

Heroes of Ancient Greece and Rome

EPIC & LEGENDARY HEROES SERIES

SELECTED AUTHORS

Heroes of Ancient Greece and Rome

Selected Authors

Libraries of Hope

Heroes of Ancient Greece and Rome
Epic & Legendary Heroes Series

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Contents

The Heroes 3
About This Book 4
Perseus 5
The Argonauts 25
Theseus 54
The Iliad for Boys and Girls 71
Of How the War with Troy Began 72
The Quarrel 74
What Thetis Did for Her Son 80
The Duel of Laris and Menelaus 83
How the Oath Was Broken 88
The Great Deeds of Diomed 91
Concerning Other Valiant Deeds 95
Of Glaucus and Diomed 99
Hector and Andromache 103
How Hector and Ajax Fought 111
The Battle on the Plain 118
The Repentance of Agamemnon 128
The Embassy to Achilles 132
The Story of Old Phœnix 139
The Adventure of Diomed and Ulysses 145
The Wounding of the Chiefs 152
The Battle at the Wall 157
The Battle at the Ships 164

The Deeds and Death of Patroclus 171
The Rousing of Achilles 179
The Making of the Arms 186
The Quarrel Ended 191
The Battle at the River 194
The Slaying of Hector 200
The Ransoming of Hector 209
The End of Troy 215
The Odyssey for Boys and Girls 217
The Cyclops 219
Of the Home of the Winds and of Circe 228
Of the Sirens and Other Wonders 235
Of What Happened in Ithaca 243
How Telemachus Went to Look for His Father 251
How Telemachus Saw Nestor 256
How Telemachus Came to Sparta 262
Menelaus's Story 266
How Ulysses Came to the Phaeacians 270
Nausicaa 276
Alcinous 283
Ulysses Among the Phaeacians 286
Ithaca 292
Eumaeus 298
Ulysses and His Son 305
Of the Dog Argus and Other Things 309
Of the Beggar Irus and Other Things 314

How Ulysses Was Made Known....320
The Trial of the Bow....328
The Slaying of the Suitors....335
At Last....339
Of Laertes....343
Peace Between Ulysses and His People....348
The Æneid for Boys and Girls....353
The Horse of Wood....355
The Sack of Troy....361
Æneas and Anchises....367
Of the Voyage of Æneas....373
Of the Voyage of Æneas (continued)....379
The Shipwreck....386
Carthage....390
Dido....395
The Funeral Games of Anchises....401
The Burning of the Ships— The Coming to Italy...410
In Italy....415
The Plots of Juno....421
The Gathering of the Chiefs....426
King Evander....429
The Arms of Æneas....435
Nisus and Euryalus....440
The Battle at the Camp....446
The Battle on the Shore....451
The Council....460

The Deeds and the Death of Camilla 465
The Broken Treaty 470
The Death of Turnus 475
Afterwards..... 481
References 483

Heroes of Ancient Greece and Rome

Month 4

The Heroes

Told to the Children

by Mary Macgregor

About This Book

Charles Kingsley wrote *The Heroes* with a charm that has made the book a favourite with big boys and girls ever since it was written. But the little ones cannot follow the brave heroes through all their wonderful adventures, nor to all the strange countries through which they journey. For the adventures are sometimes with strange peoples or even with strange animals of which they have never heard, and the countries have names that they have not yet learned in their geography lessons. But in this little book Kingsley's story of *The Heroes* is told so simply that even small boys and girls will learn to love these brave men.

MARY MACGREGOR.

Perseus

CHAPTER I
Perseus and His Mother

Once upon a time there were two princes who were twins. They lived in a pleasant vale far away in Hellas. They had fruitful meadows and vineyards, sheep and oxen, great herds of horses, and all that men could need to make them blest. And yet they were wretched, because they were jealous of each other.

From the moment they were born they began to quarrel, and when they grew up, each tried to take away the other's share of the kingdom and keep all for himself.

And there came a prophet to one of the hard-hearted princes and said, 'Because you have risen up against your own family, your own family shall rise up against you. Because you have sinned against your kindred, by your kindred shall you be punished. Your daughter Danæ shall bear a son, and by that son's hands you shall die. So the Gods have said, and it shall surely come to pass.'

At that the hard-hearted prince was very much afraid, but he did not mend his ways. For when he became king, he shut up his fair daughter Danæ in a cavern underground, lined with brass, that no one might come near her. So he fancied himself more cunning than the Gods.

Now it came to pass that in time Danæ bore a son, so beautiful a babe that any but the king would have had pity on

it. But he had no pity, for he took Danæ and her babe down to the seashore, and put them into a great chest and thrust them out to sea, that the winds and the waves might carry them whithersoever they would.

And away and out to sea before the northwest wind floated the mother and her babe, while all who watched them wept, save that cruel king.

So they floated on and on, and the chest danced up and down upon the billows, and the babe slept in its mother's arms. But the poor mother could not sleep, but watched and wept, and she sang to her babe as they floated.

Now they are past the last blue headland and in the open sea. There is nothing round them but the waves, and the sky and the wind. But the waves are gentle and the sky is clear, and the breeze is tender and low.

So a night passed and a day, and a long day it was for Danæ, and another night and day beside, till Danæ was faint with hunger and weeping, and yet no land appeared.

And all the while the babe slept quietly, and at last poor Danæ drooped her head and fell asleep likewise, with her cheek against the babe's.

After a while she was awakened suddenly, for the chest was jarring and grinding, and the air was full of sound. She looked up, and over her head were mighty cliffs, and around her rocks and breakers and flying flakes of foam.

She clasped her hands together and shrieked aloud for help. And when she cried, help met her, for now there came over the rocks a tall and stately man, and looked down wondering upon poor Danæ, tossing about in the chest among the waves.

He wore a rough cloak, and on his head a broad hat to shade his face, and in his hand he carried a trident, which is a three-pronged fork for spearing fish, and over his shoulder was a casting net.

But Danæ could see that he was no common man by his

height and his walk, and his flowing golden hair and beard, and by the two servants who came behind him carrying baskets for his fish.

She had hardly time to look at him, before he had laid aside his trident and leapt down the rocks, and thrown his casting net so surely over Danæ and the chest, that he drew it and her and the babe safe upon a ledge of rock.

Then the fisherman took Danæ by the hand and lifted her out of the chest and said, 'O beautiful damsel, what strange chance has brought you to this island in so frail a ship? Who are you, and whence? Surely you are some king's daughter, and this boy belongs to the Gods.' And as he spoke he pointed to the babe, for its face shone like the morning Star.

But Danæ only held down her head and sobbed out, 'Tell me to what land I have come, and among what men I have fallen.'

And he said, 'Polydectes is king of this Isle, and he is my brother. Men call me Dictys the Netter, because I catch the fish of the shore.'

Then Danæ fell down at his feet and embraced his knees and cried, 'O Sir, have pity upon a stranger, whom cruel doom has driven to your land, and let me live in your house as a servant. But treat me honourably, for I was once a king's daughter, and this my boy is of no common race. I will not be a charge to you, or eat the bread of idleness, for I am more skillful in weaving and embroidery than all the maidens of my land.'

And she was going on, but Dictys stopped her and raised her up and said, 'My daughter, I am old, and my hairs are growing gray, while I have no children to make my home cheerful. Come with me, then, and you shall be a daughter to me and to my wife, and this babe shall be our grandchild.'

So Danæ was comforted and went home with Dictys, the good fisherman, and was a daughter to him and to his wife, till fifteen years were past.

CHAPTER II
How Perseus Vowed a Rash Vow

Fifteen years were past and gone, and the babe was now grown to be a tall lad and a sailor.

His mother called him Perseus, but all the people in the Isle called him the King of the Immortals.

For though he was but fifteen, Perseus was taller by a head than any man in the island. And he was brave and truthful, and gentle and courteous, for good old Dictys had trained him well, and well it was for Perseus that he had done so. For now Danæ and her son fell into great danger, and Perseus had need of all his strength to defend his mother and himself.

Polydectes, the king of the island, was not a good man like his brother Dictys, but he was greedy and cunning and cruel.

And when he saw fair Danæ, he wanted to marry her. But she would not, for she did not love him, and cared for no one but her boy.

At last Polydectes became furious, and while Perseus was away at sea, he took poor Danæ away from Dictys, saying, 'If you will not be my wife, you shall be my slave.'

So Danæ was made a slave, and had to fetch water from the well, and grind in the mill.

But Perseus was far away over the seas, little thinking that his mother was in great grief and sorrow.

Now one day, while the ship was lading, Perseus wandered into a pleasant wood to get out of the sun, and sat down on the turf and fell asleep. And as he slept a strange dream came to him, the strangest dream he had ever had in his life.

There came a lady to him through the wood, taller than

he, or any mortal man, but beautiful exceedingly, with great gray eyes, clear and piercing, but strangely soft and mild. On her head was a helmet, and in her hand a spear. And over her shoulder, above her long blue robes, hung a goat-skin, which bore up a mighty shield of brass, polished like a mirror.

She stood and looked at him with her clear gray eyes. And Perseus dropped his eyes, trembling and blushing, as the wonderful lady spoke. 'Perseus, you must do an errand for me.'

'Who are you, lady? And how do you know my name?'

Then the strange lady, whose name was Athené, laughed, and held up her brazen shield, and cried, 'See here, Perseus, dare you face such a monster as this and slay it, that I may place its head upon this shield?'

And in the mirror of the shield there appeared a face, and as Perseus looked on it his blood ran cold. It was the face of a beautiful woman, but her cheeks were pale, and her lips were thin. Instead of hair, vipers wreathed about her temples and shot out their forked tongues, and she had claws of brass.

Perseus looked awhile and then said, 'If there is anything so fierce and ugly on earth, it were a noble deed to kill it. Where can I find the monster?'

Then the strange lady smiled again and said, 'You are too young, for this is Medusa the Gorgon. Return to your home, and when you have done the work that awaits you there, you may be worthy to go in search of the monster.'

Perseus would have spoken, but the strange lady vanished, and he awoke, and behold it was a dream.

So he returned home, and the first thing he heard was that his mother was a slave in the house of Polydectes.

Grinding his teeth with rage, he went out, and away to the king's palace, and through the men's rooms and the women's rooms, and so through all the house, till he found his mother sitting on the floor turning the stone hand-mill, and weeping as she turned it.

And he lifted her up and kissed her, and bade her follow

him forth. But before they could pass out of the room Polydectes came in.

When Perseus saw the king, he flew upon him and cried, 'Tyrant! is this thy mercy to strangers and widows? Thou shalt die.' And because he had no sword he caught up the stone hand-mill, and lifted it to dash out Polydectes' brains.

But his mother clung to him, shrieking, and good Dictys too entreated him to remember that the cruel king was his brother.

Then Perseus lowered his hand, and Polydectes, who had been trembling all this while like a coward, let Perseus and his mother pass.

So Perseus took his mother to the temple of Athené, and there the priestess made her one of the temple sweepers. And there they knew that she would be safe, for not even Polydectes would dare to drag her out of the temple. And there Perseus and the good Dictys and his wife came to visit her every day.

As for Polydectes, not being able to get Danæ by force, he cast about how he might get her by cunning. He was sure he could never get back Danæ as long as Perseus was in the island, so he made a plot to get rid of him. First he pretended to have forgiven Perseus, and to have forgotten Danæ, so that for a while all went smoothly. Next he proclaimed a great feast, and invited to it all the chiefs and the young men of the island, and among them Perseus, that they might all do him homage as their king, and eat of his banquet in his hall.

On the appointed day they all came, and as the custom was then, each guest brought with him a present for the king. One brought a horse, another a shawl, or a ring, or a sword, and some brought baskets of grapes, but Perseus brought nothing, for he had nothing to bring, being only a poor sailor lad.

He was ashamed, however, to go into the king's presence without a gift. So he stood at the door, sorrowfully watching

the rich men go in, and his face grew very red as they pointed at him and smiled and whispered, 'And what has Perseus to give?'

Perseus blushed and stammered, while all the proud men round laughed and mocked, till the lad grew mad with shame, and hardly knowing what he said, cried out:

'A present! See if I do not bring a nobler one than all of yours together!'

'Hear the boaster! What is the present to be?' cried they all, laughing louder than ever.

Then Perseus remembered his strange dream, and he cried aloud, 'The head of Medusa the Gorgon!'

He was half afraid after he had said the words, for all laughed louder than ever, and Polydectes loudest of all, while he said:

'You have promised to bring me the Gorgon's head. Then never appear again in this island without it. Go!'

Perseus saw that he had fallen into a trap, but he went out without a word.

Down to the cliffs he went, and looked across the broad blue sea, and wondered if his dream were true.

'Athené, was my dream true? Shall I slay the Gorgon?' he prayed. 'Rashly and angrily I promised, but wisely and patiently will I perform.'

But there was no answer nor sign, not even a cloud in the sky.

Three times Perseus called, weeping, 'Rashly and angrily I promised, but wisely and patiently will I perform.'

Then he saw afar off a small white cloud, as bright as silver. And as it touched the cliffs, it broke and parted, and within it appeared Athené, and beside her a young man, whose eyes were like sparks of fire.

And they came swiftly towards Perseus, and he fell down and worshipped, for he knew they were more than mortal.

But Athené spoke gently to him and bid him have no fear.

'Perseus,' she said, 'you have braved Polydectes, and done manfully. Dare you brave Medusa, the Gorgon?'

Perseus answered, 'Try me, for since you spoke to me, new courage has come into my soul.'

And Athené said, 'Perseus, this deed requires a seven years' journey, in which you cannot turn back nor escape. If your heart fails, you must die, and no man will ever find your bones.'

And Perseus said, 'Tell me, O fair and wise Athené, how I can do but this one thing, and then, if need be, die.'

Then Athené smiled and said, 'Be patient and listen. You must go northward till you find the Three Gray Sisters, who have but one eye and one tooth amongst them. Ask them the way to the daughters of the Evening Star, for they will tell you the way to the Gorgon, that you may slay her. But beware! for her eyes are so terrible that whosoever looks on them is turned to stone.'

'How am I to escape her eyes?' said Perseus; 'will she not freeze me too?'

'You shall take this polished shield,' said Athené, 'and look, not at her herself, but at her image in the shield, so you may strike her safely. And when you have struck off her head, wrap it, with your face turned away, in the folds of the goat-skin on which the shield hangs. So you bring it safely back to me and win yourself renown and a place among heroes.'

Then said Perseus, 'I will go, though I die in going. But how shall I cross the seas without a ship? And who will show me the way? And how shall I slay her, if her scales be iron and brass?'

But the young man who was with Athené spoke, 'These sandals of mine will bear you across the seas, and over hill and dale like a bird, as they bear me all day long. The sandals themselves will guide you on the road, for they are divine and cannot stray, and this sword itself will kill her, for it is divine and needs no second stroke. Arise and gird them on, and go

forth.'

So Perseus arose, and girded on the sandals and the sword.

And Athené cried, 'Now leap from the cliff and be gone!'

Then Perseus looked down the cliff and shuddered, but he was ashamed to show his dread, and he leaped into the empty air.

And behold! instead of falling, he floated, and stood, and ran along the sky.

CHAPTER III
How Perseus Slew the Gorgon

So Perseus started on his journey, going dry-shod over land and sea, and his heart was high and joyful, for the sandals bore him each day a seven days' journey.

And at last by the shore of a freezing sea, beneath the cold winter moon, he found the Three Gray Sisters. There was no living thing around them, not a fly, not a moss upon the rocks.

They passed their one eye each to the other, but for all that they could not see, and they passed the one tooth from one to the other, but for all that they could not eat, and they sat in the full glare of the moon, but they were none the warmer for her beams.

And Perseus said, 'Tell me, O Venerable Mothers, the path to the daughters of the Evening Star.'

They heard his voice, and then one cried, 'Give me the eye that I may see him,' and another, 'Give me the tooth that I may bite him,' but they had no answer for his question.

Then Perseus stepped close to them, and watched as they passed the eye from hand to hand. And as they groped about, he held out his own hand gently, till one of them put the eye into it, fancying that it was the hand of her sister.

At that Perseus sprang back and laughed and cried, 'Cruel old women, I have your eye, and I will throw it into the sea, unless you tell me the path to the daughters of the Evening Star and swear to me that you tell me right.'

Then they wept and chattered and scolded, but all in vain. They were forced to tell the truth, though when they told it, Perseus could hardly make out the way. But he gave

them back the eye and leaped away to the southward, leaving the snow and ice behind.

At last he heard sweet voices singing, and he guessed that he was come to the garden of the daughters of the Evening Star.

When they saw him they trembled and said, 'Are you come to rob our garden and carry off our golden fruit?'

But Perseus answered, 'I want none of your golden fruit. Tell me the way which leads to the Gorgon that I may go on my way and slay her.'

'Not yet, not yet, fair boy,' they answered, 'come dance with us around the trees in the garden.'

'I cannot dance with you, fair maidens, so tell me the way to the Gorgon, lest I wander and perish in the waves.'

Then they sighed and wept, and answered, 'The Gorgon! She will freeze you into stone!'

But Perseus said, 'The Gods have lent me weapons, and will give me wisdom to use them.'

Then the fair maidens told him that the Gorgon lived on an island far away, but that whoever went near the island must wear the hat of darkness, so that he could not himself be seen. And one of the fair maidens held in her hand the magic hat.

While all the maidens kissed Perseus and wept over him, he was only impatient to be gone. So at last they put the magic hat upon his head, and he vanished out of their sight.

And Perseus went on boldly, past many an ugly sight, till he heard the rustle of the Gorgons' wings and saw the glitter of their brazen claws. Then he knew that it was time to halt, lest Medusa should freeze him into stone.

He thought awhile with himself and remembered Athené's words. Then he rose into the air, and held the shield above his head and looked up into it, that he might see all that was below him.

And he saw three Gorgons sleeping, as huge as elephants.

He knew that they could not see him, because the hat of darkness hid him, and yet he trembled as he sank down near them, so terrible were those brazen claws.

Medusa tossed to and fro restlessly in her sleep. Her long neck gleamed so white in the mirror that Perseus had not the heart to strike. But as he looked, from among her tresses the vipers' heads awoke and peeped up, with their bright dry eyes, and showed their fangs and hissed. And Medusa as she tossed showed her brazen claws, and Perseus saw that for all her beauty she was as ugly as the others.

Then he came down and stepped to her boldly, and looked steadfastly on his mirror, and struck with his sword stoutly once, and he did not need to strike again.

He wrapped the head in the goat-skin, turning away his eyes, and sprang into the air aloft, faster than he ever sprang before.

And well his brave sandals bore him through cloud and sunshine across the shoreless sea, till he came again to the gardens of the fair maidens.

Then he asked them, 'By what road shall I go homeward again?'

And they wept and cried, 'Go home no more, but stay and play with us, the lonely maidens.'

But Perseus refused and leapt down the mountain, and went on like a sea-gull, away and out to sea.

CHAPTER IV
How Perseus Met Andromeda

So Perseus flitted onward to the north-east, over many a league of sea, till he came to the rolling sandhills of the desert.

Over the sands he went, he never knew how far nor how long, hoping all day to see the blue sparkling Mediterranean, that he might fly across it to his home.

But now came down a mighty wind, and swept him back southward toward the desert. All day long he strove against it, but even the sandals could not prevail. And when morning came there was nothing to be seen, save the same old hateful waste of sand.

At last the gale fell, and he tried to go northward again, but again down came the sandstorms and swept him back into the desert; and then all was calm and cloudless as before.

Then he cried to Athené, 'Shall I never see my mother more, and the blue ripple of the sea and the sunny hills of Hellas?'

So he prayed, and after he had prayed there was a great silence.

And Perseus stood still awhile and waited, and said, 'Surely I am not here but by the will of the Gods, for Athené will not lie. Were not these sandals to lead me in the right road?'

Then suddenly his ears were opened and he heard the sound of running water. And Perseus laughed for joy, and leapt down the cliff and drank of the cool water, and ate of the dates, and slept on the turf, and leapt up and went forward again, but not toward the north this time.

For he said, 'Surely Athené hath sent me hither, and will

not have me go homeward yet. What if there be another noble deed to be done before I see the sunny hills of Hellas?'

So Perseus flew along the shore above the sea, and at the dawn of a day he looked towards the cliffs. At the water's edge, under a black rock, he saw a white image stand.

'This,' thought he, 'must surely be the statue of some sea-God. I will go near and see.'

And he came near, but when he came it was no statue he found, but a maiden of flesh and blood, for he could see her tresses streaming in the breeze. And as he came closer still, he could see how she shrank and shivered when the waves sprinkled her with cold salt spray.

Her arms were spread above her head and fastened to the rock with chains of brass, and her head drooped either with sleep or weariness or grief. But now and then she looked up and wailed, and called her mother.

Yet she did not see Perseus, for the cap of darkness was on his head.

In his heart pity and indignation, Perseus drew near and looked upon the maid. Her cheeks were darker than his, and her hair was blue-black like a hyacinth.

Perseus thought, 'I have never seen so beautiful a maiden, no, not in all our isles. Surely she is a king's daughter. She is too fair, at least, to have done any wrong. I will speak to her,' and, lifting the magic hat from his head, he flashed into her sight. She shrieked with terror, but Perseus cried, 'Do not fear me, fair one. What cruel men have bound you? But first I will set you free.'

And he tore at the fetters, but they were too strong for him, while the maiden cried, 'Touch me not. I am a victim for the sea-Gods. They will slay you if you dare to set me free.'

'Let them try,' said Perseus, and drawing his sword he cut through the brass as if it had been flax.

'Now,' he said, 'you belong to me, and not to these sea-Gods, whosoever they may be.'

But she only called the more on her mother.

Then he clasped her in his arms, and cried, 'Where are these sea-Gods, cruel and unjust, who doom fair maids to death? Let them measure their strength against mine. But tell me, maiden, who you are, and what dark fate brought you here.'

And she answered, weeping, 'I am the daughter of a king, and my mother is the Queen with the beautiful tresses, and they call me Andromeda. I stand here to atone for my mother's sin, for she boasted of me once that I was fairer than the Queen of the Fishes. So she in her wrath sent the sea-floods and wasted all the land. And now I must be devoured by a sea-monster to atone for a sin which I never committed.'

But Perseus laughed and said, 'A sea-monster! I have fought with worse than he.'

Andromeda looked up at him, and new hope was kindled in her heart, so proud and fair did he stand, with one hand round her, and in the other the glittering sword.

But still she sighed and said, 'Why will you die, young as you are? Go you your way, I must go mine.'

Perseus cried, 'Not so: I slew the Gorgon by the help of the Gods, and not without them do I come hither to slay this monster, with that same Gorgon's head. Yet hide your eyes when I leave you, lest the sight of it freeze you too to stone.'

But the maiden answered nothing, for she could not believe his words.

Then suddenly looking up, she pointed to the sea and shrieked, 'There he comes with the sunrise as they said. I must die now. Oh go!' And she tried to thrust him away.

And Perseus said, 'I go, yet promise me one thing ere I go—that if I slay this beast you will be my wife and come back with me to my kingdom, for I am a king's son. Promise me, and seal it with a kiss.'

Then she lifted up her face and kissed him, and Perseus laughed for joy and flew upward, while Andromeda crouched

trembling on the rock.

On came the great sea-monster, lazily breasting the ripple and stopping at times by creek or headland. His great sides were fringed with clustering shells and seaweeds, and the water gurgled in and out of his wide jaws as he rolled along. At last he saw Andromeda and shot forward to take his prey.

Then down from the height of the air fell Perseus like a shooting star, down to the crests of the waves, while Andromeda hid her face as he shouted, and then there was silence for a while.

When at last she looked up trembling, Andromeda saw Perseus springing towards her, and instead of the monster, a long black rock, with the sea rippling quietly round it.

Who then so proud as Perseus, as he leapt back to the rock and lifted his fair Andromeda in his arms and flew with her to the cliff-top, as a falcon carries a dove!

Who so proud as Perseus, and who so joyful as the people of the land!

And the king and the queen came, and all the people came with songs and dances to receive Andromeda back again, as one alive from the dead.

Then the king said to Perseus, 'Hero of the Hellens, stay here with me and be my son-in-law, and I will give you the half of my kingdom.'

'I will be your son-in-law,' said Perseus, 'but of your kingdom will I have none, for I long after the pleasant land of Greece, and my mother who waits for me at home.'

Then said the king, 'You must not take my daughter away at once, for she is to us as one alive from the dead. Stay with us here a year, and after that you shall return with honour.'

And Perseus consented, but before he went to the palace he bade the people bring stones and wood and build an altar to Athené, and there he offered bullocks and rams.

Then they made a great wedding feast, which lasted seven whole days.

But on the eighth night Perseus dreamed a dream. He saw standing beside him Athené as he had seen her seven long years before, and she stood and called him by name, and said, 'Perseus, you have played the man, and see, you have your reward. Now give me the sword and the sandals, and the hat of darkness, that I may give them back to those to whom they belong. But the Gorgon's head you shall keep a while, for you will need it in your land of Hellas.'

And Perseus rose to give her the sword, and the cap, and the sandals, but he woke and his dream vanished away. Yet it was not altogether a dream, for the goat-skin with the head was in its place, but the sword and the cap and the sandals were gone, and Perseus never saw them more.

CHAPTER V
How Perseus Came Home Again

When a year was ended, Perseus rowed away in a noble galley, and in it he put Andromeda and all her dowry of jewels and rich shawls and spices from the East, and great was the weeping when they rowed away.

And when Perseus reached the land of Hellas he left his galley on the beach, and went up as of old. He embraced his mother and Dictys, and they wept over each other, for it was seven years and more since they had parted.

Then Perseus went out and up to the hall of Polydectes, and underneath the goat-skin he bore the Gorgon's head.

When he came to the hall, Polydectes sat at the table, and all his nobles on either side, feasting on fish and goats' flesh, and drinking blood-red wine.

Perseus stood upon the threshold and called to the king by name. But none of the guests knew the stranger, for he was changed by his long journey. He had gone out a boy, and he was come home a hero.

But Polydectes the Wicked, knew him, and scornfully he called, 'Ah, foundling! have you found it more easy to promise than to fulfil?'

'Those whom the Gods help fulfil their promises,' said Perseus, as he drew back the goat-skin and held aloft the Gorgon's head, saying, 'Behold!'

Pale grew Polydectes and his guests as they looked upon that dreadful face. They tried to rise from their seats, but from their seats they never rose, but stiffened, each man where he sat, into a ring of cold gray stones.

Then Perseus turned and left them, and went down to his galley in the bay.

He gave the kingdom to good Dictys, and sailed away with his mother and his bride.

And Perseus rowed westward till he came to his old home, and there he found that his grandfather had fled.

The heart of Perseus yearned after his grandfather, and he said, 'Surely he will love me now that I am come home with honour. I will go and find him and bring him back, and we will reign together in peace.'

So Perseus sailed away, and at last he came to the land where his grandfather dwelt, and all the people were in the fields, and there was feasting and all kinds of games.

Then Perseus did not tell his name, but went up to the games unknown, for he said, 'If I carry away the prize in the games, my grandfather's heart will be softened towards me.'

And when the games began, Perseus was the best of all at running and leaping, and wrestling and throwing. And he won four crowns and took them.

Then he said to himself, 'There is a fifth crown to be won. I will win that also, and lay them all upon the knees of my grandfather.'

So he took the stones and hurled them five fathoms beyond all the rest. And the people shouted, 'There has never been such a hurler in this land!'

Again Perseus put out all his strength and hurled. But a gust of wind came from the sea and carried the quoit aside, far beyond all the rest. And it fell on the foot of his grandfather, and he swooned away with the pain.

Perseus shrieked and ran up to him, but when they lifted the old man up, he was dead.

Then Perseus rent his clothes and cast dust on his head, and wept a long while for his grandfather.

At last he rose and called to all the people aloud and said, 'The Gods are true: what they have ordained must be; I am

Perseus, the grandson of this dead man.' Then he told them how a prophet had said that he should kill his grandfather.

So they made great mourning for the old king, and burnt him on a right rich pile.

And Perseus went to the temple and was purified from the guilt of his death, because he had done it unknowingly.

Then he went home and reigned well with Andromeda, and they had four sons and three daughters.

And when they died, the ancients say that Athené took them up to the sky. All night long Perseus and Andromeda shine as a beacon for wandering sailors, but all day long they feast with the Gods, on the still blue peaks in the home of the Immortals.

The Argonauts

CHAPTER I
How the Centaur Trained the Heroes

Now I have a tale to tell of heroes who sailed away into a distant land, to win themselves renown forever in the adventures of the Golden Fleece.

And what was the Golden Fleece?

It was the fleece of the wondrous ram who bore a boy called Phrixus and a girl called Helle across the sea; and the old Greeks said that it hung nailed to a beech-tree in the War-god's wood.

For when a famine came upon the land, their cruel step-mother wished to kill Phrixus and Helle, that her own children might reign.

She said Phrixus and Helle must be sacrificed on an altar, to turn away the anger of the Gods, who sent the famine.

So the poor children were brought to the altar, and the priest stood ready with his knife, when out of the clouds came the Golden Ram, and took them on his back and vanished.

And the ram carried the two children far away, over land and sea, till at a narrow strait Helle fell off into the sea, and those narrow straits are called 'Hellespont' after her, and they bear that name until this day.

Then the ram flew on with Phrixus to the north-east, across the sea which we call the Black Sea, and at last he stopped at Colchis, on the steep sea-coast.

And Phrixus married the king's daughter there, and

offered the ram in sacrifice, and then it was that the ram's fleece was nailed to a beech in the wood of the War-god.

After a while Phrixus died, but his spirit had no rest, for he was buried far from his native land and the pleasant hills of Hellas.

So he came in dreams to the heroes of his country, and called sadly by their beds, 'Come and set my spirit free, that I may go home to my fathers and to my kinsfolk.'

And they asked, 'How shall we set your spirit free?'

'You must sail over the sea to Colchis, and bring home the Golden Fleece. Then my spirit will come back with it, and I shall sleep with my fathers and have rest.'

He came thus, and called to them often, but when they woke they looked at each other and said, 'Who dare sail to Colchis or bring home the Golden Fleece?'

And in all the country none was brave enough to try, for the man and the time were not come.

Now Phrixus had a cousin called Æson, who was king in Iolcos by the sea.

And a fierce and lawless stepbrother drove Æson out of Iolcos by the sea, and took the kingdom to himself and ruled over it.

When Æson was driven out, he went sadly away out of the town, leading his little son by the hand. And he said to himself, 'I must hide the child in the mountains, or my stepbrother will surely kill him, because he is the heir.'

So he went up from the sea, across the valley, through the vineyards and the olive groves, and across the river, toward Pelion, the ancient mountain, whose brows are white with snow.

He went up and up into the mountain, over marsh, and crag, and down, till the boy was tired and footsore, and Æson had to bear him in his arms till he came to the mouth of a lonely cave, at the foot of a mighty cliff.

Above the cliff the snow-wreaths hung, dripping and

cracking in the sun. But at its foot, around the cave's mouth, grew all fair flowers and herbs, as if in a garden. There they grew gaily in the sunshine and in the spray of the torrent from above, while from the cave came the sound of music, and a man's voice singing to the harp.

Then Æson put down the lad, and whispered, 'Fear not, but go in, and whomsoever you shall find, lay your hands upon his knees and say, "In the name of Zeus, the father of Gods and men, I am your guest from this day forth."'

So the lad went in without trembling, for he too was a hero's son, but when he was within, he stopped in wonder to listen to that magic song.

And there he saw the singer, lying upon bear-skins and fragrant boughs, Cheiron the ancient Centaur, the wisest of all beneath the sky.

Down to the waist he was a man, but below he was a noble horse. His white hair rolled down over his broad shoulders, and his white beard over his broad brown chest. His eyes were wise and mild, and his forehead like a mountain-wall. In his hands he held a harp of gold, and he struck it with a golden key. And as he struck, he sang till his eyes glittered and filled all the cave with light.

As he sang the boy listened wide-eyed, and forgot his errand in the song.

At the last old Cheiron was silent, and called the lad with a soft voice.

And the lad ran trembling to him, and would have laid his hands upon his knees.

But Cheiron smiled, and drew the lad to him, and laid his hand upon his golden locks, and said, 'Are you afraid of my horse's hoofs, fair boy, or will you be my pupil from this day?'

'I would gladly have horse's hoofs like you, if I could sing such songs as yours,' said the lad.

And Cheiron laughed and said, 'Sit here till sundown, when your playfellows will come home, and you shall learn

like them to be a king, worthy to rule over gallant men.'

Then he turned to Æson, who had followed his son into the cave, and said, 'Go back in peace. This boy shall not cross the river again till he has become a glory to you and to your house.'

And Æson wept over his son and went away, but the boy did not weep, so full was his fancy of that strange cave, and the Centaur and his song, and the play-fellows whom he was to see.

Then Cheiron put the lyre into his hands, and taught him how to play it, till the sun sank low behind the cliff, and a shout was heard outside.

And then in came the sons of the heroes, and great Cheiron leapt up joyfully, and his hoofs made the cave resound as the lads shouted, 'Come out, Father Cheiron, and see our game!'

One cried, 'I have killed two deer,' and another, 'I took a wild cat among the crags,' and another shouted, 'I have dragged a wild goat by its horns,' and another carried under each arm a bear-cub.

And Cheiron praised them all, each as he deserved.

Then the lads brought in wood and split it, and lighted a blazing fire. Others skinned the deer and quartered them, and set them to roast before the flames.

While the venison was cooking, they bathed in the snow-torrent and washed away the dust.

And then all ate till they could eat no more, for they had tasted nothing since the dawn, and drank of the clear spring water, for wine is not fit for growing lads.

When the remnants of the meal were put away, they all lay down upon the skins and leaves about the fire, and each took the lyre in turn, and sang and played with all his heart.

After a while they all went out to a plot of grass at the cave's mouth, and there they boxed and ran and wrestled and laughed till the stones fell from the cliffs.

Then Cheiron took his lyre, and all the lads joined hands, and as he played they danced to his measure, in and out and round and round.

There they danced hand in hand, till the night fell over land and sea, while the black glen shone with the gleam of their golden hair.

And the lad danced with them, delighted, and then slept a wholesome sleep, upon fragrant leaves of bay and myrtle and flowers of thyme.

He rose at the dawn and bathed in the torrent, and became a schoolfellow to the heroes' sons, and forgot Iolcos by the sea, and his father and all his former life.

But he grew strong and brave and cunning, upon the pleasant downs of Pelion, in the keen, hungry mountain-air.

And he learned to wrestle, to box and to hunt, and to play upon the harp. Next he learned to ride, for old Cheiron used to mount him on his back. He learned too the virtue of all herbs, and how to cure all wounds, and Cheiron called him Jason the Healer, and that is his name until this day.

CHAPTER II
How Jason Lost His Sandal

And ten years came and went, and Jason was grown to be a mighty man.

Now it happened one day that Jason stood on the mountain, and looked north and south and east and west. And Cheiron stood by him and watched him, for he knew that the time was come.

When Jason looked south, he saw a pleasant land, with white-walled towns and farms nestling along the shore of a land-locked bay, while the smoke rose blue among the trees, and he knew it for Iolcos by the sea.

Then he sighed and asked, 'Is it true what the heroes tell me—that I am heir of that fair land?'

'And what good would it be to you, Jason, if you were heir of that fair land?'

'I would take it and keep it.'

'A strong man has taken it and kept it long. Are you stronger than your uncle Pelias the Terrible?'

'I can try my strength with his,' said Jason.

But Cheiron sighed and said, 'You have many a danger to go through before you rule in Iolcos by the sea, many a danger and many a woe, and strange troubles in strange lands, such as man never saw before.'

'The happier I,' said Jason, 'to see what man never saw before!'

Cheiron sighed and said, 'Will you go to Iolcos by the sea? Then promise me two things before you go! Speak harshly to no soul whom you may meet, and stand by the word which you shall speak.'

Jason promised. Then he leapt down the mountain, to take his fortune like a man.

He went down through the thickets and across the downs of thyme, till he came to the vineyard walls, and the olives in the glen. And among the olives roared the river, foaming with a summer flood.

And on the bank of the river sat a woman, all wrinkled, gray and old. Her head shook with old age, and her hands shook on her knees.

When she saw Jason, she spoke, whining, 'Who will carry me across the flood?'

But Jason, heeding her not, went towards the waters. Yet he thought twice before he leapt, so loud roared the torrent all brown from the mountain rains.

The old woman whined again, 'I am weak and old, fair youth. For Hera's sake, the Queen of the Immortals, carry me over the torrent.'

Jason was going to answer her scornfully, when Cheiron's words, 'Speak harshly to no soul whom you may meet,' came to his mind.

So he said, 'For Hera's sake, the Queen of the Immortals, I will carry you over the torrent, unless we both are drowned midway.'

Then the old dame leapt upon his back as nimbly as a goat. Jason staggered in, wondering, and the first step was up to his knees.

The first step was up to his knees, and the second step was up to his waist. The stones rolled about his feet, and his feet slipped about the stones. So he went on, staggering and panting, while the old woman cried upon his back, 'Fool, you have wet my mantle! Do you mock at poor old souls like me?'

Jason had half a mind to drop her and let her get through the torrent alone, but Cheiron's words were in his mind, and he said only, 'Patience, mother, the best horse may stumble someday.'

At last he staggered to the shore and set her down upon the bank. He lay himself panting awhile, and then leapt up to go upon his journey, but he first cast one look at the old woman, for he thought, 'She should thank me once at least.'

And as he looked, she grew fairer than all women and taller than all men on earth.

Her garments shone like the summer sea, and her jewels like the stars of heaven. And she looked down on him with great soft eyes, with great eyes, mild and awful, which filled all the glen with light.

Jason fell upon his knees and hid his face between his hands.

And she spoke: 'I am Hera, the Queen of Olympus. As thou hast done to me, so will I do to thee. Call on me in the hour of need, and try if the Immortals can forget!'

When Jason looked up, she rose from off the earth, like a pillar of tall white cloud, and floated away across the mountain peaks, towards Olympus, the holy hill.

Then a great fear fell on Jason, but after a while he grew light of heart. He blessed old Cheiron and said, 'Surely the Centaur is a prophet and knew what would come to pass when he bade me speak harshly to no soul whom I might meet.'

Then he went down toward Iolcos, and as he walked he found that he had lost one of his sandals in the flood.

And as he went through the streets the people came out to look at him, so tall and fair he was. But some of the elders whispered together, and at last one of them stopped Jason and called to him, 'Fair lad, who are you and whence come you, and what is your errand in the town?'

'My name, good Father, is Jason, and I come from Pelion up above. My errand is to Pelias your king. Tell me, then, where his palace is.'

But the old man said, 'I will tell you, lest you rush upon your ruin unawares. The oracle has said that a man wearing

one sandal should take the kingdom from Pelias and keep it for himself. Therefore beware how you go up to his palace, for he is the fiercest and most cunning of all kings.'

Jason laughed a great laugh in his pride. 'Good news, good father, both for you and me. For that very end, to take his kingdom, I came into the town.'

Then he strode on toward the palace of Pelias his uncle, while all the people wondered at the stranger. And he stood in the doorway and cried, 'Come out, come out, Pelias the Valiant, and fight for your kingdom like a man!'

Pelias came out, wondering. 'Who are you, bold youth?' he cried.

'I am Jason, the son of Æson, the heir of all the land.'

Then Pelias lifted up his hands and eyes and wept, or seemed to weep, and blessed the Gods who had brought his nephew to him, never to leave him more. 'For,' said he, 'I have but three daughters, and no son to be my heir. You shall marry whichsoever of my daughters you shall choose. But come in, come in and feast.'

So he drew Jason in and spoke to him so lovingly, and feasted him so well, that Jason's anger passed.

When supper was ended his three cousins came into the hall, and Jason thought he would like well to have one of them for his wife.

But soon he looked at Pelias, and when he saw that he still wept, he said, 'Why do you look so sad, my uncle?'

Then Pelias sighed heavily again and again, like a man who had to tell some dreadful story, and was afraid to begin.

At last he said, 'For seven long years and more have I never known a quiet night, and no more will he who comes after me, till the Golden Fleece be brought home.'

Then he told Jason the story of Phrixus and of the Golden Fleece, and told him what was a lie, that Phrixus' spirit tormented him day and night. And his daughters came and told the same tale, and wept and said, 'Oh, who will bring home

the Golden Fleece, that the spirit of Phrixus may rest, and that we may rest also, for he never lets us sleep in peace?'

Jason sat awhile, sad and silent, for he had often heard of that Golden Fleece, but he looked on it as a thing hopeless and impossible for any mortal man to win.

When Pelias saw him silent he began to talk of other things. 'One thing there is,' said Pelias, 'on which I need your advice, for, though you are young, I see in you a wisdom beyond your years. There is one neighbour of mine whom I dread more than all men on earth. I am stronger than he now and can command him, but I know that if he stay among us, he will work my ruin in the end. Can you give me a plan, Jason, by which I can rid myself of that man?'

After a while, Jason answered half-laughing, 'Were I you, I would send him to fetch that same Golden Fleece, for if he once set forth after it, you would never be troubled with him more.'

At that a little smile came across the lips of Pelias, and a flash of wicked joy into his eyes. Jason saw it and started, and he remembered the warning of the old man, and his own one sandal and the oracle, and he saw that he was taken in a trap.

But Pelias only answered gently, 'My son, he shall be sent forthwith.'

"You mean me!' cried Jason, starting up, 'because I came here with one sandal,' and he lifted his fist angrily, while Pelias stood up to him like a wolf at bay. Whether of the two was the stronger and the fiercer it would be hard to tell.

But after a moment Pelias spoke gently, 'Why so rash, my son? I have not harmed you. You will go, and that gladly, for you have a hero's heart within you, and the love of glory.'

Jason knew that he was entrapped, but he cried aloud, 'You have well spoken, cunning uncle of mine, I love glory. I will go and fetch the Golden Fleece. Promise me but this in return, and keep your word as I keep mine. Treat my father lovingly while I am gone, for the sake of the all-seeing Zeus,

and give me up the kingdom for my own on the day that I bring back the Golden Fleece.'

Then Pelias looked at him and almost loved him, in the midst of all his hate, and he said, 'I promise, and I will perform. It will be no shame to give up my kingdom to the man who wins that fleece.'

So they both went and lay down to sleep. But Jason could not sleep for thinking how he was to win the Golden Fleece. Sometimes Phrixus seemed to call him in a thin voice, faint and low, as if it came from far across the sea. Sometimes he seemed to see the eyes of Hera, and to hear her words again, 'Call on me in the hour of need, and see if the Immortals can forget.'

On the morrow Jason went to Pelias and said, 'Give me a lamb, that I may sacrifice to Hera.' And as he stood by the altar Hera sent a thought into his mind. And he went back to Pelias and said, 'If you are indeed in earnest, give me two heralds that they may go round to all the princes, who were pupils of the Centaur with me. Then together we will fit out a ship, and take what shall befall.'

At that Pelias praised his wisdom and hastened to send the heralds out, for he said in his heart, 'Let all the princes go with Jason, and, like him, never return, so shall I be lord of the land and the greatest king in Hellas.'

CHAPTER III
How They Built the Ship Argo

So the heralds went out and cried to all the heroes, 'Who dare come to the adventures of the Golden Fleece?'

And Hera stirred the hearts of all the princes, and they came from all their valleys to the yellow sand of Iolcos by the sea.

All the city came out to meet them, and the men were never tired with looking at their height and their beauty and the glitter of their arms.

But the women sighed over them and whispered, 'Alas, they are all going to their death!'

Then the heroes felled the mountain pines and shaped them with the axe, and Argus the famed shipbuilder taught them to build a galley, the first long ship which ever sailed the seas. They named her Argo, after Argus the shipbuilder, and worked at her all day long.

But Jason went away into a far-off land, till he found Orpheus, the prince of minstrels, where he dwelt in his cave.

And he asked him, 'Will you leave your mountains, Orpheus, my playfellow in old times, and sail with the heroes to bring home the Golden Fleece? And will you charm for us all men and all monsters with your magic harp and song?'

Then Orpheus sighed, 'Have I not had enough of toil and of weary wandering far and wide, since I lived in Cheiron's cave, above Iolcos by the sea? And now must I go out again, to the ends of all the earth, far away into the misty darkness? But a friend's demand must be obeyed.'

So Orpheus rose up sighing, and took his harp. He led Jason to the holy oak, and he bade him cut down a bough and

sacrifice to Hera. And they took the bough and came to Iolcos, and nailed it to the prow of the ship.

And at last the ship was finished, and they tried to launch her down the beach; but she was too heavy for them to move her, and her keel sank deep into the sand.

Then all the heroes looked at each other blushing, but Jason spoke and said, 'Let us ask the magic bough; perhaps it can help us in our need.'

And a voice came from the bough, and Jason heard the words it said, and bade Orpheus play upon the harp, while the heroes waited round, holding the pine-trunk rollers to help the Argo toward the sea.

Then Orpheus took his harp and began his magic song. And the good ship Argo heard him and longed to be away and out at sea, till she stirred in every timber, and heaved from stem to stern, and leapt up from the sand upon the rollers, and plunged onward like a gallant horse till she rushed into the whispering sea.

And they stored her well with food and water, and settled themselves each man to his oar, keeping time to the harp of Orpheus.

Then away across the bay they rowed southward, while the people lined the cliffs. But the women wept while the men shouted at the starting of that gallant crew.

CHAPTER IV
How the Argonauts Won the Golden Fleece

The heroes rowed across the bay, and while they waited there for a south-west wind, they chose themselves a captain from their crew.

And some called for the strongest and hugest to be their captain, but more called for Jason, because he was the wisest of them all.

So Jason was chosen captain, and each hero vowed to stand by him faithfully in the adventure of the Golden Fleece.

They sailed onward and northward to Pelion. And their hearts yearned for the dear old mountain, as they thought of the days gone by, of the sports of their boyhood, and their hunting, and their lessons in the cave beneath the cliff. Then at last they said, 'Let us land here and climb the dear old hill once more. We are going on a fearful journey. Who knows if we shall see Pelion again? Let us go up to Cheiron, our master, and ask his blessing ere we start.'

So the helmsman steered them to the shore, under the crags of Pelion, and they went up through the dark pine-forests toward the Centaur's cave.

Then, as Cheiron saw them, he leapt up and welcomed them every one, and set a feast of venison before them. And after supper all the heroes clapped their hands and called on Orpheus to sing, but he refused, and said, 'How can I, who am the younger, sing before our ancient host?'

So they called on Cheiron to sing. And he sang of heroes who fought with fists and teeth, and how they tore up the pine-trees in their fury, and hurled great crags of stone, while

the mountains thundered with the battle, and the land was wasted far and wide.

And the heroes praised his song right heartily, for some of them had helped in that great fight.

Then Orpheus took the lyre and sang of the making of the wondrous world. And as he sang, his voice rose from the cave above the crags, and through the tree-tops. The trees bowed their heads when they heard it, and the forest beasts crept close to listen, and the birds forsook their nests and hovered near. And old Cheiron clapped his hands together and beat his hoofs upon the ground, for wonder at that magic song.

Now the heroes came down to the ship, and Cheiron came down with them, weeping, and kissed them one by one, and promised to them great renown.

And the heroes wept when they left him, till their great hearts could weep no more, for he was kind and just, and wiser than all beasts and men.

Then Cheiron went up to a cliff and prayed for them, that they might come home safe and well, while the heroes rowed away and watched him standing on his cliff above the sea, with his great hands raised toward heaven and his white locks waving in the wind. They strained their eyes to watch him to the last, for they felt that they should look on him no more.

So they rowed on over the long swell of the sea eastward, and out into the open sea which we now call the Black Sea.

All feared that dreadful sea, and its rocks and fogs and bitter freezing storms, and the heroes trembled for all their courage, as they came into that wild Black Sea, and saw it stretching out before them, without a shore, as far as eye could see.

Then Orpheus spoke and warned them that they must come now to the wandering blue rocks.

Soon they saw them, and their blue peaks shone like spires and castles of gray glass, while an ice-cold wind blew from them and chilled all the heroes' hearts.

As they neared them, they could see the rocks heaving, as they rolled upon the long sea-waves, crashing and grinding together, till the roar went up to heaven.

The heroes' hearts sank within them, and they lay upon their oars in fear, but Orpheus called to the helmsman, 'Between the blue rocks we must pass, so look for an opening, and be brave, for Hera is with us.'

The cunning helmsman stood silent, clenching his teeth, till he saw a heron come flying mast-high toward the rocks, and hover awhile before them, as if looking for a passage through. Then he cried, 'Hera has sent us a pilot; let us follow the bird.'

The heron flapped to and fro a moment till he saw a hidden gap, and into it he rushed like an arrow, while the heroes watched what would befall.

And the blue rocks dashed together as the bird fled swiftly through, but they struck but one feather from his tail, and then rebounded at the shock.

Then the helmsman cheered the heroes, and they shouted, while the oars bent beneath their strokes as they rushed between those toppling ice-crags. But ere the rocks could meet again they had passed them, and were safe out in the open sea.

After that they sailed on wearily along the coast, past many a mighty river's mouth, and past many a barbarous tribe. And at day dawn they looked eastward, till, shining above the tree-tops, they saw the golden roofs of King Aietes, the Child of the Sun.

Then out spoke the helmsman, 'We are come to our goal at last, for there are the roofs of Aietes, and the woods where all poisons grow. But who can tell us where among them is hid the Golden Fleece?'

But Jason cheered the heroes, for his heart was high and bold, and he said, 'I will go alone to Aietes, and win him with soft words. Better so than to go altogether and to come to

blows at once.' But the heroes would not stay behind, so they rowed boldly up the stream.

And a dream came to Aietes and filled his heart with fear. Then he leapt up and bade his servants bring his chariot, that he might go down to the river-side, and appease the nymphs and the heroes whose spirits haunt the bank.

So he went down in his golden chariot, and his daughters by his side, Medeia, the fair witch-maiden, and Chalciope, who had been Phrixus' wife, and behind him a crowd of servants and soldiers, for he was a rich and mighty prince.

And as he drove down by the reedy river, he saw the Argo sliding up beneath the bank, and many a hero in her, like Immortals for beauty and strength. But Jason was the noblest of all, for Hera, who loved him, gave him beauty and height and terrible manhood.

When they came near together and looked into each other's eyes, the heroes were awed before Aietes as he shone in his chariot like his father, the glorious Sun. For his robes were of rich gold tissue, and the rays of his diadem flashed fire. And in his hand he bore a jewelled sceptre, which glittered like the stars.

Sternly Aietes looked at the heroes, and sternly he spoke and loud, 'Who are you, and what want you here that you come to our shore? Know this is my kingdom and these are my people who serve me. Never yet grew they tired in battle, and well they know how to face a foe.'

And the heroes sat silent awhile before the face of that ancient king. But Hera the awful Goddess put courage into Jason's heart, and he rose and shouted loudly in answer to the king.

'We are no lawless men. We come, not to plunder or carry away slaves from your land, but we have come on a quest to bring home the Golden Fleece. And these too, my bold comrades, they are no nameless men, for some are the sons of Immortals, and some of heroes far renowned. We too never

tire in battle, and know well how to give blows and to take. Yet we wish to be guests at your table; it will be better so for both.'

Then Aietes' rage rushed up like a whirlwind, and his eyes flashed fire as he heard; but he crushed his anger down in his heart and spoke mildly.

'If you will fight, then many a man must die. But if you will be ruled by me you will find it better far to choose the best man among you, and let him fulfil the labours which I demand. Then I will give him the Golden Fleece for a prize and a glory to you all.'

So he said, and then turned his horses and drove back in silence to the town.

The heroes sat dumb with sorrow, for there was no facing the thousands of King Aietes' men and the fearful chance of war.

But Chalciope, the widow of Phrixus, went weeping to the town, for she remembered her husband and all the pleasures of her youth while she watched the fair face of his kinsmen and their long locks of golden hair.

And she whispered to Medeia, her sister, 'Why should all these brave men die? Why does not my father give up the fleece, that my husband's spirit may have rest?'

Medeia's heart pitied the heroes, and Jason most of all, and she answered, 'Our father is stern and terrible, and who can win the Golden Fieece?'

But Chalciope said, 'These men are not like our men; there is nothing which they cannot dare nor do.'

Then Medeia thought of Jason and his brave countenance, and said, 'If there was one among them who knew no fear, I could show him how to win the fleece.'

So in the dusk of the evening they went down to the riverside, Chalciope and Medeia the witch-maiden, and with them a lad. And the lad crept forward, among the beds of reeds, till he came to where Jason kept ward on shore, leaning upon his

lance, full of thought.

And the lad said, 'Chalciope waits for you, to talk about the Golden Fleece.'

Then Jason went boldly with the boy and found the two princesses. When Chalciope saw him, she wept and took his hands and cried, 'O cousin of my beloved Phrixus, go home before you die!'

'It would be base to go home now, fair princess, and to have sailed all these seas in vain.'

Then both the princesses besought him, but Jason said, 'It is too late to return!'

'But you know not,' said Medeia, 'what he must do who would win the fleece. He must tame the two brazen-footed bulls, which breathe devouring flame, and with them he must plough ere nightfall four acres in a field. He must sow the acres with serpents' teeth, of which each tooth springs up into an armed man. Then he must fight with all these warriors. And little will it profit him to conquer them, for the fleece is guarded by a serpent more huge than any mountain pine. Over his body you must step if you would reach the Golden Fleece.'

Then Jason laughed bitterly: 'Unjustly is that fleece kept here, and by an unjust and lawless king, and unjustly shall I die in my youth, for I will attempt it ere another sun be set.'

Medeia trembled and said, 'No mortal man can reach that fleece unless I guide him through.'

But Jason cried, 'No wall so high but it may be climbed at last, and no wood so thick but it may be crawled through. No serpent so wary but he may be charmed, and I may yet win the Golden Fleece, if a wise maiden help bold men.'

And he looked at Medeia with his glittering eye, till she blushed and trembled and said, 'Who can face the fire of the bulls' breath and fight ten thousand armed men?'

'He whom you help,' said Jason, flattering her, 'for your fame is spread over all the earth.'

And Medeia said slowly, 'Why should you die? I have an ointment here. I made it from the magic ice-flower. Anoint yourself with that, and you shall have in you the strength of seven, and anoint your shield with it, and neither fire nor sword shall harm you. Anoint your helmet with it, before you sow the serpents' teeth, and when the sons of earth spring up, cast your helmet among them, and every man of them shall perish.'

Then Jason fell on his knees before her, and thanked her and kissed her hands, and she gave him the vase of ointment, and fled trembling through the reeds.

And Jason told his comrades what had happened, and showed them the box of ointment.

So at sunrise Jason went and bathed and anointed himself from head to foot, and his shield and his helmet and his weapons. And when the sun had risen, Jason sent two of his heroes to tell Aietes that he was ready for the fight.

Up among the marble walls they went, and beneath the roofs of gold, and stood in the hall of Aietes, while he grew pale with rage.

'Fulfil your promise to us, Child of the blazing Sun,' the heroes cried to King Aietes. 'Give us the serpents' teeth, and let loose the fiery bulls, for we have found a champion among us, who can win the Golden Fleece!'

Aietes grew more pale with rage, for he had fancied that they had fled away by night, but he could not break his promise, so he gave them the serpents' teeth. Then he called his chariot and his horses, and sent heralds through all the town, and all the people went out with him to the dreadful War-god's field.

There Aietes sat upon his throne, with his warriors on each hand, thousands and tens of thousands clothed from head to foot in steel chain mail. And the people and women crowded to every window and bank and wall, while the heroes stood together, a mere handful in the midst of that great host.

Chalciope was there, and Medeia, wrapped closely in her veil; but Aietes did not know that she was muttering cunning spells between her lips.

Then Jason cried, 'Fulfil your promise, and let your fiery bulls come forth!'

Aietes bade open the gates, and the magic bulls leapt out. Their brazen hoofs rang upon the ground as they rushed with lowered heads upon Jason, but he never flinched a step. The flame of their breath swept round him, but it singed not a hair of his head. And the bulls stopped short and trembled when Medeia began her spell.

Then Jason sprang upon the nearest, and seized him by the horn, and up and down they wrestled, till the bull fell grovelling on his knees. For the heart of the bull died within him, beneath the steadfast eye of that dark witch-maiden and the magic whisper of her lips.

So both the bulls were tamed and yoked, and Jason bound them to the plough and goaded them onward with his lance, till he had ploughed the sacred field. And all the heroes shouted, but Aietes bit his lips with rage, for half of Jason's work was done.

Then Jason took the serpents' teeth and sowed them, and waited what would befall.

And Medeia looked at him and at his helmet, lest he should forget the lesson she had taught him.

Now every furrow heaved and bubbled, and out of every clod arose a man. Out of the earth they arose by thousands, each clad from head to foot in steel, and drew their swords and rushed on Jason where he stood in the midst alone.

The heroes grew pale with fear for him, but Aietes laughed an angry laugh.

Then Jason snatched off his helmet and hurled it into the thickest of the throng.

And hate and fear and suspicion came upon them, and one cried to his fellows, 'Thou didst strike me,' and another,

'Thou art Jason, thou shalt die,' and each turned his hand against the rest, and they fought and were never weary, till they all lay dead upon the ground.

And the magic furrows opened, and the kind earth took them home again, and Jason's work was done.

Then the heroes rose and shouted, and Jason cried to the king, 'Lead me to the Golden Fleece this moment before the sun goes down.'

But Aietes thought, 'Who is this, who is proof against all magic? He may kill the serpent yet!' So he delayed, and sat taking counsel with his princes. Afterwards he bade a herald cry, 'Tomorrow we will meet these heroes and speak about the Golden Fleece!'

Then he turned and looked at Medeia. 'This is your doing, false witch-maid,' he said; 'you have helped these yellow-haired strangers.'

Medeia shrank and trembled, and her face grew pale with fear, and Aietes knew that she was guilty, and he whispered, 'If they win the Fleece, you die.'

Now the heroes went marching toward their ship, growling, like lions cheated of their prey. 'Let us go together to the grove and take the Fleece by force,' they said. But Jason held them back, while he praised them for brave heroes, for he hoped for Medeia's help.

And after a time she came trembling, and wept a long while before she spoke. At last she said, 'I must die, for my father has found out that I have helped you.'

But all the heroes cried, 'If you die we die with you, for without you we cannot win the fleece, and home we will never go without it.'

'You need not die,' said Jason to the witch-maiden. 'Flee home with us across the sea. Show us but how to win the fleece, and come with us and you shall be my queen, and rule over the rich princes in Iolcos by the sea.'

And all the heroes pressed round and vowed to her that

she should be their queen.

Medeia wept and hid her face in her hands. 'Must I leave my home and my people?' she sobbed. 'But the lot is cast: I will show you how to win the Golden Fleece. Bring up your ship to the wood-side, and moor her there against the bank. And let Jason come up at midnight and one brave comrade with him, and meet me beneath the wall.'

Then all the heroes cried together, 'I will go—and I—and I!'

But Medeia calmed them and said, 'Orpheus shall go with Jason, and take his magic harp.'

And Orpheus laughed for joy and clapped his hands, because the choice had fallen on him.

So at midnight they went up the bank and found Medeia, and she brought them to a thicket beside the War-god's gate.

And the base of the gate fell down and the brazen doors flew wide, and Medeia and the heroes ran forward, and hurried through the poison wood, guided by the gleam of the Golden Fleece, until they saw it hanging on one vast tree in the midst.

Jason would have sprung to seize it, but Medeia held him back and pointed to the tree-foot, where a mighty serpent lay, coiled in and out among the roots.

When the serpent saw them coming, he lifted up his head and watched them with his small bright eyes, and flashed his forked tongue.

But Medeia called gently to him, and he stretched out his long spotted neck, and licked her hand.

Then she made a sign to Orpheus, and he began his magic song.

And as he sung, the forest grew calm, and the leaves on every tree hung still, and the serpent's head sank down and his coils grew limp, and his glittering eyes closed lazily, till he breathed as gently as a child.

Jason leapt forward warily and stept across that mighty

snake, and tore the fleece from off the tree-trunk. Then the witch-maiden with Jason and Orpheus turned and rushed down to the bank where the Argo lay.

There was silence for a moment, when Jason held the Golden Fleece on high. Then he cried, 'Go now, good Argo, swift and steady, if ever you would see Pelion more.'

And she went, as the heroes drove her, grim and silent all, with muffled oars. On and on, beneath the dewy darkness, they fled swiftly down the swirling stream, on and on till they heard the merry music of the surge.

Into the surge they rushed, and the Argo leapt the breakers like a horse, till the heroes stopped, all panting, each man upon his oar, as she slid into the still broad sea.

Then Orpheus took his harp and sang a song of praise, till the heroes' hearts rose high again, and they rowed on, stoutly and steadfastly, away into the darkness of the West.

CHAPTER V
How the Argonauts Reached Home

So the heroes fled away in haste, but Aietes manned his fleet and followed them.

Then Medeia, the dark witch-maiden, laid a cruel plot, for she killed her young brother who had come with her, and cast him into the sea, and said, 'Ere my father can take up his body and bury it, he must wait long and be left far behind.'

And all the heroes shuddered, and looked one at the other in shame.

When Aietes came to the place he stopped a long while and bewailed his son, and took him up and went home.

So the heroes escaped for a time, but Zeus saw that evil deed, and out of the heavens he sent a storm and swept the Argo far from her course. And at last she struck on a shoal, and the waves rolled over her and through her, and the heroes lost all hope of life.

Then out spoke the magic bough, which stood upon the Argo's prow, 'For your guilt, you must sail a weary way to where Circe, Medeia's sister, dwells among the islands of the West; she shall cleanse you of your guilt.'

Whither they went I cannot tell, nor how they came to Circe's isle, but at last they reached the fairy island of the West.

And Jason bid them land, and as they went ashore they met Circe coming down toward the ship, and they trembled when they saw her, for her hair and face and robes shone flame.

Then Circe cried to Medeia, 'Ah, wretched girl, have you forgotten your sins that you come hither, where the flowers

bloom all the year round? Where is your aged father, and the brother whom you killed? I will send you food and wine, but your ship must not stay here, for she is black with your wickedness.'

And the heroes prayed, but in vain, and cried, 'Cleanse us from our guilt!' but she sent them away and said, 'Go eastward, that you may be cleansed, and after that you may go home.'

Slowly and wearily they sailed on, till one summer's eve they came to a flowery island, and as they neared it they heard sweet songs.

Medeia started when she heard, and cried, 'Beware, O heroes, for here are the rocks of the Sirens. You must pass close by them, but those who listen to that song are lost.'

Then Orpheus spoke, he, the king of all minstrels, 'Let them match their song against mine'; so he caught up his lyre and began his magic song.

Now they could see the Sirens. Three fair maidens, sitting on the beach, beneath a rock red in the setting sun.

Slowly they sung and sleepily, and as the heroes listened the oars fell from their hands, and their heads drooped, and they closed their heavy eyes, and all their toil seemed foolishness, and they thought of their renown no more.

Then Medeia clapped her hands together and cried, 'Sing louder, Orpheus, sing louder.'

And Orpheus sang till his voice drowned the song of the Sirens, and the heroes caught their oars again and cried, 'We will be men, and we will dare and suffer to the last.'

And as Orpheus sang, they dashed their oars into the sea and kept time to his music as they fled fast away, and the Sirens' voices died behind them, in the hissing of the foam.

But when the Sirens saw that they were conquered, they shrieked for envy and rage and leapt into the sea, and were changed into rocks.

Then, as the Argonauts rowed on, they came to a fearful

whirlpool, and they could go neither back nor forward, for the waves caught them and spun them round and round. While they struggled in the whirlpool, they saw near them on the other side of the strait a rock stand in the water—a rock smooth and slippery, and half way up a misty cave.

When Orpheus saw the rock he groaned. 'Little will it help us,' he cried, 'to escape the jaws of the whirlpool. For in that cave lives a sea-hag, and from her cave she fishes for all things that pass by, and never ship's crew boasted that they came safe past her rock.'

Then out of the depths came Thetis, the silver-footed bride of one of the heroes. She came with all her nymphs around her, and they played like snow-white dolphins, diving in from wave to wave before the ship, and in her wake and beside her, as dolphins play. And they caught the ship and guided her, and passed her on from hand to hand, and tossed her through the billows, as maidens do the ball.

And when the sea-hag stooped to seize the ship, they struck her, and she shrank back into her cave affrighted, and the Argo leapt safe past her, while a fair breeze rose behind.

Then Thetis and her nymphs sank down to their coral caves beneath the sea, and their gardens of green and purple, where flowers bloom all the year round, while the heroes went on rejoicing, yet dreading what might come next.

They rowed away for many a weary day till their water was spent and their food eaten, but at last they saw a long steep island.

'We will land here,' they cried, 'and fill our water casks upon the shore.'

But when they came nearer to the island they saw a wondrous sight. For on the cliffs stood a giant, taller than any mountain pine.

When he saw the Argo and her crew he came toward them, more swiftly than the swiftest horse, and he shouted to them, 'You are pirates, you are robbers! If you land you shall

die the death.'

Then the heroes lay on their oars in fear, but Medeia spoke: 'I know this giant. If strangers land, he leaps into his furnace, which flames there among the hills, and when he is red-hot he rushes on them, and burns them in his brazen hands. But he has but one vein in all his body filled with liquid fire, and this vein is closed with a nail. I will find out where the nail is placed, and when I have got it into my hands you shall water your ship in peace.'

So they took the witch-maiden and left her alone on the shore. And she stood there all alone in her beauty till the giant strode back red-hot from head to heel.

When he saw the maiden he stopped. And she looked boldly up into his face and sang a magic song, and she held up a flash of crystal and said, 'I am Medeia, the witch- maiden. My sister Circe gave me this and said, "Go, reward Talus, the faithful giant, for his fame is gone out into all lands." So come and I will pour this into your veins, that you may live forever young.'

And he listened to her false words, that simple Talus, and came near.

But Medeia said, 'Dip yourself in the sea first and cool yourself, lest you burn my tender hands. Then show me the nail in your vein, and in that will I pour the liquid from the crystal flask.'

Then that simple Talus dipped himself in the sea, and came and knelt before Medeia and showed the secret nail.

And she drew the nail out gently, but she poured nothing in, and instead the liquid fire streamed forth.

Talus tried to leap up, crying, 'You have betrayed me, false witch-maiden.'

But she lifted up her hands before him and sang, till he sank beneath her spell.

And as he sank, the earth groaned beneath his weight and the liquid fire ran from his heel, like a stream of lava, to the

sea.

Then Medeia laughed and called to the heroes, 'Come and water your ship in peace.'

So they came and found the giant lying dead, and they fell down and kissed Medeia's feet, and watered their ship, and took sheep and oxen, and so left that inhospitable shore.

At the next island they went ashore and offered sacrifices, and Orpheus purged them from their guilt.

And at last, after many weary days and came in, Pelias and Æson, Jason's father, sat by the fire, two old men, whose heads shook together as they tried to warm themselves before the fire.

Jason fell down at his father's knee and wept and said, 'I am your own son Jason, and I have brought home the Golden Fleece and a princess of the Sun's race for my bride.'

Then his father clung to him like a child, and wept, and would not let him go, and cried, 'Promise never to leave me till I die.'

And Jason turned to his uncle Pelias, 'Now give me up the kingdom and fulfil your promise, as I have fulfilled mine.' And his uncle gave him his kingdom.

So Jason stayed at Iolcos by the sea.

Theseus

CHAPTER I
How Theseus Lifted the Stone

Once upon a time there was a princess called Aithra. She had one fair son named Theseus, the bravest lad in all the land. And Aithra never smiled but when she looked at him, for her husband had forgotten her, and lived far away.

Aithra used to go up to the temple of the Gods, and sit there all day, looking out across the bay, over the purple peaks of the mountains to the Attic shore beyond.

When Theseus was full fifteen years old, she took him up with her to the temple, and into the thickets which grew in the temple yard. She led him to a tall plane-tree, and there she sighed and said, 'Theseus, my son, go into that thicket and you will find at the plane-tree foot a great flat stone. Lift it, and bring me what lies underneath.'

Then Theseus pushed his way in through the thick bushes, and searching among their roots he found a great flat stone, all over-grown with ivy and moss.

He tried to lift it, but he could not. And he tried till the sweat ran down his brow from the heat, and the tears from his eyes for shame, but all was of no avail. And at last he came back to his mother and said, 'I have found the stone, but I cannot lift it, nor do I think that any man could, in all the land.'

Then she sighed and said, 'The day may come when you will be a stronger man than lives in all the land." And she

took him by the hand and went into the temple and prayed, and came down again with Theseus to her home.

And when a full year was past, she led Theseus up again to the temple and bade him lift the stone, but he could not.

Then she sighed again and said the same words again, and went down and came again next year.

But Theseus could not lift the stone then, nor the year after.

He longed to ask his mother the meaning of that stone, and what might be underneath it, but her face was so sad that he had not the heart to ask.

So he said to himself, 'The day shall surely come when I will lift that stone.'

And in order to grow strong he spent all his days in wrestling and boxing, and hunting the boar and the bull and the deer among the rocks, till upon all the mountains there was no hunter so swift as Theseus, and all the people said, 'Surely the Gods are with the lad!'

When his eighteenth year was past, Aithra led him up again to the temple and said, 'Theseus, lift the stone this day, or never know who you are.'

And Theseus went into the thicket and stood over the stone and tugged at it, and it moved.

Then he said, 'If I break my heart in my body it shall come up.' And he tugged at it once more, and lifted it, and rolled it over with a shout.

When he looked beneath it, on the ground lay a sword of bronze, with a hilt of glittering gold, and beside it a pair of golden sandals.

Theseus caught them up and burst through the bushes and leapt to his mother, holding them high above his head.

But when she saw them she wept long in silence, hiding her fair face in her shawl. And Theseus stood by her and wept also, he knew not why.

When she was tired of weeping Aithra lifted up her head

and laid her finger on her lips, and said, 'Hide them in your cloak, Theseus, my son, and come with me where we can look down upon the sea.'

They went outside the sacred wall and looked down over the bright blue sea, and Aithra said, 'Do you see the land at our feet?'

And Theseus said, 'Yes, this is where I was born and bred.'

And she asked, 'Do you see the land beyond?'

And the lad answered, 'Yes, that is Attica, where the Athenian people live!'

'That is a fair land and large, Theseus, my son, and it looks towards the sunny south. There the hills are sweet with thyme, and the meadows with violet, and the nightingales sing all day in the thickets. There are twelve towns well peopled, the homes of an ancient race. What would you do, Theseus, if you were king of such a land?'

Theseus stood astonished, as he looked across the broad bright sea and saw the fair Attic shore. His heart grew great within him, and he said, 'If I were king of such a land, I would rule it wisely and well, in wisdom and in might.'

And Aithra smiled and said, 'Take, then, the sword and the sandals and go to thy father Ægeus, king of Athens, and say to him, "The stone is lifted!" Then show him the sword and the sandals, and take what the Gods shall send.'

But Theseus wept, 'Shall I leave you, O my mother?'

She answered, 'Weep not for me.' Then she kissed Theseus and wept over him, and went into the temple, and Theseus saw her no more.

CHAPTER II
How Theseus Slew the Club-Bearer and the Pine-Bender

So Theseus stood there alone, with his mind full of many hopes. And first he thought of going down to the harbour and hiring a swift ship and sailing across the bay to Athens. But even that seemed too slow for him, and he longed for wings to fly across the sea and find his father.

After a while his heart began to fail him, and he sighed and said within himself, 'What if my father have other sons around him, whom he loves? What if he will not receive me? He has forgotten me ever since I was born. Why should he welcome me now?'

Then he thought a long while sadly, but at last he cried aloud, 'Yes, I will make him love me. I will win honour, and do such deeds that Ægeus shall be proud of me though he had fifty other sons.'

'I will go by land and into the mountains, and so round to Athens. Perhaps there I may hear of brave adventures, and do something which shall win my father's love.'

So Theseus went by land and away into the mountains, with his father's sword upon his thigh. And he went up into the gloomy glens, up and up, till the lowland grew blue beneath his feet, and the clouds drove damp about his head. But he went up and up, ever toiling on through bog and brake, till he came to a pile of stones.

On the stones a man was sitting wrapped in a cloak of bearskin.

When he saw Theseus, he rose, and laughed till the glens rattled.

'Who art thou, fair fly, who hast walked into the spider's web?'

Theseus walked on steadily, and made no answer, but he thought, 'Is this some robber? Has an adventure come to me already?'

But the strange man laughed louder than ever and said, 'Bold fly, know thou not these glens are the web from which no fly ever finds his way out again, and I am the spider who eats the flies? Come hither and let me feast upon you. It is of no use to run away, for these glens in the mountain make so cunning a web, that through it no man can find his way home.'

Still Theseus came steadily on, and he asked, 'And what is your name, bold spider, and where are your spider's fangs?'

The strange man laughed again. 'Men call me the Club-bearer, and here is my spider's fang,' and he lifted off from the stones at his side a mighty club of bronze. 'With this I pound all proud flies,' he said. 'So give me up that gay sword of yours, and your mantle, and your golden sandals, lest I pound you and by ill-luck you die!'

But Theseus wrapped his mantle round his left arm quickly, in hard folds, and drew his sword, and rushed upon the Club-bearer, and the Club-bearer rushed on him.

Thrice he struck at Theseus and made him bend under the blows like a sapling. And thrice Theseus sprang upright after the blow, and he stabbed at the Club-bearer with his sword, but the loose folds of the bearskin saved him.

Then Theseus grew angry and closed with him, and caught him by the throat, and they fell and rolled over together. But when Theseus rose up from the ground the Club-bearer lay still at his feet.

So Theseus took the strange man's club and his bearskin and went upon his journey down the glens, till he came to a broad green valley, and he saw flocks and herds sleeping beneath the trees. And by the side of a pleasant fountain were

nymphs and shepherds dancing, but no one piped to them as they danced.

When they saw Theseus they shrieked, and the shepherds ran off and drove away their flocks, while the nymphs dived into the fountain and vanished.

Theseus wondered and laughed, 'What strange fancies have folks here, who run away from strangers, and have no music when they dance.' But he was tired and dusty and thirsty, so he thought no more of them, but drank and bathed in the clear pool, and then lay down in the shade under a plane-tree, while the water sang him to sleep as it trickled down from stone to stone.

And when he woke he heard a whispering, and saw the nymphs peeping at him across the fountain from the dark mouth of a cave, where they sat on green cushions of moss. One said, 'Surely he is not the Club-bearer,' and another, 'He looks no robber, but a fair and gentle youth.'

Then Theseus smiled and called them. 'Fair nymphs, I am not the Club-bearer. He sleeps among the kites and crows, but I have brought away his bearskin and his club.'

They leapt across the pool, and came to him, and called the shepherds back. And Theseus told them how he had slain the Club-bearer, and the shepherds kissed his feet and sang, 'Now we shall feed our flocks in peace, and not be afraid to have music when we dance. For the cruel Club-bearer has met his match, and he will listen for our pipes no more.'

Then the shepherds brought him kids' flesh and wine, and the nymphs brought him honey from the rocks.

And Theseus ate and drank with them, and they begged him to stay, but he would not.

'I have a great work to do'; he said, 'I must go towards Athens.'

And the shepherds said, 'You must look warily about you, lest you meet the robber, called the Pine-bender. For he bends down two pine-trees and binds all travellers hand and foot

between them, and when he lets the trees go again their bodies are torn in sunder.'

But Theseus went on swiftly, for his heart burned to meet that cruel robber. And in a pine-wood at last he met him, where the road ran between high rocks.

There the robber sat upon a stone by the wayside, with a young fir-tree for a club across his knees, and a cord laid ready by his side, and over his head, upon the fir-top, hung the bones of murdered men.

Then Theseus shouted to him, 'Holla, thou valiant Pine-bender, hast thou two fir-trees left for me?'

The robber leapt to his feet and answered, pointing to the bones above his head, 'My larder has grown empty lately, so I have two fir-trees ready for thee.'

He rushed on Theseus, lifting his club, and Theseus rushed upon him, and they fought together till the green-woods rang.

Then Theseus heaved up a mighty stroke and smote the Pine-bender down upon his face, and knelt upon his back, and bound him with his own cord, and said, 'As thou hast done to others, so shall it be done to thee.' And he bent down two young fir-trees and bound the robber between them for all his struggling and his prayers, and as he let the trees go the robber perished, and Theseus went on, leaving him to the hawks and crows.

Clearing the land of monsters as he went, Theseus saw at last the plain of Athens before him.

And as he went up through Athens all the people ran out to see him, for his fame had gone before him, and everyone knew of his mighty deeds, and they shouted, 'Here comes the hero!'

But Theseus went on sadly and steadfastly, for his heart yearned after his father. He went up the holy stairs to the spot where the palace of Ægeus stood. He went straight into the hall and stood upon the threshold and looked round.

He saw his cousins sitting at the table, and loud they laughed and fast they passed the wine-cup round, but no Ægeus sat among them.

They saw Theseus and called to him, 'Holla, tall stranger at the door, what is your will today?'

'I come to ask for hospitality.'

'Then take it and welcome. You look like a hero and a bold warrior, and we like such to drink with us.'

'I ask no hospitality of you; I ask it of Ægeus the king, the master of this house.'

At that some growled, and some laughed and shouted, 'Heyday! we are all masters here.'

'Then I am master as much as the rest of you,' said Theseus, and he strode past the table up the hall, and looked around for Ægeus, but he was nowhere to be seen.

The revellers looked at him and then at each other, and each whispered to the man next him, 'This is a forward fellow; he ought to be thrust out at the door.'

But each man's neighbour whispered in return, 'His shoulders are broad: will you rise and put him out?' So they all sat still where they were.

Then Theseus called to the servants and said, 'Go tell King Ægeus, your master, that Theseus is here and asks to be his guest awhile.'

A servant ran and told Ægeus, where he sat in his chamber with Medeia, the dark witch-woman, watching her eye and hand.

And when Ægeus heard of Theseus he turned pale and again red, and rose from his seat trembling, while Medeia, the witch, watched him like a snake.

"What is Theseus to you?' she asked.

But he said hastily, 'Do you not know who this Theseus is? The hero who has cleared the country from all monsters. I must go out and welcome him.'

So Ægeus came into the hall, and when Theseus saw him

his heart leapt into his mouth, and he longed to fall on his neck and welcome him. But he controlled himself and thought, 'My father may not wish for me, after all. I will try him before I discover myself. And he bowed low before Ægeus and said, 'I have delivered the king's realm from many monsters, therefore I am come to ask a reward of the king.'

Old Ægeus looked on him and loved him, but he only sighed and said, 'It is little that I can give you, noble lad, and nothing that is worthy of you.'

'All I ask,' said Theseus, 'is to eat and drink at your table.'

'That I can give you,' said Ægeus, 'if at least I am master in my own hall.'

Then he bade them put a seat for Theseus, and set before him the best of the feast, and Theseus sat and ate so much that all the company wondered at him, but always he kept his club by his side.

But Medeia, the dark witch-woman, was watching all the while, and she saw how the heart of Ægeus opened to Theseus, and she said to herself, 'This youth will be master here, unless I hinder it.'

Then she went back modestly to her chamber, while Theseus ate and drank, and all the servants whispered, 'This, then, is the man who killed the monsters! How noble are his looks, and how huge his size! Ah, would he were our master's son!'

Presently Medeia came forth, decked in all her jewels and her rich Eastern robes, and looking more beautiful than the day, so that all the guests could look at nothing else. And in her right hand she held a golden cup, and in her left a flask of gold. She came up to Theseus, and spoke in a sweet and winning voice, 'Hail to the hero! drink of my charmed cup, which gives rest after every toil and heals all wounds'; and as she spoke she poured sparkling wine into the cup.

Theseus looked up into her fair face and into her deep dark eyes, and as he looked he shrank and shuddered, for they

were dry like the eyes of a snake.

Then he rose and said, 'The wine is rich, and the wine-bearer fair. Let her pledge me first herself in the cup that the wine may be sweeter."

Medeia turned pale and stammered, 'Forgive me, fair hero, but I am ill and dare drink no wine.'

Theseus looked again into her eyes and cried, 'Thou shalt pledge me in that cup or die!'

Then Medeia shrieked and dashed the cup to the ground and fled, for there was strong poison in that wine.

And Medeia called her dragon chariot, and sprang into it, and fled aloft, away over land and sea, and no man saw her more.

Ægeus cried, 'What have you done?'

But Theseus said, 'I have rid the land of one enchantment, now I will rid it of one more.'

And he came close to Ægeus and drew from his cloak the sword and the sandals, and said the words which his mother bade him, 'The Stone is lifted.'

Ægeus stepped back a pace and looked at the lad till his eyes grew dim, and then he cast himself on his neck and wept, and Theseus wept, till they had no strength left to weep more.

Then Ægeus turned to all the people and cried, 'Behold my son!'

But the cousins were angry and drew their swords against Theseus.

Twenty against one they fought, and yet Theseus beat them all, till at last he was left alone in the palace with his new-found father.

But before nightfall all the town came up, with dances and songs, because the king had found an heir to his royal house.

So Theseus stayed with his father all the winter through, and when spring drew near, he saw all the people of Athens grow sad and silent. And he asked the reason of the silence and the sadness, but no one would answer him a word.

Then he went to his father and asked him, but Ægeus turned away his face and wept.

But when spring had come, a herald stood in the market-place and cried, 'O people and king of Athens, where is your yearly tribute?'

Then a great lamentation arose throughout the city.

But Theseus stood up before the herald and cried, 'I am a stranger here. Tell me, then, why you come?'

'To fetch the tribute which King Ægeus promised to King Minos. Blood was shed here unjustly, and King Minos came to avenge it, and would not leave Athens till the land had promised him tribute—seven youths and seven maidens every year, who go with me in a black-sailed ship.'

Then Theseus groaned inwardly and said, 'I will go myself with these youths and maidens, and kill King Minos upon his royal throne.'

But Ægeus shrieked and cried, 'You shall not go, my son, you shall not go to die horribly, as those youths and maidens die. For Minos thrusts them into a labyrinth, and no one can escape from its winding ways, before they meet the Minotaur, the monster who feeds upon the flesh of men. There he devours them horribly, and they never see this land again.'

And Theseus said, 'Therefore all the more will I go with them, and slay the accursed Minotaur.'

Then Ægeus clung to his knees, but Theseus would not stay, and at last he let him go, weeping bitterly, and saying only this last word, 'Promise me but this, if you return in peace, though that may hardly be. Take down the black sail of the ship, for I shall watch for it all day upon the cliffs, and hoist instead a white sail, that I may know afar off that you are safe.'

And Theseus promised, and went out, and to the market-place, where the herald stood and drew lots for the youths and maidens who were to sail in that sad ship.

The people stood wailing and weeping as the lot fell on

this one and on that, but Theseus strode into the midst and cried, 'Here is one who needs no lot. I myself will be one of the seven.'

And the herald asked in wonder, 'Fair youth, do you know whither you are going?'

'I know,' answered Theseus boldly; 'let us go down to the black-sailed ship.'

So they went down to the black-sailed ship, seven maidens and seven youths, and Theseus before them all. And the people followed them, lamenting. But Theseus whispered to his companions, 'Have hope, for the monster is not immortal.'

Then their hearts were comforted a little, but they wept as they went on board; and the cliffs rang with the voice of their weeping.

CHAPTER III
How Theseus Slew the Minotaur

And the ship sailed slowly on, till at last it reached the land of Crete, and Theseus stood before King Minos, and they looked each other in the face.

Minos bade take the youths and the maidens to prison, and cast them to the Minotaur one by one.

Then Theseus cried, 'A boon, O Minos! Let me be thrown first to the monster. For I came hither, for that very purpose, of my own will and not by lot.'

"Who art thou, thou brave youth?' asked the king.

'I am the son of Ægeus, the king of Athens, and I am come here to end the yearly tribute.'

And Minos pondered a while, looking steadfastly at him, and he thought, 'The lad means to atone by his own death for his father's sin'; and he answered mildly, 'Go back in peace, my son. It is a pity that one so brave should die.'

But Theseus said, 'I have sworn that I will not go back till I have seen the monster face to face.'

At that Minos frowned and said, 'Then thou shalt see him.'

And they led Theseus away into the prison, with the other youths and maidens.

Now Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, saw Theseus as she came out of her white stone hall, and she loved him for his courage and his beauty, and she said, 'It is shameful that such a youth should die.' And by night she went down to the prison and told him all her heart, and said, 'Flee down to your ship at once, for I have bribed the guards before the door. Flee, you and all your friends, and go back in peace, and take me

with you. For I dare not stay after you are gone. My father will kill me miserably, if he knows what I have done.'

And Theseus stood silent awhile, for he was astonished and confounded by her beauty.

But at last he said, 'I cannot go home in peace till I have seen and slain this Minotaur, and put an end to the terrors of my land.'

'And will you kill the Minotaur? How then will you do it?' asked Ariadne in wonder.

'I know not, nor do I care, but he must be strong if he be too strong for me,' said Theseus.

Then she loved him all the more and said, 'But when you have killed him, how will you find your way out of the labyrinth?'

'I know not, neither do I care, but it must be a strange road if I do not find it out before I have eaten up the monster's carcass.'

Then Ariadne loved him yet more and said, 'Fair youth, you are too bold, but I can help you, weak as I am. I will give you a sword, and with that perhaps you may slay the monster, and a clue of thread, and by that perhaps you may find your way out again. Only promise me that if you escape safe you will take me home with you.'

Then Theseus laughed and said, 'Am I not safe enough now?' And he hid his sword, and rolled up the clue in his hand, and then he fell down before Ariadne and kissed her hands and her feet, while she wept over him a long while. Then the princess went away, and Theseus lay down and slept sweetly.

When evening came the guards led him away to the labyrinth. And he went down into that doleful gulf, and he turned on the left hand and on the right hand, and went up and down till his head was dizzy, but all the while he held the clue. For when he went in he fastened it to a stone and left it to unroll out of his hand as he went on, and it lasted till he

met the Minotaur in a narrow chasm between black cliffs.

And when he saw the Minotaur, he stopped a while, for he had never seen so strange a monster. His body was a man's, but his head was the head of a bull, and his teeth were the teeth of a lion.

When he saw Theseus, he roared and put his head down and rushed right at him.

But Theseus stepped aside nimbly, and as the monster passed by, cut him in the knee, and ere he could turn in the narrow path, he followed him, and stabbed him again and again from behind, till the monster fled, bellowing wildly.

Theseus followed him, holding the clue of thread in his left hand, and at last he came up with him, where he lay panting, and caught him by the horns, and forced his head back, and drove the keen sword through his throat.

Then Theseus turned, and went back, limping and weary, feeling his way by the clue of thread, till he came to the mouth of that doleful place, and saw waiting for him—whom but Ariadne?

And he whispered, 'It is done,' and showed her the sword. Then she laid her finger on her lips, and led him to the prison and opened the doors, and set all the prisoners free, while the guards lay sleeping heavily, for Ariadne had drugged them with wine.

So they fled to their ship together, and leapt on board and hoisted up the sail, and the night lay dark around them, so that they escaped all safe, and Ariadne became the wife of Theseus.

But that fair Ariadne never came to Athens with her husband.

Some say that, as she lay sleeping on the shore, one of the Gods found her and took her up into the sky, and some say that the God drove away Theseus, and took Ariadne from him by force. But, however that may be, in his haste or in his grief, Theseus forgot to put up the white sail.

Now Ægeus his father sat on the cliffs and watched day after day, and strained his old eyes across the waters to see the ship afar. And when he saw the black sail he gave up Theseus for dead, and in his grief he fell into the sea and was drowned, and it is called the Ægean Sea to this day.

Then Theseus was king of Athens, and he guarded it and ruled it well, and many wise things he did, so that his people honoured him after he was dead, for many a hundred years, as the father of their freedom and of their laws.



Diomed casting his spear against Ares.

The Iliad

for Boys and Girls

Told from Homer in Simple Language

By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A.

CHAPTER I
Of How the War with Troy Began

Once upon a time there was a certain King of Sparta who had a most beautiful daughter, Helen by name. There was not a prince in Greece but wished to marry her. The King said to them: "Now you must all swear that you will be good friends with the man whom my daughter shall choose for her husband, and that if anyone is wicked enough to steal her away from him, you will help him to get her back." And this they did. Then the Fair Helen chose a prince whose name was Menelaus, brother of Agamemnon, who reigned in Mycenae, and was the chief of all the Kings of Greece. After a while Helen's father died, and her husband became King of Sparta. The two lived happily together till there came to Sparta a young prince, Paris by name, who was son of Priam, King of Troy. This Paris carried off the Fair Helen, and with her much gold and many precious stones.

Menelaus and his brother Agamemnon sent to the princes of Greece and said, "Now you must keep your oath, and help us to get back the Fair Helen ." So they all came to a place called Aulis, with many ships and men. Others also who had not taken the oath came with them. The greatest of these chiefs were these: —

Diomed, son of Tydeus; Ajax the Greater and Ajax the Less, and Teucer the Archer, who was brother of Ajax the Greater.

Nestor, who was the oldest man in the world.

The wise Ulysses.

Achilles, who was the bravest and strongest of all the

Greeks, and with him his dear friend Patroclus.

For nine years the Greeks besieged the city of Troy, but they could not break through the walls; and as they had been away from their homes for all this time, they came to be in great want of food and clothes and other things. So they left part of the army to watch the city, and with part they went about and spoiled other cities. Thus came about the great quarrel of which I am now going to tell.

CHAPTER II
The Quarrel

The Greeks took the city of Chryse and divided the spoils among the chiefs; to Agamemnon they gave a girl named Chryseis, who was the daughter of the priest of Apollo, the god who was worshipped in the city. Then the priest came bringing much gold, with which he wished to buy back his daughter.

First of all he went to Agamemnon and his brother, and then to the other chiefs, and begged them to take the gold and give him back the girl. "So," he said, "may the gods help you to take the city of Troy, and bring you back safe to your homes."

All the other chiefs were willing, but Agamemnon cried, "Away with you, old man. Do not linger here now, and do not come again, or it will be the worse for you, though you are a priest. As for your daughter, I will carry her back with me when I have taken Troy."

So the old man went out in great fear and trouble, and he prayed to Apollo to help him. And Apollo heard him. Very angry was the god that his priest should suffer such things, and he came down from his palace on the top of the mountain Olympus. He came as night comes across the sky, and his arrows rattled terribly as he went. Then he began to shoot, and his arrows carried death, first to the dogs and the mules, and then to the men. For nine days the people died, and on the tenth day Achilles called an assembly.

When the Greeks were gathered together he stood up in the middle and said: "Surely it would be better to go home than to stay here and die. Many are slain in battle, and still

more are slain by the plague. Let us ask the prophets why it is that Apollo is angry with us."

Then Calchas the prophet stood up: "You wish to know why Apollo is angry. I will tell you, but first you must promise to stand by me, for King Agamemnon will be angry when he hears what I shall say."

"Say on," cried Achilles; "no man shall harm you while I live, no, not Agamemnon himself."

Then Calchas said: "Apollo is angry because, when his priest came to buy back his daughter, Agamemnon would not listen to him. Now you must send back the girl, taking no money for her, and with her a hundred beasts as a sacrifice."

Then King Agamemnon stood up in a rage and cried:

"You always prophesy evil, ill prophet that you are. The girl I will send back, for I would not have the people die, but I will not go without my share of the spoil."

"You think too much of gain, King Agamemnon," said Achilles. "Surely you would not take from any man that which has been given him. Wait till Troy has been conquered, and then we will make up to you what you have lost three times over."

"Do not try to cheat me in this way," answered Agamemnon. "My share I will have at once. If the Greeks will give it to me, well and good; but if not, then I will take it from one of the chiefs, from you, Achilles, or from Ajax, or from Ulysses. But now let us see about the sending back of the girl."

Then Achilles was altogether carried away with rage and said: "Never was there a king so shameless and so greedy of gain.

"The Trojans never did harm to me or mine. I have been fighting against them for your sake and your brother's. And you sit in your tent at ease, but when the spoil is divided, then you have the lion's share.

"And now you will take the little that was given me. I will not stay here to be shamed and robbed. I will go home."



Athene suppressing the fury of Achilles.

"Go," said Agamemnon, "and take your people with you. I have other chiefs as good as you, and ready to honour me, as you are not. But mark this: the girl Briseis, who was given to you as your share of the spoil, I will take, if I have to come and fetch her myself. For you must learn that I am master here."

Achilles was mad with anger to hear this, and said to himself, "Now I will slay this villain where he sits," and he half drew his sword from its scabbard. But at that instant the goddess Athene stood behind him and seized him by his long yellow hair. And when he turned to see who had done this, he perceived the goddess — but no one else in the assembly could see her — and said: "Are you come to see this villain die?" "Nay," she answered, "I am come to stay your rage. Queen Hera and I love you both. Draw not your sword, but say what you will. Some day he will pay you back three times and four times for all the wrong that he shall do."

Achilles answered: "I will do as you bid; for he who hears the gods is heard by them." So he thrust back his sword into the scabbard, and Athene went back to Olympus. Then he turned to Agamemnon and cried: "Drunkard with the eyes of a dog and the heart of a deer, hear what I tell you now. See this sceptre that I have in my hand. Once it was the branch of a tree; now a king carries it in his hand. As surely as it will never more shoot forth in leaves, so surely will the Greeks one day miss Achilles. And you, when you see your people falling by the swords of the Trojans, will be sorry that you have done this wrong to the bravest man in your army." And he dashed the sceptre on the ground and sat down.

Then the old man Nestor stood up and would have made peace between the two. "Listen to me," he said. "Great chiefs of old, with whom no one now alive would dare to fight, were used to listen to me. You, King Agamemnon, do not take away from the brave Achilles the gift that the Greeks gave him; and you, Achilles, pay due respect to him who is the

King of Kings in Greece."

So spoke Nestor, but he spoke in vain, for Agamemnon answered: "Peace is good; but this fellow would lord it over all. The gods have made him a great warrior, but they have not given him leave to set himself up above law and order. He must learn that there is one here better than he."

And Achilles cried: "You better than me! I were a slave and a coward if I owned it. What the Greeks gave me, let them take away if they will. But mark this: if you lay your hands on anything that is my own, that hour you die."

Then the assembly was broken up. After a while Agamemnon said to the heralds:

"Go now to the tent of Achilles, and fetch thence the girl Briseis. And if he will not let her go, say that I will come with others to fetch her, and that it will be the worse for him."

So the heralds went, but it was much against their will that they did this errand. And when they came to that part of the camp where Achilles and his people were, they found him sitting between his tent and his ship. And they stood in great fear and shame. But when he saw them he spoke kind words to them, for all that his heart was full of rage. "Draw near, heralds. 'Tis no fault of yours that you are come on such an errand."

Then he turned to Patroclus and said: "Fetch Briseis from her tent and give her to the heralds. Let them be witnesses of this evil deed, that they may remember it in the day when he shall need my help and shall not have it."

So Patroclus brought out the girl and gave her to the heralds. And she went with them, much against her will, and often looking back. And when she was gone, Achilles left his companions and sat upon the seashore, weeping aloud and stretching out his hands to his mother Thetis, the daughter of the sea. She heard his voice where she sat in the depths by the side of her father, and rose from the sea, as a cloud rises, and came to him where he sat weeping, shaking him with her

hand, and calling him by his name.

"Why do you weep, my son?" she said.

And he told her what had been done. And when he had finished the story, he said: "Now go to Olympus, to the palace of Zeus. You helped him once in the old time, when the other gods would have put him in chains, fetching the great giant with the hundred hands to sit by his side, so that no one dared to touch him. Remind him of these things, and ask him to help the Trojans, and to make the Greeks flee before them, so that Agamemnon may learn how foolish he has been."

His mother said: "Surely, my son, your lot is very hard. Your life must be short, and it should be happy; but, as it seems to me, it is both short and sad. Truly I will go to Zeus, but not now; for he is gone with the other gods to a twelve days' feast. But when he comes back, then I will go to him and persuade him. Meanwhile do you sit still, and do not go forth to battle."

Meanwhile Ulysses was taking back the priest's daughter to her father. Very glad was he to see her again, and he prayed to his god that the plague among the Greeks might cease, and so it happened. But Achilles sat in his tent and fretted, for there was nothing that he liked so much as the cry of the battle.

CHAPTER III
What Thetis Did for Her Son

When the twelve days of feasting were over, Thetis rose out of the sea and went her way to Olympus. There she found Zeus sitting alone on the highest peak of the mountain. She knelt down before him, and her left hand she laid upon his knees, and with her right she caught hold of his beard. Then she made this prayer to him: —

"O father Zeus, if I have ever helped thee at all, now give me what I ask, namely, that my son Achilles may have honour done to him. Agamemnon has shamed him, taking away the gift that the Greeks gave him. Do thou, therefore, make the Trojans prevail for a while in battle, so that the Greeks may find that they cannot do without him. So shall my son have honour."

For a long time Zeus sat saying nothing, for he knew that great trouble would come out of this thing. But Thetis still held him fast by the knees and by the beard; and she spoke again, saying: "Promise me this thing, and make your promise sure by nodding your head; or, else, say outright that you will not do it. Then I shall know that you despise me."

Zeus answered: "This is a hard thing that you ask. You will make a dreadful quarrel between me and the Lady Hera, my wife, and she will say many bitter words to me. Even now she tells me that I favour the Trojans too much. Go, then, as quickly as you can, that she may not know that you have been here, and I will think how I may best do what you ask. And see, I will make my promise sure with a nod, for when I nod my head, then the thing may not be repented of or undone."

So he nodded his head, and all Olympus was shaken.

Then Thetis went away, and dived down into the sea. And Zeus went to his palace, and when he came in at the door, all the gods rose up in their places, and stood till he sat down on his throne. But Hera knew that Thetis had been with him, and she was very angry, and spoke bitter words: "Who has been with you, O lover of plots? When I am not here, then you take a pleasure in hiding what you do, and in keeping things from me."

Zeus answered: "O Hera, do not think to know all my thoughts; that is too hard for you, even though you are my wife. That which it is right for you to know, I will tell you before I tell it to any other god; but there are matters which I keep to myself. Do not seek to know these."

But Hera was even more angry than before. "What say you?" she cried. "I do not pry into your affairs. Settle them as you will. But this I know, that Thetis with the silver feet has been with you, and I greatly fear that she has had her way. At dawn of day I saw her kneeling before you; yes, and you nodded your head. I am sure that you have promised her that Achilles should have honour. Ah me! many of the Greeks will die for this."

Then Zeus answered: "Truly there is nothing that you do not find out, witch that you are. But, if it be as you say, then know that such is my will. Do you sit still and obey. All the gods in Olympus cannot save you, if once I lay my hands upon you."

Hera sat still and said nothing, for she was very much afraid. Then her son, the god who made arms and armour and cups and other things out of silver and gold and copper, said to her: "It would be a great pity if you and the Father of the gods should quarrel on account of a man. Make peace with him, and do not make him angry again. It would be a great grief to me if I were to see you beaten before my eyes; for, indeed, I could not help you. Once before when I tried to come between him and you, he took me by the foot and threw

me out of the door of heaven. All day I fell, and at evening I lighted in the island of Lemnos."

Then he thought how he might turn the thoughts of the company to something else. There was a very beautiful boy who used to carry the wine round. The god, who was a cripple, took his place, and mixed the cup, and hobbled round with it, puffing for breath as he went, and all the gods fell into great fits of laughter when they saw him.

So the feast went on, and Apollo and the Muses sang, and no one thought any more about the quarrel.

But while all the other gods were sleeping, Zeus remained awake, thinking how he might do what Thetis had asked of him for her son. The best thing seemed to be to deceive Agamemnon, and make him think that he could take the city of Troy without the help of Achilles. So he called a Dream, and said to it: "Go, Dream, to the tent of Agamemnon, and tell him that if he will lead his army to battle, he will take the city of Troy."

So the Dream went, and it took the shape of Nestor, whom the King thought to be the wisest of the Greeks, and stood by his bedside and said: "Why do you waste your time in sleep? Arm the Greeks, and lead them out to battle, for you will take the city of Troy."

And the King believed, that this false dream was true.

CHAPTER IV
The Duel of Laris and Menelaus

On the day after the False Dream had come to him Agamemnon called all his army to go out to battle. All the chiefs were glad to fight, for they thought that at last the long war was coming to an end. Only Achilles and his people stopped behind. And the Trojans, on the other hand, set their army in order.

Before they began to fight, Paris, who had been the cause of all the trouble, came out in front of the line. He had a panther's skin over his shoulders, and a bow and a quiver slung upon his back, for he was a great archer; by his side there hung a sword, and in each hand he carried a spear. He cried aloud to the Greeks: "Send out the strongest and bravest man you have to fight with me." When King Menelaus heard this, he said to himself: "Now this is my enemy; I will fight with him, and no one else." So he jumped down from his chariot, and ran out in front of the line of Greeks. But when Paris saw him he was very much afraid, and turned his back and ran behind the line of the Trojans.

Now the best and bravest of the Trojans was a certain Hector. He was one of the sons of King Priam; if it had not been for him the city would have been taken long before. When he saw Paris run away he was very angry, and said: "O Paris, you are good to look at, but you are worth nothing. And the Greeks think that you are the bravest man we have! You were brave enough to go across the sea to steal the Fair Helen from her husband, and now when he comes out to fight with you, you run away. The Trojans ought to have stoned you to death long ago."

Paris answered: "You speak the truth, great Hector; I am, indeed, greatly to be blamed. As for you, you care for nothing but battles, and your heart is made of iron. But now listen to me: set Menelaus and me to fight, man to man, and let him that conquers have the Fair Helen and all her possessions. If he kills me, let him take her and depart; but if I kill him, then she shall stay here. So, whatever may happen, you will dwell in peace."

Hector was very glad to hear his brother Paris speak in this way. And he went along the line of the Trojans, holding his spear in the middle. This he did to show that he was not meaning to fight, and to keep his men in their places that they should not begin the battle. At first the Greeks made ready spears and stones to throw at him, but Agamemnon cried out: "Hold your hands; great Hector has something to say."

Then everyone stood still and listened. And Hector said: "Hear, Trojans and Greeks, what Paris says, Paris, who is the cause of this quarrel between us. 'Let Menelaus and me fight together. Everyone else, whether he is Greek or Trojan, shall lay his arms upon the ground, and look on while we two fight together. For the Fair Helen and her riches we will fight, and the rest will cease from war and be good friends forever.'"

When Hector had spoken, King Menelaus stood up and said: "Listen to me, for this is my affair. It is well that the Greeks and Trojans should be at peace, for there is no quarrel between them. Let me and Paris fight together, and let him of us two be slain whose fate it is to die. And now let us make a sacrifice to the gods, and swear a great oath over it that we will keep to our agreement. Only let King Priam himself come and offer the sacrifice and take the oath, for he is more to be trusted than the young men his sons."

So spoke Menelaus; and both the armies were glad, for they were tired of the war.

Then Hector sent a messenger to Troy to fetch King Priam, and to bring sheep for the sacrifice. And while the

herald was on his way, one of the gods put it into the heart of the Fair Helen as she sat in her hall to go out to the wall and see the army of the Greeks. So she went, leaving the needle-work with which she was busy, a great piece of embroidery, on which the battles between the Greeks and the Trojans were worked.

Now King Priam sat on the wall, and with him were the other princes of the city, old men who could no longer fight, but could take counsel and make beautiful speeches. They saw the Fair Helen as she came, and one of them said to another: "See how beautiful she is! And yet it would be better that she should go back to her own country, than that she should stop here and bring a curse upon us and our children."

But Priam called to her and said: "Come hither, my daughter, and see your friends and kinsmen in yonder army, and tell us about them. Who is that warrior there, so fair and strong? There are others who are even a head taller than he is, but there is no one who is so like a king."

"That," said Helen, "is Agamemnon, a brave soldier and a wise king, and my brother-in-law in the old days."

And King Priam cried: "Happy Agamemnon, to rule over so many brave men as I see in yonder army! But tell me who is that warrior there, who is walking through the ranks of his men, and making them stand in good order? He is not so tall as Agamemnon, but he is broader in the shoulders."

"That," said Helen, "is Ulysses of Ithaca, who is wiser than all other men, and gives better advice."

"You speak truly, fair lady," said one of the old men, Antenor by name. "Well do I remember Ulysses when he came with Menelaus on an embassy. They were guests in my house, and I knew them well. And when there was an assembly of the Trojans to hear them speak on the business for which they came, I remember how they looked. When they were standing, Menelaus was the taller; but when they sat down, then Ulysses was the nobler of the two to look at.

And when they spoke, Menelaus said but a few words, and said them wisely and well; and Ulysses — at first you might have taken him to be a fool, so stiffly did he hold his staff, and so awkward did he seem, with his eyes cast down upon the ground; but when he began to speak, how grand was his voice and how his words poured out, thick as the falling snow! There never was a speaker such as he, and we thought no more about his looks."

Then King Priam asked again: "Who is that mighty hero, so big and strong, taller than all the rest by his head and shoulders?"

"That," said Helen, "is Ajax, a tower of strength to the Greeks. And other chiefs I see whom I know and could name. But my own dear brothers, Castor, tamer of horses, and Pollux, the mighty boxer, I see not. Is it that they are ashamed to come on account of me?"

So she spoke, not knowing that they were dead.

And now came the messenger to tell King Priam that the armies wanted him. So he went and Antenor with him, and they took the sheep for sacrifice. Then King Priam, on behalf of the Trojans, and King Agamemnon, on behalf of the Greeks, offered sacrifice, and made an agreement, confirming it with an oath, that Menelaus and Paris should fight together, and that Fair Helen with her treasure should belong to him who should prevail.

When this was done, King Priam said: "I will go back to Troy, for I could not bear to see my dear son fighting with Menelaus." So he climbed into the chariot, and Antenor took the reins and they went back to Troy.

Then Hector for the Trojans, and Ulysses for the Greeks, marked out a space for the fight, and Hector put two pebbles into a helmet, one for Paris and one for Menelaus. These he shook, looking away as he did so, for it was agreed that the man whose pebble should first fly out of the helmet, should be the first to cast his spear at the other. And this might be

much to his gain, for the spear, being well thrown, might kill his adversary or wound him to death, and he himself would not come into danger. And it so happened that the pebble of Paris first flew out. Then the two warriors armed themselves, and came into the space that had been marked out, and stood facing each other. Very fierce were their eyes, so that it could be seen how they hated each other. First Paris threw his spear. It hit the shield of Menelaus, but did not pierce it, for the point was bent back. Then Menelaus threw his spear; but first he prayed: "Grant, Father Zeus, that I may have vengeance on Paris, who has done me this great wrong!" And the spear went right through the shield, and through the armour that Paris wore upon his body, and through the tunic that was under the armour. But Paris shrank away, so that the spear did not wound him.

Then Menelaus drew his sword, and struck the helmet of Paris on the top with a great blow, but the sword was broken into four pieces. Then he rushed upon Paris and caught him by the helmet, and dragged him towards the army of the Greeks; neither could Paris help himself, for the strap of the helmet choked him. Then, indeed, would Paris have been taken prisoner and killed, but that the goddess Aphrodite helped him, for he was her favourite. She loosed the strap under his chin, and the helmet came off in the hand of Menelaus. The King threw it among the Greeks, and, taking another spear in his hand, ran furiously at Paris. But the goddess covered him with a mist, and so snatched him away, and set him down in his own house at Troy. Everywhere did Menelaus look for him, but he could not find him. It was no one of the Trojans that hid him, for they all hated him as death.

Then said King Agamemnon in a loud voice: "Now must you Trojans keep the covenant that you have made with an oath. You must give back the Fair Helen and her treasures, and we will take her and leave you in peace."

CHAPTER V
How the Oath Was Broken

Now, if the Trojans had kept the promise which they had made, confirming it with an oath, it would have been well with them. But it was not to be. And this is how it came to pass that the oath was broken and the promise was not kept.

Among the chiefs who came from the countries round about to help King Priam and the Trojans there was a certain Pandarus, son of the King of Lycia. He was a great archer, and could shoot an arrow as far and with as good an aim as any man in the army. To this Pandarus, as he stood waiting for what should next happen, there came a youth, a son of King Priam. Such, indeed, he seemed to be, but in truth the goddess Athene had taken his shape, for she and, as has been before said, the goddess Hera hated the city of Troy, and desired to bring it to ruin.

The false Trojan came up to Pandarus, as he stood among his men, and said to him. "Prince of Lycia, dare you shoot an arrow at Menelaus? Truly the Trojans would love you well, and Paris best of all, if they could see Menelaus killed with an arrow from your bow. Shoot at him as he stands, not thinking of any danger, but first vow to sacrifice a hundred beasts to Zeus, so soon as you shall get back to your own country."

Pandarus had a bow made out of the horns of a wild goat which he had killed. It was four feet long from end to end, and on each end there was a tip of gold on which the bowstring was fixed. While he was stringing his bow, his men stood round and hid him; and when he had strung it, he took an arrow from his quiver, and laid it on the string, and drew back the string till it touched his breast, and then let the

arrow fly.

But though none of the Greeks saw what Pandarus was doing, Athene saw it, and she flew to where Menelaus stood, and kept the arrow from doing him a deadly hurt. She would not ward it off altogether, for she knew that the Greeks would be angry to see the King whom they loved so treacherously wounded, and would have no peace with the Trojans. So she guided it to where there was a space between the belt and the breastplate. There it struck the King, passing through the edge of the belt and through the garment that was under the belt and piercing the skin; and the red blood gushed out, and dyed the thighs and the legs and the ankles of the King, as a woman dyes a piece of white ivory to make an ornament for a king's warhorse.

Now Agamemnon was standing near, and when he saw the blood gush out he cried: "Oh, my brother, it was a foolish thing that I did, when I made a covenant with the Trojans, for they are wicked men and break their oaths. I know that they who do such things will suffer for them. Sooner or later the man who breaks his oath will perish miserably. Nevertheless, it will be a great shame and sorrow if you, my brother, should be killed in this way. For the Greeks will go to their homes, saying: 'Why should we fight any more for Menelaus, seeing that he is dead?' And the Fair Helen for whom we have been fighting these many years will be left behind; and one of these false Trojans will say when he sees the tomb of Menelaus: 'Surely the great Agamemnon has not got that for which he came. For he brought a great army to destroy the city of Troy, but Troy still stands, and he and his army have gone back: only he has left his brother behind him."

But Menelaus said: "Do not trouble yourself, my brother, for the wound is not deep. See, here is the barb of the arrow."

Then King Agamemnon commanded that they should fetch Machaon, the great physician. So Machaon came, and drew the arrow out of the wound, and wiped away the blood,

and put healing drugs upon the place, which took away all the pain.

After this King Agamemnon went through the army to see that it was ready for battle. When he found anyone bestirring himself, putting his men in order, and doing such things as it was his duty to do, him he praised; and if he saw anyone idle and slow to move, him he rebuked. When all were ready, then the host went forward. In silence it went; but the Trojans, on the other hand, were as noisy as a flock of sheep, which bleats when they hear the voice of the lambs.

CHAPTER VI
The Great Deeds of Diomed

Many great deeds were done that day, and many chiefs showed themselves to be valiant men, but the greatest deeds were done by Diomed, and of all the chiefs there was not one who could be matched with him. No one could tell, so fierce was he, and so swiftly did he charge, in which host he was fighting, whether with the Greeks or with the sons of Troy. After a while the great archer Pandarus aimed an arrow at him, and hit him on the right shoulder. And when Pandarus saw that he had hit him, for the blood started out from the wound, he cried out in great joy: "On, men of Troy; I have wounded the bravest of the Greeks. He will soon either fall dead in his chariot, or grow so weak that he can fight no longer."

But Diomed was not to be conquered in this fashion. He leapt down from his chariot, and said to the man who drove the horses: "Come and draw this arrow out of the wound." And this the driver did, and when Diomed saw the blood spirt out from the wound he prayed to the goddess Athene: "O goddess, stand by me, as you did always stand by my father. And as for the man who has wounded me, let him come within a spear's cast of me, and he will never boast again." And Athene heard his prayer, and came and stood beside him, and took away the pain from his wound, and put new strength into his hands and feet. "Be bold, O Diomed, and fight against the men of Troy. As I stood by your father, so will I stand by you."

Then Diomed fought even more fiercely than before, just as a lion which a shepherd has wounded a little when he leaps into the fold, grows yet more savage, so it was with Diomed.

And as he went to and fro through the battle, slaying all whom he met, Tineas, who was the bravest of the Trojans after Hector, thought how he might best be stopped. So he passed through the army till he came to where Pandarus the archer stood.

To him he said: "Where are your bow and arrows? Do you see this man how he is dealing death wherever he goes? Shoot an arrow at him; but first make your prayers to Zeus that you may not shoot in vain."

Pandarus answered: "This man is Diomed. I know his shield and his helmet; the horses too are his. Some god, I am sure, stands by him and defends him. Only just now I sent an arrow at him, yes, and hit him in the shoulder. I thought that I had wounded him to the death, for I saw the blood spirt out; but I have not hurt him at all. And now I do not know what I can do, for I have no chariot here. Eleven chariots I have at home, and my father would have had me bring one of them with me. But I would not, for I was afraid that the horses would not have provender enough, being shut up in the city of Troy. So I came without a chariot, trusting in my bow, and lo! it has failed me these two times. Two of the chiefs I have hit, first Menelaus and then this Diomed. Yes, I hit them, and I saw the red blood flow, but I have not harmed them.

"Surely if ever I get back safe to my home, I will break this useless bow,"

Then Æneas said to him: "Nay, my friend, do not talk in this way. If you have no chariot, then come in mine, and see what horses we have in Troy. If Diomed should be too strong for us, still they will carry us safely back to Troy. Take the reins and the whip, and I will fight; or, if you would rather, do you fight and I will drive."

Pandarus said: "It is best that the horses should have the driver whom they know. If we should have to flee, they might stand still or turn aside, missing their master's voice."

Now Diomed was on foot, for he had not gone back to his

chariot, and his charioteer was by his side. And the man said to him: "Look there; two mighty warriors, Pandarus and Æneas, are coming against us. It would be well for us to go back to the chariot, that we may fight with them on equal terms." But Diomed answered: "Do not talk of going back. I am not one of those who go back. As for my chariot, I do not want it. As I am, I will go against these men. Both of them, surely, shall not go back, even if one should escape. And if I slay them, then do you climb into the chariot and drive it away. There are no horses in the world as good as these, for they are of the breed which Zeus himself gave to King Tros."

While he was speaking the two Trojan chiefs came near, and Pandarus cast his spear at Diomed. It pierced the shield and also the belt, so strongly was it thrown, but it went no further. But Pandarus cried: "Aha! you are hit in the loin. This wound will stay you from fighting." "Not so," said Diomed, "you have not wounded me at all. But now see what I will send." And he threw his spear, nor did he throw in vain, for it passed through the warrior's nose and teeth and tongue, and stood out under his chin. And the man fell from his chariot, and the armour clashed loudly upon him. But Æneas would not leave his comrade. He leapt from the chariot, and stood with shield and spear over the body, as a lion stands over the carcase of some beast which it has killed. Now Diomed had no spear in his hand, neither could he draw out from the dead body that which he had thrown.

Therefore he stooped and took up from the ground a big stone — so big was it that two men such as men are now could scarcely lift it up — and threw it at Æneas. On the hip it struck him and crushed the bone, and the hero fell upon his knees, and clutched at the ground with his hands, and everything grew dark before his eyes. Thus had he died, but for his mother, the goddess Aphrodite. She caught him up in her arms, and threw her veil over him to hide him. But Diomed did not like that he should escape, and he rushed with his

spear at the goddess and wounded her in the arm, and the blood gushed out — such blood as flows in the veins of gods, who eat not the food nor drink the drink of men. She dropped her son with a loud shriek and fled up into the sky. And the bold Diomed called after her: "You should not join in the battle, daughter of Zeus. You have to do not with men but with women." But Apollo caught up Æneas when his mother dropped him. Even then Diomed was loath to let him escape, for he was bent on killing him and stripping him of his arms. Three times did he spring forward, and three times did Apollo put back his shining shield. And when he came to the fourth time, Apollo called out to him in an awful voice: "Beware, Diomed; do not think to fight with gods." Then Diomed fell back, for he was afraid. But Apollo carried Æneas to the citadel of Troy, and there his mother Latona and his sister Artemis healed the hero of his wounds. But he left an image of the hero in the midst of the battle, and over him the Greeks and the Trojans fought, as if it had been the real Æneas.

CHAPTER VII
Concerning Other Valiant Deeds

Now among the chiefs who came to help King Priam and the Trojans there was a certain Sarpedon, who was Prince of Lycia, and with him there was one Glaucus who was his cousin. When Sarpedon saw how Diomed was laying waste the army of the Trojans, and that no man was willing or able to stand up against him, he said to Hector: "Where are your boasts, O Hector? You used to say that you could keep the city of Troy safe, without your people, and without us, who have come to help you. Yes, you and your brothers and your brothers-in-law would be enough, you said; but now I look about me, and I cannot see one of them. They all go and hide themselves, as dogs before a lion. It is we who keep up the battle. Look at me; I have come far to help you, even from the land of Lycia, where I have left wife and child and wealth. Nor do I shrink back from the fight, but you also should do your part."

These words stung Hector to the heart. He jumped down from his chariot, and went through the army, telling the men to be brave. And Ares brought back Æneas with his wound healed, and he himself went back with Hector, in the shape of a man. And even the brave Diomed, when he saw him, and knew that he was a god, held back a little, saying to his companions: "See, Hector is coming, and Ares is with him, in the shape of a man. Let us give way a little, for we must not fight with gods; but we will still keep our faces to the enemy."

Just then a great Greek warrior, who was one of the sons of Hercules, the strongest of men, was killed by Sarpedon the Lycian. This man cried out to Sarpedon: "What are you doing

here? You are foolish to fight with men who are better than you are. Men say that you are a son of Zeus, but the sons of Zeus are braver and stronger than you. Are you as good as my father Hercules? Have you not heard how he came to this city of Troy, and broke down the walls, and spoiled the houses, because the King of Troy cheated him of his pay? For my father saved the King's daughter from a great monster of the sea, and the King promised him a team of horses, but did not keep his promise. And you have come to help the Trojans, so they say; small help will you be to them, when I have killed you."

Sarpedon answered: "'Tis true that your father broke down the walls of Troy, and spoiled the houses; the King of the city had cheated him and he was rightly punished for it. But you shall not do what he did; no, for I shall kill you first."

Then the two warriors threw their spears. At the same moment they threw them, and both of them hit the mark. The spear of Sarpedon went right through the neck of the Greek, so that he fell down dead; and the spear of the Greek hit Sarpedon on the thigh of the left leg, and went through it close to the bone. It went very near to killing him; but it was not his fate to die that day. So his men carried him out of the battle, with the spear sticking in the wound, for no one thought of drawing it out, so great was their hurry. As they were carrying him along, Hector passed by, and he cried out: "O Hector, do not let the Greeks take me! Let me, at least, die in your city which I came to help; for to Lycia I shall not go back, nor shall I see again my wife and my child." But Hector did not heed him, so eager was he to fight. So the men carried him to the great oak tree, and laid him down in the shade of it, and one of them drew the spear out of the wound. When it was drawn out he fainted, but the cool north wind blew on him and refreshed him, and he breathed again.

At this time the Greeks were being driven back; many were killed and many were wounded. For Hector, with Ares

by his side, was so fierce and strong that no one dared to stand up against him. When the two goddesses, Hera and Athene, who loved the Greeks, saw this, they said to Zeus: "Father, do you see how furiously Ares is raging in the battle, driving the Greeks before him? May we stop him before he destroys them altogether?" Zeus said: "You may do what you please." Then they yoked the horses to Hera's chariot and went as fast as they could to the earth. Very fast they went, for every stride of the horses was over as much space as a man can see when he sits upon a cliff and looks over the sea to where the sky seems to come down upon it. When they came to the plain of Troy, they unharnessed the horses at a place where the two rivers met. They covered them and the chariot with a mist that no one might be able to see them, and they themselves flew as doves fly to where the Greeks and Trojans were fighting. There Hera took the shape of Stentor, who could shout as loud as fifty men shouting at once, and cried: "Shame, men of Greece! when Achilles came to battle the Trojans scarcely dared to go beyond the gates of their city, but now they are driving you to your ships." Athene went to Diomed, where he was standing and wiping away the blood from the wound which the arrow had made. "You are not like your father; he was a little man, but he was a great fighter. I do not know whether you are holding back because you are tired or because you are afraid; but certainly you are not like him."

Diomed knew who it was that was speaking to him, and answered: "Great goddess, I am not holding back because I am tired or because I am afraid. You yourself said to me: 'Do not fight against any god; only if Aphrodite comes into the battle, you may fight against her.' And this I have done. Her I wounded on the wrist and drove away; but when Apollo carried away Æneas from me, then I held back. And now I see Ares rushing to and fro through the battle, and I do not dare to go against him."

Then said Athene: "Do not be afraid of Ares. I will come

with you, and you shall wound him with your spear, and drive him away from the battle."

Then she pushed Diomed's charioteer with her hand, but the man did not see who it was that pushed him. And when he jumped down from the chariot she took his place, and caught the reins in her hand, and lashed the horses. Straight at Ares she drove, where he was standing by a Greek whom he had killed. Now Athene had put on her head the helmet of Hades, that is to say, of the god who rules the dead; Ares did not see her, for no one who wears the helmet can be seen. And he rushed at Diomed, thinking to kill him, and threw his spear with all his might. But Athene put out her hand and turned the spear aside, so that it flew through the air and hurt no one. Then Diomed thrust his spear at Ares, and Athene leant all her weight upon it, so that it pierced the god just below the girdle. And when Ares felt the spear, he shouted with the pain as loud as an army of ten thousand men shouts when it goes forth to battle. And Diomed saw him rise up to the sky as a thunder-cloud arises.

And this was the greatest of the deeds of Diomed, that he wounded Ares, the god of war, and drove him out of the battle.

CHAPTER VIII
Of Glaucus and Diomed

And now the Trojans, in their turn, were driven back, for they could make no stand against the Greeks. Now there was one of the sons of King Priam who was a very wise prophet, and knew all that men should do to win the favour and help of the gods, and his name was Helenus. This man went up to Hector, and said to him and to Æneas, who was standing near him: "Make the army fall back and get as close to the walls as may be, for it will be safer there than in the open plain. And go through the ranks, and speak to the men, and put as much courage into them as you can. And when you have done this, do you, Hector, go into the city, and tell your mother to gather together the daughters of Troy, and go with them to the temple of Athene, taking with her the most precious robe that she has, and lay the robe on the knees of the goddess, and promise to sacrifice twelve heifers, and beseech her to have pity on us and to keep this Diomed from the walls. Never did I see so fierce a man; even Achilles himself was not so terrible as he is, so dreadful is he and so fierce. Go, and come back as soon as you can, and we will do what we can to bear up against the Greeks while you are away."

So Hector went through the ranks, bidding the men be of good courage; and when he had done this he went into the city.

And now the Trojans had a little rest. The way in which this happened shall now be told.

Sarpedon the Lycian had a cousin, Glaucus by name: the two were sons of brothers. This Glaucus, being one of the bravest of men, went in front of the Trojan line to meet

Diomed. When Diomed saw him, he said: "Tell me, mighty man of valour, who you are, for I have never seen you before; for this is a bold thing that you have done to come out in front of your comrades and to stand up against me. Truly those men whose children come in my way in battle are unlucky. Tell me then who you are, for if you are a god from heaven, then I will not fight with you. Already today have I done enough fighting with them, for it is an unlucky thing to do. King Lycurgus, in the land of Thrace, fought with a god, and it was a bad thing for him that he did so, for he did not live long. He drove Bacchus, the god of wine, into the sea. But the other gods were angry with him for this cause, and Zeus made him blind, and he perished miserably. But if you are no god, but a mortal man, then draw near that I may kill you with my spear."

Glaucus said: "Brave Diomed, why do you ask who I am, and who was my father, and my father's father? The generations of men are like the leaves on the trees. In the spring they shoot forth, and in the autumn they fall, and the wind blows them to and fro. And then when the spring comes others shoot forth, and these also fall in their time. So are the generations of men; one goes and another comes. Still, if you would hear of what race I come, listen. In a certain city of Greece which is called Corinth there dwelt a great warrior, Bellerophon by name. Someone spoke evil of this man falsely to the King of the city, and the King believed this false thing, and plotted his death. He was ashamed to kill him, but he sent him with a message to the King of Lycia. This message was written on a tablet, and the tablet was folded up in a cover, and the cover was sealed. But on the tablet was written: 'This is a wicked man; cause him to die.' So Bellerophon travelled to Lycia. And when he was come to the King's palace, the King made a great feast for him. For nine days did the feast last, and every day an ox was killed and eaten. On the morning of the tenth day the King said: 'Let me see the message which you have brought.' And when he had read it

he thought how he might cause the man to die. First he sent him to conquer a great monster that there was in that country, called the Chimaera. Many men had tried to conquer it, but it had killed them all. It had the head of a lion, and its middle parts were those of a goat, and it had the tail of a serpent; and it breathed out flames of fire. This monster he killed, the gods helping him. Then the King sent him against a very fierce tribe of men, who were called the Solymi. These he conquered after much fighting, for, as he said himself, there never were warriors stronger than they. After this he fought with the Amazons, who were women fighting with the arms of men, and these also he conquered. And when he was coming back from fighting with the Amazons, the King set an ambush against him, choosing for it the bravest men in the whole land of Lycia. But Bellerophon killed them all, and came back safe to the King's palace. When the King saw this, he said to himself: 'The gods love this man; he cannot be wicked.' So he asked him about himself, and Bellerophon told him the whole truth. Then the King divided his kingdom with him, and gave him his daughter to wife. Three sons he had, of whom one was the father of Sarpedon and one was my father. And when my father sent me hither he said: 'Always seek to be the first, and to be worthy of those who have gone before.' This, then, brave Diomed, is the race to which I belong."

When Diomed heard this he was very glad, and said: "It is well that we did not fight, for we ought to be friends, as our fathers were before us. Long ago Æneus entertained Bellerophon in his house. For twenty days he kept him. And when they parted they gave great gifts to each other, the one a belt embroidered with purple, and the other a cup of gold with a mouth on either side of it. Now Æneus was my grandfather, as Bellerophon was yours. If then you should come to Corinth you will be my guest, and I will be yours if I go to the land of Lycia. But now we will not fight together. There are

many Trojans and allies of the Trojans whom I may kill if I can overcome them, and there are many Greeks for you to fight with and to conquer, if you can. But we two will not fight together. And now let us exchange our armour, that all men may know that we are friends."

So the two chiefs jumped down from their chariots and exchanged their armour. And men said afterwards that Glaucus had lost his wits, for he gave armour of gold in exchange for armour of brass, armour that was worth a hundred oxen for armour that was worth nine only.

CHAPTER IX
Hector and Andromache

When Hector passed through the gates into the city, hundreds of Trojan women crowded round him, asking what had happened to their sons or their husbands. But he said nothing to them, except to bid them pray that the gods would protect those whom they loved. When he came to the palace there met him his mother, Queen Hecuba. She caught him by the hand, and said: "O Hector, why have you come from the battle? Have the Greeks been pressing you hard? or have you come, maybe, to pray for help from Father Zeus? Let me bring a cup of wine, that you may pour out an offering to the god, aye, and that you may drink yourself and cheer your heart."

But Hector said: "Mother, give me no wine, lest it should make my knees weak, and take the courage out of my heart. Nor must I make an offering to the god with my hands unwashed. What I would have you do is this — gather the mothers of Troy together, and take the most beautiful and precious rope that you have, and go with them and lay it upon the knees of Athene, and pray to her to keep this terrible Diomed from the walls of Troy. And do not forget to promise a sacrifice of twelve heifers. And I will go and call Paris, and bid him come with me to the battle. Of a truth I could wish that the earth would open her mouth and swallow him up, for he is a curse to his father and to you his mother, and to the whole city of Troy."

Then Queen Hecuba went into her palace, and opened the store where she kept her treasures, and took out of it the finest robe that she had. And she and the noblest ladies that

were in Troy carried it to the temple of Athene. Then the priestess, who was the wife of Antenor, received it from her hands, and laid it upon the knees of the goddess, making this prayer: "O Lady Athene, keeper of this city, break, we beseech thee, the spear of Diomed, and make him fall dead before the gates of Troy. If thou wilt have pity on the wives and children of the men of Troy, then we will offer to thee twelve heifers that have never been made to draw the plough."

So the priestess prayed; but Athene would not hear. And, indeed, it was she who had stirred up Diomed to fight so fiercely against Troy and had given him fresh strength and courage.

Meanwhile Hector went to the house of Paris. It stood on the citadel, close to his own house and to the palace of King Priam. He found him cleaning his arms and armour, and the Fair Helen sat near him, with her maids, busy with needle-work.

Then Hector thought to himself, "If I tell him that he went away from the battle because he was afraid, I shall offend him and do no good: I will try another way," So he said: "O Paris, is it right that you should stand aside and not fight in the battle because you are angry with your countrymen? The people perish, and the fight grows hotter and hotter every minute about the city. Rouse yourself and come forth before Troy is burnt up. For, remember, it is you that are the cause of all these troubles."

Then Paris answered: "O my brother, you have spoken well. But it was not because I was angry that I came away from the battle; it was because I was so much ashamed of being beaten. But now I will come back, for this is what my wife would have me to do; maybe I shall do better another time, for the gods give victory now to one man and now to another."

Then the Fair Helen said to Hector: "Sit down now and

rest a little, for you must be very much tired with all that you have done."

But Hector answered: "You must not ask me to rest; I must make haste to help my countrymen, for indeed they are in sore need of help. But do you see that your husband overtakes me before I go out of the city gate. Now I am going to my house to see my wife and my little boy, for I do not know whether I shall ever see them again."

When he had said this, Hector went to his house to see his wife Andromache, for that was her name. But he did not find her at home, for she had gone to the wall, being very much afraid for her husband.

Hector asked the maids: "Where is the Lady Andromache? Has she gone to see one of her sisters-in-law, or, maybe, with the other mothers of Troy, to the temple of Athene?"

Then an old woman who was the housekeeper said: "Nay; she went to one of the towers of the wall that she might see the battle, for she had heard that the Greeks were pressing our people very much. She seemed like a madwoman, so much haste did she make, and the nurse went with her carrying the child."

Then Hector ran towards the gate, and Andromache saw him from where she stood on the wall, and made haste to meet him. And the nurse came after her, carrying the child, Hector's only son, a beautiful boy, with a head like a star, so bright was his golden hair. His father called him Scamandrius, after the river which runs across the plains of Troy; but the people called him Astyanax, which means the "City King," because it was his father who saved the city. And Hector smiled when he saw the child. But Andromache did not smile, for she caught her husband by the hand, and wept, saying, "O Hector, your courage will be your death.

"You have no pity on your wife and child, and you do not spare yourself. Someday all the Greeks will join together and



Hector chiding Paris.

rush on you and kill you" — for she did not believe that any one of them could conquer him. "But if I lose you, then it would be better for me to die than to live. I have no comfort but you. My father is dead; for the great Achilles killed him when he took our city. He killed him, but he did him great honour, for he would not take his arms for a spoil, but burnt them with him; yes, and the nymphs of the mountains planted poplars by his grave. I had seven brothers, and they also are dead, for the great Achilles killed them all in one day. And my mother also is dead, for when her father had redeemed her with a great sum of money, Artemis slew her with one of her deadly arrows.[1] But you are father to me and mother, and brother, and husband also. Have pity on me, and stay here upon the wall, lest you leave me a widow and your child an orphan. And set your people in order of battle by this fig-tree, for here the wall is easier to attack. Here, too, I see the bravest chiefs of the Greeks."

Hector answered her: "Dear wife, leave these things to me; I will look after them. One thing I cannot bear, that any son or daughter of Troy should see me skulking from the battle. I hate the very thought of it; I must always be in the front. Alas! I know that Priam and the people of Priam and this holy city of Troy will perish. But it is not for Troy, or for the people of Troy, nor even for my father and my mother, that I care so much; it is for you, when I think how some Greek will carry you away captive, and you will be set to spin or to carry water from the spring in a distant land. And someone will say: 'See that slave woman there! She was the wife of Hector, who was the bravest of the Trojans.'"

Then Hector stretched out his arms to take the child. But the child drew back into the bosom of his nurse, making a

[1] When a woman died suddenly, it was said that one of the arrows of the goddess Artemis had struck her. A man, in the same way, was said to be struck by an arrow of Apollo.

great cry, for he was frightened by the helmet which shone so brightly, and by the horsehair plume which nodded so awfully. And both his father and his mother laughed to hear him. Then Hector took the helmet from his head and laid it on the ground, and caught the boy in his hands, and kissed him and dandled him. And he prayed aloud to Father Zeus and to the other gods, saying:

"Grant, Father Zeus, and other gods who are in heaven, that this child may be as I am, a great man in Troy. And may the people say some day when they see him carrying home the bloody spoils of some enemy whom he has killed in battle: 'A better man than his father, this!' And his mother will be glad to hear it."

Then he gave the boy to his mother, and she clasped him to her breast and smiled, but there were tears in her eyes when she smiled. And Hector's heart was moved when he saw the tears; and he stroked her with his hand and said:

"Do not let these things trouble you. No man will be able to kill me, unless it be my fate to die. But fate no one may escape, whether he be a brave man or a coward. But go, dear wife, to your spinning again, and give your maids their tasks, and let the men see to the battle."

Then he took up the helmet from the ground, and put it on his head, and Andromache went to her home, but often, as she went, she turned her eyes to look at her husband. And when she came to her home she called all the maids together, and they wept and wailed for Hector as though he were already dead. And, indeed, she thought in her heart that she should never again see him coming home safe from the battle.

Hector went on his way to the gate, and as he went Paris came running after him. His arms shone brightly in the sun, and he himself went proudly along like a horse that is fresh from his stable, and prances over the grass and tosses his mane. And he said to Hector: "I am afraid that I have kept you when you were in a hurry to get back to your comrades."

Hector answered: "No man doubts that you are brave. But you are wilful, and hold back from the battle when you should be foremost. So it is that the people say shameful things about you. But now let us make haste to the battle."

So they went out by the gate, and fell upon the Greeks and killed many of them, and Glaucus the Lycian went with them.



The meeting of Hector and Andromache.

CHAPTER X
How Hector and Ajax Fought

Athene was very sorry to see how her dear Greeks were being killed by Hector and his companions. So she flew down from the height of Olympus to see whether she could help them. When she had come to the plains of Troy she met Apollo. Now Apollo loved the Trojans, and he said to her: "Are you come, Athene, to help the Greeks whom you love? Now I, as you know, love the Trojans. Let us therefore join together and stop them from fighting for today. Hereafter they shall fight till that which the Fates have settled for Troy shall come to pass."

Athene answered: "How shall we stop them from fighting?" Apollo said: "We will set on Hector to challenge the bravest of the Greeks to fight with him, man to man."

So these two put the thought into the mind of the prophet Helenus. So Helenus went up to Hector and said: "Hector, listen to me; I am your brother, and also the gods have made me a prophet, so that you should take heed to the things which I say. Now my advice is this: cause the men of Troy and the Greeks to sit down in peace, and do you challenge the bravest of the enemy to fight with you, man to man. And be sure that in this fight you will not be killed, for so much the gods have told me; but whether you will kill the other, that I do not know, for the gods have not told me."

This pleased Hector greatly, and he went to the front of the army, holding his spear by the middle, and keeping the Trojans back. And King Agamemnon did the same with his own people. Then Hector said:

"Hear me, sons of Troy, and ye men of Greece. The

covenant which we made together was broken. Truly this was not my doing; the gods would have it so, for it is their will that we should fight together, till either you take our city or we drive you to your ships, and compel you to go back to your own land. And yet listen to what I shall now say, for it may be that the gods will repent and suffer peace to be made between us. Do you Greeks choose out from those who are strongest and bravest among you someone to fight with me, man to man. And let this be agreed between us: if this man shall conquer me, then he shall take my arms for himself, but he shall give back my body to my people that they may burn it with fire. And, in like manner, if I shall conquer him, then I will take his arms for myself, but I will give his body to his people that they may bury it and raise a great mound over it. And so in days to come men who shall see it, as they sail by, will say: 'This is the tomb of the bravest of the Greeks, whom Hector of Troy killed in battle, fighting with him man to man.' So my name will be remembered forever."

When the Greeks heard these words, they all stood still, saying nothing. They feared to meet the great Hector in battle, for he seemed to be stronger than he had ever been before, but they were ashamed to hold back. Then Menelaus jumped up in his place and cried: "Surely now ye are women and not men. What a shame it is to Greece that no one can be found to fight with this Hector! I will fight with him my own self, for the gods give the victory to one man or to another as they will."

So spoke Menelaus, for he was very angry, and did not care whether he lived or died. And, indeed, it would have been his death to fight with Hector, who was by much the stronger of the two. But King Agamemnon would not suffer him to be so rash. "Nay, my brother," he said, "this is but folly. Seek not to fight with one who is much stronger than you. Even Achilles was not willing to meet him. Sit still, therefore, for the Greeks will find some champion to meet him."

And Menelaus hearkened to his brother's words and sat down. But when no one stood up to offer himself to fight with Hector, old Nestor rose in his place and said: "Now this is a sad day for Greece! How sorry old Peleus would be to hear of this thing. I remember how glad he was when I told him about the chiefs who were going to fight against Troy, who they were and whence they came. And now he would hear that they all are afraid when Hector challenges them to fight with him man to man. He would pray that he might die. Oh, that I were such as I was in the old days, when the men of Pylos fought with the men of Arcadia. The men of Arcadia had a great champion, who was the strongest and biggest of all the men of that day, and carried the most famous arms in Greece, and a club of iron such as no one else could wield. And when this man challenged the men of Pylos to fight with him, the others, indeed, were afraid, for the man was like a giant; but I stood up, though I was the youngest of them all, and Athene stood by me and gave me great glory, for I slew him, and took from him his arms and his great iron club. Oh! that I were now such as I was that day! Hector would soon find someone to fight with him."

When old Nestor sat down, nine chiefs stood up. First among them was King Agamemnon, and after him Diomed and Ajax the Greater and Ajax the Less and Ulysses, and four others. Then said Nestor: "Let us cast lots to see who of these nine shall fight with Hector."

So the nine chiefs threw their lots, each man a lot, into the helmet of King Agamemnon. And the people standing round prayed silently to the gods: "Grant that the lot of Ajax the Greater may leap first out of the helmet, or the lot of Diomed, or the lot of King Agamemnon." Then Nestor shook the helmet, and it came to pass that the lot which first leapt forth was that very one which they most desired. For when the herald carried it round to the chiefs no one took it for his own, till the man came to Ajax the Greater. But Ajax had

marked it with his own mark; he put out his hand, therefore, and claimed it. He was very glad in his heart, and he threw down the lot at his feet and cried: "The lot is mine, my friends, and I am glad above measure, for I think that I shall conquer this mighty Hector. And now I will put on my arms. And do you pray to Father Zeus, silently, if you will, that the Trojans may not hear; or if you had rather pray aloud, then do so, for I fear no man. None shall conquer me either by force or by craft, for the men of Salamis"— it was from the island of Salamis he came — "are not to be so conquered."

So Ajax put on his armour. And when he had finished, he went forward, as dreadful to look at as the god of war himself, and there was a smile on his face, but it was not the smile that other men like to see. Taking great strides he went, and he shook his great spear. And when the Trojans saw him their knees trembled beneath them, and even the great Hector felt that his heart beat more quickly than before. But he showed no fear, and stood firmly in his place, for he had himself challenged his adversary.

So Ajax came near, holding his great shield before him, as it might be a wall. There was no such shield in all the army of the Greeks. It had seven folds of bull's-hide, and one fold, the eighth, of bronze. Then Ajax spoke in a loud voice: "Come near, Hector, that you may see what men we have among us, we Greeks, though the great Achilles is not here, but sits idle in his tent."

Hector answered: "Do not speak to me, great Ajax, as though I were a woman or a child, and knew nothing of war. I know all the arts of battle, to turn my shield this way and that to meet the spear of the enemy, and to drive my chariot through the crowds of men and horses, and to fight hand to hand. But come, let us fight openly, face to face, as honest men should do."

And as he spoke he threw his great spear at Ajax. Through six folds of bull's-hide it passed, but the seventh



Hector and Ajax separated by the heralds.

stopped it, for all that it was so strongly thrown. It was no easy thing to pierce the great shield with its seven folds. But when Ajax, in his turn, threw his spear at Hector, it passed through his shield, and through the armour that covered his body, and through the garment that was under the armour. It went near to killing him, but Hector bent his body away, and so saved himself. Then each took a fresh spear, and they ran together as fiercely as lions or wild boars. Again did Hector drive his spear against the great shield, and again did he drive it in vain, for the spear point was bent back. But Ajax, making a great leap from the ground, pierced Hector's shield with his spear, and pushed him back from the place where he stood, and the spear point grazed his neck, so that the blood spirted out. Then Hector caught up a great stone that lay upon the ground and threw it. And yet once more the great shield stayed him, nor could he break it through, and the great stone dropped upon the ground. But the stone which Ajax threw was heavier by far, and it broke Hector's shield and bore him to the ground, so that he lay on his back upon the ground, with the broken shield over him. Truly it had fared ill with him but that Apollo raised him up and set him on his feet. Then the two warriors drew their swords, but before they could get close together, the two heralds came up and thrust their staves between them. And the Trojan herald said: "It is enough, my sons; fight no more; you are great warriors both of you, and Zeus loves you both. But now the night is at hand, and bids you cease, and you will do well to obey."

Then said Ajax: "Yes, herald; but it is for Hector to speak, for he began this matter, challenging the bravest of the Greeks to fight with him. And what he wills, that I will also."

Hector said: "The herald speaks well. Verily the gods have given you, O Ajax, stature and strength and skill. There is no better warrior among the Greeks. Let us cease then from fighting; haply we may meet again another day, and the gods may give the victory to you or to me. But now let us give gifts

to each other, so that the Trojans and Greeks may say, 'Hector and Ajax met in battle, but parted in friendship.'"

So Hector gave to Ajax a silver-studded sword, with a scabbard and a belt, and Ajax gave to Hector a buckler splendid with purple. So they parted. And the Trojans were right glad to see Hector coming back safe from the battle; on the other hand, the Greeks rejoiced yet more, for indeed their champion had prevailed. And King Agamemnon called all the chiefs to a feast, and to Ajax he gave the chine. The Trojans also feasted in their city. But Zeus sent thunder all that night to be a sign of trouble to come.

CHAPTER XI
The Battle on the Plain

When it was morning Zeus called all the gods and goddesses to an assembly on the top of Mount Olympus, and said to them: "Now listen to me, and obey. No one of you shall help either the Greeks or the Trojans; and mark this: if any god or goddess dares to do so I will throw him down from here into the outer darkness, and there he shall learn that I am lord in heaven. Does any one of you think that I am not stronger than you, yes than all of you put together? Well, let it be put to the trial. Let down a golden chain from heaven to earth, and take hold of it all of you, and see whether you can drag me from my throne. You cannot do it, not though you pull with all your might. But if I should choose to put out all my strength, I could lift you up, and the earth and the sea with you, and fasten the chain round one of the peaks of this mountain Olympus here, and leave you hanging in the air."

So did Zeus speak, and all the gods sat saying nothing, for they were terribly afraid. But at last Athene said: "Father, we know right well that none of us can stand up against you. And yet we cannot help pitying the Greeks, for we fear that they will be altogether destroyed. We will not help them, for this you forbid. But, if you will permit, we will give them advice."

And Zeus smiled, for Athene was his daughter, and he loved her better than any other among the gods and goddesses, and he gave his consent. Then he had his horses yoked to his chariot and touched them with his whip, and they flew midway between heaven and earth till they came to a certain mountain which was called Ida, and was near to Troy. There he sat down and watched the battle, for the time was come

when he would keep the promise which he had made to Thetis.

The Greeks ate their food in haste and freshened themselves for battle; and the Trojans also armed themselves inside the city, and when they were ready the gates were opened and they went out. So the two armies came together, and shield was dashed against shield, and spear against spear, and there was a great clash of arms and shouting of men. So long as the sun was rising higher in the sky, neither of the two prevailed over the other; but at noon Zeus held out in the sky his golden scales, and in one scale he laid a weight for the Trojans and in the other a weight for the Greeks. Now the weights were weights of death, and the army whose weight was the heavier would suffer most. And lo! the scale of the Greeks sank lower. Then Zeus sent a thunderbolt from the top of Mount Ida into the army of the Greeks, and there was great fear among both men and horses.

After this no man could hold his ground. Only old Nestor remained where he was, and he remained against his will, for Paris had killed one of his horses with an arrow, and the chariot could not be moved. So the old man began to cut away the traces, that he might free the horse that was yet alive from the horse that was dead. While he was doing this Hector came through the crowd of fighting men. Then had the old man perished, but Diomed saw it and went to help him. But first he called to Ulysses, whom he saw close by, running towards the ships. "Ulysses," he cried, as loudly as he could, "where are you going? Are you not ashamed to turn your back in this way like a coward? Take care that no man thrust you in the back with a spear and disgrace you forever. Stop now, and help me to save old Nestor from this fierce Hector."

So he spoke, but Ulysses gave no heed to his words, but still fled to the ships, for he was really afraid. When Diomed saw this he made haste, though he was alone, to go to the help of Nestor. When he got to the place where the old man was,

he stopped his chariot and said: "Old friend, the young warriors are too much for you. Leave your own chariot for others to look after and climb into mine, and see what these horses of King Tros can do, for these are they which I took away from Æneas. There are none faster, or better, or easier to turn this way or that. Take these reins in your hand, and I will go against this Hector, and see whether the spear of Diomed is as strong as it was of old."

So old Nestor climbed up into the chariot, and took the reins in his hand and touched the horses with the whip, driving straight at Hector. And when they were near him, Diomed threw his spear at him. Him he missed, but he struck down his charioteer, and the man fell dead to the ground. Hector was greatly grieved, but he let him lie where he fell, for he must needs find another man to drive the horses. And when he went back from the front to look for the man, then the Trojans went back also, for it was Hector to whom they looked and whom they followed. But when Diomed would have pursued them, Zeus threw another thunderbolt from Ida. It fell right in front of the chariot, and the horses crouched on the ground for fear, and Nestor let the reins drop from his hand, for he was greatly afraid, and cried: "O Diomed, let us fly; see you not that Zeus is against us? He gives glory to Hector today; tomorrow, maybe, he will give it to you. But what he wills that will he do, and no man may hinder him,"

Diomed answered: "Old sir, you speak wisely. Yet it goes to my heart to turn back. For Hector will say, 'Diomed fled before me, seeking to hide himself in the ships. I had sooner that the earth should open her mouth and swallow me up, than that I should hear such things.'"

But Nestor answered: "O Diomed, be content: though Hector may call you coward, the sons of Troy will not believe him, no, nor the daughters of Troy, whose brothers and husbands you have tumbled in the dust."

So then he turned the horses to fly. And Hector cried when he saw the great Diomed fly before him: "Are you the man to whom the Greeks give the chief place in their feasts and great cups of wine? They will not so honour you after today. Run, girl! run, coward! Are you the man that was to climb our walls and carry away our people captive?"

Diomed was very angry to hear these words, and doubted whether he should flee or turn again to the battle. But as he doubted, Zeus made a great thundering in the sky, and he was afraid. Then Hector called to his horses; by their names he called them, saying, "Come, Whitefoot and Bayard and Brilliant and Flame of Fire; remember how the fair Andromache has cared for you, putting you even before me, who am her husband. Carry me now as fast as you can, that I may take from old Nestor his shield, which men say is made all of gold, and from Diomed his breastplate, which was wrought for him in the forge of heaven."

So the Greeks fled as fast as they could within the wall which they had built for a defence for their ships, for Hector drove them before him, nor was there one who dared to stand up against him. And the space between the wall and the ships was crowded with chariots, and no spirit was left in any man. Then Hera put into the heart of King Agamemnon that he should encourage his people to turn again to battle. So the King stood by the ship of Ulysses, which was in the middle of the ships, for they were drawn up in a long line upon the shore, and cried aloud: "Shame on you, Greeks! Where are your boats which you boasted before you came to this land, how that one of you would be more than a match for a hundred, yea, for two hundred Trojans? It was easy to say such words when you ate the flesh of bullocks and drank full cups of wine. But now, when you are put to the trial, a single Trojan is worth more than you all. Was there ever a king who had such cowards for his people?"

Then the Greeks took courage and turned again, and set

upon the Trojans. And the first of all to turn and to slay a Trojan was Diomed. He drove his spear through the man's back, for now the Trojans were flying in their turn, and tumbled him from his chariot. And after Diomed came King Agamemnon, and Ajax, and other chiefs. Among them was Teucer, the brother of Ajax, a skillful archer. He stood under the shield of his brother, and Ajax would lift the shield a little, and then Teucer would peer out and take aim and send an arrow at some Trojan, and kill him or wound him. Then he would go back, as a child runs to his mother, and Ajax covered him with his shield. Eight warriors did he hit in this way. And when King Agamemnon saw him, he said: "Shoot on, Teucer, and be a joy to your people and to your father. Surely when we have taken the city of Troy, and shall divide the spoil, you shall have the best gift of all after mine."

And Teucer said: "I need no gifts, O King, to make me eager. I have not ceased to shoot my arrows at these Trojans; eight arrows have I shot, and everyone has found its way through some warrior's armour into his flesh. But this Hector I cannot hit."

And as he spoke he let fly another arrow at Hector from the sling. Him he did not touch, but he slew a son of Priam. And then he shot yet a tenth, and this time he laid low the charioteer who stood by Hector's side. Then Hector's heart was filled with rage and grief. He leant down from his chariot, and caught up a great stone in his hand, and ran at Teucer, that he might crush him to the earth. And Teucer, when he saw him coming, made haste, and took an arrow from his quiver and fitted it to the sling. But even as he drew back the string to his shoulder, the great stone struck him where the collar-bone stands out between the neck and the arm. It broke the bow-string, and made his arm and wrist all weak and numb, so that he could not hold the bow. And he fell upon his knees, dropping the bow upon the ground. But Ajax stood over him, and covered him with his shield, and two of

his comrades took him up in their arms and carried him, groaning deeply, to the ships.

When the Trojans saw the great archer carried away from the battle, they took fresh courage, and drove back the Greeks to the ditch, for there was a ditch in front of the wall. And Hector was always in the very front. As a dog follows a wild beast and catches him by the hip or the thigh as he flies, so did Hector follow the Greeks and slay the hindmost of them.

Then Hera, as she sat on the top of Olympus, said to Athene: "Shall we not have pity on the Greeks and help them? Let us do it this once if we never do it again. I fear much that they will perish altogether by the hand of Hector. See what harm he has done to them already."

Athene answered: "This is also my Father's doing. He listened to Thetis when she asked him to do honour to her son Achilles. But, perhaps, he may now listen to me, and will let me help the Greeks. Make your chariot ready, therefore, and I will put on my armour. So we will go together to the battle; maybe that Hector will not be glad when he sees us coming against him."

So Hera made her chariot ready, and Athene put on her armour, and took her great spear, and prepared as for battle. Then the two mounted the chariot, and the Hours opened the gates of heaven for them, and they went towards Troy.

But Zeus saw them from where he sat on the top of Mount Ida. And he called to Iris, who is the messenger of the gods, and said to her: "Go now, Iris, and tell these two that they had better not set themselves against me. If they do, then I will lame their horses, and throw them down from their chariot, and break the chariot in pieces. If I do but strike them with my thunderbolt, they will not recover from their hurts for ten years and more."

So Iris made all the haste she could, and met the two goddesses on their way, and gave them the message of Zeus.

When Hera heard it, she said to Athene: "It is not wise for us two to fight with Zeus for the sake of men. Let them live or die, as he may think best, but we will not set ourselves against him."

So Hera turned the chariot, and they went back to Olympus, and sat down in their chairs of gold among the other gods. Very sad and angry were they.

When Zeus saw that they had gone back, he left Mount Ida and went to Olympus, and came into the hall where the gods were assembled. When he saw Hera and Athene sitting by themselves with gloomy faces, he mocked them, saying: "Why do you look so sad? Surely it cannot be that you have tired yourselves by joining in the battle, and slaying these Trojans whom you hate so much? But if it is because the thing that I will does not please you, then know that what I choose to happen, that shall happen. Yes; if all the other gods should join together against me, still I shall prevail over them."

And when Zeus had so spoken, then Athene, for all that her heart was bursting with anger, said nothing; but Hera would not keep silence. "Well do we know, O Zeus, that you are stronger than all the gods. Nevertheless we cannot but pity the Greeks when we see them perishing in this way."

Zeus spake again: "Is it so? Do you pity the Greeks for what they have suffered today? Tomorrow you shall see worse things than these, O Queen. For Hector will not cease from driving the Greeks before him and slaying them till the great Achilles himself shall be moved, and shall rise from his place where he sits by his ships."

And now the sun sank into the sea, and the night fell. The Trojans were angry that the darkness had come and that they could not see any longer; but the Greeks were glad of the night, for it was as a shelter to them, and gave them time to breathe.

Then Hector called the Trojans to an assembly at a place that was near the river, where the ground was clear of dead



Hera and Athene going to assist the Greeks.

bodies. He stood up in the middle of the people, holding in his hand a spear, sixteen feet or more in length, with a shining head of bronze, and a band of gold by which the head was fastened to the shaft. What he said to the people was this: "Hearken, men of Troy, and ye, our allies who have come to help us. I thought that today we should destroy the army of the Greeks and burn their ships, and so go back to Troy and live in peace. But night has come, and hindered us from finishing our work. Let us sit down, therefore, and rest, and take a meal. Loose your horses from your chariots and give them their food. Go, some of you, to the city, and fetch from thence cattle, and sheep, and wine, and bread that we may have plenty to eat and drink: also fetch fuel, that we may burn fires all the night, that we may sit by them, and also that we see whether the Greeks will try to escape in the night. Truly they shall not go in peace. Many will we kill, and the rest shall, at the least, carry away with him a wound for him to heal at home, that so no man may come again and trouble this city of Troy. The heralds also shall go to the city and make a proclamation that the old men and the boys shall guard the wall, and that every woman shall light a hearth fire, and that all shall keep watch, lest the enemy should enter the city, while the people are fighting at the ships. And now I will say no more; but tomorrow I shall have other words to speak to you. But know this, that tomorrow we will arm ourselves, and drive these Greeks to their ships; and, if it may be, burn these ships with fire. Then shall we know whether the bold Diomed shall drive me back from the wall or whether he shall be himself slain with the spear. Tomorrow shall surely bring ruin on the Greeks. I would that I were as sure of living forever and ever, and of being honoured as the gods are honoured."

So Hector spoke, and all the Trojans shouted with joy to hear such words. Then they unharnessed the horses, and fetched provender for them from the city, and also gathered a great store of fuel. They sat all night in hope of what the

next day would bring. As on a calm night the stars shine bright, so shone the watch-fires of the Trojans. A thousand fires were burning, and by each fire sat fifty men. And the horses stood by the chariots champing oats and barley. So they all waited for the morning.

CHAPTER XII
The Repentance of Agamemnon

While the Trojans made merry, being full of hope that they would soon be rid of their enemies, the Greeks, on the other hand, were full of trouble and fear. And not one of them was more sad at heart than King Agamemnon. After a while he called the heralds and told them to go round to the chiefs and bid them come to a council. "Bid them one by one," he said, "and do not proclaim the thing publicly, for I would not have the people know of it." So the chiefs came, and sat down each man in his seat. Not a word did they say, but looked sadly on the ground. At last King Agamemnon stood up and spoke: "O my friends, lords and rulers of the Greeks, truly Zeus seems to hate me. Once he promised me that I should take this city of Troy and return home in safety, but this promise he has not kept. I must go back to the place from which I came without honour, having lost many of those who came with me. But now, before we all perish, let us flee in our ships to our own land, for Troy we may not take."

And when the King had finished his speech the chiefs still sat saying not a word, for they were out of heart. But after a while, seeing that no one else would speak, brave Diomed stood up in his place and said: "O King, do not be angry, if I say that this talk of yours about fleeing in our ships to our own land is nothing but madness. It was but two days since that you called me a coward; whether this be true the Greeks, both young and old, know well. I will not say 'yes' or 'no. But this I tell you. Zeus has given you to be first among the Greeks, and to be a king among kings. But courage he has not given you, and courage is the best gift of all, and without it all others are

of no account. Now, if you are bent on going back, go; your ships are ready to be launched, and the way is short; but all the other Greeks will stay till they have taken the city of Troy. Aye, and if they also choose to go with you, still I will stay, I and Sthenelus here, my friend: yes; we two will stay, and we will fight till we make an end of the city, for the gods sent us hither, and we will not go back till we have done the thing for which we came."

Then old Nestor stood up in his place and said: "You are a brave man, O Diomed, and you speak words of wisdom. There is not a man here but knows that you have spoken the truth. And now, O King Agamemnon, do you seek counsel from the chiefs, and when they have spoken, follow that counsel which shall seem to you wisest and best. But first let them sit down to eat and to drink, for they have toiled all day in the battle, and it is your part to give them meat and drink. Also set sentinels to keep watch along the trench lest our enemies should fall upon us unawares, for they have many watch-fires and a mighty host. Verily this night will either save us or make an end of us altogether."

So the King bade his men prepare a feast, and the chiefs sat down to eat and drink; and when they had had enough, Nestor rose up in his place and spoke: "O King, Zeus has made you lord over many nations, and put many things into your hand. Therefore you have the greater need of good counsel, and are the more bound to listen to wise words, even though they may not please you. It was an evil day, O King, when you sent the heralds to take away the damsel Briseis from Achilles. The other chiefs did not consent to your deed. Yes, and I myself advised you not to do this thing; but you would not hear. Rather you followed your own pride and pleasure, and shamed the bravest of your followers, taking away from him the prize which he had won with his own hands. Do you, therefore, undo this evil deed, and make peace with this man whom you have wronged, speaking to him pleasant

words and giving him noble gifts."

King Agamemnon stood up and said: "You have spoken true words, old sir. Truly I acted as a fool that day; I do not deny it. For not only is this Achilles a great warrior but he is dear to Zeus, and he that is dear to Zeus is worth more than whole armies of other men. See now how we are put to flight when he stands aside from the battle!

"This surely is the doing of Zeus. And now, as I did him wrong, so I will make him amends, giving him many times more than that which I took from him. Hear now the gifts which I will give him: seven kettles, standing on three feet, new, which the fire has never touched, ten talents of gold,[2] and twenty bright caldrons, and twelve strong horses which have won many prizes for me by their swiftness. The man who had as much gold of his own as these twelve horses have won for me would not be a beggar.

"Also I will give him some women-slaves, skilled with their needle and in other work of the hands, who were my portion of the spoil, when we took the island of Lesbos. Yes, and I will send back to him the maiden Briseis, whom I took from him. And when, by favour of the gods, we shall have taken the city of Troy, and shall divide the spoil, then let him come and choose for himself twenty women the most beautiful that there are in the city, after the Fair Helen, for none can be so beautiful as she. And I will give him yet more than this. When we get back to the land of Greece, then he shall be as a son to me, and I will honour him even as I honour my own son Orestes. Three daughters have I in my palace at home. Of these he shall have the one whom he shall choose

[2] The talent was not a large sum, as it afterwards came to be when Eastern weights were used. *Two talents* are the fourth prize in one of the games described later on in the story. Ten talents may, to make a guess, be as much as twenty sovereigns; but we must remember that gold was very scarce in those days.

for his wife, and shall take her to the house of his father Peleus. Nor shall he give any gifts, as a man is used to give when he seeks a maiden for his wife. He shall have my daughter without a price. And more than this, I will give with her a great dowry, such as king has never given before to his daughter. Seven fair cities will I give him, and with each city fields in which many herds of oxen and flocks of sheep are grazing, and vineyards out of which much wine is made. And the people of these cities shall honour him as their lord and master. All these things will I give him, if only he will cease from his anger. Let him listen to our prayers, for of all things that are in the world there is but one that does not listen to prayers, and this one thing is Death. And this, verily, is the cause why Death is hated of all men. Let him not therefore be as Death."

When Agamemnon had made an end of speaking, Nestor said to him: "The gifts which you are ready to give to the great Achilles are such as no man can find fault with. Let us, therefore, without delay, choose men who may go to his tent and offer them to him. Let Phœnix go first, for he is dear to the gods, and Achilles also honours him, for, indeed, Phœnix had the care of him when he was a child. And with him Ajax the Greater should go, and Ulysses also, and let two heralds go with them. And now let the heralds bring water and pour upon our hands, and let each keep silence, while we pray to Zeus that he may have mercy upon us, and incline the heart of this man to listen to our entreaties."

Then the heralds brought water, and poured it upon the hands of the chiefs, and they filled the bowls with wine. And each man took his bowl and poured out a little on the ground, praying meanwhile to the gods. And when they had done this, they drank, and came out from the King's tent. And, before they went on their errand, old Nestor charged them what they should say. All of them he charged, but Ulysses most of all, because he was the best speaker of them all.

CHAPTER XIII
The Embassy to Achilles

So they went along the shore of the sea, and as they went they prayed to the god who shakes the earth, that is to say, the god of the sea, that he would shake the heart of Achilles. And when they came to the camp of the Myrmidons, for these were the people of Achilles, they saw the King with a harp in his hand, the harp he had taken from the city of Thebe (which was also the city of Andromache). He was playing on the harp, and as he played he sang a song about the valiant deeds which the heroes of old time had wrought. And Patroclus sat over against him in silence, waiting till he should have ended his singing. So the three chiefs came forward, Ulysses leading the way, and stood before Achilles. And he, when he saw them, jumped up from his seat, not a little astonished, holding his harp in his hand. And Patroclus also rose up from his seat, to do them honour. And Achilles said: "You are welcome, my friends: though I am angry with the King, you are not the less my friends."

And when he had said this he bade them sit down upon chairs that were there, covered with coverlets of purple. And to Patroclus he said: "Bring out the biggest bowl, and mix the wine and make it as strong and sweet as you can; and give to each of these my friends a cup that they may drink, for there are none whom I love more in the whole army of the Greeks,"

And this Patroclus did. And when he had mixed the wine, strong and sweet, and had given to each man his cup, then he made ready a feast. Nor were they unwilling, though they had but just feasted in the tent of King.



The embassy to Achilles.

Agamemnon, for the men of those days were as mighty in eating and drinking as in fighting. And the way that he made ready the feast was this. First he put a great block of wood as close as might be to the fire. And on this he put the back, that is to say, the saddle of a sheep, and the same portion of a fatted goat, and also the same of a well-fed pig. The charioteer of Achilles held the flesh in its place with a spit, and Achilles carved it. And when he had carved the portions, he put each on a skewer. Then Patroclus made the fire burn high, and when the flames had died down, then he smoothed the red-hot embers, and put racks upon the top of them, and on the racks, again, the spits with the flesh. But first he sprinkled them with salt. And when the flesh was cooked, he took it from the skewers, and put portions of it on the platters. Also he took bread and put it in baskets, to each man a basket. Then they all took their places for the meal, and Achilles gave the place of honour to Ulysses. But before they began, he signed to Patroclus that he should sacrifice to the gods, and this he did by casting into the fire something of the flesh and of the bread. After this they put forth their hands, and took the food that was ready for them. When they had had enough, Ajax nodded to Phœnix, meaning that he should speak and tell Achilles why they had come. But Ulysses perceived it, and began to speak, or ever Phœnix was ready to begin. First he filled a cup, and drank to the health of Achilles, and then he said: "Hail, Achilles! Truly we have had no lack of feasting, first in the tent of King Agamemnon, and now in yours. But this is not a day to think of feasting, for destruction is close at hand, and we are greatly afraid. This very day the Trojans and their allies came very near to burning our ships; and we are greatly in doubt whether we shall save them, for it is plainly to be seen that Zeus is on their side. What, therefore, we are come to ask of you is that you will not stand aside any longer from the battle, but will come and help us as of old. And truly our need is great. For this Hector rages furiously, saying that

Zeus is with him, and not caring for god or man. And even now he is praying that morning may appear, for he vows that he will burn the ships with fire and destroy us all while we are choked with the smoke of the burning. And I am greatly afraid that the gods will give him strength to make good his threats and to kill us all here, far away from the land in which we were born. Now, therefore, stir yourself if now, before it is too late, you have a mind to save the Greeks. Make no delay, lest it be too late, and you repent only when that which is done shall be past all recalling. Did not the old man Peleus, your father, on the day when he sent you from Phthia, your country, to follow King Agamemnon, lay this charge upon you, saying: 'My son, the gods will give you strength and will make you mighty in battle, if it be their will; but there is something which you must do for yourself: keep down the pride of your heart, for gentleness is better than pride; also keep from strife, so shall the Greeks, both young and old, love you and honour you'? This charge your father laid upon you, but you have not kept it. Nevertheless there is yet a place of repentance for you. For the King has sent us to offer you gifts great and many to make up for the wrong that he did to you. So great and so many are they that no one can say that these are not worthy." And then Ulysses set forth in order all the things which Agamemnon had promised to give, kettles and caldrons and gold, and women slaves, and his daughter in marriage, and seven cities to be her dowry. And when he had finished the list of these things he said: "Be content: take these gifts, which, indeed, no man can say are not sufficient. And if you have no thought for Agamemnon, yet you should have thought for the people who perish because you stand aside from the battle. Take the gifts, therefore, for by so doing you will have wealth and love and honour from the Greeks, and great glory also, for you will slay Hector, who is now ready to meet you in battle, so proud is he, thinking that there is not a man of all the Greeks who can stand against him."

Achilles answered: "I will speak plainly, O Ulysses, and will set out clearly what I think is in my heart, and what I intend to do. It does not please me that you should sit there and coax me, one man saying one thing and another man saying another. Yes, I will speak both plainly and truly, for, as for the man who thinks one thing in his heart and says another thing with his tongue, he is hateful to me as death itself. Tell me now, what does it profit a man to be always fighting day after day? It is but thankless work, for the man that stays at home has an equal share with the man who never leaves the battle, and men honour the coward even as they honour the brave, and death comes alike to the man that works and to the man who sits idle at home. Look now at me! What profit have I had of all that I have endured, putting my life in peril day after day? Even as a bird carries food to its nestlings till they are fledged, and never ceases to work for them, and herself is but ill fed, so it has been with me. Many nights have I been without sleep, and I have laboured many days. I took twelve cities to which I travelled in ships, and eleven to which I went by land, and from all I carried away much spoil. All this spoil I brought to King Agamemnon, and he, who all the time had stayed safe in his tent, gave a few things to me and to others, but kept the greater part for himself. And then what did he do? He left to the other chiefs that which he had given to them, but what he had given to me, that he took from me. Yes; he took Briseis. Let him keep her, if he will. But let him not ask me any more to fight against the Trojans. There are other chiefs whom he has not wronged and shamed in this way; let him go to them and take counsel with them, how he may keep away the devouring fire from the ships. Many things he has done already; he has built a wall, and dug a ditch about it; can he not keep Hector from the ships with them? And yet in time past when I used to fight, this Hector dared not set his army in array far from the walls of Troy; nay, he scarce ventured to come outside the gates.

Once indeed did he gather his courage together and stand up against me, to fight man with man, and then he barely escaped from my spear. But neither with him nor with any other of the sons of Troy will I fight again. Tomorrow I will do sacrifice to Zeus and the other gods, and I will store my ships with food and water, and launch them on the sea. Yes, early in the morning tomorrow, if you care to look, you will see my ships upon the sea, and my men rowing with all their might. And, if the god of the sea gives me a good passage, on the third day I shall come to my own dear country, even to Phthia. There are the riches which I left behind me when I came to this land of Troy, and thither shall I carry such things, gold and silver and slaves, as King Agamemnon has not taken from me. But with him I will never take counsel again, nor will I stand by his side in battle. As for his gifts, I scorn them; aye, and were they twenty times as great, I would scorn them still. Not with all the wealth of Thebes which is in the land of Egypt would he persuade me, and than Thebes there is no wealthier city in all the world. A hundred gates it has, and through each gate two hundred warriors ride forth to battle with chariots and horses. And as for his daughter whom he would give me to be my wife, I would not marry her, no, not though she were as beautiful as Aphrodite herself, and as skilled in all the works of the needle as Athene. Let him choose for his son-in-law some chief of the Greeks who is better than I am. As for me, if the gods suffer me to reach my home, my father Peleus shall choose me a wife. Many maidens, daughters of kings, are there in Phthia and in Hellas, and not one among them who would scorn me if I came a-wooing. Often in time past have I thought to do this thing, to marry a wife, and to settle down in peace, and to enjoy the riches of the old man my father, and such things as I have gathered for myself. For long since my mother, Thetis of the sea, said to me, 'My son, there are two lots of life before you, and you may choose which you will. If you stay in this land and fight against

Troy, then you must never go back to your own land, but will die in your youth. Only your name will live forever; but if you will leave this land and go back to your home, then shall you live long, even to old age, but your name will be forgotten.' Once I thought that fame was a better thing than life; but now my mind is changed, for indeed my fame is taken from me, seeing that King Agamemnon puts me to shame before all the people. And now I go away to my own land, and I counsel you to go also, for Troy you will never take. The city is dear to Zeus, and he puts courage into the hearts of the people. And take this answer back to the man who sent you: 'Find some other way of keeping Hector and the Trojans from the ships, for my help he shall not have.' But let Phœnix stay with me this night, that he may go with me in my ship when I depart tomorrow. Nevertheless if he choose rather to stay, let him stay, for I would not take him by force."

And when Achilles had ended his speech, all the chiefs sat silent, so vehement was he.

CHAPTER XIV
The Story of Old Phœnix

After a while old Phœnix stood up and spoke, and as he spoke he shed many tears, for he was much afraid lest the ships of the Greeks should be burnt. "O Achilles," he said, "if you are indeed determined to go away, how can I stay here without you? Did not the old man Peleus, your father, make me your teacher, that I might show you both what you should say and what you should do, when he sent you from the land of Phthia to be with King Agamemnon? In those days, for all that you are now so strong and skillful in war, you were but a lad, knowing nothing of how warriors fight in battle, or of how they take counsel together. No: I cannot stay here without you; I would not leave you, no, not if the gods would make me young again as when I came to the land of Phthia, to be with Peleus your father. For at the first I lived in Hellas, and left it because the old man, my father, was angry with me. So angry was he that he cursed me, and prayed to Zeus and the other gods that no child of mine should ever sit upon his knees. And I, too, was very angry when I heard him say these words. Truly the thought came into my heart that I would fall upon him and slay him with the sword. But the gods were merciful to me and helped me to put away this wicked thought out of my heart. So I gave up my anger, for I could not bear that men should say of me: 'See, there is the man who killed his own father!' But I was determined to go away from my father's house and from the land of Hellas altogether. Then came my friends and my kinsmen, and made many prayers to me, beseeching me that I would not depart. But I would not listen to them. Then they would have kept me by

force. Nine days and nine nights they watched in my father's house, eating the flesh of sheep and oxen and swine, and drinking wine without stint from my father's stores. They took turns to watch, and they kept up two fires without ceasing, one in the cloister that was round the house, and one before the great door. But on the tenth night, when the watchmen were overcome with sleep and the fires were low, then I broke open the door of my chamber, for all that they had shut it fast with a knot that was hard to untie, and I leapt over the fence of the courtyard, and neither man nor maid saw me. So I escaped, and fled from Hellas, and came to Phthia to the old man Peleus your father. And your father was very kind to me, and was as a father to me. He gave me riches, and he gave me a kingdom which I might rule under him, and also he trusted you to me, O Achilles, when you were but a little child, that I might teach you and rear you. And this I did. And, indeed, you loved me much. With no one but me would you go into the hall or sit at the feast. I would hold you on my knees and carve the choicest bits for you from the dish, and put the wine-cup to your lips. Many a time have you spoilt my clothes sputtering out the wine from your lips, when I had put the cup to your lips. Yes, I suffered much, and toiled much for you, and you were as a child to me, for child of my own I never had. And now, I pray you, listen to me. Put away the anger out of your heart even as I put the anger out of mine. It is not fit that a man should harden his heart in this way. Even the gods are turned from their purpose, and surely the gods are more honourable and more powerful than you. Yet men turn them by the offering of incense and by drink-offerings and by burnt-offerings and by prayers. And if a man sins against them yet can he turn them from their anger. For, indeed, Prayers are the daughters of Zeus. They are weak and slow of foot, whereas Sin is swift and strong, and goes before, running over all the earth, and doing harm to men. But nevertheless they come after and heal the harm that Sin has done. If, therefore,

a man will reverence these daughters of Zeus, and will do honour to them when they come near to him, and will listen to their voice, they will bless him and do good to him. But if a man hardens his heart against them and will not listen to their voice, then they curse him and bring him to ruin. Take heed, therefore, O Achilles, that thou do such honour to those daughters of Zeus as becomes a righteous man, for it will be well for you to do so. If, indeed, King Agamemnon had stood apart and given you no gifts, nor restored to you that which he took from you, then I would not have bidden you cease from your anger, no, not to save the Greeks from their great trouble. But now he gives you many gifts, and promises you yet more, and has sent an embassy to you, the wisest and noblest that there are in the whole army, and also dear friends of yours. Refuse not, therefore, to listen to their words. Listen now to this tale that I will tell you, that you may see how foolish a thing it is for a man, however great he may be, to shut his ears when prayers are made to him.

"Once upon a time there was a great strife between the Ætolians and the men who dwelt near to Mount Curium. And the cause of the strife was this. There was a great wild boar which laid waste all the land of Calydon where the Ætolians dwelt. And Meleager, who was the King of the land, sent for hunters from all Greece, and they came from far and wide, bringing their dogs with them, for the beast was so great and fierce that it was not an easy thing to kill it, but there was need of many hunters. Now, among those that came was Atalanta, the fair maid of Arcadia. And when the beast was killed, then there was a great quarrel as to who should have the spoils, that is to say the head and the hide. For Meleager gave them to the fair Alatanta, and when the brethren of his mother took them from her, then he slew them. But when his mother, Althea by name, heard that her brethren were dead, then she cursed him, yea, even her own son. So it came to pass that there was war between the Ætolians and the men of

Mount Curium, for Althea and her brethren were of that land. And also the curse began to work, so that the quarrel became more fierce. Now when in time past Meleager had fought among the Ætolians there was none that could stand up against him, so great a warrior was he. But now, being very angry with his mother, he stood aside from the war, and would not help, sitting in his chamber apart. The men of Mount Curium, therefore, prevailed in the battle, and the Ætolians were driven into the city of Calydon, and there was a din of war about the gates of the city, and great fear lest the enemy should break them down. Then first the elders of the city sent an embassy to him, priests of the gods, the holiest that there were in the land, to pray that he would come forth from his chamber and defend them. Also they promised him a noble gift, a great estate in the plain of Ætolia, half ploughland and half vineyard, such as he might choose for himself. So the priests came, beseeching him, and offering him the gift, but he would not listen to them. After them came his mother and his sisters, and made their prayers to him, but them he refused even more fiercely. And the old man Ceneus, his father, besought him, standing on the threshold of his chamber, and shaking the door; but he would not listen. Nor would he hear the voice of his friends and comrades, although they were very dear to him. But at the last, when the enemy had now begun to climb upon the towers, and to burn the fair city of Calydon with fire, aye and to batter on the doors of his palace, then his wife, the fair Cleopatra, arose and besought him with many prayers and tears. 'Think now,' she said, 'what woes will come upon your people if the enemy prevail against them, for the city will be burnt with fire, and the men will be slain, and the women will be carried into captivity.' Then at last his spirit was stirred within him, and he arose, and put on his arms, and went down into the street, and drove the men of Mount Curium before him. So did he save the Ætolians, but the gifts which they promised, these he never had. This, O Achilles, is

the story of Meleager. Let not your thoughts be like to his. It would be a foolish thing to put off the saving of the ships till they are already on fire. Come, therefore, take the gifts which King Agamemnon gives you; so shall all the Greeks honour you even as they honour a god. But if you delay, then may you lose both honour and gifts, even though you save us from the Trojans."

Achilles answered: "Phœnix, my father, I have no need of this honour and these gifts. Riches I have as much as I need, and Zeus gives me honour. And listen to this: trouble me no more with prayers and tears, while you seek to help King Agamemnon. Take not his side, lest I, who love you now, come to hate you. It were better for you to vex him who has vexed me. Return now with me to the land of Phthia, and I will give you the half of my kingdom. And stay this night in my tent; tomorrow we will consult together whether we will depart or no."

Then Achilles nodded to Patroclus, and made signs that he should make a bed ready for the old man, so that the other two, seeing this, should depart without delay. So Patroclus made the bed ready. And when Ajax saw this he said to Ulysses: "Let us go, Ulysses. We shall do nothing today. Let us, therefore, depart at once, and carry back this message to them who sent us. As for Achilles, he cherishes his anger, and cares nought for his comrades or his people. What he desires, I know not. One man will take the price of blood from another, even though he has slain a brother or a son. He takes the gold, and puts away his anger, and the shedder of blood dwells in peace in his own land. But this man keeps his anger, and all for the sake of a girl. And lo! the King offers him seven girls, yea seven for one, and he will not take them. Surely he seems to lack reason."

Achilles answered: "You speak well, great Ajax. Nevertheless the anger is yet hot in my heart, because Agamemnon put me to shame before all the people, as if I were but a

common man. But go, and take my message. I will not arise to do battle with the Trojans till Hector shall come to these tents and shall seek to set fire to my ships. But when he shall do this, then I will arise, and verily I will stop him, however eager he may be for the battle."

So Ajax and Ulysses departed, and gave the message of Achilles to King Agamemnon.

CHAPTER XV
The Adventure of Diomed and Ulysses

While the other chiefs of the Greeks were sleeping that night, King Agamemnon was awake, for he had great trouble in his heart and many fears. When he looked towards Troy he saw the fires burning, and heard the sound of flutes and pipes, and the murmurs of many men, and he was astonished, for it seemed to him that the army of the Trojans was greater and stronger than it had ever been in time past. And when he looked towards the ships, he groaned and tore his hair, thinking what evils might come to the people. Then he thought to himself: "I will go and look for old Nestor; maybe he and I will think of something which may help us." So he rose from his bed, and put the sandals on his feet, and wrapped his coat about him, and put the skin of a lion round his shoulders, and took a spear in his hand.

Now it so happened that Menelaus could not sleep that same night, for he knew that it was on his account that the Greeks had come to Troy. So he also rose from his bed, and wrapped the skin of a leopard about his shoulders, and took a spear in his hand, and went to look for his brother. And when he found him, for, as has been said, he also had armed himself, he said: "What seek you? See you the Trojans there? Let us send a spy to find what they are doing, and how many there are of them, for I do not doubt that they are planning something against us. But is there anyone who will dare to do such a thing, for, indeed, it is a great danger."

Agamemnon answered: "It is true, my brother, that we are in great trouble, and need good advice if we are to save the people. Surely Zeus has greatly changed his mind concerning

us. There was a time when he favoured us, but now it is of his doing that Hector drives us before him in this fashion. Never did I see a man so manifestly strengthened by Zeus, and yet he is but a man, having neither god for his father, nor goddess for his mother. But go now call the chiefs to counsel, and I will go to Nestor."

So the chiefs were called, and Nestor said: "First let us see whether the watch are sleeping or waking." So they went the round of the wall, and they found the watchmen not sleeping but waking. As a dog that hears the sound of a wild beast in the wood, so they looked towards the plain, thinking to hear the feet of the Trojans. Old Nestor was glad to see them and said: "You do well, my children, lest we become a prey to our enemies."

After this they passed over the trench and sat down in an open place that was clear of dead bodies, for here it was that Hector had turned back from slaying the Greeks when darkness came over the earth. And Nestor rose up and said: "Is there now a man who will go among the Trojans and spy out what it is in their mind to do? Such a one will win great honour to himself, and the King will give him many gifts."

Diomed stood up in his place and said: "I will go, but it is well that I should have someone with me. For to have a companion gives a man courage and comfort; also two wits are better than one."

Many were willing to go with Diomed. And Agamemnon, fearing for his brother Menelaus, for he offered himself among others, said: "Choose, O Diomed, the man whom you would most desire to have with you; think not of any man's birth or rank; choose only him whom you would best like for a companion."

Then Diomed said: "If I may have my choice, Ulysses shall go with me. He is brave, and he is prudent, and Athene loves him."

Ulysses answered: "Do not praise me too much, nor blame

me too much. But let us go, for the night is far spent."

So the two armed themselves. Diomed took a two-edged sword and a shield, and a helmet without a crest, for such is not easy to be seen. Ulysses took a bow with a quiver full of arrows and a sword, and for a helmet a cap of hide, with the white teeth of a wild boar round it. Then they both prayed to Athene that she would help them. That being done, they set out and went through the night, like to two lions, and they trod on dead bodies and arms and blood.

Meanwhile Hector was thinking about the same thing, how that it would be well to find out what the Greeks were doing, and what they were planning for the next day. So he called the chiefs of the Trojans and the allies to a council and said: "Who now will go and spy among the Greeks, and see whether they are keeping a good watch, and find out, if he can overhear them talking together, what they mean to do tomorrow. Such a man shall have a great reward, a chariot, that is to say, with two horses, the best that there is in the whole camp of the Greeks."

Then there stood up a certain Dolon. He was the son of a herald, the only son of his father, but he had five sisters. He was an ill-favoured man, but a swift runner. Dolon said: "I will go, O Hector, but I want a great reward, even the horses of Achilles, for these are the best in the whole camp of the Greeks. Do you lift up your sceptre and swear that you will give me these, and none other."

It was a foolish thing, for who was Dolon that he should have the chariot and horses of the great Achilles? And Hector knew this in his heart; nevertheless he lifted up his sceptre, and swore that he would give to Dolon these horses and none others. Then Dolon armed himself. He took his bow, and a cap of wolf's skin for a helmet, and a sharp spear, and went his way, nor did he try to go quickly, for he did not think that any one from the camp of the Greeks would be abroad. So Ulysses heard his steps and said to Diomed: "Here comes a

man; maybe he is a spy, maybe he is come to spoil the dead bodies. Let him pass by, that we may take him, for we must not suffer him to go back to the city."

So the two lay down among the dead bodies on the plain, and Dolon passed by them, not knowing that they were there. And after he had gone fifty yards or so, then they rose up and ran after him. He heard the noise of their running and stood still, thinking to himself: "Hector has sent men after me; perhaps he wishes me to go back." And this, indeed, he would gladly have done, for he was beginning to be afraid. But when they were but a spear's throw from him, he saw that they were Greeks, and fled. And the two ran after him, as two dogs follow a fawn or a hare; and though he was swift of foot he could not outrun them, nor could they come up to him, but they kept him from turning back to the city. But when they were near the trench, then Diomed called out to the man: "Stop, or I will slay you with my spear." And he threw his spear, not meaning to kill the man, but to frighten him, making it pass over his shoulder, so that it stood in the ground before him. When Dolon saw the spear he stood still, and his teeth chattered with fear. And the two came up to him, breathing hard, for they had been running fast. Then said Dolon, weeping as he spoke: "Do not kill me; my father will pay a great ransom for me, if he hears that you are keeping me at your ships; much gold and bronze and iron will he pay for my life."

Ulysses answered: "Be of good cheer. Tell us truly why you were coming through the darkness. Was it to spoil the dead, or did Hector send you to spy out what was going on at the ships, or was it on some private business of your own?"

Dolon answered: "Hector persuaded me to go, promising that he would give me the chariot and horses of Achilles. And I was to spy out what you had in your minds to do on the morrow and whether you were keeping watch."

Ulysses laughed when the man spoke of the chariot and

horses of Achilles. "Truly," he said, "it was a great reward that you deserved. The horses of Achilles are hard to manage, except a man be the son of a god or a goddess. But tell me, where is Hector? and what watch does the Trojan keep?"

Dolon answered: "When I came away from the camp of the Trojans, Hector was holding council with the chiefs close to the tomb of Ilus. As for the watches, there are none set, except in that part of the camp where the Trojans are. As for the allies, they sleep without caring for watches, thinking that the Trojans will do this for them."

Then Ulysses asked again: "Do the allies then sleep among the Trojans or apart?"

Then Dolon told him about the camp, who were in this place and who were in that. "But," he went on, "if you would know where you may best make your way into the camp and not be seen, go to the furthest part upon the left. There are some newcomers, men from Thrace, with Rhesus their king. Never have I seen horses so big and so fine as his. And they are whiter than snow, and swifter than the wind. But now send me to the ships, or, if you cannot do that, having no one to take me, bind me and leave me."

But Diomed said: "Think not, Dolon, that we will suffer you to live, though, indeed, you have told us that which we desired to know. For then you would come again to spy out our camp, or, maybe, would fight with us in battle. But if we kill you, then you will trouble us no more."

So they killed him, and stripped him of his arms. These they hung on a tamarisk tree that there was in the place, making a mark with reeds and branches that they might know the place when they came back. Then they went on to the camp of the Trojans, and found the place of which Dolon had told them. There the men of Thrace lay asleep, each man with his arms at his side. And in the midst of the company lay King Rhesus, with his chariot at his side, and the horses tethered to the rail of the chariot. Then Diomed began to slay the men

as they slept. He was like a lion in the middle of a fold full of sheep, so fierce and strong was he, and they so helpless. Twelve men he slew, and as he slew them, Ulysses dragged their bodies out of the way, that there might be a clear road for the horses, for horses are wont to start aside when they see a dead body lying in the way. And "These maybe," so he thought to himself, "are not used to war." Twelve men did Diomed slay, and King Rhesus the thirteenth, as he lay and panted in his sleep, for he had a bad dream at the very time when Diomed slew him. Meanwhile Ulysses had unbound the horses from the chariot and driven them out of the camp. With his bow he struck them, for he had not thought to take the whip from the chariot. And when he had got the horses clear, then he whistled, for a sign to Diomed that he should come without more delay, for well he knew that Diomed would not easily be satisfied with slaying. And, truly, the man was lingering, doubting whether he might not kill yet more. But Athene whispered in his ear: "Think of your return; maybe some god will rouse the Trojans against you."

And, indeed, Apollo was rousing them. The cousin of King Rhesus awoke and, seeing the place of the horses empty, cried out, calling the King. So all the camp was roused. But Diomed and Ulysses mounted the horses and rode to the camp of the Greeks. Right glad were their comrades to see them and to hear the tale of what they had done.



Diomed and Ulysses returning with the spoils of Rhesus.

CHAPTER XVI
The Wounding of the Chiefs

As soon as it was light Agamemnon called the Greeks, and Hector called the Trojans to battle, nor were either unwilling to obey. For a time the fighting was equal, but at noon, at the time when a man who is cutting down trees upon the hills grows weary of his work and longs for food, then the Greeks began to prevail. And the first man to break through the line of the Trojans was King Agamemnon. Never before had the King done such mighty deeds, for he drove the Trojans back to the very walls of the city. Hector himself did not dare to stand up before him, for Iris brought this message to him from Zeus: "So long as Agamemnon fights in the front, do you hold back, for this is the day on which it is his lot to win great honour for himself; but when he shall be wounded, then do you go forward, and you shall have strength to drive the Greeks before you till they come to the ships, and the sun shall set." So Hector held back, and after a while the King was wounded. There were two sons of Antenor in one chariot, and they came against him. First the King threw his spear at the younger of the two, but missed his aim. Then the Trojan thrust at Agamemnon with his spear, driving it against his breastplate. With all his strength he drove it, but the silver which was in the breastplate turned the spear, so that it bent as if it had been of lead. Then the King caught the spear in his hand, and drove it through the neck of his adversary, so that he fell dead from the chariot. But when the elder brother saw this he also thrust at the King with his spear, nor did he thrust in vain, but he pierced his arm beneath the elbow. But him also did the King slay, wounding him first with his spear

and afterwards cutting off his head with his sword. For a time, while the wound was warm, the King still fought, but when it grew cold and stiff, then the pain was greater than he could bear, and he said to his charioteer, "Now carry me back to the ships, for I cannot fight any more."

The next of the chiefs that was wounded was Diomed. Him Paris wounded with an arrow as he was stripping the arms from a Trojan whom he had slain. For Paris hid himself behind the pillar which stood on the tomb of Ilus, and shot his arrows from thence. On the ankle of the right foot did Paris hit him, and when he saw that he had not shot the arrow in vain, he cried out aloud: "I wish that I had wounded you in the loin, bold Diomed, then you would have troubled the men of Troy no more!"

But Diomed answered: "If I could but meet you face to face, you coward, your bow and your arrows would not help you. As for this graze on my foot, I care no more for it than if a woman or a child had struck me. Come near, and I will show you what are the wounds which I make with my spear."

Then he beckoned to Ulysses that he should stand before him while he drew the arrow from his foot. And Ulysses did so.

But when he had drawn out the arrow, the pain was so great that he could not stand up, for all the brave words that he had spoken. And he bade his charioteer drive him to the ships.

So Ulysses was left alone. Not one of the chiefs stood by him, for now that King Agamemnon and Diomed had departed, there was great fear upon all the Greeks. And Ulysses said to himself: "Now what shall I do? It would be a shameful thing to fly from these Trojans, though there are many of them, and I am alone; but it would be still worse, if I were to be taken here and slain. Surely it is the doing of Zeus, that this trouble is come upon the Greeks, and who am I that I should fight against Zeus? Yet why do I talk in this way? It is

only the coward who draws back; a brave man stands in his place, whether he lives or dies." But while he was thinking these things many Trojans came about him, as dogs come about a wild boar in a wood, and the boar stands at bay, and gnashes his big white teeth. So Ulysses stood, thrusting here and there with his long spear. Five chiefs he slew; but one of the five, before he was slain, wounded him in the side, scraping the flesh from the ribs. Then Ulysses cried out for help; three times he cried, and the third time Menelaus heard him, and called to Ajax.

"O Ajax, I hear the voice of Ulysses, and it sounds like the voice of one who is in great trouble. Maybe the Trojans have surrounded him. Come, let us help him, for it would be a great loss to the Greeks if he were to come to any harm."

Then he led the way to the place from which the voice seemed to come, and Ajax followed him. And when they came to Ulysses, they found it was as Menelaus had said; for the Trojans had beset Ulysses, as the jackals beset a deer with long horns among the hills. The beast cannot fly because the hunter has wounded it with an arrow from his bow, and the wound has become stiff, and he stands at bay. Then a lion comes, and the jackals are scattered in a moment. So the Trojans were scattered when Ajax came. Then Menelaus took Ulysses by the hand, and led him out of the throng, while Ajax drove the Trojans before him.

And now yet another chief was wounded, for Paris from his hiding-place behind the pillar on the tomb of Ilus shot an arrow at Machaon, and wounded him on the right shoulder. And one of the chiefs cried to old Nestor, who was fighting close by: "Quick, Nestor, take Machaon in your chariot, and drive him to the ships, for the life of a physician is worth the lives of many men."

So Nestor took Machaon in his chariot, and touched his horses with the whip, and they galloped to the ships.

Now Hector was fighting on the other side of the plain,

and his charioteer said to him: "See how Ajax is driving our people before him. Let us go and stop him." So they went, lashing the horses that they might go the faster, and the chariot rolled over many bodies of men, and the axle and the sides of it were red with blood. Then Zeus put fear into the heart of the great Ajax himself. He would not fly, but he turned round, throwing his great shield over his shoulder, and moved towards the ships slowly, step by step. It was as when an ass breaks into a field and eats the standing corn, and the children of the village beat him with sticks. Their arms are weak, and the sticks are broken on the beast's back, for he is slow in going, nor do they drive him out till he has eaten his fill. So the Trojans thrust at Ajax with their lances. And now he would turn round and face them, and now he would take a step towards the ships.

Now Achilles was standing on the stern of his ship, looking at the battle, and Patroclus stood by him. And when old Nestor passed by taking Machaon to the ships, Achilles said to his friend: "Soon, I think, will the Greeks come and pray me to help them, for they are in great trouble. But go now and see who was this whom Nestor is taking to the ships. His shoulders, I thought, were the shoulders of Machaon, but his face I could not see, for the horses went by very fast."

Then Patroclus ran to do his errand. Meanwhile Nestor took Machaon to his tent. And there the girl that waited on the old man mixed for them a bowl of drink. First she set a table, and laid on it a bronze charger, and on it she put a flask of wine, and a leek, with which to flavour it, and yellow honey, and barley meal. And she fetched from another part of the tent a great bowl with four handles. On each side of the bowl there was a pair of handles, and on each handle there was a dove, wrought in bronze, and the doves seemed to be pecking at each other. A very big bowl it was, and, when it was full, so heavy that a man could scarcely lift it from the table; but Nestor, though he was old, could lift it easily. Then

the girl poured the wine from the flask into the bowl, and put honey into it, and shredded cheese made of goat's milk, and the leek to flavour it. And when the mess was ready, she bade them drink. So they drank, and talked together.

But while they talked, Patroclus stood in the door of the tent. And Nestor went to him, and took him by the hand, and said: "Come now and sit down with us, and drink from the bowl." But Patroclus would not. "Stay me not," he said; "I came to see who it was whom you have brought wounded out of the battle. And now I see that it is Machaon. Therefore I will go back without delay, for you know what kind of man is Achilles, how he quickly grows angry and is ready to blame,"

Then said Nestor: "What does Achilles care about the Greeks? Why does he ask who are wounded? O Patroclus, do you remember the day when Ulysses and I came to the house of Peleus? Your father was there, and we feasted in the hall; and when the feast was finished, then we told Peleus why we had come, how we were gathering the chiefs of Greece to go and fight against Troy. And you and Achilles were eager to go. And the old men gave you much advice. Old Peleus said to Achilles: 'You must always be the very first in the battle.' But to you your father said: 'Achilles is of nobler birth than you, and he is stronger by far. But you are older, and years give wisdom. Therefore it will be your part to give him good counsel when there is need,' Why then do you not advise him to help us? And if he is still resolved not to go forth to the battle, then let him send you forth, and his people with you, and let him lend you his armour to wear. Then the Trojans will think that Achilles himself has come back to the battle, and they will be afraid, and we shall have a breathing space."

Then Patroclus turned and ran back to the tent of Achilles.

CHAPTER XVII
The Battle at the Wall

Now by this time the Trojans were close upon the trench; but there they stood, for the horses were afraid, the trench being deep, and having great stakes set in it. Then Polydamas, who was one of the wisest of the Trojans, said to Hector: "This is but a mad thing, O Hector, to try to cross the trench in our chariots, for it is wide, and has many stakes set in it. Look too at this: how will it be when we have crossed it? If, indeed, it is the pleasure of Zeus that the Greeks should perish utterly — well; but if, as has come to pass before, not once only, the Greeks take heart and turn upon us and drive us back, what shall we do? Nay; let us leave our chariots here, and if need be, we can come back and find them waiting for us. But we will go on foot against the wall."

So they jumped down from their chariots and went against the walls on foot. In five companies they went. The first, which was the largest and had in it the bravest of the Trojans, Hector himself led. And the next was commanded by Paris. The third was led by Helenus the prophet, and with him was Deiphobus, who also was a son of King Priam; and Asius, one of the allies, who was King of Arisbe. Of the fourth Æneas was the leader, and of the fifth Sarepdon of Lycia with Glaucus and others from among the allies. They stood closely to each other, holding shield by shield, and so they went against the Greeks. All of them, also, left their chariots on this side of the trench, all except King Asius only. But he drove his chariot to a place where there was a road over the trench, and on the other side a gate. And this gate chanced to be open, for the



Polydamas advising Hector to retire from the trench.

keepers had set it open, so that any of the Greeks who were flying from the Trojans might find refuge inside it. When the keepers, who were two mighty men of valour, saw Asius and his company coming, they went forward and stood in front of the gate, for they had not time to shut it. There they stood, just as two wild boars might stand at bay against a crowd of men and dogs. And all the while the men who stood on the wall never ceased to throw down heavy stones on the Trojans. The stones fell as fast as the flakes of snow fall on a winter's day, and the helmets and shields of the Trojans rang out as the stones crashed upon them. Many fell to the ground, and King Asius, for all his fury, could not make his way through the gate.

At another of the gates, where Hector was leading his company, there was seen a very strange thing in the skies. An eagle had caught a great snake, and was carrying it in his claws to give to its young ones for food. But the snake fought fiercely for its life, and writhed itself about till it bit the bird upon the breast. And when the eagle felt that it had been bitten, it dropped the snake into the middle of the two armies, and flew away with a loud cry. Then Polydamas, who was a wise man, and knew the meaning of all such signs, said to Hector: "O Hector, it will be well for us not to follow the Greeks to their ships. For this strange thing which we have just seen in the sky is a sign to us. The eagle signifies the Trojans, and the snake signifies the Greeks. Now, as the eagle caught the snake but could not hold it, so we have prevailed over the Greeks, but shall not be able to conquer them altogether. And as the snake turned upon the bird and bit it, so will the Greeks turn upon us and do us great damage, so that we shall be driven back from the ships, and leave many of our comrades dead behind us."

But Hector was angry to hear such words, and said: "This is bad advice that you give me. Surely the gods have changed your wisdom into foolishness. Would you have me forget the

commandment of Zeus, when he bade me follow the Greeks even to their ships, and take heed to birds, and do one thing or another because they fly this way or that? Little do I care whether they fly east or west or are seen on the right hand or on the left. Surely there is but one sign for a brave man, that he be fighting for his fatherland. Take heed, therefore, to yourself. Truly if you hold back from the war, or cause any other man to hold back, I will smite you with my spear,"

Then he sprang forward, and the Trojans followed him with a great shout. And Zeus sent down from Mount Ida a great wind, and the wind carried the dust of the plain straight into the faces of the Greeks, troubling them not a little. But when the Trojans sought to drag down the battlements which were on the wall and to pull up the stakes which had been set to strengthen it, they could not, for the building was strong, and the Greeks stood firm in their place, with shield joining to shield, and fought for the wall.

After a while Sarpedon the Lycian came to the front, for Zeus put it into his heart so to do, that he might win great glory for himself. He came holding his shield before him and with a long spear in either hand. Just as a lion, when he is mad with hunger, goes against a stable in which oxen are kept, or against a sheepfold, and does not care though it is guarded by many men and dogs, so did Sarpedon go against the wall. And he spoke to Glaucus, his kinsman, saying: "Tell me, Glaucus, why it is that our people at home honour us with the chief places at feasts, and with fat portions of flesh, and with wine of the best, and that they have set apart for us a great domain of orchard and of ploughland by the banks of the Xanthus. Surely it is that we may fight in the front rank, and show to others how they should behave in the battle. For so someone who may see us will say, 'Of a truth these are honourable men, these princes of Lycia, and not without good right do they eat the fat and drink the sweet, for they are always to be seen fighting in the front.' Maybe, if we could hope to live forever,

and to escape from old age and death, I would not either fight myself in the front or bid you do so; but now, seeing that there are ten thousand chances of death about us, let us see whether we may not win glory from another, or haply another may win it from us."

When he had so spoken he leapt forward, and Glaucus went with him, and all the host of the Lycians followed close behind. Then the keeper of the gate — he was a man of Athens — was struck with great fear and looked about for help. All along the wall he looked, and he saw Ajax the Greater and Ajax the Less, and Teucer, for the hurt which Hector had given him was now healed. He would have shouted to them, but the din of arms, and the ringing of shields and helmets and the battering at the gates, would have drowned his voice. So he called a herald, and said: "Run now, and call Ajax hither — both the Greater and the Less, if it may be — for the danger is very great, and the chiefs of the Lycians press us hard. And if there is trouble there also, then let Ajax the Greater come at the least and Teucer with him, bringing his bow," So the herald ran with the message, and when Ajax the Greater heard it, he said to the other Ajax: "Stand here and keep off the enemy; and I will go yonder, and come again when I have done my work,"

So Ajax, and Teucer his brother, ran as quickly as they could to the gate, and just as they got to it the Lycians came against it with a great rush, as if it had been a storm of wind and rain. But still the Greeks stood firm, and Ajax slew one of the Lycian chiefs and Teucer wounded Glaucus on the shoulder. Quietly he jumped down from the wall, for he did not wish that any one should see that he was wounded. But Sarpedon saw it and was sorry, because he was his kinsman and also a great help in the battle. Nevertheless he pressed on as bravely as before. First he slew one of the Greeks upon the wall, and then he laid hold of one of the battlements with his two hands and pulled it down, and a part of the wall with it.

Thus there was a way made by which men might enter the camp. But Ajax and his brother stopped the Lycians for a time, aiming at Sarpedon, both of them together. Teucer struck at him with his spear, for the bow he could not use when the enemy was so near, and smote the strap of his shield, but did him no harm; Ajax drove his spear through the shield and pushed him back, so that he was forced to leap from the wall to the ground. But his courage was not one whit abated. He cried out: "Help me now, ye men of Lycia. It is hard for me, however great my strength, to do this work alone, pulling down the wall and making a way for you to the ships." And all his people, when they heard his voice, came rushing up in a great crowd. But the Greeks, on the other hand, strengthened their line, others coming to the place where they saw the need to be greatest, for indeed it was a matter of life and death. For a long time they fought with equal strength, for the Lycians could not break down the wall and make a way to the ships, and the Greeks could not drive the Lycians back.

But at the last Zeus gave the glory to Hector. Once again he sprang to the front, crying: "Now follow me, men of Troy, and we will burn the ships." In front of the gate there lay a great stone, broad at the bottom and sharp at the top. Scarcely could two men, the strongest that there are in these days, lift it on to a wagon; but Hector took it up as easily as a shepherd carries in one hand the fleece of a sheep. Now there were two folding doors in the middle of the gate, by which a man might enter without opening the gate. These doors were fastened by a bolt and a key. Then Hector lifted the great stone above his head, holding it with both his hands, and he put his feet apart, that his aim might be the surer and stronger, and threw it with all his might at the doors. With a mighty crash did it come against them, and the bolts could not hold against it, and the hinges were broken, and the doors flew back. Then Hector leapt into the open space, holding a spear in either hand, and his eyes flashed with fire. And the

Trojans followed him, some entering by the gate and some climbing over the wall.

CHAPTER XVIII
The Battle at the Ships

Now Poseidon, the god of the sea, loved the Greeks, and when he saw from a distant mountain where he sat how they fled before the Trojans, he was greatly troubled; and he said to himself: "Now I will help these men." It happened, also, that Zeus had turned his eyes from the battle, thinking that none of the gods would do the thing which he had forbidden, that is, bring help to the Greeks. So Poseidon left the mountain where he sat, and came to his palace under the sea. There he harnessed his horses to his chariot, and he passed over the waves, while the great beasts of the sea, whales and porpoises and the like, gambolled round him as he went, because they knew that he was their king. And when he came to the land of Troy, he left his chariot in a cave, and went on foot into the camp of the Greeks, having made himself like to Calchas the herald. And he came to the place where Ajax the Greater and the other Ajax were standing, and said to them: "Stir yourselves, for it is for you, who are stronger than other men, to save the people. I do not fear for the rest of the wall, but only for the place where Hector is fighting. Go then and keep him back, and may some god give you strength and courage."

And as he spoke he touched them with his staff and filled them with fresh courage, and gave new strength to their hands and to their feet. And when he had done this, he passed out of their sight, as quickly as a hawk flies when he drops from a cliff, chasing a bird. Then the Lesser Ajax perceived that he was not Calchas the herald but a god; and he said to the other Ajax: "This is a god who sends us to the battle. I knew him as he went away; and truly I feel my heart in me

eager for the fight." And Ajax the Greater answered: "So it is with me also. I am all on fire for the battle. I would go against this Hector, even should I go alone." Meanwhile Poseidon went through the army, stirring up the other chiefs in the same way. But still the Trojans came on, even fiercer than before. Then Teucer slew a famous chief, Imbrius by name, driving his spear point under the man's ear. Like to some tall poplar by a river-side which a woodman cuts down with his axe of bronze, so did Imbrius fall. Then Hector cast his spear at Teucer. Him he missed, but he struck the comrade who was standing next to him. And Hector, as the man lay upon the ground, seized his helmet, and would have dragged the body among his own people. But Ajax the Greater thrust with his spear, and struck the boss of Hector's shield so strongly that he was driven backward and loosed his hold of the helmet, and the Greeks carried the man to the ships. Next there was slain a chief from the land of Caria who had come to Troy, desiring to have Cassandra, daughter of King Priam, for his wife. Loudly had he boasted, saying that he would drive the Greeks to the ships; and the King had promised him his daughter. But now he was slain. And the King of the Cretans, when he saw him lie dead, cried: "Truly this was a great thing which you promised to King Priam, so that he might give you his daughter. You should have come rather to us, and Agamemnon would have given you the fairest of his daughters, bringing her from Argos, that she might be married to you, if only you would take for us this city of Troy. But come now with me to the ships, that we may treat with you about this matter. Verily you will find that we Greeks are men of an open hand." Thus did the King speak, mocking the dead.

King Asius heard these words and was full of anger, and came at the Prince of Crete, lifting his spear to throw it. He was on foot, and his chariot followed close after him. But before he could cast the spear the Prince of Crete smote him full on the breast, and he fell as an oak or a pine tree falls

before the axes of the wood-cutters on the hills. And when the driver of the chariot saw his master fall he was struck with fear, not knowing what to do. Then Antilochus, who was the eldest son of old Nestor, struck him down with his spear, and jumped on to the chariot, and took it and the horses for his own. Many other of the Trojans did the Greeks slay, and many they wounded. Even the mighty Hector himself was struck down for a time. He cast his spear at the great Ajax but hurt him not, for the point was turned by the armour, so thick it was and strong. And when he saw that he had cast the spear in vain, then he turned, and sought to go back to the ranks of his comrades; but, as he went, Ajax took up from the ground a great stone, one of many that lay there, and served as props for the ships, and cast it at Hector, smiting him above the rim of his shield on the neck. He fell as an oak falls when the lightning has struck it, and the Greeks, when they saw him fall, rushed with a great cry, and would have caught hold of his body and dragged it away. But this the Trojans did not suffer, for many of the bravest of them stood before him, covering him with their shields. And when they had driven back the Greeks a space, they lifted him from the ground, and carried him to the river and poured water upon him, After a while he sat up, and then his spirit left him again, for it was a grievous blow which Ajax had dealt him. But when the Greeks saw that Hector had been carried out of the battle, they took fresh courage and charged the Trojans, and drove them back even beyond the walls and the trench. And when the Trojans came to the place where they had left their chariots and horses, they stood pale and trembling, not knowing what to do.

But now Zeus turned his eyes again to the land of Troy. Very angry was he when he saw what had happened, how the Trojans fled from the Greeks, and Hector lay upon the plain, like to one that has fallen in battle, and his friends stood round him in great fear lest he had been wounded to the

death. So he said to Hera: "Is this then your doing, rebellious one? Tell me now the truth, or it will be the worse for you." And Hera answered: "Nay, this is not my doing. It is Poseidon who gives to the Greeks strength and courage." Then said Zeus to Iris the messenger: "Go now to Poseidon and tell him that it is my will that he is not to meddle with these things any more. Let him go back to the sea, for there he is master; but the things that happen on the earth, these belong to me. And when you have given this message to Poseidon, then go to Apollo and bid him go to Hector where he lies like a dead man on the plain, and put new life and courage into him, and send him back with new strength to the battle."

So Iris went on her errand. First she came to Poseidon, and gave him the message of Zeus. He was very angry when he heard it, and said: "Am I not his equal in honour? By what right does he bid me do this thing and cease from doing that? We were three brothers, sons of Old Time, and to me was given the dominion of the sea, and to Pluto the dwellings of the dead, and to Zeus to reign over the heaven and the earth."

But Iris answered: "O Poseidon, is it well to speak thus of Zeus? Do you not know how the eldest born is ever the strongest?" And Poseidon answered: "These are words of wisdom, O Iris, yet truly, if Zeus is minded to save this city of Troy, there will be enmity without ceasing between him and me."

Then went Iris to Apollo and gave him the message of Zeus. So Apollo hastened to Hector where he sat by the riverside, for already his strength had begun to come back to him. And Apollo said to him: "Why is this, O Hector? Why do you sit here and take no part in the battle?" Hector answered: "Is this a god that speaks to me? Did you not see how Ajax struck me down with a great stone, so that I could not fight any more? Truly, I thought that I had gone down to the place of the dead." Apollo said: "Take courage, my friend. I am Apollo of the Golden Sword, and Zeus has sent me to stand by you and to help you. Come now, call the Trojans together again,

and go before them, and lead them to the ships, and I will be with you and make the way easy for you." Then Hector stood up, and his strength came back to him as it had been before, and he called to the Trojans and went before them. The Greeks wondered when they saw him, for they thought that he had been wounded to death. They were like men who hunt a stag or a wild goat and find a lion. Nevertheless they kept up their courage, and stood close together with their faces towards the enemy; but though the chiefs stood firm, most of the Greeks turned their backs and fled. And Hector still came on and Apollo went before him, having a cloud of fire round his shoulders, and holding the great shield of Zeus in his hand. Many of the Greeks were slain that day. And now the Trojans came again to the trench and crossed it, and neither the wall nor the gates stopped them, and they came as far as the ships, Hector being first of all. And close behind Hector was a chief who carried a torch in his hand, with which to set fire to a ship. Him Ajax smote on the breast with his sword and killed him. And Hector, when he saw it, cast his spear at Ajax. Him he missed, but he killed the comrade who was standing close by him. Then Ajax called to Teucer: "Where is your bow and your arrows? Shoot," So Teucer shot. With the first arrow he slew a Trojan; but when he laid another arrow upon the string and aimed it at Hector, the string broke, and the arrow went far astray. When Teucer saw this he cried out: "Surely the gods are against us; see how the string of my bow is broken, and yet it was new this very day." And Ajax said to him: "Let your bow be, if the gods will not have you use it. Take your spear and fight. Truly, if the men of Troy prevail over us, yet they shall not take our ships for nothing." So Teucer threw away his bow, and took up spear and shield. When Hector saw it, he cried: "Come on, men of Troy, for Zeus is with us, and they whom Zeus favours are strong, and they whom he favours not are weak. See now how he has broken the bow of Teucer, the great archer. Come on, therefore, for the gods

give us victory. And even if a man die, it is a noble thing to die fighting for his country. His wife and children shall dwell in peace, and he himself shall be famous forever."

Thus did Hector urge on his people to the battle; and Ajax, on the other hand, called to the Greeks and bade them quit themselves like men. Many chiefs fell on either side, but still the Trojans prevailed more and more, and the Greeks fell back before them. And now Hector laid hold on one of the ships. Well did he know it, for it was the very first that had touched the Trojan shore, and he had slain the chief whose ship it was with his own hand as he was leaping to the shore. There the battle grew fiercer and fiercer; none fought with arrows or javelins, but close, man to man, with swords and battle-axes and spears, thrusting at each other. And Hector cried: "Bring me fire that we may burn the ships of these robbers, for Zeus has given us the victory today." And the Trojans came on more fiercely than before, so that Ajax himself was forced to give way, so much did the Trojans press him. For at first he stood on the stern deck, the ships being drawn up with the stern to the land and the forepart to the sea, and then being driven from the deck, in the middle of the ships, among the benches of the rowers. But still he fought bravely, thrusting at any one who came near to set fire to the ship. And he cried to the Greeks with a terrible voice, saying: "Now must you quit yourselves as men, O Greeks! Have you any to help you if you are conquered now? Have you any walls behind which you may seek for shelter? There is no city here with a wall and towers and battlements behind which you may hide yourselves. You are in the plain of Troy, and the sea is close behind us, and we are far from our own country. All our hope, therefore, is in courage, for there is no one to save if you will not save yourselves."

So did Ajax speak to the Greeks, and still as he spoke he thrust at the Trojans with his spear.



Ajax defending the Greek ships against the Trojans.

CHAPTER XIX
The Deeds and Death of Patroclus

Patroclus stood by Achilles, weeping bitterly. And Achilles said to him: "What is the matter, Patroclus, that you weep? You are like a girl-child that runs along by her mother's side, and holds her gown and cries till she takes her up in her arms. Have you heard bad news from Phthia? Yet your father still lives, I know, and so does the old man Peleus. Or are you weeping for the Greeks because they perish for their folly, or, maybe, for the folly of their King?"

Then Patroclus answered: "Be not angry with me, great Achilles. The Greeks are in great trouble, for all the bravest of their chiefs are wounded, and yet you still keep your anger, and will not help them. They say that Peleus was your father and Thetis your mother. Yet I should say, so hard are you, that a rock was your father and your mother the sea. If you will not go forth to the battle because you have had some warning from the gods, then let me go, and let your people, the Myrmidons, go with me. And let me put on your armour; the Trojans will think that you have come back to the battle, and the Greeks will have a breathing space."

So Patroclus spoke, entreating Achilles, but he did not know that it was for his own death that he asked. And Achilles answered: "It is no warning that I heed, and that keeps me back from the battle. Such things trouble me not. But these men were not ashamed to stand by when their King took away from me the prize which I had won with my. own hands. But let the past be past. I said that I would not fight again till the Trojans should bring the fire near to my own ships. But now, for I see that the people are in great need, you

may put on my armour, and lead my people to the fight. And, indeed, it is time to give help, for I see that the Trojans are gathered about the ships, and that the Greeks have scarce standing ground between their enemies and the sea. And I do not see anywhere either Diomed with his spear, nor King Agamemnon; only I hear the voice of Hector, as he calls his people to the battle. Go, therefore, Patroclus, and keep the fire from the ships. But when you have done this, come back and fight no more with the Trojans, for it is my business to conquer them, and you must not take my glory from me. And mind this also: when you feel the joy of battle in your heart, be not over-bold; go not near to the wall of Troy, lest one of the gods meet you and harm you. For these gods love the Trojans, and especially the great archer Apollo with his deadly bow."

So these two talked together in the tent. But at the ships Ajax could hold out no longer. For the javelins came thick upon him and clattered on his helmet and his breastplate, and his shoulder was weary with the weight of his great shield. Heavily and hard did he breathe, and the great drops of sweat fell upon the ground. Then, at the last, Hector came near and struck at him with his sword. Him he did not hit, but he cut off the head of his spear. Great fear came on Ajax and he gave way, and the Trojans put torches to the ship's stern, and a great flame rose up into the air. When Achilles saw the flames, he struck his thigh with his hand and said: "Make haste, Patroclus, for I see the fire rising up from the ships."

Then Patroclus put on the armour — breastplate and shield and helmet — and bound the sword on his shoulder, and took a great spear in his hand. But the great Pelian spear he did not take, for that no man could wield but Achilles only. Then the charioteer yoked the horses to the chariot. Two of the horses, Bayard and Piebald, were immortal, but the third was of a mortal breed. And while he did this, Achilles called the Myrmidons to battle.

Fifty ships he had brought to Troy, and fifty men in each. And when they were assembled he said: "Forget not, ye Myrmidons, what you said when first I kept you back from the battle, how angry you were, and how you blamed me, complaining that I kept you back against your will. Now you have the thing that you desired."

So the Myrmidons went forth to battle in close array, helmet to helmet and shield to shield, close together as are the stones which a builder builds into a wall. Patroclus went before them in the chariot of Achilles, with the charioteer by his side. And as they went, Achilles went to the chest which stood in his tent, and opened it, and took from it a great cup which Thetis his mother had given him. No man drank out of that cup but Achilles only. Nor did he pour libations out of it to any of the gods but to Zeus only. First he cleansed the cup with sulphur and then with water from the spring. After this he filled it with wine, and standing in the space before the tent he poured out from it to Zeus, saying: "O Zeus, this day I send my dear comrade to the battle. Be thou with him; make him strong and bold, and give him glory, and bring him home safe to the ships, and my people with him."

So he prayed; and Father Zeus heard his prayer: part he granted, but part he denied.

Meanwhile Patroclus with the Myrmidons had come to the place where the battle was so hot, namely, the ship to which Hector had put the torch and set it on fire. And when the Trojans saw him and the armour which he wore, they thought that it had been Achilles, who had put away his anger, and had come forth again to the battle. Nor was it long before they turned to flee. So the battle rolled back again to the trench, and many chariots of the Trojans were broken, for when they crossed it for the second time they took their chariots with them; but the horses of Achilles sprang across it in their stride, so nimble were they and so strong. And great was the fear of the Trojans; even the great Hector fled. The

heart of Patroclus was set upon slaying him, for he had forgotten the command which Achilles had laid upon him, that when he had saved the ships from the fire he should not fight any more. But though he followed hard after him, he could not overtake him, so swift were the Trojan horses. Then he left following him and turned back, and caused the chariot to be driven backwards and forwards, so that he might slay the Trojans as they sought to fly to the city.

But there were some among the Trojans and their allies who would not flee. Among these was Sarpedon the Lycian; and he, when he saw his people flying before Patroclus, cried aloud to them: "Stand now and be of good courage: I myself will try this great warrior and see what he can do." So he leapt down from his chariot, and Patroclus also leapt down from his, and the two rushed at each other, fierce and swift as two eagles. Sarpedon carried a spear in either hand, and he threw both of them together. With the one he wounded to the death one of the horses of Achilles, that which was of a mortal strain, but the other missed its aim, flying over the left shoulder of Patroclus. But the spear of Patroclus missed not its aim. Full on the heart of Sarpedon it fell, and broke through his armour, and bore him to the earth. He fell, as a pine or a poplar falls on the hills before the woodman's axe. And as he fell, he called to Glaucus his kinsman: "Now show yourself a man, O Glaucus; suffer not the Greeks to spoil me of my arms." And when he had said so much, he died. Now Glaucus was still troubled by the wound which Teucer the archer had given him. But when he heard the voice of Sarpedon he prayed to Apollo, saying: "Give me now strength that I may save the body of my kinsman from the hands of the Greeks." And Apollo heard him and made him whole of his wound. Then he called first to the Lycians, saying, "Fight for the body of your king," and next to the Trojans, that they should honour the man who had come from his own land to help them, and lastly to Hector himself, who had now returned to

the battle. "Little care you, O Hector," he said, "for your allies. Lo! Sarpdoen is dead, slain by Patroclus. Will you suffer the Myrmidons to carry off his body and do dishonour to it?"

Hector was much troubled by these words, and so were all the men of Troy, for among the allies there was none braver than Sarpedon. So they charged and drove back the Greeks from the body; and the Greeks charged again in their turn. No one would have known the great Sarpedon as he lay in the middle of the tumult, so covered was he with dust and blood. But at the last the Greeks drove back the Trojans from the body, and stripped it of its arms; but the body itself they harmed not. For at the bidding of Zeus, Apollo came down and carried it out of the tumult, and gave it to Sleep and Death that they should carry it to the land of Lycia. Then again Patroclus forgot the commands of Achilles, for he thought in his heart, "Now shall I take the city of Troy," for, when he had driven the Trojans up to the very gates, he himself climbed on to an angle of the wall. Three times did he climb upon it, and three times did Apollo push him back, laying his hand upon the boss of his shield. And when Patroclus climbed for the fourth time, then Apollo cried to him in a dreadful voice: "Go back, Patroclus; it is not for you to take the great city of Troy, no, nor even for Achilles, who is a far better man than you." Then Patroclus went back, for he feared the anger of the god. But though he thought no more of taking the city, he raged no less against the Trojans. Then did Apollo put it into the heart of Hector to go against the man. So Hector said to his charioteer: "We will see whether we cannot drive back this Patroclus, for it must be he; Achilles he is not, though he wears his armour." When Patroclus saw them coming he took a great stone from the ground, and cast it at the pair. The stone struck the charioteer full on the helmet. And as the man fell head foremost from the chariot, Patroclus laughed aloud, and said: "See now, how nimble is this man! See how well he dives! He might get many



Sleep and Death conveying the body of Sarpdoen to Lycia.

oysters from the bottom of the sea, diving from the deck of a ship, even though it should be a stormy day. Who would have thought that there would be such skillful divers in Troy?"

Three times did Patroclus charge into the ranks of the Trojans, and each time he slew nine warriors. But when he charged the fourth time, then, for the hour of his doom was come, Apollo stood behind him, and gave him a great blow on his neck, so that he could not see out of his eyes. And the helmet fell from his head, so that the plumes were soiled with the dust. Never before had it touched the ground, from the first day when Achilles wore it. The spear also which he carried in his hand was broken, and the shield fell from his arm, and the breastplate on his body was loosened. Then, as he stood without defence and confused, one of the Trojans wounded him in the back with his spear. And when he tried to hide himself behind his comrades, for the wound was not mortal, Hector thrust at him with his spear, and hit him above the hip, and he fell to the ground. And when the Greeks saw him fall they sent up a dreadful cry. Then Hector stood over him, and said: "Did you think, Patroclus, that you would take our city, and slay us with the sword, and carry away our wives and daughters in your ships? This you will not do, for, lo! I have overcome you with my spear, and the fowls of the air shall eat your flesh. And the great Achilles cannot help you at all.

"Did he not say to you, 'Strip the fellow's shirt from his back and bring it to me'? and you, in your folly, thought that you would do it."

Patroclus answered: "You boast too much, O Hector. It is not by your hand that I am overcome; it has been Apollo who has brought me to my death. Had twenty such as you are come against me, truly I had slain them all. And mark you this: death is very near to you, for the great Achilles will slay you."

Then said Hector: "Why do you prophesy my death? Who

has shown you the things to come? Maybe, as I have slain you, so shall I also slay the great Achilles." So Hector spoke, but Patroclus was dead already. Then he drew the spear from the wound, and went after the charioteer of Achilles, hoping to slay him and to take the chariot for spoil, but the horses were so swift that he could not come up with them.

CHAPTER XX
The Rousing of Achilles

Very fierce was the fight for the body of Patroclus, and many warriors fell both on this side and on that; and the first to be killed was the man who had wounded him in the back; for when he came near to strip the dead man of his arms, King Menelaus thrust at him with his spear and slew him. He slew him, but he could not strip off his arms, because Hector came and stood over the body, and Menelaus did not dare to stand up against him, knowing that he was not a match for him in fighting. Then Hector spoiled the body of Patroclus of the arms which the great Achilles had given him to wear. But when he laid hold of the body, and began to drag it away to the ranks of the Trojans, the Greater Ajax came forward, and put his big shield before it. As a lioness stands before its cubs and will not suffer the hunter to take them, so did Ajax stand before the body of Patroclus and defend it from the Trojans. And Hector drew back when he saw him. Then Glaucus the Lycian spoke to him in great anger: "Are you not ashamed, O Hector, that you dare not stand before Ajax? How will you and the other Trojans save your city? Truly your allies will not fight any more for you, for though they help you much, yet you help them but little. Did not Sarpedon fall fighting for you, and yet you left him to be a prey to the dogs? And now, had you only stood up against this Ajax, and dragged away the body of Patroclus, we might have made an exchange, giving him and his arms, and receiving Sarpedon from the Greeks. But this may not be, because you are afraid of Ajax, and flee before him when he comes to meet you."



The fight for the body of Patroclus.

Hector answered: "I am not afraid of Ajax, nor of any man. But this I know, that Zeus gives victory now to one and now to another; this only do I fear, and this only, to go against the will of Zeus. But wait here, and see whether or no I am a coward."

Now he had sent the armour of Patroclus to the city; but when he heard Glaucus speak in this manner, he ran after the men who were carrying it and overtook them, and stripped off his own armour, and put on the armour of Achilles. And when Zeus saw him do this thing he was angry, and said to himself, "These arms will cost Hector dear." Nevertheless, when he came back to the battle, all men were astonished, for he seemed like to the great Achilles himself. Then the Trojans took heart again, and charged all together, and the battle grew fiercer and fiercer. For the Greeks said to themselves: "It were better that the earth should open her mouth and swallow us up alive than that we should let the Trojans carry off the body of Patroclus." And the Trojans said to themselves: "Now if we must all be slain fighting for the body of this man, be it so; but we will not yield." Now while they fought the horses of Achilles stood apart from the battle, and the tears rushed down from their eyes, for they loved Patroclus, and they knew that he was dead. Still they stood in the same place; they would not enter into the battle, neither would they turn back to the ships. And the charioteer could not move them with the lash, or with threats, or with gentle words. As a pillar stands by the grave of some dead man, so they stood; their heads drooped to the ground, and the tears trickled down from their eyes, and their long manes were trailed in the dust.

When Zeus saw them he pitied them in his heart. And he said: "It was not well that I gave you, immortal as you are, to a mortal man, for of all things that live and move upon the earth, surely man is the most miserable. But Hector shall not have you. It is enough for him, yea, it is too much that he

should have the arms of Achilles."

Then the horses moved from their place, and obeyed their driver as before; and Hector could not take them, though he greatly desired so to do.

All this time the battle raged yet more and more fiercely about the body of Patroclus. At the last, when the Greeks were growing weary, and the Trojans pressed them more and more, Ajax said to Menelaus, for these two had borne themselves more bravely in the battle than all the others: "See now if you can find Antilochus, Nestor's son, and bid him run and carry the news to Achilles that Patroclus is dead, and that the Greeks and Trojans are fighting for his body." So Menelaus went, and found Antilochus on the left side of the battle. And he said to him: "I have bad news for you. You see that the Trojans prevail in the battle today. And now Patroclus lies dead. Run, therefore, to Achilles and tell him; maybe he can yet save the body; as for the arms, Hector has them."

Antilochus was greatly troubled to hear the news; his eyes filled with tears, and he could not speak for grief. But he gave heed to the words of Menelaus, and ran to tell Achilles what had happened.

And Menelaus went back to Ajax, where he had left him standing close by the body of Patroclus. And he said to him: "I have found Antilochus, and he is carrying the news to Achilles. Yet I doubt whether he will come to the battle, however great his anger may be and his grief, for he has no armour to cover him. Let us think, therefore, how we may best save the body of Patroclus from the Trojans."

Ajax said: "Do you and Meriones run forward and lift up the body and carry it away." So Menelaus and Meriones ran forward and lifted up the body. But when they would have carried it away, then the Trojans ran fiercely at them. So the battle raged; neither could the Greeks save the body, nor could the Trojans carry it away. Meanwhile Antilochus came to Achilles where he sat by the door of his tent. With a great

fear in his heart he sat, for he saw that the Greeks fled and the Trojans pursued after them. Then said Nestor's son: "I bring bad news. Patroclus is dead, and Hector has his arms, but the Greeks and Trojans are fighting for his body."

Then Achilles threw himself upon the ground, and took the dust in his hands, and poured it on his head, and tore his hair. And all the women wailed aloud. And Antilochus sat weeping; but while he wept he held the hands of Achilles, for he was afraid that in his anger he would do himself a mischief. But his mother heard his cry, where she sat in the depths of the sea, and came to him and laid her hand upon his head, and said: "Why do you weep, my son? Tell me; hide not the matter from me," Achilles answered: "All that you asked from Zeus, and that he promised to do, he has done: but what is the good? The man whom I loved above all others is dead, and Hector has my arms, for Patroclus was wearing them. As for me, I do not wish to live except to avenge myself upon him."

Then said Thetis: "My son, do not speak so: do you not know that when Hector dies, the hour is near when you also must die?"

Then Achilles cried in great anger: "I would that I could die this hour, for I sent my friend to his death; and I, who am better in battle than all the Greeks, could not help him. Cursed be the anger that sets men to strive with one another, as it made me strive with King Agamemnon. And as for my fate — what matters it? Let it come when it may, so that I may first have vengeance on Hector. Seek not, therefore, my mother, to keep me back from the battle."

Thetis answered: "Be it so, my son: only you cannot go without arms, and these Hector has. But tomorrow I will go to Hephaestus, that he may make new arms for you."

But while they talked, the Trojans pressed the Greeks still more and more, so that Ajax himself could no longer stand against them. Then truly they would have taken the body of

Patroclus, had not Zeus sent Iris to Achilles with this message: "Rouse yourself, son of Peleus, or, surely, Patroclus will be a prey to the dogs of Troy." But Achilles said: "How shall I go? For I have no arms, nor do I know of any one whose arms I could wear. I might shift with the shield of great Ajax; but this he is carrying, as is his custom, in the front of the battle."

Then said Iris: "Go only to the trench and show yourself, for the Trojans will be swift and draw back, and the Greeks will have a breathing-space."

So Achilles ran to the trench. And Athene put her great shield about his shoulders, and set as it were a circle of gold about his head, so that it shone like to a flame of fire. To the trench he went, but he obeyed the word of his mother, and did not mix in the battle. Only he shouted aloud, and his voice was as the voice of a trumpet. It was a terrible sound to hear, and the hearts of the men of Troy were filled with fear. The very horses were frightened, and started aside, so that the chariots clashed together. Three times did Achilles shout across the trench, and three times did the Trojans fall back. Twelve chiefs perished that hour; some were wounded by their own spears, and some were trodden down by their own horses; for the whole army was overcome with fear, from the front ranks to the hindermost. Then the Greeks took up the body of Patroclus from the place where it lay, and put it on the bier, and carried it to the tent of Achilles, and Achilles himself walked by its side weeping. This had been a sad day, and to bring it sooner to an end Hera commanded the sun to set before his time. So did the Greeks rest from their labours.

On the other side of the field, the Trojans held an assembly. And one of the elders stood up and said: "Let us not wait here for the morning. It was well for us to fight at the ships so long as Achilles was angry with King Agamemnon. But now this has ceased to be. Tomorrow will he come back to the battle, the fiercer on account of his great grief, Patroclus being slain. Surely it will be an evil day for us, if we wait his coming.

Let us go back to the city, for its walls are high and its gates are strong, and the man who seeks to pass them will perish."

But Hector said: "This is bad counsel. Shall we shut up ourselves in the city? Are not our goods wasted? Have we enough wherewith to feed the people? Nay; we will watch tonight and tomorrow we will fight. And if Achilles comes to the battle, I will meet him, for the gods give victory now to one man and now to another."

And the people clapped their hands, for they were foolish, and knew not what the morrow would bring forth.

CHAPTER XXI
The Making of the Arms

Meanwhile there was a great mourning for Patroclus in the camp of the Greeks. And Achilles stood up in the midst of the people and said: "Truly the gods do not fulfil the thoughts of men. Did I not say to the father of Patroclus that I would return with him, bringing back our portion of the spoils of Troy? And now he is dead; nor shall I return to the house of Peleus my father, for I too must die in this land. But I care not, if only I may have vengeance upon Hector. Truly I will not bury Patroclus till I can bring the head and the arms of Hector with which to honour him," So they washed the body of Patroclus, and put ointment into the wounds, and laid it on a bed, and covered with a linen cloth from the head to the feet, putting over the linen cloth a white robe. And all night the Myrmidons made lamentation for him.

Thetis went to the house of Hephaestus, who was the god of all them who worked in gold and silver and iron. She found him busy at his work, for he was making cauldrons for the palace of the gods. They had golden wheels underneath them with which they could run of themselves into the chambers of the palace, and come back of themselves as might be wanted. The Lady Grace who was wife to Hephaestus saw Thetis, and caught her by the hand, and said: "O Goddess, whom we love and honour, what business brings you here? Gladly will we serve you." And she led her into the house, and set her on a chair that was adorned with silver studs, and put a stool under her feet. Then she called to her husband, saying: "Thetis is here, and wants something from you. Come quickly." He answered: "Truly there could be no guest more

welcome than Thetis. When my mother cast me out from her house because I was lame, then Thetis and her sister received me in their house under the sea. Nine years I dwelt with them, yes, and hammered many a trinket for them in a hollow cave that was close by. Truly I would give the price of my life to serve Thetis." Then he put away his tools, and washed himself, and took a staff in his hands and came into the house, and sat down upon a chair, and said: "Tell me all that is in your mind, for I will do all that you desire if only it can be done." Then Thetis told him of how her son Achilles had been put to shame by King Agamemnon, and of his anger, and of all that came to pass afterwards, and of how Patroclus had been slain in battle, and how the arms were lost. And having told this story, she said: "Make for my son Achilles, I pray you, a shield, and a helmet, and greaves for his legs, and a breastplate."

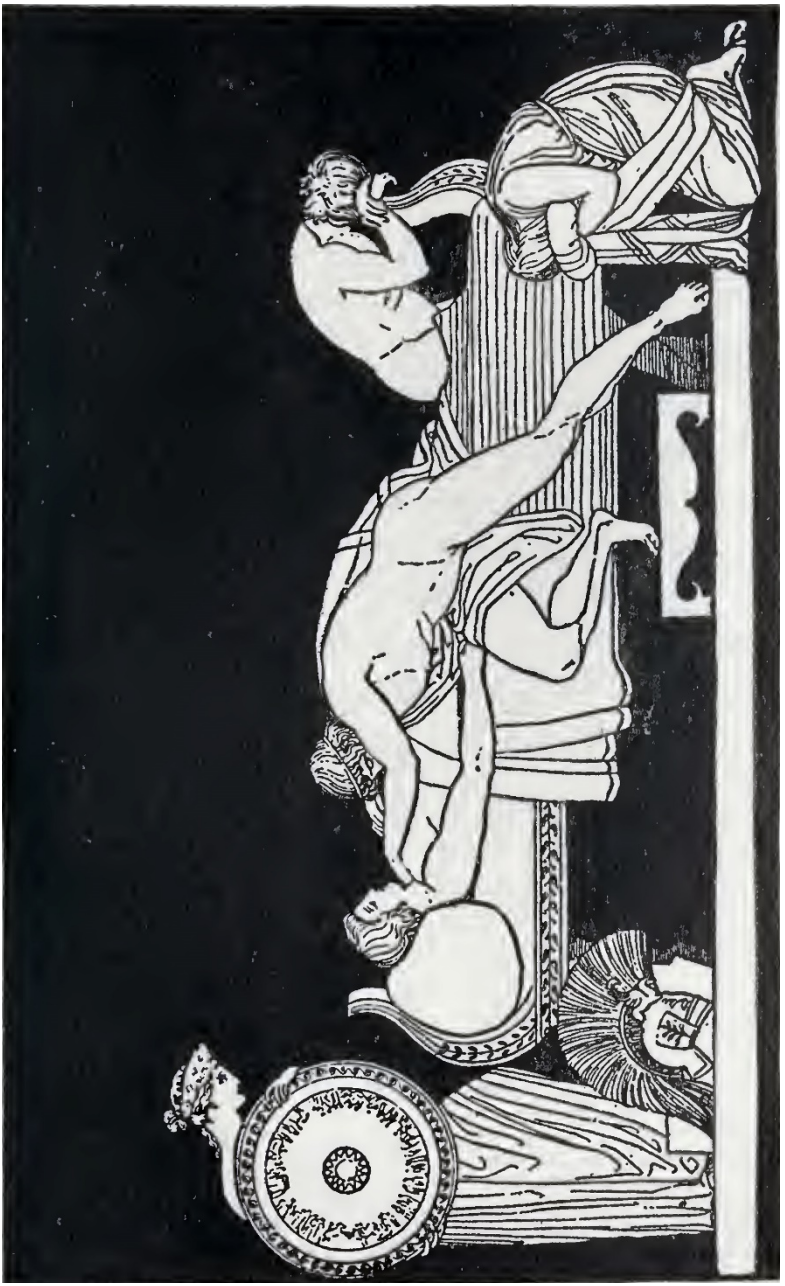
"That will I do," answered Hephaestus, "I will make for him such arms as men will wonder at when they see them. Would that I could keep from him as easily the doom of death!"

So he went to his forge and turned the bellows to the fire, and bade them work, for they did not need a hand to work them. And he put copper and tin and gold and silver into the fire to make them soft, and set the anvil, and took the hammer in one hand and the tongs in the other.

First he made a shield, great and strong, with a silver belt by which a man might hold it. On it he made an image of the earth and the sky and the sea, with the sun and the moon and all the stars. Also he made images of two cities; in one city there was peace, and in the other city there was war. In the city of peace they led a bride to the house of her husband with music and dancing, and the women stood in the door to see the show. And in another part of the same city the judges sat, to judge the case of a man who had been slain. One man said that he had paid the price of blood, for if one man slays

another he must pay a price for him, and the other man said the price was not paid. Round about the city of war there was an army of besiegers and on the wall stood men defending it. Also the men of this same city had set an ambush by a river, at a place where the cattle came down to drink. And when the cattle came down the men that lay in ambush rose up quickly, and took them, and slew the herdsmen. And the army of the besiegers heard the cry, and rode on horses, and came quickly to the river and fought with the men who had taken the cattle. Also he made the image of one field in which men were ploughing, and of another in which reapers reaped the corn, and behind the reapers came boys who gathered the corn in their arms and bound it in sheaves; at the top of the field stood the master, glad at heart because the harvest was good. Also he made a vineyard, and through the vineyard there was a path, and along the path went young men and maids bearing baskets of grapes, and in the midst stood a boy holding a harp of gold, who sang a pleasant song. Also he made a herd of oxen going from the stalls to the pasture; and close by two lions had laid hold of a great bull and were devouring it, and the dogs stood far off and barked. A sheep-fold also he made, and a dance of men and maids; the men wore daggers of gold hanging from silver belts, and the maids had gold crowns round their heads. And round about the shield he made ocean like to a great river. Also he made a breastplate, and a great helmet with a ridge of gold, in which the plumes should be set, and greaves of tin for the legs. When he had finished all his work, he gave the shield and the other things to Thetis. And she flew, swift as a hawk, to where her son abode by the ships. She found him lying on the ground, holding in his arms the body of Patroclus, weeping aloud, while his men lamented.

The goddess stood in the midst, and caught her son by the hand and said: "Come now, let us leave the dead man; it was the will of the gods that he should die. But you must think



Thetis bringing the armour to Achilles.

about other things. Come now and take this gift from Hephaestus, armour beautiful exceedingly, such as man has never yet worn."

And as she spoke, she cast the armour down at the feet of Achilles. It rattled loud as it fell, and it shone so brightly that the eyes of the Myrmidons were dazzled by it. But Achilles took up the arms from the ground, glad at heart to see them, and said: "Mother, these indeed are such arms as can be made in heaven only. Gladly will I put them on for the battle. Yet one thing troubles me. I fear lest decay should come on the body of Patroclus, before I can do it such honour as I desire."

But Thetis answered: "Let this not trouble you. I will keep the body from decay. But do you make peace with the king and prepare yourself for the battle." And she put precious things such as are known only in heaven into the nostrils of the dead man to keep him from decay.

CHAPTER XXII
The Quarrel Ended

Achilles went along by the ships, shouting with a loud voice to the Greeks that they should come to the battle. And they all came; there was not a man left, even those who had been used to stay behind, the men who looked after the ships, and they who had the care of the food. They all followed when Achilles came back to the war. And the chiefs came to the assembly, some of them, as Diomed and Ulysses and King Agamemnon himself, leaning on their spears because their wounds were fresh.

Achilles stood up and spoke: "It was a foolish thing, King Agamemnon, that we quarrelled about a girl. Many a Greek who is now dead had still been alive but for this, and the Trojans would not have profited by our loss. But let bygones be bygones. Here I make an end of my anger. Make haste, then, and call the Greeks to battle, and we will see whether the Trojans will fight by the ships or by their own walls."

Then King Agamemnon answered from the place where he sat: "Listen, ye Greeks. You have blamed me for this quarrel; yet it was not I, but the Fury who turns the thoughts of men to madness, that brought it about. Nevertheless it is for me to make amends. And this I will do, giving thee all the gifts which Ulysses promised in my name. Stay here till my people bring them from the ships." Achilles said: "Give the gifts, O King, if you are pleased so to do, or keep them for yourself. There is one thing only that I care for, to get to the battle without delay."

Then said the wise Ulysses: "Achilles, do not make the Greeks fight before they have eaten, for the battle will be long,

because the gods have put courage into the hearts of the Trojans. A man who has not eaten cannot fight from morning to sunset, for his limbs grow weary, and he thinks about food and drink. Let us bid the people therefore disperse, and make ready a meal, and let King Agamemnon first send the gifts to your tent, and then let him make a feast, as is right when friends who have quarrelled make peace again." King Agamemnon answered: "You speak well, Ulysses. Do you yourself fetch the gifts, and my people shall make ready a feast." Achilles said: "How can I think of feasting when Patroclus lies dead? Let there be no delay, and let the Greeks sup well when they have driven the Trojans into their city. As for me, neither food nor drink shall pass my lips."

But Ulysses answered: "You are by far stronger than I am, O son of Peleus, but I am the older, and have seen many things. Ask not the Greeks to fast because of the dead. For men die every day, and every day would be a day of fasting. Rather let us bury our dead out of our sight, and mourn for them for a day, and then harden our hearts to forget. And let them who are left strengthen themselves with meat and drink, that they may fight the better."

Then Ulysses went to the ships of King Agamemnon and fetched thence the gifts, the cauldrons and the horses and the gold, and the women slaves, and chief of all the girl Briseis, and he took them to the tent of Achilles. And when Briseis saw Patroclus lying dead upon the couch, she beat her breast and her face and wailed aloud, for he had been gentle and good. And the other women wept with her, thinking each of her own troubles.

When the King and the chiefs would have had Achilles feast with them he refused. "I will not eat or drink," said he, "till I shall have had vengeance. Often, O Patroclus, have you made ready the meal when we were going to battle, and now you lie dead. I had not grieved so much if my old father or my only son had died. Often have I said to myself: 'I, indeed, shall

die in this place, but Patroclus will go back and show my son all that was mine, goods and servants and palace.'"

And as he wept the old men wept with him, thinking each of those whom he had left at home.

Then the Greeks took their meal, the chiefs with King Agamemnon, and the others each with his own company. But Achilles sat fasting. Then Zeus said to Athene: "Do you not care for your dear Achilles? See how the other Greeks eat and drink, but he sits fasting," So Athene flew down from heaven, and poured heavenly food into the breast of Achilles that his strength might not fail for hunger. But he did not know what she did; only he felt the new strength in him. Then he armed himself with the arms which Thetis brought to him from Hephaestus, and he took from its case the great Pelian spear which no man but he could wield. After this he climbed into his chariot, and he said to his horses: "Take care now, Bayard and Piebald, that you do not leave your master today, as you left Patroclus yesterday, dead on the field." Then Hera gave a voice to the horse Bayard, and he said: "It was not our fault, O Achilles, that Patroclus died. It was Apollo who slew him, but Hector had the glory. You too, some day, shall be slain by a god and a man." Achilles answered: "I know my doom, but I care not so that I may have vengeance on the Trojans."

CHAPTER XXIII
The Battle at the River

When the two armies were set in order against each other, Apollo said to Æneas: "Æneas, where are now your boastings that you would stand up against Achilles and fight with him?"

Æneas answered: "That, indeed, I said long ago in days that are past. Once I stood up against him; it was when he took the town of Lyrnessus. But he overcame me, and I fled before him, and but for my nimble feet I had been slain that day. Surely a god is with him, and makes his spear to fly so strongly and so straight."

But Apollo answered: "But if he is the son of a goddess, so also are you; and, indeed, your mother is greater than his, for she is the child of Zeus, and Thetis is but a daughter of the Sea. Drive straight at him with your spear, and do not fear his fierce words and looks."

So Æneas came forth out of the press to meet Achilles. And Achilles said to him: "What mean you, Æneas? do you think to slay me? Have the Trojans promised that they will have you for their king, or that they will give a choice portion of land, ploughland and orchard, if only you can prevail over me? You will not find it an easy thing. Have you forgotten the day when you fled before me at Lyrnessus?"

Æneas said: "Son of Peleus, you will not frighten me with words, for I also am the son of a goddess. Come, let us try who is the better of us two."

So he cast his spear, and it struck full on the shield of Achilles, and made so dreadful a sound that the hero himself was frightened. But the shield that a god had made was not to be broken by the spear of a mortal man. It pierced, indeed,

the first fold and the second, which were of bronze, but it was stopped by the third, which was of gold, and there were two more folds, and these of tin. Now Achilles threw his spear. Easily it pierced the shield of the Trojan, and though it did not wound him it came so near that he was deadly frightened. Yet he did not fly, for when Achilles drew his sword and rushed at him, he took up a great stone from the ground to throw at him. Nevertheless he would have been most certainly slain but for the help of the gods. For it was decreed that he and his children after him should reign in the time to come over the men of Troy. Therefore Poseidon himself, though for the most part he had no love for the Trojans, caught him up and carried him out of the battle; but first he took Achilles' spear out of the shield and laid it at the hero's feet. Much did he marvel to see it. "Here is a great wonder," he cried, "that I see with my eyes. My spear that I threw I see lying at my feet, but the man at whom I threw it I see not. Truly this Æneas is dear to the gods."

Then he rushed into the battle, slaying as he went. Hector would have met him, but Apollo said: "Fight not with Achilles, for he is stronger than you and will slay you." So Hector stood aside. Yet when he saw the youngest of his brothers slain before his eyes, he could bear it no longer, and rushed to meet Achilles. Right glad was Achilles to see him, saying to himself: "The time is come; this is the man who killed Patroclus." And to Hector he said: "Come on and taste of death," But Hector answered: "You will not frighten me with words, son of Peleus, for though one man be stronger than another, yet it is Zeus who gives the victory."

Then he cast his spear, but Athene turned it aside with a breath. And when Achilles leapt upon him with a shout, then Apollo snatched him away. Three times did he leap at him, and three times he struck only the mist. The fourth time he cried with a terrible voice: "Dog, these four times you have escaped from death, but I shall meet you again when Apollo

is not at hand to help you."

And now as the Trojans fled before Achilles, they came to the river Xanthus, and they leapt into it till it was full of horses and men. Achilles left his spear upon the bank and rushed into the water, having only his sword. And the Trojans were like to fishes in the sea when they fly from a dolphin — in rocks and shallows they hide themselves, but the great beast devours them apace. There was but one man of them all who dared to stand up against him. When Achilles saw him he said, "And who are you that dare to stand up against me?" And the man said, "I am the son of Axius, the river god, and I come from the land of Paeonia." And as he spoke he cast two spears, one with each hand, for he could use both hands alike. The one struck on the shield and pierced two folds, but was stayed in the third, as the spear of Æneas had been; with the other he grazed the right hand of Achilles, so that the blood gushed forth. Then Achilles cast his spear but missed his aim, and the spear stood fast in the river bank. Then the other laid hold of it and tried to drag it forth. Three times he tried, but could not move it; the fourth time he tried to break it. But as he tried Achilles slew him. Yet he had this glory that he alone wounded the great Achilles.

But Achilles had to fight not only with mortal men, but with the god of the river also. For when the god of the river saw that Achilles was slaying many both of the Trojans and of the allies, he took upon himself the form of a man, and said to Achilles: "Without doubt, O Achilles, you are the greatest warrior among all the sons of men; for not only are you stronger than all others, but the gods themselves help you and protect you. It may be that they have given you to destroy all the sons of Troy; nevertheless I require of you that you depart from me, and do that which you have to do upon the plain, for my streams are choked with the multitude of those whom you have slain, and I cannot pass to the sea."

Achilles answered: "I would not do anything that

displeases you. Nevertheless I will make no end of slaying the Trojans till they have made their way into the city, or till I have come face to face with Hector, and either slay him or be slain, as the gods may please."

Then Achilles turned again to the Trojans and slew still more of them. Then the River rose up against Achilles with all his might, and beat upon his shield, so that he could not stand upon his feet. He caught hold, therefore, of a lime tree that grew upon the bank; but the tree broke away from its place with all its roots, and lay across the river and stopped it from flowing, for it had many branches. Then Achilles was afraid, and climbed out of the water, and ran across the plain; but the River still followed him, for it wished to hinder him from destroying the men of Troy. For the Trojans were dear to the River because they honoured him with sacrifices. And though he was very swift of foot, yet it overtook him, for, indeed, the gods are mightier than men; and when he tried to stand up against it, it rushed upon him with a great wave up to his shoulders, and bowed his knees under him. Then Achilles lifted up his hands to heaven and cried: "Will no one of the gods have pity upon me and help me? Surely it would be better that Hector should slay me, for he is the bravest of men. This were better than that I should perish miserably as a boy whom a storm sweeps away when he is herding his cattle on the plain,"

But the River raged yet more and more; and he called to another river his brother, for there were two that flowed across the plains of Troy, saying: "Brother, let us two stay the fury of this man, or he will surely destroy the city of Priam, which is dear to us. Fill your stream to the highest, and bring against him a great wave, with trunks of trees and bodies of men whom he has slain. So we will sweep him away, and his people will have no need to heap up a mound of earth over his bones, for we will cover him with sand."

But when Hera saw this, she cried to the Fire-god, her



The gods descending to battle.

son: "Come near and help us, and bring much fire with you, and burn the trees upon the bank of the river, yea, and the river itself."

So the Fire-god lit a great fire. First it burnt all the dead bodies on the plain; next it burnt all the trees that were on the banks of the river, the limes and the willows and the tamarisks; also it burnt the water-plants that were in the river; the very fishes and eels it scorched, so that they twisted hither and thither in their pain. Then the River cried to the Fire-god: "Cease now from burning me; Achilles may do what he will with the Trojans. What do I care for mortal men?" So the Fire-god ceased from burning him, and the river troubled Achilles no more.

CHAPTER XXIV
The Slaying of Hector

King Priam stood on a tower of the wall and saw how Achilles was driving the men of Troy before him, and his heart was much troubled within him, thinking how he could help his people. So he went down and spoke to those who kept the gates: "Keep now the wicket-gates open, holding them in your hand, that the people may enter by them, for they are flying before Achilles." So the keepers held the wicket-gates in their hands, and the people made haste to come in; they were wearied with toil and consumed with thirst, and Achilles followed close after them. And the Greeks would have taken the city of Troy that hour but that Apollo saved it, for the gates being open they could enter with the Trojans, whereas the gates being shut, the people were left to perish. And the way in which he saved the city was this. He put courage into the heart of Agenor, son to Antenor, standing also by him that he should not be slain. Agenor, therefore, stood thinking to himself: "Shall I flee with these others? Not so: for Achilles will overtake me, so swift of foot is he, and shall slay me, and I shall die the death of a coward. Or shall I flee across the plain to Mount Ida, and hide myself in the thicket, and come back to the city when it is dark? But if he see me, he will pursue me and overtake me. Shall I not rather stand here and meet him before the gates? For he too is a mortal man, and may be slain by the spear,"

Therefore he stood by the gates waiting for Achilles, for Apollo had given him courage. And when Achilles came near Agenor cast his spear, and struck his leg beneath the knee, but the greave turned the spear, so strong was it, having been

made by a god. But when Achilles rushed at him to slay him, Apollo lifted him up from the ground and set him safe within the walls. And that the men of Troy might have time to enter, the god took Agenor's shape and fled before Achilles, and Achilles pursued him. Meanwhile the Trojans flocked into the city through the wicket-gates, nor did they stay to ask who was safe and who was dead, so great was their fear and such their haste. Only Hector remained outside the city, in front of the great gates which were called the Scaean Gates. All the while Achilles was fiercely pursuing the false Agenor, till at last Apollo turned and spoke to him: "Why do you pursue me, swift footed Achilles? Have you not yet found out that I am a god, and that all your fury is in vain? And now all the Trojans are safe in the city, and you are here, far out of the way, seeking to kill one who cannot die."

Achilles answered him in great anger: "You have done me a great wrong in this. Surely of all the gods you are the one who loves mischief most. If it had not been for this many Trojans more would have fallen; but you have saved your favourites and robbed me of great glory. Oh that I could take vengeance on you! truly you would have paid dearly for your cheat."

Then he turned and ran towards the city, swift as a race-horse when it whirls a chariot across the plains. And his armour shone upon him as bright as Orion, which men call also the Dog, shines in the autumn, when the vintage is gathered, an evil light, bringing fevers to men. Old Priam saw him and groaned aloud, and stretched out his hands crying to Hector his son, where he stood before the gates waiting to fight with this terrible warrior:

"O my son, wait not for this man, lest he kill you, for indeed he is stronger than you. I would that the gods had such love for him as I have. Soon would he be food for dogs and vultures. Of many sons has he bereaved me, but if he should bereave me of you, then would not I only and the mother who

bore you mourn, but every man and woman in Troy. Come within the walls, my dear son, come, for you are the hope of the city. Come, lest an evil fate come upon me in my old age, that I should see my sons slain with the sword and my daughters carried into captivity, and the babes dashed upon the ground."

So spoke old Priam, but he could not move the heart of his son. Then from the other side of the wall his mother, Queen Hecuba, cried to him. She wept aloud, and hoping that she might so persuade him, she laid bare her bosom, saying: "O Hector, my son, have pity on me. Think of the breast which in old days I gave you, when you were hungry, and stilled your crying. Come, I beseech you, inside the walls, and do not wait for him, or stand up in battle against him. For if he conquers you, then not only will you die, but dogs and vultures will eat your flesh far from here, by the ships of the Greeks."

But all her prayers were in vain, for he was still minded to await the coming of Achilles, and stand up to him in battle. And as he waited many thoughts passed through his mind: "Woe is me, if I go within the walls! Will not they reproach me who gave me good advice which I would not hear, saying that I should bring the people within the walls, when the great Achilles roused himself to the battle? Would that I had done this thing! it had been by far better for us; but now I have destroyed the people. I fear the sons and daughters of Troy, lest they should say: 'Hector trusted in his strength, and he has brought the people whom he should have saved to harm/ It would be far better for me to stay here and meet the great Achilles, and either slay him, or, if it must be so, be slain by him.' Or shall I lay down my shield and take off my helmet and lean my spear against the wall, and go to meet him and say: 'We will give back the Fair Helen and all the riches which Paris carried off with her; also we will give all the precious things that there are in the city that the Greeks may divide

them among themselves, taking an oath that we are keeping nothing back, if only you will leave us in peace'? But this is idle talk. He will have neither shame nor pity, and will slay me as I stand without defence before him. No: it is better far to meet in arms and see whether Zeus will give the victory to him or to me."

These were the things which Hector thought in his heart. And Achilles came near, shaking over his right shoulder the great Pelian spear, and the flashing of his arms was like to fire or to the sun when it rises. But Hector trembled when he saw him, and his heart failed him so that he turned his back and fled. Fast he fled from the place where he stood by the great Scaean Gate, and fast did Achilles pursue him, just as a hawk, which is more swift than all other birds, pursues a dove among the hills. The two ran past the watch-tower, and past the wild fig tree, along the wagon-road which ran round the walls, till they came to the springs from which the river rises. Two springs there were, one hot as though it had been heated with fire, and the other cold, cold as ice or snow, even in the summer. There were two basins of stone in which the daughters of Troy had been used to wash their garments; but that was in the old days, when there was peace, before the Greeks came to the land. Past the springs they ran; it was no race which men run for some prize, a sheep, maybe, or an ox-hide shield. Rather the prize was the life of Hector. So they ran round the city, and the Trojans on the wall and the Greeks upon the plain looked on. And the gods looked on as they sat in their palace on the top of Olympus. And Zeus said:

"Now this is a piteous thing which I see. My heart is grieved for Hector — Hector, who has never failed to honour me and the other gods with sacrifice. See how the great Achilles is pursuing him! Come, let us take counsel together. Shall we save him from death, or shall we let him fall by the spear of Achilles?"

Athene said: "What is this that you purpose? Will you

save a man whom the fates appoint to die? Do this, if you will, but the other gods do not approve."

Then said Zeus: "This is a thing that I hate; but be it as you will." All this time Hector still fled, and Achilles still pursued. Hector sought for shelter in the walls, and Achilles ever drove him towards the plain. Just as in a dream, when one seems to fly and another seems to pursue, and the first cannot escape, neither can the second overtake, so these two ran. Yet Apollo helped Hector, giving strength to his knees, else he had not held out against Achilles, than whom there was no faster runner among the sons of men. Three times did they run round the city, but when they came for the fourth time to the springs Athene lighted from the air close to Achilles and said: "This is your day of glory, for you shall slay Hector, though he be a mighty warrior. It is his doom to die, and Apollo's self shall not save him. Stand here and take breath, and I will make him meet you."

So Achilles stood leaning on his spear. And Athene took the shape of Deiphobus, and came near to Hector and said to him: "My brother, Achilles presses you hard; but come, we two will stand up against him." Hector answered, "O Deiphobus, I have always loved you above all my brothers, and now I love you still more, for you only have come to my help, while they remain within the walls." Then said Deiphobus: "Much did my father and my mother and my comrades entreat me to stay within the walls, but I would not, for I could not bear to leave you alone. Come, therefore, let us fight this man together, and see whether he will carry our spoils to the ships or we shall slay him here."

Then Hector said to Achilles: "Three times have you pursued me round the walls, and I dared not stand against you, but now I fear you no more. Only let us make this covenant. If Zeus gives me the victory today, I will give back your body to the Greeks, only I will keep your arms: do you, therefore, promise to do the same with me?"

Achilles frowned at him and said: "Hector, talk not of covenants to me. Men and lions make no oaths to each other, neither is there any agreement between wolves and sheep. Make no delay; let us fight together, that I may have vengeance for the blood of all my comrades whom thou hast slain, and especially of Patroclus, the man whom I loved beyond all others."

Then he threw the great spear, but Hector saw it coming and avoided it, crouching down so that the spear flew over his head and fixed itself in the ground. But Athene snatched it up and gave it back to Achilles; but this Hector did not see. Then said Hector to Achilles: "You have missed your aim, Achilles. Now see whether I have not a truer aim." Then he cast his spear, and the aim, indeed, was true, for it struck full upon the shield; it struck, but it bounded far away. Then he cried to Deiphobus: "Give me another spear;" but lo! Deiphobus was gone. Then he knew that his end was come, and he said to himself: "The gods have brought my doom upon me. I thought that Deiphobus was with me; but he is behind the walls, and this was but a cheat with which Athene cheated me. Nevertheless, if I must die, let me at least die in the doing of such a deed as men shall remember in the years to come."

So he spoke, and drew his great sword, and rushed upon Achilles as an eagle rushes down from the clouds upon its prey. But never a blow did he deal; for Achilles ran to meet him, holding his shield before him, and the plumes of his helmet streamed behind him as he ran, and the point of his spear was as bright as the evening star. For a moment he doubted where he should drive it home, for the armour of Patroclus which Hector wore guarded him well. But a spot there was, where the stroke of spear or sword is deadliest, by the collar-bone where the neck joins the shoulder. There he drove in the spear, and the point stood out behind the neck, and Hector fell in the dust. Then Achilles cried aloud:

"Hector, you thought not of me when you slew Patroclus and spoiled him of his arms. But now you have fallen, and the dogs and vultures shall eat your flesh, but to him the Greeks will give honourable burial."

But Hector said, his voice now growing faint: "O Achilles, I entreat you, by all that you hold dear, to give my body to my father and mother that they may duly bury it. Large ransoms will they pay of gold and silver and bronze."

"Speak not to me of ransom," said Achilles. "Priam shall not buy thee back, no, not for your weight in gold."

Then Hector said: "I know you well, what manner of man you are, and that the heart in your breast is of iron. Only beware lest the anger of the gods come upon you for such deeds in the days when Paris and Apollo shall slay you hard by these very gates."

So speaking, he died. And Achilles said: "Die, dog that you are; but my doom I will meet when it shall please the gods to send it."

Then did Achilles devise a cruel thing. He pierced the ankle-bones of the dead man, and fastened the body with thongs of ox hide to the chariot, and so dragged it to the ships.

Now Andromache knew nothing of what had come to pass. She sat in her house weaving a great mantle, embroidered with flowers. And she bade her maidens make ready the bath for Hector, when he should come back from the battle, knowing not that he would never need it any more.

Then there rose a great cry of wailing from the walls, and she rose up from her weaving in great haste, and dropped the shuttle from her hands and said to the maids: "Come now, I must see what has happened, for I fear that some evil has come to the men of Troy. Maybe Hector is in danger, for he is always bold, and will fight in the front."

Then she ran along the street to the walls like to a madwoman. And when she came to the walls she looked, and lo! the horses of Achilles were dragging the body of Hector to



Andromache fainting on the wall.

the ships. Then a sudden darkness came upon her, and she fell to the ground as though she were dead.

CHAPTER XXV
The Ransoming of Hector

The Greeks made a great mourning for Patroclus, and paid due honours to him, but the body of Hector was shamefully treated, for Achilles caused it to be dragged daily about the tomb of his friend. Then Zeus sent for Thetis and said to her: "Go to the camp, and bid your son give up the body of Hector for ransom; it angers me to see him do dishonour to the dead."

So Thetis went to the tent of Achilles and found him weeping softly for his friend, for the strength of his sorrow was now spent. And she said to him: "It is the will of Zeus that you give up the body of Hector for ransom." And he said: "Let it be so, if the gods will have it."

Then, again, Zeus sent Iris his messenger to King Priam, where he sat in his palace with his face wrapped in his mantle, and his sons weeping round him, and his daughter and his daughters-in-law wailing in their chambers of the palace. Iris said to him: "Be of good cheer; I come from Zeus. He bids you take precious gifts wherewith to buy back the body of Hector from Achilles. Nor will Achilles refuse to give it."

So Priam rose up from his place with gladness in his heart. Nor would he listen to the Queen when she would have kept him back.

"I have heard the voice of the messenger of Zeus, and I will go. And if I die, what do I care? Let Achilles slay me, so that I hold the body of my son once more in my arms."

Then he caused precious things to be put into a wagon, mantles which had never been washed, and rugs, and cloaks, twelve of each, and ten talents of gold, and



Hector's body dragged at the chariot of Achilles.

cauldrons and basins, and a great cup of gold which the Thracians had given him. Nothing of his treasures did he spare if only he might buy back his son. Then he bade his sons yoke the mules to the wagon. With many bitter words did he speak to them; they were cowards, he said, an evil brood, speakers of lying words, and mighty only to drink wine. But they did not answer him. Then Priam himself yoked the horses to the chariot, the herald helping. But before he went he poured out wine to Zeus, and prayed, saying: "Hear me, O Father, and cause Achilles to pity me; give me also a lucky sign that I may go on this business with a good heart."

So Zeus sent an eagle, a mighty bird, and it flew with wings outstretched over the city, on the right hand of the King.

Then the King passed out of the gates. Before him the mules drew the wagon; these the herald drove. But Priam himself drove his horses. Then said Zeus to Hermes: "Go, guide the King, so that none of the Greeks may see him before he comes to the tent of Achilles." So Hermes fastened on his feet the winged sandals with which he flies, and flew till he came to the plain of Troy. And when the wagon and the chariot were close to the tomb of Hus, the herald spied a man (for Hermes had taken the shape of a man), and said to the King: "What shall we do? I see a man. Shall we flee, or shall we beg him to have mercy on us?" And the King was greatly troubled. But Hermes came near and said: "Whither do you go in the darkness with these horses and mules? Have you no fear of the Greeks? If anyone should spy all this wealth, what then? You are old, and could scarcely defend yourselves. But be of good cheer; I will protect you, for you are like to my own dear father."

Priam answered: "Happy is he to have such a son. Surely the gods are with me, that I have met such a one as you."

Then said Hermes: "Tell me true; are you sending away these treasures for safe keeping, fearing that the city will be taken now that Hector is dead?"

Priam answered: "Who are you that you speak of Hector?"

Hermes said: "I am a Myrmidon, one of the people of Achilles, and often have I seen your son in the front of the battle."

Then the King asked him: "Is the body of Hector yet whole, or have the dogs and vultures devoured it?"

Hermes answered: "It is whole and without blemish, as fresh as when he died. Surely the gods love him, even though he be dead."

Then King Priam would have had the young man take a gift; but Hermes said: "I will take no gift unknown to my master. So to do would be to wrong him. But I will guide you to his tent, if you would go thither."

So he leapt into the chariot and took the reins. And when they came to the trench, where the sentinels were at their meal, Hermes caused a deep sleep to fall on them, and he opened the gate, and brought in the King with his treasures. And when they were at the tent of Achilles, the young man said: "I am Hermes, whom Father Zeus sent to be your guide. Go in and clasp him about the knees, and entreat him to have pity upon you." And he vanished out of his sight.

Then Priam went into the tent, where Achilles, who had just ended his meal, sat at the table, and caught his knees and kissed his hands, yea, the very hands which had slain so many of his sons. He said: "Have pity on me, O Achilles, thinking of your own father. He is old as I am, yet it goes well with him, so long as he knows that you are alive, for he hopes to see you coming back from the land of Troy. But as for me, I am altogether miserable. Many sons have I lost, and now the best of them all is dead, and lo! I kiss the hands which slew him,"

Then the heart of Achilles was moved with pity and he wept, thinking now of his old father and now of the dead Patroclus. At last he stood up from his seat and said: "How did you dare to come to my tent, old man? Surely you must have a heart of iron. But come, sit and eat and drink; for this

a man must do, for all the sorrows that come upon him."

But the King said: "Ask me not to eat and drink while my son lies unburied and without honour. Rather take the gifts which I have brought, with which to ransom him."

But Achilles frowned and said: "Vex me not: I am minded to give back the body of Hector, but let me go my own way." Then Priam held his peace, for he feared to rouse the anger of Achilles. Then Achilles went forth from the tent, and two companions with him. First they took the gifts from the wagon; only they left two cloaks and a tunic wherewith to cover the dead. And Achilles bade the women wash and anoint the body, only that they should do this apart from the tent, lest Priam should see his son, and lament aloud and so wake the fury in his heart. And when the body was washed and anointed, Achilles himself lifted it in his arms, and put it on a litter, and his comrades put the litter in the wagon.

When all was finished, Achilles groaned and cried to his dead friend, saying: "Be not angry, O Patroclus, that I have given the body of Hector to his father. He has given a noble ransom, and of this you shall have your share as is meet."

Then he went back to his tent and said: "Your son, old man, is ransomed, and tomorrow shall you see him and take him back to Troy. But now let us eat and drink." And this they did. But when this had ended, they sat and looked at each other, and Achilles wondered at King Priam, so noble was he to behold, and Priam wondered to see how strong and how fair was Achilles.

Then Priam said: "Let me sleep, Achilles, for I have not slept since my son was slain." So they made up for him a bed, but not in the tent, lest, perhaps, one of the chiefs should come in and see him. But before he slept the King said: "Let there be a truce for nine days between the Greeks and the Trojans, that we may bury Hector." And Achilles said: "It shall be so; I will stay the war for so long."

But when the King slept, Hermes came again to him and

said: "Do you sleep among your enemies, O Priam? Awake and depart, for though Achilles has taken ransom for Hector, what would not your sons have to pay for you if the Greeks should find you in the camp?"

Then the old man rose up. And the wise herald yoked the mules to the wagon and the horses to the chariot. And they passed through the camp of the Greeks, no man knowing, and came safe to the city of Troy.

On the ninth day the King and his people made a great burying for Hector, such as had never before been seen in the land of Troy.

The End of Troy

After these things came Memnon, a black warrior, who men said was the son of the Morning. He slew Antilochus, son of Nestor, and was himself slain by Achilles. Not many days afterwards Achilles himself was slain near the Scaen Gates. It was by an arrow from the bow of Paris that he was killed, but the arrow was guided by Apollo.

Yet Troy was not taken. Then Helenus, the seer, having been taken prisoner by Ulysses, said: "You cannot take the city till you bring the man who has the arrows of Hercules." So they fetched the man, and he killed many Trojans with the arrows, and among them Paris, who was the cause of all this trouble.

Last of all the Greeks devised this plan. Some of the bravest of the chiefs hid themselves in a great horse of wood, and the rest made a pretence of going away, but went no further than to an island hard by. And when the Trojans had dragged the horse into the city, thinking that it was an offering to the gods of the city, the chiefs let themselves out of it by night, and the other Greeks having come back, took the city in the tenth year from the beginning of the siege.

The Odyssey

for Boys and Girls

Told from Homer in Simple Language

By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A.



Ulysses following the car of Nausicaa.

CHAPTER I
The Cyclops

A great many years ago there was a very famous siege of a city called Troy. The eldest son of the king who reigned in this city carried off the wife of one of the Greek kings, and with her a great quantity of gold and silver. She was the most beautiful woman in the world, and all the princes of Greece had come to her father's court wishing to marry her. Her father had made them all swear, that if anyone should steal her away from the man whom she should choose for her husband, they would help him to get her back. This promise they had now to keep. So they all went to besiege Troy, each taking a number of his subjects with him. On the other hand, the Trojans were helped by many of the nations that lived near them. The siege lasted for a long time, but in the tenth year the city was taken. Then the Greeks began to think about going home. The story that you are now going to hear is about one of these Greek princes, Ulysses by name, who was the King of Ithaca. (This was an island on the west coast of Greece, and you can find it now marked on the map.) Ulysses was, according to one story, very unwilling to go. He had married, you see, a very good and beautiful wife, and had a little son. So he pretended to be mad, and took a plough down to the sea-shore and began to plough the sand. But someone took his little son and laid him in front of the plough. And when Ulysses stopped lest he should hurt him, people said: "This man is not really mad." So he had to go. And this is the story of how, at last, he came back.

When Troy had been taken, Ulysses and his men set sail for his home, the Island of Ithaca. He had twelve ships with

him, and fifty men or thereabouts in each ship. The first place they came to was a city called Ismarus. This they took and plundered. Ulysses said to his men: "Let us sail away with what we have got.": They would not listen to him, but sat on the sea-shore, and feasted, for they had found plenty of wine in the city, and many sheep and oxen in the fields round it. Meanwhile the people who had escaped out of the city fetched their countrymen who dwelt in the mountains, and brought an army to fight with the Greeks. The battle began early in the morning of the next day, and lasted nearly till sunset. At first the Greeks had the better of it, but in the afternoon the people of the country prevailed, and drove them to their ships. Very glad were they to get away; but when they came to count, they found that they had lost six men out of each ship.

After this a great storm fell upon the ships, and carried them far to the south, past the very island to which they were bound. It was very hard on Ulysses. He was close to his home, if he could only have stopped; but he could not, and though he saw it again soon after, it was ten years before he reached it, having gone through many adventures in the meantime.

The first of these was in the country of the Cyclopes or Round-eyed People. Late on a certain day Ulysses came with his ships to an island, and found in it a beautiful harbour, with a stream falling into it, and a flat beach on which to draw up the ships. That night he and his men slept by the ships, and the next day they made a great feast. The island was full of wild goats. These the men hunted and killed, using their spears and bows. They had been on shipboard for many days, and had had but little food. Now they had plenty, eight goats to every ship, and nine for the ship of Ulysses, because he was the chief. So they ate till they were satisfied, and drank wine which they had carried away from Ismarus.

Now there was another island about a mile away, and they could see that it was larger, and it seemed as if there might be

people living in it. The island where they were was not inhabited. So on the second morning Ulysses said to his men: "Stay here, my dear friends; I with my own ship and my own company will go to yonder island, and find out who dwells there, whether they are good people or no." So he and his men took their ship, and rowed over to the other island. Then Ulysses took twelve men, the bravest that there were in the ship, and went to search out the country. He took with him a goat-skin of wine, very strong and sweet, which the priest of Apollo at Ismarus had given him for saving him and his house and family, when the city was taken. There never was a more precious wine: one measure of it could be mixed with twenty measures of water, and the smell of it was wondrously sweet. Also he took with him some parched corn, for he felt in his heart that he might need some food.

After a while they came to a cave which seemed to be the dwelling of some rich and skillful shepherd. Inside there were pens for the young sheep and the young goats, and baskets full of cheeses, and milk-pans ranged against the walls. Then Ulysses' men said to him: "Let us go away before the master comes back. We can take some of the cheeses, and some of the kids and lamb." But Ulysses would not listen to them. He wanted to see what kind of man this shepherd might be, and he hoped to get something from him.

In the evening the Cyclops, the Round-eye, came home. He was a great giant, with one big eye in the middle of his forehead, and an eyebrow above it. He bore on his shoulder a huge bundle of pine logs for his fire. This he threw down outside the cave with a great crash, and drove the flocks inside, and then closed up the mouth with a big rock so big that twenty wagons could not carry it. After this he milked the ewes and the she-goats. Half the milk he curdled for cheese, and half he set aside for his own supper. This done, he threw some logs on the fire, which burnt up with a great flame, showing the Greeks, who had fled into the depths of the cave,

when they saw the giant come in.

"Who are you?" said the giant, "traders or pirates?"

"We are no pirates, mighty sir," said Ulysses, "but Greeks sailing home from Troy, where we have been fighting for Agamemnon, the great king, whose fame is spread abroad from one end of heaven to the other. And we beg you to show hospitality to us, for the gods love them who are hospitable."

"Nay," said the giant, "talk not to me about the gods. We care not for them, for we are better and stronger than they. But tell me, where have you left your ship?"

But Ulysses saw what he was thinking of when he asked about the ship, namely, that he meant to break it up so as to leave them no hope of getting away. So he said, "Oh, sir, we have no ship; that which we had \\us driven by the wind upon a rock and broken, and we whom you see here are all that escaped from the wreck."

The giant said nothing, but without more ado caught up two of the men, as a man might catch up two puppies, and dashed them on the ground, and tore them limb from limb, and devoured them, with huge draughts of milk between, leaving not a morsel, not even the bones. And when he had filled himself with this horrible food and with the milk of the flocks, he lay down among his sheep, and slept.

Then Ulysses thought: "Shall I slay this monster as he sleeps, for I do not doubt that with my good sword I can pierce him to the heart. But no; if I do this, then shall I and my comrades here perish miserably, for who shall be able to roll away the great rock that is laid against the mouth of the cave?"

So he waited till the morning, very sad at heart. And when the giant awoke, he milked his flocks, and afterwards seized two of the men, and devoured them as before. This done, he went forth to the pastures, his flocks following him, but first he put the rock on the mouth of the cave, just as a man shuts down the lid of his quiver.

All day Ulysses thought how he might save himself and

his companions, and the end of his thinking was this. There was a great pole in the cave, the trunk of an olive tree, green wood which the giant was going to use as a staff for walking when it should have been dried by the smoke. Ulysses cut off this a piece some six feet long, and his companions hardened it in the fire, and hid it away. In the evening the giant came back and did as before, seizing two of the prisoners and devouring them. When he had finished his meal, Ulysses came to him with the skin of wine in his hand and said, "Drink, Cyclops, now that you have supped. Drink this wine, and see what good things we had in our ship. But no one will bring the like to you in your island here if you are so cruel to strangers."

The Cyclops took the skin and drank, and was mightily pleased with the wine.

"Give me more," he said, "and tell me your name, and I will give you a gift such as a host should. Truly this is a fine drink, like, I take it, to that which the gods have in heaven."

Then Ulysses said: "My name is No Man. And now give me your gift."

And the giant said: "My gift is this: you shall be eaten last." And as he said this, he fell back in a drunken sleep.

Then Ulysses said to his companions, "Be brave, my friends, for the time is come for us to be delivered from this prison."

So they put the stake into the fire, and kept it there till it was ready, green as it was, to burst into flame. Then they thrust it into his eye, for, as has been told, he had but one, and Ulysses leant with all his force upon the stake, and turned it about, just as a man turns a drill about when he would make a hole in a ship timber. And the wood hissed in the eye as the red-hot iron hisses in the water when a smith would temper it to make a sword.

Then the giant leapt up, and tore away the stake, and cried out so loudly that the Round-eyed people in the island



Ulysses giving wine to the Cyclops.

came to see what had happened.

"What ails you," they asked, "that you make so great an uproar, waking us all out of our sleep? Is anyone stealing your sheep, or seeking to hurt you?"

And the giant bellowed, "No Man is hurting me."

"Well," said the Round-eyed people, "if no man is hurting you, then it must be the gods that do it, and we cannot help you against them,"

But Ulysses laughed when he thought how he had beguiled them by his name. But he was still in doubt how he and his companions should escape, for the giant sat in the mouth of the cave, and felt to see whether the men were trying to get out among the sheep. And Ulysses, after long thinking, made a plan by which he and his companions might escape. By great good luck the giant had driven the rams into the cave, for he commonly left them outside. These rams were very big and strong, and Ulysses took six of the biggest, and tied the six men that were left out of the twelve underneath their bellies with osier twigs. And on each side of the six rams to which a man was tied, he put another ram. So he himself was left, for there was no one who could do the same for him. Yet this also he managed. There was a very big ram, much bigger than all the others, and to this he clung, grasping the fleece with both his hands. So, when the morning came, the flocks went out of the cave as they were wont, and the giant felt them as they passed by him, and did not perceive the men. And when he felt the biggest ram, he said,

"How is this? You are not used to lag behind; you are always the first to run to the pasture in the morning and to come back to the fold at night. Perhaps you are troubled about thy master's eye which this villain No Man has destroyed. First he overcame me with wine, and then he put out my eye. Oh! that you could speak and tell me where he is. I would dash out his brains upon the ground." And then he let the big ram go.

When they were out of the giant's reach, Ulysses let go his hold of the ram, and loosed his companions, and they all made as much haste as they could to get to the place where they had left their ship, looking back to see whether the giant was following them. The crew at the ship were very glad to see them, but wondered that there should be only six. Ulysses made signs to them to say nothing, for he was afraid that the giant might know where they were if he heard their voices. So they all got on board and rowed with all their might. But when they were a hundred yards from the shore, Ulysses stood up in the ship and shouted: "You are an evil beast, Cyclops, to devour strangers in your cave, and are rightly served in losing your eye. May the gods make you suffer worse things than this!"

The Cyclops, when he heard Ulysses speak, broke off the top of a rock and threw it to the place from which the voice seemed to come. The rock fell just in front of the ship, and the wave which it made washed it back to the shore. But Ulysses caught up a long pole and pushed the ship off, and he nodded with his head, being afraid to speak, to his companions to row with all their might. So they rowed; and when they were twice as far off as before, Ulysses stood up again in the ship, as if he were going to speak again. And his comrades begged him to be silent.

"Do not make the giant angry," they said; "we were almost lost just now when the wave washed us back to the shore. The monster throws a mighty bolt, and throws it far."

But Ulysses would not listen, but cried out: "Hear, Cyclops, if any man ask you who put out your eye, say that it was Ulysses of Ithaca."

Then the giant took up another great rock and threw it. This time it almost touched the end of the rudder, but missed it by a hand's breadth. This time, therefore, the wave helped them on. So big was it that it carried the ship to the other shore.

Now Ulysses had not forgotten to carry off sheep from the island for his companions. These he divided among the crews of all the ships. The great ram he had for his own share. So that day the whole company feasted, and they lay down on the sea-shore and slept.

CHAPTER II
Of the Home of the Winds and of Circe

The next day Ulysses and his companions set sail. After a while they came to the floating island where the King of the Winds had his home. Ulysses told the king all his story, how he had fought against Troy, and what had happened to him afterwards. For a whole month the king made him welcome, and when he wished to go home, he did what he could to help him. He took the hide of an ox, very thick and strong, and put in it all the winds that would hinder him in getting to his home, and fastened it to the deck of his ship. Then he made a gentle wind blow from the west. For nine days it blew, till the ships were very near to the island of Ithaca – so near that they could see the lights on the cliffs. But just before dawn on the tenth day, Ulysses, who had kept awake all the time, for he would not let anyone else take the rudder, fell asleep. And the crew of his ship said to each other: "See that great bag of ox hide. It must have something very precious inside it – silver and gold and jewels. Why should the chief have all these good things to himself?" So they cut the bag open, and all the winds rushed out and blew the ship away from Ithaca. Ulysses woke up at the noise, and at first thought that he would throw himself into the sea and die. Then he said to himself, "No! it is better to live," and he covered his face and lay still, without saying a word to his men. And the ships were driven back to the island of the King of the Winds.

Ulysses went to the king's palace with one of his companions, and sat down outside the door. The king came out to see him, and said, "How is this? Why did you not get to your home?" Ulysses said, "I fell asleep, and my men opened

the bag. I pray you to help me again. "Nay," answered the king, "it is of no use to help the man whom the gods hate. Go away!"

So Ulysses and his men launched their ships again and rowed for six days and nights. On the seventh day they came to a certain city named Lamos, a country where the night is as light as the day. Here there was a fine harbour, with a very narrow mouth, and high rocks all round it, so that it was always calm. It seemed so pleasant a place that all the ships were taken inside by their crews, only Ulysses thought it safer to keep his ship outside. He sent two of his men to see the king of the place. These met a very tall and strong girl as they went, and asked her the way to the palace. She told them – and, indeed, she was the king's daughter. So they knocked at the door; but when it was opened, and they saw the queen, they were terribly frightened, for she was as big as a mountain, and dreadful to look at. They ran away, but the queen called to her husband the king, and the king shouted to the people of the city. They were cannibals all of them, and when they saw the ships they threw great rocks at them and broke them in pieces; and when the men tried to swim to shore, they speared them as if they had been fishes, and devoured them. So all the ships inside the harbour were destroyed; only the ship of Ulysses was left.

He cut the cable with his sword, and cried to his men to row away with all their might, and so they escaped. But Ulysses had now only one ship left with its crew out of the twelve which he had at first.

After a while they came to a strange island, and drew up their ship upon the beach, and sat beside it weeping and lamenting, for now there were but some thirty or so left out of six hundred. This they did for two days. On the third day Ulysses took his spear and sword, and climbed up a hill that was near, to see what kind of a place they had come to. From the top of the hill he saw a great wood, and a smoke rising up

out of the midst of it, showing that there was a house there. Then he thought to himself: "I will go back to the ship, and when we have dined, some of us will go and see who lives in the island," But as he went towards the shore, he saw a great stag coming down to a spring to drink, and it crossed the path almost in front of him. Then he threw his spear at the beast, and killed it; and he tied its feet together, and put it on his neck, and carried it leaning on his spear, for, indeed, it was a very heavy load for a man to bear. When he came to the ship, he threw down the stag on the shore, and the men looked up, and were glad to see the great beast. So they feasted on deer's flesh and wine, and Ulysses put off the searching of the island till the next day.

In the morning he told them what he had seen, but the searching of the island did not please, for they thought of what they had suffered already. Then Ulysses said: "We shall divide the crew into two companies; one shall be mine, and of the other Eurylochus shall be chief; and we will cast lots to see who shall search the island." So they cast lots, and the lot of Eurylochus came out first. So he went, and twenty men or so with him, and in the middle of the wood they found an open space, and in the space a palace, and all about it wolves and lions were wandering. The men were very much afraid of the beasts, but they did them no harm. Only they got up on their hind legs and fawned on them, as dogs fawn upon their master, hoping to get some scraps of food from him. And they heard the voice of someone who sat inside the palace and sang as she worked a loom, and a very sweet voice it was. Then said one of the men: "Let us call to this singer, and see whether she is a woman or a goddess." So they called, and a certain Circe, who was said to be a daughter of the Sun, came out, and asked them to go in. This they did, and also they drank out of a cup which she gave them. A cup of wine it seemed to be, mixed with barley-meal and honey, but she had put in it some strange drug, which makes a man forget all that

he loves. And when they had drunk, lo! they were turned into pigs. They had snouts and bristles, and they grunted like pigs, but they had the hearts of men. And Circe shut them in sties, and gave them acorns and beech-mast to eat.

But Eurylochus had stayed outside when the others went in, and he ran back to the ship and told Ulysses what had happened. Then Ulysses armed himself, and said: "I will go and save these men." Nor would he listen when the others begged him not to go. "Thou wilt not do them any good," they said, "but wilt perish thyself." "Nay," he answered; "stay here if you will, and eat and drink; but I must go and rescue my men, for I am their chief."

So he went; and when he came near to the house, he saw a very beautiful youth, who had a golden stick in his hand. The youth said: "Ulysses, art thou come to rescue thy comrades? That thou canst not do. Thou wilt rather perish thyself. But stay; you are one that fears the gods, therefore they will help you. I will give you such a drug as shall make all Circe's drugs of no power. Drink the cup that she gives you, but first put into it this drug." So he showed Ulysses a certain herb which had a black root and a flower as white as milk. It was called Moly.

So Ulysses took the herb moly in his hand, and went and stood in the porch of Circe's palace, and called to her. And when Circe heard him she opened the door, and said, "Come in." Then he went in, and she made him sit on a great chair of carved oak, and gave him wine to drink in a gold cup. But she had mixed a deadly drug in the wine. So Ulysses took up the cup and drank, but before he drank he put the moly into it. Then Circe struck him with her wand, and said, "Go now to the sty, and lie there with thy fellows." But Ulysses drew his sword, and rushed at her, as if he would have killed her. She caught him by the knees and prayed him not to hurt her. And she said: "How is this, that my drugs do thee no harm? I did not think that there was any man on earth who could do

so. Surely thou must be Ulysses, for Hermes told me that he would come to this island when he was on his way back to his home from Troy. Come now, let us be friends." But Ulysses said: "How can we be friends when thou hast turned my companions into swine? And now I am afraid that thou wilt do me some great harm if thou canst take me unawares. Swear to me then, by a great oath, that thou wilt not hurt me." So Circe sware.

Then her handmaids, very lovely women born in the springs and streams and woods, prepared a feast. One set purple rugs on the chairs, and another set silver tables by the chairs, and others put on the tables baskets of gold. Also they made ready a bath of hot water for Ulysses, and put some wonderful thing into the water, so that when he had bathed he did not feel tired any more. Then one of the women, who was the housekeeper, and whom they all obeyed, brought Ulysses some very fine wheaten bread, and set many dainty dishes on the tables. Then Circe said: "Eat and drink, Ulysses." But he sat and ate and drank nothing. "How is this?" she said. "Dost thou think that I will harm thee? Did I not swear a great oath that I would not?" And Ulysses said: "How can I eat and drink when my companions have been changed into brute beasts?"

Then Circe arose from her chair, and took her wand in her hand, and went to the sties where she had put the men that had been turned into swine. And she opened the doors of the sties, and rubbed a wonderful drug on each beast as he came out. And, lo! in a moment the bristles fell from their bodies, and they became men again, only they looked to be younger and more handsome than they were before. And when they saw their chief, they clung to him, weeping for joy. Even Circe herself felt a little pity.

After this they all went into the palace, and ate and drank. And when they had finished their meal, Circe said to Ulysses: "Go now to thy ship, and put away all the goods that



Ulysses at the table of Circe

are in it and all the tackle in the caves that are on the sea-shore, and then come back here, and bring the rest of your comrades with you,"

So Ulysses went. And when his companions saw him, they were very glad, for they had thought that he was lost. They were as glad as calves which have been penned in the yard all day when their mothers come back from the fields in the evening. But when Ulysses said to them: "Come back with me to the great house in the wood," Eurylochus said to them, "Don't go, my friends; if you do, you will be turned into lions or bears or pigs, and will be kept shut up for the rest of your lives. This foolhardy Ulysses is always leading us into trouble. Was it not he who took us to the cave of the Cyclops?" Ulysses was very angry when he heard this, and was ready to kill the man. But the others stopped him from doing it. "We will go with you," they said, "and if this man is afraid, let him stay by the ship." So they went with Ulysses, and Eurylochus himself, when he saw them go, went with them.

For a whole year Ulysses and his companions stayed with Circe. She feasted them royally, and they were well content to be her guests. But at the end of the year the men said to their chief: "Should we not be thinking of going home?" And he knew that they were right. So he said to Circe: "It is time for us to go home. Pray do what you can to help us on our way." Circe said: "I would not keep a guest against his will."

So they made their ship ready, and Circe and her handmaids brought down to the shore flesh and bread and wine in plenty, and they stored them away as provision for their voyage, and then they departed. But first Circe told Ulysses what things would happen to them by the way, and what he and his companions ought to do, and what they ought to avoid, if they wished to get safely home.

CHAPTER III
Of the Sirens and Other Wonders

The first place they came to was the Island of the Sirens. The Sirens were women of the sea, such as mermaids are, who sang so sweetly, and with such lovely voices, that no one who heard them could pass on his way, but was forced to go to them. But when he came near the Sirens flew upon him and tore him to pieces, and devoured him. So they sat there on their island, with the bones of dead men all round them, and sang. Now Circe had warned Ulysses about these dreadful creatures, and told him what he ought to do. So he closed the ears of his companions with wax so tightly that they could hear nothing. As for himself, he made his men tie him with ropes to the mast of the ship. "And see," he said, "that you don't loose me, however much I may beg and pray." As soon as the ship came near to the island the wind ceased to blow, and there was a great calm, and the men took down the sails, and put out their oars, and began to row. Then the Sirens saw the ship, and began to sing. And Ulysses, where he stood bound to the mast, heard them. And when he understood what they said he forgot all his prudence, for they promised just the thing that he wanted. For he was a man who never could know enough, he thought, about other countries and the people who dwelt in them, what they think and how they spend their days. And the Sirens said that they could tell him all this. Then he made signs with his head to his men, for his hands and feet were bound, that they should loose him. But they remembered what he had told them, and rowed on. And two of them even put new bonds upon him lest he should break the old ones. So they got safely past the Island of the

Sirens. And now Ulysses had to choose between two ways. One of them was through the Wandering Rocks. Circe had told him of these; that they were rocks which floated about in the sea, and that when any ship came near them they moved very fast through the water, and caught the ship between them and broke it up. So fast did they move that they caught even the birds as they flew. And Circe told him that only one ship had ever escaped them, and that this was the Argo, when the heroes went in it to fetch back the Golden Fleece. "This," said Circe, "was by the special favour of the gods, and because there were many children of the gods among the crew." So Ulysses thought it better not to try that way, though the other way was dreadful also.

After a while they saw what looked like smoke going up from the sea, and heard a great roar of the waves dashing upon the rocks, for they were coming near to another dangerous place which Circe had warned them about. This was a narrow place between the mainland and an island. On the one side there was a cave, in which there dwelt a terrible monster, Scylla by name, and on the other side there was a dreadful whirlpool. If a ship ever got into that, it was sucked down to the bottom of the sea and never came up again. Now, Circe had told Ulysses all about this place, and had told him what he should do. "It will be better," she had said, "to go near Scylla than to go near Charybdis; one or other of these two thou must do, for there is no room in the middle. It is true that Scylla will pounce down upon your ship when it comes within her reach, and will take out of it six men, one for each of the six heads which she has. But if you go too near to Charybdis then will your whole ship be swallowed up; and it is better to lose six men than that all should be drowned." And when Ulysses had said, "May I not take shield and spear and fight with this monster?" Circe had answered, "Thou art wonderfully bold; thou wouldst fight with the gods themselves. But be sure that thou canst not fight with Scylla; she

is too strong for any man. And while you linger she will take six other men. No: fly from the place as fast as you can." So had Circe spoken to Ulysses, and he remembered what she had said; but he did not tell it to his companions, lest they should lose heart. So now he bade the steersman steer the ship as near as he could to that side of the strait on which was Scylla's cave. Nevertheless, they went very close to the whirlpool. And a wonderful sight it was, for at one time you could see to the very bottom of the sea, and at another the water seemed to boil up almost to the top of the cliffs. Now, Ulysses had said nothing to his men about the monster on the other side, for he was afraid that if they knew about her they would not go on with their voyage. So they all stood and watched the whirlpool, and while they were doing this there came down upon the ship Scylla's dreadful hands, and caught up six of the crew, the bravest and strongest of them all. Ulysses heard them cry to him to help them, but he could do nothing to help them. And this, he used to say afterwards, was the very saddest thing that happened to him in all his troubles.

After this the ship came to the Island of the Three Capes, which is now called Sicily. And while they were still a long way off, Ulysses heard the bleating of sheep and the lowing of cattle. As soon as he heard these sounds he remembered what Circe had told him about the last of the dangers which he and his companions would meet on their way home. What Circe had said was this: "You will come, last of all, to a beautiful island, where the Sun keeps his herds and flocks. There are seven herds of cattle and fifty in each, and seven flocks of sheep of fifty also; and each has a nymph to look after it. Now, I advise you to sail by this island without landing. If you do, you will get safe home; but if you land, perhaps your men will kill some of the Sun's cattle and sheep for food. And if they do this, something dreadful is sure to happen to them." So Ulysses said to his men: "Listen to me. Circe told me that this island was a very dangerous place, and that we had better sail

by it without landing, and that if we did we should get safe home. Think, now, how many of our companions have been lost, and that we only remain. Take my advice, I pray you, for some of us at least will be saved." But Eurylochus said: "Truly, Ulysses, you seem to be made of iron, for you are never tired, and now you would have us pass by this beautiful island without landing, though we have been working for days and nights without rest. And, besides, it is not safe to sail at night. Perhaps some storm will fall upon us, or a strong wind will spring up from the south or west, as it often does in these parts, and break our ship to pieces. No; let us stay for the night, and sleep on land, and tomorrow we will sail again on the sea till we get to our home." And all the others agreed with what he said. Then Ulysses knew that he was going to suffer some terrible thing. And he said: "You are many and I am one; so I cannot stop you from doing what you will. But swear all of you an oath, that if you find here any flock of sheep or herd of cattle, you will not touch them; no, however hungry you may be, but that you will be content with the food that Circe gave us."

So they all swore an oath that they would not touch sheep or cattle. Then they moored the ship in a creek, where there were little streams falling into the sea. And they took their meal upon the shore. After the meal they mourned for their companions whom Scylla had carried off from the ship, and when they had done this, they slept.

The next morning Ulysses told them again that they must not touch the sheep or cattle, but must be content with the food that they had. And he told them also the reason: "These creatures," he said, "belong to the Sun, and the Sun is a mighty god, and he sees everything that men do over all the earth."

But now the wind blew from the south for a whole month, day after day, except some days when it blew from the east. Now, neither the south wind nor the east wind was good for

their voyage, so that they could not help staying on the island. As long as any of the food that Circe had given them remained, they were content. And when this was eaten up they wandered about the island, searching for food. They snared birds and caught fishes, but they never had enough, and their hunger was very hard to bear. And Ulysses prayed to the gods that they would help him, but it seemed that they took no heed of him.

At last Eurylochus said to his companions: "Listen, my friends, to me, for we are all in a very evil case. Death is a dreadful thing, but nothing is so dreadful as to die of hunger, and this we are likely to do. Let us take some of these oxen and make a sacrifice to the gods, and when we have given them their portion we will eat the rest ourselves. And after the sacrifice we will pray to them that they will send us a favourable wind. Also we will promise to build a great and fair temple to the Sun when we get to our home. And if the Sun is angry on account of the oxen, and is minded to sink our ship, let it be so; it is better to be drowned than to die of hunger."

To this they all agreed; and Eurylochus drove some of the fattest of the kine down to the shore, and the men killed them, and made sacrifice according to custom. They had no meal to sprinkle over the flesh, so they used leaves instead; and they had no wine, so they used water. And when they had done this, and were now beginning their feast, Ulysses, who had been asleep, awoke, and he smelt the smell of roast flesh, and knew that his companions had broken their oath, and had killed some of the beasts of the Sun.

In the meantime, two of the nymphs that kept the cattle had flown up to the sky, and had told the Sun what had been done. And when the Sun heard it, he was very angry, and said to the other gods: "See now what these wicked companions of Ulysses have done. They have killed the cattle which it is my delight to see, both when I climb up the sky and when I

come down from it. Now, if they are not punished for this evil deed, I will not shine any more upon the earth, but will give my light to the place of darkness that is underneath it," And the king of the gods answered, "Shine, O Sun, upon the earth as thou art wont to do. I will break the ship of these sinners with my thunderbolt while they are sailing on the sea."

Ulysses was very angry with his companions, and rebuked them for their folly, and because they had broken their oath. But he could not undo what had been done, for the kine were dead. And the men were greatly frightened by what they saw and heard; for the skins of the cattle that had been killed crept along the ground, and the flesh bellowed on the spits as if the beasts had been still alive. Nevertheless they did not leave off feasting on them. For six days they feasted, and on the seventh day they set sail.

For a time all seemed to go well, for the wind blew as they desired. But when they were now out of sight of land, suddenly all the sky was covered with a dark cloud, and a great wind came down upon the ship, and snapped the shrouds on either side of the mast. Then the mast fell backwards and broke the skull of the man that held the rudder and steered the ship, so that he fell into the sea. Next there came down a great thunderbolt from the sky, and the ship was filled with fire and smoke from one end of it to the other. And all the men were blown out of the ship, some on one side and some on the other. Only Ulysses was left. He stayed on the ship till the ribs were broken away from the keel by the waves. And when only the mast and the keel were left together, Ulysses bound himself by a thong of leather to them, and sat on them, and was driven by the wind over the waves. All night long was he driven, and when the day dawned he came to the passage where there was Scylla's cave on one side and the great whirlpool on the other. Now, there was a fig-tree that grew at the top of the cliff that was above the whirlpool. Circe had told Ulysses of this same tree, for she knew all things,



The Nymph complaining to the Sun-god.

and Ulysses remembered her words; and when the keel and the mast were carried up to the top, he caught hold of the branches. But he found that he could not climb any higher, so he waited till the keel and the mast should come again, for they had been swallowed up. For four hours or so he waited, and when he saw them again, he loosed his hold on the fig-tree, and caught hold of them, and sat upon them as he had done before. Now after the water had risen to the top, there was calm for a little time before it began to sink again, and Ulysses paddled with his hands as hard as he could, and so got away. By good luck Scylla did not see him, for if she had, he would most certainly have perished.

For eight days and nights Ulysses was carried by the winds and waves over the sea, and on the ninth day he came to a beautiful island where there dwelt a goddess, by name Calypso. There he lived for seven long years. Long they seemed, for though he had all that a man could wish for, yet he would gladly have gone home. "Oh!" he would say to himself, "if I could but see the smoke rising up from the chimneys of my own home!" But the island was far away in the midst of the sea, and no ship came near to it. So he could do nothing but wait.

CHAPTER IV
Of What Happened in Ithaca

Now we must leave Ulysses in the island of Calypso, and see what was going on at his home in Ithaca. You have been already told that before he went to Troy he had married a wife, Penelope by name, and had a son who was called Telemachus. When this son was still only a baby, Ulysses had to go to Troy with the other chiefs of the Greeks to fight with the Trojans. And now nearly twenty years had passed, and he had not come home: and no one knew what had become of him. What had happened to the other chiefs everyone knew. Some had died during the siege, and others had perished on the way home, and the leader of them all had come back and been wickedly killed by his wife, and another had had to fly from his home and build a city in a distant country, and others had got back safely, sooner or later; but Ulysses was still absent, and, as has been said, no one knew where he was, or whether he was alive or dead. But it seemed most likely that he was dead. It is no wonder, then, that many of the young men among the nobles of Ithaca, and of the islands round about, came and tried to persuade his wife Penelope to marry again. "It is of no use," they said, "for you to wait any longer for your husband. By this time he must be dead. And you ought to have someone to look after your property and your kingdom, for your son is too young to do this properly."

Now Penelope believed in her heart that her husband was alive, and that he would come back; but she knew that hardly anyone else believed it. And she felt very helpless. The people of Ithaca thought that she ought to marry again. They were very badly governed when there was no king. Even if the man

whom she chose for, of course, her husband would be king was not very good, this would be better than to have a whole crowd of men coming day after day to the palace, eating and drinking and gambling, and wasting the king's goods. So she tried to gain time. She thought to herself: "If I can put off these people" – suitors they were called – "for a while, perhaps my husband will come back in the meanwhile." So she said to them: "You know that my husband's father is an old man, and that it would be a great disgrace to me if he were to die and there were no proper grave clothes to bury him in; for you know that he has been a king, and should be buried with honour. Let me weave a shroud for him, and when this is finished, then I will choose one from among you to be my husband." The Suitors were glad to hear this, for they said to themselves: "This weaving cannot take a very long time; and when it is finished, then one of us, at least, will get what he wants." So they waited, but somehow the weaving was not finished. The truth was that the queen undid every night what she had done in the day. How long this would have gone on no one knows, but at last one of the women that waited on the queen told the secret to a friend of hers among the Suitors. That night three or four of them were taken by the woman to the queen's own room, and found her undoing what she had done in the day. So the queen could not put the Suitors off any longer in this way; the shroud was finished, and she did not know what to do.

Now there was one among the gods and goddesses who more than all the others cared for Ulysses. This was Athene, the goddess of Wisdom, and she loved Ulysses because he was so wise. And Athene thought to herself: "Now there are two things to be done: we must bring Ulysses back to his home; he has been away for twenty years, and that is enough, and too much. And we must not let Telemachus, his son, sit still any longer and do nothing, as if he did not care at all what has happened to his father, and whether he is alive or dead.



Penelope surprised by the Suitors.

It would be a bad thing if Ulysses were to come home and find out that Telemachus had never taken any pains to look for him or ask about him. For Telemachus is now a young man, and able to think and act." And Athene, being wise, saw that this was the first thing to do, for nothing could be worse than that, for any reason, father and son should not be good friends. And the way in which she stirred up Telemachus was this.

One day he sat among the Suitors, who were feasting and playing draughts in his father's house. Every day did they come thither, and they made a sad waste of the things which belonged to Ulysses. The sheep and oxen and swine were killed for their meat, and they drank the wines from his cellars. And Telemachus could do nothing, for he was but one against many. As he sat very sad at heart, there came a stranger to the door. Now this stranger was Athene, who had come down to the earth and taken a man's shape. When Telemachus saw him, he got up from his place and brought him in, and commanded his servants to set food and drink before him.

When he had ended his meal, Telemachus asked him his business. The stranger said: "I am Mentes; I am king of the Taphians, and I am on my way to Cyprus[3] with a cargo of iron, which I am going to exchange for copper. And I have come wishing to see your father, for I knew him and his father also. But now they tell me that he is not here. Something has hindered him from coming home, for I am sure that he is alive. But who are these? what are they doing here? Is this a wedding feast? A wise man would not like to see such doings in his house,"

And Telemachus answered: "Oh, sir, while my father was yet alive, this house was rich and prosperous. But now that he is gone, things go very ill with me. It had been far better if he

[3] The word "Cyprus" means copper.

had fallen in battle fighting against the Trojans, but now the sea has swallowed him up. And these men are the princes of Ithaca and of the islands round about, and they come, they say, seeking my mother in marriage. She will neither say Yes nor No to them. Meanwhile they sit and waste my substance."

Then said Mentes: "It is indeed time that Ulysses should come back and put an end to such doings. But it is time also that you should do something for yourself. Now listen to me. First call the people of Ithaca to an Assembly. It is well to have the people on your side. Then bid the Suitors depart, each man to his house. And if your mother be minded to take another husband, let her go back to her father's house, and let her own people make ready a wedding feast and other things such as a daughter should have. When these things are done, make ready a ship with twenty oars, and go inquire after your father; perhaps some man may have seen him or heard of him; perhaps the gods themselves will give you an answer if you ask them. Go first to Pylos, where the old man Nestor lives. After that go to Sparta, and see King Menelaus, for he was the last of all the Greeks to get back to his home. And if you should find out that your father is dead, then raise a mound for him, and give him such honours as are due to the dead. And if these Suitors still trouble you, then devise some way of slaying them. It is time for you to behave yourself as a man."

Telemachus said: "You speak to me as a father might speak to his son, nor will I ever forget what you have said. But come now, stay awhile, that I may give you some goodly gift such as a friend should give to a friend."

"Nay," said Mentes, "I cannot stay. Keep your gift, I pray you, till I come again."

So he rose from his seat, and went out at the door. And lo! of a sudden he seemed to change his shape. It was as if he were changed into a sea-eagle. And Telemachus knew that this stranger was not Mentes, but the goddess Athene. And

he went back to the hall of the palace, where a minstrel, Phemius by name, was telling the tale of how the Greeks came back from Troy, and of the many things which they suffered because they had sinned against the gods. And lo! in the midst of his telling, Penelope came down from the upper chamber where she sat, having two handmaids with her. She stood in the door of the hall, having drawn her veil over her face, and said to the minstrel: "Phemius, you know many tales about the deeds of gods and men. Tell one of these, and let the guests hear it while they drink their wine. But tell this tale no more, for it breaks my heart to hear it. Surely I am the most unhappy of women, for of all the chiefs that went to Troy, and never came back to their homes, my husband was the most famous."

Then said Telemachus: "Mother, why do you forbid the minstrel to make us glad in the way that he thinks best? Why do you forbid him to sing of the coming back of the Greeks? Tis a new tale, and men always like to hear that which is new. Go back, then, to your chamber, and mind the business of the house, and see that your maids do their work, their spinning and the like. But here I am master."

And Penelope went back to her chamber without answering a word, for never had Telemachus spoken in such a way before. But she wept for Ulysses her husband, till sleep came down upon her eyes.

And when she was gone, Telemachus said to the Suitors: "Let us now feast and be merry, and let there be no quarrelling among us. And let us listen to the minstrel's tale. What could we do better, for his voice is as the voice of a god. But mark this. Tomorrow we will have an Assembly of the people, and there I will declare my purpose. And my purpose is this that you go away from this place, and eat and drink in your own homes at your own cost," And they were astonished at his boldness, just as his mother had been astonished, for he had never so spoken before. And one of them, whose name was



The Minstrel singing to the Suitors.

Antinous, said: "Surely it is some god that makes you speak so boldly. I hope that you will never be king here in Ithaca, though it is but right that you should have that which belonged to your father,"

Telemachus said: "I know that it is a good thing to be a king, for a king has riches and honour. But there are many here in Ithaca, young men and old, who may have the kingdom now that Ulysses is dead. Only this I know, that I will be master in my own house."

Then stood up another of the Suitors, and said: "It is for the gods to settle who shall be king in Ithaca; but that you ought to be master in your own house, and keep your own goods, no man will deny. But tell me, who was this stranger that came just now to the palace? Did he bring news of your father, or did he come on business of his own? Why did he not stay to greet us? He was no common man, I take it."

Telemachus answered: "As for tidings of my father, I do not make any count of them, whoever it is that brings them; Ulysses will come back no more. And as for the soothsayers whom my mother loves to entertain, that find out for her what has befallen her husband, I think nothing of them. They are makers of lies. As for this stranger about whom you ask: he was Mentes, king of the Taphians." So he said, but he knew in his heart that the stranger was Athene.

Then the Suitors feasted, and made merry with singing and dancing, till the night was far spent; and they went each man to his own home to sleep. But Telemachus went to his chamber, and Eurycleia, who had been his nurse when he was but a baby, led the way, holding a torch in either hand, to light him. And when he came to the chamber, he took off his doublet and gave it to the nurse, and she folded it and smoothed it, and hung it on a pin. This done, she went out and pushed to the door and made it fast. But Telemachus lay long awake, thinking of the journey which he was about to take.

CHAPTER V
How Telemachus Went to Look for His Father

The next day, as soon as it was light, Telemachus sent the officers to call the people to the Assembly. And when the people heard the call, they came quickly, for such a thing had not happened now for many years. And, when they were all gathered together, Telemachus himself went, holding a spear in his hand, and with two dogs at his heels. And when he sat down in his father's place all who were there wondered to see him, for he looked not like a boy but like a man.

The first that stood up in the Assembly was a certain old man, Aegyptus by name – very old he was, so that he was almost bent double, and he was very wise. He had four sons, but one was dead, for he had gone with Ulysses to Troy, and had died, with the rest of Ulysses' companions, on his way back, as has been told. Another son was one of the Suitors; and two were with their father, working on the farm. Aegyptus said: "Listen to me, men of Ithaca! who has called us together today? Is it Telemachus who has done this? If it is he, what does he want? Has he heard anything of his father, and of the men who went with him to fight against Troy?"

Then Telemachus stood up in his place and said: "Men of Ithaca, I am in great trouble. First, I fear that my father is dead, and you, who all loved him, feel for me. And then there have come men from all the islands round about, making suit to my mother, and while they wait they devour my substance. But my mother will not listen to any one of them, for she still believes that her husband will come back. Yes; they waste all

that I have, and I cannot hinder them from doing it."

And he dashed his spear on the ground, and sat down weeping. Then one of the Suitors, Antinous by name, stood up and said: "Telemachus, do not blame us, but blame your mother. Surely there never was so crafty a woman." And he told the people the story of the web, how she wove it by day and unwove it by night. "Do not let her put us off any longer. Make her choose one of us and marry him. But till you do this, we will not leave your house. "

Then said Telemachus: "How could I do this to my own mother? It would be against my duty as a son. And besides, I should have to pay a great sum of money to her father, all the dowry that she brought with her. No; I cannot do this thing,"

And when he had ended his speech there happened a strange thing. Two eagles were seen high up in the air, which flew along till they came to the place where the Assembly was. Then they fought together, and tore from each other many feathers.

Then said a certain man who knew what such things meant: "Beware, ye Suitors; great trouble is coming to you and to others. As for Ulysses, he said that he should come back to Ithaca in the twentieth year after his going, and that, I verily believe, he will do."

Then Telemachus spake again: "Give me a ship with twenty rowers, and I will go to the mainland, to certain kings who went to Troy with my father, as Nestor and Menelaus. And if I hear that he is dead, I will come back, and make a great mound for him that will keep his name in remembrance, and I will also make my mother choose another husband."

Then stood up one Mentor, whom Ulysses had made steward of his house when he went away, and said: "I am ashamed of this people of Ithaca. There is not one of them who remembers Ulysses, and yet he was as gentle as a father with them. Let no king henceforth be gentle and kind. Let him rather be a hard man and unrighteous, for then his people

will remember him. See, now, these Suitors, how they are bent on doing evil. Well, I will not hinder them. They will have to suffer for what they do. But the people I blame. See, now, how they sit without saying a word, when they ought to cry shame upon the Suitors; and yet they are many in number and the Suitors are few."

Then stood up one of the Suitors, and said: "Surely, Mentor, your wits are wandering, when you bid the people put us down by force. They could not do it. And if Ulysses himself came back, he could not do it. He would come to a bad end if he fought with us, for we are many in number. And as for the ship and the twenty rowers that Telemachus asks for, let Mentor find them for him. As for me, I do not think that he will be able to do it."

Then the Assembly was dismissed. And Telemachus went down to the sea-shore; and after he had washed his hands in the sea, he prayed to Athene, saying: "Hear me, O goddess, thou didst bid me yesterday take a ship and rowers and ask about my father – yes, it was thou, though it seemed as if King Mentes was speaking to me – but the Suitors hinder me, and the people will not help. I pray thee, therefore, to put it into my heart what I should do."

And while he was yet speaking, Athene stood before him, and she had taken the shape of Mentor the steward. She said: "Be brave; you have spirit and wit; and are, I take it, a true son of your father and mother. Go now on this journey, for I trust that it will turn out to your profit. As for the Suitors, take no thought about them; they speak folly, and do not know the doom that is coming upon them. Make ready provisions for a journey, wine and meat; meanwhile I will collect men who will offer of their own free will to go with you, and I will also find a ship, the best in all Ithaca."

So Telemachus went back to the palace, and he found the Suitors flaying goats and singeing swine for their dinner. And Antinous caught him by the hand, and said: "Come now,

Telemachus; eat and drink with us, and we will find a ship and rowers for you, that you may be able to go whither you will, and ask after your father," But Telemachus said: "Do you think that I will eat and drink with you, who are wasting my substance in this shameful fashion? Be sure that I will have my revenge on you. And if you will not let me have a ship of my own, then I will sail in another man's," And another of the Suitors said: "What now will Telemachus do? Will he get men from Pylos, where old Nestor lives, or from Sparta, where King Menelaus is, to fight against us? Or, maybe, he will put poison in our wine, and so destroy us."

And another said: "What if he should perish himself as his father has perished? It would be a great business dividing his property. As for his house, we would give it to his mother and the man whom she may choose for her husband? "

So they made sport of him. But he went to the store-room of the palace, where there were laid up casks of old wine, and olive oil, and clothing, and plates of gold and silver and copper. All these things were in the charge of his nurse Eurycleia. Telemachus said to her: "Look out for me twelve jars of wine, not the best, but the second best, and twenty measures of barley meal. I will come for them tonight when my mother is asleep, for I am going to Pylos and to Sparta, to see whether I can hear anything about my father. "

But the old woman cried out: "Oh, my son, why will you travel abroad, you an only son? Your father has perished; will you perish also? These wicked men, the Suitors, will plot against you and kill you. Surely it would be better to sit quietly at home."

Telemachus said: "Mother, I must go, for it is the gods that bid me. Swear now that you will say nothing to my mother about it for ten or twelve Hays, unless, indeed, she should ask you about me: then you must say for what I am gone."

So the old woman sware that she would say nothing. And

Telemachus went among the Suitors, and behaved as if he had nothing on his mind. Meanwhile Athene, in Mentor's shape, had got a crew of sailors together, persuading them to go as no man could have persuaded them. And she borrowed a ship, for no man could refuse to lend her what she asked for. And lest the Suitors should come to know of what was going on, she caused a deep sleep to fall upon them. They slept each man in his chair. And then she came to the palace, and she still had the shape of Mentor, and called Telemachus out, saying to him, "The rowers are ready: let us go."

So the two went down to the shore, and found the ship, and the ship's crew ready to go on board. And Telemachus said: "Come now, my friends, to my room at the palace, for there I have stored away the meat and the drink that we want for the voyage. One woman only knows about the matter; not my mother, nor any of her maids, but only my old nurse."

So they went up to the palace, and carried all the provisions themselves to the shore, and stowed it away in the ship. And Telemachus went on board, and sat down on the stern, and Mentor, that was really Athene, sat down by him. And he told the sailors to make ready to start.

First, they pushed off the ship from the shore. Then they raised the mast, which was made of a pine tree, and lay along the deck in a kind of crutch that was made for it. A hole was ready in which to put the end. So the men raised it, and made it fast with ropes on both sides. And they hauled up the sail with ropes made of ox hide. And the wind filled the sail, and the ship went quickly through the water, the sea bubbling and foaming about it as it went, and Telemachus poured wine out of a bowl, praying to the god of the sea, and to Zeus that he might have a prosperous voyage. So all the night the ship sped along till the dawn began to show in the east.

CHAPTER VI
How Telemachus Saw Nestor

At sunrise the ship came to Pylos, which was on the west coast of the Island of Pelops. Here Nestor was king. He was the oldest man in the world. He had ruled over three generations of men, that is, for ninety years and more, and he was still hearty and strong. Now it so happened that on this day the people were offering a sacrifice to the god of the sea, whose name was Poseidon. There were nine companies of men, and in each there were five hundred, and each five hundred sacrificed nine bulls. They had finished the sacrifice, and were beginning the feast, for there was always a feast after the sacrifice, when Telemachus and his men moored the ship on the shore and landed. Then said Athene to the young man: "Go, and speak to the old King Nestor. There is no need for you to be ashamed. You have come to get news of your father, if such can be got. Go boldly, therefore, and ask him if he can tell you anything,"

But Telemachus said: "How can I speak to him, for I am young and ignorant?"

"Nay," said the goddess, "think of something yourself, and the gods will put what may be wanting into your mouth,"

So she led the way, being, as before, in the shape of Mentor, to where Nestor sat with his sons and a great company about him, ready to begin the feast. And when the men of Pylos saw the strangers they shook their hands, and made them sit down on soft fleeces of wool that had been laid down on the shore for seats. And Nestor's youngest son brought them some of the best of the flesh, and wine in a golden cup. The cup he gave first to Mentor, judging him to be the elder

of the two, saying to him: "Pray now to the god of the sea, and pour out some of the wine as an offering, and when you have done so, give the cup to your friend, that he may do the same."

So Mentor took the cup and prayed to the god of the sea, saying: "Give renown to Nestor and his sons, and make such a return to the men of Pylos as is their due for this great sacrifice, and grant to us that we may accomplish that for which we have come hither."

And when he had said these words he poured out some of the wine on the sand. Then he passed the cup to Telemachus, and he also said the same words and poured out some of the wine.

When they had eaten and drunk as much as they desired, Nestor said to them: "Strangers, who are you, and what is your business? Are you traders that sail over the seas to buy and sell in foreign lands, or are you pirates?"

Telemachus answered, Athene putting into his heart what he should say: "We come from Ithaca, and we are neither traders nor pirates. I seek for news of my father, who in time past fought by your side, and helped you to take the city of Troy. Now we know about all the other chiefs who fought against Troy, how some came back safe to their homes, and some perished. But of Ulysses, my father, no man knows anything, whether he be alive or dead. For this reason I am come to you. It may be that you saw his death with your own eyes, or that you have heard of it from another that saw it. Speak no smooth words, I pray you, for pity's sake, but tell me plainly what you have seen or heard."

Nestor answered: "Ah me! you bring back to my mind old things, old troubles that we bore when we fought against the great city of Priam. There the best of us were slain. There lies the mighty Ajax – Ajax of the great shield which no one but he could carry. There also lies Achilles, the greatest of all the Greeks. No one was so swift of foot as he, and he had a spear which no one but he could throw. There, also, lies my own

dear son, Antilochus. But who could tell the tale of all that we suffered? For nine years we fought against the city, and your father was always the wisest of us; no man gave such counsel as did he, and truly you are like him; when you speak I seem to be hearing him. But now I will tell you what I know. When at last, in the tenth year, Troy was taken, then there came fresh trouble upon us. For there were some who were not just or prudent, and they made the gods angry by their evil doings. First, there was a quarrel between Agamemnon and his brother Menelaus. Menelaus was for going back home without delay, but Agamemnon thought that the Greeks should stay awhile and make a great sacrifice to Athene, for he feared that she was angry with the people. So they called the people to an Assembly, and there was much talking and disputing, some crying out one thing and some another. The next day I and the others that held with Menelaus launched our ships, and put into them all our goods, and all the spoil that we had taken out of Troy, and so set sail. With us there was one half of the people, and the other half stayed behind with King Agamemnon. But when we had gone but a little there was another division, for your father, Ulysses, went back to Troy, and others went with him. But I knew in my heart that the gods were angry with us, for it was they who had caused this strife and division among us. So I went on my way; so did the brave Diomed, and so did Menelaus; straight across the sea we sailed. And on the fourth day Diomed came safely to his city of Argos, and I vent on to my own city of Pylos here, and reached it without suffering loss or harm. You see, therefore, that I cannot speak of my own knowledge as to what happened to other chiefs. But I will tell you all the news that I have heard here since then. The people of Achilles came safe to their home, his son leading them, and Philoctetes came safe, and Agamemnon came safe but, alas! a wicked woman slew him. But as for Ulysses, I have told you all I know."

Then said Telemachus: "Tell me now about Menelaus. Did he also come safely to his home?"

Nestor answered: "Yes, he, too, came safely, but after a long time. He and I sailed together across the sea, and came without loss to a certain cape which is near to the city of Athens. There his pilot died, and he could not but stay awhile, though he greatly wished to get home, for the man was dear to him, and he must needs give him an honourable burial. But when he had done this and had set sail again, a great storm arose, and his fleet was divided. Some of the ships were driven ashore at the Island of Crete and were wrecked, the men barely escaping with their lives. As for Menelaus, he was driven eastward by the wind to Egypt, he and five ships with him – five ships out of sixty, you must know, for he had sixty ships when he came to Troy. For seven years he wandered about in those parts, and in the beginning of the eighth year he came back, bringing much gold and other precious things with him in his ship. And now, my son, my advice to you is this: do not wander about looking for your father. You will only waste your goods by so doing. But go to Menelaus, where he lives in his own city of Sparta, and ask him to tell whether he has seen or heard anything about your father. You see that he has but lately come back after many wanderings, and if there is anything to be heard about your father, it has doubtless come to his ears. You can go in your ship, if you will. But there are many miles between Sparta and the sea, so that you would do better to go in a chariot. This I will provide for you, and horses to draw it, and one of my sons to be your guide."

By this time it was near to sunset, and Mentor said to Telemachus: "Come now, let us go back to our ship that we may sleep there." But Nestor, when he heard this, said: "Not so, my friends; the gods forbid that you should sleep in your ship when my house is near at hand. I am no needy man who cannot find rugs and mats and clothing enough for my guests

that they may lie soft and warm. No, no! I have enough of these. Never shall the son of my old friend Ulysses sleep on the deck of his ship while I have my hall, or while my son after me shall have a hall in which to shelter him."

Then Mentor spoke: "This is well said, my father. Telemachus shall sleep in your house, and I will go back to the ship and cheer the men, for they will wish to know how their young master has fared. Besides, I have business on hand which I must do: a debt, among other things, which I must needs collect, for it is large and has been a long time owing."

When he had finished speaking, the man Mentor, for such they thought him to be, was changed into the shape of an eagle of the sea in the sight of all the company, and they were astonished to see it. And old Nestor took Telemachus by the hand and said: "Truly you are no weakling, for I see that young as you are the gods have a favour for you. This is none other than Athene; she was always helping your father when he was at Troy."

Then the old man led the company to his house, and bade them sit down. And he mixed for them a bowl of old wine. The wine was eleven years old, and he shredded on it goats' milk cheese, and sprinkled also barley meal, and when they had drunk as much as they desired, they lay down to sleep. Telemachus slept on a bed beneath the gallery of the house, and Nestor's youngest son slept on a bed close by; to take care that he should not suffer any harm.

The next day, as soon as it was light, Nestor rose and called his sons. One he sent to fetch a heifer from the plain, and another he told to go to the ship and bring all the crew up to the palace, leaving two only to take care of it. And a third fetched the goldsmith that he might gild the horns of the heifer. Meanwhile the maids made everything ready for a feast. So Nestor sacrificed the heifer, and the company feasted on the flesh. As for Telemachus, he sat by Nestor's side, and he had put on a handsome tunic and a mantle over the tunic,

which Nestor's youngest daughter had made ready for him.

When they had finished their meal, Nestor said: "Harness the horses to the chariot, and let Telemachus start on his journey."

So they harnessed the horses, and the housekeeper put food and wine, such as princes eat and drink, into the chariot, and Nestor's youngest son took the reins in his hand, and Telemachus rode with him. That day they travelled as far as the town of Pherae. There they stopped for the night with the king of the place. And the next day they came to Sparta, where Menelaus lived.

CHAPTER VII
How Telemachus Came to Sparta

It happened that on the very day when Telemachus and Nestor's son came to Sparta, King Menelaias had a double wedding in his house. His daughter Hermione was married to the son of Achilles, and he had found a wife in one of the noble families of the country for his son, whose name was Megapenthes. So when the two young men drove the chariot up to the door of the palace, the king's steward was a little vexed, and he said to himself: "We have quite enough to do already, and here are two strangers whom we shall have to entertain." So he went to the king and said: "Here are two strangers at the door. Shall we keep them here, or shall we send them on to another house?"

Menelaus was very angry, and answered: "What? shall we, who have been guests in so many houses, turn away guests from our door? Not so; unharness their horses, and bid them sit down and eat."

So the steward gave orders to the grooms that they should unharness the horses, and take them to the stables, and give them corn to eat. And to the young men he said: "Will you please to get down from your chariot and come in?" So the two got down, and he led them into the king's hall. A wonderful place it was, as bright as if the sun or the moon was shining in it. And when they had looked about them, the steward took them to the baths, which were of polished marble. And when they had bathed they came back to the hall, and the king himself told them to sit down by him. So they sat down, and first a maid brought silver basins, and poured water into them from a golden jug, that they might

wash their hands. After this the old housekeeper came and put a polished table before them, and on the table she set dainty dishes and plates and golden bowls of wine and cups. And the king told a servant to bring a chine of beef, which was his own portion, and bade them eat. When they had had enough, Telemachus said to his friend: "See the gold and the silver and the amber and the ivory. This must be as fine as the hall of the gods."

This he said with his face close to his friend's ear, but the king heard it, and said: "Nay, my son, nothing upon earth can be compared with the hall of the gods; and, it may be, there are other men who have things as fine as these. Yet fine they are; I have wandered far to get them. But alas! while I was getting them, my own dear brother was wickedly slain in his own home. I would give them all if he were alive again, he and other good friends of mine. Many are gone; but there is none whom I miss more than Ulysses. And no man knows whether he is alive or dead." And when Telemachus heard his father's name, he held up his cloak before his eyes and wept. Menelaus saw him, and knew who he was, for, indeed, as has been said, he was very like his father. Then he thought to himself, "Shall I speak to him about his father, or shall I wait till he speaks himself?" Just then Helen herself came into the hall, and three maids with her. One set a couch for her to sit on, and another spread a carpet for her feet, and the third had a basket of purple wool for her to spin. And she had a distaff of gold in her hands. When she saw the strangers she said:

"Who are these, Menelaus? Never have I seen any one so like to Ulysses as is this young man. Surely this must be Telemachus, whom he left a baby in his home when he went to Troy."

And the king said: "It is true, lady. These are the hands and feet of Ulysses; and he has the same look in his eyes, and his hair is of the same colour."

Then all shed tears; Helen and the king and Telemachus, and also Nestor's son. How could he help it when his friends were so sad? And, besides, he thought how his own dear brother had gone to Troy and had never come back. But he was the first to stop his tears, for he said to the king: "Is it well to weep in this way while we sit at meat? There is a time to mourn for the dead, to weep and to crop close the hair; but there is also a time to rejoice."

"You are right," said the king. "You are the wise son of a wise father. Yes, we will weep no more. As for Telemachus, he and I have much to say to each other. Let that be tomorrow; but now we will eat and drink."

Then the fair Helen took a certain medicine, and mixed it in the wine that they were about to drink. It was an herb, and it grew in the land of Egypt, and the wife of the king of Egypt had given it her. It was called *Painless*, and it was a wonderful medicine; for if any one drank the wine in which it was mixed, he could feel no pain or grief no, not though his father and mother should die, or his son or his brother should be killed before his eyes. So they sat and drank wine and talked together. And one of the matters about which they talked was the wisdom of Ulysses. Then Helen told this story:

"While the Greeks were besieging the city of Troy, Ulysses disguised himself as a beggar man and came to the gate of the city, and desired to speak with some of the chief men. It could be seen that he had many weals and bruises upon his body, as if he had been cruelly beaten; and, indeed, he had beaten himself. So they brought him to me, knowing that he was a Greek. And when I saw him I knew who he was, and I asked him many questions. Very cunningly did he answer them. But I promised him that I would not make him known. So he went about the city, and found out many things that the Greeks desired to know. Also he killed some of the Trojans stealthily. Other women in Troy mourned and lamented, but I was glad; for I desired to go again to my home."

Then Menelaus said: "You speak truly, lady. Ulysses is indeed the wisest of men. I have travelled over many lands, but never have I seen anyone who could be matched with him. Well do I remember how, when I and other chiefs of the Greeks were hidden in the Wooden Horse,[4] you came with one of the princes of Troy and walked round the horse. Some one of the gods who loved the Trojans had put it into your heart to do this. Three times you walked round, and you called to each of us by name, and when you called you imitated the voice of the man's wife. And so well you did it that we could not believe but that our wives were truly calling to us. Then Diomed would have answered, and I too, but Ulysses would not let us speak, for he knew what it really was. Thus he saved the Greeks that day."

Then Telemachus said: "Yet all his wisdom has not kept him from perishing."

After that they went to their beds and slept.

[4] The wooden horse was a very large figure of a horse by which the Greeks contrived to get into Troy. They pretended to go away, but really remained in a neighbouring island. The wooden horse they left behind them, and got the Trojans to believe that it was an offering to the goddess Athene, and that if they would only bring it into the city, Troy would always be safe from being taken. This was the story which a Greek, who pretended to be a deserter, told to the people of the city. Now the horse was really filled with armed men, and it was arranged that the Greeks should come back during the night, and that the chiefs who were inside the horse should open the gates of the city to them.

CHAPTER VIII
Menelaus's Story

The next day Menelaus said to Telemachus: "Tell me now on what business you have come. Is it on some affair of your own, or is it something that concerns the State?"

Telemachus answered: "I have come to see whether you can tell me anything about my father. No one knows whether he is alive or dead. And I am in great trouble at home, because certain nobles of Ithaca and of the islands round about would have my mother choose a husband from among them, and meanwhile they devour my substance."

Menelaus said: "They will certainly be punished for their wrong-doing. So a hind lays her young in a lion's den, but when the lion comes back, he slays both her and her fawn. So will Ulysses slay these Suitors, for he will most certainly come back. But now I will tell you all that I know. In my travels I went to the land of Egypt, and when I wished to sail homeward, I could not, for the winds were against me. There is an island opposite the mouth of the Nile, which is the great river of Egypt. There I stayed, not of my own choice, for twenty days, till all our food was eaten up. Truly we had all perished, I and my men, but that one of the goddesses of the sea had pity on us. She was the daughter of a sea god, and one day as I sat alone, for my men were wandering about fishing with hooks for anything that they might catch, she stood by me and said: "Surely this is a foolish thing that you do, sitting here till you and your men die of hunger." I answered: "I know not who you are, but I will tell you the truth. It is not of my own choice that I stay; the winds are against me, and I cannot go. Tell me, now, whether I have offended the gods, and tell

me also how I can return to my home." Then she said: "I cannot tell you these things, but there is one who can, and that is my father Proteus. He comes here with the sea-beasts which he herds. But you must lay hold on him, for he will not tell you these things except by force." Then I asked her to tell me how this could be done. Then she said: "The old man comes here at noon to a certain cave that there is by the sea, and he brings his sea-beasts with him. Then he lies down in the cave to sleep, and the beasts lie all round him. That is the time for you to lay hold of him. Choose now out of your men the three that are bravest and strongest, and I will take them and you at daybreak and hide you in the cave. The old man will come at noon. First, he will count the beasts, as a shepherd counts his sheep, and then he will lie down to sleep in the middle of them. Then you must rush upon him, and lay your hands upon him and hold him fast. Remember that he will take all kind of shapes, beasts and creeping things, and water and fire. But when he shall come back to his proper shape, then let him go, and ask him what you want to know, and he will tell you." When the goddess had said this, she dived into the sea. So I chose three of my men, the bravest and the strongest that there were, and we waited at the place where the goddess had spoken to me. Just before dawn she came out of the sea, bringing four skins of sea-beasts with her. And she took us into the cave, and dug out hiding places for us in the sand, and wrapped the skin of a sea-beast about each of us, and made us lie down in the places which she had dug out. She wrapped the skins about us in order that the old man might take us for sea-beasts. Now the beasts had been just killed, and the smell of them was such as could scarcely be borne; so she took portions of ambrosia, which is the food of the gods, and very sweet smelling. She put a portion under the nose of each one of us, and so we were able to endure the smell of the beasts. So we waited all the morning. At noon the old man came from the sea, and the beasts came with him, and went into

the cave and lay down on the sand. And the old man went along the line, and counted the beasts, counting us with the rest, and he did not perceive our device. This done, he lay down to sleep in the midst of the herd. Then we rushed upon him, and held him fast. He took many shapes, a lion, and a snake, and a panther, and a wild boar, yes, and running water, and a tree covered with flowers. All the while we held him fast. But when he was come back to his proper shape, we let him go. Then he said: "Who told you how to beguile me?" To this I made no answer, for why should I make mischief between him and his daughter? But I said: "Tell me now the things that I desire to know. I am kept fast in this island; tell me how I can escape." He said: "You are kept here by the gods; if you had done proper sacrifice to them before you set sail, you had been near to your home by this time. But now go back to Egypt, and do sacrifices, as is proper, and the gods will give you your desire." It troubled me to hear this, for I desired to go homeward and not back to Egypt. But I said: "There is yet another thing which I would hear. Tell me about the chiefs whom Nestor and I left behind us in Troy; have they returned safely to their homes or no?" The old man said: "Why did you ask this question, for the answer will make you sorry? Two only of the chiefs perished. Ajax the Lesser was shipwrecked. He had offended Athene, and she brake his ship with a thunderbolt. And yet he might have escaped with his life, for the gods of the sea helped him so that he got to the rocks. But he boasted foolishly that he had saved himself in spite of the gods; and when the god of the sea heard this, he was angry, and smote the rock on which Ajax sat, so that it was broken into two pieces, and Ajax fell into the sea, and was drowned. And the other chief who perished was thy own brother Agamemnon. He came safely indeed to his own land; but there Aegisthus wickedly killed him." Then I said: "There is yet one chief of whom I wish to hear something." But before I could tell his name, the old man said: "I know of whom you

are speaking. It is Ulysses of Ithaca. Him I saw in the island of Calypso. He was weeping, because Calypso keeps him there against his will, and he has no companions and no ship." And when he had said this he plunged into the sea. Then I went back to Egypt, and offered sacrifice to the gods, and so came safely home, for the gods gave me a favourable wind. And now, my son, tarry with me as long as you will. And when you wish to depart, I will give you a chariot and horses, and also a goodly cup."

But Telemachus said: "Keep me not, for I would go home as soon as may be. But as for the horses I thank you, but I desire them not. Here you have corn, land, and pasture, but we have none such in Ithaca. There is no feeding land save for goats; and yet I love it."

Menelaus answered: "You speak well and warily, as becomes your father's son. I will therefore change the gift. You shall have the finest cup that I have in my house, the one that the king of Sidon gave me. It is of silver, but the rim is finished with gold."

Then Telemachus departed and went to his ship where it lay at Pylos. And the crew came from Nestor's palace, when they heard of his return, and in due course they started for their home. Now Antinous had taken a ship with twenty men, and lay in wait in the Strait between Ithaca and Same. But Telemachus was warned by Athene that he should go home by another way, and this he did, and so escaped the danger.

CHAPTER IX
How Ulysses Came to the Phaeacians

Now the time was come when Ulysses was to be set free from his prison in Calypso's island. Athene said in the council of the gods: "It seems to me that a good king is not in the least better off than a bad one. Look at Ulysses; he was as a father to his people, and see how he is shut up in Calypso's island. For seven years and more he has been there."

Then said Zeus to Hermes, who was the messenger of the gods: "Go now to Calypso in her island, and tell her that it is my will that Ulysses should go back to his own country."

So Hermes tied his golden sandals on his feet, and took his wand in his hand, and flew from Olympus to Calypso's island, and to the cave in which she dwelt. It was a very fair place. All about the mouth of the cave there was a vine with clusters of purple grapes; and round about the cave there was a wood of alder-trees, and poplars, and cypresses, in which many birds used to roost; also there were four fountains from which four streams of the clearest water that could be flowed down through meadows of parsley and violets. In the cave itself there was burning a fire of sweet-smelling woods. Calypso sat at her loom, and sang in a very lovely voice. Hermes looked about on the vine, and the grove, and the fountains, and the meadows, and thought to himself that it was a lovely place. Then he went into the cave, and when Calypso saw him she knew who he was, and why he had come. Nevertheless she pretended not to know. "You are welcome, Hermes," she said, "and all the more because you have never been here to see me before. Now you must tell me why you have come; but first, come, eat and drink."

So she set a table before him, and on the table she put ambrosia, which is the food of the gods; and she mixed a bowl of nectar for him, for this is what the gods drink. And when he had eaten and drunk enough, he said to Calypso: "You ask me why I have come; so I will tell you. Zeus bade me come, and we must all do what Zeus tells us. You have a man in your island here – yes, and have had him for seven years and more, and he is very unhappy, because he wishes to go home. He fought against Troy for nine years and more, and in the tenth year he set out to return. But many misfortunes happened to him, and he lost all his companions, and somehow he was brought to this island. Now send him back to his home as quickly as you can, for this is his fate that he should live the rest of his life among his friends."

This was just what Calypso expected to hear; but she was very angry and said: "Did I not save this man's life when Zeus broke his ship with a thunderbolt, and he was carried by the waves to this island? Yes, if Zeus so wishes, he shall go, but I cannot send him, for I have no ship and no rowers."

And Hermes said: "Send him nevertheless, lest Zeus should be angry with you." And when he had said this he spread his wings, for he had wings on his shoulders and on his feet, and flew away.

Then Calypso went down to the sea-shore for it was there that Ulysses used to sit looking at the waves, and longing to go over them that he might see his own dear country again. There she found him weeping and lamenting, for he was weary of his life. And she stood by him and said: "Weep no more. You shall have your wish: I will do what I can to help you on your way home. Take an axe and cut down trees and make a raft, tying the beams together with ropes, and putting planks on them for a deck. And I will give you bread, and water, and wine; yes, and clothes too, that you may go to your own country, if you will have it so." Ulysses said: "What is this plan of yours? Shall I go on a raft across the great sea which

the ships with oars and sail can hardly pass? Now swear by the great oath which the gods dare not break, that you mean to do me no harm," Calypso smiled, and said: "These are strange words. Why should I do you harm: But if you will so have it, then I will swear by the great oath of the gods that I have no thought of doing you harm."

The next day Calypso gave him an axe, and took him to a part of the island where there were trees fit for making the raft – alder, and poplar, and pine. Twenty of these he cut down, and he hewed them to one shape. And the goddess gave him a tool by which he bored holes in the logs, so that he could fasten them together; also he cut planks for a deck, and for the sides. He made a mast, too, and a rudder by which to steer the raft; also he made a bulwark of skin which was to keep out the waves. The sails Calypso wove, and Ulysses fitted them with ropes. Last of all, he pushed the raft down to the sea with levers. All these things were finished by the end of the fourth day, and on the fifth day he departed. But first Calypso gave him a store of food, and water, and wine, and also clothes. And being a goddess and able to do such things, she sent a fair wind blowing behind him. So he set his sails, and went gladly on his way. In the day time he steered by the sun, and in the night by the stars, for Calypso had said to him: "Keep the Great Bear always on your left." So he sailed for seventeen days, and during this time he never slept. On the eighteenth day he saw the island of the Phaeacians.

Now the god of the sea was very angry with Ulysses, because he had blinded the Cyclops, who was his son. It so happened that he had been for many days feasting with the Ethiopians, and was coming back to Olympus, where the gods dwell, on this very day. And when he saw Ulysses on his left, he said to himself: "Truly this is a new thing. Here is Ulysses close to the island of the Phaeacians; if once he gets there he will soon be at home. But I will give him some trouble yet,"

Then he took his trident, which he carried in his hand –

it was a great fork with three prongs – and struck the sea with it, and immediately the waves rose high all round the raft, and he made the winds blow. Ulysses was much troubled and frightened, for a man who does not feel fear in battle may feel it in a storm. He said to himself: "I would that I had been killed on that day when we fought with the Trojans for the dead body of Achilles. Then I should have been buried with honour by my own people; but now I shall perish miserably," While he was speaking thus to himself a great wave struck the raft, and made him leave hold of the rudder, and tossed him far away into the sea. Deep did he sink into the water, and hard was it for him to rise again to the top, for the fine clothes which Calypso had given him were very heavy, and dragged him down. But at last he rose, and spat the salt water out of his mouth and sprang at the raft, for he was a brave man, and never lost heart, and caught it, and clambered on to it and sat on it.

While he was being carried hither and thither by the waves, a goddess of the sea saw him and pitied him, for she had once been a woman, and very unhappy. She rose out of the sea in the shape of a gull, and perched upon the raft, and said to him: "Why does the god of the sea hate you so, unlucky man? He would willingly drown you, but it shall not be. Take off these heavy clothes that you are wearing, and put this veil under you"—and she gave him a veil— "and so swim to the island that you see yonder. And when you have got to the shore, throw the veil into the sea, and mind that you do not look behind you when you throw it." And when she had said this, she plunged into the sea.

But Ulysses thought to himself: "Is this a snare for my life, or is it a help? I will wait awhile. The land I see, but it is a long way off, and it would be hard to swim so far. As long as the raft shall hold together I will stay upon it; but if the waves break it, then I will swim; and, indeed, there will be nothing else for me to do. Maybe the veil will help me."

While he was speaking there came another great wave against the raft and broke it up altogether; but Ulysses kept hold of one of the planks of which it was made with his arms and legs, and got astride of it. Then he stripped off the clothes that Calypso had given him, and jumped into the sea with the veil under him, and spread out his hands to swim. And the god of the sea laughed when he saw him, and said: "Swim away; you will have trouble enough before you get safely home." But the goddess Athene did not forget him. She stopped the other winds from blowing, but left the north wind, for that would keep him on his way. And so he swam for two days and two nights. On the third day there was a calm, though there was still a great swell in the sea, as there always is when the wind has been high. And Ulysses saw the land from the top of a great wave, and it was close at hand. Very glad was he to see it, as glad as children to see their father when he has been ill a long time and is now well again. But when he looked again he saw that there was no place where he could land, for the cliffs rose straight out of the sea, and the waves dashed high against them. And Ulysses thought: "Now what shall I do? I see the land, indeed, but I cannot set my foot upon it. If I swim to it, then a wave may dash me on the rocks and kill me. And if I swim along the shore till I find a place where I may land, then some monster of the sea may lay hold of me."

But while he was thinking, a great wave caught him and carried him on towards the cliffs. He caught hold of a jutting rock that was there, and clung to it with all his might till the wave had spent its force, so that he was not dashed against the face of the cliff. Nevertheless, when the water flowed back, he could not keep his hold on the rock, but was carried out to the deep. After this he swam along outside the breakers looking for a place where it was calm, or for a harbour, if such there might be. At last he came to where a river ran into the sea. The place was free from rocks, and sheltered from the

winds, and Ulysses felt the stream of the river, for it was fresh, in the salt water of the river. And he prayed to the god of the river, saying: "Hear me, O king, and help, for I am flying from the anger of the god of the sea." And the river god heard him, and stayed his stream, and made the water smooth before him. So, at last, he won his way to land. His knees were bent under him, and he could not lift his arms, and the salt water ran out of his mouth and his nose. He was breathless and speechless, very near, indeed, to death. But, after a while, he came to himself. Then he loosed the veil from under him, and threw it into the stream of the river, and did not look behind him when he threw it.

This done, he lay down on the rushes by the river side. And first he kissed the earth, so glad was he to feel it again under him; yet he doubted what he should do. If he slept there by the river, the dew and the heat might kill him, for it was cold in the morning; and if he went into the wood and lay down there to sleep, then some wild beast might devour him. It seemed better to go to the wood. So he went. And in the wood he found two olive trees growing together. So thickly did they grow that neither wind, nor sun, nor rain made its way through the shade. Ulysses crept underneath them, and found a great quantity of dead leaves, enough to shelter a man, or even two men. Right glad was Ulysses to see the place, and he crept under the trees and covered himself with leaves; and sleep came down upon him, and he forgot all his troubles.

CHAPTER X
Nausicaa

While Ulysses was still asleep, Athene thought how she might make friends for him in this new country to which he had come. So she went to the palace of the king of the country, and to that room of the palace in which the king's daughter slept. This daughter was called Nausicaa, and she was as beautiful a girl as there was in the whole world. And Athene made Nausicaa dream a dream, and the dream was this. She thought that a very dear friend of hers, a girl of the same age, daughter of a famous sailor called Dymas, stood by her bedside and spoke to her. And what the girl seemed to say in the dream was this: —

"Nausicaa, how is it that your good mother has such a careless child? All your clothes lie unwashed, and this though your wedding day will soon be here, when you must have clean clothing for yourself and for your bridesmaids. The bride who is prepared with these things is well spoken of by everybody. As soon as it is morning, rise from your bed and go and wash the clothes, and I will come with you to help you. But first go to the king, your father, and ask him to give you a wagon and mules to draw it, that you may take the clothes to the washing places near the sea."

When Nausicaa woke in the morning, she remembered her dream, and all the words that her friend had said came back to her. So she went to look for her father and mother. Her mother she found spinning with her maids; the yarn that they were spinning was dyed with a lovely purple, of the colour of the sea. And her mother said that the clothes certainly should be washed. Then Nausicaa went to look for her father.

Him she found, just as he was going to hold a council with his chiefs. She said to him: "Father, let me have the wagon with the mules, that I may take the clothes to the river to wash them. You like to have clean robes when you go to the council, and there are my five brothers, too, who like to be nicely dressed for the dance. "

But she said nothing about her wedding day, for she was a little shy. But her father knew what she was thinking about, and said:

"Dear child, I don't grudge you the mules, nor the wagon, nor anything else. The men shall get them ready for you."

So he called to his men, and they made the wagon ready, and harnessed the mules. And Nausicaa brought down the clothes that had to be washed from her chamber, and put them in the wagon. And her mother filled a basket with good things for her daughter and her maids to eat, and she gave them a skin bottle of wine, and a flask of olive oil, to be used after they had bathed. So Nausicaa and her maids got into the wagon, and she took the reins in her hands, and touched the mules with her whip. The mules started off at a trot, and did not halt till they reached the places by the river where the clothes were to be washed.

The girls undid the harness from the mules, and let them feed on the sweet clover that grew by the river side. And they took the clothes from the wagon, and put them into trenches that had been dug out for washing places. If they had tried to wash them in the river itself, they would have been carried away by the stream. The trenches were filled with water, but it was quite still. So they laid the clothes in them, and trod on them and washed them till all were quite clean. Then they took them out of the trenches, and laid them to dry on the shingle by the sea. After this they all bathed in the sea, and anointed themselves with the olive oil. Then they sat down to eat and drink by the river side. And when they had had enough, they got up to have a game at ball. As they played,

they sang, and Nausicaa led the singing. They were tall and beautiful, all of them, but the princess was taller and more beautiful than all the others.

So when they had ended their play, and had taken up the dry clothes from the shingle where they had been laid, and had folded them up, and put them in the wagon, and were about to harness the mules, this thing happened. Athene put it into the mind of the princess to take up the ball, and throw it for sport to one of the maids, though, as has been said, the play was ended. So wide did she throw it that it fell into the river, and all the maids cried out, fearing that it might be lost. So loudly did they cry, that they woke Ulysses. And he said to himself: "What land is this to which I have come? I wonder whether the people who live in it are savage or kind to strangers? And what was this cry that I heard? It sounded to me like the voice of nymphs." Then he looked out from the place where he was lying, and saw the princess and her maids. They were not far from him, for they had come down to the river to look for the ball. So he broke a bough full of leaves from off a tree which stood by, and twisted it round his middle, and came out of his hiding place, and went towards the maids. They were very much afraid when they saw him, and ran away; and indeed he looked very wild and fierce. But Nausicaa did not run, but stood where she was. Then Ulysses said to himself: "Shall I go up to her and clasp her knees?" (This was what people used to do in those days, when they wanted to ask a great favour.) "But perhaps this will make her angry. Would it not be better to stand where I am, and speak?"

This he did, saying: "O queen, I beg you to be kind to me. Maybe you are a goddess. But if you are a woman, then your father is a happy man, and happy your brothers, and happiest of all he who is to be your husband. Never did I see man or woman so fair. You are like a young palm-tree that I once saw springing up by a temple in the island of Delos. Have pity on



Nausicaa throwing the ball.

me, for I have been cast up here by the sea, and have nothing. Give me something to put on – a wrapper of this linen, maybe, and show me the way to the city."

Nausicaa said: "You do not look like a bad or foolish man; as for the sad plight in which you are, the gods give good luck to some, and bad luck to others. You shall have clothing and food, and everything that you need. And I will take you to the city, for I am daughter to the king of this country. And the name of the country, if you wish to know it, is the Island of Phaeacia."

Then the princess turned to the maids, and said: "Why do you run away when you, see a man? No one comes here to do us harm, for the gods love us and take care of us. And besides, we live in an island, and so are safe. But if someone upon whom trouble has fallen comes here, we ought to help him. Give this man, therefore, food and drink, and let him wash in the river in some place that is out of the wind."

So the maids led him down to the river, and gave him clothes: a tunic to wear next to his skin, and a cloak to put over the tunic. Also they gave him a flask of olive oil, to use after he had his bath. Then they left him to himself, and he bathed in the river, and washed the salt from his skin, and out of his hair, and rubbed the oil on his body, and put on the tunic and the cloak. And Athene made him look taller and fairer than he was, and caused the hair to grow thicker and darker on his head. So he sat down on the sea-shore, and waited. And when the princess saw him, she said: "Surely it is the gods who have brought this man here. When I saw him first, I thought that he was not uncomely, but now he seems more like a god than a man. I should be well contented to have such a man for my husband, and perhaps he may be willing to stay in this country." Then she turned to the maids, and said: "Give the stranger food and drink." So they gave him, and he ate ravenously, for he had had a long fast, for it was now the third day since the raft had been broken by the

sea, and all the store of food and drink which Calypso had given him had been lost.

Then Nausicaa told the maids to harness the mules, and she said to Ulysses: Come, stranger, with me, and I will take you to my father's house. But now listen, and do as I shall tell you; as long as we are in the country, follow with the maids, and keep close to the wagon. But when we come to the city, then drop behind. This is how you will know the place. There is a narrow passage leading to the city gate, and on each side of the passage there is a harbour. Then you will see a grove of poplar trees, and a spring in the midst of the grove, with grass round it. Stay there till I shall have had time to reach my father's house. Now the reason why I would have you do so is this. I do not wish the common people to gossip about me. If they were to see you following close after the chariot, one of them might say: "Who is this tall and handsome stranger that comes with Nausicaa? Will he be her husband? Is he a god come down from heaven, or is he a man from some place over the seas? The princess is too proud, it seems, to marry one of us." I would not have such words spoken about me. Stay, then, in the grove till you think that I have got to my home. Then come out, and pass through the gate, and ask for the king's palace. Anyone, even a child, can tell you the way, for there is not another house in the city like it. And when you have come to it, pass quickly through the hall to the place where my mother sits. It is on one side of the hearth, and my father's is on the other. Do not speak to him, but lay hold of my mother's knees, and beg of her that she will send you safely home."

Then she touched the mules with the whip, and they set off. But the princess was careful not to drive so fast but that Ulysses and the maids could easily keep up with the wagon. And when the sun was about to set, they came to the city, and Ulysses stayed behind in the grove, but Nausicaa with the maids went on to the palace. When she came thither, her

brothers unyoked the mules from the wagon and carried the linen into the house, and she went to her room, where her maid lit a fire for her and prepared a meal.

CHAPTER XI
Alcinous

After a while Ulysses rose to go into the city, and Athene spread a mist about him so that the passers-by might not see him as he went. Also she took upon her the shape of a young girl who was carrying a pitcher, and met him.

Ulysses asked her: "My child, can you tell me where King Alcinous lives? I am a stranger here."

She answered: "I will show you his abode; it is close to the home of my father," So she led the way, and Ulysses followed her. Much did he wonder, as he went, at all he saw the harbour, and the ships, and the place of assembly, and the walls, till they came to the palace. Athene said: "This is the king's house. " Further, she said – and now Ulysses knew that it was Athene and not a girl that was speaking—"Go in, fear nothing; the fearless man always fares best. And look first for the queen. Her name is Arete. Never was there a wife more loved by her husband, or a queen more honoured by her people. Be sure that if she favours you, you have come to the end of your troubles, and will see your dear land of Ithaca again."

When she had said this, Athene vanished out of sight, and Ulysses went into the palace. A wonderful place it was, as bright as if the sun had been shining in it. The walls were of brass, and the doors were of gold, and the posts on which the doors were hung were of silver, and along the sides of the hall were golden chairs on which the chiefs were used to sit when they were invited to a feast. By each seat was the golden statue of a man, holding a torch in his hand, so that the hall might be lighted when it was night. There were fifty maid-servants in the house; half of them were grinding corn, and half of them were weaving robes. All round the house were

beautiful gardens, full of fig-trees and apples, and pears, and pomegranates, and olives. They never are harmed by frost or by drought, and there is never a time when some fruit is not ripe. Also there was a vineyard, and this bore grapes all the year round. Some of them were hanging dried in the sun, and some were being gathered, and some were just turning red. Also there were beds of beautiful flowers, and in the middle were two fountains which never grew dry.

Ulysses could not help looking for a short time at all these wonderful and beautiful things. There were many people in the hall, but no one saw him, for, as we know, there was a mist all around him which hid him from them. So he went on to where the queen was sitting, and knelt down before her, and put his hands on her knees. And as he did this, the mist cleared away from round him, and all the people in the hall saw him quite plainly.

He said: "O queen, I beg a favour of you. I pray you, and your husband, and your children to help me. Send me to my home, for I know that you help strangers to travel across the sea."

And when he had said this, he sat down among the ashes on the hearth. Then said one of the nobles that were in the hall he was the very oldest man that there was in all the land: "King Alcinous, do not let this stranger sit there among the ashes. Tell him to sit upon a chair, and give him something to eat and drink."

Then the king told his eldest son to take the stranger by the hand and raise him up, and make him sit down on his own seat. This the young man did. And a servant brought a basin and poured water over Ulysses' hands, and the housekeeper brought him something to eat and to drink. The king said: "This man begs a favour of us, that we may take him to his home. Tomorrow we will have an Assembly, and will consider how we may best do this. And now you can go all of you to your homes But before they went, Ulysses said: could tell you,

my friends, of many troubles that I have suffered. But first I must eat and drink; that a man must do, however unhappy he may be. I will say only this, when you come together tomorrow, do your best to help me in this matter. I should be content to die if I could only see my home again."

This they all promised to do, and so departed.

When Ulysses was left alone, the queen looked at him somewhat more closely, and she saw that the clothes which he wore had been made by herself and her maids, and she said: "From what country have you come, and who gave you these clothes?"

Then Ulysses told her how he had travelled many miles across the sea on the raft, and how the raft had been broken, and how he had got to the shore after swimming for two days and two nights and more, and how Nausicaa had found him, and had had pity on him, and brought him to the city. The queen said: "I blame my daughter that she did not bring you with her. That was what she should have done." "Nay, lady," said Ulysses, "she would have brought me, but I would not come, for I did not like that the girl should be blamed."

Then said the king: "Eat and drink in peace, stranger. We will do what you wish, and take you to your home. There are no men in all the world who can row better than the Phaeacian youths. You will lie down to sleep, and before you wake they will have carried you to your own country. They can go to the farthest part of the world, and can come back the same day, and not be tired."

Ulysses was glad to hear what the king said, and he prayed in his heart: "May the king do what he promises, and may I come in peace to my own land,"

Then the queen told the maids to make a bed ready for the stranger. And they went with torches in their hands and made it ready, and came again and said to Ulysses: "Stranger, your bed is ready." So he followed them. Right glad was he to sleep after all that he had suffered.

CHAPTER XII
Ulysses Among the Phaeacians

The next day the Assembly of the people was held. Many came to it, so that the king's hall was filled from one end to the other. For Athene had taken upon her the shape of the king's herald, and gone through the city, saying: "Come, captains and counsellors of the Phaeacians, and hear about this stranger who has lately come to the king's palace." So they came, and they marvelled much when they saw Ulysses, for Athene had made him fairer and fatter and stronger.

The king rose in his place, and said: "This stranger has come to my hall. I do not know who he is, or whence he comes, whether from the east or the west. And he begs us to convey him safely to his home. Now this, as you know, is a thing that we have been used from old time to do for strangers. Go, then, and choose out a ship.

"Let it be new — one that never has been on the sea before. And pick out fifty and two rowers. Let them be the best and strongest that there are in the country. When you have done this, come to my hall and feast. And let the minstrel come also, for the gods have given him the gift of song, and there is nothing that is better than song to make glad the hearts of men." So the chiefs of the people went and did as the king commanded. They chose a ship, and they chose rowers, and moored the ship by the shore. This done, they went back to the king's hall. And he had bidden his servants prepare a great feast for them, eight swine and twelve sheep and two oxen.

And when the people were ready to begin, there came two servants of the king leading the singer by the hand, for he was

blind. They made him sit down in a silver chair in the middle of the hall; they hung his harp on a rail that there was above his head where he could easily reach it. And by his side they put a table, and on the table a basket full of good things, and a cup of wine so that he might drink when he pleased.

Then the people began to eat and drink, and when they had had enough, the singer sang. And what he sang was this: how there had been a fierce quarrel at a great sacrifice between Achilles, who was the bravest man among the Greeks, and Ulysses, who was the wisest, and how Agamemnon was glad to see it, because a prophet had told him that when wisdom and valour should fall out the end of Troy would soon come. As he sang, Ulysses held his cloak before his face to hide his tears, for he was ashamed that the people should see them. When the song was at an end, he wiped them away, and sat like the others; but when the chief called out that it should be sung again, for indeed it pleased them much, then he wept again. But the king was the only man to see it.

After this the king said: "Now, let us go and have games as is our custom, boxing and wrestling and running, so that this stranger may see what we can do." The best of the boxers was the king's eldest son, and he said to Ulysses: "Stranger, why do you sit there so sad and silent? Why do you not try your skill in some game?"

Ulysses answered: "I am in no mind for sport and games. I can think of nothing but how I can get back to my home."

Then another of the young men, who had won the prize for wrestling, said: "Well, stranger, you have not the look of one who is skillful in boxing and wrestling. I should say that you were one who travels about to buy and sell."

Then Ulysses was angry, and said: "That is a foolish speech. Some men have good looks, and some can speak wisely. I find no fault with your looks, but your words are idle. I know these games right well, and in old time was skillful in them, but I have suffered much, both in war and in many

journeys over land and sea. Yet I will show you what I can do."

And he took up a quoit, heavier than any of those which the Phaeacians had used, and sent it with a whirl through the air. And one of the company so it seemed, but it was really Athene in the shape of a man marked the place where it fell, and said: "Stranger, even a blind man could see that there is no one here to match you in strength."

Ulysses was glad to hear these words, for he thought: "Now I have a friend here"; and he said aloud: "Now let any one match this throw. Ay, and if anyone will box with me, or wrestle with me, let him stand up. I will even run a race, though in this I can hardly be the winner, so much have I suffered on the sea."

Then said the king: "Stranger, you speak well: we Phaeacians are not good at boxing and wrestling. Swift of foot we are, and we love feasts and dances, and music and gay clothing. Of these things no man knows more than do we."

This the king said, wishing to make peace. Also he said: "Now let each one of the princes give to this stranger two coats, an inner and an outer, and a talent of gold. And let the prince whose words made him angry, give a double gift."

To this they all agreed; and the prince who had given him offence gave him also a sword, which had a silver hilt and an ivory scabbard. And as he gave it, he said: "Father, I wish you well; if there was any offence in my words, let the winds carry it away. The gods grant that you may see again your wife, and your friends, and your own country!"

And Ulysses answered: "And I also wish you well! May you live happily, and never miss this handsome sword which you have given me!"

Then the other princes gave him their gifts. And the king said to the queen: "Now let them fetch a chest, the best you have, and do you put in it two coats, an outer and an inner. And I will give this stranger a beautiful cup of gold that is my

own. So will he remember me all the days of his life, when he sits at the feast and drinks out of the cup."

So they brought a chest from the queen's chamber, and all the gifts that the princes had given to Ulysses were put in it, and she herself with her own hands put in it the outer coat and the inner. And when the chest was filled with these things, she said to Ulysses: "Now look to the lid, and fasten it so that no man may rob you as you sleep, while the ship takes you back to your native country."

So Ulysses fixed the lid, tying it with a very cunning knot that Circe had taught him. After this he went to the bath. And as he came from the bath, Nausicaa met him, and wondered to see how handsome he was, and she said: "Farewell, stranger. When you come to your own country, think of me, for indeed you owe me your life."

And Ulysses said: "Surely, Nausicaa; I will honour you as I would honour one of the goddesses, all the days of my life, for indeed I owe you my life."

Then he went into the hall, and sat down by the side of the king, and there came in a steward leading the blind singer by the hand. Now there had been set before Ulysses the chine of a wild boar, for this is the dish which was served to a guest whom his host wished to honour above all others. And he took his knife, and cut from it a great helping, and said to a servant: "Now carry this to the singer, for there is no one whom men should more honour than him who sings of the great deeds of famous men." So the servant bore the dish to the singer, and laid it upon his knees. After a while, when the company had had enough of meat and drink, Ulysses said to the singer: "You sing right well of the toil and trouble which the Greeks had before the great city of Troy. Truly you could not have done this thing better if you had been there yourself. Come now, sing to us of the Wooden Horse which was made after the device of Epeius, but it was Athene who put it into his heart. Tell us also how Ulysses contrived that it should be

dragged up into the very citadel of Troy, after he had first hidden inside it the bravest of the Greek chiefs. Sing us now this song, and I shall know that the gods themselves have taught you."

Then the minstrel sang how the Wooden Horse was made, and how Ulysses, with certain of the bravest of the Greek chiefs, hid themselves within, and how the rest of the forces pretended to depart, burning their camp, and sailing away in their ships, but they did not sail farther than to a certain island that there was close by. Also he told how the people of Troy dragged the horse within the walls of the city into the public square where they used to meet and hold their Assembly; also how the people sat round it, and the chief men among them gave their advice what should be done with this strange thing. Some said: "Let us cleave it open, and see what there may be inside." Others said: "Let us take it to the brow of the hill and cast it down;" but some advised that it should be left where it was, as a thank-offering to the gods who had delivered the city from their enemies. And this counsel prevailed, for it was the doom of the city that it should be taken by means of the Wooden Horse.

So he sang, and the heart of Ulysses was melted within him as he listened, and the tears ran down his cheeks. But only the king perceived. And the king said to the singer: "Cease now from your singing, for ever since you began, this stranger has not ceased to shed tears: we are come together to make merry and to rejoice, and to give gifts to this stranger, and to send him to his home." Then he turned to Ulysses, and said: "Tell us now your name, O stranger: tell us also from what land you come, for if our ships are to take you to your home, they must know what course to take that they may carry your thither. For, indeed, our ships are not as the ships of other men. They have no need of rudders or steersmen, but they know of themselves which way they should go. Tell us therefore your name, and the name of the land from which

you come. I did perceive that you wept when you heard the fate of Troy. Had you, perchance, kinsman, or brother, or friend among those who perished at Troy?" Then said Ulysses: "O king, what shall I tell you first, and what last, for I have endured many things. But first I will tell you my name. Know, then, that I am ULYSSES, King of Ithaca." And afterwards he told them the story of all that he had suffered from the day that he had sailed away from Troy down to his coming to the island of Calypso.

CHAPTER XIII
Ithaca

When Ulysses had finished his story, the king and all his people sat for a time saying nothing. After a while, the king said: "Ulysses, you shall have your wish; we will carry you to your home. This we will do tomorrow, for now it is time for bed." Then he turned to the princes and said: "This guest of ours is a brave man, and has suffered much; let us give him a special gift to show that we honour him. He has a chest full of clothes and gold already; and now let us give him kettles and bowls to use in his home. These you may bring tomorrow, and now you can go to your homes,"

The next day the princes brought the kettles and bowls, and the king stowed them away with his own hands under the benches of the ship. When this was finished they all went to the palace, and sat down to a great feast. But Ulysses kept watching the sun, wishing that the day was finished, so much did he want to see his home again.

At last he stood up and said: "O king, you and your people have been very kind to me; and now send me home, I beg you. Let us have the parting cup, and then let me go." So the king told his squire to mix the cup. And the squire mixed it, and served it out. And all the people in the hall drank, and as they drank they prayed that the stranger might have a happy return to his home. And when the cup was given to Ulysses, he stood up and put it into the hand of the queen, and said: "O queen, farewell; I pray that you may be happy with your husband, and your children, and your people." And when he had said this, he turned and left the palace. The king sent his squire to show him the way to the ship; also some of the

women who waited on the queen carried food and wine, and a rug on which he might sleep in the ship. The chest, with the clothes and the gold, was taken down also and put into the ship.

Then the rowers made all things ready. They put the rug in the hinder part of the vessel, and Ulysses climbed into the ship, and lay down upon it. Then the men unfastened the ropes which made the ship fast to the shore, and took their places on the benches, and began to row. As soon as ever they touched the water with their oars, Ulysses fell into a deep sleep. And the men rowed, and the ship sprang forward more quickly than a chariot with four horses travels over the plain. A hawk could not fly through the air more swiftly.

When the morning star rose in the sky, the ship came to Ithaca. Now there was a harbour in the island which the rowers knew very well. It was sheltered from the waves, and at the head of it was a great olive tree, and near the olive tree a cave. Here the men ran the ship ashore, and they took up Ulysses in his rug, for he was still fast asleep, and laid him down under the olive tree, and by his side they put all his provisions. After this, they got into their ship again, and started for home.

After a while Ulysses woke up from his sleep. Now Athene had spread a great mist over all the place, and Ulysses did not know where he was, so different did it look from what it really was. And he cried out: "Where am I? What shall I do? Where shall I put these goods of mine? Surely these Phaeacians have not done what they promised, but have taken me to a strange land. But first let me see whether they have left me the things which belonged to me." So he counted the clothes, and the gold, and the kettles, and found that nothing was missing. Still he was in great trouble, for he did not know where he was. While he walked to and fro, Athene met him. She had taken the shape of a handsome young shepherd. When Ulysses saw her, he was glad, though, indeed, he did not know



Ulysses asleep laid on his own coast.

that it was the goddess, not a shepherd, that he saw. He said: "Friend, you are the first man that I have seen in this country. Tell me where I am, and help me. Is this an island, or is it part of the mainland?"

Athene said: "You must have come from a very far country not to know this place, for, indeed, it is a country which most men know. This is the island of Ithaca, a good land, though it is not a good place for horses. Yet it is fertile, and gives good pasture for sheep and goats, and the vineyards bear good wine." Ulysses was very glad to hear this, still he thought it better not to let the stranger know who he really was. So he made up this story: "I come from the island of Crete. I got into trouble, for I killed the king's son, who would have robbed me of some of my goods. Then I made a bargain with certain Phoenicians that they should take me and my goods either to Pylos or to Elis. This they would have done but for the contrary winds which drove them to this place. So they put me out of the ship while I slept, and my possessions with me."

When Ulysses had finished his story, Athene changed her shape again, becoming like a woman fair and tall. And she laughed, and said: "O Ulysses, he would be a cunning man who could cheat you. Here you are in your own country again, and you are still making up these tales about yourself. Well, you are the wisest among mortals, and I am Athene, the goddess of Wisdom. I have always been used to stand by you and help you. And so I will do hereafter. First let us hide these goods of yours. Afterwards we will consider what should best be done. But you must be silent, telling no one who you are. So shall you come at last to your own again."

Ulysses answered: "O goddess, it is hard for any man to know you, for you take many shapes. You were always good to me when we were righting against Troy, and you helped me the other day when I was among the Phaeacians. But now tell me truly: What is this place? You say that it is Ithaca, but it seems to me a strange country."

Then Athene scattered the mist so that Ulysses could see the place as it really was, and he knew it to be Ithaca, and he kneeled down, and kissed the ground, for he was very thankful in his heart.

And Athene said: "Now let us hide away your goods in the cave," So Ulysses took the clothes, and the gold, and all his other possessions, and stored them away in the cave, and Athene rolled a great stone to the mouth of the cave to keep them safe.

After this Athene asked him how he meant to get possession of his kingdom again. She told him how that there was a great crowd of princes from Ithaca and the islands round about, who had come hoping to marry Penelope, and how they sat day after day in his palace and wasted his substance. "And how," said she, "will you, being one man, prevail over them who are so many?" "If you will stand by me, and help me," said he, "I will fight against a hundred, ay, and against three hundred."

Then said Athene: "I will so change you that no man shall know you. I will make the skin of your face and hands withered and cold, and take the colour out of your hair, and make your eyes dull. The Suitors will think nothing of you, and even your wife and your son will not know you. Now go to the house of Eumaeus, who looks after the swine, for he is faithful to you; I will go to Sparta and fetch home your son Telemachus, for he is gone there seeking news of you,"

Ulysses said: "Why did he go when you knew all and might have told him? Is he also to suffer what I have suffered?" "Nay," answered Athene, "it was only right that he should bestir himself, looking for his father. Be contented; all will be well."

So she touched him with her rod. And when she touched him, his skin withered, like the skin of an old man, and his hair lost its colour, and his eyes grew dim. And his clothes also looked torn and dirty. Also the goddess gave him a stag's

skin, very shabby, with the hair worn from it. And she put a staff in his hand, and a battered wallet, such as beggars carry, which was fastened to his shoulders by a rope.

CHAPTER XIV
Eumaeus

When Ulysses went away from Ithaca to fight against the Trojans, he left in charge of the swine a certain man, whose name was Eumaeus. He was a slave, but nevertheless he was a king's son, and this was how he came to be a slave. His father was king of a certain island, and he had in his household a Phoenician woman, and this woman was nurse to his son. She had been stolen away from her home by some people from Taphos – the Taphians were great stealers of men – and sold to the king. When the child was some five or six years old, there came a Phoenician ship to the island, with rings and bracelets and other fine things which women love, and the Phoenician woman, because they were from the same country, made friends with them and told her story. They said to her that they knew her father and mother, and that they were rich people, and promised, if she would come with them, to take her to her old home. Then the woman said that she would come with them. And that she might pay them for her passage, and also have something for herself, she took the little boy, the king's son, with her. Also she carried away three gold cups that were in the house. So the Phoenicians sailed away with the woman and the child. On the sixth day she died, and they threw her body overboard, and carried the child to Ithaca, where they sold him to the father of Ulysses.

And now Ulysses went to the place where this Eumaeus lived and kept the swine. There were twelve sties round a very big courtyard, and in each sty fifty swine. Also, to keep away thieves, he had four watchdogs, very large and fierce. The swineherd was in his house, making a pair of sandals; he had

three men who were looking after the swine in the fields, for though he was a slave, he had other men under him; a fourth was driving a fat hog to the city, which was to be killed and cooked for the Suitors. When Ulysses came into the courtyard the four dogs ran at him. So he dropped his staff, and sat down on the ground, for dogs, they say, will not bite a man that is sitting. Yet they might have hurt him, for they were very fierce, but Eumaeus heard their barking, and came out of his house, and drove away the dogs with stones. Then he said to Ulysses: "Old man, the dogs had nearly killed you. That would have been a great grief to me, and I have grief enough already. My lord has gone away, and no one knows where he is; perhaps he is wandering about without food to eat, and others all the time are eating the fat beasts that belong to him. But come into my house, old man, and tell me your story."

So Ulysses went into the house, and the swineherd made him sit down on his own bed. There was a heap of brushwood, with the skin of a wild goat spread over it. Ulysses was glad to find him so kind, and said: "Now may the gods reward you for your kindness to a stranger!"

The swineherd answered: "It would be a wicked thing not to be kind to a stranger. But I have little to give. If my master had stayed at home, I should be better off. He would have given me a house and land and a wife. Good masters, and indeed Ulysses was a good master, give such gifts to servants who serve them well. And I have served him well. Once there was not a man in all these islands who had better flocks of sheep and herds of cattle and droves of swine than he; but of late years there has been a great waste in his house, for the princes of the island assemble in his house and eat and drink, yes, and waste in a most shameful way."

Then he went out and took a small pig from one of the sties, and prepared a meal for the stranger, and mixed wine for him in a cup made of ivywood. And Ulysses sat, and ate and drank. Not a word did he say, for he was busy thinking

how he might punish the Suitors who were wasting his goods in this way.

At last he said: "Friend, who was this master of yours, who you say has been absent from his home so long? Perhaps I may have seen him, for I have wandered over many lands, and have seen and known many men."

Then said Eumaeus: "This is what all the travellers say, but we hear no truth from them. There is not a vagabond-fellow comes here but our queen must see him, and ask him questions about her husband, weeping all the while. And you, I dare say, for a cloak or a tunic, would tell a wonderful story of your own."

Then said the false beggar: "Listen to me: I tell you that Ulysses will return; yes, he will come before the next new moon. And you shall give me a gift such as men give to those who bring them good news. You shall give me a coat and a cloak. But, till my words are found to come true, I will take nothing from you. I hate the man who tells lies because he is poor: I would sooner die than do such a thing myself."

The swineherd answered: "Old man, you will never get the coat and the cloak from me. But don't talk about these things any more. It breaks my heart to think of my dear master. And now I am in trouble about my young master, his son. For he has gone to some strange places, hoping to get news about his father. Surely he has lost his wits to do such a thing. For the Suitors, I hear, lie in wait for him to kill him as he comes back. And so all my master's house will perish. But let these things be. Tell me now, old man, who you are, and from what country you come."

Ulysses said: "It would take a long time to tell you all my story. We might sit here, and eat and drink for a whole year, while I told you of all my adventures. But something you shall hear.

"I am a man of Crete, and my father's name was Castor. He had other sons, whose mother was a free woman; but my

mother was a slave. While he lived he treated me just as he did my brothers, but when he died they gave me a very small share of his goods, and took away my home from me. Nevertheless, I did well for myself, for I was brave, and my neighbours thought well of me, so that I married a rich wife. There was not a man in the country who was fonder of fighting than I was – yes, even of taking part in an ambush, a thing which tries a man's courage more than anything else. Nine times did I go with my ship — for I had a ship and a crew of my own — on various adventures. The tenth time I went with the king of Crete to fight against the city of Troy. And when we had taken the city, I came back to the country with the king. For a month I stopped at home. And then I went to Egypt; and this time I had nine ships, for there were many who were willing to go with me. We had a fair wind, and got to our journey's end in four days. But then my men did much mischief to the people of the land, laying waste their fields, and carrying away their wives and children. And when I wished to stop them, they would not listen to me. Then the Egyptians gathered an army and came upon us. They killed many, and they took the rest prisoners. But I ran up to the king of Egypt, where he sat in his chariot, and begged him to have mercy on me. And he listened to me. So kind was he that I stayed with him for seven years, and became a rich man. Would that I had been content! But in the eighth year a Phoenician merchant came to the place, and promised me riches without end if I would go with him. So I gathered all that I had together, and went with him. For a year I stayed with him. Then he put me in his ship, meaning to take me to Africa, and to sell me there for a slave. But the ship was wrecked on the way, and I was the only one on board that was not drowned. I caught hold of the mast, and floated on it for nine days; and on the tenth I came to the country of King Pheidon. And there I heard tell of Ulysses; for the king was keeping his goods for him while he was on a journey to inquire of an oracle. From

this place I took my passage in a merchant ship, but the sailors planned to sell me for a slave. So they bound me, and put me in the hold of the ship. But one day, when they were having their supper on shore, I loosed myself from my bonds, and leapt into the sea, and, swimming to land, so escaped."

Ulysses, we see, had always a tale ready. The swineherd said: "Your story makes me feel for you, for, indeed, you must have suffered much. But I don't believe what you tell me about my master, King Ulysses. All the strangers that come to this place have something to say about him; for they know that it is what we want to hear. I live here alone, and take care of the swine. But every now and then the queen sends for me, saying that someone has come bringing news of the king. So I go, and I find the man, with a crowd of people round him asking him questions. Some of them really wish that the king would come home, but there are many who hope that he has perished, because they sit here idle and waste his goods. But I am not one of those who ask questions; I never have done it since a certain Aetolian cheated me with the story that he told. He had killed a man, he said, and had been obliged to leave his home, and I treated him kindly, and gave him the best that I had. And the fellow told me that he had seen my master with the king of Crete, and that he was then busy mending his ships, which had been damaged by a storm. He would come back, the fellow said, at the beginning of summer, or, at the latest, at harvest time, and would bring great riches with him. So, old man, do not try to please me with idle tales about Ulysses. I pity you, and try to help you because you are poor, but I wish to hear no lies about my master,"

"Well," said Ulysses, "you are very slow to believe. But now listen to me; if your master comes back, as I say he will, then you shall give me a coat and a cloak. And if he does not come back, then your men may throw me down from a rock into the sea, as a warning to others that they should not tell

false tales."

The swineherd said: "This is idle talk. What good would it do me to kill you? What would people say of me, if I took a stranger into my home, and then slew him? How should I ever pray to the gods again, if I had done such a thing? But enough of this. It is supper time, and I wish that my men had come back that we might sup together."

While he was speaking the men came back. And the swineherd said to them: "Fetch a fat pig from the sty, for I have a stranger here, and I should like to give him a good meal."

So they fetched a five-year-old hog, and they dressed the meat for their supper. And the swineherd gave to Ulysses the chine, for this was the best portion.

Now it was a very cold night, and it rained without ceasing, for the wind was blowing from the west, and this commonly brings rain in those parts. And after supper Ulysses thought he would try his host, to see what he would do; so he told this story: —

"A certain night when we were fighting against Troy, we laid our ambush near the city. Menelaus and Ulysses and I were the leaders of it. We sat hidden in the reeds, and the night was cold, so that the snow lay upon our shields. Now all the others had their cloaks, but I had left mine in my tent. When the night was three parts spent, I said to Ulysses, who lay close by me: 'Here I am—I, without a cloak. I a leader, to perish of cold!' Now Ulysses was always ready, knowing what to do. 'Hush!' he said, 'lest ssomeone should hear you.' Then he said to the others: 'I have had a dream, which makes me sure that we are in danger. We are a long way from the ships, and these are too far off us. Let someone run to King Agamemnon, and ask him to send us more men.' Then Thuas stood up, and said, 'I will run and tell him,' and he threw off his cloak, and ran. And I took the cloak, and slept warmly in it."

The swineherd said: "Old man, that is a good tale. And tonight, too, you shall have a cloak to keep you from the cold. But tomorrow you must put on your old rags again!" And he gave him his own cloak.

CHAPTER XV
Ulysses and His Son

The next day, while the swineherd was making the breakfast ready, Ulysses heard a step outside, and because the dogs did not bark, he said: "Friend, here comes someone whom you know, for the dogs do not bark." And while he was still speaking, Telemachus stood in the doorway. It should be told that he had landed from his ship at the nearest place that there was to the swineherd's cottage, for he knew that he was a good man and true.

When the swineherd saw Telemachus, he dropped the bowl that he had in his hand, for he was mixing some wine with hot water for him and his guest to drink with their breakfast, and ran to him, and kissed his head, and his eyes, and his hands. As a father kisses an only son who comes back to him after being away for ten years, so did the swineherd kiss Telemachus. The beggar, for such Ulysses seemed to be, rose from his place, and would have given it to the young man. But Telemachus would not take it. So they three sat down, and ate and drank. And when they had finished, the young man said to the swineherd: "Who is this?" The swineherd answered: "He is a stranger, who has asked me for help. But now I pass him over to you, for you are my master, and I am your servant,"

"Nay," said Telemachus, "this cannot be. You call me master; but am I master in my own house? Do not the Suitors devour it? Does not even my mother doubt whether she will not forget the great Ulysses who is her husband, and follow one of these men? I will give this stranger food and clothes and a sword; but I will not take him into my house, for the

Suitors are there, and they are haughty and insolent."

Ulysses heard the two talking, and he said: "But why do you bear with these men? Do the people hate you, that you cannot punish these insolent fellows as they deserve? Have you no kinsman to help you? I would sooner die than see such shameful things done in my house."

Telemachus answered: "My people do not hate me, but they are very slow to help. As for kinsmen, I have none. For my grandfather, Laertes, was an only son, and so was my father Ulysses, and I myself have neither brother nor sister. So I have no one to stand by me, and these wicked men spoil my goods, with none to stop them, ay, and they even seek to kill me."

Then he said to the swineherd: "Go to my mother the queen, and tell her that I have come back safe. But see that no one hears you; and I will stay here till you return."

So the swineherd departed. And when he was gone, there came the goddess Athene, and she had the likeness of a tall and fair woman. Telemachus did not see her, for it is not every one who can see the gods; but Ulysses saw her, and the dogs saw her, and whimpered for fear. She made a sign to Ulysses, and he went out of the house. Then she said: "Do not hide yourself from your son; tell him who you are, and plan with him how you may slay the Suitors. And remember that I am with you to help you."

Then she touched him with her golden wand. And all at once he had a new tunic and a new coat. Also he became taller and more handsome, and his cheeks grew rounder, and his hair and his beard grew darker. Having done this, she went away, and Ulysses went again into the cottage. Much did Telemachus marvel to see him, and he cried: —

"Stranger, you are not the same that you were but a few moments ago. You have different clothes, and the colour of your skin is changed. Can it be that you are a god and not a man?"

"I am no god," said Ulysses; "I am your father, the father for whom you have been looking,"

But Telemachus could not believe what he said. "You cannot be my father," he answered. "No man could do what you have done, making yourself old and young as you please, and changing your clothes in this way. Just now you were a shabby beggar, and now you are as one of the gods in heaven."

Ulysses answered: "Ay, but it is in very truth your father who has come back to his home after twenty years. As for what you so wonder at, it is Athene's work; it is she who makes me at one time like an old beggar in shabby clothes, and at another like a young prince, richly clad."

When he had said this he sat down, and Telemachus threw his arms round his father's neck and shed many tears. After a while Telemachus said to his father: "Tell me now, father, how you came back,"

Ulysses said: "The Phaeacians brought me in a ship, and set me down on the shore of this island, and they brought many things with me, handsome presents that were made to me. These have I hidden in a cave. But now let us plan how we may slay these Suitors. Tell me how many there are of them. Should we make war upon them ourselves, or shall we get others to help us?"

Telemachus said: "My father, you are, I know, a great warrior, but this thing we cannot do. These men are not ten, or twice ten, but more than a hundred. And they have a herald and a minstrel, and certain attendants."

Then said Ulysses: "Tomorrow you must go to the palace, and take your place among the Suitors, and I will come like to a shabby beggar. If they behave themselves badly to me, endure it. Their time is nearly come; they shall soon be punished as they deserve. Be prudent, therefore. Also, when I give you a sign, then take away all the arms that hang in the hall, and stow them away in your chamber. And if any man ask you why you do this, say that they want cleaning, for the smoke

has soiled them, and they are not such as Ulysses left them when he went away to Troy. And you might say also that it is not well to have weapons in a hall where men are used to feast, for the very sight of the steel makes men ready to quarrel. But keep two swords and two spears close at hand. These will be for you and me. And mind that you tell no one that I have come back not my father, nor the swineherd, no, nor Penelope herself."

While they were still talking, the swineherd came back from the city. But before he came into the house, Athene changed Ulysses back again into the shape of the old beggar man, for it was not well that he should know the truth until everything was ready.

Telemachus said to him: "Have you brought back any news from the city? Have the Suitors who went out in a ship to kill me come back, or are they still watching for me?"

The swineherd said: "I cannot tell you this for a certainty. I thought it better to ask no questions in the city. But I saw a ship coming into the harbour, and I saw a number of men in it who had shields and spears. It may be that these were the Suitors, but I am not sure."

Then Telemachus looked at Ulysses, but he was careful not to meet the eye of the swineherd.

CHAPTER XVI
Of the Dog Argus and Other Things

The next day Telemachus said to the swineherd: "I will go to the city, for my mother will not be easy till she sees my face. You will take the stranger with you that he may beg of any that may have a mind to give."

"Yes," said Ulysses, "that is what I desire. If a man must beg, 'tis better to beg in the city than in the country. And do you go first; I will follow a little later, when it will be warmer, for now I shall feel cold under these rags."

So Telemachus went on to the city, and very glad were his mother and the nurse to see him. He looked after certain business that he had to do, but all the time he had one thought always in his mind, how he and his father might kill the Suitors.

About noon the swineherd and Ulysses came to the city. Now just outside the wall there was a fountain, and there the two came across a certain Melanthius, who looked after the goats. When he saw the swineherd and his companion, he said: "Why do you bring beggars to the city? we have enough of them already." And he came up and kicked Ulysses on the thigh, thinking to push him over. But Ulysses stood firm. For a while he thought to himself: "Shall I knock out this fellow's brains with my club?" But he thought it better to endure. So the two went on to the palace. Now at the door of the court-yard there lay a dog, Argus by name, which had belonged to Ulysses in old time. He had reared him from a puppy, feeding him with his own hand; but before the dog had come to his full growth, his master had gone away to fight against Troy. While Argus was strong, men had used him in their hunting,

when they went out to kill roe-deer and wild goats and hares. But now he was old no one looked after him, and he lay on a dunghill, and the lice swarmed on him. When he saw his old master, he knew him at once, and wagged his tail and drooped his ears, for he was too weak to get up from the place where he lay.

When Ulysses saw him, the tears came into his eyes, and he said to the swineherd: "Now this is strange, Eumaeus, that so good a dog, for I see that he is of a good breed, should lie here upon a dunghill."

The swineherd answered: "He belongs to a master who died far away from his home. Once upon a time there was no dog more swift or more strong; but his master is dead, and the careless women take no count of him. When the master is away, the slaves neglect their work. Surely it is true that a slave is but half a man." While the two were talking together, the dog Argus died. He had waited twenty years for his master to come back, and he saw him at last.

Then the swineherd and the beggar went into the hall where the Suitors sat at their meal. When Telemachus saw them, he took bread and meat, as much as he could hold in his two hands, and bade a servant carry them to the beggar. Also, he bade the man tell him that he could go round among the Suitors and ask alms of them. So Ulysses went, stretching out his hand as beggars do. Some of the Suitors gave, for they saw that he was tall and strong, for all that he looked old and shabby. But when he came to Antinous, and had told him his story, how he had been rich in old days, and had had ships of his own, and how he had gone to Egypt and had been sold as a slave to Cyprus, the young man mocked him, saying: "Get away with your tales, or you will find that Ithaca is a worse place for you than Egypt or Cyprus,"

Ulysses said to him: "You have a fair face but an evil heart. You sit here at another man's feast, and yet will give me nothing."

Then Antinous caught up the footstool that was under his feet, and struck Ulysses with it. It was a hard blow, but he stood as firm as a rock. He said nothing, but he was very angry in his heart. Then he went and sat down at the door of the hall. And he said to those who sat in the hall: "Hear, all ye Suitors of the queen! Antinous has struck me because I am poor. May the curse of the hungry fall upon him, and bring him to destruction before he come to his marriage day."

But Antinous cried: "Sit still, stranger, and eat what you have got in silence, or I will bid the young men drag you from the house, ay, and tear your flesh off your bones."

But even the Suitors blamed him: "You did ill to strike the stranger; there is a curse on those that do such things. Do you not know that sometimes the gods put on the shape of poor men, and visit the dwellings of men to see whether they are good or bad?" But Antinous did not care what others thought about him, so full of naughtiness was his heart. As for Telemachus, he was full of anger to see his father so treated. But he kept it to himself; he did not shed a tear, no, nor speak a word; but he thought of the time when the Suitors should suffer for all their ill-doings. But Penelope, when she heard of it, prayed that the gods might strike the wicked man. "They are all enemies," she said to the dame that kept the house, "but this Antinous is the worst of all." Then she said to the swineherd:

"Bring this stranger to me; I should like to talk with him. Perhaps he has heard something of Ulysses, or even has seen him, for I hear that he has wandered far."

The swineherd answered: "Be sure, my queen, that this man will charm you with his talk. I kept him in my house for three days, and he never stopped talking of what he had seen and of his adventures. He charms those that listen to him, as a man that sings beautiful songs charms them. And, indeed, he does say that he has heard of Ulysses, that he has gathered much wealth, and that he is on his way home."

When Penelope heard this, she was still more eager to talk with the stranger. "Call him," she said, "and bring him here to me at once. O that Ulysses would come back, and punish these wicked men for all the evil that they have done! Tell the stranger that if I find he tells me truth, I will give him a new coat and cloak."

Then the swineherd said to Ulysses: "The queen wants to speak to you, and ask you what you have heard about her husband. And if she finds that you have told her the truth, she will give you a new coat and cloak; yes, and give you leave to beg anywhere you please about the island."

Now Ulysses did not think that it was quite time to let his wife know who he was, and he was afraid that if he went to talk to her she would find it out. So he pretended to be afraid of the Suitors, and said to the swineherd: "I would gladly tell the queen all that I know about her husband; but I am afraid of the wicked young men, of whom there are so many. Even now, when that man struck me, and that for nothing, there was no one to stop him. Telemachus himself would not, or could not. Tell the queen, therefore, that I am afraid to come now, but that if she will wait till the evening, then I will come."

Then the swineherd went to the queen to give her this message. And when she saw that the beggar was not with him she said: "How is this that you have not brought him? Is he ashamed to come? The beggar who is ashamed does not know his trade."

The swineherd answered: "Not so, lady, but he is afraid of those haughty and violent young men; and, indeed, he is right. So he would have you wait till the evening before he comes, and then you can speak with him alone. It will be better so."

The queen said: "The stranger is wise, and it shall be as he says. Truly, these men are more insolent than any others in the world."

Then the swineherd went close up to Telemachus and whispered to him: "I am going back to the farm, to look after things there. Take care of yourself and the stranger. There are many here who are ready to do you harm. May the gods bring them to confusion!"

Telemachus answered: "Go, father, as you say, and come again tomorrow, and bring with you beasts for sacrifice."

So the swineherd went away, and the Suitors made merry in the hall with dancing and singing.

CHAPTER XVII
Of the Beggar Irus and Other Things

This same afternoon there came a beggar from the town, whom the young men called Irus, because he carried messages for them, giving him this name because it is Iris who takes the messages of the gods. This fellow was very stout and tall, and a mighty man to eat and drink, but he was a coward. When he saw Ulysses sitting at the door of the palace, he said: "Old man, get away from that place, or I will drag you from it. The young men would like me to do so now, but I think it a shame to strike an old man."

Ulysses said: "There is room here for you and me: get what you can, I do not grudge it you; but do not make me angry, lest I should hurt you."

But Irus thought to himself: "Here is a man whom I can easily get the better of;" and he said: "Get away from your place, or else fight with me."

Antinous heard what he said, and he called to the Suitors and said: "Here is good sport, the best that I have ever seen in this place. These two beggars are going to fight. Come, my friends, and let us make a match between them."

Then the young men got up from their seats to join in the sport. And Antinous said: "Here are two haunches of goats we should have had them for supper. Now if these two beggars will fight, we will give the conqueror one of the haunches for his own supper, and he shall eat it with us, and he shall always have a place kept for him."

Ulysses said: "It is a hard thing for an old man to fight with a young one. Still I am ready. Only you must all swear that you will not give me a foul blow while I am fighting with this

fellow,"

Telemachus said: "That shall be so, old man;" and all the Suitors agreed. Then Ulysses made himself ready to fight. And when the Suitors saw his thighs, how strong and thick they were, and how broad his shoulders, and what mighty arms he had, they said to each other: "This is a strong fellow; there will be little left of Irus when the fight is over." As for Irus, when he saw the old beggar stripped, he was terribly afraid, and would have slunk away, but the young men would not suffer it. Antinous said: "How is this, Irus? Are you afraid of that old beggar? If you play the coward, you shall be put into a ship, and taken to King Echetus, who will cut off your ears and your nose, and give them to his dogs."

So the two men stood up to fight. And Ulysses thought to himself: "Shall I kill this fellow with a blow, or shall I be content with knocking him down?" And this last seemed the better thing to do. First Irus struck Ulysses, but did not hurt him with his blow; then Ulysses struck Irus, and the blow was on the man's jaw-bone. And Irus fell to the ground, and the blood poured out of his mouth. Then Ulysses dragged him out of the hall, and propped him against the wall of the courtyard, and put a staff in his hand and said: "Sit there, and keep away dogs and swine from coming in at the door; but do not try to lord it over men, no, not even over strangers and beggars, lest some worse thing should happen to you,"

Then Antinous gave Ulysses the goat's haunch, and another of the Suitors, whose name was Amphinomus, took two loaves from the table, and gave them to him. Also he gave him a cup of wine, and himself drank his health, saying: "Good luck to you, father, hereafter, for now you seem to have fallen on evil days."

And Ulysses had a liking for the young man, knowing that he was better than his fellows, and he tried to give him a warning. So he said: "You have some wisdom, and your father, I know, is a wise man. Now listen to me: there is nothing in

the world so foolish as man. When he is prosperous, he thinks that no evil will come near him; but when the gods send evil, then he can do nothing to help himself. Look at me; once I was prosperous, and I trusted in myself and in my kinsfolk, and see what I am now! Trust not in robbery and wrong, for the gods will punish such things sooner or later. You and your fellows here are doing wrong to one who is absent. But he will come back some day and slay his enemies. Fly, therefore, while there is time, and be not here to meet him when he comes."

So Ulysses spoke, meaning to be kind to the man. And the man felt in his heart that these words were true; nevertheless he went on in the same way, for his doom was upon him that he should die. And now Athene put it into the heart of Penelope that she should show herself to the Suitors, and this the goddess did for this reason. First, that the hearts of the young men should be still more lifted up in them with pride and folly, and next that they should be moved to give gifts to the queen, as will be seen; and, thirdly, that the queen might be more honoured by her husband and her son. So Penelope said to the old woman that waited on her: "I have a desire now for the first time to show myself to the Suitors, though they are quite as hateful to me as before. Also, I would say a word to my son, lest he should have too much to do with these wicked men, and that they should do him some harm."

The old woman said: "This is well thought, lady. Go and show yourself to the Suitors, and speak to your son, but first wash and anoint your face. Do not let the tears be seen on your cheeks: it is not well to be always grieving."

But the queen said: "Do not talk to me about washing and anointing my face. What do I care how I look, now that my husband is gone? But tell two of my maids to come with me, for I would not go among these men alone."

So the old woman went to tell the maids. But Athene would not let the queen have her own way in this matter. So

she caused a deep sleep to fall upon her, and while she slept, she made her more beautiful and taller than she was before.

When the queen awoke, she said to herself: "O that I might die without pain, just as now I have fallen asleep. For what good is my life to me, now that my husband is gone?"

Then she got up from her bed, and washed her face, and went down to the hall, and stood in the door, with a maid standing on either side of her. Never was there a more beautiful woman, and every one of the Suitors prayed in his heart that he might have her for his wife.

First she spoke to her son: "Telemachus, when you were a child, you had a ready wit; but now that you are grown up, though you are such to look at as a king's son should be, tall and fair, yet your thoughts seem to go astray. What is this that has now been done in this house – this ill-treating a stranger? It would be a shame to us forever, if he should be hurt."

Telemachus answered: "You do well to be angry, my mother. Nevertheless, I am not to blame; I cannot have all things as I would wish them to be, for others are stronger than I am, and will have their way. But as for this fight between the stranger and Irus, it did not end as the Suitors would have had it. The stranger had the better of him, and Irus now sits by the gate, wagging his head, and cannot raise himself on to his feet, for the stranger has taken all the strength out of him. I wish in my heart that all the Suitors were in as evil case as he."

Then said one of the Suitors to Penelope: "O queen, if all the Greeks could behold you, there would be such a crowd in this hall tomorrow as never was seen, so fair are you above all the women in the land."

Penelope said: "Do not talk to me of beauty; my beauty departed when my lord, Ulysses, went to Troy. If only he would return! Then it would be well with me. I remember how, when he departed, he took me by the hand, and said: 'O lady, not all the Greeks that go this day to Troy will come

back, for the men of Troy, they say, are great spearmen, and skilled in shooting with the bow, and good drivers of chariots. And so I know not whether I shall come back to my home or perish there before the walls of the city. Do thou, therefore, care for my father and for my mother while I am away; care for them as you do now, and even more. And bring up our son, Telemachus. And when he is a bearded man, then, if I am dead, marry whom you will.' So my husband spoke.

"And now the time is come. For he is dead, for it is ten years since Troy was taken, and yet he has not come back; and Telemachus is grown to be a man; and I am constrained to make another marriage, although I am unhappy. And I have yet another trouble. My Suitors are not as the Suitors of other women. For the custom is that when a man would woo a lady, he brings sheep and oxen and makes a feast for his kindred and friends, but these men devour my substance, and make no payment for it."

So spoke the queen; and Ulysses was glad to see how she beguiled the men, drawing gifts from them, while she hated them in her heart.

Then said Antinous: "Lady, we will give you gifts, nor will you do well to refuse them. But know this, that we will not depart from this place till you have chosen one of us for your husband."

To this all the Suitors agreed. And every man sent his squire to fetch his gift. Antinous gave an embroidered robe, very handsome, with twelve brooches and twelve clasps of gold on it. Another gave a chain of curious work, with beads of amber; a third a pair of ear-rings; and yet another a very precious jewel. Every one gave a gift. So the queen went back to her chamber.

Then said one of the Suitors to his fellows, scoffing at the stranger: "See now our good luck in that the gods have sent this man to us. How does the light of the torches flash on his bald head!" And he turned to Ulysses, and said: "Stranger,

will you serve me as a hired servant at my farm among the hills? Your wages will be sure, and you shall work, gathering stones, and building walls, and planting trees. And you shall have clothes, and shoes for your feet, and bread to eat. But you do not care, I take it, to work in the fields; you like better to beg your bread and to do no work."

Ulysses answered: "Young man, I would gladly try my strength against yours. We two might each take a scythe in his hand and mow grass when the days grow long in the spring, fasting meanwhile. Or we might plough against each other, driving teams of oxen in a field of four acres. Then you should see whether I could plough a clean and straight furrow. Or if Zeus should order, would that you and I might stand together in the front rank! You think overmuch of yourself; but, verily, if Ulysses should come back, this door would not be wide enough for you and your fellows to escape."

The man was very angry to hear such words. "Old man," he cried, "you had better not say such things, lest I do you a mischief. Has the wine stolen away your wits, or is it your way to prate in this idle fashion, or are you puffed up by having got the better of Irus the beggar?"

And he caught up a footstool, and threw it at Ulysses, but Ulysses stooped down and escaped it. But the footstool struck a young man who was carrying round the wine, and hurt his hand so grievously that he fell back, and lay on the floor groaning.

Then said one of the Suitors to his neighbour: "I wish this fellow would go away. Ever since he came hither there has been strife and quarrelling in the place. Now we shall have no more pleasure in the feast," But Telemachus said: "It is plain that you have had meat and drink enough. Now let us all go to rest," And they agreed and went away.

CHAPTER XVIII
How Ulysses Was Made Known

Ulysses said to his son: "Now is the time to do the thing of which I spoke to you, that you should take away the swords and spears from the hall, and lay them up in the armoury."

So Telemachus said to the nurse: "Now shut up the maids in their rooms till I have taken away the arms from the hall and put them in the armoury. They are foul with the smoke, and it is time that they should be cleaned."

The nurse said: "I wish that all your father's goods were as well looked after. But who shall carry a light for you, if you will have none of the maids?"

Telemachus answered: "This stranger shall do it. He has eaten my bread, and he should do some work for it."

So the nurse shut up the maids in their rooms, and Ulysses and his son set themselves to carry the arms, the spears and swords and shields, from the hall to the armoury. Nor did they need any one to light them, for Athene went before them, holding a golden lamp in her hand. No one saw her or the lamp, but the light they saw. And Telemachus said: "This is a strange thing, father; the walls and the beams and the pillars are bright as with fire."

Now Ulysses knew that this was Athene's doing, and he said: "Say nothing, nor ask any question about it."

And when they had finished the carrying of the arms, Ulysses said to the young man: "Go now to your room and sleep; I wish to talk to your mother."

So Telemachus went to his room and lay down to sleep, and Ulysses sat in the hall alone, thinking how he should slay the Suitors. After a while, Penelope came down and sat by

the fire. Her chair was made of silver and ivory. The maids also came down and cleared away the dishes and the cups, and put fresh logs upon the fire. Then the queen said: "Bring another chair, and a cushion, that this stranger may sit down and tell me his story." So they brought a chair and a cushion, and Ulysses sat down. Then said the queen: "Stranger, tell me who you are. What was your father's name, and from what country do you come?" Ulysses answered: "Lady, ask me what you will, but not my name or my country. To think of these brings tears to my eyes; and I would not that anyone should see me weeping. They will say, This is a foolish fellow, or he has let the wine steal away his senses."

The queen said: "I too have had many sorrows and have shed many tears since the day when my husband left me, going with the Greeks to fight against the men of Troy. And now I know not what to do for the troubles that are come upon me. For the princes of this island of Ithaca, and of the other islands round about, come hither, asking me to marry. And they sit here day after day, and devour my lord's substance. And I do not know how to escape them. For three years, indeed, I put them off, for I said that I could not marry till I had woven a shroud for the old man, my husband's father. And I worked at the weaving of this in the day, and at night I undid the weaving. But one of the maids told the thing to the Suitors, and I could not help finishing the work. And now I know not what to do, for my father and mother are urgent with me that I should marry, and my son sees all his substance eaten up before his eyes, which these Suitors eat and drink in his house. Then tell me, stranger, of what race you are, for you did not come from a rock or an oak tree, as the old fables have it."

Ulysses said: "Lady, if you will know these things, I will tell you, though it grieves me to the heart. I come from a certain island that is called Crete. It is a fair land, and rich, with many people in it, and ninety cities. I was the younger

son of the king, and when my father died, then my elder brother became king in his place. And when the Greeks went against the city of Troy, my brother went with them. Some ten days after he had departed there came a stranger, who said that he was Ulysses, and that he, too, was sailing for Troy, and that the winds had carried him out of his course. And he asked for my brother, who, he said, was his friend. So I gave food and wine to him and to his people. Twelve days did they stay, for the wind blew from the north and hindered their sailing; but on the thirteenth day it blew from the south, and they departed."

When the queen heard this, she was much moved, and shed many tears. Ulysses pitied her when he saw her weep, but his own eyes were dry, as hard as if they had been of horn or iron. Then Penelope said: "Stranger, let me ask you one question, that I may be sure that this man was in very truth my husband. Tell me now what were the clothes that he wore, and whether he had any companion with him."

Now this was a hard question, for twenty years had passed since these things happened, and a man might well have forgotten what clothes a stranger had worn. And even Ulysses himself might not bear them in mind, for women remember such things more readily than do men.

The beggar said: "I remember that he had a cloak, sea-purple in colour, made of wool, and double. And I remember also that it was clasped with a brooch of gold, and that the brooch was of this pattern – a dog holding a fawn. Wonderfully wrought it was, so eager to lay hold was the dog, and so did the fawn struggle to be free. And his coat was white and smooth. But whether he had brought these things from his home, I know not. Many men gave him gifts. I myself gave him a sword and a coat. And he had a comrade with him, a herald, older than he, with curly hair and dark skin."

When Penelope heard this, she wept aloud, for she remembered every one of these things, and knew that the

beggar had indeed seen her husband. "You tell a true story, old man," she said. "These clothes that you speak of Ulysses had; I folded them with my own hands, and put them away in his baggage. They were what he would wear at feasts and the like; others he had for travelling. And the brooch with the dog and the fawn I gave him. But, alas! I shall never see him anymore."

"Say not so, dear lady," said the beggar. "Do not think of Ulysses as if he were dead; he will surely come again. And, indeed, he is not far away. He is with King Pheidon, and will soon be coming back, and will bring much treasure with him, enough to make this house rich for many generations. King Pheidon showed me these things. Ulysses himself I did not see, for he had gone to inquire of the god at Dodona, where there is the sacred oak, and the god answers by the voice of the doves that roost in its branches. He went to ask – so the king told me – whether he should come back openly or secretly. But be sure, lady, that he will come, and before this month is out."

Penelope said: "May your words be found true, old man. If these things come to pass, you shall have gifts in plenty; you shall not want any more, as long as you live. But I have many doubts. But now the maids shall make a bed for you with a mattress and blankets, so that you may sleep warmly till the morning. And they shall wash your feet."

But Ulysses said: "I thank you, lady; but I will not have my bed made with blankets and mattress. I do not care for these things. Since I left the land of Crete, I have not used them. Nor do I care for the bath. Nevertheless, if there is some old woman among your servants, someone whom you trust, she shall wash my feet, if you will."

Penelope said: "Such an old woman there is in the house. She nursed my husband, and cared for him, and carried him in her arms, ever since he was born. She is weak with old age; still she will wash your feet."

So the queen called the nurse, and said to her: "Come, nurse, wash this stranger's feet. He is one that knows your master Ulysses."

The nurse, when she heard the queen so speak, put her hands before her face, and wept. And she said to the stranger: "Willingly will I do this, both for the queen's sake and for yours, if you bring news of my dear master. Yes, and because you are like him. Many strangers have come hither, but never saw I one that was so like Ulysses."

Ulysses said: "Say you so? 'Tis what others have said before, that Ulysses and I were much alike."

So the nurse made ready the bath; and Ulysses turned away from the fire, and sat looking into the darkness, for he feared lest when the old woman should take his leg in her hands she should find a great scar that there was on it. Now the story of how the scar came about is this: —

When Ulysses was a lad of some eighteen years, he went to Parnassus to see his mother's father, Autolycus. It was this man who had given him his name, for when he was newly born the nurse had laid him on his grandfather's knee, saying: "Give this child a name." And Autolycus had said: "Let his name be Ulysses, and when he is grown up, let him come to me, and I will give him a gift that will be worth having." So Ulysses went to see his grandfather, and he and his grandmother and their sons were very glad to see him, and they made a great feast for him. The next day they all went hunting, and Ulysses went with them. They climbed up the side of the mountain Parnassus, and the time was about sunrise. The beaters came to a glade in the forest, and the dogs went before, following a scent on which they had come, and with them came Ulysses and his uncles, the sons of Autolycus. And the dogs brought them to the lair of a wild boar. A very thick place it was, so covered that neither sun nor rain could come through, and there was a great quantity of dead leaves in it. When the boar, which was a very great beast, was roused by

the baying of the dogs and by the trampling of the hunters' feet, he sprang up from his lair, and his hair bristled on his back, and his eyes shone with a very fierce light. Now Ulysses was not used to hunting of this sort, for there were no wild boars in Ithaca, and, maybe, he did not know how great was the danger. But he was a very brave lad, and very eager for praise, and he rushed in before the rest of the company, holding his spear in his hand, for he greatly wished to be the one who should kill the beast. But the boar was too quick for him, for it charged him, thrusting aside the spear, and made a great wound in his leg, just above the knee, striking him with his tusk sideways. But the bone was not touched. Nor did Ulysses fail, though, indeed, he was greatly hurt; for he stabbed the boar in the shoulder, running the spear into the beast's breast, and it fell dead on the ground. Then his uncles bound up the wound, staying the blood with such things as were used for that purpose, and also singing a song of healing. So they went back to the house; and they kept the lad till the wound was healed, and they sent him away with many splendid gifts. But the scar of the wound was left.

When the nurse felt the scar, she knew that the stranger was Ulysses, and she said: "O Ulysses, O my child, to think that I knew you not." And she looked towards the queen, as meaning to tell her what she had found. But Ulysses laid his hand upon her mouth, and said in a whisper: "Mother, would you be my death? I am come back after these twenty years, but no one must know till I have got all things ready,"

Then the old woman held her peace. After this Penelope talked with him again. Many things she said to him, and among them was a dream that she had dreamt. "I thought," she said, "that I saw a flock of geese in the palace, and that an eagle came into the hall and killed them all, and that I heard a voice saying: "These geese are the Suitors, and the eagle is your husband." "That," said the stranger, "is a good dream." After this she said: "Tomorrow I must make my choice among



Ulysses is discovered by the Nurse

the Suitors, and I have promised to bring out the great bow that was Ulysses,' and he that shall draw the bow most easily, and best shoot an arrow at the mark, he shall be my husband."

"That, too, is well," answered Ulysses. "Let this trial of the bow be made at once. Truly, before one of these men shall bend the bow, Ulysses shall come back and shoot at a certain mark."

CHAPTER XIX
The Trial of the Bow

Ulysses lay down to sleep in the gallery of the hall. He lay with the undressed hide of a bull under him, and he took to cover him fleeces of sheep that had been killed for sacrifice and feast. Also the dame that kept the house laid a mantle over him. But he could not sleep, for he was thinking about many things, chiefly how he, being one, with but some two or three to help him, could slay all the company of Suitors.

While he turned from side to side thinking over those things, Athene came and stood over his head in the likeness of a woman, and said to him: "Why do you not sleep? Here you are in your own home, and you find that your wife is true to you, and that your son is just such as you could wish. What troubles you?"

Ulysses answered: "These things that you say, O goddess! are true. But I think how I, being one against many, shall be able to slay the Suitors. This troubles me; and this also, how, if I slay them, shall I escape the avengers of blood?"

The goddess answered: "Truly, your faith is weak. Should you not trust in the gods, for they are stronger than men? The gods are on your side; I am with you, and will keep you to the end. And now sleep, for to wake all the night is vexation of spirit."

So she poured sleep on his eyes, and left him.

When he awoke up in the morning, he took up the fleeces which had covered him, and laid them on a seat in the hall, and the bull's hide on which he had slept he carried outside. And as he stood, he looked up to the sky and said: "O Zeus, send me now a sign, if indeed, in bringing me back to my

country, thou meanest to do me good?"

And even while he was speaking there came thunder from the sky, and Ulysses was glad to hear it. Also there came another sign to him, and this was a word which was spoken by a woman at the mill. Twelve women there were who ground corn for the palace, wheat and barley. Eleven of them were sleeping, for they had finished their task; but this one was weaker than the rest, and had not finished her part, but still was grinding. And when she heard the thunder, she cried: "O Zeus, may this be a sign of good to me! may it mean that I shall never grind wheat and barley any more for the Suitors!"

And now Telemachus came down from the room where he slept, and said to the nurse: "Did you give to our guest food and drink and bedding as was fitting?"

The nurse said: "The man ate and drank as much as he would, but a mattress and rugs he would not have. He slept on a bull's hide, and had the fleeces of sheep to cover him. But he had also a mantle over him."

After this the swineherd came, driving three fat hogs for the day's feast. He said to Ulysses: "Stranger, how have these young men behaved to you?"

Ulysses said: "May the gods deal with them as they have dealt with me!"

And after the swineherd came Melanthius the goatherd, bringing goats for the day's feast. When he saw Ulysses, he spoke roughly to him: "Old man, are you still plaguing us with your begging? We shall not part, I take it, till we have made trial of each other with our fists. Your begging is past bearing. Are there not other feasts to which you can go?"

Last came the neatherd, whose name was Philaetius, and he was driving a barren heifer; and this also, besides the pigs and the goats, was for the feast. He said to Ulysses: "Friend, I hope that you may have better luck in the time to come; for now I see that you have many troubles. Maybe Ulysses is wandering about, clothed in rags as you are and begging his bread.

I weep to think of it. Ay, it may be that he is dead. That would be a great grief. Long ago he set me to take care of his cattle, and they have increased under my hand, yet it vexes me to see how these strangers are ever devouring them in his own home. Long ago I would have fled to some other place, for the thing is past bearing, but that I hope that Ulysses will yet come again to his own,"

Ulysses said to him: "Philaetius, I see that you are a good man. Now listen to what I say: I swear that this day, while you are still here, Ulysses will come home. You shall see it with your eyes – yes, and the end of the Suitors also," And now the Suitors came and sat down, as they were wont, to their morning meal. And the servants took to Ulysses a full share of meat and drink, for this was what Telemachus had bidden them do. When Ctesippus saw this—he was one who cared neither for gods nor men—he said: "Is this fellow to fare as well as we fare? See now what gift I will give him!" And he took the foot of a bullock out of a basket, and threw it at Ulysses. But he moved his head to the left, and the foot flew by, and made a mark on the wall.

When Telemachus saw this, he cried: "Tis well for you, Ctesippus, that you did not hit the stranger. Truly, if you had hit him, I had pierced you through with my spear, and your father would have had to make ready your burying, not your wedding."

"That is well said," cried another of the Suitors; "tis a shame to do wrong either to Telemachus, or to his guest. Nevertheless, he must bid his mother choose out from among us the man whom she will marry, so that we may not waste our time anymore."

Telemachus answered: "My mother may marry whom she will; but never will I force her to leave this house."

When he said this the Suitors laughed, but their laughter was not as of men that were glad. And there came a darkness over the place, so that one of the men cried: "It is this stranger

that brings bad luck with him. Let us send him away, for the hall seems to grow dark while he is here."

By this time Penelope had taken down the great bow of Ulysses from the peg on which it hung, and she drew it out of the case in which it was kept, and laid it across her knees and wept over it. Then, after a while, she rose, and carried it to the hall, where the Suitors sat feasting. With the bow she brought also the quiver full of arrows, and, standing by the pillar that stood under the dome, she said:

"You, who come here day after day, and devour my substance, pretending that you wish to marry me, see here; look at this bow and these arrows; they belong to the great Ulysses, and with these I will try you. Whoso among you that shall most easily bend this bow with his hands, and shall shoot best at the mark which my son shall set up, him will I take for my husband; him will I follow, leaving this house, which I shall never see again except in my dreams."

Then Telemachus set the mark. And when he had set it, he made as if he would have drawn the bow himself; and this he would have done, for he was strong and worthy of his father; but Ulysses signed to him that he should not do it. So he said: "I am too young, and have not grown to my full strength; you that are older than I should try first."

Then a certain priest who was among the Suitors, Leiodes by name, made trial of the bow. He was the best among them, and did not like their ways; but for all that he stayed with them. He took the bow, and tried to bend it, wearying himself with it, making his hands sore, for they were soft and not used to work. At last he said: "I cannot bend the bow; and I fear that it will bring grief and pain to many this day."

But Antinous cried: "Why do you say such words?" And he bade the goatherd fetch a roll of fat from the kitchen, that they might make the string soft with it. And the Suitors rubbed the fat upon it, trying to soften it. But they could not bend it; they tried all of them, but it was in vain, till only two



Penelope bringing the bow of Ulysses

were left, Antinous and Eurymachus, who were indeed the strongest of them all.

While the Suitors were trying the bow, Ulysses went out into the court, and spoke to the swineherd, and the man who herded the cattle, taking them by themselves, and said to them: "What would you do if Ulysses were to come back to his home? Would you fight for him, or for the Suitors?"

They both answered with one voice: "We would fight for him."

Then said Ulysses: "Look now at me: I am Ulysses, and I have come back after twenty years. You are glad in your hearts to see me; but I know not whether there is anyone else besides you who is glad. Come now, be brave men today and help me, and I will reward you; you shall have wives and lands and houses, and you shall live near me, and Telemachus shall take you for comrades and brothers. And if you want a sign that I am indeed Ulysses, look at this scar; this is the wound which the wild boar made on the day when I went hunting with my grandfather."

The men wept for joy to hear this; and they kissed Ulysses, and he kissed them. Then he said to the swineherd: "When the Suitors have tried the bow, bring it to me. Also bid the women keep within doors, and not move out if they hear the noise of battle." To the herdsman of the cattle he said: "Lock the doors of the hall, and fasten them with a rope."

Then he went back to the hall. Eurymachus had the bow in his hand, and was warming it at the fire. Then he tried to draw it, but could not. And he groaned aloud, saying: "Woe is me! I am grieved not for the loss of this marriage, for there are other women in Greece who may be wooed, but because we are all weaker than the great Ulysses. This is, indeed, a shameful thing," But Antinous said: "Do not lose heart. This day is holy to the god of Archers, and it does not please him that we are about this business. We will try again tomorrow, and first we will sacrifice to the god."

They were all pleased to hear these words, hoping that they might yet be able to draw the bow. But Ulysses said: "Let me try it; I should like to know whether I have still the strength which I had when I was young."

The Suitors were very angry that the stranger should dare to think of such a thing; but Penelope said that the man should try the bow, and that she would give him great gifts if he could bend it. Then said Telemachus: "Mother, this bow is mine, and I will give it or refuse it, as I shall see fit. And if it pleases me that this stranger shall try it, then it shall be so, and no man shall say nay. But now do you and your maids go to your rooms; these things are for men to settle."

This he said because he knew what would soon happen in the hall, and he would not have her there. She wondered to hear him speak with such authority, but she made no answer to him, and she went out of the hall, taking her maids with her.

Then Telemachus gave the bow to the swineherd, and bade him take it to Ulysses. The Suitors were angry, and would have stopped him, but Telemachus said: "Take it; it is mine to give or to refuse," and the swineherd took it to Ulysses. And when he had done this, he went to the nurse, and bade her keep the women within doors whatever they might hear.

Then Ulysses took the bow in his hand, and felt it to see whether it had suffered any hurt; and the Suitors laughed to see him do it. And when he found that it was without a flaw, then he bent it, and strung it, and he twanged the string, and the tone of it was shrill and sweet as the cry of a swallow. After this he took an arrow from the quiver, and laid the notch upon the string, and drew the bow to the full, still sitting in his place. And the arrow went straight to the mark. Then he said to Telemachus: "Come, stand by me; there is yet another feast to be kept before the sun goes down." And the young man stood by his side, armed with a spear.

CHAPTER XX
The Slaying of the Suitors

Ulysses cried aloud: "This work is done; and now I will try at another mark." As he spoke, he aimed his arrow at Antinous. The man was raising a cup to his lips. There was not a thought of danger in his mind: who could have dreamt that any man, though he were ever so strong and brave, should dare such a thing, being but one against many? The head of the arrow passed through the neck of Antinous; and the blood gushed out of his nostrils, and he fell, overturning the table that was near him. All the Suitors, when they saw him fall, leapt from their seats, but when they looked, all the arms had been taken down from the walls. For a moment they doubted whether the stranger had killed the man by chance or on purpose; but Ulysses cried out: "I am Ulysses! Dogs, you thought that I should never come back. Therefore you have devoured my goods, and made suit to my wife, though I was yet living, and have had no fear of god or of man before your eyes. And now a sudden destruction has come upon you all."

When they heard these words, the Suitors trembled for fear. There was only one man among them who could so much as speak. This was Eurymachus. He said: "If you are indeed Ulysses of Ithaca, you speak the truth. We have done great wrong to you. But the man who was most to blame lies dead here. It was Antinous who was the chief of your enemies. What he desired was not merely marriage with your wife, but to destroy your house, and to be king of Ithaca. But we will pay you back twenty times for all that we have taken of yours."

Ulysses said: "Talk not of paying back. You shall die this day, all of you."

Eurymachus said: "This man will not stay his hand, but will kill us all with his arrows. Let us make a rush for the door, and we will raise a cry in the city, and this archer will soon have shot his last."

As he spoke, he rushed on with a two-edged knife in his hand; but Ulysses shot an arrow at him as he came, and he fell forward dead. And Telemachus slew another with his spear; but he could not draw out the spear from the wound, lest the enemy should take him at a disadvantage as he stooped.

Now it was plain that when Ulysses should have shot away all his arrows, the Suitors would have the better of them. So Telemachus ran to the armoury, and fetched down four helmets, and four shields, and eight spears. With these he armed himself and the two servants – that is, the swineherd and the herdman of the cattle. Now while Ulysses had yet arrows in his quiver, the Suitors held back, for the three bravest of them had been slain, and they had neither armour nor weapon. But the goatherd saw their need, and he crept secretly up to the armoury and brought down thence twelve helmets and shields and as many spears. When Ulysses saw this, he cried to Telemachus: "There is treachery, my son. Have the women done this thing, or is it the goatherd?" Telemachus answered: "It is my fault, father. I left the door of the armoury open," While some of the Suitors were arming themselves, the goatherd went again to the armoury, but the swineherd and his companion followed him, and caught him as he was taking arms, and bound him with a rope. As soon as they had done this, they hastened back to the hall and stood by the side of Ulysses. Then a certain Agelaus said to the other Suitors: "Friends, we can overcome these four if we join together. Let six of us throw our spears all at once," This they did, but the spears went wide of the mark. But the spears of the four went not wide, for each slew his man, and this they did again and again. On the other hand, both Telemachus and the



Ulysses slaying the Suitors.

swineherd were wounded, but not to their great hurt. The swineherd slew Ctesippus, and as he smote him, he cried: "Take that for the ox-foot which you gave to our guest," And all the courage that was in the Suitors left them, and they were as a flock of birds which is scattered and torn by eagles.

Leiodes, the priest, prayed Ulysses that he would spare him, saying that he had done no wrong, but had only served at the altar. But Ulysses answered: "It is enough that you have served at the altar of these wicked men, and that you have made suit to my wife." And he slew him without mercy. But the minstrel and the herald he spared. "Go," said he, "and sit by the altar." So they went and sat by the altar, fearing lest they also should be slain.

So the Suitors were slain, every one of them. And Ulysses bade the women come and wash the hall and the tables with water and smoke them with sulphur. And he said to the nurse: "Go now, and tell the queen that her husband has come back."

CHAPTER XXI
At Last

The nurse went to the queen's bed-room with the good news. She ran with all the speed that she could, even stumbling in her haste. She found the queen asleep, for she had been awake for a long time, and was weary. And now the nurse stood by her head, and said: "Awake, dear child, and see what you have longed to see for so many years. Ulysses has come back, and has slain the wicked men who troubled you."

But Penelope answered: "Surely, dear nurse, the gods have taken away your senses. Why do you mock me, waking me out of the sweetest sleep that I have ever had since the day when Ulysses sailed away to Troy? Go to the other women, and leave me. If one of them had done this to me, I would have punished her, but you I cannot harm."

The nurse answered: "I do not mock you, dear child. It is indeed true that Ulysses is here. The stranger with whom you talked is he. Your son knew it, but hid the matter that the Suitors should be taken unawares."

Then Penelope was glad, and fell upon the old woman's neck, saying: "Tell me now the truth. Has he indeed come back? And how did he, being but one, contrive to slay so many?"

"That," said the nurse, "I do not know. We women sat together amazed, hearing the groaning of men that were being slain. Then someone fetched us, and I found Ulysses standing among the dead, and these lay piled one on the other. Truly you would have rejoiced to see him, so like was he to a lion, stained as he was with blood and the labour of the fight. And now the women here are washing the hall, and cleansing it

with sulphur. But come; now is the end of all your grief, for the husband whom you so longed to see has come back."

But Penelope began again to doubt. "Dear nurse," she said, "be not too sure. Great, indeed, would be my joy if I could see him. But this cannot be he; it is some god who has taken the shape of a man that he may punish the Suitors for the wrong that they have done."

Then said the nurse: "What is this that you say? That your husband cannot have come back, when he is already in the house? Truly you are slow to believe. Now hear this proof, a thing that I saw with my own eyes. It is the scar of the wound that a wild boar gave him, when he was yet a lad. I saw it when I washed his feet, and I would have told it to you, but he put his hand on my mouth and would not suffer me to speak, for so he thought it best."

Penelope said: "I am in great doubt. Nevertheless, I will go into the hall and see the dead Suitors, and the man, whoever he be, that has slain them."

So she dressed herself and went down, and sat in a dark part of the hall, while Ulysses stood by the pillar, waiting till his wife should speak to him. But she was in great doubt. Sometimes she seemed to know him, and sometimes not, for he was still in his rags, not having suffered the women to give him new clothes.

Telemachus said: "Mother, you are indeed an evil mother, for you sit away from my father, and will not speak to him. Surely your heart must be harder than a stone."

Ulysses answered: "Let be, Telemachus; your mother will know the truth in good time. But now let us hide this slaughter for a while, lest the friends of these dead men come against us. Let there be music and dancing in the hall. Men will say, 'This is for the wedding of the queen.'"

So the minstrel played and the women danced. Then Ulysses went to the bath, and washed himself, and put on new clothes, and came back to the hall; also Athene made him

fairer and younger, such as he was when he left his home to go to Troy. And he stood by his wife, and said: "Surely, O lady, the gods have made you harder of heart than all other women. Would any other wife have kept away from her husband, when he came back after twenty years?"

But Penelope still doubted. Then Ulysses said: "Hear now, Penelope, and know that it is indeed your husband whom you see. I will tell you a thing that you will remember. There was an olive there in the inner court of this house, which had a trunk of about the bigness of a pillar. Round this I built a room, and I roofed it over, and put doors upon it. Then I lopped all the boughs of the olive, and made the tree into a bedpost. And I joined the bedstead on to this post, and adorned it with gold, and silver, and ivory. Also I fastened it together with a band of leather which had been dyed with purple: whether the bedstead is still in its place, or whether someone has moved it – but it was not an easy thing to move – I do not know, but this was as it used to be in old time."

Then Penelope knew that he was indeed her husband; and she ran to him, and threw her arms about him, and kissed him, saying: "Pardon me, my lord, that I was so slow to know you; I was afraid, for men have many ways of deceiving, lest someone should come, saying falsely that he was my husband. But now I know that in truth you are he and not another."

So they wept over each other, and kissed each other. Thus did Ulysses come home at last after twenty years.



The meeting of Ulysses and Penelope.

CHAPTER XXII
Of Laertes

The next day Ulysses said to his wife: "You and I have suffered many things for many years. You wearied for my coming back, and feared that I might be dead, and I was kept from coming. And now we are together again, but there are some things still to be done. I see that the Suitors have wasted my flocks and herds, devouring them at their feasts. My loss I must make up. Some I will take from other lands, where my enemies live, and some shall be paid back to me by the fathers of the men who have robbed me. But now I will go and see my old father, who is very sad, I know, thinking that I shall never return. And there is another thing of which I must speak. The people of Ithaca will soon hear how the Suitors have been slain, and there will be great anger in their hearts, for some of them had sons and brothers among the men who are dead. Do you, therefore, and your maids keep close to your own rooms. Do not look out, nor ask for news. Only wait till I shall set everything right."

Then Ulysses put on his armour, and took his spear and his sword. His son, and the swineherd, and the keeper of the cattle did the same; and the four went to the place where the old man Laertes lived, Ulysses leading the way. It was a farm which the old king had cleared, breaking up the moorland, and cutting down the forest, and was now rich and fertile. Round the old man's cottage were huts in which his slaves lived, and in the cottage itself was an old woman of Sicily, who looked after him very faithfully and lovingly.

Ulysses said to his son and to the two herds: "Go into the house, and make ready a meal for mid-day, killing one of the

pigs. I will find the old man, my father, where he is at work on the farm, and will see whether he knows me or not." So he put off his armour, and laid down his spear and sword, and went to the vineyard, for he thought he should find the old man there. Now all the men that worked on the farm had gone on an errand to fetch stones for building up the gaps in the vineyard wall. So the old man was left alone. Ulysses saw him as he stood hoeing round the stock of a vine. He had on a coat that was soiled with earth, and patched and shabby. He wore also leggings of leather that the briars and thorns should not hurt him, and hedger's gloves on his hands, and a goatskin cap on his head.

And when Ulysses saw the old man, his father, how feeble he was, and bowed with years, and sad, he stood still under a pear tree that there was in the place, and his eyes were blinded with tears. He doubted for a while whether he should go up to the old man and throw his arms round him, and kiss him, and tell him who he was, and how he had come back, or whether he should try him, and see whether or no he knew him. And this seemed to be the better of the two. So he came near him as he stood hoeing the ground by the vine-stock, and said: "Sir, you know well how to work an orchard or a vineyard; all is going well here. 'Tis plain to me that there is neither seedling, nor fig tree, nor vine, nor olive, nor pear, nor plot of herbs in the garden that you have not cared for. But there is no one, I see, to care for you, to look after your old age, or to see that you are decently clad. You are no idle servant that your master should neglect you; and, indeed, I take it that you are not a servant at all. You have not the look of such, but you are tall and shaped like a king. Such a one as you should have good food, and the bath when he will, and a soft bed. Tell me, now, whose servant are you? Whose is this orchard that you are working? But first tell me, is this truly the land of Ithaca? I asked this of a man that I met on the way, and the churl seemed tongue-tied, for he did not answer

me a word. And another question I would willingly have asked him, but that he did not even stay to hear it. And this question was about a certain friend of mine in old days, for I desired to know whether he was alive or dead. And now, old sir, let me ask this same question of you. Years ago there came to my house a certain man, and was my guest. I loved him much–never has there been one of all the strangers that I have seen whom I loved so well. This man said that he was born in Ithaca, and he said also that his father's name was Laertes, and that he was king of Ithaca. Many days did I keep him in my house, and when he went away, I gave him splendid gifts–several talents of gold, and a great silver bowl, worked with flowers, and twelve cloaks, and as many coats."

When the old man heard this, he wept aloud: "It is so, stranger; you have come to the land of Ithaca. But, alas! it is in the hands of evil men. If you had found him of whom you speak, even my son, then truly we would have given you gifts such as you gave to him, and requited your kindness as was fitting. But tell me this: how many years have passed since you took my son into your house? – for, indeed, it was my son who was your guest. Alas! he has had evil fortune. He has died far from his friends and his country, for either the fish of the sea have devoured him or the ravens have pecked out his eyes, or the wild beasts have torn him; but his wife, the faithful Penelope, did not close his eyes, nor weep over his body. Tell me this, and tell me also who you are, and from what country you have come, and who was your father, and whether you travelled hither in a ship of your own, or were brought in the ship of another?"

Then Ulysses answered, telling this tale, for a tale he always had ready for those that asked him: "I come from the land of Sicily, and I was carried hither by a storm. And as for the time of your son's coming to my house, know that it was four years ago. We thought that he would have good luck when he went, for all the signs were good, and I was glad that

it should be so, and sent him on his way with good cheer and with great gifts."

When he heard these words, the old man Laertes was overborne with grief, and he stooped down and caught up the dust from the ground, and poured it on his white head, sitting and groaning the while. And when Ulysses saw this, his heart yearned towards the old man, and there was a stinging pain of tears in his nostrils, so that he could no more refrain. And he fell on the old man's neck, and held him close, and kissed him, saying: "My father, my father, look at me, for I am your long-lost son. I have come back at last after twenty years. And I have slain the Suitors in my hall, paying them back in full for all the wrong that they have done."

But Laertes stared at him, doubting whether the thing was indeed true, and said: "If you are indeed my son Ulysses, come back after all these years, show me some proof that may make me sure."

Then Ulysses answered: "Look now at this scar which the wild boar made when I went hunting with my mother's father long ago on the mountain of Parnassus. That is proof enough; but I will give you yet another, for I will tell you of the trees which you gave me many years ago in this orchard. I was a little lad, running after you, and you gave me ten apple trees and thirteen pears, and forty fig trees, and fifty rows of vine. And these I remember grew ripe at different times."

When the old man heard these words, his knees failed under him for very joy, and he threw his arms about his son, and his son clasped him close. But when his spirit revived in him, he said: "This is well that the Suitors have suffered for their evil deeds. Truly there are gods in heaven, but I fear greatly that the men of Ithaca and from the islands round about should gather an army, and come against us, for these men had kindred among them,"

Ulysses answered: "Fear not, I will see to this. But now come to the house, for there a meal has been made ready for

us."

So they went to the house. And the old man went to the bath and was anointed with oil, and was vested in a fine cloak. Athene also – for she was near at hand-made him broader and taller, so that his son wondered to see him, and cried: "Surely one of the gods that live forever has done this thing for you."

After this they sat down to the meal; but before they began, came the old steward, Dolius by name, coming back from his work, and his tall sons with him. And when they saw Ulysses, they wondered who he might be; but Ulysses cried from his place: "Sit clown, hither, and eat; and you, my men, wonder no more. Here is the meal ready for you, and we would not begin till you had come."

Then Dolius came near, and caught his master's hand, and kissed it at the wrist and said: "Oh, my dearest lad, so you have come back at last to them who longed for you so sorely! Welcome to you! The gods themselves have sent you home; may they give you blessings without end. Does the queen know of your coming, or shall we send a messenger to tell her?"

Ulysses answered: "She knows it; but think not of other things. Let us eat and drink."

So they ate and drank, and were of good cheer.

CHAPTER XXIII
How There Was Peace Between Ulysses and His People

Now all this time there went the news through the town how the Suitors had been killed. And the people came from all parts to the king's palace, crying and mourning; and they took up the dead bodies and carried them away and buried them. And the bodies of them that came from the islands round about, they gave to the fishermen that they might carry them each to his home. And when they had done this, they gathered together in the great square of the town till it was filled from one end to the other.

Then stood up Eupeithes, who was father to Antinous, the man who was first killed by Ulysses, and said: "Friends, this man has done great evil to this land and this people. He took away with him many brave men in his ships when he went to Troy; twelve ships he took, and there were fifty men in each. All these he his lost: not one will you ever see again. But he himself has come back. Now, therefore, let us take vengeance on him. and on them that have joined themselves to him. before they flee to some other land. It will be a shame to us for ever and ever, if we sit still and suffer the men who have murdered our sons and our brothers to go free. For myself, I would rather die than suffer such disgrace. Let us go, therefore, before they take ship and escape."

Then Medon the herald stood up in the Assembly, and Phemius the singer with him, and said: "Listen now to me. men of Ithaca: all that Ulysses did to the Suitors, he did by the will of the gods. I myself saw one of them stand by his side

he seemed like to Mentor, but I know that he was a god and he cheered him on and helped him as he fought, and he turned aside the spears of the Suiter."

Then a certain prophet stood up, a wise man, who knew all things that had been, and all that were yet to come to pass, and he said: "Listen to me, men of Ithaca, these dreadful things are the harvest, but you sowed the seed. For when the wise Mentor told you what you should do, that you should keep your sons back from doing this evil, you would not hear him. You suffered them to waste your king's wealth, and to make suit to his wife, laughing in their hearts, and thinking that he never come back. See now the end. Listen, therefore, to me. Do not go against this man, lest you also should perish."

So the wise man spoke, and some listened him, but more than half sprang to their feet, and shouted for the battle. So they armed themselves for the fight, and followed Eupeithes. Meanwhile, Athene in heaven said to Zeus, her father: "What is thy will, my father? Must there be still more of war and of the shedding of blood: or wilt thou command that there be peace between Ulysses and his people?"

And Zeus answered: "My daughter, order it as thou wilt. It has been of thy doing that Ulysses has taken vengeance on the Suitors; now see that there be peace between him and his people. Let them forget that their sons and brothers have been slain; and that they be the more ready to forget, see that they have plenty and prosperity in their land."

Then Athene sped down from heaven to earth, that she might bring these things to pass.

Meanwhile they that sat in the house of Laertes had finished their meal, and Ulysses said: "Let someone go out and see what has been done, lest these people come upon us before we are ready." So one of the sons of Dolius went out, and lo! the crowd of armed men was hard at hand, and he

cried out to Ulysses: "They are coming. Let us arm."

So they arose and armed themselves. Twelve they were in all – Ulysses and his son, and the swineherd and the herd serving at the table; and Dolius with his six sons, and old Laertes. And Athene came in the shape of Mentor.

Ulysses said to his son: "My son, now you take your place for the first time in the line of battle. Bear yourself therefore worthily, and shame not your father and your father's father."

And Telemachus said, and when he spoke the light of battle was in his eye: "My father, you shall see what is in the heart of your son; never will I shame my father and my father's father."

Then the old man cried aloud in his joy: "Now I thank the gods that I have lived to see this day, for my son and my son's son contend who shall bear himself more bravely in the battle."

Then Athene said to the old man Laertes: "And pray to the father of gods and men that he may strengthen your arm, and be you the first to cast your spear."

So the old man prayed; and then he cast his spear; at Eupeithes, the leader of the rebels, he cast it, and smote him on the helmet and broke through the brass, and pierced his brain. Heavily did he fall to the ground, and his armour rang about him. After this Ulysses and his son charged at the rebels, and Athene also lifted up her voice; and the others fled for fear of the heroes and of the voice. And as Ulysses would have followed them, Zeus cast down a thunderbolt from heaven, and it fell at the feet of Athene. And when Athene saw it, she cried: "Hold your hand, lest you move the anger of Father Zeus."

So she came forward, having the shape and voice of Mentor, and she spoke to the people, and bade them remember how Ulysses and his father before had been good kings, and how the Suitors had behaved very badly, and had suffered as they deserved. "And now," she said, "he is willing to forget all

that is past, and to rule over you as a just man should. Make your peace with him," And she herself inclined their hearts to do this thing. So Ulysses and his people were made friends again.

The Æneid
for Boys and Girls

Told from Virgil
in Simple Language

By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A.

CHAPTER I
The Horse of Wood

The Greeks besieged the city of Troy for nearly ten years. They could not take it because the walls were so high and strong—some said that they had been built by the hands of gods—but they kept the Trojans inside. This had not always been so. There had been a time when the Trojans had gone out and fought with their enemies on the plain, sometimes they had beaten them in battle, and once they had very nearly burnt their ships. But this was all changed. They had lost some of the bravest of their chiefs, such as Hector, the best of the sons of Priam, and Paris the great archer, and many great princes, who had come from the countries round about to help them.

We can easily believe then that Priam, King of Troy, and his people were very glad to hear that one day the Greeks had gone home. Two Trojans, who had left the city two weeks or so before on a message from King Priam to one of his allies, came back saying that they had gone to the camp of the Greeks and had found it empty, and that there were no ships to be seen. Everyone who was not ill or too old to move about made all the haste they could to get out of the city. The gates were opened wide for the first time during ten years, and men, women, and children hurried out to see the plain where so many battles had been fought, and the camp in which the enemy had lived, and the place where the ships had been dragged up on the shore. As you may suppose, those who had fought in the battles had a great deal to say about what they had done and what they had seen. There were many things to see, but the strangest one of all was a great Horse of Wood,

which was standing not far from the walls of the city. No one was quite sure what it was, or what it meant. One man said: "It is a very curious thing. Let us drag it into the city that it may be a monument of all that we have suffered for the last ten years." Others said: "Not so; we had better burn it, or drag it down to the sea that the water may cover it, or cut it open to see whether there is anything inside." Of these no one was more vehement than Laocoön, priest of Neptune. "Take heed what you do, men of Troy," he cried. "Who knows whether the Greeks have really gone away? It may be that there are armed men inside this Horse; it may be that it has been made so big to overtop the walls of the city. Anyhow I am afraid of these Greeks, even when they give us gifts." And as he spoke, he threw the spear which he had in his hand at the Horse of Wood, and struck it on the side. A great rattling sound was heard, and the Trojans, if they had not been very blind and foolish, might have known that there was something wrong.

While the dispute was going on, some shepherds came up, bringing with them a man whose hands were bound behind his back. He had come out from a hiding-place, they said, of his own accord, when they were in the field. The young Trojans crowded round him, and began to mock at him, but he cried out in a very piteous voice: "What shall I do? where shall I go? the Greeks will not let me live, and the Trojans cry out for vengeance upon me." Then they began to pity him, and they bade him say who he was and what he had to tell.

Then the man turned to King Priam, and said: "I will speak the truth, whatever may happen to me. My name is Sinon, and I will not deny that I am a Greek. Perhaps you have heard of one Palamedes. The Greeks put him to death, saying that he was a traitor; but his only fault was that he wanted to have peace. Yes, they put him to death, and now that he is dead, they are sorry. I was a cousin of his, and my father sent me with him to Troy. So long as he prospered, I prospered also; but when he was done to death by the false

witness of Ulysses, I fell into great grief and trouble, nor could I be silent; I swore that if ever I got back to Argos, I would have revenge on those who had brought him to his death. So Ulysses was always on the look-out to do me some harm; and at the last by the help of Calchas the prophet—but why do I tell you of these things? Doubtless you hold one Greek as bad as another. Kill me, if you will; only remember that this is the very thing which the two sons of Atreus wish, the very thing which Ulysses himself would give much money to secure."

Then the Trojans said: "Tell us more." And he went on. "Many times would the Greeks have gone home, for they were very tired of the war, but the sea was so stormy that they dared not go. Then they made this great Horse of Wood which you see, but the storms grew worse and worse. Then they sent to ask Apollo what they should do. And Apollo said: 'Men of Greece, when you came here you had to appease the winds with blood, and you must appease them with blood again when you go away.' Every one trembled when they heard this, for every one feared that it might be his blood that would be wanted. After a while Ulysses brought the prophet into the assembly of the people, and said: 'Tell us now who is it that the gods will have for a victim?' Then many thought that it was I against whom Ulysses was plotting. For nine days the prophet said nothing: 'He would not give any Greek,' he said, 'to death.' These were his words, but in truth he and Ulysses had plotted the whole thing between them. On the tenth day he spoke, and said: 'Sinon is the man.' To this all agreed, every man thinking, 'Well, it is not I that shall die.' So they fixed a day on which I was to be sacrificed, and made everything ready. But before it came, I broke my chains and escaped, hiding myself in the reeds of a pond, till they should set sail. And now I shall never see my own country again; no, nor my wife and children, and, doubtless, these cruel men will take vengeance on them because I escaped. And now I beseech you, O King, to have pity on me, for I have suffered

much, though, indeed, I have not done harm to any man."

Then King Priam had pity on him and bade them unbind his hands, saying: "Forget your own people; from today you are one of us. But tell us now, why did the Greeks make this great Horse of Wood that we see?"

Then Sinon lifted up his hands to the sky and said: "O sun and moon and stars, I call you to witness that I have a good right to tell the secrets of my countrymen. Listen, O King. From the beginning, when the Greeks first came to this place, their hope has been in the help of Minerva. But she was angry with them for this cause. Ulysses and Diomed made their way into your city, and climbed into the citadel, and killed the guards. And then with hands all bloody from the slaughter, they laid hold of her image and carried it away.[1] It was this that made the goddess angry, that they should dare to touch her with hands stained with blood. I saw with my own eyes how the eyes of the image, when these two brought it into the camp, flashed with anger, and how the drops of sweat stood upon it; yes, and how it leapt three times from the ground, shaking shield and spear. Then the prophet said: 'You must go back to Greece, and come again, and begin the war again, if you wish to take the city of Troy'—and this they are doing now; they have gone back to Greece, and they will soon return. Furthermore, he said: 'You must make a Horse of Wood to be a peace-offering to Minerva. Make it, I advise you, very great, so that the Trojans may not take it within their walls. For, if they do so take it, then you will never conquer their city. Nay, they will come to our own land, and lay siege to our cities, and our children will suffer the things which we have sought to bring on them. But if they hurt the thing, then they themselves shall perish.'"

This was the tale that Sinon told, and the Trojans

[1] It was said that as long as the image of Minerva remained in the temple Troy could not be taken.

believed it. Nor is this to be wondered at, because the gods themselves took part in deceiving them. For while Laocoön, the priest of Neptune, the same that had thrown his spear at the Horse, was sacrificing a bull on the altar of his god, two great serpents came across the sea from a certain island that was near. All the Trojans saw them come, with their heads raised high above the water, as is the way of snakes to swim. And when they reached the land they came on straight to the city. Their eyes were red as blood, and blazed like fire, and they made a dreadful hissing with their tongues. The Trojans grew pale with fear, and fled. But the serpents did not turn this way or that, but came straight to the altar at which Laocoön stood, with his two sons by him. And one serpent laid hold on one of the boys, and the other on the other, and they began to devour them. Then the father picked up a sword, and tried to help them, but they caught hold of him, and wound their folds round him. Twice did they wind themselves round his body and his neck, and their heads stood high above his head. And he still tried as hard as he could to tear them away with his hands, and the garlands which he bore, being a priest, dripped with blood. And all the time he cried aloud as a bull roars when the servant of the temple strikes him unskillfully, and he flies from the altar. And when the serpents had done their work, and both the priest and his sons were dead, then they glided to the hill on which stood the Temple of Minerva, and hid themselves under the feet of the image. And when the Trojans saw this, they said to themselves: "Now Laocoön has suffered the due reward of his deeds, for he threw his spear at the holy thing which belongs to the goddess, and now he is dead and his sons with him."

Then they all cried out together that the Horse of Wood should be drawn into the citadel. So they opened the great gate of the city, pulling down part of the wall that there might be more room, and they put rollers under the feet of the Horse, and they fastened ropes to it. Then they drew it into

the city, boys and girls laying hold of the ropes, and singing songs with great joy. And every one thought it a great thing if he could put his hand to a rope. But there were not wanting signs of evil to come. Four times did the Horse halt as they dragged it, before it passed through the gate, and each time there might have been heard a great clashing of arms within. Also Cassandra opened her mouth, and prophesied the fate of the city; but no one took any heed of her words, for it was her doom that she should speak the truth and not be believed. So the Trojans drew the Horse of Wood into the city. That night they kept a feast to the gods with great joy, not knowing that the end of their city was now close at hand.

CHAPTER II
The Sack of Troy

Now the Greeks had only made a show of going away. They had taken their ships, indeed, from the place where they had been drawn up on the coast of Troy, but they had not taken them farther than a little island which was close by. There they hid themselves, ready to come back when the signal was given. When it was quite dark the signal was given; a burning torch was raised from the ship of King Agamemnon, which was in the middle of the fleet. When the Greeks saw this they got on board their ships, and rowed across from the island. The moon gave them light, and there was a great calm on the sea. At the same time Sinon opened the door in the Horse of Wood, and let out the chiefs who were hidden in it. And all the time the Trojans were fast asleep, not thinking of any danger.

Now Æneas, who was the chief hope and stay of the Trojans, had a dream. He dreamt that he saw Hector, the brave chief who had been killed by Achilles. He saw him not as he was in the old time, when he came back from the battle, bringing back the arms of Achilles, which he had taken from Patroclus; not as he was when he was setting fire to the ships, and the Greeks could not stand against him, but as he was when he lay dead. He was covered with dust and blood, and his feet were pierced through with thongs, for Achilles had dragged him at the wheels of his chariot three times round the walls of Troy.

When Æneas saw him he forgot all that had happened, and said: "Why have you been so long in coming? We have missed you much, and suffered much because you were not

here to help us. But why do you look so miserable? Who has given you these wounds?"

To these questions the spirit made no answer. All that he said was this: "Fly, Æneas, fly, and save yourself from these flames. The enemy is inside our walls, and Troy is lost. The gods would have it so. If anyone could have saved the city, I should have done it. But it was not to be. You are now Troy's only hope. Take, then, the gods of your country, and flee across the sea; there some day you shall build another Troy."

And Æneas woke from his sleep, and while he lay thinking about the dream he heard a great sound, and it seemed to him like to the sound of arms. So he rose from his bed, and climbed on the roof, and looked at the city. Just so a shepherd stands upon a hill and sees, it may be, a great fire blown by a strong wind from the south, and sweeping over the cornfields, or a flood rushing down from the mountains. As he looked he saw the fire burst out first from one great palace and then from another, till the very sea shone with the light of the burning city. Then he knew that what Hector had told him in the dream was true, that the Greeks had made their way into the city. So he put on his armour, though he did not know what he could do. Still, he thought to himself: "I may be able to help Troy in some way; anyhow, I can avenge myself on the enemy; at the least I can die with honour." Just as he was going out of his house the priest of Apollo met him. He was leading his little grandson by the hand, and on his other arm he was carrying an image of the god. When he saw Æneas he cried out: "O Æneas, the glory is gone from Troy; the Greeks have the mastery in the city. Armed men have come out of the Horse of Wood, and thousands have got in by the gates, which that traitor Sinon has opened." While he was speaking, others came up, one of them being young Corœbus, who had come to Troy, hoping to get the prophetess Cassandra for his wife. Æneas said to them: "Brothers, if you are willing to follow me to the death, come on. You see

what has happened. The gods who used to guard our city have gone from it; nowhere is any help to be found. Still, we may die as brave men die in battle. Ay, and it may be that he who is willing to lose his life may save it." Then they all followed him, and they went through the city as fierce as hungry wolves when they come down from the mountains.

The first thing that happened was this. A certain Greek chieftain, who had many men with him, met them, and mistook them for his own countrymen. "Make haste, my friends!" he cried; "why are you so late? We are spoiling the city, and you have only just come from the ships." But when they made no answer, he looked again, and saw that he had fallen among enemies. So a man comes upon the snake among the rocks, and when it rises, with great swelling neck, he tries to fly. So the chieftain turned to fly, but the place was strange to him, and he and many of his company were killed. Then Corœbus said: "We have good luck, my friends. Let us now change our shields and put on the armour of the Greeks. Who can blame us for deceiving these Greeks?" Then he took the shield and helmet of the Greek chieftain, who had been slain, and his sword also. The others did the same, and so disguising himself he killed many of the Greeks. Others fled to the ships, and some climbed up again into the Horse of Wood.

As they went through the city they met a number of men who were dragging the prophetess Cassandra from the temple of Minerva, in which she had taken refuge. When Corœbus, who, as has been said, hoped to marry Cassandra, saw this, and how she lifted up her eyes to heaven—her hands she could not lift because they were bound with iron—he was mad with rage, and rushed at the men, seeking to set the girl free, and all the other Trojans followed him. Then there happened a very dreadful thing. There were many Trojans standing on the roofs of temples and houses close by; these men, when they saw Corœbus and the others with the Greek armour on them, which they had taken, took them for

Greeks, and threw spears at them and killed many. And the Greeks also began to fight more fiercely than before, and those who had fled to the ships came back again. Altogether they gathered a great company together, and the Trojans, of whom there were but very few, could not stand up against them. Corœbus was killed first of all, and then almost all the others, good and bad, for it was the day of doom for the Trojans. At last Æneas was left with only two companions, one of them an old man, and the other hardly able to move for a wound which Ulysses had given him.

As he stood thinking what he should do, he heard a great shouting, and it seemed to come from the palace of King Priam. So he said to his companions: "Let us go and see whether we can help." And when they got there they found a fiercer battle than any that they had seen before in the city. Some of the Greeks were trying to climb up the walls. They had put ladders against them, and they stood on the steps high up, grasping the edge of the roof in one hand, and holding their shields with the other. And the Trojans, knowing that there was no hope of escaping, tore down the battlements and threw the big stones at the heads of the Greeks. Now Æneas knew of a secret way into the palace. By this Hector's wife Andromaché had been used to come from Hector's palace, bringing her little boy with her to see his grandfather King Priam. So he was able to climb up on to the roof, without being seen by the Greeks, and to join his countrymen who were defending the palace. There was a high tower on the roof, so high that all the city of Troy could be seen from it, and the camp of the Greeks, and the ships. The Trojans broke away the foundations of this tower with bars of iron, and toppled it over, so that it fell upon the Greeks, and killed many of them. But the others pressed on just as fiercely as before, throwing javelins and stones and anything that came to their hands at the Trojans on the roof.

While some were trying to climb up on to the roof, others

were breaking down the gates of the palace. The leader of them was the son of Achilles, Pyrrhus by name. He wore shining armour of bronze, and was as bright as a great snake which has slept in his hole all the winter, and when the spring begins, comes out with a new shining skin into the sunshine and lifts his head high and hisses with his forked tongue. He had a great battle-axe, which he held in both his hands, and with this he hewed through the doors; the very door-posts he broke down with it, making what one might call a great window, through which could be seen the great palace within, the hall of King Priam and of the kings who had reigned in Troy before him. And those who were inside also could see the armed men who were breaking in, and they made a great cry; and the women wailed and clung to the doors and pillars, and kissed them, because they thought that they should never see them anymore. There were men who had been put to guard the gates, but they could not stop the son of Achilles, for he was as fierce and as strong as his father had been. He and his people were like to a river that is swollen with much rain and bursts its banks, and overflows all the plain. Just so did the Greeks rush into the palace.

When old King Priam saw the enemy in his hall he put on his armour. He had not worn it for many years, so old he was, but now he felt that he must fight for his home. And he took a spear in his hand, and would have gone against the Greeks. But his wife, Queen Hecuba, called to him from the place where she sat. She and her daughter and the wives of her sons had fled to the great altar of the gods of the household, and were clinging to it. They were like to a flock of doves which have been driven by a storm into a wood. The altar stood in an open court which was in the middle of the palace, and a great bay tree stood by, and covered it with its branches. When she saw how her husband had put on his armour, as if he were a young man, she cried to him, saying: "What has bewitched you that you have put on your armour? It is not the

sword that can help us today; no, not if my own dear Hector, who was the bravest of the brave, were here. It is in the gods and their altars that we must trust. Come and sit with us; here you will be safe, or, at least, we shall all die together."

So she made the old man sit down in the midst of them. But lo! there came flying through the hall of the palace one of the sons of the king, Polites by name. Pyrrhus had wounded him, but the lad had fled, and Pyrrhus was close behind with his spear. And just as he came within sight of his father and his mother he fell dead upon the ground. When King Priam saw this he could not contain himself, but cried aloud, saying: "Now may the gods punish you for this wickedness, you who have killed a son before the eyes of his father and his mother. You say that you are a son of the great Achilles, but when you say it you lie. It was not thus that Achilles treated me. For when he had slain my son Hector, and I went to him to beg the body for burial, he gave it to me for due ransom, and sent me back to my own city without harm."

So did King Priam speak; then he took up a spear and cast it at Pyrrhus, but there was no strength in his blow. It did but shake the shield, not piercing it at all, and falling idly on the ground. Then said the son of Achilles: "Go, tell my father of his unworthy son, and of the wicked deeds which he doeth. And that you may tell him, die!" And as he spoke he caught the old man's white hair with his left hand and dragged him, slipping as he went in the blood of his son, to the altar, and with his right hand he lifted up his sword and drove it, up to the very hilt, into the old man's body. So died King Priam. Once he had ruled over many cities and peoples in the land of Asia, and now, after he had seen his city taken and his palace spoiled, he was slain and his carcass was cast out upon the earth, headless and without a name.

CHAPTER III
Æneas and Anchises

Æneas from his place on the roof saw all these things, for they were done in the open court that was in the middle of the palace. He saw them, indeed, but he could give no help, being but one against many. But the sight of the old man lying dead made him think of his own father, and so of his wife Creüsa, and of his little son Ascanius, and how he had left them at home alone and without defence. As he thought to himself: "Shall I not return to them, for here I can do nothing?" he turned his eyes and saw Helen in the temple of Vesta. She was sitting by the altar, hoping to be safe in the holy place. She was greatly afraid, fearing the Trojans, upon whom she had brought ruin, and her husband whom she had deceived. When Æneas saw her he was full of rage; and he said to himself: "Shall this wicked woman go safe to Sparta? Shall she see again her home and her children, taking, it may be, women of Troy to be her handmaidens? Shall Troy be burnt and King Priam be slain, and she, who is the cause of all this trouble, come to no harm? It shall not be; I myself will kill her. There is no glory in such a deed; who can get honour from the death of a woman? Nevertheless I shall be taking vengeance for my kinsfolk and my countrymen."

But while he thought these things in his heart, there appeared to him his mother, Venus, in such a shape as he had never seen her before, not like to a woman of the earth, but tall and fair, as the gods who dwell in Heaven see her. Venus said to him: "What means this rage, my son? Have you no thought for me? Have you forgotten your old father Anchises, and your wife, and your little son? Surely the fire had burnt

them up long ago, if I had not cared for them, and preserved them. And as for Helen, why are you angry with her? It is not she, it is not Paris, that has brought this great city of Troy to ruin; it is the anger of the gods. See now; I will take away the mist that is over your eyes. Look there; see how Neptune, god of the sea, is overthrowing the walls with his three-forked spear, and is rooting up the city from its foundations! See there, again, how Juno stands in the great gate of the city, with a spear in her hand, and great hosts of Greeks from the ships! See how Minerva sits upon the citadel, with a storm cloud round her, and her awful shield upon her arm! See how Father Jupiter himself stirs up the enemies of Troy! Fly, my son; I will be with you, and will not leave you till you reach your father's house." When she had so spoken she vanished into the night.

Then Æneas looked, as his mother bade him, and saw the dreadful forms of gods, and how they were destroying the city, and all the place seemed, as he looked, to be sinking down into the fire. Just as an oak in the mountains, at which the woodmen cut with their axes, bows its head, with its branches shaking round about it, till at last, after bearing many blows, it falls at once, and crashes down the side of the mountain, so Troy seemed to fall. When he had seen this, he turned to go to his own home. His mother was by his side, though he could not see her, and he passed through the flames, and was not hurt, nor did the spear of the enemy wound him.

When he got to his home, he thought first of the old man, his father, and said to him: "Come now, let me carry you away from this city, to a safe place among the hills." But Anchises would not go. He did not wish to live in some strange country when Troy had been destroyed. "No," he said; "do you, who are strong and who have many days to live, fly. I will stay. If the gods had wished me to live, they would have preserved this place for me. It is enough for me, yea, more than enough, that already I have seen this city taken, and lived. Say good-

bye to me, therefore, as you would say good-bye to a dying man. Death I will find myself, or, at least, the enemy will find it for me, when they come. Already I have lived too long."

So Anchises spoke, nor could they persuade him to change his mind, though his son, and his son's wife, and even the little child Ascanius begged him with many tears. When Æneas saw that he could not change the old man's purpose, he said to himself: "What shall I do? I will go back to the battle and die. Oh, my father, did you think that I would leave you and fly? This was a thing surely that you should never have said. If the gods will have it that nothing of Troy should be left; if it is your will that you and I and all your house should perish with the city; be it so. The way to bring this to pass is easy. Pyrrhus will soon be here, Pyrrhus red with the blood of King Priam, Pyrrhus who slays the son in the sight of his father, and the father at the altar. Was it for this, O Venus my mother, that you brought me safe through the flames, and thrust aside the spears of the enemy, that I might see my father and my wife and my son lie in one heap, slaughtered by the enemy? Comrade, give me my arms; we will go back to the battle, and die there, as brave men should."

Then he put on his armour, and took up his spear. But as he was going out of the door, his wife Creüsa threw herself on the ground and caught his feet. She held out to him the child Ascanius, and cried: "If you are going back to the battle that you may die there, then take your wife and child with you. For why should we live when you are dead? But if you have any hope that arms may help us, stay here, and guard your father and your wife and your son."

While she was speaking there happened a most wonderful thing. A fire was seen to shine upon the head of the child Ascanius, to play round his long curls, and to sparkle on his forehead. His father and his mother saw it, and were astonished. At first they thought that it was a real fire, and would have fetched water with which to put it out. But when the old

man Anchises, who was wise in such matters, saw it, he was very glad, for he knew that this was no common fire, but a token of other things, that the child was dear to the gods. He looked up to heaven, and cried: "O Father Jupiter, if thou hearest prayer at all, hear me now, and give us a sign." While he was speaking, there was heard a great clap of thunder on the left hand, and a star was seen to shoot through the skies, leaving a long trail of light behind it, passing over the city, till it was hidden behind the woods of Ida. When the old man saw this he rose from the place where he was sitting, and bowed his head, and said: "I will make no more delay; lead on, and I will follow; O gods of my country, save my house, and my grandson. This sign came from you."

Then said Æneas, for the fire was coming nearer, and the light growing brighter, and the heat more fierce: "Climb, dear father, on my shoulders; I will carry you, nor shall I be tired by the weight. We will be saved, or we will perish together. The little Ascanius shall go with me, and my wife shall follow behind, but not too near." Then he turned to the servants, and said: "Men of my house, listen to me. You know that as one goes out of the city there is a tomb and a temple of Ceres in a lonely place, with an old cypress tree close by. That is the place where we will meet. Each by different ways, not all together, that we may not be seen by the enemy. And do you, my father, take in your hands the images of the household gods. My hands are red with blood, and I must not touch holy things till I have washed them in running water."

Then he put a lion's skin upon his shoulders and stooped down, and the old man Anchises climbed upon them. And the boy Ascanius laid hold of his hand, keeping pace with his father as best he could with his little steps. And Creüsa followed behind. So he went, with many fears. He had not been afraid of the swords and spears of the enemy, but now he was full of fear for them who were with him, father and wife and child. But when he had nearly got to the gates of the city there

happened a dreadful thing. There was heard a great sound of feet in the darkness; and the old man cried: "Fly, my son, fly; they are coming. I see the flashing of shields and swords." So Æneas hurried on, but his wife was separated from him. Whether she lost her way, or whether she was tired and sat down to rest herself, no one knew. Only Æneas never saw her again; nor did he know that she was lost, till all the company met at the appointed place, and she alone was not among them. It seemed a most grievous thing to him, and he made loud complaints against both gods and men. Then he told his comrades that they must take care of the old man and of Ascanius, and that he would go and search for his wife. So he went first to the gate by which he had come out of the city. Then he went to his house, thinking that by some chance she might have gone back there. He found the house indeed, but the Greeks were there, and it was nearly burnt. After this he went to the citadel and to the palace of King Priam. Her he saw not, but he saw in the temple of Juno Ulysses and Phœnix keeping guard over the spoil, treasure from the temples, and cups of gold, and beautiful robes, and long lines of prisoners, women and children. And still he looked for his wife, going through all the streets of the city, and calling her name aloud. While he was doing this her image seemed to stand before him. It was she, and yet another, so tall and beautiful did she seem. And the spirit said: "Why are you troubled? These things have come about by the will of the gods. Jupiter himself has ordered that your Creüsa should not sail across the seas with you. You have a long journey to make, and many seas to cross till you come to the land of Hesperia, to the place where the river Tiber flows softly through a fair and fertile land. There you shall have great prosperity, and shall marry a wife of royal race. Weep not for your Creüsa, and do not think that I shall be carried away to be the bond slave of some Greek lady. Such a lot would not be fitting for one who comes, as I come, from the race of the kings of Troy and for her who was the

daughter-in-law of Venus. The mother of the gods keeps me in this land to be her servant. And now farewell. Think sometimes of me, and love the child Ascanius, for he is your child and mine."

So spake the spirit; but when Æneas would have answered, it vanished out of his sight. Three times did he try to put his arms round her, and three times it seemed to slip away from him, being thin and light as air. And now the night was far spent and the morning was about to break. So he went back to his comrades and found, much to his joy, that there were many more than he had hoped to find, a great company of men and women, all ready to follow him wherever he might lead them. And now the morning star, which goes before the sun, rose over Mount Ida, and Æneas, seeing that the Greeks were in possession of Troy, and that there was no hope of help, again took his father on his shoulders, and went his way to the mountains, his people following him.

CHAPTER IV
Of the Voyage of Æneas

As long as the Greeks remained in the land of Troy, Æneas and his friends lay hid among the hills. But they had not to do this for very long. The Greeks were glad enough to go to their homes, which they had not seen for ten years. So they put the spoils which they had taken out of the city, with the prisoners, into their ships, and set sail. Then the Trojans came out of their hiding-places, and began to cut down pine trees on Mount Ida—this was the name of the biggest of the hills, among which they had taken refuge—and to build ships. They had made up their minds to leave the land of Troy, and to find a new home somewhere else. This was the second time that the city had been destroyed, and the place seemed to be unlucky.[1] By this time a great number of people had come together. Some had escaped in one way or another from the city; some had been sold as slaves, and had run away from their masters, or had been set free. Many ships, therefore, had to be built; but in the spring all was ready, and they set sail; very sorry they were to go, for they were leaving their country forever, and they did not know where they should find another home.

They had sailed but a very little way when they came to a country called Thrace. For a time they thought that this was

[1] It was built again not long afterwards. About twenty years ago someone, who much wanted to know whether there ever had been a real city such as we read about in Homer, had what was supposed to be the place dug up. He found the remains of seven cities, one on top of the other. The third from the bottom was Homer's Troy, the Troy of Hector and Æneas.

just the place which they wanted. The Thracians had been very good friends to Troy in former times. While the war was going on many of their warriors had come to fight for King Priam. So Æneas began to make a plan for a city, laying the foundation, and marking out the lines of streets and squares. But while he was busy with these things, he found out in a very strange way, that a very dreadful deed had been done by the King of Thrace, and that he had better go away as fast as he could. What had happened was this. While Troy was still standing, King Priam had sent away one of his sons, and with him a very large quantity of gold, to the King of Thrace. This man was an old friend, and Priam thought to himself: "If anything should happen to Troy and to me, still there would be something safe. There would be the boy to keep up the old name, and he would have plenty of money to help him." But when Troy was taken by the Greeks this wicked king murdered the poor boy, and kept the gold for himself. When Æneas found this out, he said to himself, "A country where such wicked things are done is no home for us," and he set sail again.

The next place which he came to was an island called Delos. Once, it was said, it had been a floating island, but then it was fixed and firm, and it was the place where Apollo and his sister dwelt, who were the same, as men believed in those days, as the sun and the moon. Here there was a very famous temple of Apollo, and the priest of the temple was also the king of the island. Now Apollo had always been a friend to Troy, and when the priest knew who the strangers were that had come to the island, he went to meet them, and gave them a kind welcome, and took Æneas into his own palace. Then Æneas thought to himself: "I will ask the god to tell where I should go." So he went to the temple, and made an offering according to custom, and said: "O Apollo, hear me, for thou wert always a friend to Troy. Give, I pray thee, a place where we, who alone are left, may rest, a land of our own, and

a kingdom that shall endure forever. Tell us whither we should go, whom we should follow, and what we may look for. And speak plainly, I beseech thee, so that I may understand." Scarcely had he ended these words, when there was heard a loud rumbling sound, and the temples, and the laurel grove which stood about it, and the very hills around, were shaken. After this there came from out the middle of the temple a clear voice, speaking these words: "Sons of Troy, go boldly forth; seek the land where your fathers, who lived in the old time were born; the country which first sent you out shall welcome you again; then the house of Æneas shall grow and prosper till it shall reign over the whole world."

Great was the joy with which Æneas and his followers heard these words. But then they began to think to themselves: "What is the land of our fathers? what is its name? where is it?" nor could any one answer these questions till old Anchises, after much turning of the matter over in his mind, said: "My children, be not troubled or doubtful any more. I know the meaning of what the god has told us. There is a famous island in the southern part of this sea where now we are, and its name is Crete. This is the place where great Jupiter himself was born, and it is sacred to him. Far and wide it reaches; there are a hundred cities in it; and there is a Mount Ida, even as there is in our own land of Troy. It is from this island of Crete that our fathers came in old time. One Teucer was their chief; he came to the land which we have just left, and dwelt in it in the old days before Troy was built. Let us set sail without delay, having first made such offerings as it is meet to make. If the winds be favourable, we shall come to Crete on the third morning from now." So they made the offerings; one bull to Neptune, god of the sea; another to Apollo; a white sheep to the gentle winds, and a black one to the stormy. They knew, too, that the King of Crete, who was one of those that had come to fight against Troy, had been banished; and they were glad to think that they should not

find an enemy in the country.

When these things were done, Æneas and his men set out. They set their sails, and rowed with their oars, and the sailors shouted "Crete!" "Crete!" so glad were they to think that they were about to find a home. In due time they came to the island. And here again Æneas, being quite sure that he had found the right place, began to make plans for a city. In Thrace he had called it Ænos after himself; but this was to be Pergamos, for this had been the name of the citadel in old Troy. But after a time everything seemed to go wrong. The air seemed to be poisoned, and the winds that blew seemed to parch the grass and to blast the corn. The cattle were destroyed by plague, and some of the people died, while nearly all suffered from fever and agues. All this greatly grieved Æneas, and he made up his mind to go to Delos and ask Apollo whether he had made any mistake and whither he really ought to go.

That very night, when all were asleep, he only being awake, for he was in too great trouble to sleep, he saw before him in the light of the moon, which was shining through the window of his room, the household gods which he had carried away from Troy. Quite plainly did he see them, and he heard them say these words: "What you are going to Delos to ask, Apollo bids us tell you here. We are the gods whom you saved out of the ruins of burning Troy; we are your companions; we share your fate, we will bring you to the country which is meant for you, and from which your children's children will rule the world. Do not grow weary of wandering. You must look for another home, for Crete is not the place in which Apollo told you to dwell. There is a country called Hesperia, the land of the West; it is an ancient land; its people are strong and brave. That is our proper home; it was from this that our first father came. Tell this then to the old man, your father, that Apollo bids you go to Hesperia which men also call Italy. As for Crete, it is not meant for you."

Æneas lay in his bed and listened in a great fear, for he saw the gods quite plainly and not at all as if he were dreaming. Then he got up from his bed, prayed and offered sacrifice, and afterwards went and told his father what he had seen and heard. The old man said: "I was wrong when I said that Crete was the place from which our fathers came. And now I remember that in the days when Troy still stood Cassandra used to speak about Hesperia and Italy. But who would have thought that we who dwelt in Asia should ever go to the land of the West? And no one at that time believed the things which Cassandra spoke. But now let us obey the commands of Apollo and depart."

So the Trojans put all that they had on board their ships and departed. As soon as they were out of sight of land a great storm arose. The wind blew fiercely, and the waters were like mountains, and there was much thunder and lightning. For three days they did not see the sun, and for three nights they did not see the stars, nor did they know where they were. On the fourth day they came in sight of land, with hills, and smoke rising as it might be from the houses of men. So the sailors rowed with all their might and soon brought the ships to land.

They found that it was a pleasant island, with fields in which there were herds of oxen and flocks of goats feeding; but they could not see any one who was looking after them. By this time the Trojans were very tired and hungry; so they took some of the oxen and of the goats, and killed them, and cooked their flesh. Also they fetched wine from their ships, and sat down, and began to eat and drink. But they did not know what the place to which they had come really was or what kind of creatures lived there. These creatures were called Harpies, a name which means "Snatchers." These were wicked women who had been changed into a horrible kind of birds. They were like vultures which feed on dead bodies, and they had the wings of birds, and claws instead of hands; they

had the faces of women, but with a look on them as if they were starving. Suddenly, then, the Trojans, while eating and drinking, heard a great noise of wings, and in a moment the Harpies had come down, and snatched the flesh which the men were eating, and carried it off; and what they did not carry off they made so dirty that no one could bear to have it near him. Then the Trojans went to another place, which was close to a rock, and so sheltered in a way. There they made another dinner ready; but scarcely had they begun to eat, when the Harpies came down again—whether from the same place as before or from another no one knew—and snatched away the meat again, and spoilt what was left. Then the Trojans went to a third spot, and prepared their food; only this time they hid their swords and spears in the grass by their sides. When they saw the Harpies come again, they jumped up and laid hold of the swords and spears and tried to kill the creatures. But it was of no use; their skin was too hard to be wounded; the steel could not be driven through the feathers. Still, though they could not be killed, they were driven away, and flew to their holes among the cliffs. Only one remained; this settled on a rock out of the reach of the men, and said these words in a man's voice:

"Listen; was it not enough that you should kill our cattle? Will you drive us away from our own island? Hear my words, for these are the words of fate. This is what the gods, Jupiter and Apollo, whom you think to be your friends, decree. You will come at last to the land of Italy; that is settled. But know that before you build the walls of your new city you will be so hungry that you will be driven to eat the very tables on which you set your meat."

When the dreadful creature had said these words, she flew away. Then the old man Anchises lifted up his hands to the skies, and prayed that these things might not come upon them or might be turned to their good.

CHAPTER V
Of the Voyage of Æneas (continued)

That very day Æneas and his people sailed away from the land of the Harpies. They passed by many islands of the Greeks, Ithaca among them, which was the country of Ulysses. "A bad place," they said, as they passed, "and the home of a bad man." Not far from here they spent the winter, and then, turning to the west, they came to a country that was called Epirus. And here Æneas heard from someone who lived in those parts a marvellous thing, namely, that there was not far away a city which had a Trojan king, and that this king was a son of Priam, and that his wife was Andromaché, whose first husband was the brave Hector. Then Æneas said to himself: "I will go and see whether this strange tale that they tell me is true." So he went his way to the city, and when he came near it, he saw a river, and asked someone that passed by, "What is the name of this river?" And the man said, "This is the Simoïs." Now there is a river Simoïs that runs through the plain of Troy. A little farther on he saw a grove, and in the grove an altar, and by the altar stood Andromaché. She was making offerings to the spirit of Hector, and wept much as she made them. When she saw Æneas, and knew his arms, for they were what the Trojans used to wear, she was very much afraid, and fainted. When she came to herself, she said: "Is this that I see real, or is it a dream? Is it Æneas whom I see? Are you alive? And, if you are dead, where is my Hector?" Æneas said: "Yes, lady, I am alive; this is flesh and blood that you see, not a ghost. And you? what has happened to you? are you still the wife of Pyrrhus?"

Andromaché answered: "Truly there was but one among

the daughters and the daughters-in-law of Priam that was happy! she whom the Greeks slew at the tomb of Achilles. As for me, who once had Hector for my husband, I was carried across the sea as a slave is carried. A slave I was, though they called me a wife. And when Pyrrhus wished to marry the daughter of Helen, then he gave me to Helenus, as one slave is given to another. But Pyrrhus was slain by Orestes, who loved the daughter of Helen. And when he was dead, his kingdom was divided, and part of it came to Helenus, this country where we now are. He has built a town and called it Pergamos, and the river he has called Simoïs. But tell me, how came you here? was it by chance, or did a storm drive you out of your course? or did the gods send you? And your boy Ascanius, is he alive and well? Is he strong and brave? He should be such, if he has Æneas for his father, and Hector for his uncle."

While these two were talking Helenus came from the city and a great train of people with him, and bade Æneas and his company welcome. And he showed him all the place, and how everything had been made as like to Troy as might be. Only at Troy all things were large, and here all things were small. Afterwards Helenus made a great feast in his palace, and they ate and drank and were merry.

After a few days had passed, Æneas, seeing that the wind was favourable for his journey, said to Helenus: "It is time for us to go. Tell me now, for you are a wise man, and know what is going to happen, shall we prosper? It is the gods who bid us take this journey, and all things seem to promise well. But it has been prophesied to us that we shall have to bear dreadful hunger. Tell me then what I should do, and what I should avoid, and for what I should prepare."

Then said Helenus to Æneas: "Let us come to the temple of Apollo. There, I hope, the god will put into my mouth the answer to the questions which you ask."

So they went to the temple of Apollo. And when they had

offered sacrifice and prayed, the spirit of the god came into the heart of Helenus, and he prophesied: "Son of Venus, be sure that it is according to the will of the gods that you are making this journey. Listen then to me, and learn what you must do that you may come safely to the land where you would be, even to Italy. Some things I do not know, and some that I know I may not speak, for Juno forbids, but what I may say is this: First know that you have yet a long way to go, and many seas to cross. It is true that Italy is not far from us even here; but it is not in these parts that you will find your home. Those evil men, the Greeks, are here, and you cannot find a dwelling-place among them. And this shall be a sign to you that you have come to the right place. You will find a white sow with thirty little pigs about her. As to the eating of your tables which the Harpy prophesied, be not troubled; Apollo will help you. Sail, therefore, southward from this place, and pass by the shore which you will see on your right hand, though it is the shore of Italy. And when you have passed it to the very end, you will come to the island of Sicily. There you will see a narrow strait which divides the two; in old time they were one, but now the sea flows between them. Venture not into this strait; it is a terrible place. On the right hand is Scylla in her cave, and on the left hand is the whirlpool of Charybdis. Scylla is a dreadful creature. In part of her she is like a fair woman, and in part she is like a monster of the sea, and she has six heads like to a wolf's head. Go, therefore, all round the island of Sicily. It is a long journey, but it is safe. And when you come to the other shore of Italy, that which lies to the setting of the sun, then sail northward. And remember at all times, and in all places, to do honour to Juno, that so you may win her favour. And you will come to a place called Cumæ; there dwells a wise woman whose name is the Sibyl. Apollo speaks by her mouth, even as he speaks by mine. Inquire of her, and she will tell you all that you should know, what wars you must wage, and what dangers you must endure,

and what you may avoid. These things I may not speak, but you shall hear them from her. And now depart in peace; and wherever you go, remember that you are a son of Troy, and make the Trojan name to be great under heaven."

Then the prophet told his people to bring gifts for his departing friends, gold, and carvings of ivory, and caldrons, and a coat of chain mail, and a helmet with a plume, which Pyrrhus himself had worn. Horses also he gave, and tackling for the ships, and arms for the men. Also he gave Æneas guides who knew the way. And he bade them all a kind farewell, especially the old man Anchises, as one whom he should not see again. Andromaché also came, bringing a Phrygian cloak for Ascanius, and other fine things for him to wear. And she said to the boy: "Take these things to show that she who was once Hector's wife loves you well. Yes, for you are the very image of my own dear boy, whom they killed so cruelly. Your eyes and face and hands are like his, and indeed, if he were alive, he would be of the same age as you." Then Æneas bade them farewell: "Happy you," he said, "whose wanderings are finished, who have found your rest. You have no seas to cross; you have not to seek this land of Italy, which seems to fly before us, as we follow it. You have another Troy here before your eyes. Farewell, and know that if ever I come to this land of Italy, there shall be friendship between you and me, and between your children and my children forever."

After this they sailed away. And when it was night, they drew their ships to land, and slept upon the shore, but at midnight the chief pilot, whose name was Palinurus, roused himself and looked up at the sky, and took a note of the weather. And when he saw that the stars were bright, the Great Bear and the Little Bear, and Orion, with his belt of gold, he thought to himself: "These these are signs of fair weather; we will not lose the time." So he blew the trumpet which was a signal for starting. And all the men awoke and launched their ships. Through the darkness they rowed, and

when the morning was growing red in the east, they looked, and behold! there was a land with hills to be seen far away, and a shore lying low. Then the old man Anchises cried, "This is the land of Italy." And he filled a great golden cup with wine, and standing on the stern poured it out, saying: "Gods of the sea and of the land, give us fair winds and an easy journey."

But when they came so near that they could see what was on the shore, the old man looked again, and saw four white horses, and he said: "What the prophet said was true. This is a land of enemies; for a horse is a sign of war; still, because horses may be trained to obey and to bear the bit, we will hope that after war there will be peace."

Then the Trojans trimmed their sails, and bore to the right, that is westward, lest some enemy should set upon them, for they knew that there were Greeks in the land. After a while they came to the place of which Helenus had told them. And when Anchises heard the roaring of the sea and saw how the waves seemed to rise up to the very sky, he said: "Here is Scylla, and here is Charybdis. Row, my comrades, row with all your might." This they did, and Palinurus, the pilot, being in the foremost ship, steered to the left, and all the other ships followed him. And the sailors rowed as hard as they could, and at last, as the sun was setting, they came to a quiet harbour, well sheltered from the sea. Into this they brought their ships, and would have rested during the night. But Mount Ætna was close by, and from it there came, without ceasing, thunders, and clouds of smoke, and showers of stones, and a great flood of melted rocks. The story is that a great giant lies under the mountain. He rebelled against Jupiter, and Jupiter laid him under the mountain as a punishment. And when he is tired of lying on one side, they say, he turns to the other, and the whole land is shaken. But the Trojans knew nothing of the matter, and they lay trembling all the night.

In the morning they saw someone coming to them out of the wood which was close by. He was a most miserable creature to look at; his clothes were nothing but rags, fastened together with thorns, and he seemed to be half dying of hunger. They knew, when they saw him, that he was a Greek, and he knew them to be Trojans. For a little time he stood, as if he would have run away; but then ran as fast as he could, and threw himself on his knees, crying out: "Men of Troy, I pray you by the stars and by the gods, and by the air which you breathe, take me away from this dreadful place. Take me whither you choose; or, if you will, drown me in the sea. I confess that I am a Greek; I confess that I fought against Troy. If I must die, let me at least die by the hands of men."

And he caught hold of Æneas by the knees. And Æneas said: "Who are you? how come you to be in this plight?"

Thy man answered: "I am a man of Ithaca, and I went to the war against Troy with Ulysses. And as we were going home, we came to this land. And Ulysses wished to see who dwelt here. So he took twelve of his men, of whom I was one. We came to a great cave, and found that it was the home of a shepherd. And Ulysses said: 'It is a rich shepherd that lives here; let us stay till he comes; maybe he will give us something.' But when he came, lo! he was a dreadful, man-eating giant. He shut us up in the cave, and devoured two of us that night, and two the next morning, and two again for his supper. But after his supper Ulysses gave him wine to drink, and made him tipsy; and put out his eye—he had one only in the middle of his forehead—as he lay asleep. The next day the others escaped, but I was left. And now I say, fly as soon as you can from this place; for this monster, indeed, may not harm you, for he is blind, but there are a hundred others, as big as he and as cruel, who live in this land. Flee, therefore, I say, and either kill me or take me with you." While he was speaking the Cyclops, that is to say, Round Eye, came in sight, with his flocks following him. He was a horrible creature to

behold, very big and shapeless and blind. He came down to the sea, and waded out, and though he went many yards from the shore, yet the waves did not come up to his middle, and he washed the place where his eye had been, grinding his teeth the while. Then the Trojans, taking the Greek on board, pushed off from the land, and the monster heard the sound of their rowing, and shouted aloud to his fellows. They hurried down to the shore, and the Trojans saw them stand, tall as a grove of oaks or cypresses. Then, by favour of the gods, a north wind blew and carried them away, and they sailed on till they came to the southernmost part of the island, and after that to a place which men call Drepanum, that is to say, the reaping hook, for the harbour is of the shape of such a hook. There the old man Anchises died and was buried.

CHAPTER VI
The Shipwreck

Not many days after the burial of Anchises Æneas and his companions set sail. Now the goddess Juno hated the Trojans for many reasons, the chief of which was this. There was a certain city which she greatly loved, Carthage by name. It was just then being built by Queen Dido, and Juno hoped, if it might be possible, to make it the first city in the world. But she had been told that this could not be done, that the first city in the world would be one that the Trojans would build in Italy. And now she saw these very Trojans sailing from Sicily to this same land of Italy. They had wandered, as we have seen, for several years, and now they were about to find a home. She was very angry to see this, and said to herself: "Am I then to be disappointed? Shall I not be able to keep these Trojans from settling in Italy? Minerva burnt a whole fleet of Greeks, and drowned the men, because she was angry with one of them, even Ajax. She took Jupiter's own thunderbolts, and broke the ships with them. As for Ajax, she caught him up in a whirlwind, and dashed him upon the sharp point of a rock, so that he was pierced through. She could do this, and I, though I am Jupiter's own wife and sister, can do nothing against these Trojans! Who will honour me? Who will offer sacrifices to me, if I can do nothing?"

Then she went to a certain rocky island where Æolus, the king of the winds, lived. He had a great prison there in which he kept the winds under bolt and bar. This he had been set to do by Jupiter because if they were not so kept in they would blow away heaven and earth in their rage. Juno said to him: "King Æolus, Jupiter has given you the kingdom of the winds

that you may do with them as you will. A nation which I hate is sailing across the sea from Sicily to Italy. Loose the winds upon them, and drown their ships in the sea. And now hear what I will give you if you will do this. I have twelve beautiful nymphs that wait on me; the most beautiful of them you shall have for your wife."

King Æolus said: "O mighty Juno, it is for you to speak and for me to obey. It is of your kindness that I am king of the winds, and that I am allowed to sit at the table of the gods." As he spoke he struck the great gates of the prison with his spear, and broke them in. In a moment the winds rushed out, and swept across the sea, making great waves before them. It was not long before they reached the Trojans' ships, for the island of Æolus was near to where they were sailing. In a moment the sky was hidden, and the day became as dark as the night, and there were lightnings and thunders all about.

When Æneas saw all this he grew cold with fear. He was not afraid of spears and swords in the battle, but it was a wretched thing, he thought, to be drowned. "O happy they," he cried, stretching out his hands, "who fell under the walls of Troy, before their fathers' eyes! O Diomed, bravest of the great, I would that you had slain me, even as Hector was slain by the spear of Achilles, and many a brave Trojan with him, whose bodies the river Simoïs rolled down to the sea!"

While he was speaking, a great gust of wind struck the sails of his ship from behind, and turned it broadside to the waves. Three other ships were tossed on to certain rocks which are in those parts. Men call them altars because they are flat, and sometimes they are covered with the waves, and sometimes they show above them. Three ships were tossed upon quicksands which were in those parts, and others were sadly shattered by the waves. And one was sunk outright. This was the one in which the Lycians with their chief Orontes sailed. The Lycians were friends of the Trojans, and had come a long way to help them, and were now going with

them in their wanderings. Æneas was very sorry to see the broken planks, and the precious things floating about, and a few men swimming in the waves, for most of them were drowned.

It was not long before Neptune, the ruler of the sea, heard the noise of the winds and waves, where he sat in his palace at the bottom of the sea. He lifted his head above the waves, and saw how the ships were scattered, and he knew that his sister Juno had done this because she hated the Trojans. He called with a loud voice, which could be heard even above the storm, and said: "What is this that you are doing, O winds? Why are you troubling Heaven without my leave? I will—but I had best make the sea calm again; only be sure that if you do this again you will be punished. Go and tell your king that it is I who am the king of the sea, not he; let him keep to his rocks and make the winds obey him."

Then he commanded the waves to be still; also he scattered the clouds, and he brought back the sun. At his bidding other gods of the sea came to help. They lifted the ships off the rocks, and drew them out of the quicksands. And when this had been done he commanded that his chariot should be brought, and he rode in it across the sea, and as he went a great calm fell upon it. It was just as happens when there is a riot in a city, and the people are furious, and throw stones and burning torches about, till suddenly there comes among them someone whom they all honour; a good man and true. When he speaks they all listen to him, and the riot ceases.

Then Æneas and his companions made for the nearest shore. And this was the land of Africa, for they had been driven far out of their course. There they found a harbour running far into the land, so far that the water is quite calm within; on either side were high cliffs, and woods upon them. At the far end of the harbour was a cave, and a spring of sweet water. To this place Æneas came, with seven ships, all the rest being scattered about. Right glad were they to stand again on dry

land. And one of them struck a spark out of a flint, and they lighted a fire with leaves and dry branches. They took also some of the wheat which they had with them in the ships, and parched it by the fire, and ground it, making it fit to eat. While they were doing this, Æneas climbed a hill which was close by, thinking that he might see some of the other ships. These he could not see, but he saw below him three great stags, and a herd of deer following them. Then he took the bow and the arrows which his companion, Achates by name, was carrying, and let fly. He killed the three great stags, and four out of the herd, making seven, one for each ship. These the men fetched. Also they took wine out of the ships; for King Acestes, who had entertained them in Sicily, had given them a good store of wine to take with them. So they made ready to feast. Some of the deer's flesh they broiled on spits, and some they boiled in water. And they drank of the wine, and were not a little comforted. And after supper they talked of their friends who were absent, wondering whether they were alive or dead.

CHAPTER VII
Carthage

The next day Æneas set forth to see what the land to which they had come might be. First he hid the ships in a bay which was well covered with trees, and then he went, and Achates with him. In each hand he carried a spear with a broad point. As he went his mother Venus met him. She had taken the shape of a girl, wearing the dress of a Spartan huntress. On her shoulders she carried a bow, and her hair was loose, and her tunic was short to the knees, and her upper garment fastened with a knot. The false huntress said to them:

"Stranger, tell me whether you have seen one of my sisters hereabouts. She has a bow and a quiver, and has the skin of a spotted lynx round her."

Æneas answered: "O lady, I have not seen such an one as you speak of! Lady, I call you, but you seem to be more than mortal woman, such is your look and such your voice. Surely you must be a goddess, perhaps the sister of Phœbus, or one of the nymphs who wait upon her. Whoever you are, look kindly on us, and help us. Tell us now what is this land to which the winds have driven us, for we know not what it is, or who dwell in it."

Venus said: "I am no goddess as you think, stranger. It is the custom for us girls of Tyre to carry a bow and a quiver, and to wear the dress of a huntress. For it is a Tyrian city to which I belong though the country is Africa. Our queen is Dido, and she came to this land from Tyre, flying from the wicked king, who was brother to her husband. This husband was a certain Sichæus, who was the richest of the Tyrians,

and there was great love between him and his wife. But the king of the country was very greedy after gold, and he made a quarrel with his brother Sichæus, and took him unaware, even when he was doing sacrifice at the altar, and killed him. For a long time the king hid the matter from Dido, saying that he had sent her husband on some great business from which he would get much honour, and that he would soon come again. But at last she saw in her dreams the likeness of her husband, and he showed her his wounds, and told her how he had been killed. Then he bade her fly from the land as quickly as she could, and he told her of a place where much treasure, silver and gold and precious stones, was hidden in the earth. So Dido made everything ready for flight, and when she looked for companions, she found many; for not a few hated the king, and not a few feared him. So they laid hold of certain ships that were ready—and there were many ships at Tyre—and laded them with gold, and fled across the sea. And all this was done by the leading of a woman, even Dido. So they came to this place, where they are building the city of Carthage. So much land did Queen Dido buy from the king of the country as could be enclosed with a bull's hide. Only know that they cut the bull's hide into many strips, so that they could enclose a large space with it. And now tell me; whence do you come, and whither are you going?"

Æneas answered: "O lady, if I should tell all my story, the night would fall before I could come to an end. We are men of Troy; we have wandered over many seas for now seven years, and have been driven by a storm on to this land of Africa. As for me, men call me *Æneas*. My race is of Jupiter himself, and the land which I seek is Italy. With twenty ships did I set sail from the island of Sicily, going on the way on which the gods sent me. Twenty ships I had, and now I have but seven; Europe and Asia have cast me out, and now I am wandering over the desert plains of Africa." Venus answered him: "Do not think, stranger, whoever you are, that the gods

are against you; they are your friends if they have brought you to this city of Carthage. Go on, therefore, and show yourself to Queen Dido. As for your ships and your companions, do not be afraid, for they are safe. Look up now into the sky. Do you not see those twenty swans, flying happily in the air? See now an eagle swoops down upon them, and they are scattered. You look again; they are in order once more, and now they are coming down to the earth, and some are settling on the ground, and some are about to settle. So shall it be with your ships."

When the false huntress had said this, she turned away, and there seemed to shine a rosy light from her neck as she turned, and there was a sweet smell, as of some heavenly perfume, and the tunic that was short to the knee seemed to grow to her feet. Then Æneas perceived that she was indeed his mother, and he cried: "O my mother, why do you mock me again and again with these false shows? Why do you not let me put my hand in yours and speak with you face to face?" Then he went on towards the city, and Achates with him. But no one could see them, for Venus covered them with a mist lest any should stop them to inquire their business or hinder them in any way. So the two hastened on, and they came to a hill which overlooked the city, and they saw how great and fine it was, with high gates and broad streets, and a great multitude of men and women walking to and fro. Some were building the walls and the citadel, and others marked out the places where houses should be built. Also they were choosing judges and magistrates. And some digged harbours, for Carthage was to be, as Tyre, a city of many ships, and others laid the foundations of a theatre, and cut out columns from the rock to make it fine to look at. They were like bees in the early summer. The young swarms go out from the hive, and they labour, filling the cells with honey, and some take the loads from those that come back, and others keep off the drones. When Æneas saw them, he cried: "Happy men who

have found a city to dwell in!"

Now there was in the very middle of the city a thick wood of trees. Here, when Dido and her people had first come to the place, there had been digged out of the ground a horse's head; and when they saw it, they were very glad, for it had been told them that this should be a sign to them of good things, namely that their city should be great in war, and should have great riches. Here Dido was building a great temple to Juno. Very splendid it was, with door-posts and gates of bronze, and a great flight of steps leading to it. Into this temple Æneas and Achates entered, and he saw upon the walls pictures of the battles which the Trojans and Greeks had fought at Troy. Then Æneas said to his companion: "Is there any land which is not filled with our troubles? Yet it is good to know that these are not barbarians, that they have praise to give to courage, and tears for the sorrows of men. Fear not, my friend. It will be good for us that these people know what we have done and suffered." Then he turned to look at the paintings which were upon the walls, and was well pleased to see them. In one he saw how the Trojans were driving the Greeks before them, and in another how they were flying from Achilles. Also he saw the white tents of Rhesus, King of Thrace, who came to help the Trojans, and was slain by Diomed, and his horses driven to the camp of the Greeks, before they had eaten the grass of the Trojan plains or drunk of their streams. For it had been prophesied that if they should do this but once, Troy never should be taken. Also they saw how Troilus had met Achilles in battle, and had been conquered by him, for, indeed, he was no match for him. There he lay dead in his chariot, his hand holding still the reins, but his head and shoulders were dragged upon the earth, and the point of his spear made a trail in the dust. In another place the Trojan women went as suppliants to the temple of Minerva, taking a most beautiful robe for an offering; they stood before the goddess, beating their breasts, but the

goddess turned away her head. Also he saw Achilles dragging the body of Hector round the walls of Troy. In another place he was selling the body for gold. Æneas groaned to see the man whom he had loved, and old Priam the king, whom he had himself beheld slain by Pyrrhus. And he saw, moreover, himself fighting in the midst of the Greek chiefs; also black Memnon, son of the morning, who had come from the eastern land to help the Trojans, bringing a great host with him, and the Queen of the Amazons, and her warrior women with her, all of them carrying shields shaped like the moon. She was very fierce to look at; one of her breasts was bare, and she had a girdle of gold about her. She was but a girl, yet she dared to fight with men.

CHAPTER VIII
Dido

While Æneas was looking at these pictures, Queen Dido herself came, with a great crowd of youths following her. She was the most beautiful of women. Not Diana herself could be more fair to look at when she dances with the nymphs, by head and shoulders taller than them all. When Dido came to the gate of the temple, she sat down upon a throne to do such things as are the work of a queen, to do justice between man and man, and to give to each his portion of work.

In a short time there was heard a loud shouting and the noise of a crowd of men, and Æneas perceived that a great company was coming to the temple, and when they came nearer, he saw that they were his friends from whom he had been parted by the storm. Right glad was he to see them, for he had feared very much that they had been lost. But they were all there, all, that is, except Orontes the Lycian and his crew. Æneas much wished to come forth and take them by the hand, and greet them, but he thought it better to stay where he was till he should hear their story, and see how the queen would behave to them.

Then the chief man among them, having had leave given him to speak, said: "O queen, we beseech you to receive us kindly, not to hurt our ships, and to let us dwell in peace till we can go away. Jupiter has had pity on you and allowed you to build a city; do you have pity on us. We are not come to this land to lay it waste, or to carry its spoils to our ships. There are men who do such things, but we are not of their kind. No; we have ourselves suffered too much. Our own city has been destroyed, and we are on our way to build another

in the land of Italy. But as we were sailing across the sea a great storm sprang up, and scattered our ships, and those whom you now see before you are all that are left. There is no nation so savage but that it is kind to shipwrecked men. Or if there are some who are so wicked as to harm them, them the gods do not forget to punish. We had a king, Æneas by name; never was any one who better did his duty to God and man, or who was a greater warrior. If he be yet alive, then we fear nothing. You will be glad to help such a man as he is. But if he is dead, then we have other friends, as King Acestes of Sicily. Give us leave therefore to lay up our ships in a safe place, to fit them with new timber from the woods, and to make new oars instead of those that have been broken by the storm. If our king and his companions are yet alive, then we will find them, and will travel with them to the land of Italy. But if he is dead and his son Ascanius also, then we go back to Sicily where there is a dwelling ready for us."

Dido said: "Be of good cheer, men of Troy. If we seemed to be unfriendly, it was because, being here in a strange land, we have to keep watch over our coasts. But now that we know who you are, we bid you welcome. Who, indeed, has not heard of Troy, and its valiant sons? Think not that we here in Carthage are so dull or so far away from the world that we do not know these things. Be sure, therefore, that whatever you are minded to do, whether to go to Italy, or to return to Sicily, we will give you all the help that you want. Or if you will settle here and dwell with us, be it so, I will make no difference between man of Troy and man of Tyre. Would that your king were here also! I will send men to seek him through all the land of Africa."

Achates said to Æneas: "Do you hear this? Our comrades are all safe; only they whom we saw drowned before our eyes are absent. Let us go forth."

While he was speaking, the cloud that was round them rolled away, and showed the two men to all the company. As

for Æneas, his mother made him more beautiful to look at than he had ever been in all his life before. He stood before the queen and said: "O queen, I am the man whom you are seeking, Æneas of Troy, escaped from the waters of the sea. May the gods reward you for your kindness, because you have felt pity for all the great troubles of Troy, and because you are willing to give us, poor strangers as we are, a share in your city. So long as the rivers run to the sea, and the shadows fall among the hills, so long will your name be famous. I truly, whether I come to the land of Italy or not, shall never forget it." And he shook the hands of his friends, telling them how glad he was to be with them again.

After a while Dido spoke: "What ill fortune has brought you into such troubles? How is it that you have been driven to these savage coasts? I remember well how in the old days one Teucer came to Sidon. He had been banished from his own country, and he sought help from Belus, my grandfather. Much did he tell us about Troy and its chiefs. He praised them much, and said that he was of the same race in the beginning. Come, therefore, to my palace, and I will give you all that you want. I too have suffered much, and have wandered far. I have known many sorrows myself, and I have learnt to help them that are in trouble."

Thus the queen and all her company and Æneas and the Trojans went to the palace. There a great feast was prepared; twenty oxen and a hundred swine and a hundred sheep were made ready. And the seats for the guests were covered with purple, and the great cups of gold and silver were brought forth from the places where they were kept, and the tables were adorned with all kinds of jewels and precious things.

While these things were being done Æneas sent Achates to the ships to fetch the boy Ascanius, and to bring with him some gifts for the queen. There was a mantle, stiff with gold embroidery, which had belonged to the fair Helen. She had had it from Leda her mother. Also there was a sceptre which

the eldest of the daughters of King Priam had been wont to carry, and a necklace of pearls, and a crown which had one circle of gold and another circle of precious stones.

Then they sat down to the feast; and when they had eaten enough, Dido called for a great cup from which her grandfather Belus and all the kings before him had been wont to drink, and bade them fill it to the brim. Then she said: "O Jupiter, who art the god of hosts and guests, make this day a day of joy for the men of Troy and the men of Tyre, and grant that their children may remember it forever." When she had said this, she touched it with her lips, and handed it to Prince Bitias. He drank from it a mighty draught, and all the princes of Tyre and the Trojan chiefs did the same. After this a minstrel sang a great song about the making of men and beasts and of the stars and of the order of day and night and of the year. Also the queen asked many questions about Priam and Troy. At last she turned to Æneas and said: "Tell us now about the taking of Troy, and about the places which you have seen in your wanderings." Æneas answered: "It is a sad story, O queen, and the time is late. Nevertheless, if you will have it so, I will tell the story." So he told his story to the company.

After this Æneas and the Trojans stopped for many days in Carthage. Queen Dido loved him, and she made him her guest, and he lived in such ease and pleasure that he almost forgot all about the land of Italy, and the city which he was to build there.

But this did not please Jupiter. He said, therefore, to Mercury his messenger: "Go now and speak to Æneas these words: 'Thus speaks the king of gods and men. Is this what your mother wished when she saved you twice from the spear of the Greeks? Are you the man who is to build a city in Italy; a city which shall rule the world? If you forget these things, think of your son. Why do you take from him the kingdom that is to be his? What are you doing here? Why are you not

looking to Italy? Depart at once.'"

So Mercury put his sandals on his feet, the sandals which have wings wherewith to fly, and he took his wand in his hand, and flew down from heaven. First he came to Mount Atlas, which is in the land of Africa. And from the top of Atlas he shot down, as a hawk shoots down after a bird, and came to Æneas where he stood in the middle of the city of Carthage. He had a cloak of purple, embroidered with gold, round his shoulders, and a great sword in his hand. Mercury gave him the message of Jupiter, and when he had finished it, he vanished.

For a time Æneas stood, not knowing what to do. He knew, indeed, that he was called to Italy, that he might do the will of the gods. And yet he feared to tell the thing to the queen. At last he called his chiefs together and said: "Make ready the ships, and collect the people; but do this as secretly as you may, and say nothing."

When Dido heard it—for such things are not easily hidden—she was wild with anger and love. First she came and spoke to Æneas, telling him what she had done for him and his people, and reproaching him for his ingratitude. Also she tried to keep him by telling him of the dangers of the voyage. "Stay awhile," she said, "till the stormy winds are over, and you can sail across the seas with safety." And when she could not persuade him, then she sent her sister Anna, if perhaps, he would listen to her.

But Æneas stood firm. Jupiter had bidden him go, and go he must. So, when the ships had been made ready for the voyage, he set sail, secretly and by night. And when Dido looked out from the window of her palace in the morning, lo! the ships of the Trojans were gone. Then she made up her mind that she would die. She had prepared a great pile of wood. On this she laid the sword of Æneas, which he had left behind him, and his cloak and other things which had belonged to him, and sundry possessions of her own. To this pile she set

fire, and then she mounted to the top, and took the sword of Æneas in her hands, and stabbed herself with it. So she died, and the fire laid hold of the wood and made a great burning, which could be seen far off.

CHAPTER IX
The Funeral Games of Anchises

Meanwhile the ships of Æneas were sailing across the sea. As they looked back to the shore which they had left they saw great flames rising up into the sky. What this meant they did not know; but they were sure that Dido was very angry, and they feared that she might do some very terrible thing.

Before long there were signs of a great storm. And Palinurus, who was the chief pilot, seeing how dark the sky had grown, said: "What do these clouds mean? What is Father Neptune going to do next?" Then he turned to Æneas and said: "We cannot get to Italy while the wind blows from this quarter; no, not even when Jupiter himself has promised it to us. Let us clear the decks, and let the men put out their oars to row, and let them shift the sails. The harbours of Sicily are near; let us make for them." Æneas answered: "You say well; let us shape our course for Sicily. There is no country which I would sooner see, for there my dear father Anchises is buried."

So they shifted their course, and let their ships run before the wind, and came in a very short time to the island of Sicily. Now Acestes, the king of the country, was the son of a Trojan woman. He had before entertained Æneas and his people very kindly, and now, when he saw their ships coming toward the land, for he happened to be standing on the top of a hill, he was very glad, and he made haste to meet them. He came to the shore, having a lion's skin about his shoulders, and carrying a spear in his hand. He greeted them with many words of kindness, and sent a supply of food and drink to the ships.

The next day, early in the morning, Æneas called all the Trojans to an assembly, and said to them: "My friends, it is a full year since we buried my dear father in this land of Sicily; yes, if I remember right, this is the very day. Let us keep it holy therefore. That, indeed, would I do, wherever I might be, whether sailing over the sea, or wandering among the lands of Africa, or even if I were shut up in some city of the Greeks. Much more, therefore, let us keep it here, seeing that we are in a friendly land, and keep it as solemnly as we can. And let us make a vow to keep it year by year in the land of Italy, if so be that we ever come to it. And now King Acestes gives us oxen for our feasts, two oxen for every ship. Therefore let us make merry and rejoice. And if the ninth day from this be fair, then we will have great games in honour of my dear father. There shall be a contest of ships, and running in a race, and games of throwing the javelin, and of shooting with the bow, and of boxing. And now make ready for the sacrifice."

First he put on his head a wreath of myrtle, for myrtle was the plant which his mother most loved. King Acestes did the same, and so did the boy Ascanius and all the Trojans. Then he came up to the tomb of his father, and poured out on it two cups of wine and two cups of pure milk, and scattered flowers over it, and said: "These gifts to thee, my father! The gods did not suffer thee to see the land of Italy, but we will do thee honour today."

While he was speaking a great snake came out of the tomb. Very big he was, and all the colours of the rainbow seemed to be mixed on his back. Æneas looked, wondering to see him; while he looked, the snake crept up to the altar, and tasted the sacrifice which had been put upon it, and the wine and the milk. Æneas could not think what this strange thing might mean. So he made fresh offerings, two sheep and two pigs, and two black oxen. Other Trojans also brought sheep and oxen, and sacrificed them on the tomb. And they roasted the flesh with fire—only some parts they burnt—and feasted

on it.

And now the ninth day came, and the weather was fine. There came great crowds of people to see the games, for all that dwelt in the island knew the name of King Acestes. Many came to see the Trojans, and many for the sake of the games, desiring to win the prizes if they might. First the prizes were put in the midst for all to see. There were crowns of palm, and swords, and spears, and purple garments, and talents of gold and silver. And at the time that had been appointed the trumpet sounded to show that the games should begin.

First came the race of ships. Four ships there were to try for the prize. The four were the *Sea-Horse,* of which Mnestheus was the captain, the *Chimæra* of Gyas, the *Centaur* of Sergestus, and the *Scylla* of Cloanthus. Far out to sea there was a rock. The waves beat over it when the sea was rough; but on a calm day it could be seen above the water, and the sea-birds loved to stand on it and bask in the sun. On this rock Æneas fastened a bough of an oak tree; the ships were to go round it and so home. First the captains cast lots for places. Then they took their places, each on the stern of his ship, wearing purple cloaks with gold lace upon them. The rowers had each a garland upon his head, but they were stripped for rowing, and their bodies were anointed with oil. So they sat upon the benches, with their hands stretched out, ready to dip their oars in the water for a stroke. And when the trumpet sounded the rowers dipped their oars, and rowed with all their might, and each ship leapt forward. Great was the noise of the shouting, for the people favoured this captain or that. First of all came Gyas with the *Chimæra,* and next to him Cloanthus with the *Scylla*. He had the stronger crew, but his ship was by much the heavier of the two. After these two came the *Sea-Horse* and the *Centaur,* being about equal, for now one was ahead, and now the other. When they were now near to the rock Gyas cried out to his steersman: "Why do

you go so much to the right? Keep closer to the rock. Let others choose the sea if they will; I like the shortest course." But the man was afraid of rocks that could not be seen beneath the sea, and still kept the ship's head seaward. Gyas cried again: "Now make for the rock!" While he was speaking the *Scylla* came up and took the inner course between the *Chimæra* and the rock, and passed it, taking the first place. Then Gyas was so angry that he wept for very rage, and he took the steersman by the waist and threw him into the sea, and he took the rudder himself, and turned the ship to the rock. As for the steersman, being old and cumbered with his cloak, he could scarcely reach the rock. And when the people saw him thrown into the sea, and they saw how he swam to the rock, and climbed on it and sat, spitting out the salt water, they laughed. When the captains of the other two ships saw what had happened they began to hope that they too might win a prize. Mnestheus in the *Sea-Horse* seeing that the *Centaur* still kept in front of him ran among his men as they rowed—there was a plank from one end of the ship to the other—crying out: "My friends, do your best, as you have always done, whether in battle or in storms. The first place I do not seek, but I would not come back last." Then the rowers stretched out forward and threw themselves back, rowing with all their might. The *Centaur* they soon passed, for it was steered so close to the rock that it struck on a piece which jutted out, and the oars were broken and the bow stuck fast. While the crew were pushing it off with poles and the like the *Sea-Horse* got well ahead. And next it passed the *Chimæra*, for this had lost its steersman, and the captain did not know how to keep a straight course. And now only the *Scylla* was left, and the *Sea-Horse* pressed hard on it. And all the people shouted out, for it pleased them much to see that the ship which had been last was now likely to be first. Then Cloanthus, who was captain of the *Scylla*, stretched out his hands and prayed to the gods of the sea that they would help

him. "Help me," he said; "help me, and I will offer a milk-white bull and much pure wine at your altar." And they heard the prayer, and one of them put out his hand, and caught hold of the keel of the ship, and sent it on, as quick as an arrow flies from the bow-string, so that it came to the shore first of the four. Then Æneas put a crown of bay-leaves about the captain's head, and gave to the rowers three oxen and jars of wine and a talent of silver. The other two also had gifts. And when Sergestus came with the *Centaur*, with half of its oars broken, just like to a serpent which the wheel of a wagon has maimed in the road, Æneas gave him a reward, for he had at least brought the ship and the crew safely back.

Next came the foot race. For this there came many, both Trojans and men of Sicily. Foremost among them all were Nisus and Euryalus, between whom there was a very close friendship. After them came Diorês, who was of the house of King Priam; after him Salius, a Greek, and two young hunters, who were of the court of King Acestes, and many others. Æneas said: "I will give gifts to all who run; none shall go away empty. To the first three I will give crowns of olive. The first also shall have a horse with its trappings; the second a quiver full of arrows, and a belt with which to fasten it; the third must be content with a Greek helmet."

Then all the men stood in a line, and when the signal was given they started. For a short time they were all close together. Then Nisus outran the rest. Next to him came Salius, but there was a long space between them; and next to Salius was Euryalus. The fourth was one of the king's courtiers, Helymus by name, and close behind him the Trojan Diorês. When they had nearly come to the end of the course, by bad luck Nisus slipped in the blood of an ox which had been slain in the place, and fell. But as he lay on the ground he did not forget his friend Euryalus, for he lifted himself from the ground just as Salius came running in, and tripped him up. So Euryalus had the first place, Helymus was second, and Diorês

third. But Salius loudly complained that he had been cheated. "I had won the first prize," he cried, "had not this Nisus tripped me up." But the people favoured Euryalus, for he was a comely lad; Diorês also was on the same side, for otherwise he had not won the third prize. "Then," said Æneas, "I will not change the order; let them take the prizes as they come—Euryalus the first, Helymus the second, and Diorês the third. Nevertheless I will have pity on the man who suffered not from his own fault." And he gave to Salius a lion's skin, of which the mane and the claws were covered with gold. Then Nisus said: "If you are giving prizes to these who are beaten, then think of me, for I was first, and slipped, having the same bad luck of which Salius complains." And he showed his face and body all covered with filth. And Æneas laughed and gave him a noble shield.

After this came the boxing match. The winner's prize was an ox with gilded horns, the loser would have a sword and a helmet. Immediately Dares stood up; he was a giant in height and breadth. He was the only man who had ever dared to meet Paris, the strongest boxer in Troy; he had also vanquished a famous champion, Butes by name, hurting him so that he died of his wounds. So mighty a man did he seem that no one had the courage to stand up against him. So Dares came to Æneas where he sat, and said: "If there is no man to meet me let me take the prize." But King Acestes said to his friend Entellus, who was sitting next to him on the grass: "Entellus, will you suffer this prize to be taken in this fashion? Did you not learn this art from Eryx himself? Has not your fame gone through this land of Sicily? Is not your house full of prizes that you have won?" Entellus answered: "Think not, O king, that I am afraid, or that I do not care for honour; but I am old, and I have lost my strength. If I had been as young as that boaster there I should not have wanted a prize to make me go and meet this bragging fellow."

Then he stood up and threw onto the ground two boxing

gloves which the great boxer Eryx had used of old. All who saw them were astonished, so big were they, heavy with bull's hide and lumps of lead and iron. As for Dares, he said: "I will not stand up against such as these." And when Æneas took them up, trying their weight, Entellus said: "What would this Trojan have thought if he had seen the gloves which Hercules wore when he fought with this same Eryx and killed him? These Eryx himself—he, O Æneas! was your mother's son—gave me. See the marks of blood and brains upon them! These are of the men who fought with him. But if Dares likes them not, be it so; I will put them away, and he shall put away his."

Then he threw off the cloak which he wore, and showed his shoulders and arms, how big and strong they were.

Then Æneas gave to each gloves of equal weight, and the two stood and faced each other. Dares was more nimble and quick, for he was young; Entellus, though a giant in height and breadth, was slow and scant of breath. Many blows they aimed at each other, and sometimes one would strike the other on the breast or the cheek, but neither struck home. Entellus stood in the same place, swaying one way and the other, with eyes always watching his enemy. As for Dares, he was like a general who attacks a city, and tries first one part and then another, if he can find the weakest. At last Entellus, thinking that he could reach the other, dealt him a great blow; but Dares, seeing it coming, leapt out of the way; and the old man wasted his strength in the air, and fell with a crash, as a pine tree falls on the side of a hill. All the men of Troy and the men of Sicily ran up to see what had happened; and Acestes ran, and would have helped the old man to rise. But he got up of himself, for shame and anger, as it were, made him young again. Dares fled before him, and Entellus followed him over the plain, hitting him, now with the right hand, and now with the left; and the blows were like hail when it rattles on a roof. Then Æneas cried: "Be not angry, my friend;" and to Dares he said: "See you not that the gods are against you

today? Do not fight against the gods." So he commanded that the battle should cease. Dares was led away by his friends in sad plight, spitting out blood, yea, and his teeth, for they were broken in the fight. And they took with them the shield and the helmet; but the crown of palms and the ox they left to Entellus. And he said: "See, Æneas and you men of Troy, what I could do when I was young." And he lifted up his hand, and struck the ox between the brows. And the beast fell dead upon the ground. And the old man said: "Eryx, take this offering. I give you this ox instead of the life of Dares: and, indeed, it is the better thing of the two. And here I lay down my gloves forever."

Next to this came the trial of shooting with the bow. Æneas set up the mast of a ship, and to the top of the mast he tied a dove by a cord. This was the mark at which all were to shoot. The first hit the mast, and shook it, and all could see how the bird fluttered his wings. Then the second shot. He did not touch the bird, but he cut the string by which it was fastened to the mast, and the bird flew away. Then the third, a man of Lycia, aimed at the bird itself, and struck it as it flew, and the dove fell dead to the earth with the arrow through it. Last of all, King Acestes shot his arrow. And he, having nothing at which to aim, shot it high into the air, to show how strong a bow he had and how he could draw it. Then there happened a strange thing to see. The arrow, as it went higher and higher in the air, was seen to catch fire, and to leave a line of flame behind it, till it was burnt up. When Æneas saw this, he said to himself: "This is a sign of good to come," for he thought how the fire had burnt on the head of his son Ascanius, and how a star had shot through the air when he was about to fly from Troy. And as this had been a sign of good at the beginning of his wanderings, so was this a sign of good at the end. Then he threw his arms about King Acestes, saying: "I thank thee, my father. This is a message which Jupiter sends by you." And he gave him a great bowl of

silver which his father Anchises had had before him. The other archers also had gifts according to the skill which they had shown.

Last of all, there was a new game which none had seen before. Ascanius and his young companions came riding on horses, three companies of twelve each with a leader. They had crowns on their heads, and collars of gold on their necks, and carried spears in their hands. They rode this way and that way, making a show of fighting. Sometimes they seemed to charge, and sometimes to fly. And all the people shouted, so fair were the lads, and so well did they ride.

CHAPTER X
The Burning of the Ships—
The Coming to Italy

While the Trojans were busy with the games, Juno was busy doing them a great mischief, for she saw that they were now very near to the end of their wanderings, that is to say, the land of Italy. And the mischief was this, to burn their ships.

The women sat by themselves near the ships, making a great wailing for Anchises. And as they looked at the sea they thought to themselves: "Surely we have travelled enough; surely we have had enough of the sea: would it not be far better that we should have a city in which to dwell?"

Now Juno had sent down her messenger Iris to do this business for her. So when Iris knew what the women were thinking, she took the shape of a Trojan woman, Beroë by name, and went among them and said: "Surely, my sisters, it would have been better for us if we had been killed by the Greeks when they took the city of Troy. Seven summers have come and gone since we left our native country, and we are still wandering over sea and land. We seek this land of Italy, but it seems to be always flying before us, and we never see it. Here we have friends and kinsfolk. Why should we not build here a city? Why should we not burn these accursed ships which carry us hither and thither? Last night I saw in a dream the prophetess Cassandra. She seemed to say to me: 'Here is Troy; here is the home for which you are seeking.' And as she said this, she put a torch in my hand. See now the altars here, and the fire upon them." And she caught a torch from the

altar, and threw it at the ships.

But another woman, who had been nurse to the sons of King Priam, cried out: "Women of Troy, this is not Beroë who is speaking to you. Beroë I left just now, very sick and much vexed that she could not come to this our meeting here. No; this is not Beroë. Look how she walks, and what shining eyes she has." The women stood in doubt, not knowing what to do. They would have liked to stay where they were, and yet they knew that they were called to the land of Italy. But while they doubted, they saw Iris going up to heaven by the path of the rainbow, and they cried out: "It is a goddess who has spoken to us!" And a great rage came upon them; every one of them caught up a torch from the altars, and ran and set fire to the ships. In a moment the flames ran over the benches and the oars and the stems of pine. Someone ran at once to the Trojans as they sat looking at the games, and told them what was going on: they themselves, too, saw a great cloud of smoke coming up from the sea. Ascanius heard of the matter while he was leading his host, and immediately he galloped down to the shore. When he got to the ships, he cried out: "What are you doing? This is not the camp of the Greeks that you are burning. You are burning your own hopes. See, I am your own Ascanius." And he took his helmet from his head, and stood bareheaded before them. After him came Æneas and the other Trojans, as fast as they could. And when the women thought of what they had done, they were much ashamed of their behaviour, and sought to hide themselves. But not the less did the fire burn the ships, nor could the Trojans, when they tried to put it out, do any good. Then Æneas rent his garments and cried out: "O Jupiter, if thou carest for us at all, save our ships, lest we perish altogether. But if thou art angry, and if I have done wrong, slay me with thy thunderbolt, but save my people."

While he was still speaking, a great storm came up from

the south, with thunder and lightning and a great rain. So the fire was put down. Nevertheless, four of the ships were burnt entirely.

Æneas was much troubled at these things, and thought in himself what he had better do. Should he stay in Sicily, where he had friends?—for though the Fates called him to Italy, yet there was ever something to hinder his going. Then a certain priest, a wise man, one who knew better than all others the mind of the gods, said to him: "Surely we must go to the place whither the gods call us. That it is not lawful to doubt. Nevertheless, you may think of something that shall help us in our present need. I would have you ask advice from King Acestes, for he is your friend, and not only so, but of the same race as we are. See now; four ships have been burnt, and there are too many people here for such as are left. And see again; some do not like the thing which you purpose to do. There are old men and women who are weary of the sea; there are some that are weak; and there are some whose courage fails them. Let King Acestes, if he will, take these for himself. Let him build a city for them, and call it Acesta after his own name." But before he could do anything in the matter the night came, and Æneas went to his bed. While he slept he saw his father in a dream. The old man said: "My son, Jupiter has sent me to you. Take the advice which has been given you, for it is good. Choose out the best and strongest of your people to go with you, for you will have to do with a strong and fierce people in this land of Italy to which you go. But first come and see me in the place where I dwell below the earth. The Sibyl, whose abode is in Cumæ, will show you the way; there you shall hear all that shall come to you and to your children after. And now I must go, for the morning is coming."

So Æneas took counsel with the chief of the Trojans, and with King Acestes. And the king was willing to do the thing that Æneas asked of him. So they made a division of the

people. Those that were strong and brave were to go with Æneas, and those who were weak and doubtful and faint-hearted were to stay. So Æneas marked out the boundaries of the city with a plough, and King Acestes set everything in order.

On the ninth day, after much feasting, Æneas and his men departed, not without many tears from those who were going and those who were left behind. And when the south wind blew softly, they set sail; and the god of the sea gave them a smooth passage. So they came to the land of Italy, to Cumæ, the dwelling of the Sibyl. The men pushed the ships on to the beach, turning their foreparts to the sea, and making them fast with anchors and ropes. While they were busy with this Æneas went up to the temple. It was a wonderful place which Dædalus himself had built when he came to Italy from the island of Crete. For Dædalus had made wings for himself and for Icarus his son, and so had fled from Crete when King Minos would have killed him. He himself came safe, but his son, flying too high in the air, had the wax melted from his wings, and so fell into the sea and was drowned. And Dædalus had set forth all the story of the things that had happened in Crete, carving all the figures in stone. Only when he came to set forth the death of his son, his heart failed him, so great was his grief.

Then the Sibyl, who was a prophetess, told Æneas something of what should happen to him in the land of Italy. And when he had heard her prophecy, he said: "O Lady, I have something more to ask of you. My father, Anchises, has bidden me, not once or twice, but many times, to go down to the place where he dwells among the dead. Will you, therefore, be my guide, for you know the way?"

The Sibyl said: "It is easy to go down to the dwellings of the dead, but it is hard to come back. Nevertheless, if it is lawful for you to go, then I will go with you. And this is how

you may know whether it is lawful. There is in the very middle of a wood hard by a tree on which there grows a bough of gold. If you can find this bough, and if, when you have found it, you are able to pluck it from its place, then you may know that it is lawful for you to go."

So Æneas went into the wood, and the doves of his mother went before him, guiding him to the place where the golden bough was growing. And when he saw it, he put out his hand, and plucked it, and it came off at once. Then he went back to the Sibyl, and the two went together. Now the things which they saw are told elsewhere. It will be sufficient to say in this place, that Æneas found his father in the happy place which they called the Elysian Fields. Very glad were they to meet again. And Anchises showed his son a long line of his descendants who should be in the time to come. There were the kings of Alba, and Romulus, who should build the great city of Rome, and Brutus, who should set that city free when tyrants were ruling over it, and wise men who should make laws, and soldiers who should win great victories—a most noble company. "See," he said, "your children's children. Others shall carve the face of men in marble, or mold it in bronze more skillfully; others shall be more eloquent in speech, and know better the rising and setting of the stars. It is the work of your children's children to rule the world."

So Æneas, when he had seen and heard these things, went up again to the world above.

CHAPTER XI
In Italy

While Æneas and his people were at Cumæ, Caieta his old nurse, who had gone with him in all his wanderings, died. He called a great cliff that there was close by after her name, and it is so called to this day. After this they set sail, the south wind blowing softly and carrying them on to the place which they sought. As they went, they passed by the island where Circé lived—Circé, who was said to be a daughter of the Sun, and who was a great witch. She used to sit all day and weave on her loom wonderful work with pictures on it, and as she sat she sang with a very sweet voice. And if any traveller went in to see who it was that sang so sweetly, she would give him a cup of wine. But this wine was poisoned, and when the man had drunk it, Circé would wave a wand over his head, and he became a beast—a lion, or a bear, or a wolf, or, it may be, a pig. The Trojans, as they sailed by, heard these creatures growling or roaring. But Neptune made the wind blow more strongly, so that they passed very quickly by, for he was afraid that they might come to some harm.

After a little time they came to a place where there was a great wood along the shore, and in the midst of the wood a river, the name of which was the Tiber. This was the place where it flowed into the sea. And they saw that the water of the river was very yellow. It has always been called the "Yellow Tiber." Here they brought their ships to land. And Æneas and his son Ascanius and some of the princes got out on to the shore and sat down under one of the trees to have their dinner. They made plates of dough, and on these they put such fruits as they could find. It was but a scanty meal,

and when they had eaten all the fruits they were still hungry. Then they began to break up their platters of dough and to eat them. And the boy Ascanius said, laughing: "What! do we even eat our tables?" When Æneas heard these words, he was very glad, and he caught the boy in his arms and kissed him, saying, "Now this is a good word that you have said, my son! Long ago that dreadful creature the Harpy said that some day we should be so pressed by hunger that we should eat our tables. My father also prophesied that when we did this we might know that we had indeed come to the land where we were to have a home. And now this has come to pass. This is our home, and as for the hunger which I feared, lo! we have endured it and are yet alive!" Then the chiefs told the story to all the people, and all rejoiced together.

And now it must be told what this country was to which they had come. The name of it was Latium, and the name of the king was Latinus. He was the son of Faunus, who was the son of Picus, and Picus was the son of Saturn. The story that was told about Saturn was this, that when his son Jupiter turned him out of his throne in heaven, for he had been king of gods and men, he fled away to Italy, and set up a kingdom there, and reigned in great peace and happiness. Now King Latinus had no son, but only a daughter, Lavinia by name, who was now of an age to be married. Many chiefs of Italy desired to have her for a wife, but the one whom the queen her mother liked beyond all the others was a certain Turnus. He was a very tall and handsome young man, and a great soldier, and was also the son of a king. Nor was King Latinus himself unwilling that Turnus should be his son-in-law, but the wise men, the priests and the prophets, told him that it must not be, because the gods would not have it so. And one of the signs by which the prophets knew that this was so, was this. There was in the middle of the palace a great bay tree. It was growing there when the king built the palace; and he made it sacred to the god Apollo and built an altar under its

branches. One day a swarm of bees came flying into the court where the bay tree was, and settled on it, and hung down from one of the branches, in the shape of a cluster, as is the way of bees when they swarm. Then the prophets said: "As the bees have come to your palace, O king, so there shall come a strange people from far away to this land, and their king shall be the husband of your daughter." Not many days after this as Lavinia was standing by her father's side, and lighted the fire on the altar, a flame leapt from the altar on to her hair, and burnt the ornaments that she wore on her head, and spread with much smoke, and fire over the whole palace. But the girl herself was not burnt. The prophets, when they knew this, said: "This maiden shall be famous and great; but a dreadful war shall come upon her people, and many shall perish." Then the king himself, wishing to know for certain what he ought to do, went to a temple that was near to his palace, being the temple of his father Faunus. Of this temple he was himself the priest. The custom was that if the priest wished to inquire of the god, he sacrificed sheep, and lay down to sleep on their skins. This the king did. He made a sacrifice of a hundred sheep, and lay down to sleep upon the skins. And lo! before he fell asleep there came a voice from out the inner part of the temple: "My son, seek not to marry thy daughter to a prince of this land. There shall come a son-in-law from over the sea. Give thy daughter to him. He shall make this land to be the greatest under the whole heaven." The king did not keep this to himself, but told it to everyone.

It came to pass, therefore, that Æneas, asking questions of some people of the country whom he met on the day after his coming, heard about these things. So he said to himself: "I will send an embassy to this King Latinus, and beg of him that there may be peace between his people and my people. But lest by chance either he or any one of the princes hereabouts should seek to do us harm, I will provide a place of defence." So he chose a hundred men who should be ambassadors for

him, and put crowns of olive on their heads, and sent them with gifts in their hands to the king. When these had set out, he marked out a place for a camp, and he commanded the people to work as hard as they could, making it strong with a mound and a ditch.

The ambassadors, going on their way to the city, came to a great plain where the young men of the place were amusing themselves with contests and games. Some raced against each other, riding on horses or driving chariots. Some shot with bows and arrows; others threw javelins, or ran races on foot, or boxed or wrestled. As soon as the Trojans were seen, one of the horsemen rode as fast as he could to the city, and told the king, saying: "Some men in strange clothes have come, desiring to see you." Latinus said: "Bring them before me." And he put on his king's robes, and sat on his throne.

A very noble place was the king's palace. Picus had built it on a hill in the middle of the city, with a sacred wood all round it. It had a hundred pillars, fifty on one side and fifty on the other; among the pillars were statues of kings of old time. On the walls were hung spoils taken in war, battle-axes, and spears, and helmets, and the beaks of ships, and the yokes of chariots. In this hall the kings of the country of Latium were crowned; and the princes met in it to take counsel together, and great feasts were held in it.

King Latinus said: "Men of Troy, for, indeed, I know who you are, tell me why you have come to this land. Are you seeking something, or have you come by chance? Have storms driven you out of your course?—for this, I know, is a thing which often happens to men who sail over the sea. Be sure that, whatever be the cause of your coming, you are welcome. In this land we walk in the way of the good King Saturn, and do the thing that is right, not by constraint but of our own will. Know also that we are of the same blood, for Dardanus, who was the first founder of Troy, came from a certain city in this land."

Then the chief of the ambassadors answered: "O king, we have not wandered out of our way, nor have storms driven us upon this coast. We have come hither on purpose. I doubt not, O king, that you know how we were driven out of our own country. Who, indeed, is there on the whole face of the earth who does not know what a great destroying storm came out from the land of Greece and laid the great city of Troy even with the ground? What we ask of you, O king, is a parcel of ground on which we may build a city to dwell in; also that we may breathe the air and drink the water of this land. Be sure, O king, that we shall do no harm to this thy country, and that you will not be sorry for having received us. Of a truth, many nations have desired that we should join ourselves to them. But the gods laid a command upon us that we should come to this land of Italy. For, as you have yourself said, it was from this land that Dardanus, our first father, came forth, and hither, by the will of the gods, his children's children must come back. So we heard from Apollo himself. And now we pray you, O king, to receive these gifts which our lord Æneas sends by our hands. This is the sceptre which King Priam was used to hold in his hand when he did justice among his people. These garments the ladies of Troy worked with their own hands."

For a while the king sat silent, thinking over these things in his heart. For he said to himself: "Is this man whom they call Æneas, he of whom my father Faunus spoke? Is he, perchance, the son-in-law who, the prophets said, should come from some strange land to be the husband of my daughter Lavinia?" At the last he spoke, saying: "May the gods grant that there be peace and friendship between us and you. We grant, men of Troy, the things for which you ask—a parcel of ground, and air and water. We also thank your king for his gifts. Be sure that in this land there are such riches as shall match even the riches of Troy. As for your king, Æneas, if he wishes to be our friend, let him come and look upon us, face

to face. Take also this message to him: 'I have a daughter, whom the gods forbid me to marry to any prince of this land. For they say that there shall come a stranger from over the sea to be my son-in-law, and that from him shall come a race which shall raise the name of Italy even to the stars of heaven.'"

Then Latinus said to his people: "Bring forth horses for these men." Now there stood in the king's stable three hundred horses, the swiftest of their kind: of these the servants brought forth a hundred, one for every Trojan. All of them had trappings of purple and bits of gold. To Æneas himself the king sent a chariot drawn by two horses, which were of the breed of the horses of the Sun. So the ambassadors went back to the camp with noble gifts and a message of peace.

CHAPTER XII
The Plots of Juno

When Juno saw that the Trojans were come to the land of Italy, and that they were building houses in which to dwell, and that King Latinus was showing them no little kindness, she said to herself: "So this wicked race has vanquished me. The flames of the burning city of Troy did not destroy them, nor did the sea swallow them up. And lo! they have come unharmed to the river Tiber, to the very place which they desired. Yes: it is but too true; I, who am the sister and the wife of Jupiter, have been overcome by this Æneas. Nevertheless there is still something which I can do. The gods in heaven will not help me; therefore I will go to the powers of hell. I cannot keep this fellow from the kingdom of Latium, and it is the pleasure of the gods that he should have Lavinia for his wife. But I will see to it that he shall buy this kingdom of his at a great price, and that your dowry, O daughter of Latinus, shall be the blood of Italy and of Troy. Then Juno went down into the lower parts of the earth, and called to her Alecto, who was one of the Furies, who loved anger and war and treachery, and all evil and hateful things. Even her own sisters, the Furies, could not bear to look on her, so dreadful was she to behold. Juno said to her: "Daughter of Night, I have suffered a great wrong and disgrace, and I want you to help me. A man whom I hate, Æneas by name, desires to have a kingdom in Italy: keep him from it. He wishes to have Lavinia, the daughter of King Latinus, to wife: see that he does not. You can set brother against brother; you can bring strife into kingdoms and into homes. Break this peace that the Latins and the Trojans are making. Bring about some

occasion of war."

Alecto first went to the palace of Latinus. There she found the queen, Amata by name, in great anger and trouble. She was much displeased by the doings of the king, her husband. She did not wish to have Æneas for her son-in-law, and she loved the prince Turnus with all her heart. Then the Fury thought to herself: "The queen hates Æneas already; I will turn her hatred into madness." So she took a snake out of her hair and thrust it into the bosom of the queen. The evil beast crept about her so that the poison got into her heart; then it changed itself into a collar, as of twisted gold, round her neck, and poisoned her very breath.

At the first, before the evil altogether overpowered her, she spoke gently to her husband, weeping as a mother might weep when she is afraid that she may lose her daughter. She said: "Are you not afraid, my husband, to give Lavinia to this exile from Troy? Have you no pity for her or me or yourself? Well I know that so soon as the north wind begins to blow, he will fly from this land and carry her away with him. Do you not care for the promise that you made to Turnus—yes, made with an oath—that he should have Lavinia for his wife? You say that she must marry a stranger. Is he not a stranger? Are not all who are not subjects of your kingdom strangers? This, and this only, is what the gods command. Further, if you look into the matter, you will see that he is a stranger also in race, for he is of the family of Inachus, and is by race a Greek."

But when she saw that her husband was not moved at all by her words, the madness altogether overcame her. She rushed out of the palace, and through the streets of the city, taking her daughter with her. And, as she went, she called to the other women to follow her, so that a whole multitude went after her. Like to so many wild creatures, they ran through the woods, the queen leading them, holding a burning torch in her hand, and singing the marriage song of her daughter and Turnus.

The next thing that the Fury did was that she went to the city where Turnus lived. He was asleep, and the Fury went in and stood by his bedside. She had taken the shape of an old woman, the priestess of the Temple of Juno, and she said: "Turnus, are you content that you should lose that which is your right, and that your kingdom should be taken from you? King Latinus takes from you the wife that he had promised, and is about to hand over his kingdom to a stranger from over the sea. Juno bade me come and tell you this. Arm your people; drive these strangers out of the land, and burn their ships with fire. And if the king will not keep his promise, let him learn for himself that Turnus is not one who will suffer wrong."

So the old woman spoke, and Turnus answered—for so it seemed to him in his dream— "Old woman, I know that the ships of the strangers have come to the Tiber. But these are idle tales that you tell me. I know that Queen Juno cares for me; therefore, I am not afraid. But you, mother, are old, and wander somewhat in your wits, and trouble yourself for nothing, and are afraid when there is nothing to fear. Keep, I pray you, to your own business; serve the temples of the gods, but leave war and the things of war to men, for such matters belong to them."

And then it seemed to Turnus in his dream that the old woman grew very angry, yea, that she changed into the shape of a Fury, and that a thousand snakes hissed round her. And when he tried to speak again, the words would not come, and when he would have risen from his bed, she thrust him back, and caught two snakes from her hair and lashed him with them, crying: "I am old, forsooth! and I wander from my wits! and I am afraid when I have nothing to fear! Nay, but I am the greatest of the Furies, and war and death are in my hands." And it seemed to him, still in his dream, that she threw a lighted torch at him, and that it fixed itself in his heart. Then he woke with a great start. He did not know

whether the things which he had seen and heard in his sleep were true or not, but his heart was full of anger. He called for his arms, and commanded all the young men to make themselves ready for war. "I will drive these Trojans," he cried, "out of Italy, and if Latinus and his people stand by them, then they shall go also."

And now there was one thing left for the Fury to do, and this was to make a cause of quarrel. King Latinus had a man to keep his cattle, and this man's daughter, Silvia by name, had a tame stag which her brothers had found when it was a fawn, and had brought to her. The girl was very fond of the creature, and would put garlands of flowers about its neck, and comb its hair, and give it a bath. All day long the stag would wander about the woods, and at night it came back to the house. Now it so happened that Ascanius, with other Trojan lads, was hunting that day, and his dogs caught scent of the stag and followed it. And Ascanius, riding after them, saw the beast, and shot an arrow at it, and hit it, for the Fury took care that the arrow should not miss its aim. Then the stag, being wounded to death, ran back to the herdsman's house, and filled it with most lamentable cries. Silvia heard it, and was greatly grieved to see her dear pet in such a case, and cried out for help. And here again the Fury—for she was hiding in the woods—did all she could to increase the trouble. From all sides the country folk came together, each picking up for a weapon anything that came to hand. One had a brand that had been half-burned in the fire, and another a great stick with knots in it. The herdsman himself carried an axe in his hand. On the other hand, the Trojans ran together to help Ascanius, and soon there was a regular battle. Some were slain both on the one side and on the other. Among them was Almo, who was the eldest son of the herdsman, and an old man Galæsus, who was killed as he tried to make peace between the two parties. He came between them as they fought, and the spears wounded him to the death. A good

man was he, and rich, for he had five flocks of sheep and five herds of cattle, and as much land for wheat and the like as could be worked by a hundred ploughs.

Then said Juno to the Fury: "It is enough; go to your own place. Jupiter would be angry if he saw you here. The rest I will do."

CHAPTER XIII
The Gathering of the Chiefs

When the battle was over—for the Trojans, being more used to war, soon drove the Latins back—the shepherds carried the two dead men, Almo and Galæsus, to the city, and cried for vengeance to the gods and to the king. And none cried louder and more fiercely than Turnus: "Why," said he, "do you put the Trojans before me?" And all the people said the same thing, crying out: "Send away these Trojans. Let us have our own people to rule over us." As for the king, he stood firm, firm as a great rock in the sea. The waves break over it, and the sea-weed is dashed against it, but it is not heaved from its place. At last he said: "O foolish Latins, you will pay for this madness with your lives; and no one, O Turnus, will suffer worse things than you; and when you would cry to the gods for help, they will not hear you. As for me, I shall soon be at rest in the grave. And if I have but little honour at my funeral, what matters it?"

There was a custom of old time in Latium, and in Alba afterwards, and in Rome herself in later times, that when there is the beginning of war, they open the great gate of the Temple of Janus. When the Fathers have given their voice for war, then the consul himself, in robe and girdle, opens the gate with his own hand, and the people follow him, and there is a great blowing of horns. But King Latinus, though the people bade him declare war and open the gate, would have nothing to do with it; he hid himself. So Juno herself came down, and opened the gate with her own hand.

When this had been done, men made ready for battle throughout all the land of Italy. They polished their shields,

and sharpened their spears and swords and battle-axes. In five cities forges were set up, wherein to make new arms and armour, helmets and shields, and breastplates and greaves. Even their ploughs and their reaping-hooks they took and turned them into weapons of war.

First came King Mezentius, the Tuscan, of whom more will soon be said. He was one who cared not for gods or men. With him came Lausus his son; there was no fairer or better youth in Italy. He deserved to have a better father. With these two came a thousand men.

Next came a son of Hercules, carrying a shield on which was his father's crest, the great monster with a hundred heads, which men called the Hydra. He had a lion's skin, with a mane and great white teeth round his head and shoulders. He was followed by the Sabines, who were armed with long spears and swords.

After him came the twin brothers who built the city of Tibur. They were Greeks, and with them came a son of Vulcan, and a great company of country folk, some of them carrying slings and some javelins. These had helmets of wolf-skin on their heads.

Next came Messapus, skilled in taming horses, the son of Neptune. His father had given him charms which made him safe against fire and sword. Many other chiefs of great renown followed, all with companies of men. Some had wicker shields and some helmets made of cork, and others spears and shields of bronze, for in old time men used bronze and not iron for making of arms and armour. Their names need not be told in this place; only Umbro the priest. A wise man was he, and one who could charm serpents and heal those who were bitten by them. But he could not heal the wound of the Trojan spear, nor did all his charms keep him from death.

But of all that came there was none more brave, or strong, or fair to look upon than Turnus, for as he stood in the midst he overtopped all others by the head. He had a helmet on his

head, and on the helmet three crests, with the *Chimæra*, a creature of which half was a lion and half a goat. A great multitude of men followed him.

Last of all came Camilla, a wonderful girl from the land of the Volscians. And with her came a great company of women warriors, with armour of bronze, and riding on horses. This Camilla cared not for the distaff, or to spin, or to do such things as women are used to do. She cared for nothing but war. A great fighter was she, and also a wonderful runner. She was swifter than the winds. She could run over the standing corn, and not break it down; she could run across the sea, and not wet her feet. All the young men were astonished to see her, and the women looked after her, as she went. She had a purple mantle round her shoulders, and a band of gold round her hair; on her back she carried a quiver of arrows and a bow, and in her hand she had a pike of myrtle-wood.

CHAPTER XIV
King Evander

When Æneas heard that the nations of Italy were gathering together against him and that they had sent an embassy to Diomed, who was the bravest of the Greeks after Achilles, he was much troubled. He knew that he and his Trojans were but few against many, and he did not know where to look for help. While he was thinking about these things, he fell asleep. In his dreams the god of the river, Father Tiber, as he was called, appeared to him. He was an old man, with a garment of blue linen, and a crown of reeds on his head. The old man said to him—so it seemed to Æneas in his dream—"You are welcome to this land, you and the gods of Troy whom you bring with you. Do not be troubled by wars and rumours of wars, nor give up the work which you have begun. It is the will of the gods that this shall prosper in the end. And now you are looking for help; I will tell you, therefore, where you will find it. Certain men from the land of Arcadia came to this country of Italy, with their king, Evander, and have built a city which they call Pallantium. These men are always at war with the Latins. Go to them, therefore, and make a treaty with them that their enemies shall be your enemies and their friends your friends. And the way by which you must go is my stream; for know that I am Father Tiber, and that of all the rivers under the sun there is none that is dearer to the gods than mine. Rise, therefore, and worship the gods, especially Queen Juno, that she may cease to hate you."

When Æneas woke out of sleep, he remembered that, long before, the prophet Helenus had said to him that when he was in great need of help it should come to him against all

hope—that is to say, from a city of the Greeks. Then he took enough of his people to fill two ships, and went his way. And those that were left worked as hard as they could making the walls of the camp strong and the ditch deep.

By noon they had travelled some twenty miles, for Father Tiber had made their work easy, staying his stream so that they might find it more easy to row. So they came to a place where there were seven hills, and a citadel on one of them, and some houses scattered about. This was the city of Evander.

It so happened that the king and his people had sacrificed that day to Hercules, as they used to do every year, and were sitting at the feast afterwards. When they saw the ships through the trees, they were a little troubled. They feared that the strangers might be enemies, for, indeed, they had but few friends in the country. So they all jumped up from their places. But the King's son, whose name was Pallas, cried out: "Sit still: do not disturb the feast: as for these strangers, I will look to them." So he snatched up a spear, and, standing on the little hill on which the altar had been built, he cried: "Strangers, why have you come to this place? What do you want? Do you bring peace or war?"

Æneas, who was standing on the stern of his ship, holding an olive branch in his hand—this was a sign of peace—cried with a loud voice: "We are men of Troy; the Latins are our enemies; we are seeking King Evander. Say to the king, if you will, that Æneas, prince of Troy, has come, and wishes to make alliance with him."

Now Pallas had heard the name of Æneas, and that he was a great chief; but more he did not know. He answered: "Come near, whoever you are; I will take you to my father, the king." So Æneas stepped on to the shore, and Pallas brought him to the king.

Æneas said: "I have come to you, O King, of my own accord: I am not afraid of you, though I know that you are a

Greek, and not only that, but a kinsman of the two sons of Atreus, the very men who destroyed my city of Troy. For you are my kinsman also. We are both of us of the race of Atlas. And there is this also between you and me: we are both of us strangers in this land, and the people of it hate us both. And I am very sure that if they overcome me they will also overcome you. So there will be no one who can stand against them. They will rule over Italy from sea to sea. Therefore I have to ask for your help, and to give help to you. I would not send ambassadors—I have come myself. It is thus that men become most quickly friends."

As Æneas was speaking, the king never took his eyes off him. And when he had finished, he caught him by the hand, and said: "Welcome, great son of Troy! I seem myself to see the face and hear the voice of Anchises. Well I remember how Priam came long ago to see his sister, who was the wife of Telamon; and with him came Anchises, with other princes of Troy; but there was not one of them who could be compared with Anchises. When he went away, he gave me a bow made in Lycia, and a quiver full of arrows, also a cloak embroidered with gold, and two bridles of gold which Pallas my son has to this day. The help which you ask I will give; my people are as your people. Tomorrow, if you will, you shall go, and take with you as many men as I can find for you. But now, for you are come on a good day, sit down and join us at our feast."

So Æneas sat down by the king's side, and all the Trojans had seats at the feast, and they ate, and drank, and were merry. When they had had enough to eat and drink, King Evander said: "We keep this day to Hercules, and with good reason." And he told him

The Story of Cacus

"Hercules, as you have doubtless heard, came into these parts to fetch the cattle of Gēryon. The cattle were strange

creatures, for they were red, red as is the sky at sunset; and their master was strange, for he had three bodies; and the keepers of the herd were strange also, a great giant and a dog with two heads. All these terrible creatures Hercules killed, and drove away the cattle, bringing them back to the master whom he served, who dwelt in the land of Greece. In his journey he came to this place. At that time there was living in a cave close by a famous robber, Cacus by name. He was the son, men said, of Vulcan, the god of fire, and so was able to breathe out fire from his mouth. All men were afraid of him, for who could fight with a man that could scorch his adversary by breathing fire upon him? Hercules then lay down to sleep under a tree, and the cattle grazed all about the bank of the river. When Cacus saw them, and saw that for shape and colour they were such that no other cattle in the world could be compared with them, he took four bulls and four heifers, the very finest that there were in the whole herd. These he dragged by their tails to his cave, that it might not be seen where they were, for the marks of their hoofs seemed to be going away from the cave, not to it, and he rolled a great stone to the mouth of the cave. The next day, as Hercules was about to go on his journey, the bulls and the heifers which were in the cave, knowing that their companions were going away, and not liking to be left behind, set up a great lowing. When Hercules heard this he knew that he had been robbed, not having known it before because the herd was very great; and he was full of anger. He took up his great club, and climbed to the top of the hill which covered the cave. Cacus saw him coming, and fled as fast as he could to his cave. For the first time in his life he was afraid, for he saw that this stranger was far stronger and fiercer than any man that he had ever seen before. So he ran as fast as he could to his cave, and made a great block of stone which was hanging over the door drop down. It had been made so cleverly that it seemed exactly like the rest of the side of the mountain. Hercules

knew that the cattle were inside the mountain, for he still could hear them lowing, but where the door of the cave might be he could not tell. He went from place to place, gnashing his teeth in his rage. Three times he tried to pull away the rock, and each time he found that it was part of the solid side of the mountain. At last he saw on the top a great piece of stone jutting out, which seemed to lean toward the river. So he went and pushed against this with all his strength—and there was not so strong a man in all the earth—and at last it gave way, and the whole side of the mountain fell with it into the river beneath. Then the cave of Cacus could be seen, so horrible a place as had never been shown before to the eyes of men. And in the depth of the cave was the monster himself. Hercules took the bow which he carried on his shoulders and arrows from his quiver—such arrows as no man but he possessed—but he could not hit the monster, for the cave was filled with fire and smoke which Cacus poured out of his mouth. But Hercules was not to be put off in this way. He plunged into the cave, and groped about till in the place where the smoke was thickest he found the creature. He caught him in his arms, and struck him with his club, and, when he could not kill him in this way, put his hands on his throat and strangled him."

This was the story which Evander told to Æneas; and as he told it he showed him the very hill in which the cave had been, and the place where Hercules had pushed down the whole side of the mountain. And now, the feast being finished, two bands of priests, one of old men and one of young, came in and sang a song about the great deeds of Hercules; how, when he was a baby in his cradle, he caught two snakes which Juno had sent to kill him, and strangled them, and how he had killed the Centaurs, who were half horses and half men, and many other wonderful things.

After this Evander took Æneas to his palace—a palace it was called because a king lived in it—and told him all the

story of Italy. "Once upon a time," he said, "the people here were savages, not at all better than beasts, not using fire, or living in houses, or wearing clothes, and knowing no difference between right and wrong. Then Saturn came and taught them how to live, and gave them laws."

Then he showed him the city which he had built. A poor place it was; the palace and the temples were of wood or clay, and the roofs were of thatch. But it was the place, though no one knew it, where Rome was to be in the days to come. After this the king took his guest to his home, and showed him the room where he should sleep. So Æneas lay down on a bed of straw, with a bear-skin over him to keep him warm.

CHAPTER XV
The Arms of Æneas

The old man Evander got up from his bed very early the next morning, put on his tunic and his sandals, girded his sword on his side, and, with the skin of a panther over his left shoulder, went to call Æneas. Pallas his son went with him, and two great dogs, which had lain all night by the door of his room, followed him. Æneas he found already awake and dressed, for, indeed, it was not a time when a man who had so much to think about could sleep long.

Evander said: "Great chief of Troy, we have all the good-will in the world for you, but we are poor and weak. There are but few of us, as you see, in this little town, and we can help you but little. Yet there is something which I can do for you; I can tell you of a people with whom you may make friends. They are neither few nor poor; they can help you much, as you also can help them. There is a city not far from this place which was built long ago by men from the land of Lydia; you know the Lydians well, for they are neighbours of Troy and fought for you. Long ago, when there was a great famine in their country, some of them came over the sea to Italy, and built a city, Agylla by name. Now the king of this city, Mezentius, was one of the most wicked of men, and after a while his people made a rebellion against him, and killed his guards, and set fire to his palace. The man himself escaped with his life, and fled to Turnus. So there is war between the people of Agylla—Tuscans they are called—and Turnus; for Turnus wishes to bring back the king and to set him over the people again. But when the Tuscans gathered their army together, and would have gone forth to war, a prophet said to

them: 'Tuscans, you do well to be angry with your king, and to fight against him and his friends; but mark this, or you will not prosper—no man of Italy must be your leader. You must have a stranger to command you.' When the Tuscans heard the prophet say this, they came to me and would have had me to be their leader. But I am old and feeble; and when they would have had Pallas my son, the prophet forbade, because the mother of Pallas was a women of Italy. You, therefore, are the man whom they look for: you are in your prime, and you are altogether a stranger in race. Do you then stand forth and be the leader of these Tuscans. And Pallas shall go with you and learn from you to be a good soldier. Two hundred horsemen I will send with you, and there are two hundred men who follow Pallas my son."

While the king was still speaking there was heard a great clap of thunder, though the sky was clear, and after the thunder the sound of a trumpet such as the Tuscans use. And Æneas knew that these were signs of good; and he said to the king: "Be of good cheer; all shall go well." Then he made ready to go. Some of his company he kept with him; to the rest he said: "Go back to the camp, for they may want you there."

So when he was ready to depart, Evander took him by the hand, and said: "How I wish that Jupiter would give me back the years that are gone. For I, too, was a good soldier in my youth. Did I not kill King Herulus, the man with three lives? Twice I killed him, and he came to life again, and then I killed him for the third time. If I were but such a one now, then either I had gone in my son's place or we had gone together. But now this is my prayer to the Gods: If it be their will that my son should come back safe and sound, then let me live to see him; but if not, then may I die this very day while he still lives and is my own."

When he had said this, he fell back fainting, and his people carried him into his palace.

Then the horsemen rode out from the city, four hundred of them in all, with Prince Pallas in the midst, fair as the Morning Star, the star which is fairer than all others, and which Venus calls by her own name. And they came to a grove where the Tuscans, under their leader, whose name was Tarchon, had pitched their camp.

And Venus had not forgotten her dear son. While he slept, she said to Vulcan her husband: "My husband, while the Greeks were fighting against Troy, I never asked you to make arms for my dear son, as did the goddess of the morning for her son Memnon; and the goddess of the sea for Achilles. For I said to myself: 'The gods have decreed that Troy shall fall: why should he waste his time and his labour in giving help where help cannot be of any use?' But now all things are changed. My son is come to this land of Italy by the will of the gods; but all the nations are gathering themselves together against him. I pray thee, therefore, to help him and me, that he may the more easily gain that which it is the pleasure of the gods that he should have. Make arms for him that he may conquer his enemies and be safe against their spears and swords."

Very early the next morning, as early as a woman who makes her living by spinning gets up to light her fire and set her servants to work so that her husband and her children may have food to eat, so early did the god of fire rise. He went to a certain island which is near to Sicily, where he had set up his forge. There the one-eyed giants, who were his servants, were hard at work. Some of them were making thunderbolts for Jupiter. Of these thunderbolts one was unfinished, and one could see the things of which it was made. There were three parts of hail, and three of storm-cloud, and three of red fire and of the south wind; and now they were putting in the lightning and noise and fear. Others of the giants were busy with other things. One was making a chariot for Mars, another a shirt of mail for Minerva. But the god cried: "Come,

all of you, and do this new work which I have for you. Make arms and armour for the hero Æneas." So they set to work. Some of them melted gold and copper and tin, and some worked at the bellows, and some held the hot metal in pincers, and some dipped it in water.

They made a helmet with a nodding plume that blazed like fire, and a sword, and a shirt of mail, and greaves of gold for the legs, and a spear. But the greatest and most wonderful thing that they made was a shield. For on this the god wrought all the story of Rome and the Romans that were to be. There you might see the she-wolf in the cave of Mars suckling the two babes, for these had been put out to die by a cruel king, and the she-wolf found them, and carried them to her den, and suckled them as if they had been her own young ones. They lay, not fearing her at all, and she was turning her head and licking them as they lay. Also you might see how the Romans were carrying off the Sabine girls to be their wives; in another place there was the battle being fought, where their fathers and brothers came to take them back; in yet another the two kings making peace, so that thereafter the Romans and Sabines should be not two nations but one. Also King Porsenna was to be seen. For the Romans had driven out their king, and Porsenna had come to bring him back. There he stood with his hand stretched out, and on the other side the Romans stood in arms against him. Also the brave Horatius was guarding the bridge by which the enemy would have crossed the river, and the Romans were breaking it down behind him. And yet again the girl Clœlia, having been given as a hostage, had broken her bonds, and was swimming across the river. Also in another place you could see the hill of the Capitol, which, when all the rest of Rome was taken by the Gauls, yet remained. The enemy were creeping up the side, through the trees, and climbing up from rock to rock. Their hair was worked in gold, and so were their cloaks; they carried in each hand a spear, and each had a shield. But at the top

the geese were fluttering about, for they were awake, though the very dogs were asleep. They were worked in silver, and the place where they were was worked in gold. And in the middle of the cliff stood the brave Manlius, thrusting down the Gauls just as they laid their hands on the very edge of the cliff. Other things were there to be seen. But the most wonderful of all was the great battle of ships between the East and the West. On one side was Augustus with the men of Italy behind him; on the other Antony, leading to battle Persians and Egyptians and many another barbarous tribe, and close behind him—a shameful sight—his Egyptian wife.

When Venus saw that Æneas was alone, for he had wandered away from his companions, she brought the arms, and laid them at his feet, saying: "These the god of fire has wrought for you. With these you need fear no enemy, no, not Turnus himself." Then she vanished.

CHAPTER XVI
Nisus and Euryalus

Juno did not fail to see how she might do harm to the Trojans. "Now," said she to herself, "now is the time, while their chief is away, and while their camp is but half-finished." So she sent Iris her messenger to Prince Turnus with these words: "The chance which neither I nor anyone else, whether god or man, could promise you has come of itself, or time has brought it. Æneas has gone away to the city of Evander, hoping to make him his ally. He has left his ships and his camp, which is but half-finished. Take the chance and attack them." Turnus was offering sacrifice, and when he turned about he saw a rainbow, for the rainbow is the way by which Iris goes to and fro, when she carries the messages of the gods. Then Turnus called his army together, and set forth, marching towards the camp which the Trojans had pitched by the sea-shore.

The men who were watching on the wall saw a great cloud of dust, and one of them cried: "To arms, my friends! make ready to defend the camp; the enemy is at hand." Then the Trojans shut the gates, and manned the walls. For Æneas had said: "Do not fight in the plain, whatever may happen: the enemy are too strong for you; keep behind the walls."

Turnus, riding on a Thracian horse, came up to the wall, and threw his spear over it. So he began the siege. Then he rode round the camp, looking for some place where he might make his way in. Just so a wolf will prowl round a sheepfold at night, and the lambs bleat inside, being safe by their dams, and the beast, being wild with hunger, grows more and more mad as he hears them. So Turnus raged round the camp,

looking for a weak place by which he might enter. But he could find none, and the Trojans would not come forth. Then he thought to himself: "Well; if I cannot come at them, cowards as they are, I will at the least burn their ships;" for the ships were drawn up by the sea-shore, close to the camp. So he called for torches, and rushed to the ships, holding one ready lighted in his hand, and all the people followed him. Then there happened a very strange thing indeed. Seven years before, when Æneas was building his ships on the plain between the sea and Mount Ida, the mother of the gods said to Jupiter: "My son, you see that Æneas is building himself ships with the pines that grow on my mountain of Ida. This pleases me well; the pines I have given him. But I do not like to think that, being mine, they should be broken by winds and waves when they sail across the seas. Grant, therefore, I pray you, that these ships may be safe against all storms." Jupiter answered: "My mother, you ask what cannot be. Mortal ships cannot be made immortal. They, too, must stand the chances of winds and waves"—and so it was that some were wrecked as Æneas sailed from Sicily to Carthage, and some were burnt in Sicily—"but this you shall have. Such as shall come safe to the land of Italy shall not perish, for I will change them into nymphs of the sea." And so it happened now: before even Turnus and his men could come at the ships, the cables by which they were held were broken, and the ships seemed to move of their own accord, and as they moved they became nymphs of the sea, for every ship a nymph.

All men, Trojans and Latins alike, were astonished to see this thing, and not a little afraid. But Turnus was not afraid: "This," he cried, "is a marvel indeed, but it is a marvel that means ill for these strangers. Their ships flee from us. Yes, and mark you—they will not be able to get away from us. They talk of fate; yes, it was their fate to come to Italy, and it is my fate to destroy them. They are walking in their old ways. Paris stole a wife from Greece, Æneas comes to steal a wife from

me. Do they think that this wall will protect them? Did the walls of Troy defend it? And yet these were built by Neptune. And now, who is coming with me to storm their camp? We will not do it in the night; we will not do it by stealth. We do not need a horse of wood to creep into their town. Hector kept back the youth of Greece for ten long years, but the youth of Italy is of another kind."

But by this time it was dark, and nothing could be done. So Turnus set King Messapus to watch the gate of the camp, and fourteen chiefs of Italy, each with a hundred men, to watch the walls. As for the rest, they sat down to eat and drink.

When it was near to midnight, Nisus, the keeper of the gate—the same that but for his slipping had won the foot-race—said to his comrade Euryalus: "I am bent on doing something this night. Whether the thing comes from the gods, or from my own heart, I do not know, but something I must do. Do you see how bad a watch the enemy are keeping, how some are asleep and some are drunken? Can I not carry the news to Æneas, and so win great honour and reward? Do you see that hill yonder? By that lies the way to the city of Evander."

Euryalus answered: "You are right; it would be a glorious thing to go on such an errand. But you shall not go alone. I will not be left here, O Nisus. My Father did not bring me up to suffer such disgrace, nor have I so behaved that you should think of it. And as for life, who would not die for the chance of winning such honour?"

"Nay," said Nisus, "I did not think for one moment that you would hold back. But this was in my mind. If I come to my end in this affair, then Euryalus will buy back my body from the enemy. Or, if this may not be, he will, at the least, pay the honours that are due to the dead. And then, dear lad, think of your mother. When all the other mothers of Troy chose to stay behind with King Acestes in the land of Sicily,

she alone, for she loved you, came with us to the land of Italy."

But Euryalus said: "All this is idle talk. You cannot turn me back, for my purpose to go is fixed. Let us make haste and do the thing." So they roused two of their comrades to take their places, and went to see the chiefs who had the charge of the camp. These were holding counsel together, standing in the open space that was in the middle of the camp, and leaning on their spears. Nisus said: "My lords, I have something to say, and it is a matter that cannot wait." "Speak on," said Ascanius. Then said Nisus: "The enemy are not keeping any watch. Some are sleeping, and others are drunken; the watch-fires are not kept alight. It is in my mind that we two should make our way to Æneas, to the city of Evander. On our way we can kill many of the enemy, and take much spoil from them; but, chief of all, we can tell Æneas of what has happened here. All this we can do easily, if we have but good luck. As for the way, we know it well, for we have hunted in these parts." Then said one of the chiefs: "Troy has not perished altogether, if it still has such sons as you." And Ascanius said: "Bring back my father, and all will be well. As for your rewards, they shall be worthy of you. You, Nisus, if we conquer this land of Italy, shall have the horses and the arms of Turnus, and captives, both men and women, those that you shall choose for yourself, and the land that that now belongs to King Latinus. As for you, Euryalus, you shall come next to myself in all things."

Then said Euryalus: "There is one thing that I would ask. I have a mother. She is of the race of Priam. I cannot say good-bye to her, for I could not bear to see her tears. Do you care for her, if she should lose me." Ascanius said: "She shall be as a mother to me." Then he gave him his own sword with an ivory sheath, and others gave other things to the two. And all the chiefs went with them to the gates, making many prayers and vows for their success. And Ascanius gave them many messages to take to his father.

Then they crossed the ditch which was round the wall of the camp, and went among the enemy. By this time even those who had been set to watch were asleep, for they thought the Trojans to be so weak that there was no need to trouble about them. First Nisus slew a man, Rhamnes by name. He was counted to be a wise prophet who knew what was going to happen, but he did not know of his own death. Then he came to where a chief named Remus lay sleeping; near him were his three servants and the driver of his chariot. All these Nisus killed, and Remus last of all. Many others he slew, and Euryalus coming behind him did the same. But when they came to the tents of King Messapus, Nisus thought to himself: "We are forgetting our business. The love of killing is too much for us." And he said to his companion: "It is enough: the day breaks; we have made our way through the enemy; let us seek Æneas." So they went on their way. Much spoil they left behind them; but Euryalus put upon his head the helmet of Messapus, which he had taken from the side of the king where he lay sleeping.

Now it so happened that a certain chief, Volscens by name, was coming with three hundred horsemen from the city to the camp. One of them caught sight of the helmet which Euryalus was wearing, for it glittered in the light of the moon. And he told it to Volscens; and Volscens cried: "Who are you? Whither are you going?"

But the two made no answer, thinking of nothing but how they might escape. So Volscens told his men to watch the wood, which was very thick with trees and brambles. This they did. Nevertheless, Nisus got through it, and might have got away had he wished so to do. But when he came to the stalls where King Latinus kept his cattle, he found that he was alone. Then, for he could not bear to get away leaving his dear companion behind, he entered the wood again and searched it through. After a while he heard the noise of horsemen coming near. So hiding himself in a thicket, he looked, and

behold Euryalus was in the middle of the company. He was trying to escape, but could not. Then Nisus said to himself: "Maybe, if I can kill some of them, the rest, not knowing how their comrades are slain, will be scattered, and Euryalus will escape." So, having first prayed to Diana for help, he threw his spear. The spear struck one Sulmo on the back. It pierced right through him to the very heart, and he fell dead on the ground. While they looked, there came another spear out of the hiding-place of Nisus. This struck another of the horsemen—this time on the head—and killed him. Volscens was furious to see such a thing, that his men were killed he knew not how, and he cried out against Euryalus: "Well, you at least shall suffer for these things," and he flew at him. This Nisus could not bear to see. He came out from his hiding-place, crying: "I am the man who did this: turn your swords on me. He did not, nay, he could not do such deeds. He did but follow his friend." But it was of no use. Volscens drove his sword into the side of Euryalus. In a moment the blood poured out all over him, and his head drooped, like a wild flower in the field when the plough goes over it, or a poppy in the garden when its stalk is broken. When Nisus saw this, he had but one thought in his heart: "Let me die, so that at the least I may kill this Volscens." And he rushed at him, and, for all that his comrades could do to help him, drove his sword right into his mouth and killed him. Then, being himself pierced with many wounds, he fell dead on the body of his friend.

CHAPTER XVII
The Battle at the Camp

As soon as it was light the battle began. The Latins had fixed the heads of Nisus and Euryalus on poles; these were carried round the camp so that all could see them, and not a little grieved and troubled were the Trojans at the sight. First the Latins tried to take the camp by what was called a "tortoise," because this creature has a very thick and strong shell. Such a shell the soldiers made over their heads, by putting their shields together, and this so closely that no one could thrust a spear through it. Underneath this shield the men worked, some at filling up the ditch and others at digging away the wall. But the Trojans with great labour rolled up a great rock from the inside on to the wall, and this they pushed over so that it fell down upon the "tortoise" and broke it down. Many were crushed to death, and, after this, the Latins were not willing to fight any more in this way. But they did not cease for a moment from attacking the camp. Some put scaling-ladders against the wall, and climbed up by them to the top of the wall. But the Trojans thrust at them with poles and spears as they climbed, killing some and wounding some, and pushing others off the steps of the ladders, so that they fell to the ground. And if one or other did climb to the top and step on the wall, then he was one against many, and could not hold his ground, but was either killed or cast down to the earth. But it was by fire that the great harm was done to the Trojans. There was a great tower upon the walls, which the Latins tried to take, and the Trojans to defend. On to this Turnus threw a lighted torch, and the fire caught the wood of which it was made and climbed from story to story, for the

wind was blowing and made the flame the fiercer. In a short time, the lower part being burnt away, the whole tower fell forward, and all the men that were in it perished, except two only. One of them was now growing old, and was but a slow runner, and he, seeing himself surrounded by the enemy, threw himself on to them where the spears were thickest, and so died fighting. But the other was a young man, very nimble and a great runner, and he made his way through the enemy even as far as the wall. And this he climbed, and had now his hand upon the top, when Turnus caught him from behind. As an eagle catches a swan, or a wolf a lamb, so he caught him and pulled him down, and a great bit of the wall with him, for the man clung to the wall with all his might. So the battle grew fiercer and fiercer. Many Trojans were slain and many Latins.

And now came the time when the young Ascanius was to put away childish things and become a man. There was among the Latins a certain Numanus, who was married to the sister of Turnus. This man was not a little proud of himself and of his family, for, indeed, it was no small thing to be brother-in-law to Turnus. So he stood in the front rank and shouted out: "Men of Troy, are you not ashamed to be besieged again? Were not the ten years enough for you? Why were you mad enough to come to Italy? We are a hardy race. We dip our new-born babes in the stream, and our boys exercise themselves with hunting, and our grown men have their hands always either on the sword or on the plough. And when we are old, we do not rest; though our hair has grown white, we still cover it with a helmet. But you, with your mantles of purple, and your long sleeves and your scents, you—Phrygian women, I call you, not Phrygian men—what are you doing here? This is no place for you!"

The young Ascanius could not put up with such boasting. Never before had he used his bow in battle, but only in hunting wild beasts. But now he took an arrow from his quiver,

and put the notch upon the string, and drew the bow with all his strength, saying a prayer and making a vow at the same time to Jupiter. Jupiter heard, and thundered on the left hand; and even as the thunder was heard, the arrow hissed through the air, and struck Numanus on the head, piercing it through from temple to temple. "This is the answer, boaster, which the Trojans, twice conquered though they are, send to you." So he cried, and the people shouted for joy. Apollo, where he sat in heaven, looking at the battle, saw the deed. "Go on as you have begun, son of Troy," he cried. But he said to himself: "The lad must not grow over bold." So he came down from heaven, taking the shape of an old man who in time long past had carried the armour of Anchises, and now followed Ascanius. "It is enough," said the old man, "that you have slain this boaster; but now stand out of the battle."

Those who were standing by heard the voice and looked, and as they looked he vanished out of their sight; but they heard the rattle of his quiver, and they knew that it was the Archer-god himself. So they told the boy that he must not draw his bow again. And the battle grew fiercer and fiercer.

Now there were two young men, twin brothers, both tall as pine trees. The name of one was Bitias, and the name of the other was Pandarus. These had been set to keep the gate. And now they opened the gate, and let the enemy come in; but as they came in, the two standing in their places, one on one side of the gate, and the other on the other, struck them down. The Trojans were glad to see it, and grew so bold that they went out beyond the walls, though Æneas had forbidden this, saying: "Whatever may happen, still keep behind the walls." And it would have been well for them if they had obeyed him. For now Turnus himself saw what had been done, and he rushed to the gate. First he killed one of the twin brothers, namely Bitias. It was not by casting a javelin at him that he did it; that had not been enough. He came close to him, and struck him with a great spear that he carried—a

great spear with a great point of Spanish iron, a foot and a half long. Through the shield of bull's hide and through a double coat of mail he drove it, and Bitias fell, as a tree might fall, with his shield over him.

When the Trojans saw that their champion was dead, they were troubled, for Bitias was one of the bravest and strongest of them. And Pandarus, in his fear, thrust his broad shoulders against the gate, and shut it again. Some of his own people he left on the outside, but Turnus himself he shut in, not knowing that he had done it. Turnus raged for blood, as a tiger rages when he has leapt into a herd of cattle. And the Trojans fled before him. But Pandarus did not flee. He was not one who was afraid of any man, and, besides, he hoped to have vengeance for his brother. He cried to Turnus: "What are you doing here? This is not your own city; this is the camp of Troy, from which you shall not go out alive." But Turnus laughed to hear him boast, and said: "Begin, if you are so bold; maybe, you have found another Achilles here in Italy." Then Pandarus threw his spear, a great shaft of pinewood with the bark still on it. With great strength he threw it, but aimed it wrong—some said that Juno turned it aside that it struck the gate. Then Turnus raised his sword high above his head, and struck with all his might, rising to the blow. He brought the sword down upon the head of Pandarus, and cleft it in two. Then, indeed, if Turnus had but thought to open the gate and let in his friends, there had been that day an end of the war, and, indeed, of Troy. But he was so greedy to kill that he forgot. Many Trojans he killed, but the gate was still shut, and the Latins could not come in.

But now the Trojan chiefs were ashamed to see that one man could do such harm. They stirred the people with bitter words. "Whither will you flee? What other walls have you? Are you not ashamed to betray your chief? Will you suffer yourselves to be conquered by one man?" Then the Trojans took courage, and joined themselves in a close array, so that

Turnus could not choose but give way before them. Just so a lion gives way before a crowd of men. He is frightened, and yet he is fierce. His courage will not suffer him to fly, but when there are so many against him, he dares not stand. So it was with Turnus. Twice he turned, and drove back the Trojans; and twice they pressed him so hard that he could not but give way. His shield was broken, and his helmet bent in, and he himself wearied almost to death. At last, when he came to where the river touched the camp, he leapt into the stream, and swam to the other side.

CHAPTER XVIII
The Battle on the Shore

While these things were going on at the camp, Æneas made an alliance with the Tuscans under their chief Tarchon. To him he told everything about himself—who he was and whence he came, and how the gods had bidden him settle in Italy. And Tarchon told it to the people, and they, believing that Æneas was indeed the man whom the gods had chosen to be their chief, followed him willingly. So, this matter being settled, he set out on his way back to the camp, for he was not a little anxious about his son and his people. He went first in his ship, and Pallas, the son of Evander, sat by him, and after him came the ships of the Tuscans, and with the Tuscans came others from the northern parts of Italy, some eight thousand men in thirty ships. All that night they rowed down the river, and Æneas sat at the helm of his ship, for his heart was too full of care to suffer him to sleep. About midnight he saw a strange sight. There came up to the side of his ship a nymph. She laid one hand upon the ship, and with the other hand she swam. And he could see that there were other nymphs behind her and by her side. She said: "Are you awake, son of Venus? It is well; there are many things for you to think about. I and my companions whom you see were once your ships, the ships which you built with the pines of Mount Ida. Turnus was going to burn us with fire, and Jupiter changed us into nymphs as you see. Know that your son and your people are besieged in the camp. Put on the armour that the Fire-god made for you, and hasten to help them." When she had said this, she put her hand under the keel of the ship, and pushed it on; and her companions did the same to the other ships. Quickly did

they pass through the water, and when the day began to break they were at their journey's end.

Then Æneas passed the word along the fleet, that everyone should make himself ready for battle. He himself stood up on the stern of his ship, and lifted his shield in his left hand. Brightly did it flash in the sunshine, and all the Trojans in the camp saw it and were glad, for now, they knew, their chief had come back to them. Turnus also and his men saw it, and were much astonished. For the sea was covered with ships, and Æneas was in the midst of them, and from his helmet and from his shield there shone a terrible light, like the light of a comet when it flares in the sky at midnight. Nevertheless, Turnus did not lose courage for a moment. He said to his men: "Now you have what you wished for. Your enemies do not hide themselves behind walls, but are come to meet you face to face. Think now of your wives and children, and fight for them, to keep them from these robbers. And remember the great deeds which your fathers did in the old time. And now let us make haste, and fight with these men before they can get firm footing on land." So, leaving some of his people to watch the camp, he made all the haste that he could to keep the enemy from landing.

But this he could not do. Some of them had already made their way to the shore, some on planks from the ship's side and some jumping into the sea, where the waves had broken and the water was flowing back, and some running along the oars. As for Tarchon, he spied a place where the sea was calm, and told his men to run the ships upon the beach. This they did. Only Tarchon's own ship was driven on a ridge of rock, and he and all his companions were thrown out into the sea. Still, at last, they all got safe on shore.

Æneas did many valiant deeds. Theron he slew, who was the tallest man in all the army of Turnus. The tallest he was, and he wore a heavier and stronger coat of mail than any other man, but Æneas drove his spear through it. Then he

slew the two sons of Melampus, who was the companion of Hercules. They, too, were giants among men; one might have thought that each was a second Hercules, for they fought with clubs, but they could not stand against Æneas. Then seven warriors, sons of one man, came against him. They threw seven spears at him at once. Some of them he caught upon his shield, and some almost grazed his body, but he was not hurt by any. He cried to Achates: "Give me spears enough: that which was good enough for the killing of a Greek, is surely good enough for a man of Italy." And two of the seven he killed. Many others fell dead to the ground both on this side and on that: neither would give way; now a man of Italy was slain, and now a Trojan, for they stood man against man, and which was the bravest no one could say.

In another part of the field Pallas and his Arcadians were fighting. The Arcadians had been used to fight on horseback, but now they were on foot, for they could not bring their horses with them in the ships. When Pallas saw that they fled before the enemy, as men will do when they have to fight in a way which they do not know, he cried: "Now, by the name of your king, Evander, stand firm! Stand, I beseech, if you love me! How shall I show myself worthy of my father, if you are not with me and help me? These are but men whom you see: you fly before them as if they were gods. Follow me, and I will show you where you can win the most renown." So saying, he rushed into the thickest of the fight, and his people followed him. The first that he killed was one Lagus. As the man was lifting a great stone from the ground, he ran him through with his spear. Then while he tugged at the spear to draw it out, another of the Latins thought to slay him. But Pallas turned, so nimble was he and so ready, and struck him full in the breast with his sword, so that he fell dead upon the ground. Then there met him two twin brothers; so like they were that neither father nor mother knew one from the other. But Pallas made a cruel difference, cutting off the head of the one

and the right hand of the other.

And now the nymph Juturna—she was sister to Turnus—hastened to her brother, and told him what havoc Pallas was making among the Latins. At once he left the place where he was fighting. As he drove his chariot through the ranks of his army, he cried: "Leave Pallas to me; he is mine: let no one presume to meddle with him." Pallas heard him speak, and looked at him, admiring him, so proudly did he bear himself, and so noble was his look. "This is one worth fighting with," he said. "I shall either win spoils that will make me famous for ever, or shall die with honour." Then he rushed forward to meet the enemy; but his Arcadians stood cold with fear. Then Turnus leapt down from his chariot: he would meet this bold youth on equal terms. Pallas, before he threw his spear, breathed a prayer to Hercules: "O mighty hero, if you remember the house where of old you were a guest, help me today. May be I am overbold, to meet so great a chief: yet, if it may be, help me to lay that proud warrior level with the ground and to spoil him of his arms." Hercules heard the prayer, where he sat on his throne in heaven; and it grieved him to the heart that he could not help. Then Jupiter said: "My son, the days of man are but short, and each has his appointed time. But the brave man lives after death by the praise which men give to noble deeds. This youth must die, but he shall not be forgotten. And for Turnus, too, the day of death is near."

Then the two champions met. First Pallas threw his spear. With all his might he threw it. It pierced the shield of Turnus; it pierced his coat of mail; it grazed the skin of his shoulder. And Turnus stood awhile, balancing his spear. Then saying, "This, I think, will do better work," he threw it, and with a better aim. It pierced the shield, the stout bull's hide and the iron, and the coat of mail, and struck Pallas full on the breast. From breast to back it passed, and in a moment he fell dead upon the plain. Then Turnus stood over the dead man, and

said: "Men of Arcadia, take this message to your king. I send him back his Pallas. Let him bury his son with all honour—that I do not grudge him; but it has cost him dear that he had Æneas as his guest." So saying, he put his foot upon the body, and dragged from it the belt, a wonderful work heavy with figures wrought in gold. Before many days had passed, he would wish that he had never taken it. Then the Arcadians lifted up the body of their young chief, and laid it on the shield, and carried it out of the battle.

When Æneas knew that Pallas had been slain, and that his people were being beaten in the battle, he made all the haste he could to help them. Many of the enemy he killed, nor would he have any mercy if any of those whom he overcame begged for his life. "No," he cried; "now that Pallas is dead, I will spare no one." So it was when two brothers, who were riding in one chariot, met him. At first they were very bold, and boasted that they would kill him. The one who was driving the horses shouted out: "In the old time, when the Greeks fought against Troy, you escaped. You escaped from Diomed and from Achilles. But you shall not escape from us. The end of your battles and of your life is come." Not a word did Æneas speak, but, before the boaster was ready to fight, he threw his mighty spear. Through the Italian's shield it passed, and pierced his thigh, so that he fell dying from the chariot. "How is this?" cried Æneas, mocking him—"your horses are swift; they do not shy at shadows; they are better than the horses of Diomed or of Achilles: why do you leave them?" Then he caught the horses by the head, and the brother that was left, cried out: "Have pity on me; as you love father and mother, spare me." But Æneas, mocking still, answered: "Nay, nay, you would not, surely, leave your brother." And he drove his sword into his breast.

When Juno saw that Æneas was driving the Latins before him, and that no one could stand up against him, she said to herself: "This is the man's day of victory; if he meets my

Turnus, when he is in this mood, he will surely conquer him." So she made an image of Æneas which seemed to challenge Turnus to battle. And when Turnus made himself ready then the false Æneas fled, and Turnus followed him. To the seashore he fled; here there was a ship in which a certain king had come to the war, and the false Æneas seemed to hide himself in it. Turnus, who was close behind, came after, but when he searched he could find no one. While he was looking, Juno cut the cable of the ship, and pushed it out to sea, so that when Turnus looked, the water was round him on every side. Never was man more troubled and ashamed: "O Jupiter!" he said, "what have I done that I should be so disgraced? What will the Latins think of me when they see that I have fled in this manner? How I wish that the waves would swallow me up, or that the winds would drive me to some place where no one would ever see me again!" Three times did he try to throw himself into the sea; three times would he have run himself through with his sword. But Juno would not suffer it, and so brought him safely to the city of his father, King Daunus.

And now King Mezentius came to help the Latins. Wicked as he was, there was no braver man or better fighter in the land. Neither the Trojans nor the Tuscans could stand up against him. He slew Mimas, a Trojan, who was of the same age as Prince Paris, and Actor, who, though he was a Greek, had come to fight for Æneas. From his own land he had come, leaving behind him his promised wife, whose favour he wore in his helmet. Orodes also he killed, the tallest man in the army of Æneas. Orodes cried, as he lay dying, "Whoever you are, your end is near; you shall die as I am dying; your grave is ready for you in this land." But the king laughed, for he was one who neither feared god nor regarded man.

But now Æneas saw the king, and made haste to meet him, and the king, on the other hand, did not draw back. "Let

others pray to the gods," he said: "my gods are my right hand and my spear." And he threw his spear: it struck the shield of Æneas, but it could not pierce it, so strong was it—was it not made by the Fire-god himself? Yet it was not thrown in vain. Glancing from the shield, it struck one of the Arcadians in the side. The man had been a comrade of Hercules, and now followed King Evander. Then Æneas threw his spear. It broke the shield of Mezentius, and wounded him in the groin, but not to death. And yet without doubt the king would have died that hour, for Æneas drew his sword, and pressed him hard, and he could scarcely move for the spear in his side. But when Lausus, his son, saw in what a strait his father was, he leapt forward, and took the blow of the sword upon his shield. And his companions followed him, with a great shout, and threw their spears at Æneas, and kept him back by force. He would not fly, but neither could he advance. Under the shower of spears he stood, as a traveller stands when a storm falls upon him in the road. Nevertheless his heart was moved when he saw how Lausus came to the help of his father—he also had helped his father in old time. Gladly would he have spared the young man; and he cried to Lausus: "Madman, what do you want? To conquer me? Nay: that is too much for your strength." But Lausus gave him no heed, but still pressed on. Then Æneas grew angry, and the time was come for Lausus when he must die. One blow with his sword did Æneas give him. It cut the shield in two, and broke through the coat of mail, and laid him dead upon the plain. Æneas was sorry to see him lie dead: "What can I do for you, noble boy?" he said. "You had a great pleasure in your arms: keep them: I will not take them; your father, also, shall have your body to bury as he will. It is something, too, that you were killed by Æneas." So he lifted the boy from the ground, and told his comrades to carry him away.

Meanwhile his father sat by a tree on the bank of the river, while his people looked to the wound. He had hung his

helmet on a branch, and his arms lay upon the ground. Once and again he asked about Lausus; and he sent a message to him that he should come back. And now his comrades came, carrying the body on a shield. The king saw it while it was yet a long way off, and he knew what it was, and took the dust from the earth, and threw it upon his white hair. "Oh! my son," he cried, "why did I wish so much to live that I let you meet the sword of the enemy in my place? Is it indeed true that you are dead and I am still alive? Ah! my son, now I know that my evil deeds were a shame to you! Oh, that I had died for you, and not you for me! Now I must die, but not yet: there is something that I would first do, if indeed the gods permit—I would avenge my son."

Then he said: "Fetch me my horse." This horse was his pride and joy. From many a battle it had brought him back a conqueror. Very sad was the beast as it came, and the great tears rolled down its cheeks. And the king said: "O Rhœbus, you and I have lived long enough, if anything be for long in this world. Today you shall bring back the head and arms of Æneas, and we will have vengeance together for our Lausus; or you shall die with me. For a Trojan master you would never, I know, endure."

So he mounted upon his horse, and took a spear in either hand, and rode to meet Æneas. Three times he called out: "I am coming, Æneas!" And Æneas was glad, and cried out: "Are you coming, indeed? The gods be thanked therefor. And now begin." Mezentius answered: "Do not try to frighten me; I can suffer nothing more, now that my son is dead. No: I am come to die; but first here is my gift; take it." And he threw his spear. Spear after spear he threw, but they could not break the mighty shield. And Æneas stood still, watching his time. At the last, he stepped from out the shelter of the shield, and threw his spear. It struck the king's horse full on the head, between the temples. And the horse reared, and lashed the air with his front feet, and fell with his rider beneath him.

Loud did the Trojans and the Latins shout when they saw it, those for joy and these for fear. Then Æneas ran, and stood over him, with his sword drawn in his hand: "Where is the great Mezentius now?" he said. And the king answered: "Have done with your threats; slay me; I do not blame you. I never bargained with you for my life, nor did Lausus, my son, when he died for me. Only grant me this. You know that my people hate me. Keep my body from them, and let my son be buried with me in one grave." So he yielded his throat to the sword, and feared not.

CHAPTER XIX
The Council

The next day Æneas made a great offering to Mars, the god of war. He took a young oak tree, and lopped off all the boughs, and set it on the top of a mound. On this he hung the arms of King Mezentius, the helmet with its crest red with blood, and the spears with their heads broken off, and the coat of mail pierced in twelve places. On the left one branch remained; on this he hung the shield, and on the trunk itself he hung by its belt the sword with its ivory hilt. This done, he called the chiefs about him, and said: "We have done much: this is all that is left of the great Mezentius. But there is more to do. Let us go against the city of King Latinus. This will we do tomorrow. But now let us pay due honour to the dead. We owe very much to them; for have they not bought a country for us with their own blood? And first among the dead is Pallas. His body we will send back to his father."

So he went to the tent where the body had been laid. Old Acœtes, who had been armour-bearer to King Evander, sat watching by the head, and the Trojan women sat on the ground, and wailed and wept. And when Æneas saw the head lying as if in sleep, and the great wound in the breast, he wept. When he could speak, he said: "Surely I hoped that you would see me established in my kingdom, and go back with gifts and honour to your father. But this was not to be. And he may be even now praying for your safe return. Well, at least he will see that you bear your wound in front. But, O Italy! what a son dost thou lose; and you, Ascanius, what a friend!"

So they made a bier of arbutus and oak, and laid the body on it, covered with branches of trees. Like a flower it lay—a

violet or a hyacinth which some girl has picked. It has colour and beauty still, but it must fade, for the earth does not nourish it any more. Æneas wrapped one purple robe woven with threads of gold round the body, and another round the head. Some carried the arms which Pallas had won in battle; another carried his helmet and shield—the other arms Turnus had taken; and yet another led his charger. It walked with its head to the ground, and the great tears rolled down its cheeks. Behind these, again, followed the whole company, Trojans and Tuscans, whom Æneas sent to follow the dead. They walked holding their swords and shields with their points to the ground. Æneas said: "The cares and sorrows of war call me: good-bye, my Pallas, good-bye forever!"

And now there came ambassadors from the city with crowns of olive on their heads, praying for truce, that they might bury the dead. Æneas answered: "You ask for peace for the dead: I would gladly give it to the living. I have come to this land by the will of the gods. Once your King was glad to see me; if now he has changed and would have Turnus for his friend, the fault is not mine. If Turnus is not pleased, let him come forth, and meet me in fight, man to man. When he will, I am ready. But now let there be truce: bury your dead."

So a truce was made for twelve days. And the Trojans and the Latins went up into the woods which were upon the hills, and worked side by side, cutting down trees—cedars and pines and mountain ashes. The Trojans built up great piles of wood upon the sea-shore, and laid on them the bodies of their comrades who had been killed, and on the bodies they put the arms which they had borne in life. The Latins did the same; only they built the piles near to the city. While they were doing this, those who had been chosen to carry the body of Pallas took it to the city of Evander, and there a great mourning was made for him.

When the burning of the dead was finished, there was a great tumult in the city. Many had lost husbands, and many

sons, and many brothers. All these cried out against the war: "It is an evil war," they said; "why should we suffer because Turnus wishes to marry the king's daughter? Why does he not fight for her with Æneas, man to man, and so make an end of these troubles?" While they were saying these things the ambassadors who had been sent to King Diomed, to ask for his help, came back. And this was the story which they told, when King Latinus had called the chiefs together, and bade them speak: "We came to Arpi, to the city of King Diomed. The man received us, and asked us why we had come and what we wanted. And when we told him that we wanted him to help us against Æneas and the Trojans, he said: 'Men of Italy, why do you fight against the gods? Do you not know that all of us who fought against Troy have suffered many things? Ajax was struck by a thunderbolt, and Menelaus was driven to the end of the earth, and Ulysses lost all his comrades and was left alone, and Agamemnon was murdered in his own home! And you see how I am an exile here, for I never saw wife or home again. Fight no more against the men of Troy. You have brought gifts for me; take them back, and give them to Æneas. I have fought with him, and know what he is, with what strength he rises to the stroke of his sword and casts his spear. I tell you this: if there had been in the army of Troy two others as good as he, the Trojans would have come to the very gates of Argos, and Greece would have suffered what she wrought. These two men, Hector and Æneas, bore up against us for ten years, and Æneas is the dearer to the gods, ay, and he is a goddess' son. Make peace with him while you may.'"

So spoke the chief of the ambassadors, and sat down; and there was a murmur in the council, some saying one thing and some another. Then King Latinus stood up and spoke: "This is not a good time for taking counsel; the enemy is outside our walls. Yet hear my sentence. King Diomed will not help us, and you know that twice we have been beaten in battle. We

will offer peace. If these Trojans wish to stay in this land, they shall have my kingdom. If they choose to depart, we will build ships for them as many as they want. And now we will send ambassadors with gifts—gold, and ivory, and royal robes, and a throne such as a king might sit on. And Æneas shall choose whether he will go or stay."

Then stood up Drances. He was but feeble in fight, but he was a great speaker and wise in counsel. "You do well, O King, to offer peace. But there is yet something else; all men know what it is, but they dare not say it. Turnus is the man whose pride and self-will are bringing us to ruin. It is he who does not suffer us to speak the truth. But I will speak it though I die for it. Give Æneas these gifts of yours, but add to them another. Give him your daughter, and make peace sure forever. And you, Turnus, yield this thing. We beg it of you—I, whom you count your enemy, yes, I beg it of you. But if you will not, if your heart is still hard, if you put a royal wife before your country's good, then at the least do this. Do not call on us to die for you and your marriage; meet Æneas face to face."

Then Turnus sprang up from his place in a mighty rage. "You are always full of words, O Drances; when the senators are called together, you are always the first to come and the first to speak. But what have you done in battle? Come, show your courage now. The enemy is close at hand. Let us go and meet him. You hang back, and yet you doubt my courage! Have you not heard of Pallas whom I slew, and of the two brothers who kept the Trojans' gate, and all of whom I laid low when they shut me within their walls? And now, let me say a word to you, my king and father. If you think that it is enough to have been once defeated, if you have no hope that fortune may yet change—be it so: let us pray for peace. Happy the man—that is all that I can say—who shall have died before seeing such foul disgrace. But if we have some strength still left to us; if there are cities and nations who yet will help us; if these Trojans have bought their victory dear, why do we

lose courage? Why do we faint before the trumpet sound? Diomed will not help us; but there are princes of Italy as good as he who will fight for us. Even now the great Camilla, with her maiden warriors, is at hand. And for myself—if it please you that I should fight, hand to hand, with this man, let it be so; I do not refuse. Let him be the son of a goddess, and wear the arms which a god has made, I am ready; my life is for my country and my king."

And now, while they were still speaking, there came a messenger with the news that the Trojans were marching from their camp. Great was the uproar. Some cried out for arms, and some cried out for peace. As for Turnus, he shouted: "Call your councils, and talk of peace if you will. The enemy is at the gates, and I go to meet him." And he rushed out of the senate-house.

CHAPTER XX
The Deeds and the Death of Camilla

Turnus gave to all his people the work that they should do. Some should strengthen the walls and the gates of the city, and some should make the trench deeper, and some should follow him into battle. Such as were neither strong nor brave could at least gather a store of stones and stakes. While the men were busy with these things, the women, with the queen and her daughter leading them, went to the Temple of Juno and prayed for help. "Break," said the queen, "the spear of this Phrygian robber, and lay him low before the city."

When Turnus had given his orders, he armed himself, and ran down from the citadel. At the gate there met him Camilla with her maidens, riding on horses, and armed, all of them, for battle. She said to him: "Turnus, stay you here and defend the city. I and my maidens will meet the Trojans and the Tuscans." Turnus answered: "That is well said, lady. I can never thank you enough for the help you give me. But as for the city, it is safe enough. I and my men will lie in ambush in the valley by which this Æneas will approach the city. Do you meet the enemy in front, and I, when the time shall come, will charge them from the side."

Now the story of Camilla is this. She was the daughter of a certain king, Metabus by name, who was driven out of his kingdom by his subjects on account of his cruelty. He fled for his life, taking with him his little daughter, whom he carried in his arms. He came in his flight to a certain river, and the river was swollen with rain, so that it ran high and strong. The man could not swim with the child in his arms, and his enemies were close behind, so he took the spear that he

carried on his back, and bound the child to it with strips of bark, and made ready to throw it. As he balanced it in his hand, he prayed to Diana, saying: "O Goddess! I give thee this child to be thy servant forever, if thou wilt save her now." Then he cast the spear across the river with all his might, and, Diana giving strength to his arm, it fell on the other side. Then he himself leapt into the water, and, swimming across, so escaped from his enemies. After this he never lived in house or town, but with the shepherds on the hills, and the child he fed with mare's milk and the like things. As soon as she could walk he gave her a little javelin to carry, and when she was a little stronger, a bow and arrows. She wore no gold or jewels, nor had she long skirts like a girl. From a child she could sling a stone in a wonderful way, hitting the cranes and the wild swans as they flew high in the air. Tall and strong and beautiful was she when she grew up, and many Tuscan mothers desired to have her for a daughter-in-law, but she had no thought of marriage, only of hunting and fighting.

The goddess Diana, as she sat in heaven, said to Opis, who was chief of the nymphs who waited on her: "Opis, Camilla goes to fight in this war. Would that she had not thought of it! There is not a girl in Italy that I love more, and have loved ever since she was a child. But her fate is on her, and she must die. Now I give you this charge. Go down to the Latin land, where they are beginning just now this evil war; take with you your bow and your arrows, and see that any man who harms her shall himself be slain. And when she is dead no man shall spoil her of her arms; but I will carry back her body to her native land."

And now Æneas and the Trojans came towards the city, the horsemen being in front. One of these, a Tuscan, was the first to kill his man. He charged against a Latin chief, and drove him from his horse, making him fly through the air, as a stone flies from an engine. When the Latins saw him, they turned and fled. And the Trojans and Tuscans followed them.

But when they came near the city, then those that stood upon the walls, the old men and the boys and the women, threw sticks and stones at them, and the soldiers took courage and faced about. Then the Trojans, in their turn, fled, and the Latins pursued them. So it happened twice. But when they met for the third time, then neither would the one side nor the other give way. Both of them stood firm, and there was a great slaughter. Many did valiantly, but none was equal to Camilla. Sometimes she would fight with a battle-axe and sometimes with her bow and arrows. Never did she strike a man with her battle-axe but she laid him low upon the earth; never did she aim an arrow at a man, but she killed him. One of these was the hunter Ornytus, who was the tallest of the Tuscans. He had a wolf's head with great white teeth for helmet, and in his hand he carried a hunting spear. But strong as he was, Camilla overcame him, and as he lay dying on the ground she mocked him: "Did you think, O Tuscan, that you were hunting wild beasts today? Lo! a woman's arms have brought all your boasts to nothing." So she raged through the field, slaying Trojans and Tuscans alike. One of the Ligurians, the son of Aunus, thought to escape in this way. He said to her: "Let us fight on foot; you have so swift a horse that no one can fight with you on equal terms." Camilla answered: "Be it so; we will fight on foot." And she leapt from her horse, and gave it to one of her companions to hold. But the other turned his horse to flee, foolish man, not knowing that Camilla could run faster than any horse in the world. But so it was; she outran the horse, and stood in front of it, catching the reins in her hand, and so killed him.

Then Tarchon the Tuscan shouted out to his horsemen: "What is this, you cowards? Shall a woman drive you before her? You are ready for the dance and feast, and you lag behind in battle. Follow me." And he rode at Venulus, prince of Tibur, and caught him in his arms, dragging him from his horse. So an eagle catches up a snake in his claws and carries

him off, and the snake winds himself round the bird, and hisses. Thus did Tarchon carry off his enemy, looking for a place where to strike him, for he was covered with armour, and the man tried to keep the sword from his throat. When the Trojans and the Tuscans saw this, they took courage again.

All this time a certain Arruns, a great archer, was watching Camilla, looking for a chance to kill her. There was a certain priest who was riding in the midst of the battle very splendidly adorned. There were clasps of gold on his armour and the armour of his horse. He wore a purple robe which had come from Tyre; he had a Lycian bow, adorned with gold; his helmet also shone with gold; and his scarf had a ring of gold, and his tunic was rich with the finest needlework. Never was there such a sight to see. And Camilla, having a woman's love of beautiful things, followed him, caring for nothing, and thinking of nothing, but how she might take these splendid spoils. Now Arruns lay in ambush, and when he saw Camilla, how she followed the priest, and thought of nothing else, he said to himself, "Now is the time." And he prayed to Apollo: "Lord of the bow, help me now, if ever I and my people have done honour to you. I ask no glory for myself. Only let me slay this fury, though I go back to my country without honour." Part of this prayer the god heard and answered, but part was scattered by the winds. For he drew his bow to the full, and let fly the arrow. And when the people heard the twang of the bow, for they could not see the man, they all turned. But Camilla took no heed; she had no thought of the arrow till it struck her under the left breast. She reeled upon her horse, and her companions closed round her and caught her as she fell. Once she laid her hand on the arrow and would have drawn it out, but it had gone too deep. Then her eyes swam in death, and the colour that was as the colour of a rose faded from her cheek. Only as she died, she said, for her thoughts were still with the battle, so keen a fighter was she: "Acca, my

sister, tell Turnus to come forth from his ambush, and join in the battle, if he would keep the Trojans from the walls of the city." So she died.

Now Arruns, at the first, lay in hiding, for he was afraid, so great a deed had he done. After a while, he came out from his place, and began to boast. Then Opis drew her bow with all her strength, till the ends came almost together. With her right hand she held the bow-string, and with her left the arrow-head. So she let the shaft fly. Arruns heard the twang, and even while he heard it, he fell dead upon the plain. And now the companions of Camilla flew, as did also the Latins and the allies. The dust of the battle came nearer and nearer to the walls, and a great cry went up to the heaven. Great was the fear and the confusion. Some were trodden down by their own people, so that they died even in sight of their own homes. And the keepers of the gates shut them close, so that their own friends were left outside.

And now Acca had carried to Turnus, as he lay in ambush, the news of how her sister was dead, and how the battle went against his people. Immediately he rose up from his place, and made all haste to the city. And it chanced that at the very same time Æneas had come through the valley and passed over the ridge. The two saw each other; but the night was now falling, so that they could not meet in battle.

CHAPTER XXI
The Broken Treaty

That night there was much talk in the city of King Latinus, for the king and Turnus and the queen could not agree among themselves. Nothing would satisfy Turnus but that he should fight with Æneas, man to man. Twice had he seen the Latins and their allies beaten in battle; many of his friends had been slain; and the people looked to him that he should keep his promise, for, indeed, he had sworn that he would meet Æneas in single combat. He said, therefore, to the king, pretending, as men will do, to be more sure of victory than he was in his heart: "My father, these Trojan cowards shall not go back from their word. I will meet this man face to face, and will kill him before your eyes. But if the gods will have it that he should prevail over me, let it be so; you shall be his servants, and Lavinia shall be his wife."

King Latinus was in a sore strait. Turnus he loved, and would willingly have had him for a son-in-law, if the gods had not forbidden. And he would not have him die. Why should he not be content and depart? So he said: "Think awhile, my son; you will have a kingdom in due time, even the kingdom of your father Daunus. And there are other maidens in Italy, noble of birth and fair to look upon, whom you may have to wife. Why will you not be content? I would have given you my daughter Lavinia; but, as you know, the gods forbade. I have been weak, I know; I have changed my purpose, for, indeed, I loved you much, and my wife also moved me with her tears. But see what troubles I and my people have suffered! Twice have we been beaten in battle, and now only the city is left to us, and even this is in danger. If I must yield to

these men, why must I also lose you? What shall I profit if you die? Will not my people cry shame upon me, if I suffer it?"

The queen, also, was set against the thought of the single combat. "Oh! my son," she cried, "do not fight with this stranger. What shall I do if you are slain! One thing I know: I will not live to see Æneas my son-in-law."

And Lavinia wept to hear her mother speak in this way, and to think that all this was on account of her. She wept, and her face grew crimson with shame. Her face was as when ivory is stained with crimson, or as when roses are mixed with lilies. Never had she seemed so fair; and when Turnus saw her, his heart burned with love. He turned to the queen, and said: "My mother, do not trouble me with tears and prayers. To this battle I must go." Then he called the herald, and said: "Go to the Trojan king, and bear this message. Turnus says, 'We two will fight man to man tomorrow, and the people shall have peace. And he that prevails shall have Lavinia for his wife.'"

The next day the men of Italy and the men of Troy measured out a piece of ground where these two, Æneas and Turnus, should fight together. In the middle of the ground they built an altar of turf. And the Trojans sat on one side with their allies, and the Latins on the other, with their spears fixed in the earth, and their shields laid by their sides. And all the walls of the city were crowded with women and old men to see the fight.

When everything was now ready, the two kings came to make the agreement. First came Latinus, sitting in a chariot drawn by four horses. On his head he had a crown with twelve spikes which were like to rays of sunlight, for the king was of the race of the Sun. Turnus came in a chariot drawn by two white horses, holding a spear in either hand. And Æneas came, clad in the armour which the Fire-god had made for him, and his son Ascanius by his side.

First, they offered sacrifice on the altar. When this was

done, Æneas laid his hand upon the altar, and swore: "If this day the victory shall fall to Turnus, the Trojans shall go to the city of Evander, and shall trouble this land no more. But if the gods shall give the victory to me, then things shall be thus ordered. The Latins shall not serve the Trojans. The two nations shall be equal. King Latinus shall still be king even as he is today. The Trojans shall build a new city for me, and Lavinia shall call it after her own name."

King Latinus also laid his hand upon the altar, and swore, calling on the gods that were in heaven and the gods that were below the earth: "Surely this treaty shall stand fast for ever and ever. See this sceptre which I carry in my hand! Once it was the branch of a tree, but a workman closed it in bronze, and made it a sceptre for the king of the Latins. As surely as it will never again bear twig or leaf, so surely shall this treaty stand fast forever." But while he was speaking, Juno had it in her mind to break the treaty. She said to Juturna, who was sister to Turnus: "See you how these two are about to fight, man to man? Do you not know how this will end? Do you not see that your brother goes to his death? As for me, I will have nothing to do with this treaty or this fight. But if you can do anything for your brother, now is the time." And when the nymph wept and beat her breast, Juno said: "This is no time for tears: save your brother, if you can, from death. And first cause this treaty to be broken."

Now the Latins, as they sat and looked on what was being done, liked it little. It had seemed to them even before that the fight between these two would not be equal. And now, seeing the two men, that Æneas was bold and confident, and that Turnus walked with his eyes upon the ground, and looked pale and sad, they were more afraid that the fight would go against their own champion. So they began to murmur, and to talk among themselves. When the nymph perceived this, she took upon herself the shape of one Camers, who was a great prince and warrior, and went to and fro

among the people, saying: "Are you not ashamed, men of Italy, to allow one man to do battle for you all? Look at these Trojans! See how few they are. There is scarcely one of them for two of you. And if your champion should be overcome how great the shame! He shall gain glory, though he die, but you will suffer disgrace, for whatever the king of these strangers may say, you will surely be servants to them."

And while the man went about among the army, saying these and other like things, there was shown—for so Juno contrived it—a sign in heaven. An eagle drove a great flock of birds before him, and, swooping down from the air to the water, caught a swan in his claws, and began to carry him away. And lo! the flock of birds that had fled from him, turned again and drove the eagle before them, so that he dropped the swan and flew away. Then King Tolumnius, who was skillful in seeing the meaning of such things, cried out: "See you this, my friends? This is such a sign as I have looked for. This eagle is the Trojan stranger; you are the birds: hitherto you have fled before him; now you turn, and he will flee before you."

And as he spoke he threw his spear, and hit one of the men of King Evander below the belt. He was one of nine brothers, sons of a Greek, but their mother was a Tuscan woman. And as his brothers saw him fall dead upon the ground, they caught their spears from where they stood fixed in the ground, and ran forward. So the battle began. First the altar was thrown down, and the wood that was burning on it was taken for firebrands. When King Latinus saw this, he mounted his chariot and fled from the place. Then Messapus killed the king of Mantua close to the altar, so that he fell dead upon it. And Messapus cried: "This is indeed a noble offering!" And not a few others were slain, both on this side and on that.

As for Æneas, he stood in his place by the altar, with his head bare, not having either spear or sword in his hand, and cried to the people: "What do you want? Have we not made

a treaty? It is not for you to fight. Between you there is peace. The battle is for Turnus and for me."

When he was thus speaking, there came an arrow out of the crowd and struck him in the arm. Who shot the arrow no one ever knew, for no man dared to boast that he had wounded the great Æneas. Then the chiefs led him out of the battle to the camp.

CHAPTER XXII
The Death of Turnus

Now that Æneas had gone away, Turnus raged more furiously than ever. He drove his chariot right through the host of Trojans, and slew chiefs on either side as he went. One of them was the son of Dolon, who went to spy out what the Greeks were doing in their camp before Troy, and asked—foolish man that he was—for the horses of Achilles as his pay. Turnus struck him to the ground with a javelin, and put his foot upon him and said: "And did you too ask for pay? Take, then, so much of the land of Italy as you lie upon." The Trojans and Tuscans fled before him. Only one man dared to stand up before him—Phegeus was his name. He caught at the bridles of the horses, trying to stop the chariot. But the horses dragged him along, and Turnus thrust his spear through his coat of mail. But Phegeus was not afraid. He loosed the bridles, and, putting his shield before him, made at Turnus with his sword, but Turnus dealt him a great blow where the coat of mail joined on to the helmet, and cut off his head.

Meanwhile Achates and Ascanius led Æneas to the camp. Very slowly did he walk, leaning heavily on his spear. And first he tried to draw out the arrow with his own hand, but could not. Then he sent for Iapis the physician, and said: "Cut deep; only take out the arrow, and send me back to the battle." Now Iapis was dear to Apollo; and when the god was ready to give him all his arts, music, and the use of the bow, and to know what was going to happen, he chose rather to have the gift of healing. For his father was an old man and about to die, and Iapis wished to give him a longer life. And

now he did all that he could for Æneas, trying to draw out the arrow from the wound with his pincers, and could not. All the while the battle came nearer and nearer, and the noise grew louder, and the sky was dark with clouds of dust, and the javelins fell thick into the camp. Then Venus, seeing the trouble which had come upon her son, brought him help. It was a healing herb which she knew; the wild goats when they have been wounded by the hunter's arrows seek it out. This she brought, and dipped into the water which Iapis was using, but no one saw her when she came or when she went. And Iapis, not knowing what had been done, used the water, in which the herb had been dipped. Immediately the pain ceased, and the blood was stanched, and the arrow came of its own accord out of the wound. Then he said to Æneas: "It is no skill of mine, my son, that has done this. The gods call you to your work." And now Æneas felt that all his strength was restored to him, and he armed himself, and, having kissed Ascanius, went back to the battle. And when his people saw him, they took courage again, and shouted, and charged the Latins and drove them back to the city. Many of their chiefs were slain, among them the man who had broken the treaty; but Æneas would not turn his hand against any. He looked for Turnus, and cared nothing about the others. When the sister of Turnus saw this, she was much afraid; so, running up to her brother's chariot, she pushed the driver from his place, and took the reins herself; but the man did not know what had happened, only he found himself left behind, nor did Turnus know anything about it. She drove the chariot, first to one part of the field, then to another, just as a bird flies about in some room of the house. Æneas saw him, and followed, calling out: "Stop, coward, and fight;" but the nymph turned the horses about and fled away. And once Æneas came near to being killed, for he did not notice how King Messapus stood ready to throw a spear at him. Just in time he saw it, and dropped on his knee, holding his shield before him.

Yet the spear struck the top of his helmet, and cut off the crest. This made him angry, and he ceased to pursue Turnus, and, rushing into the army of Latins, made a great slaughter. After a while it came into his mind to attack the city, for he said to himself: "If I attack the city, surely Turnus will come to help, and we shall meet." So he called to the chiefs, saying: "Come, we will go against the city. I will lay it even with the ground, and its people within it, if they do not keep their promise. As for this Turnus, why should I pursue him?"

Then the whole army made for the walls of the city. Some carried burning torches in their hands, and some scaling-ladders. Some made at the men who kept the gates, and others threw javelins at those who stood on the walls. There was a great strife in the city. Some said: "Let us open the gates, and ask these Trojans to have mercy on us, before it is too late." Others said: "Not so! we will fight for our own city to the last."

The queen stood on the roof of the palace, watching the battle. When she saw how the Trojans were attacking the city, and that her own people were not there to help it, she said to herself: "Turnus is dead, or surely he would be here: it is I who have brought him to his death." And she made a noose out of the purple garment which she wore, and hanged herself from a beam in the roof. When the people knew this, there was great lamentation in the city, and King Latinus rent his clothes and threw dust upon his white hair.

And now the cry of the people in the city was so loud that it came to the ears of Turnus, where he fought in the farthest part of the plain. He caught the reins, saying: "What means this cry from the city? Surely there is trouble. I will go to their help!" But the false driver said: "Nay, my lord, fight here where the gods are giving you the victory. There are enough to defend the city." But Turnus said: "Nay, my sister, for I know who you are, it must not be so. Why did you come down from heaven? Was it to see your brother die? My friends have

been slain: shall I see the city destroyed? Shall the Latins see Turnus fly from his enemy? The gods of the living have left me. Receive me, O gods of the dead, for indeed, I have sought to do the thing that is right." While he was speaking, a chief came riding up, his horse covered with foam, and with the wound of an arrow in his face. "O Turnus," he cried, "you are our last hope. Æneas is about to destroy the city, and his men are throwing lighted torches on to the roofs. Only Messapus and a few chiefs keep up the fight, while you are driving your chariot about these empty fields."

Then Turnus leapt from his chariot, and ran as fast as he could to the city. Where the blood ran deepest on the earth and the arrows were flying thickest in the air, he ran. He beckoned to his men, and cried: "Stay your arrows; stand still; I am come to fight for you all." When Æneas saw it, he left attacking the city, and came to meet his enemy. Both the armies stood and looked, for, indeed, they were two mighty chiefs.

First they cast their spears at each other; then they ran together, and their shields struck together with a great crash. First Turnus rose to his height, and struck a great blow with his sword, and all the Trojans and all the Latins cried out when they saw him strike—these with hope and those with fear. But the treacherous sword was broken in the blow. And when Turnus saw the empty hilt in his hand, he turned to fly. They say that when he mounted his chariot that day to go to the battle he left his father's sword behind him, not thinking what he was doing, and took in its place the sword of his charioteer. This served him well enough while he was fighting with others, but when he came to the shield which the Fire-god had made, it broke like ice. So Turnus fled, and Æneas, though he was yet somewhat hindered by his wound, pursued him. And Turnus cried out: "Give me a sword." But Æneas cried: "If any one helps him I will burn the city to the ground." Five times round the space between the two armies they ran,

and Turnus could not escape, nor could Æneas take hold of his enemy. Now there stood in the plain the stump of a wild olive tree, and it was sacred to the god Faunus. In this the spear of Æneas had fixed itself when he cast it at Turnus but had not hit him. Now he tried to pull it forth. But Turnus cried to the god: "O Faunus, if I have kept sacred the things which the Trojans have profaned, hold fast this spear." And so it was, for Æneas could not draw it forth. And while he struggled with it, the nymph, the sister of Turnus, taking the form of the charioteer, ran up, and put his own sword into his hand. When Venus saw this, she, too, came down, and drew the spear from the stump.

Then said Jupiter to Juno, as they sat watching the battle: "How long wilt thou fight against fate—What wilt thou? Was it well that the nymph should give back to Turnus his sword? Thou hast driven the Trojans over land and sea, and filled Italy with death, and turned the marriage song into mourning. Further thou must not go."

And Juno answered humbly: "This is thy will, father of gods and men, and I yield. But grant me this: do not let the Latins be called by the name of Troy, or change their dress, or their speech. Let Rome rule the world, but let Troy perish forever."

And Jupiter answered: "It shall be so; all that thou askest I will give. The Italians shall not change name, or dress, or speech. The men of Troy shall become Latins, and by none wilt thou be more honoured than by them."

And now Æneas came on shaking his great spear. "Why do you draw back, O Turnus?" he said. "If you can, fly through the air, or hide yourself in the earth; but if not, meet me face to face." Turnus answered: "It is not you I fear; it is the gods who are turned against me." Then he turned to fight. His sword he did not use, but he saw a great stone that lay close by, the landmark of a field. Very great it was, so that twelve men—such as men are nowadays—could scarcely lift it from

the ground. This he caught from the earth, and, running forward, cast it at Æneas. But he scarcely knew what he was doing, for his knees tottered beneath him, and his blood was cold with fear. He was like to a man in a dream, who tries to run and cannot. The stone fell short, and then Turnus looked about him. He saw the city, but his chariot he could not see, nor his sister. He could not fight, and he could not flee, and the dreadful spear was pointed at him. For a while Æneas stood shaking it in his hand, waiting till his aim should be sure. Then he threw it with all his might. It came like a whirlwind, and pierced the seven folds of his shield, and made a deep wound in his thigh. And Turnus dropped with his knee on the ground, and all the Latins groaned aloud to see it. Then he said: "I have deserved my fate: take what you have won. And yet have mercy on me. Pity the old man, my father. You had such a one for your own father. Give me back to my own people. They have seen me beaten; they see me beg my life from you: Lavinia is yours. Therefore spare my life."

And Æneas stood in doubt. He might have spared him, but that his eye fell on the belt of Pallas. Then he cried with a dreadful voice: "Shall I spare you when you wear the spoils of my friend? Not so; take this; it is Pallas slays you." And he drove his spear into his breast. So the spirit of Turnus passed into the darkness.

Afterwards

So Æneas married the fair Lavinia, and built a city which he called after her name. This city soon grew to be a great place, for the people in the country round about heard the fame of the great Æneas, how brave he was in battle, and how just, and they came in great numbers to be his subjects. Yet he had enemies, for those whom he had overcome in war wished to be revenged, nor did they like that a man from foreign parts should rule over them. So they gathered a great army together, and marched against the new city. Æneas went out to meet them, and put them to flight; but he never came back to his city. Some said that he was drowned in a river which runs into the sea not far from those parts; others, that his mother Venus carried him away. Certainly he was never seen again by any man.

By this time Lavinia had a little son, and Ascanius thought that it would be well to leave the city Lavinium to his young brother, and to found a new one for himself. There were, indeed, by this time so many people, Trojans, and Latins, and Tuscans, and Greeks, who had come from the city of Evander, that one place was not big enough to hold them. So Lavina had charge of the city which had been called after her, till her son should be old enough to take the kingdom, and Ascanius built a new town for himself, and called it Alba Longa—that is, the Long White Town.

Not long after this the old King Evander died, and as he left no son to succeed him, the little town which he had built among the seven hills by the Tiber was deserted, and the people joined themselves either to Ascanius at Alba, or to Lavinia and her son at the other city.

For many years the place was without inhabitants. Then by degrees a little village grew up. For one thing, the country about Alba was not a little troubled with earthquakes, but these did not reach as far as the valley of the Tiber. People, too, who got into trouble at home, were often glad to flee to this out-of-the way place across the river.

Then a wonderful thing happened: just what the Fire-god had shown on the shield which he made for Æneas. Two babies, children of a princess descended from Æneas, were left out to die by a cruel uncle; but a she-wolf which had lost her own cubs suckled them, and they grew up to be the strongest men in the country. As time went on the village was turned into a town, and the town was made a strong place. The people who lived in it called themselves Romans. Some of their neighbours they conquered, and with some they made friends. Little by little they made wider their boundaries and increased their power. Many troubles they had, from quarrels among themselves and from enemies without. More than once their city was taken. Still, however low it fell, it rose again stronger than before. It conquered first all Italy, and then the countries nearest to it, and then far-away nations in Asia and Africa. Our own island of Britain was almost the last of its conquests. We may still see the ruins of the splendid houses which the Romans built here, and the camps which their soldiers made. Most wonderful of all the things which they left behind them is the great Wall which was made right across the island to keep out the savages of the North. "Most wonderful," I say, but still greater than this was what we have from them of Law and Order. But this is a matter of which you will hear more when you are older.

The End.

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