

that he offered; but not so Agamemnon, who spoke fiercely to him and sent him roughly away. "Old man," he said, "let me not find you tarrying about our ships, nor yet coming hereafter. Your scepter of the god and your wreath shall profit you nothing. I will not free her. She shall grow old in my house at Argos far from her own home, busying herself with her loom and visiting my bed; so go, and do not provoke me or it shall be the worse for you."

The old man feared him and obeyed. Not a word he spoke, but went by the shore of the sounding sea and prayed apart to King Apollo whom lovely Leto had borne. "Hear me," he cried, "O god of the silver bow, that protects Chryses and holy Cilla and rules Tenedos with your might, hear me, O you Smintheus.⁶ If I have ever decked your temple with garlands, or burned your thighbones in fat of bulls or goats, grant my prayer, and let your arrows avenge my tears upon the Danaans."⁷

Thus did he pray, and Apollo heard his prayer. He came down furious from the summits of Olympus, with his bow and his quiver upon his shoulder, and the arrows rattled on his back with the rage that trembled within him. He sat himself down away from the ships with a face as dark as night, and his silver bow rang death as he shot his arrow in the midst of them. First he struck their mules and their hounds, but presently he aimed his shafts at the people themselves, and all day long the pyres of the dead were burning.

For nine whole days he shot his arrows among the people, but upon the tenth day Achilles called them in assembly, moved thereto by Hera, who saw the Achaeans in their death-throes and had compassion upon them. Then, when they were gotten together, he rose and spoke among them.

"Son of Atreus," he said, "I deem that we should now turn roving home if we would escape destruction, for we are being cut down by war and pestilence

at the same time. Let us ask some priest or prophet, or some reader of dreams (for dreams, too, are from Zeus) who can tell us why Phoebus⁸ Apollo is so angry, and say whether it is for some vow that we have broken, or hecatomb⁹ that we have not offered, and whether he will accept the savor of lambs and goats without blemish, so as to take the plague away from us."

With these words he sat down, and Calchas son of Thesto, wisest of augurs, who knew things past, present, and to come, rose to speak. It was he who had guided the Achaeans with their fleet to Ilium¹⁰ through the prophecies with which Phoebus Apollo had inspired him. With all sincerity and goodwill he addressed them thus: "Achilles, loved of heaven, you bid me tell you about the anger of Lord Apollo. I will therefore do so, but consider first and swear that you will stand by me heartily in word and deed, for I know that I shall offend one who rules the Argives¹¹ with might and to whom all the Achaeans are in subjection. A plain man cannot stand against the anger of a king, who if he swallows his displeasure now, will yet nurse revenge until he has wreaked it. Consider, therefore, whether or not you will protect me."

And Achilles answered, "Do not fear, but speak as it is borne in upon you from heaven, for by Apollo, Calchas, to whom you pray, and whose oracles you reveal to us, not a Danaan at our ships shall lay his hand upon you, while I yet live to look upon the face of the earth—no, not even if you name Agamemnon himself, who is by far the foremost of the Achaeans."

Thereon the seer spoke boldly. "The god," he said, "is angry neither about some vow nor hecatomb, but for the sake of his priest, whom Agamemnon has dishonored, in that he would not free his daughter or take a ransom for her. Therefore has he sent these evils upon us, and will send yet others. He will not deliver the Danaans from this pestilence until Agamemnon has restored the girl without fee or ransom to her

father and has sent a holy hecatomb to Chryse.¹² In this way we may perhaps appease him."

With these words he sat down, and Agamemnon rose in anger. His heart was black with rage, and his eyes flashed fire as he scowled at Calchas and said, "Seer of evil, you never yet prophesied smooth things concerning me, but have always loved to foretell that which was evil. You have brought me neither comfort nor performance; and now you come divining among the Danaans, and saying that Apollo has plagued us because I would not take a ransom for this girl, the daughter of Chryses. I have set my heart on keeping her in my own house, for I love her better even than my own wife, Clytemnestra, whose peer she is both in form and feature, in understanding and accomplishments. Still, I will give her up if I must, for I would have the people live, not die. But you must find me a prize instead, or I alone among the Argives shall be without one. This is not well, for you behold, all of you, that my prize is to go elsewhere."

And Achilles answered, "Most noble son of Atreus, covetous beyond all mankind, how shall the Achaeans find you another prize? We have no common store from which to take one. Those we took from the cities¹³ have been awarded. We cannot disallow the awards that have been made already. Give this girl, therefore, to the god, and if ever Zeus grants us to sack the city of Troy we will recompense you three and fourfold."

Then Agamemnon said, "Achilles, valiant though you are, you shall not thus outwit me. You shall not overreach and you shall not persuade me. Are you to keep your own prize, while I sit tamely under my loss and give up the girl at your bidding! Let the Achaeans find me a prize in fair exchange to my liking, or I will come and take your own, or that of Ajax¹⁴ or of Odysseus; and he to whomsoever I may come shall rue my coming. But of this we will take thought later; for the present, let us draw a ship into the sea, and find a crew expressly for her; let us put a hecatomb on board, and let us send Chryseis also; further, let some

6 Another term for Apollo.

7 I.e., Greeks.

8 Another name for Apollo, referring to him as god of the sun.

9 A large sacrifice to the gods, especially of a hundred oxen.

10 I.e., Troy.

11 A term often used in the Iliad simply to refer to the Greeks. It could also refer to the people of Argos, a city in Greece.

12 The town of Chryses, Apollo's priest, near Troy. His daughter is

13 I.e., the cities under Trojan influence which the Greeks have already

14 Often spelled "Aias."

15 Achilles's own people.

father and has sent a holy hecatomb to Chryse.¹² In this way we may perhaps appease him."

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chief man among us be in command, either Ajax, or Idomeneus, or yourself, son of Peleus, mighty warrior that you are, that we may offer sacrifice and appease the anger of the god."

Achilles scowled at him and answered, "You are steeped in insolence and lust for gain. With what heart can any of the Achaeans do your bidding, either on a foray or in open fighting! I did not come warring here for any ill the Trojans have done me. I have no quarrel with them. They have not raided my cattle or my horses, or cut down my harvests on the rich plains of Phthia, for between me and them there is a great space, both mountain and sounding sea. We have followed you, Sir Insolence, for your pleasure, not ours—to gain satisfaction from the Trojans for you, dog face, and for Menelaus. You forget this, and threaten to rob me of the prize for which I have toiled, and which the sons of the Achaeans have given me. Never when the Achaeans sack any rich city of the Trojans do I receive so good a prize as you do, although it is my hands that do the better part of the fighting. When the sharing comes, your share is far the largest and I must go back to my ships, take what I can get and be thankful, when my labor of fighting is done. Now, therefore, I shall go back to Phthia; it will be much better for me to return home with my ships, for I will not stay here, dishonored, to gather gold and substance for you."

And Agamemnon answered, "Flee if you wish, I shall make you no prayers to stop you. I have others here who will do me honor, and above all Zeus, the lord of counsel. There is no king here so hateful to me as you are, for you are ever quarrelsome and ill affected. What if you are brave? Was it not heaven that made you so? Go home, then, with your ships and comrades to lord it over the Myrmidons.¹⁵ I care neither for you nor for your anger; and I will do this: since Phoebus Apollo is taking Chryseis from me, I shall send her with my ship and my followers, but I shall come to your tent and take your own prize Briseis, that you may learn how much stronger I am than you are, and that another may fear to set himself up as comparable with me."

12 The town of Chryses, Apollo's priest, near Troy. His daughter is Chryseis.

13 I.e., the cities under Trojan influence which the Greeks have already taken.

14 Often spelled "Aias."

15 Achilles's own people.

The son of Peleus was furious, and his heart within his shaggy breast divided whether to draw his sword, push the others aside, and kill the son of Atreus, or to restrain himself and check his anger. While he was thus in two minds, and was drawing his mighty sword from its scabbard, Athena¹⁶ came down from heaven (for Hera had sent her in the love she bore to them both), and seized the son of Peleus by his yellow hair, visible to him alone, for of the others no man could see her. Achilles turned in amazement and by the fire that flashed from her eyes at once knew that she was Athena. "Why are you here," he said, "daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus! To see the pride of Agamemnon, son of Atreus? Let me tell you—and it shall surely be—he shall pay for this insolence with his life."

And Athena said, "I come from heaven, if you will hear me, to bid you stay your anger. Hera has sent me, who cares for both of you alike. Cease, then, this brawling, and do not draw your sword. Rail at him if you will, and your railing will not be vain, for I tell you—and it shall surely be—that you shall hereafter receive gifts three times as splendid by reason of this present insult. Hold back, therefore, and obey."

"Goddess," answered Achilles, "however angry a man may be, he must do as you two command him. This will be best, for the gods always hear the prayers of him who has obeyed them."

He stayed his hand on the silver hilt of his sword, and thrust it back into the scabbard as Athena bade him. Then she went back to Olympus among the other gods, and to the house of aegis-bearing Zeus.

But the son of Peleus again began railing at the son of Atreus, for he was still in a rage. "Wine-bibber," he cried, "with the face of a dog and the heart of a hind, you never dare to go out with the host in battle, nor yet with our chosen men in ambush. You shun this as you do death itself. You would rather go around and rob his prizes from any man who contradicts you. You devour your people, for you are king over a feeble folk; otherwise, son of Atreus, henceforward you would insult no man. Therefore I say, and swear it

with a great oath—no, by this scepter of mine which shall sprout neither leaf nor shoot, nor bud anew from the day on which it left its parent stem upon the mountains, for the ax stripped it of leaf and bark, and now the sons of the Achaeans bear it as judges and guardians of the decrees of heaven—so surely and solemnly do I swear that hereafter they shall look longingly for Achilles and shall not find him. In the day of your distress, when your men fall dying by the murderous hand of Hector,¹⁷ you shall not know how to help them, and shall rend your heart with rage for the hour when you offered insult to the bravest of the Achaeans."

With this the son of Peleus dashed his gold-bestudded scepter on the ground and took his seat, while the son of Atreus was starting fiercely from his place upon the other side. Then rose smooth-tongued Nestor, the facile speaker of the Pylians, and the words fell from his lips sweeter than honey. Two generations of men born and bred in Pylos had passed away under his rule, and he was now reigning over the third. With all sincerity and good will, therefore, he addressed them thus: "Of a truth," he said, "a great sorrow has befallen the Achaean land. Surely Priam with his sons would rejoice, and the Trojans be glad at heart if they could hear this quarrel between you two, who are so excellent in battle and counsel. I am older than either of you; therefore be guided by me. Moreover I have been the familiar friend of men even greater than you are, and they did not disregard my counsels. Never again can I behold such men as Pirithous and Dryas, shepherd of his people, or as Caeneus, Exadius, god-like; Polyphemus and Theseus, son Aegeus, peer of the immortals. These were the mightiest men ever born upon this earth; mightiest were they, and when they fought the fiercest tribes of mountain savages they utterly overthrew them. I came from distant Pylos, and went about among them, for they would have me come, and I fought as it was in me to do. Not a man now living could withstand them, but they heard my words, and were persuaded by them. So be it also with yourselves, for this is the better way.

Therefore, Agamemnon, though you are not take this girl away, for the sons of the Achaeans have already given her to Achilles. And you do not strive further with the king, for no man can resist the grace of Zeus who wields a scepter has like Agamemnon. You are strong, and have a great host; but Agamemnon is stronger; for he has more people under him. So check your anger, I implore you. End this quarrel. For Achilles, who in the day of battle is a tower to the Achaeans."

And Agamemnon answered, "Sir, all that you said is true, but this fellow must become our master; he must be lord of all, king of all, and of all, and this shall hardly be. Granted that you have made him a great warrior, have they given him the right to speak with railing?"

Achilles interrupted him. "I should be ashamed," he cried, "if I were to give in to you in the presence of other people around, not me, for I shall be longer. Furthermore, I say—and lay my spear on my heart—I shall fight neither you nor any man else, for those that take were those also that die. I shall fight of all else that is at my ship you shall carry a spear by force. Try, so others may see; if you do not, your spear shall be reddened with your blood."

When they had quarrelled thus angrily, they went on board and broke up the assembly at the ship. The Achaeans. The son of Peleus went back to his tent and ships with the son of Menoetius¹⁸ and his brothers, while Agamemnon drew a vessel into the sea and chose a crew of 20 oarmen. He escorted them on board and sent moreover a hecatomb for the gods. And Odysseus went as captain.

These, then, went on board and sailed forth over the sea. But the son of Atreus bade them purify themselves. So they purified themselves by casting their filth into the sea. Then they sacrificed hecatombs of bulls and goats without blemish on the seashore, and the smoke with the savor of their offerings rose curling up towards heaven.

Thus did they busy themselves through the day. But Agamemnon did not forget the three

16 Goddess of wisdom.

17 Hector, one of Priam's 50 sons, and the leading Trojan warrior.

18 Son of Menoetius: i.e., Patroclus. Achilles's com-

Therefore, Agamemnon, though you are strong, do not take this girl away, for the sons of the Achaeans have already given her to Achilles. And you, Achilles, do not strive further with the king, for no man who by the grace of Zeus wields a scepter has like honor with Agamemnon. You are strong, and have a goddess for your mother, but Agamemnon is stronger than you, for he has more people under him. Son of Atreus, check your anger, I implore you. End this quarrel with Achilles, who in the day of battle is a tower of strength to the Achaeans."

And Agamemnon answered, "Sir, all that you have said is true, but this fellow must become our lord and master; he must be lord of all, king of all, and captain of all, and this shall hardly be. Granted that the gods have made him a great warrior, have they also given him the right to speak with railing?"

Achilles interrupted him. "I should be a mean coward," he cried, "if I were to give in to you in all things. Order other people around, not me, for I shall obey no longer. Furthermore, I say—and lay my saying to your heart—I shall fight neither you nor any man about this girl, for those that take were those also that gave. But of all else that is at my ship you shall carry away nothing by force. Try, so others may see; if you do, my spear shall be reddened with your blood."

When they had quarrelled thus angrily, they rose, and broke up the assembly at the ships of the Achaeans. The son of Peleus went back to his tents and ships with the son of Menoetius¹⁸ and his company, while Agamemnon drew a vessel into the water and chose a crew of 20 oarmen. He escorted Chryseis on board and sent moreover a hecatomb for the god. And Odysseus went as captain.

These, then, went on board and sailed their ways over the sea. But the son of Atreus bade the people purify themselves. So they purified themselves and cast their filth into the sea. Then they offered hecatombs of bulls and goats without blemish on the seashore, and the smoke with the savor of their sacrifice rose curling up towards heaven.

Thus did they busy themselves throughout the host. But Agamemnon did not forget the threat that he

had made against Achilles, and called his trusty messengers and henchmen, Talthymbius and Eurybates. "Go," he said, "to the tent of Achilles, son of Peleus; take Briseis by the hand and bring her here; if he will not give her, I shall come with others and take her—which will press him harder."

He charged them strictly further and dismissed them, whereon they went their way sorrowfully by the seaside, until they came to the tents and ships of the Myrmidons. They found Achilles sitting by his tent and his ships, and ill-pleased he was when he beheld them. They stood fearfully and reverently before him, and never spoke a word, but he knew them and said, "Welcome, heralds, messengers of gods and men; draw near. My quarrel is not with you, but with Agamemnon who has sent you for the girl Briseis. Therefore, Patroclus, bring her and give her to them, but let them be witnesses by the blessed gods, by mortal men, and by the fierceness of Agamemnon's anger, that if ever again there is need of me to save the people from ruin, they shall seek and they shall not find. Agamemnon is mad with rage and does not know how to look before and after so that the Achaeans may fight by their ships in safety."

Patroclus did as his dear comrade had bidden him. He brought Briseis from the tent and gave her over to the heralds, who took her with them to the ships of the Achaeans—and the woman was reluctant to go. Then Achilles went all alone by the side of the hoarse sea, weeping and looking out upon the boundless waste of waters. He raised his hands in prayer to his immortal mother, "Mother," he cried, "you bore me to live but for a little season. Surely Zeus, who thunders from Olympus, might have made that a little glorious. It is not so. Agamemnon, son of Atreus, has done me dishonor, and has robbed me of my prize by force."

As he spoke, he wept aloud, and his mother heard him where she was sitting in the depths of the sea, hard by the old man her father. Forthwith she rose as it were a gray mist out of the waves, sat down before him as he stood weeping, caressed him with her hand, and said, "My son, why are you weeping? What is it

18 Son of Menoetius: i.e., Patroclus, Achilles's companion.

that grieves you? Do not keep it from me, but tell me, so we may know it together."

Achilles drew a deep sigh and said, "You know; why tell you what you know well already? We went to Thebe, the strong city of Eetion, sacked it and brought the spoils here. The sons of the Achaeans shared it duly among themselves, and chose lovely Chryseis as the reward of Agamemnon. But Chryses, priest of Apollo, came to the ships of the Achaeans to free his daughter, and brought with him a great ransom. Moreover, he bore in his hand the scepter of Apollo, wreathed with a suppliant's wreath, and he sought the Achaeans, but most of all the two sons of Atreus who were their chiefs.

"On this, the rest of the Achaeans with one voice were for respecting the priest and taking the ransom that he offered; but not so Agamemnon, who spoke fiercely to him and sent him roughly away. So he went back in anger, and Apollo, who loved him dearly, heard his prayer. Then the god sent a deadly dart upon the Argives, and the people died thick on one another, for the arrows went everywhere among the wide host of the Achaeans. At last a seer in the fullness of his knowledge declared to us the oracles of Apollo, and I was myself first to say that we should appease him. Whereon the son of Atreus rose in anger, and threatened that which he has since done. The Achaeans are now taking the girl in a ship to Chryse, and sending gifts of sacrifice to the god; but the heralds have just taken from my tent the daughter of Briseus, whom the Achaeans had awarded to me.

"Help your brave son, therefore, if you are able. Go to Olympus, and if you have ever done him service in word or deed, implore the aid of Zeus. Often in my father's house I have heard you glory in that you alone of the immortals saved the son of Cronus¹⁹ from ruin, when the others, with Hera, Poseidon, and Pallas²⁰ Athena would have put him in bonds. It was you, goddess, who delivered him by calling to Olympus the hundred-handed monster whom gods call Briareus, but men Aegaeon, for he is stronger even than his father. When therefore he took his seat, all-glorious

beside the son of Cronus, the other gods were afraid, and did not bind him. Go, then, to him, remind him of all this, clasp his knees, and bid him give help to the Trojans. Let the Achaeans be hemmed in at the sterns of their ships and perish on the seashore, so that they may reap what joy they may of their king, and that Agamemnon may rue his blindness in offering insult to the foremost of the Achaeans."

Thetis wept and answered, "My son, woe is me that I should have borne or suckled you. Would indeed that you had lived your span free from all sorrow at your ships, for it is all too brief. Alas, that you should be at once short of life and long of sorrow above your peers. Woe, therefore, was the hour in which I bore you. Nevertheless, I will go to the snowy heights of Olympus, and tell this tale to Zeus, if he will hear our prayer. Meanwhile, stay where you are with your ships, nurse your anger against the Achaeans, and hold aloof from battle. For Zeus went yesterday to Oceanus to a feast among the noble Ethiopians, and the other gods went with him. He will return to Olympus 12 days hence; I will then go to his mansions paved with bronze and will beseech him; nor do I doubt that I shall be able to persuade him."

On this she left him, still furious at the loss of her that had been taken from him. Meanwhile Odysseus reached Chryse with the hecatomb. When they had come inside the harbor, they furled the sails and laid them in the ship's hold; they slackened the forestays, lowered the mast into its place, and rowed the ship to the place where they would have her lie; there they cast out their mooring stones and made fast the hawsers. They then got out upon the seashore and landed the hecatomb for Apollo. Chryseis also left the ship, and Odysseus led her to the altar to deliver her into the hands of her father. "Chryses," he said, "King Agamemnon has sent me to bring you back your child, and to offer sacrifice to Apollo on behalf of the Danaans, that we may propitiate the god who has now brought much sorrow upon the Argives."

So saying he gave the girl over to her father, who received her gladly, and they ranged the holy

hecatomb, all orderly around the altar of the god, who washed their hands and took up the barley meal, while Chryses Ithaca, with his hands and prayed aloud on their behalf. Then Chryses he cried, "O god of the silver bow, that protectest the island and holy Cilla, and rules Tenedos with thy scepter. Just as you heard me when I prayed, so now I have pressed hard upon the Achaeans, so help me now, again, and stay this fearful pestilence from the Danaans."

Thus did he pray, and Apollo heard him. When they had finished praying and sprinkling the barley meal, they drew back the heads of the oxen and killed and flayed them. They cut out the ribs and bones, wrapped them in two layers of fat, and laid them on the wood fire and poured oil over them, while the young men stood near him with their pronged spits in their hands. When the oxen were burned and they had tasted the inviolable flesh, they cut the rest up small, put the pieces on the spits, roasted them until they were done, and then took them off. Then, when they had finished the feast and the feast was ready, they ate it, and every man had his full share, so that all were satisfied. As evening came, they had had enough to eat and drink, young men mixed a drink in a mixing-bowl with wine and water and poured it around, after giving every man his drink of water.

Thus all day long the young men worked with their god with song, hymning him and chanting the paean, and the god took pleasure in their work. When the sun went down, and it came on the night, they laid themselves down to sleep by the stern of the ship, and when the child of mornning Dawn, appeared, they again set sail for the city of the Achaeans. Apollo sent them a fair wind, and they raised their mast and hoisted their white sails. The sail bellied with the wind, the ship flew over the deep blue water, and the foam hissed behind her as she sped onward. When they were far from the wide stretching host of the Achaeans, the vessel came ashore, high and dry upon the sand, with her strong props beneath her, and went their way to their own tents and ships.

But Achilles camped at his ships and was angry with rage. He did not go to the honorable assembly.

19 Son of Cronus: i.e., Zeus.

20 A name of uncertain significance often applied to Athena.

hecatomb, all orderly around the altar of the god. They washed their hands and took up the barley meal to sprinkle over the victims, while Chryses lifted up his hands and prayed aloud on their behalf. "Hear me," he cried, "O god of the silver bow, that protects Chryse and holy Cilla, and rules Tenedos with your might. Just as you heard me when I prayed before, and pressed hard upon the Achaeans, so hear me yet again, and stay this fearful pestilence from the Danaans."

Thus did he pray, and Apollo heard his prayer. When they had finished praying and sprinkling the barley meal, they drew back the heads of the victims and killed and flayed them. They cut out the thighbones, wrapped them in two layers of fat, set some pieces of raw meat on top of them, and then Chryses laid them on the wood fire and poured wine over them, while the young men stood near him with five pronged spits in their hands. When the thighbones were burned and they had tasted the inward meats, they cut the rest up small, put the pieces upon the spits, roasted them until they were done, and drew them off. Then, when they had finished their work and the feast was ready, they ate it, and every man had his full share, so that all were satisfied. As soon as they had had enough to eat and drink, young men filled the mixing-bowl with wine and water and handed it around, after giving every man his drink offering.

Thus all day long the young men worshipped the god with song, hymning him and chanting the joyous paean, and the god took pleasure in their voices. But when the sun went down, and it came on dark, they laid themselves down to sleep by the stern cables of the ship, and when the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, they again set sail for the host of the Achaeans. Apollo sent them a fair wind, so they raised their mast and hoisted their white sails aloft. As the sail bellied with the wind, the ship flew through the deep blue water, and the foam hissed against her bows as she sped onward. When they reached the wide stretching host of the Achaeans, they drew the vessel ashore, high and dry upon the sands, set her strong props beneath her, and went their ways to their own tents and ships.

But Achilles camped at his ships and nursed his rage. He did not go to the honorable assembly, and did

not sally forth to fight, but gnawed at his own heart, pining for battle and the war cry.

Now after 12 days the immortal gods came back in a body to Olympus, and Zeus led the way. Thetis was not unmindful of the charge her son had laid upon her, so she rose from under the sea and went through great heaven with early morning to Olympus, where she found the mighty son of Cronus sitting all alone upon its topmost ridges. She sat herself down before him, and with her left hand seized his knees, while with her right she caught him under the chin and besought him, saying, "Father Zeus, if I ever did you service in word or deed among the immortals, hear my prayer, and do honor to my son, whose life is to be cut short so early. King Agamemnon has dishonored him by taking his prize and keeping her. Honor him then yourself, Olympian lord of counsel, and grant victory to the Trojans until the Achaeans give my son his due and load him with riches in requital."

Zeus sat silent for a while, and without a word, but Thetis still kept firm hold of his knees, and besought him a second time. "Incline your head," she said, "and promise me surely or else deny me—for you have nothing to fear—so I may learn how greatly you disdain me."

At this Zeus was much troubled and answered, "I shall have trouble if you set me quarelling with Hera, for she will provoke me with her taunting speeches; even now she is always railing at me before the other gods and accusing me of giving aid to the Trojans. Go back now, lest she should find out. I will consider the matter, and will bring it about as you wish. See, I incline my head that you may believe me. This is the most solemn token that I can give to any god. I never revoke my word, or deceive, or fail to do what I say, when I have nodded my head."

As he spoke the son of Cronus bowed his dark brows, and the ambrosial locks swayed on his immortal head, until vast Olympus reeled.

When the pair had thus laid their plans, they parted—Zeus to his own house, while the goddess left the splendor of Olympus, and plunged into the depths of the sea. The gods rose from their seats, before the coming of their father. Not one of them dared to remain sitting, but all stood up as he came among them. There, then, he took his seat. But Hera, when she saw