

Greatly surprised at this occurrence, Glaucus began chewing a few blades of this peculiar grass, and immediately felt an insane desire to plunge into the sea, — a desire which soon became so intense, that he could no longer resist it, but dived down into the water. The mere contact with the salt waves sufficed to change his nature; and swimming about comfortably in the element, where he now found himself perfectly at home, he began to explore the depths of the sea.

“ ‘I plung’d for life or death. To interknit  
One’s senses with so dense a breathing stuff  
Might seem a work of pain; so not enough  
Can I admire how crystal-smooth it felt,  
And buoyant round my limbs. At first I dwelt  
Whole days and days in sheer astonishment;  
Forgetful utterly of self-intent;  
Moving but with the mighty ebb and flow.  
Then, like a new fledg’d bird that first doth show  
His spreaded feathers to the morrow chill,  
I try’d in fear the pinions of my will.  
’Twas freedom! and at once I visited  
The ceaseless wonders of this ocean-bed.’ ”

KEATS.

Glaucus was worshiped most particularly by the fishermen and boatmen, whose vessels he was supposed to guard from evil, and whose nets were often filled to overflow through his intervention.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## THE TROJAN WAR.

JUPITER, father of the gods, once fell deeply in love with a beautiful sea nymph named Thetis, the daughter of Nereus and Doris,—

“ Thetis of the silver feet, and child  
Of the gray Ancient of the Deep.”

HOMER (Bryant's tr.).

He was very anxious indeed to marry her, but, before taking such an important step, deemed it prudent to consult the Fates, who alone could inform him whether this union would be for his happiness or not. It was very fortunate for him that he did so, for the three sisters told him that Thetis was destined to be the mother of a son who would far outshine his father.

Jupiter carefully pondered this reply, and concluded to renounce the marriage rather than run any risk of being forced to surrender his power to one greater than he. Thetis' hand he then decreed should be given in marriage to Peleus, King of Athens, who had loved her faithfully, and had long sued in vain.

Thetis, however, was not at all anxious to accept the hand of a mere mortal after having enjoyed the attention of the gods (for Neptune also had wooed her), and demurred, until Jupiter promised his own and the gods' attendance at the marriage feast. The prospect of this signal honor reconciled the maiden, and the wedding preparations were made in the coral caves of her father, Nereus, beneath the foam-crested waves,

Thither, mindful of his promise, came Jupiter, with all the gods of Olympus.

"Then, with his Queen, the Father of the gods  
Came down from high Olympus' bright abodes;  
Came down, with all th' attending deities."

CATULLUS.

The guests took their seats, and pledged the bride and groom in brimming cups of wine,— Bacchus' wedding gift to Thetis. All was joy and merriment, when an uninvited guest suddenly appeared in the banquet-hall. All present immediately recognized Eris, or Discordia, goddess of discord, whose snaky locks, sour looks, and violent temper had caused her to be omitted from the wedding list,—

"The Abominable, that uninvited came  
Into the fair Peleian banquet-hall."

TENNYSON.

This omission angered her, and made her determine to have her revenge by troubling the harmony which evidently reigned among all the guests. For a moment she stood beside the bountiful board, then threw upon it a golden apple, and, exhaling over the assembly her poisoned breath, she vanished. The general attention was, of course, turned upon the golden fruit, whereon the inscription "To the fairest" was clearly traced.

All the ladies were at first inclined to contend for the prize; but little by little all the claimants withdrew except Juno, Minerva, and Venus, who hotly disputed for its possession. Juno declared that the queen of the gods, in her majesty and power, surely had the best right; Minerva, that the beauty of wisdom and knowledge far surpassed external charms; and Venus smiled, and archly requested to be informed who might assert greater claims than the goddess of beauty.

The dispute grew more and more bitter, and the irate goddesses called upon the guests to award the prize to the most deserv-

ing; but the guests, one and all, refused to act as umpires, for the apple could be given to but one, and the two others would be sure to vent their anger and disappointment upon the judge who passed over their charms in favor of a third. The final decision was therefore referred to Paris, who, although performing the lowly duties of a shepherd, was the son of Priam and Hecuba, King and Queen of Troy.

When but a babe, Paris had been exposed on a mountain to perish, because an oracle had predicted that he would cause the death of his family and the downfall of his native city. Although thus cruelly treated, he had not perished, but had been adopted by a shepherd, who made him follow his own calling.

When Paris reached manhood, he was a very handsome and attractive young man, and won the love of CEnone, a beautiful nymph to whom he was secretly united. Their happiness, however, was but fleeting, for the Fates had decreed that Paris' love for the fair CEnone would soon die.

"The Fate,  
That rules the will of Jove, had spun the days  
Of Paris and CEnone."

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS (Elton's tr.).

Instead of lingering by the fair nymph's side, Paris wandered off to a lonely mountain top, where the three goddesses sought him to judge their quarrel. Minerva, in glittering armor, first appeared before his dazzled eyes, and proffered the bribe of extensive wisdom if he would but give her the preference.

Juno, queen of heaven, next appeared in royal robes and insignia, and whispered that he should have great wealth and unlimited power were he only to award the prize to her.

"She to Paris made  
Proffer of royal power, ample rule  
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue  
Wherewith to embellish state, 'from many a vale

And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,  
Or labor'd mine undrainable of ore.  
Honor,' she said, 'and homage, tax and toll,  
From many an inland town and haven large,  
Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel  
In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'"

TENNYSON.

But all Minerva's and Juno's charms and bribes were forgotten when Venus, in her magic cestus, appeared before the judge. This artful simplicity was the result of much thought, for we are told that

"Venus oft with anxious care  
Adjusted twice a single hair."

COWPER.

Then, trembling lest her efforts should prove vain, she gently drew near the youth, and softly promised him a bride as fair as herself, in return for the coveted golden apple.

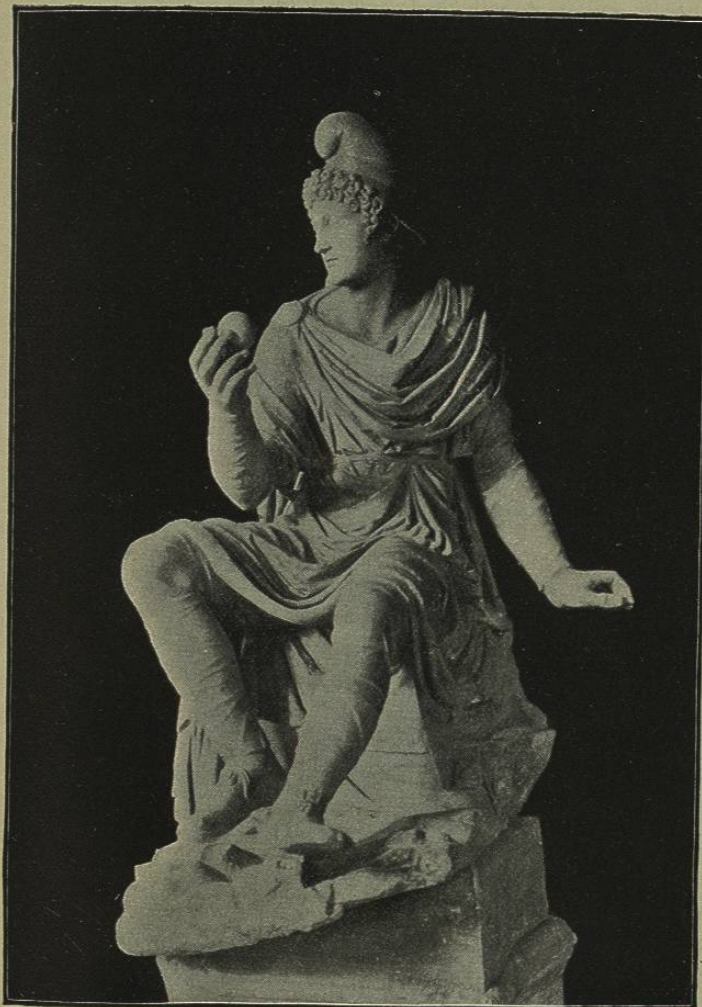
Won either by her superior attractions or by her alluring bribe, Paris no longer hesitated, but placed the prize in her extended palm.

"Ere yet her speech was finished, he consign'd  
To her soft hand the fruit of burnished rind;  
And foam-born Venus grasp'd the graceful meed,  
Of war, of evil war, the quickening seed."

COLUTHUS (Elton's tr.).

This act of partiality, of course, called down upon him the wrath and hatred of Juno and Minerva, who, biding their time, watched for a suitable opportunity to avenge themselves; while Venus, triumphant, and anxious to redeem her promise, directed Paris to return to Troy, make himself known to his parents,— who, the goddess promised, would welcome him warmly,— and obtain from them a fleet in which he might sail to Greece.

In obedience to these instructions, Paris ruthlessly abandoned the fair and faithful CEnone, and, joining a band of youthful shepherds, went to Troy, under pretext of witnessing a solemn



PARIS.—(Vatican, Rome.)

festival. There he took part in the athletic games, distinguished himself, and attracted the attention of his sister Cassandra.

**Paris' return to Troy.** This princess was noted for her beauty, and it is said had even been wooed by Apollo, who, hoping to win her favor, bestowed upon her the gift of prophecy. For some reason the god's suit had not prospered; and, as he could not take back the power conferred, he annulled it by making her hearers refuse to credit her words.

Cassandra immediately called her parents' attention to the extraordinary likeness Paris bore to her other brothers; and then, breaking out into a prophetic strain, she foretold that he would bring destruction upon his native city. Priam and Hecuba, scorning her prophecy, joyfully received their long-lost son, lovingly compelled him to take up his abode in their palace, and promised to atone for their past neglect by granting his every wish.

Still advised by Venus, Paris soon expressed a desire to sail for Greece, under the pretext of rescuing Hesione, his father's sister, whom Hercules had carried off, after besieging Troy. He was promptly provided with several well-manned galleys, and soon after appeared at the court of Menelaus, King of Sparta, whose young wife, Helen, was the most beautiful woman of her time, if we are to believe the testimony of her contemporaries.

"Full threescore girls, in sportive flight we stray'd,  
Like youths anointing, where along the glade  
The baths of cool Eurotas limpid play'd.  
But none, of all, with Helen might compare,  
Nor one seem'd faultless of the fairest fair.  
As morn, with vermeil visage, looks from high,  
When solemn night has vanish'd suddenly;  
When winter melts, and frees the frozen hours,  
And spring's green bough is gemm'd with silvery flowers:  
So bloom'd the virgin Helen in our eyes,  
With full voluptuous limbs, and towering size:

In shape, in height, in stately presence fair,  
Straight as a furrow gliding from the share;  
A cypress of the gardens, spiring high,  
A courser in the cars of Thessaly.  
So rose-complexion'd Helen charm'd the sight;  
Our Sparta's grace, our glory, and delight."

THEOCRITUS (Elton's tr.).

A daughter of Jupiter and Leda (whom Jove had courted in the guise of a snow-white swan), Helen had many suitors who ardently strove to win her favor. The noblest, **Helen's suitors.** bravest, and best came to woo and hoped to win; but all were left in suspense, as the maiden did not show any preference, and refused to make known her choice.

Tyndareus, Helen's stepfather, thinking the rejected suitors might attempt to steal her away from any husband she selected, proposed that all the candidates for her hand should take a solemn oath, binding themselves to respect the marital rights of the favored suitor, and help him regain possession of his wife should any one venture to kidnap her.

"This was cause  
To Tyndarus her father of much doubt,  
To give, or not to give her, and how best  
To make good fortune his: at length this thought  
Occurr'd, that each to each the wooers give  
Their oath, and plight their hands, and on the flames  
Pour the libations, and with solemn vows  
Bind their firm faith that him, who should obtain  
The virgin for his bride, they all would aid;  
If any dar'd to seize and bear her off,  
And drive by force her husband from her bed,  
All would unite in arms, and lay his town,  
Greek or Barbaric, level with the ground."

EURIPIDES (Potter's tr.).

All agreed to this proposal, the oath was taken, and Helen, whose deliberations had come to an end, bestowed her hand upon Menelaus, King of Sparta.

On his arrival at Sparta, in Lacedæmonia, Paris was received with graceful hospitality by Menelaus and Helen. He had not sojourned there many days, however, before the king was called away from home, and departed, confiding to his wife the care of entertaining his princely guest. During his absence, Paris, urged by Venus, courted Helen so successfully, that she finally consented to elope with him, and allowed herself to be borne away in triumph to Troy.

Abduction of  
Helen.

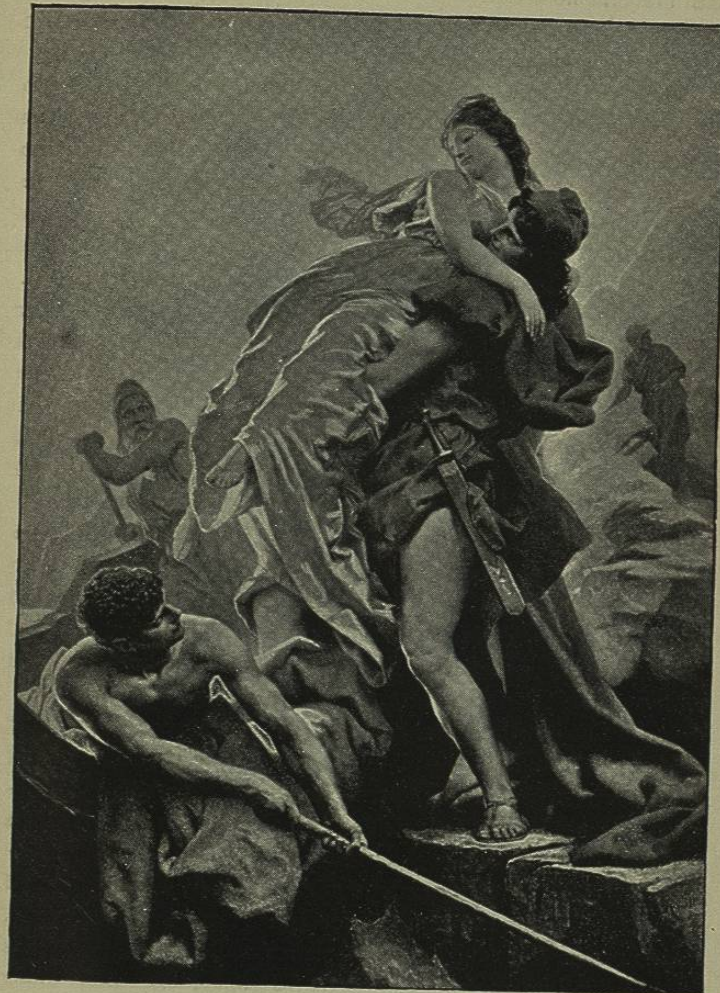
“Then from her husband’s stranger-sheltering home  
He tempted Helen o’er the ocean foam.”

COLUTHUS (Elton’s tr.).

Menelaus, on his return from Crete, discovered his guest’s treachery, and swore never to rest satisfied until he had recovered his truant wife, and punished her seducer. Messengers were sent in haste in every direction, to summon Helen’s former suitors to keep their oath, and join Menelaus at Aulis with men and weapons. All came promptly at his call except Ulysses, King of Ithaca, who, to console himself for Helen’s refusal of his suit, had married her cousin, Penelope, and had now no dearer wish than to linger by her side and admire his infant son, Telemachus.

In the presence of the messenger Palamedes, Ulysses feigned insanity, hoping thereby to elude the tedious journey to Troy; but the messenger was not so easily duped, and cleverly determined to ascertain the truth by stratagem. One day, therefore, when the king was plowing the sea-shore with an ox and horse harnessed together, and sowing this strange field with salt, Palamedes placed the babe Telemachus in the furrow, directly in front of the plow, and marked how skillfully Ulysses turned his ill-assorted team aside to avoid harming his heir. This action sufficed to prove to Palamedes that the king had not lost all control of his senses, and enabled him to force Ulysses to obey Menelaus’ summons.

At Aulis the assembled army with unanimous consent elected



ABDUCTION OF HELEN.—Deutsch.

Agamemnon, Menelaus' brother, chief of the expedition, which numbered, among many others, Nestor, noted for his wise counsel;

Agamemnon  
made chief. Ajax, gigantic in strength and courage; and Diomedes, the renowned warrior.

The troops were assembled, the vessels freighted; but before they departed, the chiefs considered it expedient to consult an oracle, to ascertain whether their expedition was destined to succeed. In a somewhat veiled and ambiguous manner, they received answer that Troy could never be taken without the aid of the son of Peleus and Thetis, Achilles, of whom the Fates had predicted that he would surpass his father in greatness (p. 305).

Thetis loved this only child so dearly, that when he was but a babe, she had carried him to the banks of the Styx, whose waters had the magic power of rendering all the parts they touched invulnerable. Premising that her son would be a great warrior, and thus exposed to great danger, she plunged him wholly into the tide with the exception of one heel, by which she held him, and then returned home.

Some time after, an oracle foretold that Achilles would die beneath the walls of Troy from a wound in his heel, the only vulnerable part of his body. With many tears Thetis vowed that her son should never leave her to encounter such a fate, and intrusted the care of his education to the Centaur Chiron, who had taught all the greatest heroes in turn.

From this instructor Achilles learned the arts of war, wrestling, poetry, music, and song,—all, in short, that an accomplished Greek warrior was expected to know,—and, when his studies were finished, returned to his father's court to gladden his fond mother's heart by his presence.

Thetis' joy was all turned to grief, however, when rumors of the war imminent between Greece and Troy came to her ears. She knew her son would soon be summoned, and, to prevent his going, sent him off to the court of Lycomedes, where, under some pretext, he was prevailed upon to assume a disguise and mingle with the king's daughters and their handmaidens.

One messenger after another was dispatched to summon Achilles to join the fleet at Aulis, but one after another returned without having seen him, or being able to ascertain where he was hiding. The Greeks, however anxious to depart, dared not sail without him. They were in despair, until Ulysses, the wily, proposed a plan, and offered to carry it out.

“Ulysses, man of many arts,  
Son of Laertes, reared in Ithaca,  
That rugged isle, and skilled in every form  
Of shrewd device and action wisely planned.”

HOMER (Bryant's tr.).

Arrayed in peddler's garb, with a pack upon his shoulders, Ulysses entered Lycomedes' palace, where he shrewdly suspected Achilles was concealed, and offered his wares for sale. The maidens selected trinkets; but one of them, closely veiled, seized a weapon concealed among the ornaments, and brandished it with such skill, that Ulysses saw through the assumed disguise, explained his presence and purpose, and by his eloquence persuaded the young Achilles to accompany him to Aulis.

The Greeks were now ready to embark; but no favorable wind came to swell the sails, which day after day hung limp and motionless against the tall masts of their vessels.

“The troops  
Collected and imbodyed, here we sit  
Inactive, and from Aulis wish to sail  
In vain.”

EURIPIDES (Potter's tr.).

Calchas, the soothsayer of the expedition, was again consulted, to discover how they might best win the favor of the gods; and the reply given purported that no favorable wind would blow until Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon, was offered up in sacrifice to appease the everlasting gods.

Many other propitiatory methods were tried; but as they all

Sacrifice of  
Iphigenia.

proved ineffective, Agamemnon, urged by his companions, sent for his daughter, feigning that he wished to celebrate her nuptials with Achilles before his departure.

“I wrote, I seal’d  
A letter to my wife, that she should send  
Her daughter, to Achilles as a bride  
Affianc’d.”

EURIPIDES (Potter’s tr.).

Iphigenia came to her father secretly delighted at being the chosen bride of such a hero; but, instead of being led to the hymeneal altar, she was dragged to the place of sacrifice, where the priest, with uplifted knife, was about to end her sufferings, when Diana suddenly appeared, snatched her up in a cloud, and left in her stead a deer, which was duly sacrificed, while Iphigenia was borne in safety to Tauris, where she became a priestess in one of the goddess’s temples.

The gods were now propitious, and the wind slowly rose, filled the sails of the waiting vessels, and wafted them swiftly and steadily over the sea to the Trojan shores, where an army stood ready to prevent the Greek troops from disembarking. The invaders were eager to land to measure their strength against the Trojans; yet all hesitated to leave the ships, for an oracle had foretold that the first warrior who attempted to land would meet with instant death.

“‘The Delphic oracle foretold  
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand  
Should die.’”

WORDSWORTH.

Protesilaus, a brave chief, seeing his comrades’ irresolution, and animated by a spirit of self-sacrifice, sprang boldly ashore, and perished, slain by the enemy, as soon as his foot had touched the foreign soil. When the tidings of his death reached his beloved wife, Laodamia, whom he had left in Thessaly, they well-nigh broke her heart; and in her

despair she entreated the gods to let her die, or allow her to see her lord once more, were it but for a moment. Her appeal was so touching, that the gods could not refuse to hear it, and bade Mercury conduct her husband’s shade back to earth, to tarry with her for three hours’ time.

“‘Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,  
Laodamia! that at Jove’s command  
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air:  
He comes to tarry with thee three hours’ space;  
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!’”

WORDSWORTH.

With an inarticulate cry of joy, Laodamia beheld the beloved countenance of Protesilaus once more, and from his own lips heard the detailed account of his early death. The three hours passed all too quickly in delicious intercourse; and when Mercury reappeared to lead him back to Hades, the loving wife, unable to endure a second parting, died of grief.

The same grave, it is said, was the resting place of this united pair, and kind-hearted nymphs planted elm trees over their remains. These trees grew “until they were high enough to command a view of Troy, and then withered away, while fresh branches sprang from the roots.”

“Upon the side  
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)  
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew  
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;  
And ever, when such stature they had gained  
That Ilium’s walls were subject to their view,  
The trees’ tall summits withered at the sight;  
A constant interchange of growth and blight!”

WORDSWORTH.

Hostilities had now begun, and the war between the conflicting hosts was waged with equal courage and skill. During nine long years of uninterrupted strife, the Greeks’ efforts to enter Troy, or Ilium, as it was also called, were vain, as were also the

Trojans' attempts to force the foe to leave their shores. This memorable struggle is the theme of many poems. The oldest and most renowned of all, the Iliad, begins with the story of the tenth and last year's events.

Among a number of captives taken in a skirmish by the Hellenic troops, were two beautiful maidens, Chryseis, daughter of Chryses, priest of Apollo, and Briseis. The prisoners were, as usual, allotted to various chiefs, and Agamemnon received the priest's daughter as reward for his bravery, while Achilles triumphantly led to his tent the equally fair Briseis.

When Chryses heard that his child had fallen into the hands of the enemy, he hastened to Agamemnon's tent to offer a rich ransom for her recovery; but the aged father's entreaties were all unheeded, and he was dismissed with many heartless taunts. Exasperated by this cruel treatment, he raised his hands to heaven, and implored Apollo to avenge the insults he had received by sending down upon the Greeks all manner of evil. This prayer was no sooner heard than answered, by the sun god's sending a terrible plague to decimate the enemy's troops.

"The aged man indignantly withdrew;  
And Phœbus — for the priest was dear to him —  
Granted his prayer, and sent among the Greeks  
A deadly shaft. The people of the camp  
Were perishing in heaps."

HOMER (Bryant's tr.).

The Greeks, in terror, now consulted an oracle to know why this calamity had come upon them, and how they might check the progress of the deadly disease which was so rapidly reducing their forces. They were told that the plague would never cease until Agamemnon surrendered his captive, and thus disarmed Apollo's wrath, which had been kindled by his rude refusal to comply with the aged priest's request.

All the Greek chiefs, assembled in council, decided to send Achilles to Agamemnon to apprise him of their wish that he

should set Chryseis free, — a wish which he immediately consented to grant, if Briseis were given him in exchange.

The plague was raging throughout the camp; the cries of the sufferers rent the air; many had already succumbed to the scourge, and all were threatened with an inglorious death. Achilles, mindful of all this, and anxious to save his beloved companions, consented to comply with this unreasonable request; but at the same time he swore, that, if Agamemnon really took his captive away, he would not strike another blow.

Chryseis was immediately consigned to the care of a herald, who led her back to her aged father's arms. Ready to forgive all, now that his child was restored to him, Chryses implored Apollo to stay his hand, and the plague instantly ceased.

As for Agamemnon, he sent his slaves to Achilles' tent to lead away Briseis; and the hero, true to his promise, laid aside his armor, determined to fight no more.

"The great Achilles, swift of foot, remained  
Within his ships, indignant for the sake  
Of the fair-haired Briseis."

HOMER (Bryant's tr.).

Thetis, hearing of the wanton insult offered her son, left her coral caves, ascended to Olympus, cast herself at Jupiter's feet, and with many tears tremulously prayed he would avenge Achilles and make the Greeks fail in all their attempts as long as her son's wrath remained unappeased.

Jupiter, touched by her beauty and distress, frowned until the very firmament shook, and swore to make the Greeks rue the day they left their native shores,

"To give Achilles honor and to cause  
Myriads of Greeks to perish by their fleet."

HOMER (Bryant's tr.).

In consequence of a treacherous dream purposely sent by Jupiter to delude him, Agamemnon again assembled his troops, and proposed a new onslaught upon the Trojan forces. But