

Euripides *Hecuba* 1 ff.

I was the youngest of Priam's sons; and this it was that caused my secret removal from the land; **for my childish arm was not able to carry weapons or to wield the spear.** ... But when Troy fell and Hector lost his life and my father's hearth was rooted up; then **my father's friend killed me, his helpless guest**, for the sake of the gold, and then **cast me into the swell of the sea**, to keep the gold for himself in his house. And there I lie, at one time upon the strand, at another in the salt sea's surge, drifting ever up and down upon the billows, **unwept, unburied**; but now I am **hovering over the head of my dear mother Hecuba, a disembodied spirit**, keeping my airy station these three days, ever since my poor mother came from Troy to linger here in the Chersonese. Meanwhile all the Achaeans sit idly here in their ships at the shores of Thrace; for the son of Peleus, Achilles, appeared above his tomb and stopped the whole army of Hellas, as they were making straight for home across the sea, demanding to have my sister Polyxena offered at his tomb, and to receive his reward. And he will obtain this prize, nor will they that are his friends refuse the gift; and on this very day fate is leading my sister to her doom. So will my mother see two children dead at once, me and that ill-fated maid. **For I, to win a grave, ah me!** will appear among the rippling waves before her servant-maid's feet. Yes! **I have begged this from the powers below, to find a tomb and fall into my mother's hands.** So shall I have my heart's desire; but now I will get out of the way of aged Hecuba, for here she passes on her way from the shelter of Agamemnon's tent, **terrified at my spectre.**

Pausanias 1.32.4-5

At Marathon every night you can hear horses neighing and men fighting. No one who has expressly set himself to behold this vision has ever got any good from it, **but the spirits are not wroth with those, who in ignorance, chance to be spectators.** The Marathonians worship both those who died in the fighting, calling them heroes, and secondly Marathon, from whom the parish derives its name, and then Heracles, saying that they were the first among the Greeks to acknowledge him as a god.

They say too that there chanced to be present in the battle a man of rustic appearance and dress. Having slaughtered many of the foreigners with a plough he **was seen no more after the engagement.** When the Athenians made enquiries at the oracle the god merely ordered them to honour Echetlaeus (He of the Plough-tail) as a hero. A trophy too of white marble has been erected. Although the Athenians assert that they buried the Persians, **because in every case the divine law applies that a corpse should be laid under the earth, yet I could find no grave.** There was neither mound nor other trace to be seen, as the dead were carried to a trench and thrown in anyhow.

Odyssey 11

All the day long her its was stretched as she sped over the sea; and the sun set and all the ways grew dark.

It came to deep-flowing Oceanus, that bounds the earth, where is the land and city of the Cimmerians, **wrapped in mist and cloud. Never does the bright sun look down on them** with his rays either when he mounts the starry heaven or when he turns again to earth from heaven, but instead **horrid night is spread over wretched mortals**. There we came and beached our ship, and took out the sheep, and ourselves went along **beside the stream of Oceanus** until we came to the place of which Circe had told us.

...

Then there gathered from out of Erebus the ghosts of those that are dead, brides, and unwed youths, and toil-worn old men, and frisking girls with hearts still new to sorrow, and many, too, that had been wounded with bronze-tipped spears, men slain in battle, wearing their blood-stained armor. These came thronging in crowds about the pit from every side, with an astounding cry; and pale fear seized me.

...

"Here Perimedes and Eurylochus held the victims, while I drew my sharp sword from beside my thigh, and **dug a pit of a cubit's length** this way and that, and around it **poured a libation to all the dead, first with milk and honey, thereafter with sweet wine, and in the third place with water, and I sprinkled on it white barley meal** and I earnestly entreated the strengthless heads of the dead, vowing that when I came to Ithaca I would sacrifice in my halls a barren heifer, the best I had, and load the altar with rich gifts, and to Teiresias alone would **sacrifice a ram, wholly black**, the finest of my flocks. But when with vows and prayers I had made supplication to the tribes of the dead, **I took the sheep and cut their throats over the pit, and the dark blood flowed**. ... Then I called to my comrades and told them to skin and burn the sheep that lay there killed with pitiless bronze, and to make prayer to the gods, to mighty **Hades and dread Persephone**. And I myself, **drawing my sharp sword from beside my thigh, sat there, and would not allow the strengthless heads of the dead to draw near to the blood** till I had inquired of Teiresias.