebuke, whomsoever they saw utterly giving ground from the fight : " O friends, whosoever is eminent, or whosoever is of middle station among the Argives, ay, or lower yet, for in no wise are all men equal in war, now is there work for all, and this yourselves well know. Let none turn back to the ships, for that he hath heard one threatening aloud ; nay, get ye forward, and cheer another on, if perchance Olympian Zeus, the lord of lightning, will grant us to drive back the assault, and push the foe to the city."

So these twain shouted in the front, and aroused the battle of the Achaïans. But as flakes of snow fall thick on a winter day, when Zeus the Counsellor hath begun to snow, showing forth these arrows of his to men, and he hath lulled the winds, and he snoweth continually, till he hath covered the crests of the high hills, and the uttermost headlands, and the grassy plains, and rich tillage of men ; and the snow is scattered over the havens and shores of the grey sea, and only the wave as it rolleth in keeps off the snow, but all other things are swathed over, when the shower of Zeus cometh heavily, so from both sides their stones flew thick, some towards the Trojans, and some from the Trojans against the Achaïans, while both sides were smitten, and over all the wall the din arose.

XVI. THE TROJANS BREAK THE WALL - BATTLE OF THE SHIPS

[Book XII, 11. 415-471; Book XV, 11.593-746]

AND the Argives on the other side made strong their battalions within the wall, and mighty toil began for them. For neither could the strong Lykians burst

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through the wall of the Danaans, and make a way to the ships, nor could the warlike Danaans drive back the Lykians from the wall, when once they had drawn near thereto. But as two men contend about the marches of their land, with measuring rods in their hands, in a common field, when in narrow space they strive for equal shares, even so the battlements divided them, and over those they smote the round shields of ox-hide about the breasts of either side, and the fluttering bucklers. And many were wounded in the flesh with the ruthless bronze, whensoever the back of any of the warriors was laid bare as he turned, ay, and many clean through the very shield. Yea, everywhere the towers and battlements swam with the blood of men shed on either side, by Trojans and Achaians. But even so they could not put the Argives to rout, but they held their ground, as an honest woman that laboureth with her hands holds the balance, and raises the weight and the wool together, balancing them, that she may win scant wages for her children ; so evenly was strained their war and battle, till the moment when Zeus gave the greater renown to Hector, son of Priam, who was the first to leap within the wall of the Achaians. In a piercing voice he cried aloud to the Trojans: " Rise, ye horse-taming Trojans, break the wall of the Argives, and cast among the ships fierce blazing fire."

So spake he, spurring them on, and they all heard him with their ears, and in one mass rushed straight against the wall, and with sharp spears in their hands climbed upon the machicolations of the towers. And Hector seized and carried a stone that lay in front of the gates, thick in the hinder part, but sharp at point: a stone that not the two best men of the people, such as mortals now are, could lightly lift from the ground on to a wain, but easily he wielded it alone, for the son of crooked-counselling Kronos made it light for

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him. And as when a shepherd lightly beareth the fleece of a ram, taking it in one hand, and little doth it burden him, so Hector lifted the stone, and bare it straight against the doors that closely guarded the stubborn-set portals, double gates and tall, and two cross bars held them within, and one bolt fastened them. And he came, and stood hard by, and firmly planted himself, and smote them in the midst, setting his legs well apart, that his cast might lack no strength. And he brake both the hinges, and the stone fell within by reason of its weight, and the gates rang loud around, and the bars held not, and the doors burst this way and that beneath the rush of the stone. Then glorious Hector leaped in, with face like the sudden night, shining in wondrous mail that was clad about his body, and with two spears in his hands. No man that met him could have held him back when once he leaped within the gates : none but the gods, and his eyes shone with fire. Turning towards the throng he cried to the Trojans to overleap the wall, and they obeyed his summons, and speedily some overleaped the wall, and some poured into the fair-wrought gateways, and the Danaans fled in fear among the hollow ships, and a ceaseless clamour arose.

Now the Trojans, like ravening lions, rushed upon the ships, fulfilling the behests of Zeus, that ever was rousing their great wrath, but softened the temper of the Argives, and took away their glory, while he spurred on the others. For the heart of Zeus was set on giving glory to Hector, the son of Priam, that withal he might cast fierce-blazing fire, unwearied, upon the beaked ships, and so fulfil all the presumptuous prayer of Thetis ; wherefore wise-counselling Zeus awaited, till his eyes should see the glare of a burning ship. For even from that hour was he to ordain the backward chase of the Trojans from the ships, and to give glory to the Danaans. With

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this design was he rousing Hector, Priam's son, that himself was right eager, against the hollow ships. And he was raging, like Ares, the brandisher of the spear, or as when ruinous fire rages on the hills, in the folds of a deep woodland ; and foam grew about his mouth, and his eyes shone beneath his dreadful brows, and around the temples of Hector as he fought his helm shook terribly. For Zeus out of heaven was his ally, and gave him honour and renown, he being but one man against so many. For short of life was he to be, yea, and already Pallas Athene was urging against him the day of destiny, at the hand of the son of Peleus. And fain he was to break the ranks of men, trying them wheresoever he saw the thickest press, and the goodliest harness. Yet not even so might he break them for all his eagerness. Nay, they stood firm, and embattled like a steep rock and a great, hard by the hoary sea, a rock that abides the swift paths of the shrill winds, and the swelling waves that roar against it. Even so the Danaans steadfastly abode the Trojans, and fled not away. But Hector shining with fire on all sides leaped on the throng, and fell upon them, as when beneath the storm-clouds a fleet wave reared of the winds falls on a swift ship, and she is all hidden with foam, and the dread blast of the wind roars against the sail, and the sailors fear, and tremble in their hearts, for by but a little way are they borne forth from death, even so the spirit was torn in the breasts of the Achaians. But he came on like a ravening lion making against the kine, that are feeding innumerable in the low-lying land of a great marsh, and among them is a herdsman that as yet knoweth not well how to fight with a wild beast concerning the slaughter of the kine of crooked horn, and ever he paces abreast with the rear or the van of the cattle, but the lion leaps into the midst, and devours a cow, and they all tremble for fear, even so the Achaians all were made

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terribly adread by Hector and father Zeus. But Hector slew Periphetes of Mykene only, the dear son of Kopreus, that was wont to go on the errands of Eurystheus, to the mighty Heracles. From him, a far baser father, was born a better son, in all manner of excellence, in fleetness of foot, and in war, and of mind he was wise among the first of the Mykenaeans. He thus then yielded Hector the greater glory. For as he turned back, he tripped against the rim of his shield which he was wont to bear, a shield that reached to the feet, a fence against javelins—thereon he stumbled, and fell back, and his helm rang wondrously around his temples as he fell. And Hector quickly spied it, and ran up swiftly and stood by him, and fixed a spear in his breast, and slew him hard by his dear comrades that could not aid him, despite all their sorrow for their friend, for themselves greatly dreaded noble Hector.

Now were they come between the ships, and the prows protected them, the prows of the ships drawn up in the first line, but the Trojans rushed in after them. And the Argives were compelled even of necessity to give back from the foremost ships, yet there they abode in close rank beside the huts, and did not scatter throughout the camp. For shame and fear restrained them and ceaselessly they kept shouting each to other. Now Gerenian Nestor above all, the Warden of the Achaians, implored each man by the memory of them that begat him, and spake beseechingly : " O friends, play the man, and set shame of other men's contempt in your hearts. Let each also be mindful of children and wives, and of his possessions, and of them that begat him, whether any have parents yet alive or they be already dead. For their sake do I here beseech you, for the sake of them that are not with us, to stand stoutly, nor turn to flight."

So spake he, and roused each man's courage and

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might, and from their eyes Athene lifted the wondrous cloud of mist, and light came mightily upon them from either side, both from the side of the ships, and from the quarter of even-balanced war. And they beheld Hector of the loud war-cry, and his comrades, both them that stood in the rear and were not fighting, and all them that fought in the battle by the swift ships.

Nor yet did it please the spirit of high-hearted Aias, to stand in the place whereto the other sons of the Achaians had withdrawn, but he kept faring with long strides, up and down the decks of the ships, and he wielded in his hands a great pike for sea-battles, jointed with rings, two and twenty cubits in length. And even as a man right well skilled in horsemanship that couples four horses out of many, and hurrying them from the plain towards a great city, drives along the public way, many men and women marvelling on him, and firmly ever he leaps, and changes his stand from horse to horse, while they fly along, even so Aias went with long strides, over many a deck of the swift ships, and his voice went up unto heaven. And always with terrible cries he summoned the Danaans to defend the ships and the huts. Nor did Hector abide in the throng of well-armed Trojans, but even as a tawny eagle rushes on a flock of winged fowl, that are feeding by a riverside, a flock of geese, or cranes, or long-necked swans, even so Hector made straight for a black-beaked ship, rushing right on it, and mightily Zeus urged him on from behind with his strong hand, and roused on the host along with him.

So again keen battle was set by the ships. Thou wouldst deem that unwearied and unworn they met each other in war, so eagerly they fought. And in their striving they were minded thus ; the Achaians verily deemed that never would they flee from the danger, but perish there, but the heart of each Trojan

BATTLE OF THE SHIPS

hoped in his breast, that they should fire the ships, and slay the heroes of the Achaïans. With these imaginations they stood to each other, and Hector seized the stern of a seafaring ship, a fair ship, swift on the brine, that had borne Protesilaos to Troia, but brought him not back again to his own country. Now round his ship the Achaïans and Trojans warred on each other hand to hand, nor far apart did they endure the flights of arrows, nor of darts, but standing hard each by other, with one heart, with sharp axes and hatchets they fought, and with great swords, and double-pointed spears. And many fair brands, dark-scabbarded and hiked, fell to the ground, some from the hands, some from off the shoulders of warring men, and the black earth ran with blood. But Hector, after that once he had seized the ship's stern, left not his hold, keeping the ensign in his hands, and he called to the Trojans : " Bring fire, and all with one voice do ye raise the war-cry ; now hath Zeus given us the dearest day of all,—to take the ships that came hither against the will of the gods, and brought many woes upon us, by the cowardice of the elders, who withheld me when I was eager to fight at the sterns of the ships, and kept back the host. But if even then far-seeing Zeus did harm our wits, now he himself doth urge and command us onwards."

So spake he, and they set yet the fiercer on the Argives. And Aias no longer abode their onset, for he was driven back by the darts, but he withdrew a little,—thinking that now he should die,—onto the oarsmen's bench of seven feet long, and he left the decks of the trim ship. There then he stood on the watch, and with his spear he ever drave the Trojans from the ships, whosoever brought unwearied fire, and ever he shouted terribly, calling to the Danaans : " O friends, Danaan heroes, men of Ares' company, play the man, my friends, and be mindful of impetuous

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valour. Do we deem that there be allies at our backs, or some wall stronger than this to ward off death from men? Verily there is not hard by any city arrayed with towers, whereby we might defend ourselves, having a host that could turn the balance of battle. Nay, but we are set down in the plain of the mailed men of Troy, with our backs against the sea, and far off from our own land. Therefore is safety in battle, and not in slackening from the fight."

So spake he, and rushed on ravening for battle, with his keen spear. And whosoever of the Trojans was coming against the ship with blazing fire, to pleasure Hector at his urging, him would Aias wound, awaiting him with his long spear, and twelve men in front of the ships at close quarters did he wound.

[At this critical time, Patroclus begged Achilles that he would at least defend the ships of the Greeks from destruction. Achilles still refused to fight, but lent Patroclus his armour, instructing him to secure the ships but not to fight the Trojans further, Patroclus rushed to the fight and not only saved the ships, but drove back the Trojans beyond the wall—even back to their city—accomplishing great deeds worthy of his friend.]

XVII. HECTOR SLAYS PATROCLUS

{Book XVI, 11, 777-867}

Now while the sun was going about mid-heaven, so long the darts smote either side, and the host fell, but when the sun turned to the time of the loosing of oxen, lo, then beyond their doom the Achaians proved the better. The hero Kebriones drew they forth from the darts, out of the tumult of the Trojans, and stripped the harness from his shoulders, and with ill design against the Trojans, Patroclus rushed upon them. Three times then rushed he on, peer of swift Ares,

HECTOR SLAYS PATROCLUS

shouting terribly, and thrice he slew nine men. But when the fourth time he sped on like a god, thereon to thee, Patroclus, did the end of life appear, for Phoebus met thee in the strong battle, in dreadful wise. And Patroclus was not ware of him coming through the press, for hidden in thick mist did he meet him, and stood behind him, and smote his back and broad shoulders with a down-stroke of his hand, and his eyes were dazed. And from his head Phoebus Apollo smote the helmet that rolled rattling away with a din beneath the hooves of the horses, the helm with upright socket, and the crests were defiled with blood and dust. Not of old was it suffered that the helm with horse-hair crest should be defiled with dust, nay, but it kept the head and beautiful face of a man divine, even of Achilles. But as then Zeus gave it to Hector, to bear on his head, yet was destruction near him. And all the long-shadowed spear was shattered in the hands of Patroclus, the spear great and heavy and strong, and sharp, while from his shoulders the tasselled shield with the baldrick fell to the ground.

And the prince Apollo, son of Zeus, loosed his corslet, and blindness seized his heart and his shining limbs were unstrung, and he stood in amaze, and at close quarters from behind a Dardanian smote him on the back, between the shoulders, with a sharp spear, even Euphorbos, son of Panthoos, who excelled them of his age in casting the spear, and in horsemanship, and in speed of foot. Even thus, verily, had he cast down twenty men from their chariots, though then first had he come with his car to learn the lesson of war. He it was that first smote a dart into thee, knightly Patroclus, nor overcame thee, but ran back again and mingled with the throng, first drawing forth from the flesh his ashen spear, nor did he abide the onset of Patroclus, unarmed as he was, in the strife. But Patroclus, being overcome by the stroke of the

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god, and by the spear, gave ground, and retreated to the host of his comrades, avoiding Fate. But Hector, when he beheld great-hearted Patroclus give ground, being smitten with the keen bronze, came nigh unto him through the ranks, and wounded him with a spear, in the lowermost part of the belly, and drave the bronze clean through. And he fell with a crash, and sorely grieved the host of Achaians. And as when a lion hath overcome in battle an untiring boar, they twain fighting with high heart on the crests of a hill, about a little well, and both are desirous to drink, and the lion hath by force overcome the boar that draweth difficult breath ; so after that he had slain many did Hector son of Priam take the life away from the strong son of Menoitios, smiting him at close quarters with the spear ; and boasting over him he spake winged words : " Patroclus, surely thou saidst that thou wouldst sack my town, and from Trojan women take away the day of freedom, and bring them in ships to thine own dear country : fool ! nay, in front of these were the swift horses of Hector straining their speed for the fight; and myself in wielding the spear excel among the war-loving Trojans, even I who ward from them the day of destiny : but thee shall vultures here devour. Ah, wretch, surely Achilles for all his valour, availed thee not, who straidy charged thee as thou earnest, he abiding there, saying, ' Gome not to me, Patroclus lord of steeds, to the hollow ships, till thou hast torn the gory doublet of man-slaying Hector about his breast; ' so, surely, he spake to thee, and persuaded the wits of thee in thy witlessness."

Then faintly didst thou answer him, knightly Patroclus : " Boast greatly, as now, Hector, for to thee have Zeus, son of Kronos, and Apollo given the victory, who lighdy have subdued me ; for themselves stripped my harness from my shoulders. But if twenty such as thou had encountered me, here had

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they all perished, subdued beneath my spear. But me have ruinous Fate and the son of Leto slain, and of men Euphorbos, but thou art the third in my slaying. But another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it up in thy heart ; verily thou thyself art not long to live, but already doth Death stand hard by thee, and strong Fate, that thou art to be subdued by the hands of noble Achilles, of the seed of Aiakos."

Even as so he spake the end of death overshadowed him. And his soul, fleeting from his limbs, went down to the house of Hades, wailing its own doom, leaving manhood and youth.

Then renowned Hector spake to him even in his death : " Patroclus, wherefore to me dost thou prophesy sheer destruction ? who knows but that Achilles, the child of fair-tressed Thetis, will first be smitten by my spear, and lose his life ? "

So spake he, and drew the spear of bronze from the wound, setting his foot on the dead, and cast him off on his back from the spear. And straightway with the spear he went after Automedon, the godlike squire of the swift-footed Aiakides, for he was eager to smite him ; but his swift-footed immortal horses bare him out of the battle, horses that the gods gave to Peleus a splendid gift.

XVIII. GRIEF OF ACHILLES AND THETIS — THETIS PROMISES THE FAMOUS ARMOUR

{Book XVIII, 11. 1-38; 53-136}

THUS fought the rest in the likeness of blazing fire, while to Achilles came Antilochos, a messenger fleet of foot. Him found he in front of his ships of upright horns, boding in his soul the things which even now were accomplished. And sore troubled he spake to

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Then faintly didst thou answer him, knightly Patroclus : " Boast greatly, as now, Hector, for to thee have Zeus, son of Kronos, and Apollo given the victory, who lightly have subdued me ; for themselves stripped my harness from my shoulders. But if twenty such as thou had encountered me, here had

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his great heart: " Ay me, wherefore again are the flowing-haired Achaians flocking to the ships and flying in rout over the plain ? May the gods not have wrought against me the grievous fears at my heart, even as my mother revealed and told me that while I am yet alive the best man of the Myrmidons must by deed of the men of Troy forsake the light of the sun. Surely now must Menoitios' valiant son be dead—foolhardy ! surely I bade him when he should have beaten off the fire of the foe to come back to the ships nor with Hector fight amain."

While thus he held debate in his heart and soul, there drew nigh unto him noble Nestor's son, shedding hot tears, and spake his grievous tidings : " Ay me, wise Peleus' son, very bitter tidings must thou hear, such as I would had never been. Fallen is Patroclus, and they are fighting around his body, naked, for his armour is held by Hector of the glancing helm."

Thus spake he, and a black cloud of giefenwrapped Achilles, and with both hands he took dark dust and poured it over his head and defiled his comely face, and on his fragrant doublet black ashes fell. And himself in the dust lay mighty and mightily fallen, and with his own hands tore and marred his hair. And the handmaidens, whom Achilles and Patroclus took captive, cried aloud in the grief of their hearts, and ran forth around valiant Achilles, and all beat on their breasts with their hands, and the knees of each of them were unstrung. And Antilochos on the other side wailed and shed tears, holding Achilles' hands while he groaned in his noble heart, for he feared lest he should cleave his throat with the sword. Then terribly moaned Achilles ; and his lady mother heard him as she sate in the depths of the sea beside her ancient sire. And thereon she uttered a cry, and the goddesses flocked around her, all the daughters of Nereus that were in the deep of the sea.

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" Listen, sister Nereids, that ye all hear and know well what sorrows are in my heart. Ay me unhappy, ay me that bare to my sorrows the first of men ! For after I had born a son noble and strong, the chief of heroes, and he shot up like a young branch, then when I had reared him as a plant in a very fruitful field I sent him in beaked ships to Ilios to fight against the men of Troy ; but never again shall I welcome him back to his home, to the house of Peleus. And while he yet liveth in my sight and beholdeth the light of the sun, he sorroweth, neither can I help him any whit though I go unto him. But I will go, that I may look upon my dear child, and learn what sorrow hath come to him though he abide aloof from the war."

Thus spake she and left the cave ; and the nymphs went with her weeping, and around them the surge of the sea was sundered. And when they came to deep-soiled Troy-land they went up upon the shore in order, where the ships of the Myrmidons were drawn up thickly around fleet Achilles. And as he groaned heavily his lady mother stood beside him, and with a shrill cry clasped the head of her child, and spake unto him winged words of lamentation : " My child, why weepest thou ? what sorrow hath come to thy heart ? Tell it forth, hide it not. One thing at least hath been accomplished of Zeus according to the prayer thou madest, holding up to him thy hands, that the sons of the Achaians should all be pent in at the ships, through lack of thee, and should suffer hateful things."

Then groaning heavily spake unto her Achilles fleet of foot : " My mother, that prayer truly hath the Olympian accomplished for me. But what delight have I therein, since my dear comrade is dead, Patroclus, whom I honoured above all my comrades as it were my very self ? Him have I lost, and Hector that slew him hath stripped from him the armour great

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and fair, a wonder to behold, that the gods gave to Peleus a splendid gift, on the day when they laid thee in the bed of a mortal man. Would thou hadst abode among the deathless daughters of the sea, and Peleus had wedded a mortal bride ! But now, that thou mayest have sorrow a thousandfold in thy heart for a dead son, never shalt thou welcome him back home, since my soul biddeth me also live no longer nor abide among men, if Hector be not first smitten by my spear and yield his life, and pay for his slaughter of Patroclus, Menoitios' son."

Then answered unto him Thetis shedding tears : " Short-lived, I ween, must thou be then, my child, by what thou sayest, for straightway after Hector is death appointed unto thee."

Then mightily moved spake unto her Achilles fleet of foot : " Straightway may I die, since I might not succour my comrade at his slaying. He hath fallen afar from his country and lacked my help in his sore need. Now therefore, since I go not back to my dear native land, neither have at all been succour to Patroclus nor to all my other comrades that have been slain by noble Hector, but I sit beside my ships a profitless burden of the earth, I that in war am such an one as is none else of the mail-clad Achaians, though in council are others better—may strife perish utterly among gods and men, and wrath that stirreth even a wise man to be vexed, wrath that far sweeter than trickling honey waxeth like smoke in the breasts of men, even as I was wroth even now against Agamemnon king of men. But bygoness will we let be, for all our pain, curbing the heart in our breasts under necessity. Now go I forth, that I may light on the destroyer of him I loved, on Hector : then will I accept my death whensoever Zeus willeth to accomplish it and the other immortal gods. For not even the mighty Heracles escaped death, albeit most dear

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to Kronian Zeus the king, but Fate overcame him and Hera's cruel wrath. So also shall I, if my fate hath been fashioned likewise, lie low when I am dead. But now let me win high renown, let me set some Trojan woman, some deep-bosomed daughter of Dardanos, staunching with both hands the tears upon her tender cheeks and wailing bitterly ; yea, let them know that I am come back, though I tarried long from the war. Hold not me then from the battle in thy love, for thou shalt not prevail with me."

Then Thetis the silver-footed goddess answered him saying : " Yea verily, my child, no blame is in this, that thou ward sheer destruction from thy comrades in their distress. But thy fair glittering armour of bronze is held among the Trojans. Hector of the glancing helm beareth it on his shoulders in triumph, yet not for long, I ween, shall he glory therein, for death is hard anigh him. But thou go not yet down into the mellay of war until thou see me with thine eyes come hither. In the morning will I return, at the coming up of the sun, bearing fair armour from the king Hephaestos."

XIX. THE VOICE OF ACHILLES !

(Book XVIII, 11. 148-238)

So her unto Olympus her feet bore. But the Achaïans with terrible cries were fleeing before man-slaying Hector till they came to the ships and to the Hellespont. Nor might the well-greaved Achaïans drag the corpse of Patroclus, Achilles' squire, out of the darts, for now again overtook him the host and the horses of Troy, and Hector son of Priam, in might as it were a flame of fire. Thrice did glorious Hector seize him from behind by the feet, resolved to drag him away, and mightily called upon the men of Troy.

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Thrice did the two Aiantes, clothed on with impetuous might, beat him off from the dead man, but he nathless, trusting in his might, anon would charge into the press, anon would stand and cry aloud, but he gave ground never a whit. As when shepherds in the field avail no wise to chase a fiery lion in fierce hunger away from a carcase, so availed not the two warrior Aiantes to scare Hector son of Priam from the dead. And now would he have won the body and gained renown unspeakable, had not fleet wind-footed Iris come speeding from Olympus with a message to the son of Peleus to array him, unknown of Zeus and the other gods, for Hera sent her. And she stood anigh and spake to him winged words : " Rouse thee, son of Peleus, of all men most redoubtable ! Succour Patroclus, for whose body is terrible battle afoot before the ships. There slay they one another, these guarding the dead corpse, while the men of Troy are fierce to hale him unto windy Ilios, and chiefliest noble Hector is fain to drag him, and his heart biddeth him fix the head on the stakes of the wall when he hath sundered it from the tender neck. But arise, lie thus no longer ! let awe enter thy heart to forbid that Patroclus become the sport of dogs of Troy. Thine were the shame if he go down mangled amid the dead."

Then answered her fleet-footed noble Achilles : " Goddess Iris, what god sent thee a messenger unto me ? "

And to him again spake wind-footed fleet Iris : " I t was Hera that sent me, the wise wife of Zeus, nor knoweth the high-throned son of Kronos nor any other of the Immortals that on snowy Olympus have their dwelling-place."

And Achilles fleet of foot made answer to her and said : " And how may I go into the fray ? The Trojans hold my arms ; and my dear mother bade

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me forbear to array me until I behold her with my eyes returned, for she promised to bring fair armour from Hephaestos. Other man know I none whose noble armour I might put on, save it were the shield of Aias, Telamon's son. But himself, I ween, is in the fore-front of the press, dealing death with his spear around Patroclus dead."

Then again spake unto him wind-footed fleet Iris :
" Well are we also aware that thy noble armour is held from thee. But go forth unto the trench as thou art and show thyself to the men of Troy, if haply they will shrink back and refrain them from battle, and the warlike sons of the Achaians take breath amid their toil, for small breathing-time is in the thick of fight."

Thus spake fleet-footed Iris and went her way. But Achilles dear to Zeus arose, and around his strong shoulders Athene cast her tasselled aegis, and around his head the bright goddess set a crown of a golden cloud, and kindled therefrom a blazing flame. And as when a smoke issueth from a city and riseth up into the upper air, from an island afar off that foes beleaguer, while the others from their city fight all day in hateful war,—but with the going down of the sun blaze out the beacon-fires in line, and high aloft rusheth up the glare for dwellers round about to behold, if haply they may come with ships to help in need—thus from the head of Achilles soared that blaze toward the heavens. And he went and stood beyond the wall beside the trench, yet mingled not among the Achaians, for he minded the wise bidding of his mother. There stood he and shouted aloud, and afar off Pallas Athene uttered her voice, and spread terror unspeakable among the men of Troy. Clear as the voice of a clarion when it soundeth by reason of slaughterous foemen that beleaguer a city, so clear rang forth the voice of Aiakides. And when they heard the brazen voice of Aiakides, the souls of all of

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them were dismayed, and the horses of goodly manes were fain to turn the chariots backward, for they boded anguish in their hearts. And the charioteers were amazed when they saw the unwearying fire blaze fierce on the head of the great-hearted son of Peleus, for the bright-eyed goddess Athene made it blaze. Thrice from over the trench shouted mightily noble Achilles, and thrice were the men of Troy confounded and their proud allies. Yea there and then perished twelve men of their best by their own chariot wheels and spears. But the Achaians with joy drew Patroclus forth of their darts and laid him on a litter, and his dear comrades stood around lamenting him ; and among them followed fleet-footed Achilles, shedding hot tears, for his true comrade he saw lying on the bier, mangled by the keen bronze. Him sent he forth with chariot and horses unto the battle, but home again welcomed never more.

XX. HEPHAESTOS MAKES THE ARMOUR

(Book XVIII, ll. 462-617)

THEN made answer unto her the lame god of great renown : " Be of good courage, let not these things trouble thy heart. Would that so might I avail to hide him far from dolorous death, when dread fate cometh upon him, as surely shall goodly armour be at his need, such as all men afterward shall marvel at, who-soever may behold."

Thus saying he left her there and went unto his bellows and turned them upon the fire and bade them work. And the bellows, twenty in all, blew on the crucibles, sending deft blasts on every side, now to aid his labour and now anon howsoever Hephaestos willed and the work went on. **And** he threw bronze that

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weareth not into the fire, and tin and precious gold and silver, and next he set on an anvil-stand a great anvil, and took in his hand a sturdy hammer, and in the other he took the tongs.

First fashioned he a shield great and strong, adorning it all over, and set thereto a shining rim, triple, bright-glancing, and therefrom a silver baldrick. Five were the folds of the shield itself; and therein fashioned he much cunning work from his wise heart.

There wrought he the earth, and the heavens, and the sea, and the unwearying sun, and the moon waxing to the full, and the signs every one wherewith the heavens are crowned, Pleiads and Hyads and Orion's might, and the Bear that men call also the Wain, her that turneth in her place and watcheth Orion, and alone hath no part in the baths of Ocean.

Also he fashioned therein two fair cities of mortal men. In the one were espousals and marriage feasts, and beneath the blaze of torches they were leading the brides from their chambers through the city, and loud arose the bridal song. And young men were whirling in the dance, and among them flutes and viols sounded high; and the women standing each at her door were marvelling. But the folk were gathered in the assembly place; for there a strife was arisen, two men striving about the blood-price of a man slain; the one claimed to pay full atonement, expounding to the people, but the other denied him and would take naught; and both were fain to receive arbitrament at the hand of a daysman. And the folk were cheering both, as they took part on either side. And heralds kept order among the folk, while the elders on polished stones were sitting in the sacred circle, and holding in their hands staves from the loud-voiced heralds. Then before the people they rose up and gave judgment each in turn. And in the midst lay two talents of gold, to be given unto him who

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should plead among them most righteously.

But around the other city were two armies in siege with glittering arms. And two counsels found favour among them, either to sack the town or to share all with the townsfolk even whatsoever substance the fair city held within. But the besieged were not yet yielding, but arming for an ambushment. On the wall there stood to guard it their dear wives and infant children, and with these the old men ; but the rest went forth, and their leaders were Ares and Pallas Athene, both wrought in gold, and golden was the vesture they had on. Goodly and great were they in their armour, even as gods, far seen around, and the folk at their feet were smaller. And when they came where it seemed good to them to lay ambush, in a river bed where there was a common watering-place of herds, there they set them, clad in glittering bronze. And two scouts were posted by them afar off to spy the coming of flocks and of oxen with crooked horns. And presently came the cattle, and with them two herdsmen playing on pipes, that took no thought of the guile. Then the others when they beheld these ran upon them and quickly cut off the herds of oxen and fair flocks of white sheep, and slew the shepherds withal. But the besiegers, as they sat before the speech-places and heard much din among the oxen, mounted forthwith behind their high-stepping horses, and came up with speed. Then they arrayed their battle and fought beside the river banks, and smote one another with bronze-shod spears. And among them mingled Strife and Tumult, and fell Death, grasping one man alive fresh-wounded, another without wound, and dragging another dead through the mellay by the feet ; and the raiment on her shoulders was red with the blood of men. Like living mortals they hurled together and fought, and haled the corpses each of the other's slain.

HEPHAESTOS MAKES THE ARMOUR

Furthermore he set in the shield a soft fresh-ploughed field, rich tilth and wide, the third time ploughed ; and many ploughers therein drave their yokes to and fro as they wheeled about. Whensoever they came to the boundary of the field and turned, then would a man come to each and give into his hands a goblet of sweet wine, while others would be turning back along the furrows, fain to reach the boundary of the deep tilth. And the field grew black behind and seemed as it were a-ploughing, albeit of gold, for this was the great marvel of the work.

Furthermore he set therein the demesne-land of a king, where hinds were reaping with sharp sickles in their hands. Some armfuls along the swathe were falling in rows to the earth, whilst others the sheaf-binders were binding in twisted bands of straw. Three sheaf-binders stood over them, while behind boys gathering corn and bearing it in their arms gave it constantly to the binders ; and among them the king in silence was standing at the swathe with his staff, rejoicing in his heart. And henchmen apart beneath an oak were making ready a feast, and preparing a great ox they had sacrificed ; while the women were strewing much white barley to be a supper for the hinds.

Also he set therein a vineyard teeming plenteously with clusters, wrought fair in gold ; black were the grapes, but the vines hung throughout on silver poles. And around it he ran a ditch of cyanus, and round that a fence of tin ; and one single pathway led to it, whereby the vintagers might go when they should gather the vintage. And maidens and striplings in childish glee bare the sweet fruit in plaited baskets. And in the midst of them a boy made pleasant music on a clear-toned viol, and sang thereto a sweet Linos-song with delicate voice ; while the rest with feet falling together kept time with the music and song.

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Also he wrought therein a herd of kine with upright horns, and the kine were fashioned of gold and tin, and with lowing they hurried from the byre to pasture beside a murmuring river, beside the waving reed. And herdsmen of gold were following with the kine, four of them, and nine dogs fleet of foot came after them. But two terrible lions among the foremost kine had seized a loud-roaring bull that bellowed mightily as they haled him, and the dogs and the young men sped after him. The lions rending the great bull's hide were devouring his vitals and his black blood ; while the herdsmen in vain tarred on their fleet dogs to set on, for they shrank from biting the lions but stood hard by and barked and swerved away.

Also the glorious lame god wrought therein a pasture in a fair glen, a great pasture of white sheep, and a steading, and roofed huts, and folds.

Also did the glorious lame god devise a dancing-place like unto that which once in wide Cnossus Daedalus wrought for Ariadne of the lovely tresses. There were youths dancing and maidens of costly wooing, their hands upon one another's wrists. Fine linen the maidens had on, and the youths well-woven doublets faintly glistening with oil. Fair wreaths had the maidens, and the youths daggers of gold hanging from silver baldrics. And now would they run round with deft feet exceeding lightly, as when a potter sitting by his wheel that fitteth between his hands maketh trial of it whether it run : and now anon they would run in lines to meet each other. And a great company stood round the lovely dance in joy ; and among them a divine minstrel was making music on his lyre, and through the midst of them, leading the measure, two tumblers whirled.

Also he set therein the great might of the River of Ocean around the uttermost rim of the cunningly-fashioned shield.

ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON RECONCILED

Now when he had wrought the shield great and strong, then wrought he him a corslet brighter than a flame of fire, and he wrought him a massive helmet to fit his brows, goodly and graven, and set thereon a crest of gold, and he wrought him greaves of pliant tin.

So when the renowned lame god had finished all the armour, he took and laid it before the mother of Achilles. Then she like a falcon sprang down from snowy Olympus, bearing from Hephaestos the glittering arms.

XXI. RECONCILIATION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON

(Book XIX, ll. 1-93 ; 133-153)

Now Morning saffron-robed arose from the streams of Ocean to bright light to gods and men, and Thetis came to the ships, bearing the gift from the god. Her dear son she found fallen about Patroclus and uttering loud lament; and round him many of his company made moan. And the bright goddess stood beside him in their midst, and clasped her hand in his and spake and called upon his name : " My child, him who lieth here we must let be, for all our pain, for by the will of gods from the beginning was he brought low. But thou take from Hephaestos arms of pride, arms passing goodly, such as no man on his shoulders yet hath borne."

Thus spake the goddess and in front of Achilles laid the arms, and they rang all again in their glory. And awe fell on all the Myrmidons, nor dared any to gaze thereon, for they were awe-stricken. But when Achilles looked thereon, then came fury upon him the more, and his eyes blazed terribly forth as it were a flame beneath their lids : glad was he as he held in

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his hands that splendid gift of a god. But when he had satisfied his soul in gazing on the glory of the arms, straightway to his mother spake he winged words : " My mother, the arms the god has given as such as it beseemeth that the work of Immortals should be, and that no mortal man should have wrought. Now therefore will I arm me in them, but I have grievous fear lest meantime on the gashed wounds of Menoitios' valiant son flies light and breed worms therein, and defile his corpse—for the life is slain out of him—and so all his flesh shall rot."

Then answered him Thetis, goddess of the silver feet: " Child, have no care for this within thy mind. I will see to ward from him the cruel tribes of flies which prey on men slain in fight: for even though he lie till a whole year's course be run, yet his flesh shall be sound continually, or better even than now. But call thou the Achaian warriors to the place of assembly, and unsay thy wrath against Agamemnon shepherd of the host, and then arm swiftly for battle, and clothe thee with thy strength."

Thus saying she filled him with adventurous might, while on Patroclus she shed ambrosia and red nectar through his nostrils, that his flesh might abide the same continually.

But noble Achilles went down the beach of the sea, crying his terrible cry, and roused the Achaian warriors. And they who before were wont to abide in the circle of the ships, and they who were helmsmen and kept the steerage of the ships, or were stewards there and dealt out food, even these came then to the place of assembly, because Achilles was come forth, after long ceasing from grievous war. Limping came two of Ares' company, Tydeus' son staunch in fight and noble Odysseus, each leaning on his spear, for their wounds were grievous still ; and they went and sate them down in the forefront of the assembly. And last

ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON RECONCILED

came Agamemnon, king of men, with his wound upon him, for him too in the stress of battle Koon, An tenor's son, had wounded with his bronze-tipped spear. But when all the Achaians were gathered, then uprose •fleet-footed Achilles and spake in their midst : " Son of Atreus, was this in any wise the better way for both thee and me, what time with grief at our hearts we waxed fierce in soul-devouring strife for the sake of a girl ? Would that Artemis had slain her with her arrow at the ships, on the day whereon I took her to me, when I had spoiled Lyrnessos ; so should not then so many Achaians have bitten the wide earth beneath their enemies' hands, by reason of my exceeding wrath. It hath been well for Hector and the Trojans, but the Achaians I think shall long remember the strife that was betwixt thee and me. But bygones will we let be. for all our pain, and curb under necessity the spirit within our breasts. I now will stay my anger : it seems me not implacably for ever to be wroth ; but come rouse speedily to the fight the flowing-haired Achaians, that I may go forth against the men of Troy and put them yet again to the proof, if they be fain to couch hard by the ships. Methinks that some among them shall be glad to rest their knees when they are fled out of the fierceness of the battle, and from before our spear."

He spake, and the well-greaved Achaians rejoiced that the great-hearted son of Peleus had made renouncement of his wrath. Then among them spake Agamemnon, king of men, speaking from the place where he sat, not arisen to stand forth in their midst : " O Danaan friends and heroes, men of Ares' company, seemly is it to listen to him who standeth up to speak, nor behoveth it to break in upon his words : even toward a skilled man that were hard. For amid the uproar of many men how should one listen, or yet speak ? even the clearest-voiced speech is marred.

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To the son of Peleus I will declare myself, but ye other Argives give heed, and each mark well my word. Oft have the Achaians spoken thus to me, and upbraided me ; but it is not I who am the cause, but Zeus and Destiny and Erinys that walketh in the darkness, who put into my soul fierce madness on the day when in the assembly I, even I, bereft Achilles of his meed. What could I do ? it is God who accomplisheth all. Eldest daughter of Zeus is Ate who blindeth all, a power of bane : delicate are her feet, for not upon earth she goeth, but walketh over the heads of men, making men to fall ; and entangleth this one or that.

"Thus also I, what time great Hector of the glancing helm was slaying Argives at the sterns of our ships, could not be unmindful of Ate, who blinded me at the first. But since thus blinded was I, and Zeus bereft me of my wit, fain am I to make amends, and recompense manifold for the wrong. Only arise thou to the battle and rouse the rest of the host. Gifts am I ready to offer, even all that noble Odysseus went yesterday to promise in thy hut. So, if thou wilt, stay a while, though eager, from battle, and squires shall take the gifts from my ship and carry them to thee, that thou mayest see that what I give sufficeth thee."

Then answered him Achilles swift of foot : " Most noble son of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men, for the gifts, to give them as it foeseemeth, if so thou wilt, or to withhold, is in thy choice. But now let us bethink us of battle with all speed ; this is no time to dally here with subtleties, for a great work is yet undone. Once more must Achilles be seen in the forefront of the battle, laying waste with his brazen spear the battalions of the men of Troy. Thereof let each of you think as he fighteth with his man."

DEEDS OF ACHILLES

XXII. DEEDS OF ACHILLES

{Book XX, ll 381-503}

BUT Achilles sprang in among the Trojans, his heart clothed with strength, crying his terrible cry, and first he took Iphition, Otrynteus' valiant son, a leader of much people, born of a Naiad nymph to Otrynteus, waster of cities, beneath snowy Tmolos, in Hyde's rich domain. Him as he came right on did goodly Achilles smite with his hurled spear, down through the midst of his head, and it was rent asunder utterly. And he fell with a crash, and goodly Achilles exulted over him : " Low liest thou, son of Otrynteus, most redoubtable of men ; here is thy death, thy birth was on the Gygaian lake, where is thy sire's demesne, by Hyllos rich in fish and eddying Hermos."

Thus spake he exultant, but darkness fell upon the eyes of Iphition : him the chariots of the Achaians clave with their tires asunder in the forefront of the battle, and over him Achilles pierced in the temples, through his bronze-cheeked helmet, Demoleon, brave stemmer of battle, Antenor's son. No stop made the bronze helmet, but therethrough sped the spear-head and clave the bone, and the brain within was all scattered : that stroke made ending of his zeal. Then Hippodamas, as he leapt from his chariot and fled before him, Achilles wounded in the back with his spear : and he breathed forth his spirit with a roar, as when a dragged bull roareth that the young men drag to the altar of the Lord of Helike ; for in such hath the Earthshaker his delight: thus roared Hippodamas as from his bones fled forth his haughty spirit. But Achilles with his spear went on after godlike Polydoros, Priam's son. Him would his sire continually forbid to fight, for that among his children he was youngest born and best beloved, and overcame all in

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fleetness of foot. Just then in boyish folly, displaying the swiftness of his feet, he was rushing through the forefighters, until he lost his life. Him in the midst did fleet-footed noble Achilles smite with a javelin, in his back as he darted by, where his belt's golden buckles clasped, and the breast and back plates overlapped : and right through beside the navel went the spear-head, and he fell on his knee with a cry, and dark cloud covered him round about, and he clasped his bowels to him with his hands as he sank.

Then when Hector saw his brother Polydoros clasping his bowels with his hands, and sinking to the earth, a mist fell over his eyes, nor longer might he endure to range so far apart, but he came up against Achilles brandishing his sharp spear, and like a flame of fire. And Achilles when he saw him, sprang up, and spake exultingly : " Behold the man who hath deepest stricken into my soul, who slew my dear-prized friend ; not long shall we now shrink from each other along the highways of the war."

He said, and looking grimly spake unto goodly Hector : " Come thou near, that the sooner thou may est arrive at the goal of death."

Then to him, unterrified, said Hector of the glancing helm : " Son of Peleus, think not with words to affright me as a child, since I too know myself how to speak taunts and unjust speech. And I know that thou art a man of might, and a far better man than I. Yet doth this issue lie in the lap of the gods, whether I though weaker shall take thy life with my hurled spear, for mine too hath been found keen ere now."

He said, and poised his spear and hurled it, and Athene with a breath turned it back from glorious Achilles, breathing very lightly ; and it came back to goodly Hector, and fell there before his feet. Then Achilles set fiercely upon him, eager to slay him, crying his terrible cry. But Apollo caught Hector up,

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very easily, as a god may, and hid him in thick mist. Thrice then did fleet-footed noble Achilles make onset with his spear of bronze, and thrice smote the thick mist. But when the fourth time he had come godlike on, then with dread shout he spake to him winged words : " Dog, thou art now again escaped from death ; yet came ill very nigh thee ; but now hath Phoebus Apollo saved thee, to whom thou must surely pray when thou goest forth amid the clash of spears. Verily I will slay thee yet when I meet thee hereafter, if any god is helper of me too. Now will I make after the rest, whomsoever I may seize."

Thus speaking he pierced Dryops in the midst of his neck with his spear, and he fell down before his feet. But he left him where he lay, and hurled at Demuchos, Philetor's son, a good man and a tall, and stayed him with a stroke upon his knees ; then smote him with his mighty sword and reft him of life. Then springing on Laogonos and Dardanos, sons of Bias, he thrust both from their chariot to the ground, one with a spear-cast smiting and the other in close battle with his sword. Then Tros, Alastor's son—he came and clasped his knees to pray him to spare him, and let him go alive, and slay him not, having compassion on his like age, fond fool, and knew not that he might not gain his prayers ; for nowise soft of heart or tender was that man, but of fierce mood—with his hands he touched Achilles' knees, eager to entreat him, but he smote him in the liver with his sword, and his liver fell from him, and black blood therefrom filled his bosom, and he swooned, and darkness covered his eyes. Then Achilles came near and struck Mulios in the ear, and right through the other ear went the bronze spear-head. Then he smote Agenor's son Echeklos on the midst of the head with his hilted sword, and all the sword grew hot thereat with blood ; and dark death seized his eyes, and forceful fate.

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Then next Deukalion, just where the sinews of the elbow join, there pierced he him through the forearm with his bronze spear-head ; so abode he with his arm weighed down, beholding death before him ; and Achilles smiting the neck with his sword swept far both head and helm, and the marrow rose out of the backbone, and the corpse lay stretched upon the earth. Then went he onward after Peires' noble son, Rhigmos, who had come from deep-soiled Thrace : him in the midst he smote with his hurled javelin, and the point fixed in his lung, and he fell forth of his chariot. And Areithoos his squire, as he turned the horses round, he pierced in the back with his sharp spear, and thrust him from the car, and the horses ran wild with fear.

As through deep glens rageth fierce fire on some parched mountain-side, and the deep forest burneth, and the wind driving it whirlleth every way the flame, so raged he every way with his spear, as it had been a god, pressing hard on the men he slew ; and the black earth ran with blood. For even as when one yoketh wide-browed bulls to tread white barley in a stablished threshing-floor, and quickly it is trodden out beneath the feet of the loud-lowing bulls, thus beneath great-hearted Achilles his whole-hooved horses trampled corpses and shields together ; and with blood all the axle tree below was sprinkled and the rims that ran around the car, for blood-drops from the horses' hooves splashed them, and blood-drops from the tires of the wheels. But the son of Peleus pressed on to win him glory, flecking with gore his irresistible hands.

[Achilles utterly routed the Trojans, slaying hero after hero, and penned them within the walls of Troy. Twelve young Trojans he took alive, to sacrifice at the funeral of Patroclus. He then pursued Hector, last of the Trojans to retreat, to the Gates of Troy.]

DEATH OF HECTOR

XXIII. DEATH OF HECTOR

(Book XXII, ll. 90-411)

THUS they with wailing spake to their dear son, beseeching him sore, yet they persuaded not Hector's soul, but he stood awaiting Achilles as he drew nigh in giant might. As a serpent of the mountains upon his den awaiteth a man, having fed on evil poisons, and fell wrath hath entered into him, and terribly he glareth as he coileth himself about his den, so Hector with courage unquenchable gave not back, leaning his shining shield against a jutting tower. Then sore troubled he spake to his great heart : " Ay me, if I go within the gates and walls, Polydamas will be first to bring reproach against me, since he bade me lead the Trojans to the city during this ruinous night, when noble Achilles arose. But I regarded him not, yet surely it had been better far. And now that I have undone the host by my wantonness, I am ashamed before the men of Troy and women of trailing robes, lest at any time some worse man than I shall say : ' Hector by trusting his own might undid the host.' So will they speak ; then to me would it be better far to face Achilles and either slay him and go home, or myself die gloriously before the city. Or what if I lay down my bossy shield and my stout helm, and lean my spear against the wall, and go of myself to meet noble Achilles and promise him that Helen, and with her all possessions that Alexandros brought in hollow ships to Troy, the beginning of strife, we will give to the sons of Atreus to take away, and therewithal to divide in half with the Achaïans all else that this city holdeth : and if thereafter I obtain from the Trojans an oath of the Elders that they will hide nothing but divide all in twain whatever wealth the pleasant city hold within ? But wherefore doth my heart debate

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thus ? I might come unto him and he would not pity or regard me at all, but presently slay me unarmed as it were but a woman, if I put off my armour. No time is it now to dally with him from oaktree or from rock, like youth with maiden, as youth and maiden hold dalliance one with another. Better is it to join battle with all speed : let us know upon which of us twain the Olympian shall bestow renown."

Thus pondered he as he stood, but nigh on him came Achilles, peer of Enyalios, warrior of the waving helm, brandishing from his right shoulder the Pelian ash, his terrible spear ; and all around the bronze on him flashed like the gleam of blazing fire or of the Sun as he ariseth. And trembling seized Hector as he was aware of him, nor endured he to abide in his place, but left the gates behind him and fled in fear. And the son of Peleus darted after him, trusting in his swift feet. As a falcon upon the mountains, swiftest of winged things, swoopeth fleetly after a trembling dove ; and she before him fleeth, while he with shrill screams hard at hand still darteth at her, for his heart urgeth him to seize her ; so Achilles in hot haste flew straight for him, and Hector fled beneath the Trojans' wall, and plied swift knees. They past the watch-place and wind-waved wild figtree sped ever, away from under the wall, along the waggon-track, and came to the two fair-flowing springs, where two fountains rise that feed deep-eddying Skamandros. The one floweth with warm water, and smoke goeth up therefrom around as it were from a blazing fire, while the other even in summer floweth forth like cold hail or snow or ice that water formeth. And there beside the springs are broad washing-troughs hard by, fair troughs of stone, where wives and fair daughters of the men of Troy were wont to wash bright raiment, in the old time of peace, before the sons of the Achaians came. Thereby they ran, he flying, he pursuing,

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Valiant was the flier but far mightier he who fleetly pursued him. For not for beast of sacrifice or for an oxhide were they striving, such as are prizes for men's speed of foot, but for the life of horse-taming Hector was their race. And as when victorious whole-hooved horses run rapidly round the turning-points, and some great prize lieth in sight, be it a tripod or a woman, in honour of a man that is dead, so thrice around Priam's city circled those twain with flying feet, and all the gods were gazing on them. Then among them spake first the father of gods and men : " Ay me, a man beloved I see pursued around the wall. My heart is woe for Hector, who hath burnt for me many thighs of oxen amid the crests of many-folded Ida, and other times on the city-height ; but now is goodly Achilles pursuing him with swift feet round Priam's town. Come, give your counsel, gods, and devise whether we shall save him from death or now at last slay him, valiant though he be, by the hand of Achilles, Peleus' son."

Then to him answered the bright-eyed goddess Athene : " O Father, Lord of the bright lightning and the dark cloud, what is this thou hast said ? A man that is a mortal, doomed long ago by fate, wouldst thou redeem back from ill-boding death ? Do it, but not all we other gods approve."

And unto her in answer spake cloud-gathering Zeus : " Be of good cheer, Triton-born, dear child : not in full earnest speak I, and I would fain be kind to thee. Do as seemeth good to thy mind, and draw not back."

Thus saying he roused Athene, that already was set thereon, and from the crests of Olympus she darted down.

But after Hector sped fleet Achilles chasing him vehemently. And as when on the mountains a hound hunteth the fawn of a deer, having started it from its covert, through glens and glades, and if it crouch to

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baffle him under a bush, yet scenting it out the hound runneth constantly until he find it ; so Hector baffled not Peleus' fleet-footed son. Oft as he set himself to dart under the well-built walls over against the Dardanian gates, if haply from above they might succour him with darts, so oft would Achilles gain on him and turn him toward the plain, while himself he sped ever on the city-side. And as in a dream one faileth in chase of a flying man—the one faileth in his flight and the other in his chase—so failed Achilles to overtake him in the race, and Hector to escape. And thus would Hector have avoided the visitation of death, had not this time been utterly the last wherein Apollo came nigh to him, who nerved his strength and his swift knees. For to the host did noble Achilles sign with his head, and forbade them to hurl bitter darts against Hector, lest any smiting him should gain renown, and he himself come second. But when the fourth time they had reached the springs, then the Father hung his golden balances, and set therein two lots of dreary death, one of Achilles, one of horse-taming Hector, and held them by the midst and poised. Then Hector's fated day sank down, and fell to the house of Hades, and Phoebus Apollo left him. But to Peleus' son came the bright-eyed goddess Athene, and standing near spake to him winged words : " Now verily, glorious Achilles dear to Zeus, I have hope that we twain shall carry off great glory to the ships for the Achaians, having slain Hector, for all his thirst for fight. No longer is it possible for him to escape us, not even though far-darting Apollo should travail sore, grovelling before the Father, aegis-bearing Zeus. But do thou now stand and take breath, and I will go and persuade this man to confront thee in fight."

Thus spake Athene, and he obeyed, and was glad at heart, and stood leaning on his bronze-pointed ashen-spear. And she left him and came to noble Hector,

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like unto Dei'phobos in shape and in strong voice, and standing near spake to him winged words : " Dear brother, verily fleet Achilles doth thee violence, chasing thee round Priam's town with swift feet: but come let us make a stand and await him on our defence."

Then answered her great Hector of the glancing helm : " Deiphobos, verily aforetime wert thou far dearest of my brothers, whom Hecuba and Priam gendered, but now methinks I shall honour thee even more, in that thou hast dared for my sake, when thou sawest me, to come forth of the wall, while the others tarry within."

Then to him again spake the bright-eyed goddess Athene : " Dear brother, of a truth my father and lady mother and my comrades around besought me much, entreating me in turn, to tarry there, so greatly do they all tremble before him ; but my heart within was sore with dismal grief. And now fight we with straight-set resolve and let there be no sparing of spears, that we may know whether Achilles is to slay us and carry our bloody spoils to the hollow ships, or whether he might be vanquished by thy spear."

Thus saying Athene in her subtlety led him on. And when they were come nigh in onset on one another, to Achilles first spake great Hector of the glancing helm : " No longer, son of Peleus, will I fly thee, as before I thrice ran round the great town of Priam, and endured not to await thy onset. Now my heart biddeth me stand up against thee ; I will either slay or be slain. But come hither and let us pledge us by our gods, for they shall be best witnesses and beholders of covenants : I will entreat thee in no outrageous sort, if Zeus grant me to outstay thee, and if I take thy life, but when I have despoiled thee of thy glorious armour, O Achilles, I will give back thy dead body to the Achaians, and do thou the same."

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But unto him with grim gaze spake Achilles fleet of foot : " Hector, talk not to me, thou madman, of covenants. As between men and lions there is no pledge of faith, nor wolves and sheep can be of one mind, but imagine evil continually against each other, so is it impossible for thee and me to be friends, neither shall be any pledge between us until one or other shall have fallen and glutted with blood Ares, the stubborn god of war. Bethink thee of all thy soldiership : now behoveth it thee to quit thee as a good spearman and valiant man of war. No longer is there way of escape for thee, but Pallas Athene will straightway subdue thee to my spear ; and now in one hour shalt thou pay back for all my sorrows for my friends whom thou hast slain in the fury of thy spear."

He said, and poised his far-shadowing spear and hurled. And noble Hector watched the coming thereof and avoided it ; for with his eye on it he crouched, and the bronze spear flew over him, and fixed itself in the earth ; but Pallas Athene caught it up and gave it back to Achilles, unknown of Hector, shepherd of hosts. Then Hector spake unto the noble son of Peleus : " Thou hast missed, so no wise yet, godlike Achilles, hast thou known from Zeus the hour of my doom, though thou thoughtest it. Cunning of tongue art thou and a deceiver in speech, that fearing thee I might forget my valour and strength. Not as I flee shalt thou plant thy spear in my veins, but drive it straight through my breast as I set on thee, if God hath given thee to do it. Now in thy turn avoid my spear of bronze. O that thou mightst take it all into thy flesh ! Then would the war be lighter to the Trojans, if but thou wert dead, for thou art their greatest bane."

He said, and poised his long-shadowed spear and hurled it, and smote the midst of the shield of Peleus' son, and missed him not : but far from the shield the

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spear leapt back. And Hector was wroth that his swift weapon had left his hand in vain, and he stood downcast, for he had no second ashen spear. And he called with a loud shout to Deiphobos of the white shield, and asked of him a long spear, but he was no wise nigh. Then Hector knew the truth in his heart, and spake and said : " A y me, now verily the gods have summoned me to death. I deemed the warrior Deiphobos was by my side, but he is within the wall, and it was Athene who played me false. Now therefore is evil death come very nigh me, not far off, nor is there way of escape. This then was from of old the pleasure of Zeus and of the far-darting son of Zeus, who yet before were fain to succour me : but now my fate hath found me. At least let me not die without a struggle or ingloriously, but in some great deed of arms whereof men yet to be born shall hear."

Thus saying he drew his sharp sword that by his flank hung great and strong, and gathered himself and swooped like a soaring eagle that darteth to the plain through the dark clouds to seize a tender lamb or crouching hare. So Hector swooped, brandishing his sharp sword. And Achilles made at him, for his heart was filled with wild fierceness, and before his breast he made a covering with his fair graven shield, and tossed his bright four-plated helm ; and round it waved fair golden plumes that Hephaestos had set thick about the crest. As a star goeth among stars in the darkness of night, Hesperos, fairest of all stars set in heaven, so flashed there forth a light from the keen spear Achilles poised in his right hand, devising mischief against noble Hector, eyeing his fair flesh to find the fittest place. Now for the rest of him his flesh was covered by the fair bronze armour he stripped from strong Patroclus when he slew him, but there was an opening where the collar bones coming from the shoulders clasp the neck, even at the gullet, where destruction of life cometh

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quickliest; there, as he came on, noble Achilles drave at him with his spear, and right through the tender neck went the point. Yet the bronze-weighted ashen spear clave not the windpipe, so that he might yet speak words of answer to his foe. And he fell down in the dust, and noble Achilles spake exultingly : " Hector, thou though test, whilst thou wert spoiling Patroclus, that thou wouldst be safe, and didst reckon nothing of me who was afar, thou fool! But away among the hollow ships his comrade, a mightier far, even I, was left behind, who now have unstrung thy knees. Thee shall dogs and birds tear foully, but his funeral shall the Achaians make."

Then with faint breath spake unto him Hector of the glancing helm : "I pray thee by thy life and knees and parents leave me not for dogs of the Achaians to devour by the ships, but take good store of bronze and gold, gifts that my father and lady mother shall give to thee, and give them home my body back again, that the Trojans and Trojans' wives give me my due of fire after my death."

But unto him with grim gaze spake Achilles fleet of foot: " Entreat me not, dog, by knees or parents ! Would that my heart's desire could so bid me myself to carve and eat raw thy flesh, for the evil thou hast wrought me, as surely is there none that shall keep the dogs from thee, not even should they bring ten or twenty fold ransom and here weigh it out, and promise even more, not even were Priam, Dardanos' son, to bid pay thy weight in gold, not even so shall thy lady mother lay thee on a bed to mourn her son, but dogs and birds shall devour thee utterly."

Then dying spake unto him Hector of the glancing helm : " Verily I know thee and behold thee as thou art, nor was I destined to persuade thee ; truly thy heart is iron in thy breast. Take heed now lest I draw upon thee wrath of gods, in the day when Paris

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and Phoebus Apollo slay thee, for all thy valour, at the Skaian gate."

He ended, and the shadow of death came down upon him, and his soul flew forth of his limbs and was gone to the house of Hades, wailing her fate, leaving her vigour and youth. Then to the dead man spake noble Achilles : " Die : for my death, I will accept it whensoever Zeus and the other immortal gods are minded to accomplish it."

He said, and from the corpse drew forth his bronze spear, and set it aside, and stripped the bloody armour from the shoulders. And other sons of Achaians ran up around, who gazed upon the stature and marvellous goodliness of Hector. Nor did any stand by but wounded him, and thus would many a man say looking toward his neighbour : " Go to, of a truth far easier to handle is Hector now than when he burnt the ships with blazing fire." Thus would many a man say, and wound him as he stood hard by. And when fleet noble Achilles had despoiled him, he stood up among the Achaians and spake winged words : " Friends, chiefs and counsellors of the Argives, since the gods have vouchsafed us to vanquish this man who hath done us more evil than all the rest together, come let us make trial in arms round about the city, that we may know somewhat of the Trojans' purpose, whether since he hath fallen they will forsake the citadel, or whether they are minded to abide, albeit Hector is no more. But wherefore doth my heart debate thus ? There lieth by the ships a dead man unbewailed, unburied, Patroclus ; him will I not forget, while I abide among the living and my knees can stir. Nay if even in the house of Hades the dead forget their dead, yet will I even there be mindful of my dear comrade. But come, ye sons of the Achaians, let us now, singing our song of victory, go back to the hollow ships and take with us our foe. Great glory have we won ; we

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have slain the noble Hector, unto whom the Trojans prayed throughout their city, as he had been a god."

He said, and devised foul entreatment of noble Hector. The tendons of both feet behind he slit from heel to ankle-joint, and thrust therethrough thongs of ox-hide, and bound him to his chariot, leaving his head to trail. And when he had mounted the chariot and lifted therein the famous armour, he lashed his horses to speed, and they nothing loth flew on. And dust rose around him that was dragged, and his dark hair flowed loose on either side, and in the dust lay all his once fair head, for now had Zeus given him over to his foes to entreat foully in his own native land.

Thus was his head all grimed with dust. But his mother when she beheld her son, tore her hair and cast far from her her shining veil, and cried aloud with an exceeding bitter cry. And piteously moaned his father, and around them the folk fell to crying and moaning throughout the town. Most like it seemed as though all beetling Ilios were burning utterly in fire.

XXIV. FUNERAL OF PATROCLUS

(Book XXIII, 1-34, 138-190, 212-225, 249-273)

THUS they throughout the city made moan : but the Achaians when they were come to the ships and to the Hellespont were scattered each to his own ship : only the Myrmidons Achilles suffered not to be scattered, but spake among his comrades whose delight was in war : " Fleet-horsed Myrmidons, my trusty comrades, let us not yet unyoke our whole-hooved steeds from their cars, but with horses and chariots let us go near and mourn Patroclus, for such is the honour of the dead. Then when we have our fill of

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grievous wailing, we will unyoke the horses and all sup here."

He said, and they with one accord made lamentation, and Achilles led their mourning. So thrice around the dead they drave their well-maned steeds, moaning; and Thetis stirred among them desire of wailing. Bedewed were the sands with tears, bedewed the warriors' arms; so great a lord of fear they sorrowed for. And Peleus' son led their loud wail, laying his man-slaying hands on his comrade's breast: "All hail, Patroclus, even in the house of Hades; for all that I promised thee before am I accomplishing, seeing I have dragged hither Hector to give raw unto dogs to devour, and twelve noble children of the Trojans to slaughter before thy pyre, because of mine anger at thy slaying."

He said, and devised foul entreatment of noble Hector, stretching him prone in the dust beside the bier of Menoitios' son. And the rest put off each his glittering bronze arms, and unyoked their high-neighing horses, and sate them down numberless beside the ship of fleet-footed Aiakides, and he gave them ample funeral feast. Many sleek oxen were stretched out, their throats cut with steel, and many sheep and bleating goats, and many white-tusked boars well grown in fat were spitted to singe in the flame of Hephaestos; so on all sides round the corpse in cupfuls blood was flowing.

And when they came to the place where Achilles had bidden them, they set down the dead, and piled for him abundant wood. Then fleet-footed noble Achilles bethought him of one thing more: standing apart from the pyre he shore off a golden lock, the lock whose growth he nursed to offer unto the River Spercheios, and sore troubled spake he, looking forth over the wine-dark sea: "Spercheios, in other wise vowed my father Peleus unto thee that I returning

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thither to my native land should shear my hair for thee and offer a holy hecatomb, and fifty rams should sacrifice there above thy springs, where is thy sacred close and altar burning spice. So vowed the old man, but thou hast not accomplished him his desire. And now since I return not to my dear native land, unto the hero Patroclus I may give this hair to take away."

Thus saying he set the hair in the hands of his dear comrade, and stirred in all of them yearning to make lament. And so would the light of the sun have gone down on their lamentation, had not Achilles said quickly to Agamemnon as he stood beside him : " Son of Atreus—for to thy words most will the host of the Achaians have regard—of lamentation they may sate them to the full. But now disperse them from the burning and bid them make ready their meal, and we to whom the dead is dearest will take pains for these things ; yet let the chiefs tarry nigh unto us."

Then when Agamemnon, king of men, heard that, he forthwith dispersed the host among the trim ships, but the nearest to the dead tarried there and piled the wood, and made a pyre a hundred feet this way and that, and on the pyre's top set the corpse, with anguish at their hearts. And many lusty sheep and shambling crook-horned oxen they flayed and made ready before the pyre ; and taking from all of them the fat, great-hearted Achilles wrapped the corpse therein from head to foot, and heaped the flayed bodies round. And he set therein two-handled jars of honey and oil, leaning them against the bier ; and four strong-necked horses he threw swiftly on the pyre, and groaned aloud. Nine house-dogs had the dead chief: of them did Achilles slay twain and throw them on the pyre. And twelve valiant sons of great-hearted Trojans he slew with the sword—for he devised mischief in his heart—and he set to the merciless might of the fire, to feed thereon. Then moaned he aloud, and called

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on his dear comrade by his name : " All hail to thee,
0 Patroclus, even in the house of Hades, for all that
1 promised thee before am I now accomplishing.
Twelve valiant sons of great-hearted Trojans, behold
these all in company with thee the fire devoureth :
but Hector, son of Priam, will I nowise give to the fire
to feed upon, but to dogs."

Thus spake he threatening, but no dogs might deal
with Hector, for day and night Aphrodite, daughter of
Zeus, kept off the dogs, and anointed him with rose-
sweet oil ambrosial that Achilles might not tear him
when he dragged him. And over him Phoebus Apollo
brought a dark cloud from heaven to earth and covered
all that place whereon the dead man lay, lest mean-
while the sun's strength shrivel his flesh round about
upon his sinews and limbs.

And . . . the two Winds of North and West . . . arose
with a mighty sound, rolling the clouds before them.
And swiftly they came blowing over the sea, and the
wave rose beneath their shrill blast; and they came to
deep-soiled Troy, and fell upon the pile, and loudly
roared the mighty fire. So all night drave they the
flame of the pyre together, blowing shrill ; and all
night fleet Achilles, holding a two-handled cup, drew
wine from a golden bowl, and poured it forth and
drenched the earth, calling upon the spirit of hapless
Patroclus. As a father wailleth when he burneth the
bones of his son, new-married, whose death is woe to
his hapless parents, so wailed Achilles as he burnt the
bones of his comrade, going heavily round the burning
pile, with many moans.

First quenched they with gleaming wine the burning
so far as the flame went, and the ash had settled deep :
then with lamentation they gathered up the white
bones of their gentle comrade into a golden urn and
double-folded fat, and placed the urn in the hut and
covered it with a linen veil. And they marked the

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circle of the barrow, and set the foundations thereof around the pyre, and straightway heaped thereon a heap of earth. Then when they had heaped up the barrow they were for going back. But Achilles stayed the folk in that place, and made them sit in wide assembly, and from his ships he brought forth prizes, caldrons and tripods, and horses and mules and strong oxen, and fair-girdled women, and grey iron.

First for fleet chariot-racers he ordained a noble prize, a woman skilled in fair handiwork for the winner to lead home, and an eared tripod that held two-and-twenty measures ; these for the first man ; and for the second he ordained a six-year-old mare unbroke, with a mule foal in her womb ; and for the third he gave a goodly caldron yet untouched by fire, holding four measures, bright as when first made ; and for the fourth he ordained two talents of gold ; and for the fifth a two-handled urn untouched of fire. Then he stood up and spake a word among the Argives : " Son of Atreus and ye other well-greaved Achaians, for the chariot-racers these prizes lie awaiting them in the lists."

zeus, in pity for the Trojans, intervened once more, and sent Hermes to conduct Priam safely through the Greek lines that he might beg Hector's body of Achilles.]

XXV. THE RANSOMING OF HECTOR'S BODY

(Book XXIV, ll. 469-642)

THUS Hermes spake, and departed unto high Olympus. But Priam leapt from the car to the earth, and left Idaios in his place ; he stayed to mind the horses and mules ; but the old man made straight for the house where Achilles dear to Zeus was wont to sit. And therein he found the man himself, and his com-

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rades sate apart: two only, the hero Automedon and Alkimos, of the stock of Ares, were busy in attendance ; and he was lately ceased from meat, even from eating and drinking : and still the table stood beside him. But they were unaware of great Priam as he came in, and so stood he anigh and clasped in his hands the knees of Achilles, and kissed his hands, terrible, man-slaying, that slew many of Priam's sons. And as when a grievous curse cometh upon a man who in his own country hath slain another and escapeth to a land of strangers, to the house of some rich man, and wonder possesseth them that look on him—so Achilles wondered when he saw godlike Priam, and the rest wondered likewise, and looked upon one another. Then Priam spake and entreated him, saying : " Bethink thee, O Achilles like to gods, of thy father that is of like years with me, on the grievous pathway of old age. Him haply are the dwellers round about entreating evilly, nor is there any to ward from him ruin and bane. Nevertheless while he heareth of thee as yet alive he rejoiceth in his heart, and hopeth withal day after day that he shall see his dear son returning from Troy-land. But I, I am utterly unblest, since I begat sons the best men in wide Troy-land, but declare unto thee that none of them is left. Fifty I had, when the sons of the Achaians came ; nineteen were born to me of one mother, and concubines bare the rest within my halls. Now of the more part had impetuous Ares unstrung the knees, and he who was yet left and guarded city and men, him slewest thou but now as he fought for his country, even Hector. For his sake come I unto the ships of the Achaians that I may win him back from thee, and I bring with me untold ransom. Yea, fear thou the gods, Achilles, and have compassion on me, even me, bethinking thee of thy father. Lo, I am yet more piteous than he, and have braved what none other man on earth hath braved

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before, to stretch forth my hand toward the face of the slayer of my sons."

Thus spake he, and stirred within Achilles desire to make lament for his father. And he touched the old man's hand and gently moved him back. And as they both bethought them of their dead, so Priam for man-slaying Hector wept sore as he was fallen before Achilles' feet, and Achilles wept for his own father, and now again for Patroclus, and their moan went up throughout the house. But when noble Achilles had satisfied him with lament, and the desire thereof departed from his heart and limbs, straightway he sprang from his seat and raised the old man by his hand, pitying his hoary head and hoary beard, and spake unto him winged words and said : " Ah, hapless ! many ill things verily thou hast endured in thy heart. How durst thou come alone to the ships of the Achaians and to meet the eyes of the man who hath slain full many of thy brave sons ? of iron verily is thy heart. But come then, set thee on a seat, and we will let our sorrows lie quiet in our hearts, for all our pain, for no avail cometh of chill lament. This is the lot the gods have spun for miserable men, that they should live in pain ; yet themselves are sorrowless. For two urns stand upon the floor of Zeus filled with his evil gifts, and one with blessings. To whomsoever Zeus whose joy is in the lightning dealeth a mingled lot, that man chanceth now upon ill and now again on good, but to whom he giveth but of the bad kind him he bringeth to scorn, and evil famine chaseth him over the goodly earth, and he is a wanderer honoured of neither gods nor men. Even thus to Peleus gave the gods splendid gifts from his birth, for he excelled all men in good fortune and wealth, and was king of the Myrmidons, and mortal though he was the gods gave him a goddess to be his bride. Yet even on him God brought evil, seeing that there arose to him no

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offspring of princely sons in his halls, save that he begat one son to an untimely death. Neither may I tend him as he groweth old, since very far from my country I am dwelling in Troy-land, to vex thee and thy children. And of thee, old sire, we have heard how of old time thou wert happy, even how of all that Lesbos, seat of Makar, boundeth to the north thereof and Phrygia farther up and the vast Hellespont—of all these folk, men say, thou wert the richest in wealth and in sons, but after that the Powers of Heaven brought this bane on thee, ever are battles and man-slayings around thy city. Keep courage, and lament not unabatingly in thy heart. For nothing wilt thou avail by grieving for thy son, neither shalt thou bring him back to life or ever some new evil come upon thee."

Then made answer unto him the old man, godlike Priam : " Bid me not to a seat, O fosterling of Zeus, so long as Hector lieth uncared for at thy huts, but straightway give him back that I may behold him with mine eyes ; and accept thou the great ransom that we bring. So mayest thou have pleasure thereof, and come unto thy native land, since thou hast spared me from the first."

Then fleet-footed Achilles looked sternly upon him and said : " No longer chafe me, old sire ; of myself am I minded to give Hector back to thee, for there came to me a messenger from Zeus, even my mother who bare me, daughter of the Ancient One of the Sea. And I know, O Priam, in my mind, nor am unaware that some god it is that hath guided thee to the swift ships of the Achaians. For no mortal man, even though in prime of youth, would dare to come among the host, for neither could he escape the watch, nor easily thrust back the bolt of our doors. Therefore now stir my heart no more amid my troubles, lest I leave not even thee in peace, old sire, within my hut, albeit thou art my suppliant, and lest I transgress

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the commandment of Zeus."

Thus spake he, and the old man feared, and obeyed his word. And the son of Peleus leapt like a lion through the door of the house, not alone, for with him went two squires, the hero Automedon and Alkimos, they whom above all his comrades Achilles honoured, save only Patroclus that was dead. They then loosed from under the yoke the horses and mules, and led in the old man's crier-herald and set him on a chair, and from the wain of goodly fellows they took the countless ransom set on Hector's head. But they left two robes and a well-spun doublet, that Achilles might wrap the dead therein when he gave him to be carried home. And he called forth handmaids and bade them wash and anoint him when they had borne him apart, so that Priam should not look upon his son, lest he should not refrain the wrath at his sorrowing heart when he should look upon his son, and lest Achilles' heart be vexed thereat and he slay him and transgress the commandment of Zeus. So when the handmaids had washed the body and anointed it with oil, and had thrown over it a fair robe and a doublet, then Achilles himself lifted it and laid it on a bier, and his comrades with him lifted it on to the polished waggon. Then he groaned aloud and called on his dear comrade by his name : " Patroclus, be not vexed with me if thou hear even in the house of Hades that I have given back noble Hector unto his dear father, for not unworthy is the ransom he hath given me, whereof I will deal to thee again thy rightful share."

Thus spake noble Achilles, and went back into the hut, and sate him down on the cunningly-wrought couch whence he had arisen by the opposite wall, and spake a word to Priam : " Thy son, old sire, is given back as thou wouldst and lieth on a bier, and with the break of day thou shalt see him thyself as thou earnest him. But now bethink we us of supper. For even

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faired-haired Niobe bethought her of meat, she whose twelve children perished in her halls, six daughters and six lusty sons. The sons Apollo, in his anger against Niobe, slew with arrows from his silver bow, and the daughters archer Artemis, for that Niobe matched herself against fair-cheeked Leto, saying that the goddess bare but twain but herself many children : so they though they were but twain destroyed the others all. Nine days they lay in their blood, nor was there any to bury them, for Kronion turned the folk to stones. Yet on the tenth day the gods of heaven buried them, and she then bethought her of meat, when she was wearied out with weeping tears. And somewhere now among the cliffs, on the lonely mountains, even on Sipylos, where they say are the couching-places of nymphs that dance around Acheloos, there she, albeit a stone, broodeth still over her troubles from the gods. But come let us too, noble father, take thought of meat, and afterward thou shalt mourn over thy dear son as thou carriest him to Ilios ; and many tears shall be his due."

Thus spake fleet Achilles, and sprang up, and slew a pure white sheep, and his comrades skinned and made it ready in seemly fashion, and divided it cunningly and pierced it with spits, and roasted it carefully and drew all off. And Automedon took bread and served it on a table in fair baskets, while Achilles dealt out the flesh. And they stretched forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. But when they had put off the desire of meat and drink, then Priam, son of Dardanos, marvelled at Achilles to see how great he was and how goodly, for he was like a god to look upon. And Achilles marvelled at Priam, son of Dardanos, beholding his noble aspect and hearkening to his words. But when they had gazed their fill upon one other, then first spake the old man, godlike Priam, to Achilles : " Now presently give me whereon to lie,

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fosterling of Zeus, that of sweet sleep also we may now take our fill at rest : for never yet have mine eyes closed beneath their lids since at thy hands my son lost his life, but I continually mourn and brood over countless griefs, grovelling in the courtyard-close amid the mire. Now at last have I tasted bread and poured bright wine down my throat, but till now I had tasted nought."

XXVL PRIAM'S RETURN TO TROY

{Book XXIV, ll. 697-804}

AND they with wail and moan drave the horses to the city, and the mules drew the dead. Nor marked them any man or fair-girdled woman until Cassandra, peer of golden Aphrodite, having gone up upon Pergamos, was aware of her dear father as he stood in the car, and the herald that was crier to the town. Then beheld she him that lay upon the bier behind the mules, and thereat she wailed and cried aloud throughout all the town : " O men and women of Troy, come ye hither and look upon Hector, if ever while he was alive ye rejoiced when he came back from battle, since great joy was he to the city and all the folk."

Thus spake she, nor was man or woman left within the city, for upon all came unendurable grief. And near the gates they met Priam bringing home the dead. First bewailed him his dear wife and lady mother, as they cast them on the fair-wheeled wain and touched his head ; and around them stood the throng and wept. So all day long unto the setting of the sun they had lamented Hector in tears without the gate, had not the old man spoken from the car among the folk : " Give me place for the mules to pass through ; hereafter ye shall have your fill of wailing, when I have brought him unto his home."

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Thus spake he, and they parted asunder and gave place to the wain. And the others, when they had brought him to the famous house, laid him on a fretted bed, and set beside him minstrels, leaders of the dirge, who wailed a mournfullay, while the women made moan with them. And among the women white-armed Andromache led the lamentation, while in her hands she held the head of Hector, slayer of men: " Husband, thou art gone young from life, and leavest me a widow in thy halls. And the child is yet but a little one, child of ill-fated parents, thee and me ; nor methinks shall he grow up to manhood, for ere then shall this city be utterly destroyed. For thou art verily perished who didst watch over it, who guardedst it and keptest safe its noble wives and infant little ones. These soon shall be voyaging in the hollow ships, yea and I too with them, and thou, my child, shalt either go with me unto a place where thou shalt toil at unseemly tasks, labouring before the face of some harsh lord, or else some Achaian will take thee by the arm and hurl thee from the battlement, a grievous death, for that he is wroth because Hector slew his brother or father or son, since full many of the Achaians at Hector's hands have bitten the firm earth. For no light hand had thy father in the grievous fray. Therefore the folk lament him throughout the city, and woe unspeakable and mourning hast thou left to thy parents, Hector, but with me chiefliest shall grievous pain abide. For neither didst thou stretch thy hands to me from a bed in thy death, neither didst speak to me some memorable word that I might have thought on evermore as my tears fall night and day."

Thus spake she wailing, and the women joined their moan. And among them Hecuba again led the loud lament : " Hector, of all my children far dearest to my heart, verily while thou wert alive dear wert thou to the gods, and even in thy doom of death have they

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had care for thee. For other sons of mine whom he took captive would fleet Achilles sell beyond the un-vintaged sea unto Samos and Imbros and smoking Lemnos, but when with keen-edged bronze he had bereft thee of thy life he was fain to drag thee oft around the tomb of his comrade, even Patroclus whom thou slewest, yet might he not raise him up thereby. But now all dewy and fresh thou liest in our halls, like one on whom Apollo, lord of the silver bow, hath descended and slain him with his gentle darts."

Thus spake she wailing, and stirred unending moan. Then thirdly Helen led their sore lament: "Hector, of all my brethren of Troy far dearest to my heart! Truly my lord is godlike Alexandros who brought me to Troy-land—would I had died ere then. For this is now the twentieth year since I went thence and am gone from my own native land, but never yet heard I evil or spiteful word from thee: nay, if any other haply upbraided me in the palace-halls, whether brother or sister of thine or brother's fair-robed wife, or thy mother—but thy father is ever kind to me as he were my own—then wouldst thou soothe such with words and refrain them by the gentleness of thy spirit and by thy gentle words. Therefore bewail I thee with pain at heart, and my hapless self with thee, for no more is any left in wide Troy-land to be my friend and kind to me, but all men shudder at me."

Thus spake she wailing, and therewith the great multitude of the people groaned. But the old man Priam spake a word among the folk: "Bring wood, men of Troy, unto the city, and be not anywise afraid at heart of a crafty ambush of the Achaians; for this message Achilles gave me when he sent me from the black ships, that they should do us no hurt until the twelfth morn arise."

Thus spake he, and they yoked oxen and mules to wains, and quickly then they flocked before the city.

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So nine days they gathered great store of wood. But when the tenth morn rose with light for men, then bare they forth brave Hector, weeping tears, and on a lofty pyre they laid the dead man, and thereon cast fire.

But when the daughter of Dawn, rosy-fingered Morning, shone forth, then gathered the folk around glorious Hector's pyre. First quenched they with bright wine all the burning, so far as the fire's strength went, and then his brethren and comrades gathered his white bones lamenting, and big tears flowed down their cheeks. And the bones they took and laid in a golden urn, shrouding them in soft purple robes, and straightway laid the urn in a hollow grave and piled thereon great close-set stones, and heaped with speed a barrow, while watchers were set everywhere around, lest the well-greaved Achaians should make onset before the time. And when they had heaped the barrow they went back, and gathered them together and feasted right well in noble feast at the palace of Priam, Zeus-fostered king.

Thus held they funeral for Hector, tamer of horses.

THE ODYSSEY

I. INVOCATION—THE GODS SEND ATHENE TO TELEMACHUS, AND HERMES TO ODYSSEUS

(Book I, // 1-207 ; 270-306)

TELL me, Muse, of that man, so ready at need, who wandered far and wide, after he had sacked the sacred citadel of Troy, and many were the men whose towns he saw and whose mind he learnt, yea, and many the woes he suffered in his heart upon the deep, striving to win his own life and the return of his company. Nay, but even so he saved not his company, though he desired it sore. For through the blindness of their own hearts they perished, fools, who devoured the oxen of Helios Hyperion : but the god took from them their day of returning. Of these things, goddess, daughter of Zeus, whencesoever thou hast heard thereof, declare thou even unto us.

Now all the rest, as many as fled from sheer destruction, were at home, and had escaped both war and sea, but Odysseus only, craving for his wife and for his homeward path, the lady nymph Calypso held, that fair goddess, in her hollow caves, longing to have him for her lord. But when now the year had come in the courses of the seasons, wherein the gods had ordained that he should return home to Ithaca, not even there was he quit of labours, not even among his own ; but all the gods had pity on him save Poseidon, who raged continually against godlike Odysseus, till he came to his own country. Howbeit Poseidon had now de-

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parted for the distant Ethiopians, the Ethiopians that are sundered in twain, the uttermost of men, abiding some where Hyperion sinks and some where he rises. There he looked to receive his hecatomb of bulls and rams, there he made merry sitting at the feast, but the other gods were gathered in the halls of Olympian Zeus. Then among them the father of gods and men began to speak, for he bethought him in his heart of noble Aegisthus, whom the son of Agamemnon, far-famed Orestes, slew. Thinking upon him he spake out among the Immortals :

" Lo you now, how vainly mortal men do blame the gods ! For of us they say comes evil, whereas they even of themselves, through the blindness of their own hearts, have sorrows beyond that which is ordained. Even as of late Aegisthus, beyond that which was ordained, took to him the wedded wife of the son of Atreus and killed her lord on his return, and that with sheer doom before his eyes, since we had warned him by the embassy of Hermes the keen-sighted, the slayer of Argos, that he should neither kill the man, nor woo his wife. For the son of Atreus shall be avenged at the hand of Orestes, so soon as he shall come to man's estate and long for his own country. So spake Hermes, yet he prevailed not on the heart of Aegisthus, for all his good will ; but now hath he paid one price for all. "

And the goddess, grey-eyed Athene, answered him, saying : " O father, our father Kronides, throned in the highest; that man assuredly lies in a death that is his due ; so perish likewise all who work such deeds ! But my heart is rent for wise Odysseus, the hapless one, who far from his friends this long while suffereth affliction in a seagirt isle, where is the navel of the sea, a woodland isle, and therein a goddess hath her habitation, the daughter of the wizard Atlas, who knows the depths of every sea, and himself upholds the tall

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pillars which keep earth and sky asunder. His daughter it is that holds the hapless man in sorrow : and ever with soft and guileful tales she is wooing him to forgetfulness of Ithaca. But Odysseus, yearning to see if it were but the smoke leap upwards from his own land, hath a desire to die. As for thee, thine heart regardeth it not at all, Olympian ! What ! did not Odysseus by the ships of the Argives make thee free offering of sacrifice in the wide Trojan land ? Wherefore wast thou then so wroth with him, O Zeus ? "

And Zeus the cloud-gatherer answered her, and said, " My child, what word hath escaped the door of thy lips ? Yea, how should I forget divine Odysseus, who in understanding is beyond mortals and beyond all men hath done sacrifice to the deathless gods, who keep the wide heaven ? Nay, but it is Poseidon, the girdler of the earth, that hath been wroth continually with quenchless anger for the Cyclops' sake whom he blinded of his eye, even god-like Polyphemus whose power is mightiest amongst all the Cyclopes. His mother was the nymph Thoosa, daughter of Phorcys, lord of the unharvested sea, and in the hollow caves she lay with Poseidon. From that day forth Poseidon the earth-shaker doth not indeed slay Odysseus, but driveth him wandering from his own country. But come, let us here one and all take good counsel as touching his returning, that he may be got home ; so shall Poseidon let go his displeasure, for he will in no wise be able to strive alone against all, in despite of all the deathless gods."

Then the goddess, grey-eyed Athene, answered him, and said : " O father, our father Kronides, throned in the highest, if indeed this thing is now well pleasing to the blessed gods, that wise Odysseus should return to his own home, let us then speed Hermes the Messenger, the slayer of Argos, to the island of Ogygia. There

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with all speed let him declare to the lady of the braided tresses our unerring counsel, even the return of the patient Odysseus, that so he may come to his home. But as for me I will go to Ithaca that I may rouse his son yet the more, planting might in his heart, to call an assembly of the long-haired Achaïans and speak out to all the wooers who slaughter continually the sheep of his thronging flocks, and his kine with trailing feet and shambling gait. And I will guide him to Sparta and to sandy Pylos to seek tidings of his dear father's return, if peradventure he may hear thereof and that so he may be had in good report among men."

She spake and bound beneath her *feet* her lovely golden sandals, that wax not old, and bare her alike over the wet sea and over the limitless land, swift as the breath of the wind. And she seized her doughty spear, shod with sharp bronze, weighty and huge and strong, wherewith she quells the ranks of heroes with whomsoever she is wroth, the daughter of the mighty sire. Then from the heights of Olympus she came glancing down, and she stood in the land of Ithaca, at the entry of the gate of Odysseus, on the threshold of the courtyard, holding in her hand the spear of bronze, in the semblance of a stranger, Mentès the captain of the Taphians. And there she found the lordly wooers : now they were taking their pleasure at draughts in front of the doors, sitting on hides of oxen, which themselves had slain. And of the henchmen and the ready squires, some were mixing for them wine and water in bowls, and some again were washing the tables with porous sponges and were setting them forth, and others were carving flesh in plenty.

And godlike Telemachus was far the first to descry her, for he was sitting with a heavy heart among the wooers dreaming on his good father, if haply he might come somewhence, and make a scattering of the

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wooers there throughout the palace, and himself get honour and bear rule among his own possessions. Thinking thereupon, as he sat among wooers, he saw Athene—and he went straight to the outer porch, for he thought it blame in his heart that a stranger should stand long at the gates : and halting nigh her he clasped her right hand and took from her the spear of bronze, and uttered his voice and spake unto her winged words :

11 Hail, stranger, with us thou shalt be kindly entreated, and thereafter, when thou hast tasted meat, thou shalt tell us that whereof thou hast need.¹¹

Therewith he led the way, and Pallas Athene followed. And when they were now within the lofty house, he set her spear that he bore against a tall pillar, within the polished spear-stand, where stood many spears besides, even those of Odysseus of the hardy heart; and he led the goddess and seated her on a goodly carven chair, and spread a linen cloth thereunder, and beneath was a footstool for the feet. For himself he placed an inlaid seat hard by, apart from the company of the wooers, lest the stranger should be disquieted by the noise and should have a loathing for the meal, being come among overweening men, and also that he might ask him about his father that was gone from his home.

Then a handmaid bare water for the washing of hands in a goodly golden ewer, and poured it forth over a silver basin to wash withal, and drew to their side a polished table. And a grave dame bare wheaten bread and set it by them, and laid on the board many dainties, giving freely of such things as she had by her. And a carver lifted and placed by them platters of divers kinds of flesh, and nigh them he set golden bowls, and a henchman walked to and fro pouring out to them the wine.

Then in came the lordly wooers ; and they sat them

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down in rows on chairs and on high seats, and henchmen poured water on their hands, and maidservants piled wheaten bread by them in baskets, and pages crowned the bowls with drink ; and they stretched forth their hands upon the good cheer spread before them. Now when the wooers had put from them the desire of meat and drink, they minded them of other things, even of the song and dance : for these are the crown of the feast. And a henchman placed a beauteous lyre in the hands of Phemius, who was minstrel to the wooers despite his will. Yea and as he touched the lyre he lifted up his voice in sweet song.

But Telemachus spake unto grey-eyed Athene, holding his head close to her that those others might not hear : 11 Dear stranger, wilt thou of a truth be wroth at the word that I shall say ? Yonder men verily care for such things as these, the lyre and song, lightly, as they that devour the livelihood of another without atonement, of that man whose white bones, it may be, lie wasting in the rain upon the mainland, or the billow rolls them in the brine. Were but these men to see him returned to Ithaca, they all would pray rather for greater speed of foot than for gain of gold and raiment. But now he hath perished, even so, an evil doom, and for us is no comfort, no, not though any of earthly men should say that he will come again. Gone is the day of his returning ! But come declare me this, and tell me all plainly : Who art thou of the sons of men, and whence ? Where is thy city, where are they that begat thee ? Say, on what manner of ship didst thou come, and how did sailors bring thee to Ithaca, and who did they avow themselves to be, for in nowise do I deem that thou earnest hither by land. And herein tell me true, that I may know for a surety whether thou art a newcomer, or whether thou art a guest of the house, seeing that many were the strangers that came to our

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home, for that *he* too had voyaged much among men.¹¹

Then the goddess, grey-eyed Athene, answered him :
11 Yea now, I will plainly tell thee all. I avow me to be Mentès, son of wise Anchialus, and I bear rule among the Taphians, lovers of the oar. And now am I come to shore, as thou seest, with ship and crew, sailing over the wine-dark sea, unto men of strange speech, even to Temesa, in quest of copper, and my cargo is shining iron. And now am I come ; for verily they said that *he*, thy father, was among his people ; but lo, the gods withhold him from his way. For goodly Odysseus hath not yet perished on the earth ; but still, methinks, he lives and is kept on the wide deep in a sea-girt isle, and hard men constrain him, wild folk that hold him, it may be, sore against his will. But now of a truth will I utter my word of prophecy, as the Immortals bring it into my heart and as I deem it will be accomplished, though no soothsayer am I, nor skilled in the signs of birds. Henceforth indeed for no long while shall he be far from his own dear country, not though bonds of iron bind him ; he will advise him of a way to return, for he is a man of many devices. But I charge thee to take counsel how thou may est thrust forth the wooers from the hall. Come now, mark and take heed unto my words. On the morrow call the Achaian lords to the assembly, and declare thy saying to all, and take the gods to witness. As for the wooers bid them scatter them each one to his own, and for thy mother, if her heart is moved to marriage, let her go back to the hall of that mighty man her father, and her kinsfolk will furnish a wedding feast, and array the gifts of wooing exceeding many, all that should go back with a daughter dearly beloved. And to thyself I will give a word of wise counsel, if perchance thou wilt hearken. Fit out a ship, the best thou hast, with twenty oarsmen, and go to inquire

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concerning thy father that is long afar, if perchance any man shall tell thee aught, or if thou mayest hear the voice from Zeus, which chiefly brings tidings to men. Get thee first to Pylos and inquire of goodly Nestor, and from thence to Sparta to Menelaus of the fair hair, for he came home the last of the mail-coated Achaians. If thou shalt hear news of the life and the returning of thy father, then verily thou mayest endure the wasting for yet a year. But if thou shalt hear that he is dead and gone, return then to thine own dear country and pile his mound, and over it pay burial rites, full many as is due, and give thy mother to a husband. But when thou hast done this and made an end, thereafter take counsel in thy mind and heart, how thou mayest slay the wooers in thy halls, whether by guile or openly ; for thou shouldest not carry childish thoughts, being no longer of years thereto. Or hast thou not heard what renown the goodly Orestes gat him among all men in that he slew the slayer of his father, guileful Aegisthus, who killed his famous sire ? And thou, too, my friend, for I see that thou art very comely and tall, be valiant, that even men unborn may praise thee. But I will now go down to the swift ship and to my men, who methinks chafe much at tarrying for me ; and do thou thyself take heed and give ear unto my words.¹¹

II. TELEMACHUS SETS OUT IN SEARCH OF HIS FATHER

(Book II, ll.383-423)

THEN the goddess, grey-eyed Athene, turned to other thoughts. In the likeness of Telemachus she went all through the city, and stood by each one of the men and spake her saying, and bade them gather at even by the swift ship. Furthermore, she craved a

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swift ship of Noemon, famous son of Phronius, and right gladly he promised it.

Now the sun sank and all the ways were darkened. Then at length she let drag the swift ship to the sea and stored within it all such tackling as decked ships carry. And she moored it at the far end of the harbour and the good company was gathered together, and the goddess cheered on all.

Then the goddess, grey-eyed Athene, turned to other thoughts. She went on her way to the house of divine Odysseus ; and there she shed sweet sleep upon the wooers and made them distraught in their drinking, and cast the cups from their hands. And they arose up to go to rest throughout the city, nor sat they yet a long while, for slumber was falling on their eyelids. Now grey-eyed Athene spake unto Telemachus, and called him from out the fair-lying halls, taking the likeness of Mentor, both in fashion and in voice :

" Telemachus, thy goodly-greaved companions are sitting already at their oars, it is thy despatch they are awaiting. Nay then, let us go, that we delay them not long from the way.¹¹

Therewith Pallas Athene led the way quickly, and he followed hard in the steps of the goddess. Now when they had come down to the ship and to the sea, they found the long-haired youths of the company on the shore ; and the mighty prince Telemachus spake among them :

11 Gome hither, friends, let us carry the corn on board, for all is now together in the room, and my mother knows nought thereof, nor any of the maidens of the house : one woman only heard my saying.¹¹

Thus he spake and led the way, and they went with him. So they brought all and stowed it in the decked ship, according to the word of the dear son of Odysseus. Then Telemachus climbed the ship, and Athene went before him, and behold, she sat her down in the stern,

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and near her sat Telemachus. And the men loosed the hawsers and climbed on board themselves, and sat down upon the benches. And grey-eyed Athene sent them a favourable gale, a fresh West Wind, singing over the wine-dark sea.

III. NESTOR'S STORY

(Book III, ll. 106-225)

THEN Nestor of Gerenia, lord of chariots, answered him : 11 My friend, since thou hast brought sorrow back to mind, behold, this is the story of the woe which we endured in that land, we sons of the Achaians, unrestrained in fury, and of all that we bore in wanderings after spoil, sailing with our ships over the misty deep, wheresoever Achilles led ; and of all our war round the mighty burg of king Priam. Yea and there the best of us were slain. There lies valiant Aias, and there Achilles, and there Patroclus, the peer of the gods in counsel, and there my own dear son, strong and noble, Antilochus, that excelled in speed of foot and in the fight. And many other ills we suffered beside these ; who of mortal men could tell the tale ? Nay none, though thou wert to abide here for five years, ay and for six, and ask of all the ills which the goodly Achaians then endured. Ere all was told thou wouldst be weary and turn to thine own country. For nine whole years we were busy about them, devising their ruin with all manner of craft ; and scarce did Kronion bring it to pass. There never a man durst match with him in wisdom, for goodly Odysseus very far outdid the rest in all manner of craft, Odysseus thy father, if indeed thou art his son, —amazement comes upon me as I look at thee ; for verily thy speech is like unto his ; none would say that a younger man would speak so like an elder.

NESTOR'S STORY

Now look you, all the while that myself and goodly Odysseus were there, we never spake diversely either in the assembly or in the council, but always were of one mind, and advised the Argives with understanding and sound counsel, how all might be for the very best. But after we had sacked the steep city of Priam, and had departed in our ships, and a god had scattered the Achaians, even then did Zeus devise in his heart a pitiful returning for the Argives, for in no wise were they all discreet or just. Wherefore many of them met with an ill faring by reason of the deadly wrath of the grey-eyed goddess, the daughter of the mighty sire, who set debate between the two sons of Atreus. And they twain called to the gathering of the host all the Achaians, recklessly and out of order, against the going down of the sun ; and lo, the sons of the Achaians came heavy with wine. And the Atreidae spake out and told the reason wherefore they had assembled the host. Then verily Menelaus charged all the Achaians to bethink them of returning over the broad back of the sea, but in no sort did he please Agamemnon, whose desire was to keep back the host and to offer holy hecatombs, that so he might appease that dread wrath of Athene. Fool ! for he knew not this, that she was never to be won ; for the mind of the everlasting gods is not lightly turned to repentance. So these twain stood bandying hard words ; but the goodly-greaved Achaians sprang up with a wondrous din, and twofold counsels found favour among them. So that one night we rested, thinking hard things against each other, for Zeus was fashioning for us a ruinous doom. But in the morning, we of the one part drew our ships to the fair salt sea, and put aboard our wealth, and the low-girdled Trojan women. Now one half the people abode steadfastly there with Agamemnon, son of Atreus, shepherd of the host ; and half of us embarked and

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drave to sea and swiftly the ships sailed, for a god made smooth the sea with the depths thereof. And when we came to Tenedos, we did sacrifice to the gods, being eager for the homeward way ; but Zeus did not yet purpose our returning, nay, hard was he, that roused once more an evil strife among us. Then some turned back their curved ships, and went their way, even the company of Odysseus, the wise and manifold in counsel, once again showing a favour to Agamemnon, son of Atreus. But I fled on with the squadron that followed me, for I knew how now the god imagined mischief. And the warlike son of Tydeus fled and roused his men thereto. And late in our track came Menelaus of the fair hair, who found us in Lesbos, considering about the long voyage, whether we should go sea-ward of craggy Chios, by the isle of Psyria, keeping the isle upon our left, or inside Chios past windy Mimas. So we asked the god to show us a sign, and a sign he declared to us, and bade us cleave a path across the middle sea to Euboea, that we might flee the swiftest way from sorrow. And a shrill wind arose and blew, and the ships ran most fleetly over the teeming ways, and in the night they touched at Geraestus. So there we sacrificed many thighs of bulls to Poseidon, for joy that we had measured out so great a stretch of sea. It was the fourth day when the company of Diomedes son of Tydeus, tamer of horses, moored their gallant ships at Argos ; but I held on for Pylos, and the breeze was never quenched from, the hour that the god sent it forth to blow. Even so I came, dear child, without tidings, nor know I aught of those others, which of the Achaians were saved and which were lost. But all that I hear tell of as I sit in our halls, thou shalt learn as it is meet, and I will hide nothing from thee. Safely, they say, came the Myrmidons the wild spearsmen, whom the famous son of high-souled Achilles

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led ; and safely Philoctetes, the glorious son of Poias. And Idomeneus brought all his company to Crete, all that escaped the war, and from him the sea gat none. And of the son of Atreus even yourselves have heard, far apart though ye dwell, how he came, and how Aegisthus devised his evil end, but verily he himself paid a terrible reckoning. So good a thing it is that a son of the dead should still be left, even as that son also took vengeance on the slayer of his father, guileful Aegisthus, who slew his famous sire. And thou too, my friend, for I see thee very comely and tall, be valiant, that even men unborn may praise thee.¹¹

IV. AT THE COURT OF MENELAUS

(Book IV, ll. 220-294)

THEN Helen, daughter of Zeus, turned to new thoughts. Presently she cast a drug into the wine whereof they drank, a drug to lull all pain and anger, and bring forgetfulness of every sorrow. Whoso should drink a draught thereof, when it is mingled in the bowl, on that day he would let no tear fall down his cheeks, not though his mother and his father died, not though men slew his brother or dear son with the sword before his face, and his own eyes beheld it. Medicines of such virtue and so helpful had the daughter of Zeus, which Polydamna, the wife of Thon, had given her, a woman of Egypt, where earth the grain-giver yields herbs in greatest plenty, many that are healing in the cup, and many baneful. There each man is a leech skilled beyond all human kind ; yea, for they are of the race of Paeon. Now after she had cast in the drug and bidden pour forth of the wine, she made answer once again, and spake unto her lord :

11 Son of Atreus, Menelaus, fosterling of Zeus, and

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lo, ye sons of noble men, forasmuch as now to one and now to another Zeus gives good and evil, for to him all things are possible,—now, verily, sit ye down and feast in the halls, and take ye joy in the telling of tales, and I will tell you one that fits the time. Now all of them I could not tell or number, so many as were the adventures of Odysseus of the hardy heart; but, ah, what a deed was this he wrought and dared in his hardiness in the land of the Trojans, where ye Achaïans suffered affliction. He subdued his body with unseemly stripes, and a sorry covering he cast about his shoulders, and in the fashion of a servant he went down into the wide-wayed city of the foemen, and he hid himself in the guise of another, a beggar, though in no wise such an one was he at the ships of the Achaïans. In this semblance he passed into the city of the Trojans, and they wist not who he was, and I alone knew him in that guise, and I kept questioning him, but in his subtlety he avoided me. But when at last I was about washing him and anointing him with olive oil, and had put on him raiment, and sworn a great oath not to reveal Odysseus amid the Trojans, ere he reached the swift ships and the huts, even then he told me all the purpose of the Achaïans. And after slaying many of the Trojans with the long sword, he returned to the Argives and brought back word again of all. Then the other Trojan women wept aloud, but my soul was glad, for already my heart was turned to go back again even to my home : and now at the last I groaned for the blindness that Aphrodite gave me, when she led me thither away from mine own country, forsaking my child and my bridal chamber and my lord, that lacked not aught whether for wisdom or yet for beauty.¹¹

And Menelaus of the fair hair answered her, saying :
11 Verily all this tale, lady, thou hast duly told. Ere now have I learned the counsel and the thought of

PENELOPE'S DREAM

many heroes, and travelled over many a land, but never yet have mine eyes beheld any such man of heart as was Odysseus ; such another deed as he wrought and dared in his hardiness even in the shapen horse, wherein sat all we chiefs of the Argives, bearing to the Trojans death and doom. Anon thou earnest thither, and sure some god must have bidden thee, who wished to bring glory to the Trojans. Yea and god-like Deiphobus went with thee on thy way. Thrice thou didst go round about the hollow ambush and handle it, calling aloud on the chiefs of the Argives by name, and making thy voice like the voices of the wives of all the Argives. Now I and the son of Tydeus and goodly Odysseus sat in the midst and heard thy call ; and verily we twain had a desire to start up and come forth or presently to answer from within ; but Odysseus stayed and held us there, despite our eagerness. Then all the other sons of the Achaians held their peace, but Anticlus alone was still minded to answer thee. Howbeit Odysseus firmly closed his mouth with strong hands, and so saved all the Achaians, and held him until such time as Pallas Athene led thee back.¹¹

Then wise Telemachus answered him, and said :
11 Menelaus, son of Atreus, fosterling of Zeus, leader of the host, all the more grievous it is ! for in no way did this courage ward from him pitiful destruction, not though his heart within him had been very iron.¹¹

[While Telemachus was away, the suitors were plotting to ambush him on his return.]

V. PENELOPE'S DREAM

{Book IV, ll. 787-847}

BUT the wise Penelope lay there in her upper chamber, fasting and tasting neither meat nor drink,

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musings whether her noble son should escape death, or even fall before the proud wooers. And as a lion broods all in fear among the press of men, when they draw the crafty ring around him, so deeply was she musing when deep sleep came over her. And she sank back in sleep and all her joints were loosened.

Now the goddess, grey-eyed Athene, turned to other thoughts. She made a phantom, and fashioned it after the likeness of a woman, Iphthime, daughter of great-hearted Icarius, whom Eumelus wedded, whose dwelling was in Pherae. And she sent it to the house of divine Odysseus to bid Penelope, amid her sorrow and lamenting, to cease from her weeping and tearful lamentation. So the phantom passed into the chamber by the thong of the bolt, and stood above her head and spake unto her, saying :

11 Sleepest thou, Penelope, stricken at heart ? Nay, even the gods who live at ease suffer thee not to wail or be afflicted, seeing that thy son is yet to return ; for no sinner is he in the eyes of the gods.¹¹

Then wise Penelope made her answer as she slumbered very softly at the gates of dreams :

11 Wherefore, sister, hast thou come thither, that before wert not wont to come, for thou hast thine habitation very far away ? Biddest thou me indeed to cease from the sorrows and pains, so many that disquiet my heart and soul ? Erewhile I lost my noble lord of the lion heart, adorned with all perfection among the Danaans, my true lord, whose fame is noised abroad from Hellas to mid Argos. And now, again, my well-beloved son is departed on his hollow ship, poor child, not skilled in toils or in the gatherings of men. For him I sorrow yet more than for my lord, and I tremble and fear for him lest aught befall him, whether, it may be, amid that folk where he is gone, or in the deep. For many foemen devise evil against him, and go about to kill him, or ever he come to his own country.¹¹

ODYSSEUS LEAVES CALYPSO'S ISLAND

And the dim phantom answered her, and said :
11 Take courage, and be not so sorely afraid. For lo,
such a friend goes to guide him, as all men pray to
stand by them, for that she hath the power, even Pallas
Athene. And she pitieth thee in thy sorrow, and now
hath sent me forth to speak these words to thee.11

And wise Penelope answered her, saying : 11 If thou
art indeed a god, and hast heard the word of a god,
come, I pray thee, and tell me tidings concerning that
ill-fated man, whether perchance he is yet alive and
sees the light of the sun, or hath already died, and is a
dweller in the house of Hades.11

And the dim phantom answered her and said :
11 Concerning him I will not tell thee all the tale,
whether he be alive or dead ; it is ill to speak words
light as wind.11

Therewith the phantom slipped away by the bolt of
the door and passed into the breath of the wind. And
the daughter of Icarius started up from sleep, and her
heart was cheered, so clear was the vision that sped
toward her in the dead of the night.

Meanwhile the wooers had taken ship and were
sailing over the wet ways, pondering in their hearts
sheer death for Telemachus. Now there is a rocky
isle in the mid sea, midway between Ithaca and rugged
Samos, Asteris, a litUe isle ; and there is a harbour
therein with a double entrance, where ships may ride.
There the Achaïans abode lying in wait for Tele-
machus.

VI. ODYSSEUS LEAVES CALYPSO'S ISLAND—STORM—SHIPWRECK

(Book V, ll. 211-335 ; 388-412 ; 423-493)

So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-
fingered, anon Odysseus put on him a mantle and

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doublet, and the nymph clad her in a great shining robe, light of woof and gracious, and about her waist she cast a fair golden girdle, and a veil withal upon her head. Then she considered of the sending of Odysseus, the great-hearted. She gave him a great axe, fitted to his grasp, an axe of bronze double-edged, and with a goodly handle of olive wood fastened well. Next she gave him a polished adze, and she led the way to the border of the isle where tall trees grew, alder and poplar, and pine that reacheth unto heaven, seasoned long since and sere, that might lightly float for him. Now after she had shown him where the tall trees grew, Calypso, the fair goddess, departed homeward. And he set to cutting timber, and his work went busily. Twenty trees in all he felled, and then trimmed them with the axe of bronze, and deftly smoothed them, and over them made straight the line. Meanwhile Calypso, the fair goddess, brought him augers, so he bored each piece and jointed them together, and then made all fast with trenails and dowels. Wide as is the floor of a broad ship of burden, which some man well skilled in carpentry may trace him out, of such beam did Odysseus fashion his broad raft. And thereat he wrought, and set up the deckings, fitting them to the close-set uprights, and finished them off with long gunwales, and therein he set a mast, and a yard-arm fitted thereto, and moreover he made him a rudder to guide the craft. And he fenced it with wattled osier withies from stem to stern, to be a bulwark against the wave, and piled up wood to back them. Meanwhile Calypso, the fair goddess, brought him web of cloth to make him sails ; and these too he fashioned very skilfully. And he made fast therein braces and halyards and sheets, and at last he pushed the raft with levers down to the fair salt sea.

It was the fourth day when he had accomplished all.

ODYSSEUS LEAVES CALYPSO'S ISLAND

And, lo, on the fifth, the fair Calypso sent him on his way from the island, when she had bathed him and clad him in fragrant attire. Moreover, the goddess placed on board the ship two skins, one of dark wine, and another, a great one, of water, and corn too in a wallet, and she set therein a store of dainties to his heart's desire, and sent forth a warm and gentle wind to blow. And goodly Odysseus rejoiced as he set his sails to the breeze. So he sate and cunningly guided the craft with the helm, nor did sleep fall upon his eyelids, as he viewed the Pleiads and Bootes, that setteth late, and the Bear, which they likewise call the Wain, which turneth ever in one place, and keepeth watch upon Orion, and alone hath no part in the baths of Ocean. This star, Calypso, the fair goddess, bade him to keep ever on the left as he traversed the deep. Ten days and seven he sailed traversing the deep, and on the eighteenth day appeared the shadowy hills of the land of the Phaeacians, at the point where it lay nearest to him ; and it showed like a shield in the misty deep.

Now the lord, the shaker of the earth, on his way from the Ethiopians espied him afar off from the mountains of the Solymi : even thence he saw Odysseus as he sailed over the deep ; and he was mightily angered in spirit, and shaking his head he communed with his own heart. 11 Lo now, it must be that the gods at the last have changed their purpose concerning Odysseus, while I was away among the Ethiopians. And now he is nigh to the Phaeacian land, where it is ordained that he escape the great issues of the woe which hath come upon him. But, methinks, that even yet I will drive him far enough in the path of suffering.¹¹

With that he gathered the clouds and troubled the waters of the deep, grasping his trident in his hands ; and he roused all storms of all manner of winds, and

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shrouded in clouds the land and sea : and down sped night from heaven. The East Wind and the South Wind clashed, and the stormy West, and the North, that is born in the bright air, rolling onward a great wave. Then were the knees of Odysseus loosened and his heart melted, and heavily he spake to his own great spirit :

11 Oh, wretched man that I am ! what is to befall me at the last ? I fear that indeed the goddess spake all things truly, who said that I should fill up the measure of sorrow on the deep, or ever I came to mine own country ; and lo, all these things have an end. In such wise doth Zeus crown the wide heaven with clouds, and hath troubled the deep, and the blasts rush on of all the winds ; yea, now is utter doom assured me. Thrice blessed those Danaans, yea, four times blessed, who perished on a time in wide Troy-land, doing a pleasure to the sons of Atreus ! Would to God that I too had died, and met my fate on that day when the press of Trojans cast their bronze-shod spears upon me, fighting for the body of the son of Peleus ! So should I have gotten my dues of burial, and the Achaians would have spread my fame ; but now it is my fate to be overtaken by a pitiful death.¹¹

Even as he spake, the great wave smote down upon him, driving on in terrible wise, that the raft reeled again. And far therefrom he fell, and lost the helm from his hand ; and the fierce blast of the jostling winds came and brake his mast in the midst, and sail and yard-arm fell afar into the deep. Long time the water kept him under, nor could he speedily rise from beneath the rush of the mighty wave : for the garments hung heavy which fair Calypso gave him. But late and at length he came up, and spat forth from his mouth the bitter salt water, which ran down in streams from his head. Yet even so forgot he not his raft, for all his wretched plight, but made a spring after it in

ODYSSEUS LEAVES CALYPSO'S ISLAND

the waves, and clutched it to him, and sat in the midst thereof, avoiding the issues of death ; and the great wave swept it hither and thither along the stream. And as the North Wind in the harvest tide sweeps the thistle-down along the plain, and close the tufts cling each to other, even so the winds bare the raft hither and thither along the main. Now the South would toss it to the North to carry, and now again the East would yield it to the West to chase.

So for two nights and two days he was wandering in the swell of the sea, and much his heart boded of death. But when at last the fair-tressed Dawn brought the full light of the third day, thereafter the breeze fell, and lo, there was a breathless calm, and with a quick glance ahead, (he being upborne on a great wave,) he saw the land very near. And even as when most welcome to his children is the sight of a father's life, who lies in sickness and strong pains long wasting away, some angry god assailing him ; and to their delight the gods have loosed him from his trouble ; so welcome to Odysseus showed land and wood ; and he swam onward being eager to set foot on the strand. But when he was within earshot of the shore, and heard now the thunder of the sea against the reefs—for the great wave crashed against the dry land belching in terrible wise, and all was covered with foam of the sea,—for there were no harbours for ships nor shelters, but jutting headlands and reefs and cliffs ; then at last the knees of Odysseus were loosened and his heart melted, and in heaviness he spake to his own brave spirit :

11 Ah me ! now that beyond all hope Zeus hath given me sight of land, and withal I have cloven my way through this gulf of the sea, here there is no place to land on from out of the grey water.¹¹

Whilst yet he pondered these things in his heart and mind, a great wave bore him to the rugged shore.

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There would he have been stript of his skin and all his bones been broken, but that the goddess, grey-eyed Athene, put a thought into his heart. He rushed in, and with both his hands clutched the rock, whereto he clung till the great wave went by. So he escaped that peril, but again with backward wash it leapt on him and smote him and cast him forth into the deep. And as when the cuttlefish is dragged forth from his chamber, the many pebbles clinging to his suckers, even so was the skin stript from his strong hand against the rocks, and the great wave closed over him. There of a truth would luckless Odysseus have perished beyond that which was ordained had not grey-eyed Athene given him sure counsel. He rose from the line of the breakers that belch upon the shore, and swam outside, ever looking landwards, to find, if he might, spits that take the waves aslant, and havens of the sea. But when he came in his swimming over against the mouth of a fair-flowing river, whereby the place seemed best in his eyes, smooth of rocks, and withal there was a covert from the wind, Odysseus felt the river running, and prayed to him in his heart:

11 Hear me, O king, whosoever thou art; unto thee am I come, as to one to whom prayer is made, while I flee the rebukes of Poseidon from the deep. Yea, reverend even to the deathless gods is that man who comes as a wanderer, even as I now have come to thy stream and to thy knees after much travail. Nay pity me, O king; for I avow myself thy suppliant.¹¹

So spake he, and the god straightway stayed his stream and withheld his waves, and made the water smooth before him, and brought him safely to the mouths of the river. And his knees bowed and his stout hands fell, for his heart was broken by the brine. And his flesh was all swollen and a great stream of sea water gushed up through his mouth and nostrils. So he lay without breath or speech, swooning, such

ODYSSEUS LEAVES CALYPSO'S ISLAND

terrible weariness came upon him. But when now his breath returned and his spirit came to him again, he loosed from off him the veil of the goddess, and let it fall into the salt-flowing river. And the great wave bare it back down the stream, and lightly Ino caught it in her hands. Then Odysseus turned from the river, and fell back in the reeds, and kissed earth, the grain-giver, and heavily he spake unto his own brave spirit:

11 Ah, woe is me ! what is to betide me ? what shall happen unto me at the last ? If I watch in the river bed all through the careful night, I fear that the bitter frost and fresh dew may overcome me, as I breathe forth my life for faintness, for the river breeze blows cold betimes in the morning. But if I climb the hill-side up to the shady wood, and there take rest in the thickets, though perchance the cold and weariness leave hold of me, and sweet sleep may come over me, I fear lest of wild beasts I become the spoil and prey.¹¹

So as he thought thereon this seemed to him the better way. He went up to the wood, and found it nigh the water in a place of wide prospect. So he crept beneath twin bushes that grew from one stem, both olive trees, one of them wild olive. Through these the force of the wet winds blew never, neither did the bright sun light on it with his rays, nor could the rain pierce through, so close were they twined either to other ; and thereunder crept Odysseus, and anon he heaped together with his hands a broad couch ; for of fallen leaves there was great plenty, enough to cover two or three men in winter time, however hard the weather. And the steadfast goodly Odysseus beheld it and rejoiced, and he laid him in the midst thereof and flung over him the fallen leaves. And as when a man hath hidden away a brand in the black embers at an upland farm, one that hath no neighbours nigh, and so saveth the seed of fire, that

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he may not have to seek a light elsewhere, even so did Odysseus cover him with the leaves. And Athene shed sleep upon his eyes, that so it might soon release him from his weary travail, overshadowing his eyelids.

[He was found on the shore by Nausicaa, daughter of Alcinous, King of Phaeacia. He was hospitably entertained by the Phaeacians, and in the palace heard a minstrel sing of the Trojan War.]

VII. THE MINSTREL AT THE PHEACIAN COURT

(Book VIII, ll. 62-69 ; 475-547 ; 57¹-586)

THEN the henchmen drew near, leading with them the beloved minstrel, whom the muse loved dearly, and she gave him both good and evil ; of his sight she reft him, but granted him sweet song. Then Pontonous, the henchman, set for him a high chair inlaid with silver, in the midst of the guests, leaning it against the tall pillar, and he hung the loud lyre on a pin, close above his head, and showed him how to lay his hands on it. Then to the henchman spake Odysseus of many counsels, for he had cut off a portion of the chine of a white-toothed boar, whereon yet more was left, with rich fat on either side :

11 Lo, henchman, take this mess, and hand it to Demodocus, that he may eat, and I will bid him hail, despite my sorrow. For minstrels from all men on earth get their meed of honour and worship ; inasmuch as the Muse teacheth them the paths of song, and loveth the tribe of minstrels.¹¹

Thus he spake, and the henchman bare the mess, and set it upon the knees of the lord Demodocus, and he took it, and was glad at heart. Then they stretched forth **their hands** upon **the** good cheer set before them.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG

Now after they had put from them the desire of meat and drink, then Odysseus of many counsels spake to Demodocus, saying :

" Demodocus, I praise thee far above all mortal men, whether it be the Muse, the daughter of Zeus, that taught thee, or even Apollo, for right duly dost thou chant the faring of the Achaians, even all that they wrought and suffered, and all their travail, as if, methinks, thou hadst been present, or heard the tale from another. Come now, sing of the fashioning of the horse of wood, which Epeius made by the aid of Athene, even the guileful thing, that goodly Odysseus led up into the citadel, when he had laden it with the men who wasted Ilios. If thou wilt indeed rehearse me this aright, so will I be thy witness among all men, how the god of his grace hath given thee the gift of wondrous song."

So spake he, and the minstrel, being stirred by the god, began and showed forth his minstrelsy. He took up the tale where it tells how the Argives of the one part set fire to their huts, and went aboard their decked ships and sailed away, while those others, the fellowship of renowned Odysseus, were now seated in the assembly-place of the Trojans, all hidden in the horse, for the Trojans themselves had dragged him to the citadel. So the horse stood there, while seated all around him the people spake many things confusedly and three ways their counsel looked ; either to cleave the hollow timber with the pitiless spear, or to drag it to the brow of the hill, and hurl it from the rocks, or to leave it as a mighty offering to appease the gods. And on this wise it was to be at the last. For the doom was on them to perish when their city should have closed upon the great horse of wood, wherein sat all the bravest of the Argives, bearing to the Trojans death and destiny. And he sang how the sons of the Achaians poured forth from the horse, and left the

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hollow lair, and sacked the burg. And he sang how and where each man wasted the town, and of Odysseus, how he went like Ares to the house of Deiphobus with godlike Menelaus. It was there, he said, that Odysseus adventured the most grievous battle, and in the end prevailed, by grace of great-hearted Athene.

This was the song that the famous minstrel sang. But the heart of Odysseus melted, and the tear wet his cheeks beneath the eyelids. And as a woman throws herself wailing about her dear lord, who hath fallen before his city and the host, warding from his town and his children the pitiless day ; and she beholds him dying and drawing difficult breath, and embracing his body wails aloud, while the foemen behind smite her with spears on back and shoulders and lead her up into bondage, to bear labour and trouble, and with the most pitiful grief her cheeks are wasted ; even so pitifully fell the tears beneath the brows of Odysseus. Now none of all the company marked him weeping ; but Alcinous alone noted it, and was aware thereof, as he sat nigh him and heard him groaning heavily. And presently he spake among the Phaeacians, masters of the oar :

" Hearken, ye captains and counsellors of the Phaeacians, and now let Demodocus hold his hand from the loud lyre, for this song of his is nowise pleasing alike to all. From the time that we began to sup, and that the divine minstrel was moved to sing, ever since hath yonder stranger never ceased from woeful lamentation ; sore grief, methinks, hath encompassed his heart. Nay, but let the minstrel cease, that we may all alike make merry, hosts and guest, since it is far meeter so. For all these things are ready for the sake of the honourable stranger, even the convoy and the loving gifts which we give him out of our love. In a brother's place stand the stranger and the suppliant, to him whose wits have even a little

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range. But come now, declare me this and plainly tell it all; whither wast thou borne wandering, and to what shores of men thou earnest; tell me of the people and of their fair-lying cities, of those whoso are hard and wild and unjust, and of those likewise who are hospitable and of a god-fearing mind. Declare, too, wherefore thou dost weep and mourn in spirit at the tale of the faring of the Argive Danaans and the lay of Ilios. All this the gods have fashioned, and have woven the skein of death for men, that there might be a song in the ears even of the folk of after-time. Hadst thou even a kinsman by marriage that fell before Ilios, a true man, a daughter's husband or wife's father, such as are nearest us after those of our own stock and blood? Or else, may be, some loving friend, a good man and true; for a friend with an understanding heart is no whit worse than a brother."

VIII. ODYSSEUS' STORY : LOTUS-EATERS, CYCLOPS

*(Book IX, ll. 1-37; 82-105; 106-116; 181-193;
217-542; 564-566)*

AND Odysseus of many counsels answered him saying : " King Alcinous, most notable of all the people, verily it is a good thing to list to a minstrel such as this one, like to the gods in voice. Nay, as for me, I say that there is no more gracious or perfect delight than when a whole people makes merry, and the men sit orderly at feast in the halls and listen to the singer, and the tables by them are laden with bread and flesh, and a wine-bearer drawing the wine serves it round and pours it into the cups. This seems to me well-nigh the fairest thing in the world. But now thy heart was inclined to ask of my grievous troubles, that I may mourn for more exceeding sorrow. What then shall

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I tell of first, what last, for the gods of heaven have given me woes in plenty ? Now, first, will I tell my name, that ye too may know it, and that I, when I have escaped the pitiless day, may yet be your host, though my home is in a far country. I am ODYSSEUS, SON OF LAERTES, who am in men's minds for all manner of wiles, and my fame reaches unto heaven. And I dwell in clear-seen Ithaca, wherein is a mountain Neriton, with trembling forest leaves, standing manifest to view, and many islands lie around, very near one to the other, Dulichium and Same, and wooded Zacynthus. Now Ithaca lies low, furthest up the sea-line toward the darkness, but those others face the dawning and the sun : a rugged isle, but a good nurse of noble youths ; and for myself I can see nought beside sweeter than a man's own country. Verily Calypso, the fair goddess, would fain have kept me with her in her hollow caves, longing to have me for her lord ; and likewise too, guileful Circe of Aia, would have stayed me in her halls, longing to have me for her lord. But never did they prevail upon my heart within my breast. So surely is there nought sweeter than a man's own country and his parents, even though he dwell far off in a rich home, in a strange land, away from them that begat him. But come, let me tell thee too of the troubles of my journeying, which Zeus laid on me as I came from Troy.'

[He first visited the Cicones, where he sacked a city but was later driven off.]

" Thence for nine whole days was I borne by ruinous winds over the teeming deep ; but on the tenth day we set foot on the land of the lotus-eaters, who eat a flowery food. So we stepped ashore and drew water, and straightway my company took their midday meal by the swift ships. Now when we had tasted meat and drink I sent forth certain of my company to go and make search what manner of men they were who

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here live upon the earth by bread, and I chose out two of my fellows, and sent a third with them as herald. Then straightway they went and mixed with the men of the lotus-eaters, and so it was that the lotus-eaters devised not death for our fellows, but gave them of the lotus to taste. Now whosoever of them did eat the honey-sweet fruit of the lotus, had no more wish to bring tidings nor to come back, but there he chose to abide with the lotus-eating men, ever feeding on the lotus, and forgetful of his homeward way. Therefore I led them back to the ships weeping, and sore against their will, and dragged them beneath the benches, and bound them in the hollow barques. But I commanded the rest of my well-loved company to make speed and go on board the swift ships, lest haply any should eat of the lotus and be forgetful of returning. Right soon they embarked and sat upon the benches, and sitting orderly they smote the grey sea water with their oars.

" Thence we sailed onward stricken at heart. And we came to the land of the Cyclopes, a froward and a lawless folk, who trusting to the deathless gods plant not aught with their hands, neither plough : but, behold, all these things spring for them in plenty, unsown and untilled, wheat, and barley, and vines, which bear great clusters of the juice of the grape, and the rain of Zeus gives them increase. These have neither gatherings for council nor oracles of law, but they dwell in hollow caves on the crests of the high hills, and each one utters the law to his children and his wives, and they reckon not one of another.

" Now when we had come to the land that lies hard by, we saw a cave on the border near to the sea, lofty and roofed over with laurels, and there many flocks of sheep and goats were used to rest. And about it a high outer court was built with stones, deep bedded, and with tall pines and oaks with their high crown of leaves. And a man was wont to sleep therein, of

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monstrous size, who shepherded his flocks alone and afar, and was not conversant with others, but dwelt apart in lawlessness of mind. Yea, for he was a monstrous thing and fashioned marvellously, nor was he like to any man that lives by bread, but like a wooded peak of the towering hills, which stands out apart and alone from others.

" Then I commanded the rest of my well-loved company to tarry there by the ship, and to guard the ship, but I chose out twelve men, the best of my company, and sallied forth.

" Soon we came to the cave, but we found him not within ; he was shepherding his fat flocks in the pastures. So we went into the cave, and gazed on all that was therein. The baskets were well laden with cheeses, and the folds were thronged with lambs and kids ; each kind was penned by itself, the firstlings apart, and the summer lambs apart, apart too the younglings of the flock. Now all the vessels swam with whey, the milk-pails and the bowls, the well-wrought vessels wherein to he milked. My company then spake and besought me first of all to take of the cheeses and to return, and afterwards to make haste and drive off the kids and lambs to the swift ships from out the pens, and to sail over the salt sea water. Howbeit I hearkened not (and far better would it have been), but waited to see the giant himself, and whether he would give me gifts as a stranger's due. Yet was not his coming to be with joy to my company.

" Then we kindled a fire, and made burnt-offering, and ourselves likewise took of the cheeses, and did eat, and sat waiting for him within till he came back, shepherding his flocks. And he bore a grievous weight of dry wood, against supper time. This log he cast down with a din inside the cave, and in fear we fled to the secret place of the rock. As for him, he drave his fat flocks into the wide cavern, even all

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that he was wont to milk ; but the males both of the sheep and of the goats he left without in the deep yard. Thereafter he lifted a huge doorstone and weighty, and set it in the mouth of the cave, such an one as two and twenty good four-wheeled wains could not raise from the ground, so mighty a sheer rock did he set against the doorway. Then he sat down and milked the ewes and bleating goats all orderly, and beneath each ewe he placed her young. And anon he curdled one half of the white milk, and massed it together, and stored it in wicker-baskets, and the other half he let stand in pails, that he might have it to take and drink against supper time. Now when he had done all his work busily, then he kindled the fire anew, and espied us, and made question :

" * Strangers, who are ye ? Whence sail ye over the wet ways ? On some trading enterprise or at adventure do ye rove, even as sea-robbers over the brine, for at hazard of their own lives they wander, bringing bale to alien men.⁵

" So spake he, but as for us our heart within us was broken for terror of the deep voice and his own monstrous shape ; yet despite all I answered and spake unto him, saying :

" ' Lo, we are Achaians, driven wandering from Troy, by all manner of winds over the great gulf of the sea ; seeking our homes we fare, but another path have we come, by other ways : even such, methinks, was the will and the counsel of Zeus. And we avow us to be the men of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, whose fame is even now the mightiest under heaven, so great a city did he sack, and destroyed many people ; but as for us we have lighted here, and come to these thy knees, if perchance thou wilt give us a stranger's gift, or make any present, as is the due of strangers. Nay, lord, have regard to the gods, for we are thy suppliants ; and Zeus is the avenger of suppliants and

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sojourners, Zeus, the god of the stranger, who fareth in the company of reverend strangers.'

" So I spake, and anon he answered out of his pitiless heart: ' Thou art witless, my stranger, or thou hast come from afar, who biddest me either to fear or shun the gods. For the Cyclopes pay no heed to Zeus, lord of the aegis, nor to the blessed gods, for verily we are better men than they. Nor would I, to shun the enmity of Zeus, spare either thee or thy company, unless my spirit bade me. But tell me where thou didst stay thy well-wrought ship on thy coming? Was it perchance at the far end of the island, or hard by, that I may know? '

" So he spake tempting me, but he cheated me not, who knew full much, and I answered him again with words of guile :

" ' As for my ship, Poseidon, the shaker of the earth, brake it to pieces, for he cast it upon the rocks at the border of your country, and brought it nigh the headland, and a wind bare it thither from the sea. But I with these my men escaped from utter doom.'

" So I spake, and out of his pitiless heart he answered me not a word, but sprang up, and laid his hands upon my fellows, and clutching two together dashed them, as they had been whelps, to the earth, and the brain flowed forth upon the ground, and the earth was wet. Then cut he them up piecemeal, and made ready his supper. So he ate even as a mountain-bred lion, and ceased not, devouring entrails and flesh and bones with their marrow. And we wept and raised our hands to Zeus, beholding the cruel deeds ; and we were at our wits' end. And after the Cyclops had filled his huge maw with human flesh and the milk he drank thereafter, he lay within the cave, stretched out among his sheep.

" So I took counsel in my great heart, whether I should draw near, and pluck my sharp sword from

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my thigh, and stab him in the breast, where the midriff holds the liver, feeling for the place with my hand. But my second thought withheld me, for so should we too have perished even there with utter doom. For we should not have prevailed to roll away with our hands from the lofty door the heavy stone which he set there. So for that time we made moan, awaiting the bright Dawn.

" Now when early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, again he kindled the fire and milked his goodly flocks all orderly, and beneath each ewe set her lamb. Anon when he had done all his work busily, again he seized yet other two men and made ready his mid-day meal. And after the meal, lightly he moved away the great door-stone, and drove his fat flocks forth from the cave, and afterwards he set it in his place again, as one might set the lid on a quiver. Then with a loud whoop, the Cyclops turned his fat flocks towards the hills ; but I was left devising evil in the deep of my heart, if in any wise I might avenge me, and Athene grant me renown.

" And this was the counsel that showed best in my sight. There lay by a sheep-fold a great club of the Cyclops, a club of olive wood, yet green, which he had cut to carry with him when it should be seasoned. Now when we saw it we likened it in size to the mast of a black ship of twenty oars, a wide merchant vessel that traverses the great sea gulf, so huge it was to view in bulk and length. I stood thereby and cut off from it a portion as it were a fathom's length, and set it by my fellows, and bade them fine it down, and they made it even, while I stood by and sharpened it to a point, and straightway I took it and hardened it in the bright fire. Then I laid it well away, and hid it beneath the dung, which was scattered in great heaps in the depths of the cave. And I bade my company cast lots among them, which of them should risk the

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adventure with me, and lift the bar and turn it about in his eye, when sweet sleep came upon him. And the lot fell upon those four whom I myself would have been fain to choose, and I appointed myself to be the fifth among them. In the evening he came shepherding his flocks of goodly fleece, and presently he drave his fat flocks into the cave each and all, nor left he any without in the deep court-yard, whether through some foreboding, or perchance that the god so bade him do. Thereafter he lifted the huge door-stone and set it in the mouth of the cave, and sitting down he milked the ewes and bleating goats, all orderly, and beneath each ewe he placed her young. Now when he had done all his work busily, again he seized yet other two and made ready his supper. Then I stood by the Cyclops and spake to him, holding in my hands an ivy bowl of the dark wine :

" * Cyclops, take and drink wine after thy feast of man's meat, that thou mayest know what manner of drink this was that our ship held. And lo, I was bringing it thee as a drink offering, if haply thou mayest take pity and send me on my way home, but thy mad rage is past all sufferance. O hard of heart, how may another of the many men there be come ever to thee again, seeing that thy deeds have been lawless ? '

" So I spake, and he took the cup and drank it off, and found great delight in drinking the sweet draught, and asked me for it yet a second time :

" * Give it me again of thy grace, and tell me thy name straightway, that I may give thee a stranger's gift, wherein thou mayest be glad. Yea for the earth, the grain-giver, bears for the Cyclopes the mighty clusters of the juice of the grape, and the rain of Zeus gives them increase, but this is a rill of very nectar and ambrosia.'

"So he spake, and again I handed him the dark

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wine. Thrice I bare and gave it him, and thrice in his folly he drank it to the lees. Now when the wine had got about the wits of the Cyclops, then did I speak to him with soft words :

" ' Cyclops, thou askest me my renowned name, and I will declare it unto thee, and do thou grant me a stranger's gift, as thou didst promise. Noman is my name, and Noman they call me, my father and my mother and all my fellows.'

" So I spake, and straightway he answered me out of his pitiless heart :

" ' Noman will I eat last in the number of his fellows, and the others before him : that shall be thy gift.'

" Therewith he sank backwards and fell with face upturned, and there he lay with his great neck bent round, and sleep, that conquers all men, overcame him. And the wine and the fragments of men's flesh issued forth from his mouth, and he vomited, being heavy with wine. Then I thrust in that stake under the deep ashes, until it should grow hot, and I spake to my companions comfortable words, lest any should hang back from me in fear. But when that bar of olive wood was just about to catch fire in the flame, green though it was, and began to glow terribly, even then I came nigh, and drew it from the coals, and my fellows gathered about me, and some god breathed great courage into us. For their part they seized the bar of olive wood, that was sharpened at the point, and thrust it into his eye, while I from my place aloft turned it about, as when a man bores a ship's beam with a drill while his fellows below spin it with a strap, which they hold at either end, and the auger runs round continually. Even so did we seize the fiery-pointed brand and whirled it round in his eye, and the blood flowed about the heated bar. And the breath of the flame singed his eyelids and brows all about, as the ball of the eye burnt away, and the roots

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thereof crackled in the flame. And as when a smith dips an axe or adze in chill water with a great hissing, when he would temper it—for hereby anon comes the strength of iron—even so did his eye hiss round the stake of olive. And he raised a great and terrible cry, that the rock rang around, and we fled away in fear, while he plucked forth from his eye the brand bedabbled in much blood. Then maddened with pain he cast it from him with his hands, and called with a loud voice on the Cyclopes, who dwelt about him in the caves along the windy heights. And they heard the cry and flocked together from every side, and gathering round the cave asked him what ailed him :

" ' What hath so distressed thee, Polyphemus, that thou criest thus aloud through the immortal night, and makest us sleepless ? Surely no mortal driveth off thy flocks against thy will : surely none slayeth thyself by force or craft ? ' "

" And the strong Polyphemus spake to them again from out the cave : ' My friends, Noman is slaying me by guile, nor at all by force. ' "

" And they answered and spake winged words : ' If then no man is violently handling thee in thy solitude, it can in no wise be that thou shouldest escape the sickness sent by mighty Zeus. Nay, pray thou to thy father, the lord Poseidon.⁵ ' "

" On this wise they spake and departed ; and my heart within me laughed to see how my name and cunning counsel had beguiled them. But the Cyclops, groaning and travailing in pain, groped with his hands, and lifted away the stone from the door of the cave, and himself sat in the entry, with arms outstretched to catch, if he might, any one that was going forth with his sheep, so witless, methinks, did he hope to find me. But I advised me how all might be for the very best, if perchance I might find a way of escape from death for my companions and myself, and I wove all manner

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of craft and counsel, as a man will for his life, seeing that great mischief was nigh. And this was the counsel that showed best in my sight. The rams of the flock were well nurtured and thick of fleece, great and goodly, with wool dark as the violet. Quietly I lashed them together with twisted withies, whereon the Cyclops slept, that lawless monster. Three together I took : now the middle one of the three would bear each a man, but the other twain went on either side, saving my fellows. Thus every three sheep bare their man. But as for me I laid hold of the back of a young ram who was far the best and the goodliest of all the flock, and curled beneath his shaggy belly there I lay, and so clung face upward, grasping the wondrous fleece with a steadfast heart. So for that time making moan we awaited the bright Dawn.

" So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, then did the rams of the flock hasten forth to pasture, but the ewes bleated unmilked about the pens, for their udders were swollen to bursting. Then their lord, sore stricken with pain, felt along the backs of all the sheep as they stood up before him, and guessed not in his folly how that my men were bound beneath the breasts of his thick-fleeced flocks. Last of all the sheep came forth the ram, cumbered with his wool, and the weight of me and my cunning. And the strong Polyphemus laid his hands on him and spake to him, saying :

" ' Dear ram, wherefore, I pray thee, art thou the last of all the flocks to go forth from the cave, who of old wast not wont to lag behind the sheep, but wert ever the foremost to pluck the tender blossom of the pasture, faring with long strides, and wert still the first to come to the streams of the rivers, and first didst long to return to the homestead in the evening. But now art thou the very last. Surely thou art sorrowing for the eye of thy lord, which an evil man blinded, with

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his accursed fellows, when he had subdued my wits with wine, even Noman, whom I say hath not yet escaped destruction. Ah, if thou couldst feel as I, and be endued with speech, to tell me where he shifts about to shun my wrath ; then should he be smitten, and his brains be dashed against the floor here and there about the cave, and my heart be lightened of the sorrows which Noman, nothing worth, hath brought me ! *

" Therewith he sent the ram forth from him, and when we had gone but a little way from the cave and from the yard, first I loosed myself from under the ram and then I set my fellows free. And swiftly we drave on those stiff-shanked sheep, so rich in fat, and often turned to look about, till we came to the ship. And a glad sight to our fellows were we that had fled from death, but the others they would have bemoaned with tears ; howbeit I suffered it not, but with frowning brows forbade each man to weep. Rather I bade them to cast on board the many sheep with goodly fleece, and to sail over the salt sea water. So they embarked forthwith, and sate upon the benches, and sitting orderly smote the grey sea water with their oars. But when I had not gone so far, but that a man's shout might be heard, then I spoke unto the Cyclops taunting him :

" ' Cyclops, so thou wert not to eat the company of a weakling by main might in thy hollow cave ! Thine evil deeds were very sure to find thee out, thou cruel man, who hadst no shame to eat thy guests within thy gates, wherefore Zeus hath requited thee, and the other gods.'

" So I spake, and he was mightily angered at heart, and he brake off the peak of a great hill and threw it at us, and it fell in front of the dark-prowed ship. And the sea heaved beneath the fall of the rock, and the backward flow of the wave bare the ship quickly

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to the dry land, with the wash from the deep sea, and drave it to the shore. Then I caught up a long pole in my hands, and thrust the ship from off the land, and roused my company, and with a motion of the head bade them dash in with their oars, that so we might escape our evil plight. So they bent to their oars and rowed on. But when we had now made twice the distance over the brine, I would fain have spoken to the Cyclops, but my company stayed me on every side with soft words, saying :

" ' Foolhardy that thou art, why wouldst thou rouse a wild man to wrath, who even now hath cast so mighty a throw towards the deep and brought our ship back to land, yea and we thought that we had perished even there? If he had heard any of us utter sound or speech he would have crushed our heads and our ship timbers with a cast of a rugged stone, so mightily he hurls.'

" So spake they, but they prevailed not on my lordly spirit, and I answered him again from out an angry heart :

" ' Cyclops, if any one of mortal men shall ask thee of the unsightly blinding of thine eye, say that it was Odysseus that blinded it, the waster of cities, son of Laertes, whose dwelling is in Ithaca.'

" So I spake, and with a moan he answered me, saying :

" ' Lo now, in very truth the ancient oracles have come upon me. There lived here a soothsayer, a noble man and a mighty, Telemus, son of Eurymus, who surpassed all men in soothsaying, and waxed old as a seer among the Cyclopes. He told me that all these things should come to pass in the aftertime, even that I should lose my eyesight at the hand of Odysseus. But I ever looked for some tall and goodly man to come hither, clad in great might,, but behold now one that is a dwarf, a man of no worth and a weakling,

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hath blinded me of my eye aftersubduing mewithwine. Nay come hither, Odysseus, that I may set by thee a stranger's cheer, and speed thy parting hence, that so the Earth-shaker may vouchsafe it thee, for his son am I, and he avows him for my father. And he himselfwill heal me, if it be his will; and none other of the blessed gods or of mortal men.⁵

" Even so he spake, but I answered him, and said : ' Would god that I were as sure to rob thee of soul and life, and send thee within the house of Hades, as I am that not even the Earth-shaker will heal thine eye ! ' "

"So I spake, and then he prayed to the lord Poseidon stretching forth his hands to the starry heaven : ' Hear me, Poseidon, girdler of the earth, god of the dark hair, if indeed I be thine, and thou avowest thee my sire,—grant that he may never come to his home, even Odysseus, waster of cities, the son of Laertes, whose dwelling is in Ithaca ; yet if he is ordained to see his friends and come unto his well-built house, and his own country, late may he come in evil case, with the loss of all his company, in the ship of strangers, and find sorrows in his house.' "

"So he spake in prayer, and the god of the dark locks heard him. And once again he lifted a stone, far greater than the first, and with one swing he hurled it, and he put forth a measureless strength, and cast it but a little space behind the dark-prowed ship, and all but struck the end of the rudder. And the sea heaved beneath the fall of the rock, but the wave bare on the ship and drave it to the further shore.

" Thence we sailed onward stricken at heart, yet glad as men saved from death, albeit we had lost our dear companions."

ODYSSEUS' STORY

IX. ODYSSEUS' STORY (*continued*) : AEOLUS, LAESTRYGONS

(Book X, ll. 1-122)

" THEN we came to the isle of Aeolian, where dwelt Aeolus, son of Hippotas, dear to the deathless gods, in a floating island, and all about it is a wall of bronze unbroken, and the cliff runs up sheer from the sea. His twelve children too abide there in his halls, six daughters and six lusty sons; and, behold, he gave his daughters to his sons to wife. And they feast evermore by their dear father and their kind mother, and dainties innumerable lie ready to their hands. And the house is full of the savour of feasting, and the noise thereof rings round, yea in the courtyard, by day, and in the night they sleep each one by his chaste wife in coverlets and on jointed bedsteads. So then we came to their city and their goodly dwelling, and the king entreated me kindly for a whole month, and sought out each thing, Ilios and the ships of the Argives, and the return of the Achaians. So I told him all the tale in order duly. But when I in turn took the word and asked of my journey, and bade him send me on my way, he too denied me not, but furnished an escort. He gave me a wallet, made of the hide of an ox of nine seasons old, which he let flay, and therein he bound the ways of all the noisy winds ; for him the son of Kronos made keeper of the winds, either to lull or to rouse what blasts he will. And he made it fast in the hold of the ship with a shining silver thong, that not the faintest breath might escape. Then he sent forth the blast of the West Wind to blow for me, to bear our ships and ourselves upon our way ; but this he was never to bring to pass, for we were undone through our own heedlessness.

" For nine whole days we sailed by night and day

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continually, and now on the tenth day my native land came in sight, and already we were so near that we beheld the folk tending the beacon fires. Then over me there came sweet slumber in my weariness, for all the time I was holding the sheet, nor gave it to any of my company, that so we might come quicker to our own country. Meanwhile my company held converse together, and said that I was bringing home for myself gold and silver, gifts from Aeolus the high-hearted son of Hippotas. And thus would they speak looking each man to his neighbour :

" * Lo now, how beloved he is and highly esteemed among all men, to the city and land of whomsoever he may come. Many are the goodly treasures he taketh with him out of the spoil from Troy, while we who have fulfilled like journeying with him return homeward bringing with us but empty hands. And now Aeolus hath given unto him these things freely in his love. Nay come, let us quickly see what they are, even what wealth of gold and silver is in the wallet.'

" So they spake, and the evil counsel of my company prevailed. They loosed the wallet, and all the winds brake forth. And the violent blast seized my men, and bare them towards the high seas weeping, away from their own country ; but as for me, I awoke and communed with my great heart, whether I should cast myself from the ship and perish in the deep, or endure in silence and abide yet among the living. Howbeit, I hardened my heart to endure, and muffling my head I lay still in the ship. But the vessels were driven by the evil storm-wind back to the isle Aeolian, and my company made moan.

" There we stepped ashore and drew water, and my company presently took their midday meal by the swift ships. Now when we had tasted bread and wine, I took with me a herald and one of my company, and went to the famous dwelling of Aeolus :

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and I found him feasting with his wife and children. So we went in and sat by the pillars of the door on the threshold, and they all marvelled and asked us :

" How hast thou come hither, Odysseus ? What evil god assailed thee ? Surely we sent thee on thy way with all diligence, that thou mightest get thee to thine own country and thy home, and whithersoever thou wouldest.'

" Even so they said, but I spake among them heavy at heart : ' My evil company hath been my bane, and sleep thereto remorseless. Come, my friends, do ye heal the harm, for yours is the power.'

" So I spake, beseeching them in soft words, but they held their peace. And the father answered, saying : ' Get thee forth from the island straightway, thou that art the most reprobate of living men. Far be it from me to help or to further that man whom the blessed gods abhor ! Get thee forth, for lo, thy coming marks thee hated by the deathless gods.'

" Therewith he sent me forth from the house making heavy moan. Thence we sailed onwards stricken at heart. And the spirit of the men was spent beneath the grievous rowing by reason of our vain endeavour, for there was no more any sign of a wafting wind. So for the space of six days we sailed by night and day continually, and on the seventh we came to the steep stronghold of Lamos, Telepylos of the Laestrygons, where herdsman hails herdsman as he drives in his flock, and the other who drives forth answers the call. There might a sleepless man have earned a double wage, the one as neat-herd, the other shepherding white flocks : so near are the outgoings of the night and of the day. Thither when we had come to the fair haven, whereabout on both sides goes one steep cliff unbroken, and jutting headlands over against each other stretch forth at the mouth of the harbour, and strait is the entrance ; thereinto all the

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others steered their curved ships. Now the vessels were bound within the hollow harbour each hard by other, for no wave ever swelled within it, great or small, but there was a bright calm all around. But I alone moored my dark ship without the harbour, at the uttermost point thereof, and made fast the hawser to a rock. And I went up a craggy hill, a place of out-look, and stood thereon : thence there was no sign of the labour of men or oxen, only we saw the smoke curling upward from the land. Then I sent forth certain of my company to go and search out what manner of men they were who here live upon the earth by bread, choosing out two of my company and sending a third with them as herald. Now when they had gone ashore, they went along a level road whereby wains were wont to draw down wood from the high hills to the town. And without the town they fell in with a damsel drawing water, the noble daughter of Laestrygonian Antiphates. She had come down to the clear-flowing spring Artacia, for thence it was custom to draw water to the town. So they stood by her and spake unto her, and asked who was king of that land, and who they were he ruled over. Then at once she showed them the high-roofed hall of her father. Now when they had entered the renowned house, they found his wife therein : she was huge of bulk as a mountain peak and was loathly in their sight. Straightway she called the renowned Antiphates, her lord, from the assembly-place, and he contrived a pitiful destruction for my men. Forthwith he clutched up one of my company and made ready his midday meal, but the other twain sprang up and came in flight to the ships. Then he raised the war cry through the town, and the valiant Laestrygons at the sound thereof, flocked together from every side, a host past number, not like men but like the Giants. They cast at us from the cliffs with

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great rocks, each of them a man's burden, and anon there arose from the fleet an evil din of men dying and ships shattered withal. And like folk spearing fishes they bare home their hideous meal. While as yet they were slaying my friends within the deep harbour, I drew my sharp sword from my thigh, and with it cut the hawsers of my dark-prowed ship. Quickly then I called to my company, and bade them dash in with the oars, that we might clean escape this evil plight. And all with one accord they tossed the sea water with the oar-blade, in dread of death, and to my delight my barque flew forth to the high seas away from the beetling rocks, but those other ships were lost there, one and all.

" Thence we sailed onward stricken at heart, yet glad as men saved from death, albeit we had lost our dear companions."

[Odysseus next visited the Island of Circe, an enchantress. Here his companions drank of her magic potions and were changed into swine, but Odysseus, who was given by Hermes the magic herb moly, was proof against her enchantments, and forced Circe to change back his men. For a whole year Odysseus lived with Circe. At his departure she advised him to visit Hades where he was to consult the shade of the prophet Teiresias concerning his fate. Odysseus sailed into the River Oceanus and reached Hades.]

X. ODYSSEUS' STORY (continued) : ODYSSEUS IN HADES

(Book XI, ll. 90-136; 299-321; .386-432 ; 467-640)

" ANON came the soul of Theban Teiresias, with a golden sceptre in his hand, and he knew me and spake unto me : ' Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, what seekest thou now,

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wretched man, wherefore hast thou left the sunlight and come hither to behold the dead and a land desolate of joy ? Nay, hold off from the ditch and draw back thy sharp sword, that I may drink of the blood and tell thee sooth.'

" So spake he and I put up my silver-studded sword into the sheath, and when he had drunk the dark blood, even then did the noble seer speak unto me, saying : ' Thou art asking of thy sweet returning, great Odysseus, but that will the god make hard for thee ; for methinks thou shalt not pass unheeded by the Shaker of the Earth, who hath laid up wrath in his heart against thee, for rage at the blinding of his dear son. Yet even so, through many troubles, ye may come home, if thou wilt restrain thy spirit and the spirit of thy men so soon as thou shalt bring thy well-wrought ship nigh to the isle Thrinacia, fleeing the sea of violet blue, when ye find the herds of Helios grazing and his brave flocks, of Helios who overseeth all and overheareth all things. If thou doest these no hurt, being heedful of thy return, so may ye yet reach Ithaca, albeit in evil case. But if thou hurtest them, I foreshow ruin for thy ship and for thy men, and even though thou shalt thyself escape, late shalt thou return in evil plight, with the loss of all thy company, on board the ship of strangers, and thou shalt find sorrows in thy house, even proud men that devour thy living, while they woo thy godlike wife and offer the gifts of wooing. Yet I tell thee, on thy coming thou shalt avenge their violence. But when thou hast slain the wooers in thy halls, whether by guile, or openly with the edge of the sword, thereafter go thy way, taking with thee a shapen oar, till thou shalt come to such men as know not the sea, neither eat meat savoured with salt; yea, nor have they knowledge of ships of purple cheek, nor shapen oars which serve for wings to ships. And I will give thee a most

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manifest token, which cannot escape thee. In the day when another wayfarer shall meet thee and say that thou hast a winnowing fan on thy stout shoulder, even then make fast thy shapen oar in the earth and do goodly sacrifice to the lord Poseidon, even with a ram and a bull and a boar, the mate of swine, and depart for home and offer holy hecatombs to the deathless gods that keep the wide heaven, to each in order due. And from the sea shall thine own death come, the gentlest death that may be, which shall end thee foredone with smooth old age, and the folk shall dwell happily around thee. This that I say is sooth.'

" I beheld Iphimedeia, bed-fellow of Aloeus, who said that she had lain with Poseidon, and she bare children twain, but short of life were they, godlike Otus and far-famed Ephialtes. Now these were the tallest men that earth, the graingiver, ever reared, and far the goodliest after the renowned Orion. At nine seasons old they were of breadth nine cubits, and nine fathoms in height. They it was who threatened to raise even against the immortals in Olympus the din of stormy war. They strove to pile Ossa on Olympus, and on Ossa, Pelion with the trembling forest leaves, that there might be a pathway to the sky. Yea, and they would have accomplished it, had they reached the full measure of manhood. But the son of Zeus, whom Leto of the fair locks bare, destroyed the twain, ere the down had bloomed beneath their temples, and darkened their chins with the blossom of youth.

" Thereafter came the soul of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, sorrowing ; and round him others were gathered, the ghosts of them who had died with him in the house of Aegisthus and met their doom. And he knew me straightway when he had drunk the dark blood, yea, and he wept aloud, and shed big tears as

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he stretched forth his hands in his longing to reach me. But it might not be, for he had now no steadfast strength nor power at all in moving, such as was afore-time in his supple limbs.

" At the sight of him I wept and was moved with compassion, and uttering my voice, spake to him winged words : Most renowned son of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men, say what doom overcame thee of death that lays men at their length ? Did Poseidon smite thee in thy ships, raising the dolorous blast of contrary winds, or did unfriendly men do thee hurt upon the land, whilst thou wert cutting off their oxen and fair flocks of sheep, or fighting to win a city and the women thereof ? "

" So spake I, and straightway he answered, and said unto me : ' Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, it was not Poseidon that smote me in my ships, and raised the dolorous blast of contrary winds, nor did unfriendly men do me hurt upon the land, but Aegis thus it was that wrought me death and doom and slew me, with the aid of my accursed wife, as one slays an ox at the stall, after he had bidden me to his house, and entertained me at a feast. Even so I died by a death most pitiful, and round me my company likewise were slain without ceasing, like swine with glittering tusks which are slaughtered in the house of a rich and mighty man, whether at a wedding banquet or a joint-feast or a rich clan-drinking. Ere now hast thou been at the slaying of many a man, killed in single fight or in strong battle, yet thou wouldst have sorrowed the most at this sight, how we lay in the hall round the mixing-bowl and the laden boards, and the floor all ran with blood. And most pitiful of all that I heard was the voice of the daughter of Priam, of Cassandra, whom hard by me the crafty Glytaemnestra slew. Then I strove to raise my hands as I was dying upon

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the sword, but to earth they fell. And that shameless one turned her back upon me, and had not the heart to draw down my eyelids with her fingers nor to close my mouth. So surely is there nought more terrible and shameless than a woman who imagines such evil in her heart, even as she too planned a foul deed, fashioning death for her wedded lord. Verily I had thought to come home most welcome to my children and my thralls ; but she, out-of the depth of her evil knowledge, hath shed shame on herself and on all womankind, which shall be for ever, even on the upright.⁹

" Thus we twain stood sorrowing, holding sad discourse, while the big tears fell fast : and therewithal came the soul of Achilles, son of Peleus, and of Patroclus and of noble Antilochus and of Aias, who in face and form was goodliest of all the Danaans, after the noble son of Peleus. And the spirit of the son of Aeacus, fleet of foot, knew me again, and making lament spake to me winged words :

" ' Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, man overbold, what new deed and harder than this wilt thou devise in thy heart ? How durst thou come down to the house of Hades, where dwell the senseless dead, the phantoms of men outworn ? ' "

" So he spake, but I answered him : ' Achilles, son of Peleus, mightiest far of the Achaians, I am come hither to seek Teiresias, if he may tell me any counsel, how I may come to rugged Ithaca. For not yet have I come nigh the Achaian land, nor set foot on mine own soil, but am still in evil case ; while as for thee, Achilles, none other than thou wast heretofore the most blessed of men, nor shall any be hereafter. For of old, in the days of thy life, we Argives gave thee one honour with the gods, and now thou art a great prince here among the dead. Wherefore let not thy

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death be any grief to thee, Achilles.'

" Even so I spake, and he straightway answered me, and said : ' Nay, speak not comfortably to me of death, oh great Odysseus. Rather would I live on ground as the hireling of another, with a landless man who had no great livelihood, than bear sway among all the dead that be departed. But come, tell me tidings of that lordly son of mine—did he follow to the war to be a leader or not ? And tell me of noble Peleus, if thou hast heard aught,—is he yet held in worship among the Myrmidons, or do they dishonour him from Hellas to Phthia, for that old age binds him hand and foot ? For I am no longer his champion under the sun, so mighty a man as once I was, when in wide Troy I slew the best of the host, and succoured the Argives. Ah ! could I but come for an hour to my father's house as then I was, so would I make my might and hands invincible, to be hateful to many an one of those who do him despite and keep him from his honour.'

" Even so he spake, but I answered him saying : ' As for noble Peleus, verily I have heard nought of him ; but concerning thy dear son Neoptolemus, I will tell thee all the truth, according to thy word. It was I that led him up out of Scyros in my good hollow ship, in the wake of the goodly-greaved Achaians. Now oft as we took counsel around Troy town, he was ever the first to speak, and no word missed the mark ; the godlike Nestor and I alone surpassed him. But whensoever we Achaians did battle on the plain of Troy, he never tarried behind in the throng or the press of men, but ran out far before us all, yielding to none in that might of his. And many men he slew in warfare dread ; but I could not tell of all or name their names, even all the host he slew in succouring the Argives. He truly was the comeliest man that ever I saw, next to goodly Memnon. And again when

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we, the best of the Argives, were about to go down into the horse which Epeus wrought, and the charge of all was laid on me, both to open the door of our good ambush and to shut the same, then did the other princes and counsellors of the Danaans wipe away the tears, and the limbs of each one trembled beneath him, but never once did I see thy son's fair face wax pale, nor did he wipe the tears from his cheeks : but he besought me often to let him go forth from the horse, and kept handling his sword-hilt, and his heavy bronze-shod spear, and he was set on mischief against the Trojans. But after we had sacked the steep city of Priam, he embarked unscathed with his share of the spoil, and with a noble prize ; he was not smitten with the sharp spear, and got no wound in close fight : and many such chances there be in war, for Ares rageth confusedly.'

" So I spake, and the spirit of the son of Aeacus, fleet of foot, passed with great strides along the mead of asphodel, rejoicing in that I had told him of his son's renown.

" But lo, other spirits of the dead that be departed stood sorrowing, and each one asked of those that were dear to them. The soul of Aias, son of Telamon, alone stood apart being still angry for the victory wherein I prevailed against him, in the suit by the ships concerning the arms of Achilles, that his lady mother had set for a prize ; and the sons of the Trojans made award and Pallas Athene. Would that I had never prevailed and won such a prize ! So goodly a head hath the earth closed over, for the sake of those arms, even over Aias, who in beauty and in feats of war was of a mould above all the other Danaans, next to the noble son of Peleus, To him then I spake softly, saying :

" ' Aias, son of noble Telamon, so art thou not even

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in death to forget thy wrath against me, by reason of those arms accursed, which the gods set to be the bane of the Argives ? What a tower of strength fell in thy fall, and we Achaians cease not to sorrow for thee, even as for the life of Achilles, son of Peleus ! Nay, there is none other to blame, but Zeus, who hath borne wondrous hate to the army of the Danaan spearsmen, and laid on thee thy doom. Nay, come hither, my lord, that thou mayest hear my word and my speech ; master thy wrath and thy proud spirit.'

" So I spake, but he answered me not a word and passed to Erebus after the other spirits of the dead that he departed. Even then, despite his anger, would he have spoken to me or I to him, but my heart within me was minded to see the spirits of those others that were departed.

" There then I saw Minos, glorious son of Zeus, wielding a golden sceptre, giving sentence from his throne to the dead, while they sat and stood around the prince, asking his dooms through the wide-gated house of Hades.

" Moreover I beheld Tantalus in grievous torment, standing in a mere and the water came nigh unto his chin. And he stood straining as one athirst, but he might not attain to the water to drink of it. For often as that old man stooped down in his eagerness to drink, so often the water was swallowed up and it vanished away, and the black earth still showed at his feet, for some god parched it evermore. And tall trees flowering shed their fruit overhead, pears and pomegranates and apple trees with bright fruit, and sweet figs and olives in their bloom, whereat when that old man reached out his hands to clutch them, the wind would toss them to the shadowy clouds.

" Yea and I beheld Sisyphus in strong torment, grasping a monstrous stone with both his hands. He

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was pressing thereat with hands and feet, and trying to roll the stone upward toward the brow of the hill. But oft as he was about to hurl it over the top, the weight would drive him back, so once again to the plain rolled the stone, the shameless thing. And he once more kept heaving and straining, and the sweat the while was pouring down his limbs, and the dust rose upwards from his head.

" And after him I descried the mighty Heracles, his phantom, I say ; but as for himself he hath joy at the banquet among the deathless gods, and hath to wife, Hebe of the fair ankles, child of great Zeus, and of Hera of the golden sandals. And all about him there was a clamour of the dead, as it were fowls flying every way in fear, and he like black Night, with bow uncased, and shaft upon the string, fiercely glancing around, like one in the act to shoot. And about his breast was an awful belt, a baldric of gold, whereon wondrous things were wrought, bears and wild boars and lions with flashing eyes, and strife and battles and slaughters and murders of men. Nay, now that he hath fashioned this, never another may he fashion, whoso stored in his craft the device of that belt ! And anon he knew me when his eyes beheld me, and making lament he spake unto me winged words :

" ' Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices : ah ! wretched one, dost thou too lead such a life of evil doom, as I endured beneath the rays of the sun ? I was the son of Zeus Kronion, yet had I trouble beyond measure, for I was subdued unto a man far worse than I. And he enjoined on me hard adventures, yea and on a time he sent me hither to bring back the hound of hell ; for he devised no harder task for me than this. I lifted the hound and brought him forth from out of the house of Hades ; and Hermes sped me on my way and the grey-eyed Athene.'

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" Therewith he departed again into the house of Hades, but I abode there still, if perchance some one of the hero folk besides might come, who died in old time. Yea and I should have seen the men of old, whom I was fain to look on, Theseus and Peirithous, renowned children of the gods. But ere that might be the myriad tribes of the dead thronged up together with wondrous clamour : and pale fear gat hold of me, lest the high goddess Persephone should send me the head of the Gorgon, that dread monster, from out of Hades.

" Straightway then I went to the ship, and bade my men mount the vessel, and loose the hawsers. So speedily they went on board, and sat upon the benches. And the wave of the flood bore the barque down the stream of Oceanus, we rowing first, and afterwards the fair wind was our convoy."

XL ODYSSEUS' STORY (*continued*) : SIRENS, SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS, KINE OF HELIOS

(*Book XII, ll. 14-296; 327-365 ; 399-453*)

" Now all that task we finished, and our coming from out of Hades was not unknown to Circe, but she arrayed herself and speedily drew nigh, and her hand-maids with her bare flesh and bread in plenty and dark red wine. And the fair goddess stood in the midst and spake in our ears, saying :

" ' Men overbold, who have gone alive into the house of Hades, to know death twice, while all men else die once for all. Nay come, eat ye meat and drink wine here all day long ; and with the breaking of the day ye shall set sail, and myself I will show you the path and declare each thing, that ye may not

THE SIRENS

suffer pain or hurt through any grievous ill-contrivance by sea or on the land.'

" So spake she, and our lordly souls consented thereto. Thus for that time we sat the livelong day, until the going down of the sun, feasting on abundant flesh and on sweet wine. Now when the sun sank and darkness came on, my company laid them to rest by the hawsers of the ship. Then she took me by the hand and led me apart from my dear company, and made me to sit down and laid herself at my feet, and asked all my tale. And I told her all in order duly. Then at the last the lady Circe spake unto me, saying :

" ' Even so, now all these things have an end ; do thou then hearken even as I tell thee, and the god himself shall bring it back to thy mind. To the Sirens first shalt thou come, who bewitch all men, whosoever shall come to them. Whoso draws nigh them unwittingly and hears the sound of the Sirens' voice, never doth he see wife or babes stand by him on his return, nor have they joy at his coming ; but the Sirens enchant him with their clear song, sitting in the meadow, and all about is a great heap of bones of men, corrupt in death, and round the bones the skin is wasting. But do thou drive thy ship past, and knead honey-sweet wax, and anoint therewith the ears of thy company, lest any of the rest hear the song ; but if thou thyself art minded to hear, let them bind thee in the swift ship hand and foot, upright in the mast-stead, and from the mast let rope-ends be tied, that with delight thou mayest hear the voice of the Sirens. And if thou shalt beseech thy company and bid them to loose thee, then let them bind thee with yet more bonds. But when thy friends have driven thy ship past these, I will not tell thee fully which path shall thenceforth be thine, but do thou thyself consider it, and I will speak to thee of either way. On the one side there are beetling rocks, and against them the

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great wave roars of dark-eyed Amphitrite. These, ye must know, are they the blessed gods call the Rocks Wandering. By this way even winged things may never pass, nay, not even the cowering doves that bear ambrosia to Father Zeus, but the sheer rock evermore takes away one even of these, and the Father sends in another to make up the tale. Thereby no ship of men ever escapes that comes thither, but the planks of ships and the bodies of men confusedly are tossed by the waves of the sea and the storms of ruinous fire. One ship only of all that fare by sea hath passed that way ; even Argo, that is in all men's minds, on her voyage from iEetes. And even her the wave would lightly have cast there upon the mighty rocks, but Hera sent her by for love of Jason.

'' ' On the other part are two rocks, whereof the one reaches with sharp peak to the wide heaven, and a dark cloud encompasses it; this never streams away, and there is no clear air about the peak neither in summer nor in harvest tide. No mortal man may scale it or set foot thereon, not though he had twenty hands and feet. For the rock is smooth, and sheer, as it were polished. And in the midst of the cliff is a dim cave turned to Erebus, towards the place of darkness, whereby ye shall even steer your hollow ship, noble Odysseus. Not with an arrow from a bow might a man in his strength reach from his hollow ship into that deep cave. And therein dwelleth Scylla, yelping terribly. Her voice indeed is no greater than the voice of a new-born whelp, but a dreadful monster is she, nor would any look on her gladly, not if it were a god that met her. Verily she hath twelve feet all dangling down, and six necks exceeding long, and on each a hideous head, and therein three rows of teeth set thick and close, full of black death. Up to her middle is she sunk far down in the hollow cave, but forth she holds her heads from the dreadful

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gulf, and there she fishes, swooping round the rock, for dolphins or sea-dogs, or whatso greater beast she may anywhere take, whereof the deep-voiced Amphitrite feeds countless flocks. Thereby no sailors boast that they have fled scatheless ever with their ship, for with each head she carries off a man, whom she hath snatched from out the dark-prowed ship.

" ' But that other cliff, Odysseus, thou shalt note, lying lower, hard by the first : thou couldest send an arrow across. And thereon is a great fig-tree growing, in fullest leaf, and beneath it mighty Gharybdis sucks down black water, for thrice a day she spouts it forth, and thrice a day she sucks it down in terrible wise. Never mayest thou be there when she sucks the water, for none might save thee then from thy bane, not even the Earth-shaker ! But take heed and swiftly drawing nigh to Scylla's rock drive the ship past, since of a truth it is far better to mourn six of thy company in the ship, than all in the selfsame hour.'

" So spake she, but I answered, and said unto her : ' Come I pray thee herein, goddess, tell me true, if there be any means whereby I might escape from the deadly Charybdis and avenge me on that other, when she would prey upon my company.'

" So spake I, and that fair goddess answered me :
* Man overbold, lo, now again the deeds of war are in thy mind and the travail thereof. Wilt thou not yield thee even to the deathless gods ? As for her, she is no mortal, but an immortal plague, dread, grievous, and fierce, and not to be fought with ; and against her there is no defence; flight is the bravest way. For if thou tarry to do on thine armour by the cliff, I fear lest once again she sally forth and catch at thee with so many heads, and seize as many men as before. So drive past with all thy force, and call on Cratais, mother of Scylla, which bore her for a bane to mortals. And she will then let her from darting forth thereafter.

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" ' Then thou shalt come unto the isle Thrinacia ; there are the many kine of Helios and his brave flocks feeding, seven herds of kine and as many goodly flocks of sheep, and fifty in each flock. They have no part in birth or in corruption, and there are goddesses to shepherd them, nymphs with fair tresses, Phaethusa and Lampetie whom bright Neaera bare to Helios Hyperion. Now when the lady their mother had borne and nursed them, she carried them to the isle Thrinacia to dwell afar, that they should guard their father's flocks and his kine with shambling gait. If thou doest these no hurt, being heedful of thy return, truly ye may even yet reach Ithaca, albeit in evil case. But if thou hurtest them, I foreshow ruin for thy ship and for thy men, and even though thou shouldst thyself escape, late shalt thou return in evil plight with the loss of all thy company.'

" So spake she, and anon came the golden-throned Dawn. Then the fair goddess took her way up the island. But I departed to my ship and roused my men themselves to mount the vessel and loose the hawsers. And speedily they went aboard and sat upon the benches, and sitting orderly smote the grey sea water with their oars. And in the wake of our dark-prowed ship she sent a favouring wind that filled the sails, a kindly escort,—even Circe of the braided tresses, a dread goddess of human speech. And straightway we set in order the gear throughout the ship and sat us down, and the wind and the helmsman guided our barque.

" Then I spake among my company with a heavy heart: ' Friends, forasmuch as it is not well that one or two alone should know of the oracles that Circe, the fair goddess, spake unto me, therefore will I declare them, that with foreknowledge we may die, or haply shunning death and destiny escape. First she bade us avoid the sound of the voice of the wondrous Sirens,

THE SIRENS' SONG

and their field of flowers, and me only she bade listen to their voices. So bind ye me in a hard bond, that I may abide unmoved in my place, upright in the mast-stead, and from the mast let rope-ends be tied, and if I beseech and bid you to set me free, then do ye straiten me with yet more bonds.'

" Thus I rehearsed these things one and all, and declared them to my company. Meanwhile our good ship quickly came to the island of the Sirens twain, for a gende breeze sped her on her way. Then straight-way the wind ceased, and lo, there was a windless calm, and some god lulled the waves. Then my company rose up and drew in the ship's sails, and stowed them in the hold of the ship, while they sat at the oars and whitened the water with their polished pine blades. But I with my sharp sword cleft in pieces a great circle of wax, and with my strong hands kneaded it. And soon the wax grew warm, for that my great might constrained it, and the beam of the lord Helios, son of Hyperion. And I anointed therewith the ears of all my men in their order, and in the ship they bound me hand and foot upright in the mast-stead, and from the mast they fastened rope-ends and themselves sat down, and smote the grey sea water with their oars. But when the ship was within the sound of a man's shout from the land, we fleeing swiftly on our way, the Sirens espied the swift ship speeding toward them, and they raised their clear-toned song :

" ' Hither, come hither, renowned Odysseus, great glory of the Achaians, here stay thy barque, that thou mayest listen to the voice of us twain. For none hath ever driven by this way in his black ship, till he hath heard from our lips the voice sweet as the honeycomb, and hath had joy thereof and gone on his way the wiser. For lo, we know all things, all the travail that in wide Troy-land the Argives and Trojans bare by

THE ODYSSEY

the gods' designs, yea, and we know all that shall hereafter be upon the fruitful earth.'

" So spake they uttering a sweet voice, and my heart was fain to listen, and I bade my company unbind me, nodding at them with a frown, but they bent to their oars and rowed on. Then straight uprose Perimedes and Eurylochus and bound me with more cords and straitened me yet the more. Now when we had driven past them, nor heard we any longer the sound of the Sirens or their song, forthwith my dear company took away the wax wherewith I had anointed their ears and loosed me from my bonds.

" But so soon as we left that isle, thereafter presently I saw smoke and a great wave, and heard the sea roaring. Then for very fear the oars flew from their hands, and down the stream they all splashed, and the ship was holden there, for my company no longer plied with their hands the tapering oars. But I paced the ship and cheered on my men, as I stood by each one and spake smooth words :

" * Friends, forasmuch as in sorrow we are not all unlearned, truly this is no greater woe that is upon us, than when the Cyclops penned us by main might in his hollow cave ; yet even thence we made escape by my manfulness, even by my counsel and my wit, and some day I think that this adventure too we shall remember. Come now, therefore, let us all give ear to do according to my word. Do ye smite the deep surf of the sea with your oars, as ye sit on the benches, if peradventure Zeus may grant us to escape from and shun this death. And as for thee, helmsman, thus I charge thee, and ponder it in thine heart seeing that thou wieldest the helm of the hollow ship. Keep the ship well away from this smoke and from the wave and hug the rocks, lest the ship, ere thou art aware, start from her course to the other side, and so thou hurl us into ruin.'

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS

" So I spake, and quickly they hearkened to my words. But of Scylla I told them nothing more, a bane none might deal with, lest haply my company should cease from rowing for fear, and hide them in the hold. In that same hour I suffered myself to forget the hard behest of Circe, in that she bade me in nowise be armed ; but I did on my glorious harness and caught up two long lances in my hands, and went on to the decking of the prow, for thence methought that Scylla of the rock would first be seen, who was to bring woe on my company. Yet could I not spy her anywhere, and my eyes waxed weary for gazing all about toward the darkness of the rock.

" Next we began to sail up the narrow strait lamenting. For on the one hand lay Scylla, and on the other mighty Charybdis in terrible wise sucked down the salt sea water. As often as she belched it forth, like a cauldron on a great fire she would seethe up through all her troubled deeps, and overhead the spray fell on the tops of either cliff. But oft as she gulped down the salt sea water, within she was all plain to see through her troubled deeps, and the rock around roared horribly and beneath the earth was manifest swart with sand, and pale fear gat hold on my men. Toward her, then, we looked fearing destruction ; but Scylla meanwhile caught from out my hollow ship six of my company, the hardiest of their hands and the chief in might. And looking into the swift ship to find my men, even then I marked their feet and hands as they were lifted on high, and they cried aloud in their agony, and called me by my name for that last time of all. Even as when a fisher on some headland lets down with a long rod his baits for a snare to the little fishes below, casting into the deep the horn of an ox of the homestead, and as he catches each flings it writhing ashore, so writhing were they borne upward to the cliff. And there she

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devoured them shrieking in her gates, they stretching forth their hands to me in the dread death-struggle. And the most pitiful thing was this that mine eyes have seen of all my travail in searching out the paths of the sea.

" Now when we had escaped the Rocks and dread Charybdis and Scylla, thereafter we soon came to the fair island of the god ; where were the goodly kine, broad of brow, and the many brave flocks of Helios Hyperion. Then while as yet I was in my black ship upon the deep, I heard the lowing of the cattle being stalled and the bleating of the sheep, and on my mind there fell the saying of the blind seer, Theban Teiresias, and of Circe of Aia, who charged me very straitly to shun the isle of Helios, the gladdener of the world. Then I spake out among my company in sorrow of heart :

" ^c Hear my words, my men, albeit in evil plight, that I may declare unto you the oracles of Teiresias and of Circe of Aia, who very straitly charged me to shun the isle of Helios, the gladdener of the world. For there she said the most dreadful mischief would befall us. Nay, drive ye then the black ship beyond and past that isle.'

" So spake I, and their heart was broken within them. And Eurylochus straightway answered me sadly, saying:

" ' Hardy art thou, Odysseus, of might beyond measure, and thy limbs are never weary ; verily thou art fashioned all of iron, that sufferest not thy fellows, foredone with toil and drowsiness, to set foot on shore, where we might presently prepare us a good supper in this sea-girt island. But even as we are thou biddest us fare blindly through the sudden night, and from the isle go wandering on the misty deep. And strong winds, the bane of ships, are born of the night. How could a man escape from utter doom, if there chanced to come a sudden blast of the South Wind,

THE KINE OF HELIOS

or of the boisterous West, which mainly wreck ships, beyond the will of the gods, the lords of all ? Howbeit for this present let us yield to the black night, and we will make ready our supper abiding by the swift ship, and in the morning we will climb on board, and put out into the broad deep.'

" So spake Eurylochus, and the rest of my company consented thereto.

" Now so long as my company still had corn and red wine, they refrained them from the kine, for they were fain of life. But when the corn was now all spent from out the ship, and they went wandering with barbed hooks in quest of game, as needs they must, fishes and fowls, whatsoever might come to their hand, for hunger gnawed at their belly, then at last I departed up the isle, that I might pray to the gods, if perchance some one of them might show me a way of returning. And now when I had avoided my company on my way through the island, I laved my hands where was a shelter from the wind, and prayed to all the gods that hold Olympus. But they shed sweet sleep upon my eyelids. And Eurylochus the while set forth an evil counsel to my company :

" ^ε Hear my words, my friends, though ye be in evil case. Truly every shape of death is hateful to wretched mortals, but to die of hunger and so meet doom is most pitiful of all. Nay come, we will drive off the best of the kine of Helios and will do sacrifice to the deathless gods who keep wide heaven. And if we may yet reach Ithaca, our own country, forthwith will we rear a rich shrine to Helios Hyperion, and therein would we set many a choice offering. But if he be somewhat wroth for his cattle with straight horns, and is fain to wreck our ship, and the other gods follow his desire, rather with one gulp at the wave would I cast my life away, than be slowly straitened to death in a desert isle.'

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" So spake Eurylochos, and the rest of the company consented thereto. Forthwith they drave off the best of the kine of Helios that were nigh at hand, for the fair kine of shambling gait and broad of brow were feeding no great way from the dark-prowed ship. Then they stood around the cattle and prayed to the gods, plucking the fresh leaves from an oak of lofty boughs, for they had no white barley on board the decked ship. Now after they had prayed and cut the throats of the kine and flayed them, they cut out slices of the thighs and wrapped them in the fat, making a double fold, and thereon they laid raw flesh. Yet had they no pure wine to pour over the flaming sacrifices, but they made libation with water and roasted the entrails over the fire. Now after the thighs were quite consumed and they had tasted the inner parts, they cut the rest up small and spitted it on spits.

" Then for six days my dear company feasted on the best of the kine of Helios which they had driven off. But when Zeus, son of Kronos, had added the seventh day thereto, thereafter the wind ceased to blow with a rushing storm, and at once we climbed the ship and launched into the broad deep, when we had set up the mast and hoisted the white sails.

" But now when we left that isle nor any other land appeared, but sky and sea only, even then the son of Kronos stayed a dark cloud above the hollow ship, and beneath it the deep darkened. And the ship ran on her way for no long while, for of a sudden came the shrilling West, with the rushing of a great tempest, and the blast of wind snapped the two forestays of the mast, and the mast fell backward and all the gear dropped into the bilge. And behold, on the hind part of the ship the mast struck the head of the pilot and brake all the bones of his skull together, and like a diver he dropt down from the deck, and his brave

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spirit left his bones. In that same hour Zeus thundered and cast his bolt upon the ship, and she reeled all over being stricken by the bolt of Zeus, and was filled with sulphur, and lo, my company fell from out the vessel. Like sea-gulls they were borne round the black ship upon the billows, and the god reft them of returning.

" But I kept pacing through my ship, till the surge loosened the sides from the keel, and the wave swept her along stript of her tackling, and brake her mast clean off at the keel. Now the backstay fashioned of an oxhide had been flung thereon ; therewith I lashed together both keel and mast, and sitting thereon I was borne by the ruinous winds.

" Then verily the West Wind ceased to blow with a rushing storm, and swiftly withal the South Wind came, bringing sorrow to my soul, that so I might again measure back that space of sea, the way to deadly Gharybdis. All the night was I borne, but with the rising of the sun I came to the rock of Scylla, and to dread Gharybdis. Now she had sucked down her salt sea water, when I was swung up on high to the tall fig-tree whereto I clung like a bat, and could find no sure rest for my feet nor place to stand, for the roots spread far below and the branches hung aloft out of reach, long and large, and overshadowed Charybdis. Steadfast I clung till she should spew forth mast and keel again ; and late they came to my desire. At the hour when a man rises up from the assembly and goes to supper, one who judges the many quarrels of the young men that seek to him for law, at that same hour those timbers came forth to view from out Gharybdis. And I let myself drop down hands and feet, and plunged heavily in the midst of the waters beyond the long timbers, and sitting on these I rowed hard with my hands. But the father of gods and of men suffered me no more to

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behold Scylla, else I should never have escaped from utter doom.

" Thence for nine days was I borne, and on the tenth night the gods brought me nigh to the isle of Ogygia, where dwells Calypso of the braided tresses, an awful goddess of mortal speech, who took me in and entreated me kindly. But why rehearse all this tale ? For even yesterday I told it to thee and to thy noble wife in thy house ; and it liketh me not twice to tell a plain-told tale."

[The kindly Phaeacians loaded Odysseus with gifts and brought him on one of their famous ships to his own land. There they landed him, asleep, in a cave in which, on awaking, he hid his treasure. Athene advised him and helped him to disguise as a beggar, and he returned secretly to his native city. There he hid in the house of Eumaeus, a swineherd, from whom he heard the story of all that had elapsed during his long absence.]

Meanwhile Athene persuaded Telemachus to return and, helped by a sign from the gods, he avoided the ambush of the suitors, landing secretly some distance from the port. He, too, came to the house of Eumaeus and there met the beggar whom he did not know to be his father.]

XII. ODYSSEUS AND TELEMACHUS

{Book XVI, ll. 157-308}

Now Athene noted Eumaeus the swineherd pass from the steading, and she drew nigh in the semblance of a woman fair and tall, and skilled in splendid handiwork. And she stood in presence manifest to Odysseus over against the doorway of the hut ; but it was so that Telemachus saw her not before him and marked her not ; for the gods in no wise appear visibly to all. But Odysseus was ware of her, and the dogs likewise, which barked not, but with a low whine

ODYSSEUS AND TELEMAGHUS

shrank cowering to the far side of the steading. Then she nodded at him with bent brows, and goodly Odysseus perceived it, and came forth from the room, past the great wall of the yard, and stood before her, and Athene spake to him, saying :

" Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, now is the hour to reveal thy word to thy son, and hide it not, that ye twain having framed death and doom for the wooers, may fare to the famous town. Nor will I, even I, be long away from you, being right eager for battle."

Therewith Athene touched him with her golden wand. First she cast about his breast a fresh linen robe and a doublet, and she increased his bulk and bloom. Dark his colour grew again, and his cheeks filled out, and the black beard spread thick around his chin.

Now she, when she had so wrought, withdrew again, but Odysseus went into the hut, and his dear son marvelled at him and looked away for very fear lest it should be a god, and he uttered his voice and spake to him winged words :

" Even now, stranger, thou art other in my sight than that thou wert a moment since, and other garments thou hast, and the colour of thy skin is no longer the same. Surely thou art a god of those that keep the wide heaven. Nay then, be gracious, that we may offer to thee well-pleasing sacrifices and golden gifts, beautifully wrought; and spare us I pray thee."

Then the steadfast goodly Odysseus answered him, saying : " Behold, no god am I ; why likenest thou me to the immortals ? nay, thy father am I, for whose sake thou sufferest many pains and groanest sore, and submittest thee to the despite of men."

At the word he kissed his son, and from his cheeks let a tear fall to earth : before, he had stayed the tears continually. But Telemachus (for as yet he

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believed not that it was his father) answered in turn and spake, saying :

" Thou art not Odysseus my father, but some god beguiles me, that I may groan for more exceeding sorrow. For it cannot be that a mortal man should contrive this by the aid of his own wit, unless a god were himself to visit him, and lightly of his own will to make him young or old. For truly, but a moment gone, thou wert old and foully clad, but now thou art like the gods who keep the wide heaven."

Then Odysseus of many counsels answered him saying :

" Telemachus, it fits thee not to marvel overmuch that thy father is come home, or to be amazed. Nay for thou shalt find no other Odysseus come hither any more ; but lo, I, all as I am, after sufferings and much wandering have come in the twentieth year to mine own country. Behold, this is the work of Athene, driver of the spoil, who makes me such manner of man as she will,—for with her it is possible,—now like a beggar, and now again like a young man, and one hardy of thy hands, and sage in counsel. But this is a hard saying of thine : awe comes over me ; for it may not be that two men should do battle with many men and stalwart. For of the wooers there are not barely ten nor twice ten only, but many a decad more : and straight shalt thou learn the tale of them ere we part. From Dulichium there be two and fifty chosen lords, and six serving men go with them ; and out of Same four and twenty men ; and from Zacynthus there are twenty lords of the Achaians ; and from Ithaca itself full twelve men of the best, and with them Medon the henchman, and the divine minstrel, and two squires skilled in carving viands. If we shall encounter all these within the halls, see thou to it, lest bitter and baneful for us be the vengeance thou takest on their violence at thy coming. But do thou, if thou

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canst think of some champion, advise thee of any that may help us with all his heart."

Then the steadfast goodly Odysseus answered him, saying :

" Yea now, I will tell thee, and do thou mark and listen to me, and consider whether Athene with Father Zeus will suffice for us twain, or whether I shall cast about for some other champion."

Then wise Telemachus answered him, saying: " Valiant helpers, in sooth, are these two thou namest, whose seat is aloft in the clouds, and they rule among all men and among the deathless gods ! "

Then the steadfast goodly Odysseus answered him : " Yet will the twain not long keep aloof from the strong tumult of war, when between the wooers and us in my halls is held the trial of the might of Ares. But as now, do thou go homeward at the breaking of the day, and consort with the proud wooers. As for me, the swineherd will lead me to the town later in the day, in the likeness of a beggar, a wretched man and an old. And if they shall evil entreat me in the house, let thy heart harden itself to endure while I am shamefully handled, yea even if they drag me by the feet through the house to the doors, or cast at me and smite me : still do thou bear the sight. Howbeit thou shalt surely bid them cease from their folly, exhorting them with smooth words ; yet no whit will they hearken, nay for the day of their doom is at hand. Yet another thing will I tell thee, and do thou ponder it in thy heart. When Athene, of deep counsel, shall put it into my heart, I will nod to thee with my head and do thou note it, and carry away all thy weapons of war that lie in the halls, and lay them down every one in the secret place of the lofty chamber. And when the wooers miss them and ask thee concerning them, thou shalt beguile them with soft words, saying :

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" ' Out of the smoke I laid them by, since they were no longer like those that Odysseus left behind him of old when he went to Troy, but they are wholly marred : so mightily hath passed upon them the vapour of fire. Moreover Kronion hath put into my heart this other and greater care, that perchance, when ye are heated with wine, ye set a quarrel between you and wound one the other and thereby shame the feast and the wooing; for iron of itself draws a man thereto.' But for us twain alone leave two swords and two spears and two shields of oxhide to grasp, that we may rush upon the arms and seize them ; and then shall Pallas Athene and Zeus the counsellor enchant the wooers to their ruin. Yet another thing will I tell thee, and do thou ponder it in thy heart. If in very truth thou art my son and of our blood, then let no man hear that Odysseus is come home ; neither let Laertes know it, nor the swineherd nor any of the household nor Penelope herself, but let me and thee alone discover the intent of the women. Yea, and we would moreover make trial of certain of the men among the thralls, and learn who of them chances to honour us and to fear us heartily, and who regards us not at all and holds even thee in no esteem, so noble a man as thou art."

[Odysseus appeared at his palace disguised as a beggar where he was brutally treated by the suitors and by a real beggar Irus, whom he fought at fisticuffs and knocked out/]

XIII. ODYSSEUS AND PENELOPE

(Book XIX, ll. 53-275)

Now forth from her chamber came the wise Penelope, like Artemis or golden Aphrodite, and they set a chair for her hard by before the fire, where she was wont to sit, a chair well-wrought and inlaid with ivory and

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silver, which on a time the craftsman Icmalius had fashioned, and had joined thereto a footstool, that was part of the chair, whereon a great fleece was used to be laid. Here then, the wise Penelope sat her down, and next came white-armed handmaids from the women's chamber, and began to take away the many fragments of food, and the tables and the cups whence the proud lords had been drinking, and they raked out the fire from the braziers on to the floor, and piled many fresh logs upon them, to give light and warmth.

Then Melantho began to revile Odysseus yet a second time, saying : " Stranger, wilt thou still be a plague to us here, circling round the house in the night, and spying the women ? Nay, get thee forth, thou wretched thing, and be thankful for thy supper, or straightway shalt thou even be smitten with a torch and so fare out of the doors."

Then Odysseus of many counsels looked fiercely on her, and said : " Good woman, what possesses thee to assail me thus out of an angry heart ? Is it because I go filthy and am clothed about in sorry raiment, and beg through the land, for necessity is laid on me ? This is the manner of beggars and of wandering men. For I too once had a house of mine own among men, a rich man with a wealthy house, and many a time would I give to a wanderer, what manner of man soever he might be, and in whatsoever need he came. And I had countless thralls, and all else in plenty, whereby folk live well and have a name for riches. But Zeus, the son of Kronos, made me desolate of all, for surely it was his will. Wherefore, woman, see lest some day thou too lose all thy fine show wherein thou now excellest among the handmaids, as well may chance, if thy mistress be provoked to anger with thee, or if Odysseus come home, for there is yet a place for hope. And even if he hath perished as ye deem, and is never more to return, yet by Apollo's grace he hath

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a son like him, Telemachus, and none of the women works wantonness in his halls without his knowledge, for he is no longer of an age not to mark it."

Thus he spake, and the wise Penelope heard him, and rebuked the handmaid, and spake and hailed her :

" Thou reckless thing and unabashed, be sure thy great sin is not hidden from me, and thy blood shall be on thine own head for the same ! For thou knewest right well, in that thou hadst heard from my lips, how that I was minded to ask the stranger in my halls for tidings of my lord ; for I am grievously afflicted/

Therewith she spake likewise to the housedame, Eurynome, saying :

" Eurynome, bring hither a settle with a fleece thereon, that the stranger may sit and speak with me and hear my words, for I would ask him all his story."

So she spake, and the nurse made haste and brought a polished settle, and cast a fleece thereon ; and then the steadfast goodly Odysseus sat him down there, and the wise Penelope spake first, saying :

" Stranger, I will make bold first to ask thee this : who art thou of the sons of men, and whence ? Where is thy city, and where are they that begat thee ? "

And Odysseus of many counsels answered her and said : " Lady, no one of mortal men in the wide world could find fault with thee, for lo, thy fame goes up to the wide heaven, as doth the fame of a blameless king, one that fears the gods and reigns among many men and mighty, maintaining right, and the black earth bears wheat and barley, and the trees are laden with fruit, and the sheep bring forth and fail not, and the sea gives store of fish, and all out of his good guidance, and the people prosper under him. Wherefore do thou ask me now in thy house all else that

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thou wilt, but inquire not concerning my race and mine own country, lest as I think thereupon thou fill my heart the more with pains, for I am a man of many sorrows. Moreover it beseems me not to sit weeping and wailing in another's house, for it is little good to mourn always without ceasing, lest perchance one of the maidens, or even thyself, be angry with me and say that I swim in tears, as one that is heavy with wine."

Then wise Penelope answered him, and said : " Stranger, surely my excellence, both of face and form, the gods destroyed, in the day when the Argives embarked for Ilios, and with them went my lord Odysseus. If but he might come and watch over this my life, greater and fairer thus would be my fame ! But now am I in sorrow, such a host of ills some god has sent against me. For all the noblest that are princes in the isles, in Dulichium and Same and wooded Zaeynthus, and they that dwell around even in clear-seen Ithaca, these are wooing me against my will, and devouring the house. Wherefore I take no heed of strangers, nor suppliants, nor at all of heralds, the craftsmen of the people. But I waste my heart away in longing for Odysseus ; so they speed on my marriage and I weave a web of wiles. First some god put it into my heart to set up a great web in the halls, and thereat to weave a robe fine of woof and very wide ; and anon I spake among them, saying : ' Ye princely youths, my wooers, now that goodly Odysseus is dead, do ye abide patiently, how eager soever to speed on this marriage of mine, till I finish the robe. I would not that the threads perish to no avail, even this shroud for the hero Laertes, against the day when the ruinous doom shall bring him low, of death that lays men at their length. So shall none of the Achaian women in the land count it blame in me, as well might be, were he to lie without

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a winding sheet, a man that had gotten great possessions.'

" So spake I, and their high hearts consented thereto. So then in the daytime I would weave the mighty web, and in the night unravel the same, when I had let place the torches by me. Thus for the space of three years I hid the thing by craft and beguiled the minds of the Achaians. But when the fourth year arrived, and the seasons came round as the months waned, and many days were accomplished, then it was that by help of the handmaids, shameless things and reckless, the wooers came and trapped me, and chid me loudly. Thus did I finish the web by no will of mine, for so I must. And now I can neither escape the marriage nor devise any further counsel, and my parents are instant with me to marry, and my son chafes that these men devour his livelihood, as he takes note of all ; for by this time he has come to man's estate, and is full able to care for a household, for one to which Zeus vouchsafes honour. But even so tell me of thine own stock, whence thou art, for thou art not sprung of oak or rock, whereof old tales tell."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered her and said :

" O wife revered of Odysseus, son of Laertes, wilt thou never have done asking me about mine own race ? Nay, but I will tell thee : yet surely thou wilt give me over to sorrows yet more than those wherein I am holden, for so it ever is when a man has been afar from his own country, so long as now I am, wandering in sore pain to many cities of mortals. Yet even so I will tell thee what thou askest and inquirest. There is a land called Crete in the midst of the wine-dark sea, a fair land and a rich, begirt with water, and therein are many men innumerable, and ninety cities. And all have not the same speech,

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but there is confusion of tongues; there dwell Achaians and there too Cretans of Crete, high of heart, and Cydonians there and Dorians of waving plumes and goodly Pelasgians. And among these cities is the mighty city Cnossus, wherein Minos when he was nine years old began to rule, he who held converse with great Zeus, and was the father of my father, even of Deucalion, high of heart. Now Deucalion begat me and Idomeneus the prince. Howbeit, he had gone in his beaked ships up into Ilios, with the sons of Atreus ; but my famed name is Aethon, being the younger of the twain and he was the first born and the better man. There I saw Odysseus, and gave him guest-gifts, for the might of the wind bare him too to Crete, as he was making for Troy-land, and had driven him wandering past Malea. So he stayed his ships in Amnisus, whereby is the cave of Eilithyia, in havens hard to win, and scarce he escaped the tempest. Anon he came up to the city and asked for Idomeneus, saying that he was his friend and held by him in love and honour. But it was now the tenth or the eleventh dawn since Idomeneus had gone in his beaked ships up into Ilios. Then I led him to the house, and gave him good entertainment with all loving-kindness out of the plenty in my house, and for him and for the rest of his company, that went with him, I gathered and gave barley meal and dark wine out of the public store, and oxen to sacrifice to his heart's desire. There the goodly Achaians abode twelve days, for the strong North Wind penned them there, and suffered them not to stay upon the coast, for some angry god had roused it. On the thirteenth day the wind fell, and then they lifted anchor."

So he told many a false tale in the likeness of truth, and her tears flowed as she listened, and her flesh melted. And even as the snow melts in the high places

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of the hills, the snow that the South-East wind has thawed, when the West has scattered it abroad, and as it wastes the river streams run full, even so her fair cheeks melted beneath her tears, as she wept her own lord, who even then was sitting by her. Now Odysseus had compassion of heart upon his wife in her lamenting, but his eyes kept steadfast between his eyelids as it were horn or iron, and craftily he hid his tears. But she, when she had taken her fill of tearful lamentation, answered him in turn and spake, saying :

" Friend as thou art, even now I think to make trial of thee, and learn whether in very truth thou didst entertain my lord there in thy halls with his godlike company, as thou say est. Tell me what manner of raiment he was clothed in about his body, and what manner of man he was himself, and tell me of his fellows that went with him."

Then Odysseus of many counsels answered her saying : " Lady, it is hard for one so long parted from him to tell thee all this, for it is now the twentieth year since he went thither and left my country. Yet even so I will tell thee as I see him in spirit. Goodly Odysseus wore a thick purple mantle, twofold, which had a brooch fashioned in gold, with two sheathes for the pins, and on the face of it was a curious device : a hound in his forepaws held a dappled fawn and gazed on it as it writhed. And all men marvelled at the workmanship, how, wrought as they were in gold, the hound was gazing on the fawn and strangling it, and the fawn was writhing with his feet and striving to flee. Moreover, I marked the shining doublet about his body, like the gleam over the skin of a dried onion, so smooth it was, and glistening as the sun ; truly many women looked thereon and wondered. Yet another thing will I tell thee, and do thou ponder it in thy heart. I know not if Odysseus was thus clothed upon at home, or if one of his fellows gave

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him the raiment as he went on board the swift ship or even it may be some stranger, seeing that to many men was Odysseus dear, for few of the Achæians were his peers. I, too, gave him a sword of bronze, and a fair purple mantle with double fold, and a tasseled doublet, and I sent him away with all honour on his decked ship. Moreover, a henchman bare him company, somewhat older than he, and I will tell thee of him too, what manner of man he was. He was round-shouldered, black-skinned, and curly-headed, his name Eurybates ; and Odysseus honoured him above all his company, because in all things he was like-minded with himself."

So he spake, and in her heart he stirred yet more the desire of weeping, as she knew the certain tokens that Odysseus showed her. So when she had taken her fill of tearful lament, then she answered him, and spake saying :

" Now verily, stranger, thou that even before wert held in pity, shalt be dear and honourable in my halls, for it was I who gave him these garments, as judging from thy words, and folded them myself, and brought them from the chamber, and added besides the shining brooch to be his jewel. But him I shall never welcome back, returned home to his own dear country. Wherefore with an evil fate it was that Odysseus went hence in the hollow ship to see that evil Ilios, never to be named."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered her saying : " Wife revered of Odysseus, son of Laertes, destroy not now thy fair flesh any more, nor waste thy heart with weeping for thy lord ;—not that I count it any blame in thee, for many a woman weeps that has lost her wedded lord, to whom she has borne children in her love,—albeit a far other man than Odysseus, who, they say, is like the gods. Nay, cease from thy lamenting, and lay up my word in thy

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heart; for I will tell thee without fail, and **will** hide nought, how but lately I heard tell of the return of Odysseus, that he is nigh at hand, and yet alive in the fat land of the men of Thesprotia, and is bringing with him many choice treasures, as he begs through the land. But he has lost his dear companions and his hollow ship on the wine-dark sea, on his way from the isle Thrinacia. They for their part all perished in the wash of the sea, but the wave cast him on the keel of the ship out upon the coast, on the land of the Phaeacians that are near of kin to the gods, and they did him all honour heartily as unto a god, and gave him many gifts, and themselves would fain have sent him scathless home. Yea and Odysseus would have been here long since, but he thought it more profitable to gather wealth, as he journeyed over wide lands ; so truly is Odysseus skilled in gainful arts above all men upon earth, nor may any mortal men contend with him."

XIV. ODYSSEUS AND HIS NURSE

(Book XIX, ll. 384.-400 ; 466-486)

THEREUPON the crone took the shining cauldron, where from she set to wash his feet, and poured in much cold water and next mingled therewith the warm. Now Odysseus sat aloof from the hearth, and of a sudden he turned his face to the darkness, for anon he had a misgiving of heart lest when she handled him she might know the scar again, and all should be revealed. Now she drew near her lord to wash him, and straightway she knew the scar of the wound, that the boar had dealt him with his white tusk along ago, when Odysseus went to Parnassus to see Autolycus, and the sons of Autolycus, his mother's noble father, who outdid all men in thievery and skill

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in swearing. This skill was the gift of the god himself, even Hermes, for that he burned to him the well-pleasing sacrifice of the thighs of lambs and kids ; wherefore Hermes abetted him gladly. Now Autolycus once had gone to the rich land of Ithaca, and found his daughter's son a child new-born, and when he was making an end of supper, behold, Eurycleia set the babe on his knees, and spake and hailed him : " Autolycus find now a name thyself to give thy child's own son ; for lo, he is a child of many prayers."

Then Autolycus made answer and spake : " My daughter and my daughter's lord, give ye him whatsoever name I tell you. Forasmuch as I am come hither in wrath against many a one, both man and woman, over the fruitful earth, wherefore let the child's name be ' a man of wrath,' Odysseus. But when the child reaches his full growth, and comes to the great house of his mother's kin at Parnassus, whereby are my possessions, I will give him a gift out of these and send him on his way rejoicing."

Now the old woman took the scarred limb and passed her hands down it, and knew it by the touch and let the foot drop suddenly, so that the knee fell into the bath, and the brazen vessel rang, being turned over on the other side, and behold, the water was spilled on the ground. Then joy and anguish came on her in one moment, and both her eyes filled up with tears, and the voice of her utterance was stayed, and touching the chin of Odysseus she spake to him, saying :

" Yea verily, thou art Odysseus, my dear child, and I knew thee not before, till I had handled all the body of my lord."

Therewithal she looked towards Penelope, as minded to make a sign that her husband was now home. But Penelope could not meet her eyes nor take note of her, for Athene had bent her thoughts to

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other things. But Odysseus feeling for the old woman's throat gript it with his right hand and with the other drew her closer to him and spake saying :

" Woman, why wouldest thou indeed destroy me ? It was thou that didst nurse me there at thine own breast, and now after travail and much pain I am come in the twentieth year to mine own country. But since thou art ware of me, and the god has put this in thy heart, be silent, lest another learn the matter in the halls.*

XV. PENELOPE'S DREAM

{Book XIX, ll. 504-587}

EVEN so he spake, and the old woman passed forth from the hall to bring water for his feet, for that first water was all spilled. So when she had washed him and anointed him well with olive-oil, Odysseus again drew up his settle nearer to the fire to warm himself, and covered up the scar with his rags. Then the wise Penelope spake first, saying :

" Stranger, there is yet a little thing I will make bold to ask thee, for soon will it be the hour for pleasant rest,»for him on whomsoever sweet sleep falls, though he be heavy with care. But to me has the god given sorrow,, yea sorrow measureless, for all the day I have my fill of wailing and lamenting, as I look to mine own housewiferies and to the tasks of the maidens in the house. But when night comes and sleep takes hold of all, I lie on my couch, and shrewd cares, thick thronging about my inmost heart, disquiet me in my sorrowing. Even as when the daughter of Pandareus, the nightingale of the green-wood, sings sweet in the first season of the spring, from her place in the thick leafage of the trees, and with many a turn and trill she pours forth her full-

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voiced music bewailing her child, dear Itylus, whom on a time she slew with the sword unwitting, Itylus the son of Zethus the prince ; even as her song, my troubled soul sways to and fro. Shall I abide with my son, and keep all secure, all the things of my getting, my thralls and great high-roofed home, having respect unto the bed of my lord and the voice of the people, or even now follow with the best of the Achaïans that woos me in the halls, and gives a bride-price beyond reckoning ? Now my son, so long as he was a child and light of heart, suffered me not to marry and leave the house of my husband ; but now that he is great of growth, and is come to the full measure of manhood, lo now he prays me to go back home from these walls, being vexed for his possessions that the Achaïans devour before his eyes. But come now, hear a dream of mine and tell me the interpretation thereof. Twenty geese I have in the house, that eat wheat, coming forth from the water, and I am gladdened at the sight. Now a great eagle of crooked beak swooped from the mountain, and brake all their necks and slew them ; and they lay strewn in a heap in the halls, while he was borne aloft to the bright air. Thereon I wept and wailed, in a dream though it was, and around me were gathered the fair-tressed Achaïan women as I made piteous lament, for that the eagle had slain my geese. But he came back and sat him down on a jutting point of the roof-beam, and with the voice of a man he spake, and stayed my weeping :

" ' Take heart, O daughter of renowned Icarius ; this is no dream but a true vision, that shall be accomplished for thee. The geese are the wooers, and I that before was the eagle am now thy husband come again, who will let slip unsightly death upon all the wooers.' With that word sweet slumber let me go, and I looked about, and beheld the geese in the

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court pecking their wheat at the trough, where they were wont before."

Then Odysseus of many counsels answered her and said : " Lady, none may turn aside the dream to interpret it otherwise, seeing that Odysseus himself hath showed thee how he will fulfil it. For the wooers destruction is clearly boded, for all and every one ; not a man shall avoid death and the fates."

Then wise Penelope answered him : " Stranger, verily dreams are hard, and hard to be discerned ; nor are all things therein fulfilled for men. Twain are the gates of shadowy dreams, the one is fashioned of horn and one of ivory. Such dreams as pass through the portals of sawn ivory are deceitful, and bear tidings that are unfulfilled. But the dreams that come forth through the gates of polished horn bring a true issue, whosoever of mortals beholds them. Yet methinks my strange dream came not thence ; of a truth that would be most welcome to me and to my son. But another thing will I tell thee, and do thou ponder it in thy heart. Lo, even now draws nigh the morn of evil name, that is to sever me from the house of Odysseus, for now I am about to ordain for a trial those axes that he would set up in a row in his halls, like stays of oak in shipbuilding, twelve in all, and he would stand far apart and shoot his arrow through them all. And now I will offer this contest to the wooers : whoso shall most easily string the bow in his hands, and shoot through all twelve axes, with him will I go and forsake this house, this house of my wedlock, so fair and filled with all livelihood, which methinks I shall yet remember, aye, in a dream."

Then Odysseus of many counsels answered her and said : " Wife revered of Odysseus, son of Laertes, no longer delay this contest in thy halls ; for, lo, Odysseus of many counsels will be here, before these men,

THE BOW OF ODYSSEUS

for all their handling of this polished bow, shall have strung it, and shot the arrow through the iron."

XVI. THE BOW OF ODYSSEUS

(Book XXI, ll.1-100)

Now the goddess, grey-eyed Athene, put it into the heart of the daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, to set the bow and the axes of grey iron, for the wooers in the halls of Odysseus, to be the weapons of the contest, and the beginning of death. So she descended the tall staircase of her chamber, and took the well-bent key in her strong hand, a goodly key of bronze, whereon was a handle of ivory. And she betook her, with her handmaidens, to the treasure-chamber in the uttermost part of the house where lay the treasures of her lord, bronze and gold and well-wrought iron. And there lay the back-bent bow and the quiver for the arrows, and many shafts were therein, winged for death, gifts of a friend of Odysseus, that met with him in Lacedaemon, Iphitus, son of Eurytus, a man like to the gods. And Odysseus gave Iphitus a sharp sword and a mighty spear, for the beginning of a loving friendship ; but never had they acquaintance one of another at the board ; ere that might be, the son of Zeus slew Iphitus, son of Eurytus, a man like to the immortals, the same that gave Odysseus the bow. But goodly Odysseus would never take it with him on the black ships, as he went to the wars, but the bow was laid by at home in the halls as a memorial of a dear guest, and he carried it on his own land.

Now when the fair lady had come even to the treasure-chamber, and had stept upon the threshold of oak, which the carpenter had on a time planed cunningly, and over it had made straight the line,—

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doorposts also had he fitted thereby, whereon he set shining doors,—anon she quickly loosed the strap from the handle of the door, and thrust in the key, and with a straight aim shot back the bolts. And even as a bull roars that is grazing in a meadow, so mightily roared the fair doors smitten by the key ; and speedily they flew open before her. Then she stept on to the high floor, where the coffers stood, wherein the fragrant raiment was stored. Thence she stretched forth her hand, and took the bow from off the pin, all in the bright case which sheathed it around. And there she sat down, and set the case upon her knees, and cried aloud and wept, and took out the bow of her lord. Now when she had her fill of tearful lament, she set forth to go to the hall to the company of the proud wooers, with the back-bent bow in her hands, and the quiver for the arrows, and many shafts were therein winged for death. And her maidens along with her bare a chest, wherein lay much store of iron and bronze, the gear of combat of their lord. Now when the fair lady had come unto the wooers, she stood by the pillar of the well-built roof, holding up her glistening tire before her face; and a faithful maiden stood on either side of her, and straightway she spake out among the wooers and declared her word, saying :

" Hear me, ye lordly wooers, who have vexed this house, that ye might eat and drink here evermore, forasmuch as the master is long gone, nor could ye find any other mark for your speech, but all your desire was to wed me and take me to wife. Nay come now, ye wooers, seeing that this is the prize that is put before you. I will set forth for you the great bow of divine Odysseus, and whoso shall most easily string the bow in his hands, and shoot through all twelve axes, with him will I go and forsake this house, this house of my wedlock, so fair and filled with all

TELEMACHUS TRIES THE BOW

liveliness, which methinks I shall yet remember, aye, in a dream."

So spake she, and commanded Eumaeus, the goodly swineherd, to set the bow for the wooers and the axes of grey iron. And Eumaeus took them with tears, and laid them down ; and elsewhere the neatherd wept, when he beheld the bow of his lord. Then Antinous rebuked them, and spake and hailed them:

" Foolish boors, whose thoughts look not beyond the day, ah, wretched pair, wherefore now do ye shed tears, and stir the soul of the lady within her, when her heart already lies low in pain, for that she has lost her dear lord ? Nay sit, and feast in silence, or else get ye forth and weep, and leave the bow here behind, to be a terrible contest for the wooers, for methinks that this polished bow does not lightly yield itself to be strung. For there is no man among all these present such as Odysseus was, and I myself saw him, yea I remember it well, though I was still but a child."

So spake he, but his heart within him hoped that he would string the bow, and shoot through the iron. Yet verily, he was to be the first that should taste the arrow at the hands of the noble Odysseus, whom but late he was dishonouring as he sat in the halls, and was inciting all his fellows to do likewise.

XVII. TELEMACHUS TRIES THE BOW

{Book XXI, ll, ll8-133}

THEREWITH Telemachus cast from off his neck his cloak of scarlet, and sprang to his full height, and put away the sword from his shoulders. First he dug a good trench and set up the axes, one long trench

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for them all, and over it he made straight the line and round about stamped in the earth. And amazement fell on all that beheld how orderly he set the axes, though never before had he seen it so. Then he went and stood by the threshold and began to prove the bow. Thrice he made it to tremble in his great desire to draw it, and thrice he rested from his effort, though still he hoped in his heart to string the bow, and shoot through the iron. And now at last he might have strung it, mightily straining thereat for the fourth time, but Odysseus nodded frowning and stayed him, for all his eagerness. Then the strong prince Telemachus spake among them again :

" Lo you now, even to the end of my days I shall be a coward and a weakling, or it may be I am too young, and have as yet no trust in my hands to defend me from such an one as does violence without a cause. But come now, ye who are mightier men than I, essay the bow and let us make an end of the contest."

Therewith he put the bow from him *on* the ground, leaning it against the smooth and well-compacted doors, and the swift shaft he propped hard by against the fair bow-tip, and then he sat down once more on the high seat, whence he had risen.

XVIII. A SUITOR TRIES THE BOW

{Book XXI, ll. 144-162}

THEN first stood up Leiodes, son of Oenops, who was their soothsayer and ever sat by the fair mixing bowl at the extremity of the hall ; he alone hated their infatuate deeds and was indignant with all the wooers. He now first took the bow and the swift shaft, and he went and stood by the threshold, and began to prove the bow ; but he could not bend it ; or ever that might be, his hands grew weary with the straining,

ODYSSEUS TAKES THE BOW

his unworn, delicate hands ; so he spake among the wooers, saying :

" Friends, of a truth I cannot bend it, let some other take it. Ah, many of our bravest shall this bow rob of spirit and of life, since truly it is far better for us to die, than to live on and to fail of that for which we assemble evermore in this place, day by day expecting the prize. Many there be even now that hope in their hearts and desire to wed Penelope, the bed-fellow of Odysseus ; but when such an one shall make trial of the bow and see the issue, thereafter let him woo some other fair-robed Achaian woman with his bridal gifts and seek to win her. So may our lady wed the man that gives most gifts, and comes as the chosen of fate."

[The other suitors tried in turn to draw the famous bow, but all failed. Odysseus offered to try, at which the suitors were indignant. Penelope then suggested that even the beggar might be allowed an attempt, and Telemachus pretended to make a joke of the matter, bidding Eumaeus to hand it to Odysseus.]

XIX. ODYSSEUS TAKES THE BOW

(Book XXI, ll. 378-434)

THEN the swineherd bare the bow through the hall, and went up to wise Odysseus, and set it in his hands. And he called forth the nurse Eurycleia from the chamber and spake to her :

" Wise Eurycleia, Telemachus bids thee bar the well-fitting doors of thy chamber, and if any of the women hear the sound of groaning or the din of men within our walls, let them not go forth, but abide where they are in silence at their work."

So he spake, and wingless her speech remained, and she barred the doors of the fair-lying chambers.

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Then Philoetius hasted forth silently from the house, and barred the outer gates of the fenced court. Now there lay beneath the gallery the cable of a curved ship, fashioned of the byblus plant, wherewith he made fast the gates, and then himself passed within. Then he went and sat on the settle whence he had risen, and gazed upon Odysseus. He already was handling the bow, turning it every way about, and proving it on this side and on that, lest the worms might have eaten the horns when the lord of the bow was away. And thus men spake looking each one to his neighbour :

" Verily he has a good eye, and a shrewd turn for a bow ! Either, methinks, he himself has such a bow lying by at home or else he is set on making one, in such wise does he turn it hither and thither in his hands, this evil-witted beggar."

And another again of the haughty youths would say : " Would that the fellow may have profit thereof, just so surely as he shall ever prevail to bend this bow ! "

So spake the wooers, but Odysseus of many counsels had lifted the great bow and viewed it on every side, and even as when a man that is skilled in the lyre and in minstrelsy, easily stretches a cord about a new peg, after tying at either end the twisted sheep-gut, even so Odysseus straightway bent the great bow, all without effort, and took it in his right hand and proved the bow-string, which rang sweetly at the touch, in tone like a swallow. Then great grief came upon the wooers, and the colour of their countenance was changed, and Zeus thundered loud showing forth his tokens. And the steadfast goodly Odysseus was glad thereat, in that the son of deep-counselling Kronos had sent him a sign. Then he caught up a swift arrow which lay by his table, bare, but the other shafts were stored within the hollow

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quiver, those whereof the Achaians were soon to taste. He took and laid it on the bridge of the bow, and held the notch and drew the string, even from the settle whereon he sat, and with straight aim shot the shaft and missed not one of the axes, beginning from the first axe-handle, and the bronze-weighted shaft passed clean through and out at the last. Then he spake to Telemachus, saying :

" Telemachus, thy guest that sits in the halls does thee no shame. In nowise did I miss my mark, nor was I wearied with long bending of the bow. Still is my might steadfast—not as the wooers say scornfully to slight me. But now is it time that supper too be got ready for the Achaians, while it is yet light, and thereafter must we make other sport with the dance and the lyre, for these are the crown of the feast."

Therewith he nodded with bent brows, and Telemachus, the dear son of divine Odysseus, girt his sharp sword about him and took the spear in his grasp, and stood by his high seat at his father's side, armed with the gleaming bronze.

XX. VENGEANCE

(Book XXII, ll. 1-125 ; 242-3x2 ; 382-405 ; 473-501)

THEN Odysseus of many counsels stripped him of his rags and leaped on to the great threshold with his bow and quiver full of arrows, and poured forth all the swift shafts there before his feet, and spake among the wooers :

" Lo, now is this terrible trial ended at last; and now will I know of another mark, which never yet man has smitten, if perchance I may hit it and Apollo grant me renown."

With that he pointed the bitter arrow at Antinous.

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Now he was about raising to his lips a fair twy-eared chalice of gold, and behold, he was handling it to drink of the wine, and death was far from his thoughts. For who among men at feast would deem that one man amongst so many, how hardy soever he were, would bring on him foul death and black fate ? But Odysseus aimed and smote him with the arrow in the throat, and the point passed clean out through his delicate neck, and he fell sidelong and the cup dropped from his hand as he was smitten, and at once through his nostrils there came up a thick jet of slain man's blood, and quickly he spurned the table from him with his foot, and spilt the food on the ground, and the bread and the roast flesh were defiled. Then the wooers raised a clamour through the halls when they saw the man fallen, and they leaped from their high seats, as men stirred by fear, all through the hall, peering everywhere along the well-built walls, and nowhere was there a shield or mighty spear to lay hold on. Then they reviled Odysseus with angry words :

" Stranger, thou shoo test at men to thy hurt. Never again shalt thou enter other lists, now is utter doom assured thee. Yea, for now hast thou slain the man that was far the best of all the noble youths in Ithaca; wherefore vultures shall devour thee here."

So each one spake, for indeed they thought that Odysseus had not slain him wilfully ; but they knew not in their folly that on their own heads, each and all of them, the bands of death had been made fast. Then Odysseus of many counsels looked fiercely on them, and spake :

" Ye dogs, ye said in your hearts that I should never more come home from the land of the Trojans, in that ye wasted my house, and lay with the maid-servants by force, and traitorously wooed my wife

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while I was yet alive, and ye had no fear of the gods, that hold the wide heaven, nor of the indignation of men hereafter. But now the bands of death have been made fast upon you one and all."

Even so he spake, and pale fear gat hold on the limbs of all, and each man looked about, where he might shun utter doom. And Eurymachus alone answered him, and spake : "If thou art indeed Odysseus of Ithaca, come home again, with right thou speakest thus, of all that the Achaians have wrought, many infatuate deeds in thy halls and many in the field. Howbeit, he now lies dead that is to blame for all, Antinous ; for he brought all these things upon us, not as longing very greatly for the marriage nor needing it sore, but with another purpose, that Kronion has not fulfilled for him, namely, that he might himself be king over all the land of stablished Ithaca, and he was to have lain in wait for thy son and killed him. But now he is slain after his deserving, and do thou spare thy people, even thine own ; and we will hereafter go about the township and yield thee amends for all that has been eaten and drunken in thy halls, each for himself bringing atonement of twenty oxen worth, and requiting thee in gold and bronze till thy heart is softened, but till then none may blame thee that thou art angry."

Then Odysseus of many counsels looked fiercely on him, and said : " Eurymachus, not even if ye gave me all your heritage, all that ye now have, and whatsoever else ye might in any wise add thereto, not even so would I henceforth hold my hands from slaying, ere the wooers had paid for all their transgressions. And now the choice lies before you, whether to fight in fair battle or to fly, if any may avoid death and the fates. But there be some, methinks, that shall not escape from utter doom."

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He spake, and their knees were straightway loosened and their hearts melted within them. And Eurymachus spake among them yet again :

" Friends, it is pialn that this man will not hold his unconquerable hands, but now that he has caught up the polished bow and quiver, he will shoot from the smooth threshold, till he has slain us all ; wherefore let us take thought for the delight of battle. Draw your blades, and bold up the tables to ward off the arrows of swift death, and let us all have at him with one accord, and drive him, if it may be, from the threshold and the doorway and then go through the city, and quickly would the cry be raised. Thereby should this man soon have shot his latest bolt."

Therewith he drew his sharp two-edged sword of bronze, and leapt on Odysseus with a terrible cry, but in the same moment goodly Odysseus shot the arrow forth and struck him on the breast by the pap, and drave the swift shaft into his liver. So he let the sword fall from his hand, and grovelling over the table he bowed and fell, and spilt the food and the two-handled cup on the floor. And in his agony he smote the ground with his brow, and spurning with both his feet he overthrew the high seat, and the mist of death was shed upon his eyes.

Then Amphinomus made at renowned Odysseus, setting straight at him, and drew his sharp sword, if perchance he might make him give ground from the door. But Telemachus was beforehand with* him, and cast and smote him from behind with a bronze-shod spear between the shoulders, and drave it out through the breast, and he fell with a crash and struck the ground full with his forehead. Then Telemachus sprang away, leaving the long spear fixed in Amphinomus, for he greatly dreaded lest one of the Achaians might run upon him with his blade, and stab him as he drew forth the spear, or smite him with

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a down stroke of the sword. So he started and ran and came quickly to his father, and stood by him, and spake winged words :

" Father, lo, now I will bring thee a shield and two spears and a helmet all of bronze, close fitting on the temples, and when I return I will arm myself, and likewise give arms to the swineherd and to the neatherd yonder : for it is better to be clad in full armour."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered him saying : " Run and bring them while I have arrows to defend me, lest they thrust me from the doorway, one man against them all."

So he spake, and Telemachus obeyed his dear father, and went forth to the chamber, where his famous weapons were lying. Thence he took out four shields and eight spears, and four helmets of bronze, with thick plumes of horse hair, and he started to bring them and came quickly to his father. Now he girded the gear of bronze about his own body first, and in like manner the two thralls did on the goodly armour, and stood beside the wise and crafty Odysseus. Now he, so long as he had arrows to defend him, kept aiming and smote the wooers one by one in his house, and they fell thick one upon another. But when the arrows failed the prince in his archery, he leaned his bow against the doorpost of the stablished hall, against the shining faces of the entrance. As for him he girt his fourfold shield about his shoulders and bound on his mighty head a well wrought helmet, with horse hair crest, and terribly the plume waved aloft. And he grasped two mighty spears tipped with bronze.

Now Agelaus, son of Damastor, urged on the wooers, and likewise Eurynomus and Amphimedon and Demoptolemus and Peisandrus, son of Polyctor, and wise Polybus, for these were in valiancy far the

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best men of the wooers, that still lived and fought for their lives ; for the rest had fallen already beneath the bow and the thick rain of arrows. Then Agelaus spake among them, and made known his word to all :

" Friends, now at last will this man hold his unconquerable hands. Lo, now has Mentor left him and spoken but vain boasts, and these remain alone at the entrance of the doors. Wherefore now, throw not your long spears all together, but come, do ye six cast first, if perchance Zeus may grant us to smite Odysseus and win renown. Of the rest will we take no heed, so soon as that man shall have fallen."

So he spake and they all cast their javelins, as he bade them, eagerly ; but behold, Athene so wrought that they were all in vain. One man smote the door-post of the stablished hall, and another the well-fastened door, and the ashen spear of yet another wooer, heavy with bronze, stuck fast in the wall. So when they had avoided all the spears of the wooers, the steadfast goodly Odysseus began first to speak among them :

" Friends, now my word is that we too cast and hurl into the press of the wooers, that are mad to slay and strip us beyond the measure of their former iniquities."

So he spake, and they all took good aim and threw their sharp spears, and Odysseus smote Demoptolemus, and Telemachus Euryades, and the swineherd slew Elatus, and the neatherd Peisandrus. Thus they all bit the wide floor with their teeth, and the wooers fell back into the inmost part of the hall. But the others dashed upon them, and drew forth the shafts from the bodies of the dead.

Then once more the wooers threw their sharp spears eagerly; but behold, Athene so wrought that many of them were in vain. One man smote the door-post of the stablished hall, and another the well-fastened

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door, and the ashen spear of another wooer, heavy with bronze, stuck in the wall. Yet Amphimedon hit Telemachus on the hand by the wrist lightly, and the shaft of bronze wounded the surface of the skin. And Ctesippus grazed the shoulder of Eumaeus with a long spear high above the shield, and the spear flew over and fell to the ground. Then again Odysseus, the wise and crafty, he and his men cast their swift spears into the press of the wooers, and now once more Odysseus, waster of cities, smote Eurydamas, and Telemachus Amphimedon, and the swineherd slew Polybus, and last, the neatherd struck Gtesippus in the breast and boasted over him, saying :

" O son of Polytherses, thou lover of jeering, never give place at all to folly to speak so big, but leave thy case to the gods, since in truth they are far mightier than thou. This gift is thy recompense for the ox-foot that thou gavest of late to the divine Odysseus, when he went begging through the house."

So spake the keeper of the shambling kine. Next Odysseus wounded the son of Damastor in close fight with his long spear, and Telemachus wounded Leocritus son of Euenor, right in the flank with his lance, and drave the bronze point clean through, that he fell prone and struck the ground full with his forehead. Then Athene held up her destroying aegis on high from the roof, and their minds were scared, and they fled through the hall, like a drove of kine that the flitting gadfly falls upon and scatters hither and thither in spring time, when the long days begin. But the others set on like vultures of crooked claws and curved beak, that come forth from the mountains and dash upon smaller birds, and these scour low in the plain, stooping in terror from the clouds, while the vultures pounce on them and slay them, and there is no help nor way of flight, and men are glad at the sport; even so did the company of Odysseus set upon

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the wooers and smite them right and left through the hall; and there rose a hideous moaning as their heads were smitten, and the floor all ran with blood. And Odysseus peered all through the house, to see if any man was yet alive and hiding away to shun black fate. But he found all the sort of them fallen in their blood in the dust, like fishes that the fishermen have drawn forth in the meshes of the net into a hollow of the beach from out the grey sea, and all the fish, sore longing for the salt sea waves, are heaped upon the sand, and the sun shines forth and takes their life away ; so now the wooers lay heaped upon each other. Then Odysseus of many counsels spake to Telemachus :

" Telemachus, go, call me the nurse Eurycleia, that I may tell her a word that is on my mind."

So he spake, and Telemachus obeyed his dear father, and smote at the door, and spake to the nurse Eurycleia : " Up now, aged wife, that overlookest all the women servants in our halls, come hither, my father calls thee and has somewhat to say to thee."

Even so he spake, and wingless her speech remained, and she opened the doors of the fair-lying halls, and came forth, and Telemachus led the way before her. So she found Odysseus among the bodies of the dead, stained with blood and soil of battle, like a lion that has eaten of an ox of the homestead and goes on his way, and all his breast and his cheeks on either side are flecked with blood, and he is terrible to behold ; even so was Odysseus stained, both hands and feet.

Then they led out Melanthius through the doorway and the court, and cut off his nostrils and his ears with the pitiless sword, and drew forth his vitals for the dogs to devour raw, and cut off his hands and feet in their cruel anger.

Thereafter they washed their hands and feet, and went into the house to Odysseus, and all the ad-

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venture was over. So Odysseus called to the good nurse Eurycleia : " Bring sulphur, old nurse, that cleanses all pollution and bring me fire, that I may purify the house with sulphur, and do thou bid Penelope come here with her handmaidens, and tell all the women to hasten into the hall."

Then the good nurse Eurycleia made answer : " Yea, my child, herein thou hast spoken aright. But go to, let me bring thee a mantle and a doublet for raiment, and stand not thus in the halls with thy broad shoulders wrapped in rags ; it were blame in thee so to do."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered her saying : " First let a fire now be made me in the hall."

So he spake, and the good nurse Eurycleia was not slow to obey, but brought fire and brimstone ; and Odysseus throughly purged the women's chamber and the great hall and the court.

Then the old wife went through the fair halls of Odysseus to tell the women, and to hasten their coming. So they came forth from their chamber with torches in their hands, and fell about Odysseus, and embraced him and kissed and clasped his head and shoulders and his hands lovingly, and a sweet longing came on him to weep and moan, for he remembered them every one.

[Odysseus then proved his identity to Penelope by speaking of a wonderful, secret bed which years before he had made of olive-wood, silver and gold and ivory.]

XXL PENELOPE AND ODYSSEUS

(Book XXIII, ll. 203-287)

So he spake, and at once her knees were loosened, and her heart melted within her, as she knew the sure tokens that Odysseus showed her. Then she fell a

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weeping, and ran straight toward him and cast her hands about his neck, and kissed his head and spake, saying :

" Be not angry with me, Odysseus, for thou wert ever at other times the wisest of men. It is the gods that gave us sorrow, the gods who begrudged us that we should abide together and have joy of our youth, and come to the threshold of old age. So now be not wroth with me hereat nor full of indignation, because at the first, when I saw thee, I did not welcome thee straightway. For always my heart within my breast shuddered, for fear lest some man should come and deceive me with his words, for many they be that devise gainful schemes and evil. Nay even Argive Helen, daughter of Zeus, would not have lain with a stranger, and taken him for a lover, had she known that the warlike sons of the Achaians would bring her home again to her own dear country. Howsoever, it was the god that set her upon this shameful deed ; nor ever, ere that, did she lay up in her heart the thought of this folly, a bitter folly, whence on us too first came sorrow. But now that thou hast told all the sure tokens of our bed, which never was seen by mortal man, save by thee and me and one maiden only, the daughter of Actor, that my father gave me ere yet I had come hither, she who kept the doors of our strong bridal chamber, even now dost thou bend my soul, all ungentle as it is."

Thus she spake, and in his heart she stirred yet a greater longing to lament, and he wept as he embraced his beloved wife and true. And even as when the sight of land is welcome to swimmers, whose well-wrought ship Poseidon hath smitten on the deep, all driven with the wind and swelling waves, and but a remnant hath escaped the grey sea-water and swum to the shore, and their bodies are all crusted with the brine, and gladly have they set foot on land and

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escaped an evil end ; so welcome to her was the sight of her lord, and her white arms she would never quite let go from his neck. And now would the rosy-fingered Dawn have risen upon their weeping, but the goddess, grey-eyed Athene, had other thoughts. The night she held long in the utmost West, and on the other side she stayed the golden-throned Dawn by the stream Oceanus, and suffered her not to harness the swift-footed steeds that bear light to men, Lampus and Phaethon, the steeds ever young, that bring the morning.

Then at the last, Odysseus of many counsels spake to his wife, saying : " Lady, we have not yet come to the issue of all our labours ; but still there will be toil unmeasured, long and difficult, that I must needs bring to a full end. Even so the spirit of Teiresias foretold to me, on that day when I went down into the house of Hades, to inquire after a returning for myself and my company. Wherefore come, lady, let us to bed, that forthwith we may take our joy of rest beneath the spell of sweet sleep."

Then wise Penelope answered him : " Thy bed verily shall be ready whensoever thy soul desires it, forasmuch as the gods have indeed caused thee to come back to thy stablished home and thine own country. But now that thou hast noted it and the god has put it into thy heart, come, tell me of this ordeal, for methinks the day will come when I must learn it, and timely knowledge is no hurt."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered her saying : " Ah, why now art thou so instant with me to declare it ? Yet I will tell thee all and hide nought. Howbeit thy heart shall have no joy of it, as even I myself have no pleasure therein. For Teiresias bade me fare to many cities of men, carrying a shapen oar in my hands, till I should come to such men as know not the sea, neither eat meat savoured with salt, nor

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have they knowledge of ships of purple cheek nor of shapen oars, which serve for wings to ships. And he told me this with manifest token, which I will not hide from thee. In the day when another wayfarer should meet me and say that I had a winnowing fan on my stout shoulder, even then he bade me make fast my shapen oar in the earth, and do goodly sacrifice to the lord Poseidon, even with a ram and a bull and a boar, the mate of swine, and depart for home, and offer holy hecatombs to the deathless gods, that keep the wide heaven, to each in order due. And from the sea shall mine own death come, the gentlest death that may be, which shall end me, foredone with smooth old age, and the folk shall dwell happily around. All this, he said, was to be fulfilled."

Then wise Penelope answered him saying : "If indeed the gods will bring about for thee a happier old age at the last, then is there hope that thou mayest yet have an escape from evil."

XXII. HERMES CONDUCTS SOULS OF WOOERS TO HADES—STORY OF ACHILLES' FUNERAL

[Book XXIV, Il 1-101]

Now Cyllenian Hermes called forth from the halls the souls of the wooers, and he held in his hand his wand that is fair and golden, wherewith he lulls the eyes of men, of whomso he will, while others again he even-wakens out of sleep. Herewith he roused and led the souls who followed gibbering. And even as bats flit gibbering in the secret place of a wondrous cave, when one has fallen down from the cluster on the rock, where they cling each to each up aloft, even so the souls gibbered as they fared together, and

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Hermes, the helper, led them down the dank ways. Past the streams of Oceanus and the White Rock, past the gates of the Sun they sped and the land of dreams, and soon they came to the mead of asphodel, where dwell the souls, the phantoms of men outworn. There they found the soul of Achilles son of Peleus, and the souls of Patroclus, and of noble Antilochus, and of Aias, who in face and form was goodliest of all the Danaans after the noble son of Peleus.

So these were nocking round Achilles, and the spirit of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, drew nigh sorrowful ; and about him were gathered all the other shades, as many as perished with him in the house of Aegisthus, and met their doom. Now the soul of the son of Peleus spake to him first, saying :

" Son of Atreus, verily we deemed that thou above all other heroes wast evermore dear to Zeus, whose joy is in the thunder, seeing that thou wast lord over warriors, many and mighty men, in the land of the Trojans where we Achaians suffered affliction. But lo, thee too was deadly doom to visit early, the doom that none avoids of all men born. Ah, would that in the fulness of thy princely honour, thou hadst met death and fate in the land of the Trojans ! So would all the Achaian host have builded thee a barrow, yea and for thy son thou wouldst have won great glory in the aftertime. But now it has been decreed for thee to perish by a most pitiful death."

Then the soul of the son of Atreus answered, and spake : " Happy art thou son of Peleus, godlike Achilles, that didst die in Troy-land far from Argos, and about thee fell others, the best of the sons of Trojans and Achaians, fighting for thy body ; but thou in the whirl of dust layest mighty and mightily fallen, forgetful of thy chivalry. And we strove the livelong day, nor would we ever have ceased from

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the fight, if Zeus had not stayed us with a tempest. Anon when we had borne thee to the ships from out of the battle, we laid thee on a bier arid washed thy fair flesh clean with warm water and unguents, and around thee the Danaans shed many a hot tear and shore their hair. And forth from the sea came thy mother with the deathless maidens of the waters, when they heard the tidings ; and a wonderful wailing rose over the deep, and trembling fell on the limbs of all the Achaïans. Yea, and they would have sprung up and departed to the hollow ships, had not one held them back that knew much lore from of old, Nestor, whose counsel proved heretofore the best. Out of his good will he made harangue, and spake among them :

" ' Hold, ye Argives, flee not, young lords of the Achaïans. Lo, his mother from the sea is she that comes, with the deathless maidens of the waters, to behold the face of her dead son.'

" So he spake, and the high-hearted Achaïans ceased from their flight. Then round thee stood the daughters of the ancient one of the sea, holding a pitiful lament, and they clad thee about in raiment incorruptible. And all the nine Muses one to the other replying with sweet voices began the dirge ; there thou wouldest not have seen an Argive but wept, so mightily rose up the clear chant. Thus for seventeen days and nights continually did we all bewail thee, immortal gods and mortal men. On the eighteenth day we gave thy body to the flames, and many well-fatted sheep we slew around thee, and kine of shambling gait. So thou wert burned in the garments of the gods, and in much unguents and in sweet honey, and many heroes of the Achaïans moved mail-clad around the pyre when thou wast burning, both footmen and horse, and great was the noise that arose. But when the flame of Hephaestos had utterly

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abolished thee, lo, in the morning we gathered together thy white bones, Achilles, and bestowed them in unmixed wine and in unguents. Thy mother gave a twy-handled golden urn, and said that it was the gift of Dionysus, and the workmanship of renowned Hephaestos. Therein lie thy white bones, great Achilles, and mingled therewith the bones of Patroclus, son of Menoetios, that is dead, but apart is the dust of Antilochus, whom thou didst honour above all thy other companions, after Patroclus that was dead. Then over them did we pile a great and goodly tomb, we the holy host of Argive warriors, high on a jutting headland over wide Hellespont, that it might be far seen from off the sea by men that now are, and by those that shall be hereafter. Then thy mother asked the gods for glorious prizes in the games, and set them in the midst of the lists for the champions of the Achaïans. In days past thou hast been at the funeral games of many a hero, whenso, after some king's death, the young men gird themselves and make them ready for the meed of victory ; but couldst thou have seen these gifts thou wouldst most have marvelled in spirit, such glorious prizes did the goddess set there to honour thee, even Thetis, the silver-footed ; for very dear wert thou to the gods. Thus not even in death hast thou lost thy name, but to thee shall there be a fair renown for ever among all men, Achilles. But what joy have I now herein, that I have wound up the clew of war, for on my return Zeus devised for me an evil end at the hands of Aegis thus and my wife accursed ? "

So they spake one to the other. And nigh them came the Messenger, the slayer of Argos, leading down the ghosts of the wooers by Odysseus slain, and the two heroes were amazed at the sight and went straight toward them.

[The Ithacans decided to avenge the slaughter of the

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wooers and attacked the house of Laertes, where Odysseus and a few faithful retainers were ready, armed.']

XXIII. THE GODS INTERVENE FOR THE LAST TIME

(Book XXIV, ll. 491-558)

Now when they had put from them the desire of honey-sweet food, the steadfast goodly Odysseus began to speak among them, saying :

" Let one go forth and see, lest the people be already drawing near against us."

So he spake, and the son of Dolius went forth at his bidding, and stood on the outer threshold and saw them all close at hand. Then straightway he spake to Odysseus winged words :

" Here they be, close upon us ! Quick, let us to arms ! "

Thereon they rose up and arrayed them in their harness, Odysseus and his men being four, and the six sons of Dolius, and likewise Laertes and Dolius did on their armour, grey-headed as they were, warriors through stress of need. Now when they had clad them in shining mail, they opened the gates and went forth and Odysseus led them.

Then Athene, daughter of Zeus, drew near them in the likeness of Mentor, in fashion and in voice. And the steadfast goodly Odysseus beheld her and was glad, and straightway he spake to Telemachus his dear son :

" Telemachus, soon shalt thou learn this, when thou thyself art got to the place of the battle where the best men try the issue,—namely, not to bring shame on thy father's house, on us who in time past have been eminent for might and hardihood over all the world."

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Then wise Telemachus answered him, saying:
" Thou shalt see me, if thou wilt, dear father, in this
my mood no whit disgracing thy line, according to
thy word."

So spake he, and Laertes was glad and spake,
saying : " What a day has dawned for me, kind
gods ; yea, a glad man am I ! My son and my son's
son are vying with one another in valour."

Then grey-eyed Athene stood beside Laertes, and
spake to him : " O son of Arceisius that art far the
dearest of all my friends, pray first to the grey-eyed
maid and to father Zeus, then swing thy long spear
aloft and hurl it straightway."

Therewith Pallas Athene breathed into him great
strength. Then he prayed to the daughter of mighty
Zeus, and straightway swung his long spear aloft and
hurled it, and smote Eupheithes through his casque
with the cheek-piece of bronze. The armour kept
not out the spear that went clean through, and he
fell with a crash, and his arms rattled about his body.
Then Odysseus and his renowned son fell on the
fore-fighters, and smote them with swords and two-
headed spears. And now would they have slain
them all and cut off their return, had not Athene
called aloud, the daughter of Zeus lord of the aegis,
and stayed all the host of the enemy, saying :

" Hold your hands from fierce fighting, ye men of
Ithaca, that so ye may be parted quickly, without
bloodshed."

So spake Athene, and pale fear gat hold of them
all. The arms flew from their hands in their terror
and fell all upon the ground, as the goddess uttered
her voice. To the city they turned their steps, as
men fain of life, and the steadfast goodly Odysseus
with a terrible cry gathered himself together and
hurled in on them, like an eagle of lofty flight. Then
in that hour the son of Kronos cast forth a flaming

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bolt, and it fell at the feet of the grey-eyed goddess, the daughter of the mighty Sire. Then grey-eyed Athene spake to Odysseus, saying :

" Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, refrain thee now and stay the strife of even-handed war, lest perchance the son of Kronos be angry with thee, even Zeus of the far-borne voice."

So spake Athene, and he obeyed and was glad at heart. And thereafter Pallas Athene set a covenant between them with sacrifice, she, the daughter of Zeus lord of the aegis, in the likeness of Mentor, both in fashion and in voice.

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- P. 3, 1. 1. *Sing, goddess*, etc. : Homer's subject is not the whole Trojan war, but the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon, its grave consequences, and its resolution. He plunges into the middle of the Troy-story, But the Greeks would be familiar with all that had gone before, and the reader is advised to read up the Troy-legend before starting the epic. Aristotle says of the artistry of Homer, " He did not attempt to bring the whole war into his poem. It would have been too vast an object and not easily comprehended in one view, or had he forced it into a moderate compass, it would have been confusing in its variety. Instead of this, selecting one part only of the war, he has, from the rest, introduced many episodes."

Achilles, Peleus' son : Peleus was a king of Thessaly. He married the goddess Thetis, and all the deities attended their nuptials save the goddess of Discord, who was not invited and who therefore malevolently threw the apple inscribed " For the Fairest " into the midst of the assembly (see Introduction). In his infancy Achilles was dipped by his goddess-mother in the Styx, and this made him invulnerable except for the heel by which she held him. He was educated in the arts of war by the centaur Chiron. Thetis knew that he was doomed to die in the Trojan War and tried to save him by hiding him in the court of Lycomedes, where he was disguised as a woman. But Odysseus, sent there to bring him to the Greeks, came disguised as a merchant, selling jewels and weapons. Achilles chose the arms and thus revealed himself.

1. 7. *Atreides*: The ending *-ides* means " son of," e.g., Peleides, son of Peleus—Achilles. Agamemnon and Menelaus were sons of Atreus. The house of Atreus seems to have been accursed. Atreus and Thyestes, two

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brothers, quarrelled. Atreus, to be revenged on his brother for a horrible crime murdered Thyestes' children and served them up to him' at a banquet. So atrocious was this act that the sun shrank back in its course at the sight. Another son of Thyestes, Aegisthus, was sent by Atreus to murder his father, but when Thyestes told his son of what Atreus had done, Aegisthus returned to slay Atreus. Later he completed his revenge by winning the love of Agamemnon's wife, and, with her aid, slaying Agamemnon. Agamemnon was king of Mycenae and commander-in-chief of the Greeks.

1. 10. *Son of Leto and Zeus* : The goddess Leto or Latona was a daughter of Kronos. Zeus made love to her, but jealous Hera sent a Python to kill her. In the isle of Delos she gave birth to Apollo and Artemis, and Apollo slew the Python. In her wanderings she was mocked at by heartless mortals, and Zeus in punishment changed them into frogs. Apollo, or Phoebus Apollo, was god of Archery and of the Muses (and, later, of the Sun). He was the only god but Zeus who had the power of foretelling the future, and his oracles—especially the one at Delphi—were famous all over the ancient world. His most splendid temple was at Delphi, his largest statue the Colossus of Rhodes. He and his sister, the goddess Artemis, afflicted mortals with plagues, shooting their victims with arrows (sun-stroke and lunacy ?). Their most famous victims were the ten children of Niobe, who had insultingly compared herself with Latona.
1. 16. *Fillet*: a band of wool which was fastened round the head of the priest and of the victim of a sacrifice.
Far-darter : Apollo was the God of Archery.
- 1.20. *Well-greaved Achaians* : greaves were armour which protected the legs. *Achaia* was a district in the north of the Peloponnesus (the southern peninsula of Greece).
- 1.21. *Olympus*: A mountain in the north of Greece. The ancients thought that its top, hidden in clouds, touched heaven, and assumed that it was the home of the gods, and that in the part beyond the clouds there was no wind, nor rain, but eternal Spring.
- P. 4, 1. 8. *Argos* : one of the two capitals of Agamemnon's kingdom—the other was Mycenae. The word *Argives* > inhabitants of Argolis, is used loosely for "Greeks," as is the word "Achaians."

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1. 17. *Chryse and holy Killa*: towns sacred to Apollo. *Tenedos*, an island off **the** coast of Troy, contained an oracle of Apollo.
- I. 18. *Smintheus*: one of the names of Apollo. He had freed the land of Phrygia from *rats* (Gr. *sminthai*)—hence the name.
- II. 32-33. *Pyres of the dead*: The Greeks burned their dead with solemn funeral ceremonies, the omission of which caused the dead to wander for ever on the banks of the Styx, unable to pass into Hades.
- I. 36. *Hera*: queen of the gods, daughter of Kronos, and wife of Zeus. She was born at Argos. Hera was ever jealous of Zeus and persecuted the mortals whom he loved. She was the goddess of Wealth, Power, and of Marriage, and was implacable in her hatred of Troy.
- P. 5, 1. 3. *Assembly*: The Greeks were pioneers of democracy (we even owe the word to them), and at this council it seems that any elected member could speak. On the other hand, when Thersites attacks the leaders in a bitter speech, he is beaten by Odysseus, and Agamemnon closes the discussion by the act of an autocrat.
- II. 9-10. *A dream too is of Zeus*: Dreams, which play such an important part in both epics, are sent by the gods, who instruct them in what they are to say.
1. 11. *Hecatomb*: From the Greek *hekatombe*, "a hundred oxen." Literally a sacrifice of a hundred oxen, the word came to mean any huge sacrifice.
1. 16. *Kalchas*: a celebrated soothsayer who accompanied the Greeks as prophet and adviser. It was he who told them that Troy could not be won without Achilles' help, that Iphigenia must be sacrificed, and that the siege would last ten years. In extreme old age he was out-propheesied by Mopsus, and died of vexation.
- I. 17. *Augurs*: interpreters of omens, especially the flight and cries of birds. (L. *avis*, a bird, and *garrio*, I cry.)
1. 21. *Harangue*: a speech to a crowd. (Germ., *hring*, an assembly.)
- P. 6, 1. 1. *Danaans*: another name for the Greeks. From *Danaus*, a mythical king of Argos, whose fifty daughters (the Danaides) married the fifty sons of Aegyptus and slew them on their wedding night, for which crime they suffer eternal punishment in Hades, filling with water a vessel full of holes.
1. 16. *Propitiate*: to render favourable.

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- ll. 31-32. *Tea, I prefer her before Clytaemnestra*: Note the dramatic irony of this remark. At home Clytaemnestra "prefers" Aegisthus, and is preparing a warm welcome for her faithless husband!
- P. 7, 1. 6. *Meed of honour*: reward.
1. 28. *Aias*: see note, P. 161, 1. 24.
1. 29. *Idomeneus*: see note, P. 123, 1. 2.
- P. 8, 1. 3. *Phthia*: the town in Thessaly where Achilles was born.
1. 10. *Travailed*: toiled.
1. 18. *Beaked ships*: ships with curved prows.
1. 26. *Fosterlings of Zeus*: children of Zeus—kings of men as he is king of the gods.
1. 30. *Myrmidons*: see note, P. 122, 1. 36.
- P. 9, 1. 8. *Athene*: Pallas Athene, goddess of wisdom and of war. She was born from the head of Zeus, from which she sprang, all armed. Her gift to the Athenians was the olive-plant, for which she was permitted to name the city "Athens." She was the first to build a ship, and in her honour the Athenians held the Panathenaic festivals, at which the prizes were olive-wreaths, and at which the Homeric poems were recited. She too was the bitter enemy of the Trojans.
1. 17. *Aegis-bearing Zeus* •' see note, P. 142, 1. 7.
- P. 10, 1. 12. *Far better booteth it*: "it is much more profitable."
- Forsooth* is a sarcastic interjection.
1. 18. *This staff*: sign of office of a member of the council.
1. 29. *Hector*: the most famous son of Priam, and commander-in-chief of the Trojans. He is not only a hero, but also an affectionate son and a tender father and husband. So impressed were the people of the Middle Ages by this hero that he—not Achilles—became one of the "Nine Worthies."
1. 36. *Nestor*: of Pylos, was oldest and wisest of the Greeks, though inclined to boast of his experience and to prattle of the past. In his youth he was spared by Heracles, who slew his eleven brothers, and he has lived through the Great Age of Heroes—Argonauts, Thebans, Theseus, Heracles, Hunt of the Calydonian Boar—and played his part. Compared with these heroes, Achilles and Hector seem to Nestor very ordinary men.
- P. 11, 1. 15. *Peirithoos*: king of the Lapithae, and a great

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friend of Theseus, with the aid of whom he defeated the Centaurs. The two boasted that they would not be content to wed a mere mortal, and went to Hades to carry off Persephone, queen of Hades. They were captured, but were rescued by the third (Greek) musketeer—Heracles.

1. 16. *Dryas* : a hero of the Theban War. The two sieges of Thebes were the subject of another great Greek epic-cycle.

Kaineus: an Argonaut.

Exadios : a companion of Peirithoos.

1. 17. *Polyphemos*: an Argonaut (not to be confused with the Cyclops).

Theseus : a great Hero, second only to Heracles. He slew many notorious robber-chiefs, among them Procrustes, destroyed the terrible Bull of Marathon, went to Crete and killed the Minotaur, freeing his city of Athens from Cretan domination, and defeated the Amazons when they invaded Attica. On his victorious return from Crete, Theseus forgot to hoist the agreed signal of success—a white sail—and his father Aegeus, thinking Theseus had been slain, threw himself into the sea which took his name. Theseus governed Athens well and was the institutor of the Panathenaic festivals. But while he was in Hades his throne was usurped, and on his return he sought a home elsewhere, but soon died—by murder or suicide. The Athenians held him in great honour.

- P. 12, 1. 36. *Bade the folk purify themselves*. " Purifications," or " lustrations," were sacrifices made by the Greeks and Romans to expiate crimes of a member of a community to avert the wrath of a god. Whole cities sometimes underwent purification.

- P. 14, 1. 8. *Brief span of life* : Achilles had chosen short life and great honour. See Introduction, p. xxiv.

1. 17. *Thetis* : She was a Nereid, a daughter of the sea-god Nereus.

1. 20. *Kronos*⁹ son : = Zeus. See note, P. 112, 1. 29.

- P. 15, 1. 13. *Zeus . . . , sore troubled*: Although Zeus was king of the gods, he was usually afraid of Hera. Only occasionally, when he was very angry, did he go against her wishes and show himself a real king of the gods. Note here how he asks Thetis to sneak away lest his wife should see her and scold him ! (But Hera finds out !)

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1. 26. *Kronion* : son of Kronos = Zeus.
1. 27. *Ambrosial locks* : " ambrosial " here means immortal. See note, P. 78, 1. 23.
- P. 16, 1. 19. *Neleus* : the father of Nestor, who was slain by Heracles. He is said to have re-instituted the Olympian Games.
1. 34. *Over the Trojans sorrows hang* : This is, of course, a lying Dream, sent to lure the Greeks to destruction.
- P. 17, 1. 4. *Fond*: foolish.
1. 22. *The holy aegis*: see note, P. 142, 1. 7. See also Appendix.
- P. 18, 1. 4. *Cranes* : Cranes still breed in large numbers in Macedonia and Asia Minor, and their regular migrations are described by Aristotle. During the winter they went south to Africa, and there, according to old legend, fought with the Pygmies.
1. 22. *Kaystrios* : a river in Lydia, and a famous haunt of swans, according to the poets.
1. 9. *Skamandrian plain* : The Scamander rose in Mt. Ida and flowed across the Trojan plain. Its god was Xanthos, who opposed Achilles when he attempted to cross the stream in pursuit of the Trojans.
1. 14. *Steading* : farm-house.
1. 25. *Tell me now, ye Muses* : After this appeal to the nine daughters of Zeus, there follows the famous Catalogue of Heroes. To most readers this is now merely a string of names, but to the old Greeks it was of great value—especially to those who could point to an ancestor in the list. It is even thought that cities anxious to share in the fame of the epic had heroes from their city added to the catalogue. To students of prehistoric Greece it is a document of considerable value. Imitating Homer, most writers of epics have included a "catalogue." Cf. Milton's "Paradise Lost," I. 376-521, and Virgil's "Aeneid," VII.
- P. 19, ll. 6-9. *Cranes . . . Pigmy men*: The Pygmies, according to legend, lived in Aethiopia. They were no more than one foot high, and cut down their corn with hatchets, as if felling a forest. They went out to battle, against the cranes, mounted on tiny goats and lambs. Legend also tells of their encounter with Heracles after he had slain the Libyan giant Antaeus.
1. 21. *Alexandros*: This is always Homer's name for Paris.
1. 31. *Amain* : vehemently, in all haste.

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- P. 20, 1. 19. / *ween* : I am of the opinion.
1. 36. *Donned a robe of stone* : i.e. been stoned to death.
- P. 22, ll. 13-14. *Bring ye two lambs*: Oaths always held great force in the Homeric world in that a strong curse was implied or expressed in the case of their violation. They were accompanied by sacrifices to the gods by whom the oath was sworn—here Demeter (Earth), Helios (Sun), and Zeus.
1. 17. *Overweening*: arrogant. Menelaus had already seen Alexandros break the sacred laws of Greek hospitality when he stole Helen.
1. 31. *Talthybios* : a Greek herald and particular minister and friend of Agamemnon.
- P. 23, 1. 3. *Laomedon* : a former king of Troy. He was killed by Heracles for his refusal to redeem promises made to that hero.
- I. 16. *Antenor* : a Trojan prince related to Priam. See note, P. 81, 1. 19. He escaped death at the destruction of Troy and went to Italy, where he founded Padua.
- II. 23-24. *The lordly heralds gathered together* : Water was poured on the hands as an act of purification. Usually grains of barley were sprinkled on and around the victim. Then the priest (in this case the king) stunned the victim, cut its throat, and caught the blood in a bowl. The curse which followed was very solemn and called down misfortune and disaster on him who should break the sacred oath. Here the hair of the victims is apportioned out to remind the men of their oath. The bodies of the sacrificed animals were then buried, or cast into the sea—not eaten, as ordinary sacrifices were.
- P. 24, 1. 23. *Son of Kronos* : Zeus. Kronos, the father of the Olympian gods, was deprived of his sovereignty by Zeus just as he had previously deposed his father Uranos. He fled to Italy where, as Saturn, he ruled so liberally that the period was known as the Golden Age.
1. 25. *Dardanos*: the founder of the kingdom of Troy, to which city he gave two statues of Pallas Athene, one known as the Palladium.
1. 27. *Windy Ilios* : one of the many little touches which show that Homer had been over the scene of the war. Cf. Tennyson's "Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy" (Ulysses).
- P. 25, 1. 14. *Inwrought*: decorated with pattern.
1. 17. *His greaves* : these were armour for defence of the

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legs. The expression " well-greaved Achaians," so constantly appearing in Homer, suggests that this piece of armour was in general use among the Greeks and not universally adopted by the Trojans.

1. 20. *Lykaon* : Later slain by Achilles and thrown into the Scamander.
1. 34. *Fatshadowing spear* : a frequent Homeric epithet. It suggests either the length of the spear or the distance it could be thrown by a warrior. The defensive armour of the Greek consisted of a crested helmet (bronze), a breastplate (corselet), greaves or leg-pieces, and a shield, round or oval, made of several thicknesses of leather, with a metal rim and boss. The breastplate appears to have met the belt—itself a considerable defence, with an appendant skirt (taslet) to protect the thighs. The offensive weapons were the sword (for thrusting and cutting), a spear (for thrusting or casting), the bow—and stones !
- P. 26, 1. 30. *Aphrodite* : the goddess of Love and Beauty, born from the foam of the sea (Gr. *aphros*=*foam*). She was the wife of Hephaestos, but was beloved by Ares, whom she persuaded to support the Trojans. She was also the wife of the mortal Anchises, whose son was Aeneas.
- P. 28, ll. 7-8. *Like sheep beyond number* : The Greeks drank the milk of sheep and goats, cow's milk being regarded by them as unwholesome.
1. 16. *Strife . . . sister and friend of murderous Ares* : Eris, the goddess of Discord, who threw the apple into the wedding festivities of Peleus and Thetis, and caused the war. Her portrait is magnificent—till battle begins she is downcast, but when it reaches its height, she stands erect and reaches the heavens.
1. 23. *Targe* : shield.
- P. 29, 1. 6. *Eager . . . to despoil him of his armour* : Armour was precious—the greatest prize in battle was the armour of a dead foe. And it was a great dishonour for friends to allow the dead hero's body to be stripped of its armour. Hence the fiercest fighting raged over the dead body of some great hero who had splendid armour.
This is a typical battle-scene—close, hand-to-hand fighting, with the clash of weapons, the reek of sweating bodies, and the hollow roar of dying men.
1. 15. *Mellay* : melee, close fighting.
1. 16. *Tydeides* : the son of Tydeus, Diomedes. Book V

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consists of his great exploits in the day's fighting. He is wounded by Pandarus, cured by Pallas Athene, and thereafter fights men and gods like a mighty hero.

1. 20. *Causeys* : causeways, raised roads across water.
1. 24. *Serried* : packed close together.
- P. 30, 1. 1. *The helm of Hades*: This was made by the Cyclops and presented to Hades. It rendered its wearer invisible and was lent by the gods to Perseus when he set out to slay Medusa.
1. 14. *Nethermost*: lowest.
Taslets: armour covering the thighs and bottom of the stomach.
1. 28. *Immortal blood*: The blood of the gods was, like their food and drink, of immortal substance, and was called *ichor*.
1. 33. *That reckless maiden* : Pallas Athene.
- P. 31, 1. 4. *Kypris* : Aphrodite. She rose from the foam of the sea near Kypris (modern Cyprus), and this island was a great centre of her worship. Hesiod names the isle of Cythera (modern Cesigo) as her birthplace—hence the adjective *Cytherean*. Diomedes had wounded her as she was carrying away Aeneas (her son) whom Diomedes was about to slay, and it was to avenge her that Ares had rushed down to the fight.
1. 21. *Lower than the Sons of Heaven* : lit. "lower than the Uranians," i.e. the Titans, sons of Uranos (Heaven) whom Zeus had imprisoned in Tartarus—the worst part of Hades.
1. 22. *Paieon* : a celebrated physician who looked after the gods.
1. 28. *Hebe* : Goddess of Youth, and at one time cup-bearer to the gods. She married Heracles.
 The behaviour of Ares recalls that of a sulky child and the contemptuous words of Zeus are well deserved : "glorying in his might" is a delicious thrust at Ares. This is not the only occasion in the "Iliad" when the gods go down to battle from Olympus, and in the actual destruction of Troy they are seen taking an active part.
1. 32. *Alalkomenean Athene*: Athene was thought by some to have been born in Alalkomenae, a city of Boeotia.
- P. 32, 1. 27. *Skaian gates* : one of the Gates of Troy near which, later, Achilles was slain. Some derive the name from *skaïos*, "sinister," because through this gate the fatal wooden horse was introduced into Troy.

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1. 28. *Dear-won* : probably should be " beloved.*"
P» 33» !• 5* *Astyanax* : The name means " city-king,"
" city-guardian."
1. 21. *Burnt him in his inlaid armour* : A generous action
on the part of Achilles, for foes were usually despoiled
of their armour.
- I. 32. *Archer Artemis* : the sister of Apollo, goddess of
hunting. Her temple at Ephesus (temple of Diana)
was one of the Seven Wonders of the World.
- P. 34, 1. 4. '*Tydeus' valiant son* : Tydeus, father of Diomedes,
was one of the Seven against Thebes.
- II. 26-27. *Messeis or Hypereia* : fountains in Thessaly.
Slavery was the usual fate of captured women.
1. 34. *Thralldom* : slavery.
- P. 35, 11. 13-14. *Far greater is he than his father* : The Greek
audience, hearing this, would know that later Astyanax
was thrown from the walls of Troy and slain, when the
Greeks took the city, and would appreciate the terrible
irony.
- P. 36, 11. 18-19. *My due of burning*: In Homeric Greece
cremation was customary. It was believed that the
soul of the dead hero had no rest until his body had been
burnt with proper funeral rites.
1. 24. *A barrow* : a mound.
1. 25. *Hellespont*: lit. " The Sea of Helle " ; now the
Dardanelles. Helle, fleeing on the Golden Ram from
the cruelties of her mother-in-law Ino, lost her hold on
the fleece and fell into the sea. The strait in which she
fell was therefore called the Hellespont.
- P- 37, 1. 3. *Mykene* : or Mycenae, Agamemnon's capital,
and the centre of a great kingdom and civilisation,
almost certainly Minoan in origin. Amazing dis-
coveries were made there by Schliemann in 1876-1877
which, with those that he made at Troy, showed that
the epic legends are founded on facts, on a real ancient
civilisation.
1. 26. *Salamis* : the home of Aias. Here was fought in
480 B.C. the famous sea-battle in which Themistocles
overthrew the Persians.
- P. 40, 1. 28. *He gave him his silver-studded sword*, etc. : It is
significant that later Aias was to kill himself with this
sword, and that Hector's body was dragged along by
this belt.
- P. 41, 1. 1. *Dawn the saffron-robbed*: The Greek goddess was
Eos (Aurora). *Saffron* is deep yellow, See note, P. 131,

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1. ia. Her love for the mortal Tithonus led her to gain for him the gift of immortality to which she neglected to add that of youth. To Tithonus she bore the black hero Memnon, who came to the succour of the Trojans and was eventually killed by Achilles.
- II. II-12. *Apart from the gods* : i.e. away from the gods.
- P. 42, 1. 9. *Trito-born* : see note, P. 87, 1. 27.
1. 12. *He let harness* : he caused to be harnessed.
1. 18. *Ida* : a mountain ridge near Troy, commanding views of the Trojan plain and Hellespont and therefore much frequented by the gods during the siege. *Gargaros* was a peak and city in the district. It was to the slopes of Ida that the three goddesses came for the judgment of Paris.
1. 19. *Demesne*: literally an estate or region—here probably used in the sense that the region was a centre of worship to Zeus.
1. 35. *Bossed shields* : shields having a boss, or knob, protruding from the centre.
- P. 43, 1. 6. *Golden scales* : see note, P. 88, 1. 20.
1. 13. *Thundered aloud*: Zeus is usually represented bearing in one hand his weapon, the thunderbolt.
1. 23. *Cubit*: in Greek measure equivalent to 13 or 18 inches ; the former the *short cubit* (elbow to start of fingers), the latter the *normal cubit* (elbow to tip of fingers). There was a third cubit found in Homer and Herodotus, elbow to end of knuckles with fist closed, i.e. about 15 inches.
- P. 44, 1. 5. *Honey-hearted wine* : Honey was used for all purposes for which to-day sugar is used. Hymettus, two miles from Athens, and Hybla, in Sicily, were famous for their honey in the ancient world.
- P. 45, 1. 10. *Kine and goodly sheep* : Meat seems to have been the main article of food in Homeric days.
1. 21. *Even as when in heaven* : Pope rightly calls this the most beautiful night-piece in poetry.
1. 27. *Xanthos* : the river Scamander.
1. 31. *Spelt*: a variety of wheat.
1. 37. *The north wind and the west wind*: Boreas and Zephyrus, to Homer the two stormy and boisterous winds—the east and south winds (Eurus and Notus) being mild and gentle : the modern English "zephyr" takes on a new meaning for geographical reasons.
- P. 46, 1. 28. *Phoinix* : accompanied Aias Telamon and Odysseus on their embassy but remained with Achilles,

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of whom he was a great friend and former perceptor. He had sailed to Troy with his former pupil, and the Greeks selected him for the attempt to persuade Achilles to give up his ruinous wrath. After the death of Achilles he was sent to Greece to fetch Neoptolemus and returned home with him when the war was over. Achilles' treatment of him is particularly gentle and kind.

P. 47, 1. 3. *Perforce* : forcibly.

1. 24. *Libation* : the pious pouring of a drink-offering to the gods.

P. 48, 1. 3. *Lord of fair-tressed Hera* : Zeus.

Lighteneth : makes lightning.

I. 18. *His brother*: Agamemnon had just slain Iphidamas, another son of An tenor.

II. 24-25. *Wind-nurtured spear* : made of wood of the ash-tree.

P. 49, 1. 12. *Eilithyiai*: the goddesses of child-birth.

P. 50, 1. 1. *Tars* : urges.

1. 24. *The fosse of the Danaans* : During the truce the Greeks have buried their dead and raised a mound over the bodies. But they have also, carrying out a crafty scheme of Nestor's, made the mound into a wall of earth, and in front of it have dug a ditch (*fosse*) in which they have planted sharp stakes. Although the scheme is a clever one, it shows the Greeks are fighting a losing fight—they themselves are now being besieged, and the Trojans, no longer penned inside their city, are trying to break through the wall to get to the Greek ships drawn up on the shore.

1. 29. *Maugre the deathless gods*: in spite of the gods. The ancients offered sacrifices to the gods when building a city or tower, so that they would protect it. This wall had not been so founded—hence it was doomed to destruction.

P. 51, ll. 7-8. *Then verily did Poseidon, etc.*: The low-lying country of Troas often suffers from flooding—the rivers even change their courses through history. Homer says that since the Trojan War the ravages of time—floods and storms—have obliterated all vestiges of this mighty wall. Pope, commenting on this passage, observes that as the wall was a piece of fiction on the part of Homer, he had to get rid of it ! Poseidon and Apollo had built the walls of Troy, and in *Iliad*, VI. Poseidon is said to be jealous of this new wall as it will eclipse

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- the fame of his handiwork. Whereupon Zeus gives him permission to destroy it later.
1. 10, 1. 11. *Rhesos, Heptaporos*, etc.: rivers of the Troas. The most important is Skamandros (also called Xanthos by the gods). No other author but Homer mentions all these streams, and passages like this suggest that he had wandered over the country before writing his epic.
 - I. 19. *Shaker of the earth*: Poseidon. The trident was originally a three-pronged goad for urging on horses. It was possibly because of its use as a harpoon that it became associated with Poseidon and other sea-gods.
 - P. 52, 1. 18. *Polydamas*: is the wisest of the Trojan heroes and his advice is always prudent, but he is often overruled by the more impetuous Hector.
 - P. 53, ll. 1-2. *If indeed the bands of death*, etc.; Again and again we find Greeks and Trojans expressing the thought that death and victory are gifts of the gods—no one can avoid his fate.
 - II. 21-22. *This eagle*: Polydamas describes an ominous sign which they have just seen and which has made them all draw back, and interprets it.
 - P. 54, 1. 8. *Whether they fare to the right*, etc.: an interesting list of some of the omens of bird-flight.
 - I. 27. *Machicolations*: part of the fortifications of a wall—the projecting parapet with apertures through which defenders can hurl missiles and molten lead on to the attackers with safety.
 - I. 36. *Aiantes*: Aias, son of Telamon, and Aias, son of Oileus.
 - P. 55, 1. 31. *Lykians*: Trojans. See map.
 - P. 56, 1. 5. *Marches*: boundaries.
 - II. 17-18. *As an honest woman*: An old legend says that Homer is here referring to his mother's occupation. She was said to have lived in Smyrna (her name was *Crytheis*) and to have been banished. She then lived on the banks of the river Meles (from which Homer got the name of Melesigenes) and took to the occupation of spinning.
 1. 34. *A stone that not the two best men*, etc.: A common Homeric formula. These heroes were ever so much mightier than Homer's own contemporaries, just as Nestor's great Heroes (demi-gods) were even mightier than they were!
 - P. 57, 1. 33. *The presumptuous prayer of Thetis*: " Pre-

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- sumptuous " in that it interferes with the plan of Zeus, which is to give victory to the Greeks.
- ll. 33-34. *Wise-counselling %eus awaited*: The gods are controlling every stage of the fight, down to the tiniest detail.
- P. 59, 1- 4- *Eurystheus* : was king of Argos and Mycenae. He was jealous of the might of Heracles, and imposed on him the famous Twelve Labours.
1. 27. *Gerenian Nestor*: Nestor was brought up in the town of Gerene—hence " Gerenian."
- P. 61, 1. 5. *Protesilaos* : It was fated that the first Greek to land on the Trojan shore should be killed. Protesilaos boldly leapt from his ship and was slain. On his tomb trees grew to such a height that they could be seen from Troy, and then died ! His wife, Laodamia, inconsolable at his death, slew herself.
1. 22. *Cowardice of the elders* : The " elders " are the council of Trojan leaders analogous to that of the Greeks. In religion, manners, warfare, customs, Greeks and Trojans are alike, and they are obviously of the same stock.
- P. 62, 1. 20. *Kebriones* : a son of Priam slain by Patroclus.
1. 24 *Peer of swift Ares* : the equal of . . .
- P. 63, 1. 27. *Euphorbus*: a Trojan hero, later slain by Menelaus. His shield was one of those hung up in the temple of Hera at Argos, after the war. Many years later the Greek philosopher Pythagoras expounded his belief in the transmigration of souls, claimed that he could remember thirty-two previous existences of his own soul on earth, and said that the shield of Euphorbus was his, for in a previous existence he had been Euphorbus and had fought at the Trojan War!
- P. 65, 1. 3. *Thou art the third*: It seems hard that Hector should not be allowed the glory of slaying Patroclus in single combat. This may be an example of the pro-Greek sympathies of Homer, who does not allow Hector to defeat a single Greek of note. On the other hand, the death of Patroclus is the turning-point of the action, the pivot of the whole epic, and as such *must* be the handiwork of the gods.
1. 4. *But another thing wilt I tell thee* : Dying men are given the power of prophesying. Cf. death of Hector (and of Jacob in Gen. xlix. 1).
1. 8. *Aiakos* : or Aeacus. The grandfather of Achilles,

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and so good a man that after death he was made one of the four judges of Hades.

I. 22. *Aiakides* : son of Aeacus. Here = Achilles.

1. 24. *Horses that the gods gave to Peleus* : The immortal horses Balios and Xanthus were a wedding gift of Poseidon to Peleus, and accompanied Achilles to the war. Later, when Achilles scolded them for not hurrying after the enemy, Balios spoke to him and prophesied his death !

P. 66, 1. 37. *Nereus* : the Ancient One of the Sea, and father of the Nereids.

P. 68, ll. 14-15. *Straightway after Hector is death appointed unto thee*: Achilles is told five fates that he is doomed to die: (1) when he is given the choice of two fates (see Introduction, p. xxiv) ; (2) that he will die by the weapon of Apollo ; (3) that it will be by the hand of Paris ; (4) that it will come after the death of the bravest Myrmidon ; (5) (here) that it will be soon after Hector's death. It is this hopeless courage that is such a noble feature of Greek poetry.

P. 69, 1. 2. *Hera's cruel wrath* : Heracles was the son of Zeus and Alcmena, and jealous Hera persecuted him all his life. It was she who sent two snakes to kill him in his cradle, and who arranged his subjection to Eurystheus. She forgave him only after his death, when she allowed him to marry the goddess Hebe.

1. 22. *Hephaestus* : the god of Fire and of Metal-work. According to Homer, when he was born his mother, Hera, was so disgusted with him that she threw him from Heaven into the sea. Later legend said that he interfered in a quarrel between Hera and Zeus, and the latter threw him from Heaven to earth, where he landed on the isle of Lemnos, and broke his leg. He was celebrated by the ancients for the making of many wonderful mechanical contrivances, among them two automata which assisted him in his work, Pandora, the woman who brought trouble to men, and this famous shield. With the aid of the Cyclopes he made the thunderbolts of Zeus.

P. 71, 1. 31. *There stood he and shouted*: Even the voice of Achilles causes a panic and the death of twelve Trojans! A hint of what is to come when Achilles fights !

P. 72, 1. 29. *Crucibles* : moulds, melting-pots.

P. 73, 1. 5. *First fashioned he a shield*: One of the most magnificent passages in the " Iliad." Captious critics

have, of course, found fault with it, and have said that all this could not be got on to a shield. It is sufficient answer that a *god*, not a mortal, is the artist, but it is interesting to note that the artist Flaxman *did* copy all this famous design on to a shield three feet in diameter, and that the Greek shield was a large one, covering almost the whole body. There are three concentric circles in the design. The outermost is the river Ocean, encircling the earth. The boss in the centre is Heaven. The rest, Earth, is divided into four sections, representing the chief activities of man—civil, military, agricultural, and pastoral. Each has three subdivisions—almost as if Homer was tempted to make it correspond to the months of the year. The peaceful nature of most of this description affords a fine contrast to the fierce fighting which surrounds it in the epic. It is hardly necessary to add that when Homer talks of the figures as living and moving, he is emphasising the lifelike nature of the portraiture.

1. 13. *Pleiads and Orion* : see note, P. 129, 1. 11.

Hyads : a constellation of five stars. They were originally the five daughters of Atlas who wept for the death of their brother Hyas (see note, P. 112, 1. 36). The word is connected with the verb meaning "to rain," and this constellation was supposed to be a sign of rainy weather.

1. 26. *Blood-price* : see note, P. 99, 1. 8.

1. 30. *Daysman*: an umpire, a judge. One of the elected judges of a Greek court.

1. 37. *Talent*: This was a certain weight of gold or silver. Later it became a coin (6000 drachmas = 1 talent). Apparently in Homer's time one gold talent was worth one ox.

- P. 74, 1. 26. *Speechplaces* : places from which orators spoke, in the Greek *agora* or market-place. Cf. Roman, *forum*.

- P. 75, 1. 12. *Demesne-land*: the domain or territory of a king.

1. 14. *Swathe* : the cut corn.

1. 25. *Hinds* : farm labourers.

1. 29. *Cyanus*: a dark-blue substance the nature of which is unknown to us. Some have thought it to be blue steel.

- II. 35-36. *Linus-song* : Linus was the mythical inventor of verse among the Greeks, and was the son of Apollo or of Hermes. Verses were annually sung in his honour. Later the word seems to have been used for any song.

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- P. 76, 1. 19. *Cnossus*: Cnossus, the ancient capital of Crete, Daedalos was a mythical inventor who wrought wonderful things for Minos, king of Crete—among them the Labyrinth in which was kept the Minotaur. He invented the wedge, the axe, sails, automata, and—wings! The whole myth is a tribute to the political (Minos) and intellectual (Daedalos) supremacy of the Cretan civilisation over that of the early Greeks. Excavations of Sir Arthur Evans at Cnossus led to discoveries of outstanding archaeological value which confirm the many references to Cretan civilisation in Greek literature. Cf. "Odyssey," XIX. 171.
1. 20. *Ariadne*: the daughter of Minos, who helped Theseus to escape from the Labyrinth. Old legend says that before the time of Theseus, men and women danced separately in Greece. He and those he saved from the Minotaur, brought back to Greece the Cretan custom of mixed dancing. (Critics who argue that the Theseus legends are post-Homeric, look upon passages such as this one as interpolations.)
- P. 78, ll. 10-11. *And so all his flesh shall rot*: The Greeks considered it a grievous misfortune that the bodies of the dead should putrefy before their interment. Here religious custom and hygiene come together, as often they do.
1. 23. *Ambrosia and red nectar*: food and drink of the gods, and also preservatives from decay.
- P. 79, 1. 11. *Lyrnessos*: a city in Kilikia which the Greeks had captured, Achilles' share of the spoil being Briseis.
1. 23. *Couch hard*: sleep on a hard bed, i.e. die.
- P. 80, 1. 5. *Destiny and Erinys*: Destiny is the *Moerae*—the Fates who spin man's life. There were three—*Atropos* (inexorable), *Lachesis* (the measurer), and *Clotho* (the spinner), though Homer speaks of *Moera*—"the Fate"—in the singular. Erinys is the name of the goddesses of vengeance (again only one in Homer), the daughters of Night. They were *Allecto* ("she who rests not"), *Tisiphone* ("avenger of murder"), and *Megaera* ("the jealous one"). They were like the Gorgons in appearance, with snakes for hair, and clad in black robes with red girdles. Later they became the Roman "Furies."
1. 9. *Ate*: goddess of Mischief, so wicked that she was banished from Heaven by Zeus.
- P. 81, 1. 4. *Naiad*: inferior goddesses, of rivers and streams (from Gr. *naiein*, to flow).

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1. 5. *Hyde* : a town in Lydia, probably Sardis.
Tmolos: a mountain nearby.
1. 12. *Gygaian lake* : is in Lydia.
1. 13. *Hyllos and Hermos* : rivers in Lydia. The sands of Hermos were said by the ancients to be covered with gold.
1. 19. *Antenor*: a great Trojan hero. He was said to be a traitor (hence Dante calls the part of Hell reserved for traitors *Antenora*). He advised the return of Helen to the Greeks, counselled Odysseus to steal the Palladium, and persuaded the Trojans to take the wooden horse into Troy.
1. 23. *Hippodamas* : a son of Priam.
1. 27. *Lord of Helike* : Helike was a town in Achaia. Here there was a famous temple of Poseidon in which bulls were offered up to the sea-god. If the bull bellowed just before death, it was considered a good omen.
- P. 83, 1. 13. *Dryops* : a son of Priam.
1. 19, 1. 22. *Dardanos* : *Tros* : Homer seems to have exhausted his Trojan names. These are names of early Trojan kings, from whom we get "Dardanians" and "Troy."
- P. 84, 1. 9. *Thrace* : The Thracians lived to the north of Greece and were barbaric allies of the Trojans.
- I. 12. *Squire*: The Greek war-chariot contained two soldiers. One was a skilful driver, while the other did the fighting. "Squire" here means "charioteer."
- II. 21-22. *As one yoketh wide-browed bulls* : The Greeks threshed their corn as the Hebrews did, by the treading of oxen.
- P. 85, 1. 11. *Polydamas* : had advised retreat as soon as he knew that Achilles was fighting again, but impetuous Hector had continued the fight.
- P. 86, 1. 4. *Dally* : to hold pleasant, idle conversation.
1. 10. *Enyalios*: "the warlike," one of the epithets of Ares.
1. 11. *The Pelian ash* : the famous spear of Peleus, given him as a wedding present by Chiron, the Centaur—or according to some, given by Chiron to his pupil Achilles. It was made of a famous ash-tree on Mount Pelion, hence its name. Not only could it wound, but the wounds made by it could be cured only by touching them with this magic spear.
- P. 87, 1. 6. *Round the turning-points* : The ancient chariot-

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race included a sharp turning round the "goal" without touching it.

- I. 7. *Tripods* : three-footed vases. The word is used for seats, pedestals for statues, and vases or bowls. Some of the latter were of brass and were used for cooking food ; others were *apuroi*, "untouched by fire," and apparently for ornamental purposes and of fine workmanship. Note the inferior position of woman in Homeric days—alternative prize to a tripod ! In Book XXIII we read, "for the *winner* a great tripod for standing on the fire ; for the *loser* a woman skilled in manifold work and they prized her at four oxen."
- II. 7-8. *In honour of a man that is dead* : We regret that we are unable to include in this selection the magnificent and lively account of the funeral games of Patroclus and refer the reader to "Iliad," Book XXIII.
1. 28. *Trito-born* : or "Tritogeneia," an epithet of Pallas Athene, who was born, according to early legend, near Lake Tritonis in Libya. Others explain the word as meaning "born from the head," and others "born on the third day."
- P. 88, 1. 20. *Golden balances* : The decision is too important for Zeus—he hands over the task to Fate, holds out the balances and *observes* the fatal result. The Greek word for "balances" is "talents" (*talanta*).
1. 24. *Phoebus Apollo left him* : A terrible sign ! Apollo has been Hector's protector as Pallas Athene is the protector of Achilles ; but now Hector stands alone, deserted by the gods !
- P. 89, ll. 36-37. *I will give back thy dead body* : Hector thinks this is an ordinary duel to the death. He wants to slay Achilles but not to deprive him of decent burial and the funeral-rites which will save his honour, and give his soul rest. (The Greeks even allowed enemy armies a truce for the decent burial of the dead.) Achilles' refusal shows the intensity of his hatred, amounting almost to mania, and sacrilegious in its bitterness. Cf the fights round the bodies of dead heroes, and the elaborate funeral of Patroclus.
- P. 90, ll. 20-21. *But Pallas Athene caught it up* : Hector stands alone, but Achilles is divinely aided. There is something terrible in incidents like this, if one can for a moment accept the gods as real—as they were to Homer.
- P. 91, 1. 29. *Hesperos* : The planet Venus had two names among the Greeks : Evening Star, *Hesperos*, and

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- Morning Star, *Phosphor*, The Latin equivalents were *Vesper* and *Lucifer*.
- P. 92; 1. 12. *Thee shall dogs and birds*, etc. : Achilles gloats over dying Hector and tortures him" even with his fate after death.
1. 37. *In the day when Paris and Phoebus Apollo*, etc.: Again a dying man is speaking prophecy. Cf. death of Patroclus.
- P. 93, ll. 1-2. *At the Skaian gate* : see note, P. 32, 1. 27. Homer mentions only one gate of Troy, whereas later tradition says there were seven. " Skaian " may mean the *left*, or *western* gate, *i.e.* the one nearest to the Greek camp. Shakespeare names six in the prologue to " Troilus and Cressida."
1. 30. *There lieth by the ships* : Homer turns the tale to its beautiful ending. Achilles might have been made to go on and attack the already half-defeated Trojans, but Troy was not fated to fall to him. And supremest artistry has another way of rounding off the epic.
1. 36. *Our song of victory* : The Greek word is *paiona* = " paean," hymn of triumph. Some editors take the passage " Great glory . . . a god " to be Achilles' actual song.
- P. 94, 1. 3. *He said, and devised foul treatment*: The inhumanity of Achilles has been censured by ancients and moderns, and is one of the many " Lies " of which Plato accuses Homer in his " Republic." It is sufficient to point out in defence of Homer that he calls it " foul treatment," that he makes Achilles a human being, not an ideal creature, and that the last book shows what the great poet thought to be true heroism.
- I. 25. *Hellespont*: the Dardanelles. See note, P. 36, 1. 25.
- P. 95, 1. 23. *Ample funeral feast*: This, as now, usually followed the funeral, but here it is made to follow the ceremonial drive round the dead body.
- II. 34-35. *River Spercheios* : It was a custom among the Greeks for a youth to dedicate his hair to a river god of his country, and to sacrifice it to him on attaining the age of manhood. Achilles had vowed to offer his hair to Spercheios when he returned from Troy. Again, the Greek would sacrifice his hair at the funeral of a friend as a sign of his grief and affection. Spercheios was a river in Thessaly.
- P. 96, 1. 26. *Taking from all of them the fat*: The fat, honey, and oil are to help the body to burn quickly. Homer

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- has preserved for us the details of the Greek funeral.
- P. 98, 1. ll. *Eared tripod*: vase with handles.
- P. 99, ll. 8-9. *As when a grievous curse*: If a Greek committed murder he fled to another city, until the "blood-price" could be arranged and paid and it was safe for him to return.
- P. 101, 1. 7. *Lesbos*: an isle in the Aegean. One of a group of islands inhabited by the descendants of Makar, and called the Islands of the Makarians, which means the Islands of the Blest.
1. 8. *Phrygia*: see map. Part of the Trojan empire.
1. 25. *No longer chafe me*: Achilles, whose nerves are frayed, and who is struggling to perform the noblest action of his life, easily loses his temper. There is still a possibility that he will not rise to the occasion.
- P. 102, 1. 10. *Felloes*: the curved pieces of wood that make up the rim of a wheel.
1. ll. *The countless ransom*: This was: 12 "very goodly women's robes," 12 cloaks, 12 coverlets, 12 sheets, 12 doublets: 10 talents of gold: 2 tripods and 4 caldrons; and a goblet, "exceeding fair, that the men of Thrace had given him . . . a chattel of great price."
- P. 103, 1. 15. *Sipylos*: a mountain on which was a rough likeness of a woman, a fountain issuing from her head as though she were weeping. This was identified with weeping Niobe.
1. 16. *Achelobs*: name of a number of Greek rivers.
- P. 104, ll. 12-13. *Pergamos*: the citadel of Troy. It was from this that Xerxes watched his troops pass in review on their way to the invasion of Greece.
- P. 105, 1. 20. *Or else some Achaian*: Andromache foretells accurately the doom of Astyanax.
- P. 106, ll. 3-4. *SamoSy Imbros, Lemnos*: isles of the Aegean. Lemnos was a volcanic island, hence the legend that Hephaestos fell on to this island.
- II. 15-16. *This is now the twentieth year*: Ten years had been spent in preparing for the siege, and ten in the actual war. Ten more were to be spent in the return of the Greeks.
- P. 107, 1. 21. *Thus they held funeral for Hector, tamer of horses*: Of the simple ending Cowper writes: "I cannot take my leave of this noble poem, without expressing how much I am struck with this plain conclusion of it. It is like the exit of a great man out of company whom he has entertained magnificently."

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- P. 111, 1. 10. *Helios Hyperion* : Helios is the Greek name for the sun, personified. Hyperion was the Titan sun-god, whose place (according to post-Homeric legend) was taken by Apollo when the Olympian gods first seized power. The word is taken by some to mean " he who is above," and here it is an epithet after Helios.
1. 17. *Calypso* : Queen of the mythical island of Ogygia, on which Odysseus was shipwrecked. She offered him eternal youth if he would remain with her, but after seven years he departed, and Calypso died of grief.
1. 23. *Poseidon* : the great god of the sea, and brother to Zeus. Poseidon's hostility to Odysseus is partly due to the god's interest in Troy, which he had helped to build, and partly because of the Cyclops.
- P. 112, 1. 1. *Ethiopians* : Ethiopia is part of North Africa, and was divided by the ancients into East and West Ethiopia. It seems to be Homer's favourite way of getting a god out of the way to send him to Ethiopia !
- I. 16. *Aegisthus* : During Agamemnon's absence in the Trojan War, his wife Clytaemnestra fell in love with Aegisthus, and the two murdered Agamemnon on his return. Later Agamemnon's son, Orestes, avenged his father by slaying the murderers. This story keeps appearing in the "Odyssey," almost as if Homer intended it to be a foil to the return of Odysseus. Clytaemnestra is the antithesis of Penelope, while Orestes is held up as an example to Telemachus. The story of Orestes' vengeance, with its sequels—the tormenting of Orestes by the Furies, his reunion with Iphigenia in Taurica, and his eventual purification—is treated with wonderful skill and insight by the Greek tragedians, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.
11. 20-21. *The slayer of Argos* : When Zeus fell in love with Io, jealous Hera made Argus, who had a hundred eyes, her guardian. But Hermes lulled him to sleep with his lyre, and then slew him. Hera put the eyes on her dead ally on the tail of the peacock.
1. 29. *Kronides* : An epithet for Zeus, " son of Kronos." Kronos, king of the gods, devoured his children as soon as they were born, but Zeus escaped this fate as his mother gave Kronos a stone as a substitute. When Zeus grew up he usurped the throne, and compelled

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his father to disgorge his brothers and sisters, who became the Olympian gods and overthrew the Titans.

1. 36. *The wizard Atlas*: one of the Titans, whose daughters were the Hesperides. Perseus, after slaying the Gorgon, demanded hospitality at the palace of Atlas in North Africa. On being refused, he showed Atlas the head of Medusa, whereupon Atlas turned to stone and became Mt. Atlas. So huge was the mountain that the ancients said it supported the heavens, from which arose the fable that Atlas supported the world on his shoulders.
- P. 113, 11. 22-23. *Thoosa, daughter of Phorcys*: Thoosa was a sea-nymph. Phorcys, a sea-god, was also father of the Gorgons and the Dragon who guarded the apples of the Hesperides.
- P. 114, 1. 26. *Taphians*: inhabitants of the islands called Taphiae. They were expert sailors and pirates.
- P. 115, 1. 24. *Overweening*: presumptuous.
1. 28. *Ewer*: a water-jug. The word is from *eau* (*aqua*).
- P; 116, 1. 10. *Phemius*: Legend says that this minstrel taught Homer, and in gratitude the poet immortalised his name.
11. 19-20. *Without atonement*: In early Greek, as in other ancient law, crimes could be put right by the payment of the correct "atonement." This applied even to murder.
- P. 117, 1. 9. *Temesa*: Possibly Tamasia, in Cyprus—or perhaps Temesa in Italy, famous among the ancients for its copper-mines.
1. 20. *Signs of birds*: Prophecy from omens was common to Greeks and Romans. One of the methods was to read meaning into the behaviour of birds.
1. 27. *The assembly*:: The ruler, among the ancient Greeks, was elected, and he governed with a council of elders. He was *primus inter pares*.
1. 33- *Gifts of wooing*: The Greek of Homer's time practically bought his wife by making gifts to her father. On the other hand it seems that occasionally the wife received presents from her relatives, and that when the wife was sent back for any reason, the presents were returned with her!
- P. 119, 1. 18. *Mentor*: a faithful friend of Odysseus.
- P. 120, 1. 15. *Aias*: son of Telamon, was either killed in battle by Paris, or murdered by Odysseus. According

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to Greek tragedians, he committed suicide. See note, P. 161, 1. 24.

1. 17. *Antilochus* : was slain in the latter part of the Trojan War by Memnon, son of the Dawn, and King of Ethiopia, who came to help the Trojans. Nestor wanted to avenge his son's death, but Memnon refused to fight an old man, and accepted instead the challenge of Achilles, who slew him.
- I. 26. *Kronion* : Zeus, son of Kronos. See note, P. 112, 1. 29.
- P. 122, 1. 3. *Tenedos* : an island in the Aegean, off the coast of Troy. It was here that the Greeks hid when they pretended to sail home, leaving behind the Wooden Horse. In 1915 it was an Allied military base.
11. 12-13. *SonojTydeus*: Diomedes. For his exploits see the "Iliad." He also helped Odysseus to steal the Palladium from Troy. On his return home he found that his wife had been unfaithful, and left his native land in disgust, sailing to Italy, where he founded a Greek colony.
1. 36. *Myrmidons* : the followers of Achilles, and, on his death, of his son Neoptolemus (Pyrrhus). Legend says that a plague carried off all the inhabitants of Thessaly, in the time of the good king Aeacus, Achilles' grandfather. Aeacus prayed that Zeus would re-people his kingdom, whereupon the god turned all the *ants* (Gr. *myrmes*-ants) into men, whom Aeacus called "myrmidons."
- P. 123, 1. 1. *Philoctetes* : an Argonaut, and a close friend of Heracles, whose funeral pile he erected. He was one of the suitors of Helen. In the tenth year of the Trojan War Odysseus and Diomedes persuaded him to help to end the siege, for he possessed the arrows of Heracles (dipped in the gall of the Hydra) without which Troy could not be taken. He destroyed an immense number of Trojans, among them Paris with his famous arrows. After the fall of Troy he sailed to Italy, where he founded a city.
1. 2. *Idomeneus* : King of Crete, who assisted the Greeks with a fleet of ninety ships. At his return he vowed to the gods that he would sacrifice the first thing he met on the Cretao shore, if they gave him a safe passage. This was no other than his own son, who had come to welcome his father, Idomeneus kept his vow, but the inhumanity and rashness of the sacrifice disgusted the

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- Cretans, and he was compelled to leave the island. He too founded a settlement in Italy.
1. 14. *She cast a drug into the wine* : This is the famous " nepenthes " (Gr. meaning " taker-away of grief"). On their way from Sparta, Paris and Helen had been driven by storms to Egypt. A later poem defended Helen by saying that she had never left Egypt, but that only her phantom had gone to Troy.
 1. 27. *Each man is a leech* : A tribute from Homer to the more ancient civilisation of Egypt. *Paieon* was the physician-god, who healed the wounds which the gods received in the Trojan War.
 - P. 125,1.9. *Deiphobus* : a son of Priam, whom Helen married after the death of Paris. When Troy was taken, Menelaus slew Deiphobus and mangled his body.
 - P. 126, 1. 10. *Whom Eumelus wedded* : Eumelus, Penelope's brother-in-law, fought for the Greeks. In the funeral games to honour Patroclus, Eumelus nearly won the chariot-race from Diomedes, but his chariot broke as they approached the goal.
 1. 22. *At the gates of dreams* : see p. 192.
 1. 30. *Hellas* : in Homer's time meant Thessaly, in the north of Greece (*Argos* was in the south of Greece). Later the name was applied to the whole of Greece.
 - P. 128,1.2. *Light of woof* : delicately woven.
 1. 8. *Adze* : a tool something like an axe, the edge of the blade curving inward and placed at right angles to the handle.
 1. 19. *Augers* : tools used for boring holes, with a cutting-edge at one end and a transverse wooden handle at the other.
 1. 20. *Trenails* : or treenails, long wooden pins or nails used for fastening a ship's planks to the timbers.
 1. 34. *Halyards* : ropes for hauling up the sails.
 - P. 129, 1. 11. *Pleiads* : A constellation of seven stars, supposed to be originally the seven daughters of Atlas. The word is derived from the Greek *pleein*, to sail, because they were brightest in spring, the time most favourable for sailors.
Bootes : a constellation near the Great Bear. Its name means " the ploughman." " That setteth late " shows Homer's powers of observation.
 1. 14. *Orion* : the constellation which the imaginative Greek found to resemble a warrior, belted with three stars. Orion had been a great hunter before his promo-

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tion to the skies, and Odysseus meets him in Hades, still hunting.

1. 19. *Phaeacians*: Phaeacia is an island in the Ionian Sea, now called Corcyra. Homer praises them for their seamanship. Later they were considered a gluttonous race.
1. 24. *Solymi*: inhabitants of Solyma, a town in Lykia.
- P. 131, 1. 11. *His heart boded of death* : he anticipated death any minute.
1. 12. *Fair-tressed Dawn* : Eos or Aurora, goddess of the Dawn, and daughter of Hyperion. She was pictured as a veiled goddess drawn in a rose-coloured chariot, opening with rosy fingers the gates of the East, pouring dew over the earth, and riding in advance of the Sun.
- P. 132, 1. 17. *Spits*: sandy points.
- P. 133, 1. 5- *Ino* : or Leucothea, daughter of Cadmus, hated her two stepchildren, Phryxus and Helle. They tried to escape to Colchis on the back of a flying golden ram. On the way Helle fell into the strait which bears her name (Hellespont). The Argonauts later sought the Fleece of the wonderful Ram. Ino's husband, Athamas, went mad, and to escape death at his hands Ino threw herself into the sea. The gods in pity made her a sea-divinity. During the storm she aided Odysseus.
1. 37. *So saveth the seed of fire* : A graphic reference to the importance of, and difficulty of making, fire among the ancients. This is illustrated in the legend which makes the great gift of Prometheus to man the secret of fire-making, which he stole for them from the gods.
- P. 134, 1. 4. *Travail*: toil.
1. 8-9. *Of his sight she reft him*: Homer's minstrels are blind. Was this because he himself was blind, or did these descriptions of blind minstrels give rise to the legend that Homer was blind? It has been argued that the blindness of minstrels explains their prodigious feat of memory in retaining the epics through the days when writing was unknown.
1. 12. *The loud lyre* : " Lyre " suggests that the minstrel's poem was a *song* (lyric) rather than a *narrative* (epic) poem like Homer's.
- P. 135, 1. 14. *Rehearse* : recount.
1. 18-19. *Minstrel, being stirred by the god*: This may mean that the minstrel is extemporising verse on the Troy-story. (Note the actual incident to be sung is chosen by the

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- listener.) To us it seems to be a touch which brings us close to Homer himself, creating deathless poetry in a mood of exaltation, of inspiration.
1. 19-20. *He took up the tale where it tells*; This might suggest the minstrel reciting from memory, to a company which has heard the whole epic, a passage they ask for.
 - P. 137, 1. 10. *Have woven the skein of death* : Over the Greek hung the unavoidable Fate. The three Fates spun the web of his life, one of them, Atropos, cutting the thread when his appointed time had come.
 - P. 138, 1. 8. *Ithaca* : There is uncertainty about which of the group of islands to which it belongs was Ithaca. The modern island of Ithaca (Thiaki) does not fit in with Homer's description, and it has been suggested that in Homer's time Ithaca was the name given to the island later called Leucas (Santa Maura). Here, for instance, it is clearly called the northernmost island of the group ("furthest up the sea-line towards the darkness").
 1. 32. *Lotus-eaters*: see Tennyson's beautiful poem, "The Lotos-Eaters." The lotus has been variously identified : as the *date*, as a kind of *clover*, and as the *fruit* of a shrub still found in North Africa, of which the natives make wine.
 - P. 139, 1. 20. *Cycldpes*: "Round-Eye." One-eyed giants living in Sicily. It is easy to imagine the legend growing up on the tales told by the first venturesome Greeks to sail to Sicily, the fertile island ("all these things spring for them in plenty").
 - P. 141, 1. 5. *Wains* : wagons.
 - P. 142, 1. 7. *Zeus, lord of the aegis*: The aegis was the miraculous shield of Zeus, blazing brightly and bearing in its centre the Gorgon's head. When Zeus shook this shield there was thunder, lightning, and destruction. As the word "aegis" also meant "goat-skin," later legend explained the shield as being made of the skin of Amaltheia, the goat which had suckled Zeus in his infancy. The aegis was also associated with Pallas Athene and, occasionally, Apollo.
 1. 15-16. *With words of guile* : Crafty Odysseus is a great liar. Throughout the "Odyssey" he tells lying stories, and gives himself various names, when it suits his purpose. Here he lies to save the rest of his men, and the ship, from Polyphemos.
 - P. 143, 1. 30. *Fathom's length* : about six feet. A fathom

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- was the distance across the arms outstretched.
- P. 144, 1. 4. *Fain* : glad.
1. 17. *Ivy bowl*: The ivy was sacred to Bacchus, god of wine, and to Hebe, cupbearer to the' gods.
1. 35-36. *Nectar and ambrosia* : the drink and food of the gods which kept them immortal.
- P. 146, 1. 1. *As when a smith*, etc. ; Note the early drilling-machine !
- P. 150, 1. 2. *Nay come hither, Odysseus* : There is something grotesque, almost comic, about Polyphemus' attempts at pathos and cunning.
- P. 151, 1. 2. *Aeolus* : King of Aeolia, inventor of sails, and a great astronomer, was deified and made God of the Winds. (The name seems to be derived from the Greek word meaning "varying.") The story of the bag of winds is a beautiful allegory on mutiny.
1. 22. *Which he let flay* : which he caused to be flayed.
- P. 153, 1. 10. *Bane* : evil, ruin, destruction.
1. 27-28. *Laestrygons*: These have been variously located—in Sicily and in South Italy. Lamus, their king, gave the Greeks the female name *Lamia* for a kind of feminine bogey. The whole is a clear reference to some barbaric tribe whose gods and customs disgusted and frightened the Greeks.
1. 28. *Where herdsman hails herdsman* : An exaggerated account of the shortness of night.
- P. 155, 1. 7. *Hawsers* : the ropes which held the anchor.
1. 18. *Teiresias* : a celebrated prophet of Thebes, who outlived seven generations of men. He was blind, and was regarded by the Greeks as a great oracle. His prophecies came true, for example in the Theban War. He was supposed to base his prognostications on the flight of birds, and the summoning-up of departed spirits.
- P. 156, 1. 4-5. *Drink of the blood*: Odysseus has offered up a sacrifice of a ram and a ewe to the gods of Hades. The shades come clamouring round demanding blood, and any to whom Odysseus gives blood to drink can speak.
1. 17. *Isle Thrinacia* : or Trinacria, a name given to Sicily because of its triangular shape.
- P. 157, ll. 1-2. *In the day when*: The mysterious prophecy of Teiresias has been interpreted variously. In the epic "Telegonus" a son of Odysseus by Circe comes to Ithaca in search of his father, and unwittingly slays Odysseus on the shore, thus bringing him death from

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the sea. On the other hand Dante, in his "Inferno" (Book XXVI), describes how Odysseus, in his old age, cannot rest, and how he is destroyed at sea, venturing beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Cf. Tennyson's "Ulysses."

1. 14. *Aloeus*: a famous giant. His sons fought against the Olympian gods at the age of nine. Had they waited till manhood Olympus would certainly have fallen, as they grew nine inches every month!
1. 22, 23, 24. *Olympus, Ossa, Pelion*: mountains in Greece.
- P. 158, 1. 16. *Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus* • Laertes was the grandson of Zeus. When Odysseus became a man, Laertes resigned the crown in his favour and retired to cultivate his garden.
1. 35. *Cassandra*: Apollo had loved her, and she promised to wed him if he gave her the gift of prophecy. When he had done so, she broke her promise, whereupon Apollo added the curse that no one would ever believe her prophecies, even when they were true. Throughout the War she foretold in vain the disasters which were to befall Troy. She became the slave of victorious Agamemnon, and on the way home prophesied his death; but, as usual, in vain, for both were murdered by Clytaemnestra.
- P. 159, 1. 15. *Peleus*: Achilles' father. The only mortal to marry a goddess. On the death of Achilles, Thetis promised Peleus immortality and he retired to the isle of Leuce, where he was permitted to converse with the shade of his dead son.
- P. 160, 1. 23. *Neoptolemus*: Achilles' mighty son, was called Neoptolemus ("new warrior") and Pyrrhus ("yellow-haired"). He came to the War at the end of the long siege. He was wise, brave, and cruel, and slew Priam, Astyanax, and Polyxena. He carried off as his prize Andromache, wife of Hector. He was murdered in later years by Orestes, in the temple of Delphi, which he was pillaging.
1. 37. *Memnon*: see Introduction, p. xxvi. and note, P. 120, 1. 17.
- P. 161, 1. 20. *Asphodel*: immortal flowers which grew in Hades.
1. 24. *Aias*: On the death of Achilles, Odysseus and Telamonian Aias disputed for the arms of Achilles. They decided to ask Trojan prisoners which was the greater danger to Troy—the wisdom of Odysseus or the

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- strength of Aias. The answer was in favour of Odysseus. Alas resigned the armour, and in his grief went mad. He kept a flock of sheep which he imagined to be Greeks, and beat them, naming an old black ram Odysseus. Finally he slew himself with the sword of Hector.
- P. 162, 1. 12. *Erebus* : This was the part of Hades reserved for souls who had lived a virtuous life, and who might go to the Elysian Fields.
1. 17. *Minos* : a great king of Crete, to whom the Athens were subject until Theseus delivered them from the annual tribute paid to the Minotaur (Bull of Minos). He was apparently stern but just, and Greek legend made him one of the four judges of Hades. (Another was Aeacus, grandfather of Achilles.)
1. 22. *Tantalus* : a king of Lydia. Various crimes are attributed to him as the cause of his perpetual torment, e.g. he stole Zeus' favourite dog, he stole nectar and ambrosia from the table of the gods, and he offered up his own son Pelops as a sacrifice to the gods to see whether they were clever enough to detect the monstrous substitution.
1. 35. *Sisyphus* : He was notoriously crafty, and Odysseus had some of his blood in his veins. Sisyphus invented the practice of branding cattle. Three reasons are suggested for his punishment. He stoned his prisoners. He chained Death up. The last is delightful. Before his death Sisyphus asked his wife not to bury him. On arriving at Hades he explained that his body was not properly buried, and asked that he might be permitted to return to see that due funeral rites were paid to his corpse. Permission was granted, but, on returning to earth, Sisyphus stayed there! He was, however, brought back by Ares, and punished for his attempt to cheat even the gods.
- P. 163, 1. 9-10. *Heracles, his phantom*: The "Odyssey" accepts the deification of Heracles, who after his death became an Immortal and wedded Hebe. The "Iliad" on the other hand, considers the "Heroes" as ordinary mortals. The "phantom" is a common Greek device for getting out of a difficulty. Cf. Helen note, P. 123, 1. 14.
1. 18. *Baldric* : military belt. Cf. the Shield of Achilles.
- 1-30-31 • / *was subdued unto a man*: Heracles was bound to accomplish twelve difficult tasks for Eurystheus. One of them was the bringing back of Cerberus, the

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- three-headed dog, from Hades.
- P. 164,1. 9. *Persephone* : the Goddess-Queen of the Under-world, wife of Hades, and daughter of Demeter. The legend of her seizure by Hades, and her six-months' stay each year in the underworld as the cause of the seasons of the year, is famous.
1. 16. *Oceanus* : the river which, according to the Greeks, encircled the Earth.
- P. 166, 1. 1. *Amphitrite* : Queen of the sea and the wife of Poseidon. Here she is the sea personified.
1. 2-3. *Rocks Wandering*: The Symplegades, or "Justling Rocks" (now the Pavorane), two islands near the entrance of the Black Sea. The narrow passage between them was dangerous, and they were said to be floating islands which came together and crushed ships that attempted to pass between them. The *Argo*, in quest of the Golden Fleece, passed safely through, though they crushed the stern of the boat.
1. 13. *Metes*: king of Colchis (Aea). In his kingdom Phryxus (see note, P. 133,1. 5) had sacrificed the golden ram, and hung up its fleece in a temple of Ares. *Jason* and his comrades the Argonauts sailed here to obtain it.
1. 28. *Scylla... and Charybdis*: The geographical position of these "monsters" is uncertain, but they are thought by some to be in the Strait of Messina. Scylla is obviously a rocky cliff, with submerged rocks at the base over which the waves break, and Charybdis a whirlpool. Legend said that Scylla was a beautiful sea-nymph, loved by Zeus, Glaucus, or Triton, and changed by magic potion to a monster by jealous Hera, Circe, or Amphitrite, respectively, Charybdis was a greedy woman who stole the oxen of Hercules, whereupon Zeus struck her with a thunderbolt and changed her into a whirlpool.
- P. 167,1. 35. *Cratais* : Thought to be Hecate, goddess of witchcraft and magic.
- P. 168,1. 6. *Phaethusa*, etc. : These nymphs, daughters of •Helios, are the Heliades. Their brother Phaeton lost his life in a rash attempt to drive his father's chariot, the sun, across the sky for a day. They were inconsolable in their grief and were changed to poplars. Note Helios is here son of Hyperion (but cf. p. i n , 1. 10).
- P. 174, 1. 11. *Wrapped them in the fat*: One of the stories of Prometheus, enemy of the gods on behalf of man, was that he prepared a sacrifice in two parts. One con-

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tained all the meat, the other the bones wrapped in appetising fat. Prometheus asked the gods to choose which they would have, and they chose the fat—and bones ! Hence the method of offering the gods a part of the meat, wrapped in fat, before devouring the rest.

1. 34. *Bilge* : the broad part of the bottom of a ship.
- P. 177, 1. 1. *Steading*: the barn and stables of a farm.
- P. 178, 1. 26. *Decad*: ten (men). Cf. decade, ten years.
1. 27. *Tale* : number.
- P. 181, 1. n. *Melantho*: one of the handmaidens of Penelope.
- P. 184, 1. 5. *Web* : the frame on which cloth was woven.
1. 16. *Instant*: insistent.
1. 22. *Oak or rock* : cf. our " Gooseberry-bush " story.
- P. 185, 1. 11-12. *My famed name is Aethon*: Odysseus, lying: as usual, takes the name of Hector's horse !
- P. 188, 1. 4. *Thesprotia* : Epirus, quite near to Ithaca.
1. 20. *The crone* : Eurycleia, Odysseus' old nurse.
- I. 31. *Autolycus* : the son of Hermes, was a crafty rogue. He stole some cattle from Sisyphus, but the latter had secretly marked them under the foot, and was able to prove the theft. Autolycus was delighted to meet another master of craft, and allowed Sisyphus to marry his daughter. Later she married Laertes, but Odysseus was said to be the son of Sisyphus.
- P. 189, 1. 2. *Even Hermes* : Hermes was the god of thieves.
- P. 190, 1. 29. *Pandareus*, etc. : Tereus (Zethes), king of Thrace, made love to Philomela, daughter of Pandion (Pandareus) and his wife Progne's sister. Later he cut out Philomela's tongue lest she should reveal his crime to Progne, but Philomela wove the story into tapestry and sent it to her sister. The two then murdered Tereus' son Itylus, and served him up as a meal to Tereus. Tereus was about to slay them when the gods, in pity, changed them all into birds—Tereus into a hoopoe, Progne a swallow, and Philomela a nightingale. In Homer's version it is Philomela who is the swallow and Progne the nightingale.
- P. 192, 1. 7. *Boded*: foretold.
1. 24. *Axes . . . set up in a row*: Apparently either the axe-head was curved at one end, or the heads alone were set up in the ground, and the marksman shot through the handle-hole.
- P. 1931.17. *Iphitus*: Eurytus offered his daughter in marriage to the man who could draw his mighty bow.

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- Heracles did so, but Eurytus refused him his daughter, having observed that Heracles had killed one of his wives in a fit of temper. Later Heracles and Iphitus went in search of some horses stolen by Autolycus. They found them, then Heracles, suddenly remembering the faithlessness of Iphitus' father, slew Iphitus.
- P. 196, 1. 28. *Infatuate* : foolish.
- P. 197, 1. 25. *Wingless her speech remained*; she was silent. All speech in Homer is "winged."
- P. 198, 1. 1. *Philoetius* : the faithful steward of Odysseus.
1. 4. *Byblus plant*: *Byblus* was the Egyptian name for the papyrus plant, on the outer bark of which the ancients wrote. *Papyrus* gives us "paper"; *byblus*, "bible" (Gr. *biblion*, a book); and the *bark* or *rind* (Latin, *liber*), "library," etc.
- P. 200, 1. 1-2. *Two-eared chalice* : two-handled cup.
- P. 204, 1. 6. *Mentor*: Athene has just assumed the shape of Mentor and come to the aid of Odysseus. The latter, in a moment of weakness, begs the help of Mentor. Athene is ashamed of him and flies up to the roof of the hall.
- P. 206, 1. 31. *Melanthius* : a goat-herd who had abused Odysseus and Telemachus.
- P. 209, 1. 9-10. *Lampus and Phaethon* : the white horses which drew the chariot of Eos, goddess of the Dawn.
- P. 210, 1. 20. *Cyllenian Hermes* : Hermes (supposed to have been born in Cyllene) was the god who conducted the souls of the dead to Hades.
- P. 212, 1. 22. *The ancient one of the sea* : Nereus, god of the sea, whose daughters the sea-nymphs were called Nereids.
1. 33. *Unguents* : oils.
- P. 213, 1. 5. *Dionysus* : Bacchus, god of wine. He plays an insignificant part in Homer, whereas later he became a most important deity.
1. 29. *The clew* : was a ball of thread. With one Theseus found his way through the labyrinth of Minos. Hence the modern meaning of "clue."
1. 33. *Messenger* : Hermes.
- P. 215, 1. 10. *Son of Arceisius*: Arceisius was son of Zeus and grandfather of Odysseus.

ESSAY SUBJECTS

- i. T H E Gods in Homer's Epics.
2. The authorship of the " Iliad " and the " Odyssey."
3. The differences between the " Iliad" and the " Odyssey."
4. The position of woman in Homer's poems.
5. The Troy Legend in literature.
6. The character of Achilles.
7. " Homer is sustainedly noble " (*Arnold*).
8. The ending of the " Iliad."
9. Homer's epic style.
10. Customs of Homeric Greece.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

i. HOMER is fond of adding an epithet to a hero's name, e.g. Menelaus *dear to Ares*. Collect twenty such epithets from the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey,,"

2. Take the names of some distinguished men, or of your friends, and add to them Homeric epithets, e.g. Maxton of the flowing locks.

3. The Introduction tells how Achilles was slain by an arrow fired by Paris and directed by Apollo. Write a detailed description of this event as Homer would relate it.

4. Show the importance in the preservation of Homer's epics of: Pisistratus, Aristotle, Aristarchus, and Baarlam.

5. Narrate the adventure of Polyphemus and Odysseus from the point of view of Polyphemus.

6. Describe in detail (a) a Homeric combat; (b) a sacrifice; (c) a funeral.

7. What is meant by a Homeric simile? Pick out several from the extracts.

8. Write a short account of events leading up to the Trojan War.

9. What is the story of Clytaemnestra, and why is it mentioned so many times in the "Odyssey"?

10. Construct a Homeric simile describing, say, an angry man, or the flight of aeroplanes through the sky.

11. Describe a football match in Homeric language.

12. Passages for learning by heart:

(a) Prayer of Thetis, p. 14,1. 25-p. 15,1. 4.

b) Prayer of Hector, p. 35, ll. 10-17.

c) The Shield of Achilles, p. 73, ll. 5-16.

d) Shouting in the Trenches, p. 71,1.33-p. 72,1.9.

e) Priam's Request to Hector, p. 99,1. 31-p. 100, 1. 2.

(f) Odysseus and Calypso, p. 112,1. 32-p. 113,1.6.

(g) Agony of Odysseus, p. 130, ll. 8-24.

(h) Odysseus and the Mmstrel, p. 135, ll. 4-17.

(i) Tantalus, p. 162, U. 22-34.

(j) Penelope and Odysseus, p. 208,1.3 i-p. 209,1.3.

APPENDIX

(BELOW specimens are given of three of the most famous English translations of Homer—Chapman's, Pope's, and Lang, Leaf and Myers'—each being a translation of the same passage in Homer, Book V, ll. 733-747.)

Chapman

" Minerva wrapt her in the robe, that curiously she wove,
With glorious colours, as she sate on th' azure floor of
Jove,
And wore the arms that he puts on, bent to the tearfull
field.
About her broad-spread shoulders hung his huge and
horrid shield,
Fring'd round with ever-fighting snakes ; through it was
drawn to life
The miseries and deaths of fight; in it frown'd bloody
Strife,
In it shin'd sacred Fortitude, in it fell Pursuit flew,
In it the monster Gorgon's head, in which held out to
view
Were all the dire ostents of Jove ; on her big head she
plac't
His four-plum'd glittering casque of gold, so admirably
vast
It would an hundred garrisons of soldiers comprehend.
And in her violent hand she takes his grave, huge, solid
lance,
With which the conquests of her wrath she useth to
advance,
And overturn whole fields of men, to show she was the
Seed
Of him that thunders."

Pope

" Pallas disrobes ; her radiant veil untied,
With flowers adorned, with art diversified,

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(The labour'd veil her heavenly fingers wove)
Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.
Now heaven's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,
Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast;
Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field,
O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,
Dire, black, tremendous ! Round the margin rolPd,
A fringe of hissing serpents guards the gold :
Here all the terrors of grim War appear,
Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear,
Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,
And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.
The massy golden helm she next assumes,
That dreadful nods with four o'ershading plumes ;
So vast, the broad circumference contains
A hundred armies on a hundred plains.
The goddess thus the imperial car ascends ;
Shook by her arm the mighty javelin bends,
Ponderous and huge ; that when her fury burns
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns."

Lang, Leaf and Myers

" And Athene, daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus, cast down at her father's threshold her woven vesture many-coloured, that she herself had wrought and her hands had fashioned, and put on her the tunic of Zeus the cloud-gatherer, and arrayed her in her armour for dolorous battle. About her shoulders cast she the tasselled aegis terrible, whereon is Panic as a crown all round about, and Strife is therein and Valour and horrible Onslaught withal, and therein is the dreadful monster's Gorgon head, dreadful and grim, portent of aegis-bearing Zeus. Upon her head set she the two-crested golden helm with fourfold plate, bedecked with men-at-arms of a hundred cities. Upon the flaming chariot set she her foot, and grasped her heavy spear, great and stout, wherewith she vanquished the ranks of men, even of heroes with whom she of the awful sire is wroth."

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