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THE

~~W. Cowper~~
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THE

ILLIAD AND ODYSSEY

HOMER

TRANSLATED BY

EDWARD V. Rieu

BY W. O. W. R. L.

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF

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P R E F A C E.

WHETHER a translation of HOMER may be best executed in blank verse or in rhyme, is a question in the decision of which no man can find difficulty, who has ever duly considered what translation ought to be, or who is in any degree practically acquainted with those very different kinds of versification. I will venture to assert that a just translation of any antient poet in rhyme, is impossible. No human ingenuity can be equal to the task of closing every couplet with sounds homotonous, expressing at the same time the full sense, and only the full sense of his original. The translator's ingenuity, indeed, in this case becomes itself a snare, and the readier he is at invention and expedient, the more likely he is to be betrayed into the widest departures from the guide whom he professes to follow. Hence it has happened, that although the public have long been in possession of an English HOMER by a poet whose writings have done immortal honour to his country, the demand of a new one, and especially in blank verse, has been repeatedly and loudly made by some of the best judges and ablest writers of the present day.

I HAVE no contest with my predecessor. None is supposeable between performers on different instruments. Mr. Pope has surmounted all difficulties in his version of HOMER that it was possible
to

to surmount in rhyme. But he was fettered, and his fetters were his choice. Accustomed always to rhyme, he had formed to himself an ear which probably could not be much gratified by verse that wanted it, and determined to encounter even impossibilities, rather than abandon a mode of writing in which he had excelled every body, for the sake of another to which, unexercised in it as he was, he must have felt strong objections.

I NUMBER myself among the warmest admirers of Mr. Pope as an original writer, and I allow him all the merit he can justly claim as the translator of this chief of poets. He has given us the *Tale of Troy divine* in smooth verse, generally in correct and elegant language, and in diction often highly poetical. But his deviations are so many, occasioned chiefly by the cause already mentioned, that, much as he has done, and valuable as his work is on some accounts, it was yet in the humble province of a translator that I thought it possible even for me to follow him with some advantage.

THAT he has sometimes altogether suppressed the sense of his author, and has not seldom intermingled his own ideas with it, is a remark which, on this occasion, nothing but necessity should have extorted from me. But we differ sometimes so widely in our matter, that unless this remark, invidious as it seems, be premised, I know not how to obviate a suspicion, on the one hand, of careless oversight, or of factitious embellishment on the other. On this head, therefore, the English reader is to be admonished, that the matter found in me, whether he like it or not, is found also in

HOMER,

HOMER, and that the matter not found in me, how much soever he may admire it, is found only in Mr. Pope. I have omitted nothing; I have invented nothing.

THERE is indisputably a wide difference between the case of an original writer in rhyme and a translator. In an original work the author is free; if the rhyme be of difficult attainment, and he cannot find it in one direction, he is at liberty to seek it in another; the matter that will not accommodate itself to his occasions he may discard, adopting such as will. But in a translation no such option is allowable; the sense of the author is required, and we do not surrender it willingly even to the plea of necessity. Fidelity is indeed of the very essence of translation, and the term itself implies it. For which reason, if we suppress the sense of our original, and force into its place our own, we may call our work an *imitation*, if we please, or perhaps a *paraphrase*, but it is no longer the same author only in a different dress, and therefore it is not translation. Should a painter, professing to draw the likeness of a beautiful woman, give her more or fewer features than belong to her, and a general cast of countenance of his own invention, he might be said to have produced a *jeu d'esprit*, a curiosity perhaps in its way, but by no means the lady in question.

IT will however be necessary to speak a little more largely to this subject, on which discordant opinions prevail even among good judges.

THE free and the close translation have, each, their advocates. But inconveniences belong to both. The former can hardly be true to the original author's style and manner, and the latter is apt to be servile. The one loses his peculiarities, and the other his spirit. Were it possible, therefore, to find an exact medium, a manner so close that it should let slip nothing of the text, nor mingle any thing extraneous with it, and at the same time so free as to have an air of originality, this seems precisely the mode in which an author might be best rendered. I can assure my readers from my own experience, that to discover this very delicate line is difficult, and to proceed by it when found, through the whole length of a poet voluminous as HOMER, nearly impossible. I can only pretend to have endeavoured it.

It is an opinion commonly received, but, like many others, indebted for its prevalence to mere want of examination, that a translator should imagine to himself the style which his author would probably have used, had the language into which he is rendered been his own. A direction which wants nothing but practicability to recommend it. For suppose six persons, equally qualified for the task, employed to translate the same Antient into their own language, with this rule to guide them. In the event it would be found that each had fallen on a manner different from that of all the rest, and by probable inference it would follow that none had fallen on the right. On the whole, therefore, as has been said, the translation which partakes equally of fidelity and liberality, that is close, but not so close as to be servile, free, but not so free as to be licentious, promises fairest; and my ambition will be sufficiently gratified,

gratified, if such of my readers as are able, and will take the pains to compare me in this respect with Homer, shall judge that I have in any measure attained a point so difficult.

As to energy and harmony, two grand requisites in a translation of this most energetic and most harmonious of all poets, it is neither my purpose nor my wish, should I be found deficient in either, or in both, to shelter myself under an unfilial imputation of blame to my mother-tongue. Our language is indeed less musical than the Greek, and there is no language with which I am at all acquainted that is not. But it is musical enough for the purposes of melodious verse, and if it seem to fail, on whatsoever occasion, in energy, the blame is due, not to itself, but to the unskilful manager of it. For so long as Milton's works, whether his prose or his verse, shall exist, so long there will be abundant proof that no subject, however important, however sublime, can demand greater force of expression than is within the compass of the English language.

I HAVE no fear of judges familiar with original Homer. They need not be told that a translation of him is an arduous enterprize, and as such, entitled to some favour. From these, therefore, I shall expect, and shall not be disappointed, considerable candour and allowance. Especially *they* will be candid, and I believe that there are many such, who have occasionally tried their own strength in this *bow of Ulysses*. They have not found it supple and pliable, and with me are perhaps ready to acknowledge that they could not always even approach with it the mark of their ambition.

But I would willingly, were it possible, obviate uncandid criticism, because to answer it is lost labour, and to receive it in silence has the appearance of stately reserve, and self-importance.

To those, therefore, who shall be inclined to tell me hereafter that my diction is often plain and unelevated, I reply beforehand that I know it—that it would be absurd were it otherwise, and that Homer himself stands in the same predicament. In fact, it is one of his numberless excellencies, and a point in which his judgment never fails him, that he is grand and lofty always in the right place, and knows infallibly how to rise and fall with his subject. *Big words on small matters* may serve as a pretty exact definition of the burlesque; an instance of which they will find in the battle of the Frogs and Mice, but none in the Iliad.

By others I expect to be told that my numbers, though here and there tolerably smooth, are not always such, but have, now and then, an ugly hitch in their gait, ungraceful in itself, and inconvenient to the reader. To this charge also I plead guilty, but beg leave in alleviation of judgment to add, that my limping lines are not numerous, compared with those that limp not. The truth is, that not one of them all escaped me, but, such as they are, they were all made such with a willful intention. In poems of great length there is no blemish more to be feared than sameness of numbers, and every art is useful by which it may be avoided. A line, rough in itself, has yet its recommendations; it saves the ear the pain of an irksome monotony, and seems even to add greater smoothness to others.

others. Milton, whose ear and taste were exquisite, has exemplified in his *Paradise Lost* the effect of this practice frequently.

HAVING mentioned Milton, I cannot but add an observation on the similitude of his manner to that of Homer. It is such, that no person, familiar with both, can read either without being reminded of the other; and it is in those breaks and pauses, to which the numbers of the English poet are so much indebted both for their dignity and variety, that he chiefly copies the Grecian. But these are graces to which rhyme is not competent; so broken, it loses all its music; of which any person may convince himself by reading a page only of any of our poets anterior to Denham, Waller and Dryden. A translator of Homer, therefore, seems directed by Homer himself to the use of blank verse, as to that alone in which he can be rendered with any tolerable representation of his manner in this particular. A remark which I am naturally led to make by a desire to conciliate, if possible, some, who, rather unreasonably partial to rhyme, demand it on all occasions, and seem persuaded that poetry in our language is a vain attempt without it. Verse, that claims to be verse in right of its metre only, they judge to be such rather by courtesy than by kind, on an apprehension that it costs the writer little trouble, that he has only to give his lines their prescribed number of syllables, and, so far as the mechanical part is concerned, all is well. Were this true, they would have reason on their side, for the author is certainly best entitled to applause who succeeds against the greatest difficulty, and in verse that calls for the most artificial management in its construction. But the case is not as they suppose. To rhyme, in our language,

guage, demands no great exertion of ingenuity, but is always easy to a person exercised in the practice. Witness the multitudes who rhyme, but have no other poetical pretensions. Let it be considered too, how merciful we are apt to be to unclassical and indifferent language for the sake of rhyme, and we shall soon see that the labour lies principally on the other side. Many ornaments of no easy purchase are required to atone for the absence of this single recommendation. It is not sufficient that the lines of blank verse be smooth in themselves, they must also be harmonious in the combination. Whereas the chief concern of the rhimist is to beware that his couplets and his sense be commensurate, lest the regularity of his numbers should be (too frequently at least) interrupted. A trivial difficulty this, compared with those which attend the poet unaccompanied by his bells. He, in order that he may be musical, must exhibit all the variations, as he proceeds, of which ten syllables are susceptible; between the first syllable and the last there is no place at which he must not occasionally pause, and the place of the pause must be perpetually shifted. To effect this variety, his attention must be given, at one and the same time, to the pauses he has already made in the period before him, as well as to that which he is about to make, and to those which shall succeed it. On no lighter terms than these is it possible that blank verse can be written which will not, in the course of a long work, fatigue the ear past all endurance. If it be easier, therefore, to throw five balls into the air and to catch them in succession, than to sport in that manner with one only, then may blank verse be more easily fabricated than rhyme. And if to these labours we add others equally requisite, a style in general more elaborate than rhyme requires,

requires, farther removed from the vernacular idiom both in the language itself and in the arrangement of it, we shall not long doubt which of these two very different species of verse threatens the composer with most expence of study and contrivance. I feel it unpleasant to appeal to my own experience, but, having no other voucher at hand, am constrained to it. As I affirm, so I have found. I have dealt pretty largely in both kinds, and have frequently written more verses in a day, with tags, than I could ever write without them. To what has been here said (which whether it have been said by others or not, I cannot tell, having never read any modern book on the subject) I shall only add, that to be poetical without rhyme, is an argument of a sound and classical constitution in any language.

A WORD or two on the subject of the following translation, and I have done.

My chief boast is that I have adhered closely to my original, convinced that every departure from him would be punished with the forfeiture of some grace or beauty for which I could substitute no equivalent. The epithets that would consent to an English form I have preserved as epithets; others that would not, I have melted into the context. There are none, I believe, which I have not translated in one way or other, though the reader will not find them repeated so often as most of them are in HOMER, for a reason that need not be mentioned.

FEW persons of any consideration are introduced either in the Iliad or Odyssey by their own name only, but their patronymic is given also. To this ceremonial I have generally attended, because it is a circumstance of my author's manner.

HOMER never allots less than a whole line to the introduction of a speaker. No, not even when the speech itself is no longer than the line that leads it. A practice to which, since he never departs from it, he must have been determined by some cogent reason. He probably deemed it a formality necessary to the majesty of his narration. In this article, therefore, I have scrupulously adhered to my pattern, considering these introductory lines as heralds in a procession; important persons, because employed to utter in persons more important than themselves.

IT has been my point everywhere to be as little verbose as possible, though, at the same time, my constant determination not to sacrifice my author's full meaning to an affected brevity.

IN the affair of style, I have endeavoured neither to creep nor to bluster, for no author is so likely to betray his translator into both these faults, as HOMER, though himself never guilty of either. I have cautiously avoided all terms of new invention, with an abundance of which, persons of more ingenuity than judgment have not enriched our language, but incumbered it. I have also everywhere used an unabbreviated fullness of phrase as most suited to the nature of the work, and, above all, have studied perspicuity,

not

not only because verse is good for little that wants it, but because HOMER is the most perspicuous of all poets.

IN all difficult places I have consulted the best commentators, and where they have differed, or have given, as is often the case, a variety of solutions, I have ever exercised my best judgment, and selected that which appears, at least to myself, the most probable interpretation. On this ground, and on account of the fidelity which I have already boasted, I may venture, I believe, to recommend my work as promising some usefulness to young students of the original.

THE passages which will be least noticed, and possibly not at all, except by those who shall wish to find me at a fault, are those which have cost me abundantly the most labour. It is difficult to kill a sheep with dignity in a modern language, to flay and to prepare it for the table, detailing every circumstance of the process. Difficult also, without sinking below the level of poetry, to harness mules to a waggon, particularizing every article of their furniture, straps, rings, staples, and even the tying of the knots that kept all together. HOMER, who writes always to the eye, with all his sublimity and grandeur, has the minuteness of a Flemish painter.

BUT in what degree I have succeeded in my version either of these passages, and such as these, or of others more buoyant and above-ground, and especially of the most sublime, is now submitted to the decision of the reader, to whom I am ready enough to
confess

confess that I have not at all consulted their approbation, who account nothing grand that is not turgid, or elegant, that is not bedizened with metaphor.

I PURPOSELY decline all declamation on the merits of HOMER, because a translator's praises of his author are liable to a suspicion of dotage, and because it were impossible to improve on those which this author has received already. He has been the wonder of all countries that his works have ever reached, even deified by the greatest names of antiquity, and in some places actually worshipped. And to say truth, were it possible that mere man could entitle himself by pre-eminence of any kind to divine honours, Homer's astonishing powers seem to have given him the best pretensions.

I CANNOT conclude without due acknowledgments to the best critic in HOMER I have ever met with, the learned and ingenious Mr. FUSSELL. Unknown as he was to me when I entered on this arduous undertaking, (indeed to this moment I have never seen him) he yet voluntarily and generously offered himself as my revisor. To his classical taste and just discernment I have been indebted for the discovery of many blemishes in my own work, and of beauties, which would otherwise have escaped me, in the original. But his necessary avocations would not suffer him to accompany me farther than to the latter books of the Iliad, a circumstance which I fear my readers, as well as myself, will regret with too much reason*.

* Some of the few notes subjoined to my translation of the Odyssey are by Mr. FUSSELL, who had a short opportunity to peruse the MSS. while the Iliad was printing. They are marked with his initial.

I HAVE obligations likewise to many friends, whose names, were it proper to mention them here, would do me great honour. They have encouraged me by their approbation, have assisted me with valuable books, and have eased me of almost the whole labour of transcribing.

AND now I have only to regret that my pleasant work is ended. To the illustrious Greek I owe the smooth and easy flight of many thousand hours. He has been my companion at home and abroad, in the study, in the garden, and in the field; and no measure of success, let my labours succeed as they may, will ever compensate to me the loss of the innocent luxury that I have enjoyed, as a Translator of HOMER.

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ERRATA.

ERRATA IN THE ILIAD.

| | | |
|--------------|------|---|
| Book I. Line | 337. | No new paragraph. |
| II. | 727. | Dele the comma after <i>met</i> . |
| II. | 781. | For <i>Troas</i> read <i>Tboas</i> . |
| II. | 893. | For <i>unfaction'd</i> read <i>unfansion'd</i> . |
| III. | 64. | For <i>stone</i> read <i>dust</i> . |
| IV. | 149. | <i>Forgat not Pallas</i> read <i>Forgat not</i> ; <i>Pallas</i> |
| IV. | 457. | For <i>Æfopus</i> read <i>Afopus</i> . |
| V. | 691. | Give the asterifin to <i>white as ivory</i> . |
| VI. | 285. | For <i>Ξειvor</i> , in margin, read <i>Ξειvor</i> . |
| VI. | 313. | Give the comma after <i>distrefs</i> to <i>citadel</i> . |
| VII. | 45. | For <i>Chief</i> read <i>chief</i> . |
| VII. | 225. | For <i>men</i> read <i>me</i> . |
| VIII. | 418. | Dele <i>colon</i> at the end. |
| X. | 462. | For <i>trapann'd</i> read <i>trepann'd</i> . |
| XI. | 307. | Comma inftead of; at the end. |
| XI. | 511. | For <i>vailant</i> read <i>valiant</i> . |
| XI. | 672. | For <i>Pbanfias</i> read <i>Pbaufias</i> . |
| XI. | 835. | <i>Wrong'd us oft</i> add) |
| XI. | 893. | For <i>Angeias</i> read <i>Augeias</i> . |
| XV. | 600. | For <i>fbajt</i> read <i>fbear</i> . |
| XVII. | 133. | Dele comma after <i>loud</i> . |
| XVII. | 357. | For <i>brazen-cbeck'd</i> read <i>brazen-cbeck'd</i> . |
| XIX. | 454. | For <i>caft</i> read <i>laft</i> . |
| XX. | 27. | For <i>council</i> read <i>counfel</i> . |
| XXII. | 541. | For <i>horribly</i> read <i>cruelly</i> . |
| XXII. | 575. | Dele comma at the end. |
| XXIII. | 46. | Dele comma at the end. |
| XXIII. | 87. | Dele comma after <i>living</i> . |
| XXIII. | 582. | For <i>bad</i> read <i>batb</i> . |
| XXIV. | 202. | The asterifin is wanting. |
| XXIV. | 383. | Dele the comma at the end. |

N. B. By an oversight of the Tranflator, the name of Epeus is not mentioned among theirs who arofe to contend for the difcus—Book XXIII. Line 838.

ERRATA IN THE ODYSSEY.

| | | |
|---------------|------|--|
| Book IV. Line | 168. | Dele the comma at the end. |
| IV. | 521. | Dele comma after <i>ftation'd</i> . |
| IV. | 784. | For <i>Noimon</i> read <i>Noëmon</i> . |
| V. | 567. | Dele comma after <i>afcending</i> . |
| VII. | 193. | For <i>la</i> read <i>laft</i> . |
| VIII. | 229. | Dele ; and read it with a comma. |
| IX. | 224. | Dele comma after <i>Phæbus</i> . |
| X. | 594. | For <i>aboe</i> read <i>abode</i> . |
| XI. | 589. | Give the comma after <i>bere</i> to <i>maintain'ft</i> . |
| XII. | 154. | For <i>Næera</i> read <i>Næara</i> . |
| XII. | 380. | A comma is wanting at the end. |
| XVII. | 391. | For <i>Argos</i> read <i>Argus</i> . |
| XVIII. | 18. | For <i>low'ring</i> read <i>louring</i> . |
| XX. | 261. | For <i>So far</i> read <i>Afar</i> . |
| XXII. | 563. | Dele comma at the end. |

THE
I L I A D O F H O M E R,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

F I R S T B O O K.

THE book opens with an account of a pestilence that prevailed in the Grecian camp, and the cause of it is assign'd. A council is called, in which fierce altercation takes place between Agamemnon and Achilles. The latter solemnly renounces the field. Agamemnon by his heralds demands Briseis, and Achilles resigns her. He makes his complaint to Thetis, who undertakes to plead his cause with Jupiter. She pleads it, and prevails. The book concludes with an account of what pass'd in Heaven on that occasion.

The English reader will be pleas'd to observe, that by Achaians, Argives, Danaï, are signified Greccians. Homer himself having found these various appellatives both graceful and convenient, it seem'd unreasonable that a Translator of him should be denied the same advantage.

I L I A D.

B O O K I.

ACHILLES sing, O Goddess! Peleus' son;
 His wrath pernicious, who ten thousand woes
 Caused to Achaia's host, sent many a soul
 Illustrious into Ades premature,
 And Heroes gave (so stood the will of Jove) 5
 To dogs and to all rav'ning fowls a prey,
 When fierce dispute had separated once
 The noble Chief Achilles from the son
 Of Atreus, Agamemnon, King of men.

Who them to strife impell'd? What Pow'r divine? 10
 Latona's son and Jove's. For He, incens'd
 Against the King, a foul contagion rais'd
 In all the host, and multitudes destroy'd,
 For that the son of Atreus had his priest
 Dishonour'd, Chryses. To the fleet he came 15
 Bearing rich ransom glorious to redeem
 His daughter, and his hands charged with the wreath
 And golden sceptre of the God shaft-arm'd.

His supplication was at large to all
 The host of Greece, but most of all to two, 20
 The sons of Atreus, highest in command.

Ye gallant Chiefs, and ye their gallant host,
 (So may the Gods who in Olympus dwell
 Give Priam's treasures to you for a spoil

And ye return in safety) Take my gifts 25
 And loofe my child, in honour of the fon
 Of Jove, Apollo, archer of the fkies.

At once the voice of all was to refpect
 The prieft, and to accept the bounteous price ;
 But fo it pleafed not Atreus' mighty fon, 30
 Who with rude threat'nings ftern him thence difmifs'd.

Beware, old man ! that at thefe hollow barks
 I find thee not now ling'ring, or henceforth
 Returning, left the garland of thy God
 And his bright fceptre fhould avail thee nought. 35
 I will not loofe thy daughter, 'till old age
 Steal on her. From her native country far,
 In Argos, in my palace, fhe fhall ply
 The loom, and fhall be partner of my bed.
 Move me no more. Be gone ; hence while thou may'ft. 40

He fpake, the old prieft trembled and obey'd.
 Forlorn he roamed the ocean's founding fhore,
 And, folitary, with much pray'r his King
 Bright-hair'd Latona's fon, Phoebus, implored.

God of the filver bow, who with thy power 45
 Encircleft Chryfa, and who reign'ft fupreme
 In Tenedos and Cilla the divine,
 * Sminthian Apollo ! If I e'er adorned
 Thy beauteous fane, or on thy altar burn'd
 The fat acceptable of bulls or goats, 50
 Grant my petition. With thy fhafte avenge
 On the Achaian hoft thy fervant's tears.

* So called on account of his having faved the people of Troas from a plague of mice, *fminthos* in their language meaning a moufe.

Such prayer he made, and it was heard. The God,
 Down from Olympus with his radiant bow
 And his full quiver o'er his shoulder flung, 55
 Marched in his anger; shaken as he moved
 His rattling arrows told of his approach.
 Gloomy he came as night; far from the ships
 Apart, and sent an arrow. Clang'd the cord
 * Dread-founding, bounding on the silver bow. 60
 Mules first and dogs he struck, but at themselves
 Dispatching soon his bitter arrows keen,
 Smote them. Death-piles on all sides always blazed.
 Nine days throughout the camp his arrows flew;
 The tenth, Achilles from all parts convened 65
 The host in council. Juno the white-armed,
 Moved at the sight of Grecians all around
 Dying, imparted to his mind the thought.
 The full assembly, therefore, now convened,
 Uprose Achilles ardent, and began. 70

Atrides! Now, it seems, no course remains
 For us, but that the seas roaming again,
 We hence return; at least if we survive;
 But haste, consult we quick some prophet here
 Or priest, or ev'n interpreter of dreams, 75
 (For dreams are also of Jove) that we may learn
 By what crime we have thus incensed Apollo,
 What broken vow, what hecatomb unpaid

* For this singular line the Translator begs to apologize, by pleading the strong desire he felt to produce an English line, if possible, somewhat resembling in its effect the famous original one.

Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γενετ' ἀργυρεῖο βιῶιο.

He charges on us, and if soothed with steam
 Of lambs or goats unblemish'd, he may yet 80
 Be won to spare us, and avert the plague.

He spake and sat, when Thestor's son arose
 Calchas, an augur foremost in his art,
 Who all things, present, past, and future knew,
 And whom his skill in prophecy, a gift 85
 Confer'd by Phœbus on him, had advanced
 To be conductor of the fleet to Troy ;
 He, prudent, them admonishing, replied.

Jove-lov'd Achilles! Would'st thou learn from me
 What cause hath mov'd Apollo to this wrath, 90
 The shaft-arm'd King? I shall divulge the cause.
 But thou, swear first and cov'nant on thy part
 That speaking, acting, thou wilt stand prepared
 To give me succour ; for I judge amiss,
 Or he who rules the Argives, the supreme 95
 O'er all Achaia's host, will be incens'd.
 Woe to the man who shall provoke the King!
 For if, to day, he smother close his wrath,
 He harbours still the vengeance, and in time
 Performs it. Answer, therefore, wilt thou save me? 100

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.
 What thou hast learn'd in secret from the God,
 That speak, and boldly. By the son of Jove,
 Apollo, whom thou, Calchas, seek'st in prayer
 Made for the Danaï, and who thy soul 105
 Fills with futurity, in all the host
 The Grecian lives not, who while I shall breathe,
 And see the light of day, shall in this camp

Oppress thee; no—not even if thou name
Him, Agamemnon, sov'reign o'er us all. 110

Then was the feer embolden'd, and he spake.
Nor vow nor hecatomb unpaid on us
He charges, but the wrong done to his priest
Whom Agamemnon slighted when he fought
His daughter's freedom, and his gifts refused. 115

He is the cause. Apollo for his sake
Afflicts and will afflict us, neither end
Nor intermission of his heavy scourge
Granting, 'till unredeem'd, no price required,
The black-eyed maid be to her father sent, 120
And a whole hecatomb in Chrysa bleed.

Then, not before, the God may be appeas'd.

He spake and sat; when Atreus' son arose,
The Hero Agamemnon, throned supreme.
Tempests of black resentment overcharged 125
His heart, and indignation fired his eyes.
On Calchas louring, him he first address'd.

Prophet of mischief! from whose tongue no note
Of grateful sound to me, was ever heard;
Ill tidings are thy joy, and tidings glad 130
Thou tell'st not, or thy words come not to pass.

And now among the Danaï thy dreams
Divulging, thou pretend'st the Archer—God
For his priests' sake, our enemy, because
I scorn'd his offer'd ransom of the maid 135
Chryseis, more desirous far to bear

Her to my home, for that she charms me more
Than Clytemnestra, my own first espous'd,

With

With whom, in disposition, feature, form,
Accomplishments, she may be well compared. 140

Yet, being such, I will return her hence
If that she go be best. Perish myself—

But let the people of my charge be saved!
Prepare ye, therefore, a reward for me,
And seek it instant. It were much unmeet 145

That I alone of all the Argive host
Should want due recompense, whose former prize
Is elsewhere destined, as ye all perceive.

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race,
Atrides, glorious above all in rank, 150

And as intent on gain as thou art great,
Whence shall the Grecians give a prize to thee?

The general stock is poor; the spoil of towns
Which we have taken, hath already passed
In distribution, and it were unjust 155

To gather it from all the Greeks again.
But send thou back this Virgin to her God,
And when Jove's favour shall have given us Troy,
A threefold, fourfold share shall then be thine.

To whom the Sov'reign of the host replied. 160
Godlike Achilles, valiant as thou art,

Would'st thou be subtle too? But me no fraud
Shall over-reach, or art persuade, of thine.

Would'st thou, that thou be recompens'd, and I
Sit meckly down defrauded of my due? 165

And did'st thou bid me yield her? Let the bold
Achaians give me competent amends,
Such as may please me, and it shall be well.

Else,

Else, if they give me none, I will command
 Thy prize, the prize of Ajax, or the prize 170
 It may be of Ulysses to my tent,
 And let the loser chafe. But this concern
 Shall be adjusted at convenient time.
 Come—Launch we now into the sacred Deep
 A bark with lusty rowers well supplied; 175
 Then put on board Chryseis, and with her
 The sacrifice required. Go also one
 High in authority, some counsellor,
 Idomeneus, or Ajax, or thyself,
 Thou most untractable of all mankind; 180
 And seek by rites of sacrifice and pray'r
 To appease Apollo on our hosts behalf.

Achilles eyed him with a frown, and spake.
 Ah! clothed with impudence as with a cloak,
 And full of subtlety, who, thinkest thou— 185
 What Grecian here will serve thee, or for thee
 Wage covert war, or open? Me thou know'st,
 Troy never wronged; I came not to avenge
 Harm done to me; no Trojan ever drove
 My pastures, steeds or oxen took of mine, 190
 Or plunder'd of their fruits the golden fields
 Of Phthia the deep-foil'd. She lies remote,
 And obstacles are num'rous interpos'd,
 Vale-dark'ning mountains, and the dashing sea.
 No—* Shameless Wolf! For thy good pleasure sake 195
 We came, and, † Face of flint! t' avenge the wrongs
 By Menelaus and thyself sustain'd,

* Κυνῶπις.

† μεγάρωνος.

On the offending Trojan—service kind,
 But loft on thee, regardless of it all.
 And now—What now? Thy threat'ning is to seize 200
 Thyself, the just requital of my toils,
 My prize hard-earn'd, by common suffrage mine.
 I never gain, what Trojan town foe'er
 We ranfack, half thy booty. The fwift march
 And furious onfet—these I largely reap, 205
 But, diftribution made, thy lot exceeds
 Mine far; while I, with any pittance pleas'd,
 Bear to my fhips the little that I win
 After long battle, and account it much.
 But I am gone, I and my fable barks 210
 (My wifer courfe) to Phthia, and I judge,
 Scorn'd as I am, that thou fhalt hardly glean
 Without me, more than thou fhalt foon confume.

He ceas'd, and Agamemnon thus replied:
 Fly, and fly now; if in thy foul thou feel 215
 Such ardour of desire to go—begone!
 I woo thee not to ftay; ftay not an hour
 On my behalf, for I have others here
 Who will refpect me more, and above all
 All-judging Jove. There is not in the hoft 220
 King or commander whom I hate as thee,
 For all thy pleafure is in ftrife and blood,
 And at all times; yet valour is no ground
 Whereon to boast, it is the gift of Heav'n.
 Go, get ye back to Phthia, thou and thine! 225
 There rule thy Myrmidons. I need not thee,
 Nor heed thy wrath a jot. But this I fay,

Sure

Sure as Apollo takes my lovely prize
 Chryseis, and I shall return her home
 In mine own bark, and with my proper crew, 230
 So sure the fair Briseis shall be mine.

I shall demand her even at thy tent.
 So shalt thou well be taught, how high in pow'r
 I soar above thy pitch, and none shall dare
 Attempt, thenceforth, comparison with me. 235

He ended, and the big disdainful heart
 Throbb'd of Achilles; racking doubt ensued
 And sore perplex'd him, whether forcing wide
 A passage through them, with his blade unsheathed
 To lay Atrides breathless at his foot, 240

Or to command his stormy spirit down.
 So doubted he, and undecided yet
 Stood drawing forth his falchion huge; when lo!
 Down sent by Juno, to whom both alike
 Were dear, and who alike watched over both, 245
 Pallas descended. At his back she stood

To none apparent, save himself alone,
 And seized his golden locks. Startled, he turned,
 And instant knew Minerva. Flashed her eyes
 Terrific; whom with accents on the wing 250
 Of haste, incontinent he questioned thus.

Daughter of Jove, why com'st thou? that thyself
 May'st witness these affronts which I endure
 From Agamemnon? Surely as I speak,
 This moment, for his arrogance, he dies. 255

To whom the blue-eyed Deity. From heav'n
 Mine errand is, to sooth, if thou wilt hear,

Thine anger. Juno the white-arm'd, alike
 To him and thee propitious, bade me down :
 Restrain thy wrath. Draw not thy faulchion forth. 260
 Retort, and sharply, and let that suffice.

For I foretell thee true. Thou shalt receive,
 Some future day, thrice told, thy present loss
 For this day's wrong. Cease, therefore, and be still.

To whom Achilles. Goddefs, although much 265
 Exasperate, I dare not disregard
 Thy word, which to obey is always best.
 Who hears the Gods, the Gods hear also him.

He said ; and on his silver hilt the force
 Of his broad hand impressing, sent the blade 270

Home to its rest, nor would the counsel scorn
 Of Pallas. She to heav'n well-pleas'd return'd,
 And in the mansion of Jove * Ægis-armed
 Arriving, mingled with her kindred Gods.

But though from violence, yet not from words 275
 Abstained Achilles, but with bitter taunt
 Opprobrious, his antagonist reproached.

Oh charged with wine, in steadfastness of face
 Dog unabashed, and yet at heart a deer !
 Thou never, when the troops have taken arms, 280

Hast dared to take thine also ; never thou
 Associate with Achaia's Chiefs, to form
 The secret ambush. No. The sound of war
 Is as the voice of destiny to thee.

Doubtless the course is safer far, to range 285

* The shield of Jupiter, made by Vulcan, and so called from its covering, which was the skin of the goat that suckled him.

Our num'rous host, and if a man have dared
 Dispute thy will, to rob him of his prize.
 King! over whom? Women and spiritless—
 Whom therefore thou devourest; else themselves
 Would stop that mouth that it should scoff no more. 290
 But hearken. I shall swear a solemn oath.
 By this same sceptre, which shall never bud,
 Nor boughs bring forth as once, which having left
 It's stock on the high mountains, at what time
 The woodman's ax lopped off its foliage green, 295
 And stript it's bark, shall never grow again;
 Which now the judges of Achaia bear,
 Who under Jove, stand guardians of the laws,
 By this I swear (mark thou the sacred oath)
 Time shall be, when Achilles shall be missed; 300
 When all shall want him, and thyself the pow'r
 To help the Achaians, whatsoever thy will;
 When Hector at your heels shall mow you down;
 The Hero-slaught'ring Hector! Then thy soul,
 Vexation-stung, shall tear thee with remorse, 305
 That thou hast scorn'd, as he were nothing worth,
 A Chief, the soul and bulwark of your cause.
 So saying, he cast his sceptre on the ground
 Studded with gold, and set. On th' other side
 The son of Atreus all impassion'd stood, 310
 When the harmonious orator arose
 Nestor, the Pylian oracle, whose lips
 Dropp'd eloquence—the honey not so sweet.
 Two generations past of mortals born
 In Pylus, coëtaneous with himself, 315
 He

He govern'd now the third—amid them all
He stood, and thus, benevolent, began.

Ah! what calamity hath fall'n on Greece!

Now Priam and his sons may well exult,
Now all in Ilium, shall have joy of heart 320

Abundant, hearing of this broil, the prime
Of Greece between, in council and in arms.

But be persuaded; ye are younger both
Than I, and I was conversant of old

With Princes your superiors, yet from them 325
No disrespect at any time received.

Their equals saw I never; never shall;
Exadius, Cœneus, and the God-like son

Of Ægeus, mighty Theseus; men renown'd
For force superior to the race of man. 330

Brave Chiefs they were, and with brave foes they fought,
With the rude dwellers on the mountain-heights

The Centaurs, whom with havock such as fame
Shall never cease to celebrate, they flew.

With these men I comforted erst, what time 335
From Pylus, though a land from theirs remote,

They called me forth, and such as was my strength,
With all that strength I served them. Who is he?

What Prince or Chief of the degen'rate race

Now seen on earth, who might with these compare? 340

Yet even these would listen and conform
To my advice in consultation giv'n,

Which hear ye also; for compliance proves
Oft times the safer and the manlier course.

Thou, Agamemnon! valiant as thou art, 345
Seize

Seize not the maid, his portion from the Greeks,
 But leave her his; nor thou, Achilles, strive
 With our imperial Chief; for never King
 Had equal honour at the hands of Jove
 With Agamemnon, or was throned so high. 350
 Say thou art stronger, and art Goddess-born,
 How then? His territory passes thine,
 And he is Lord of thousands more than thou.
 Cease, therefore, Agamemnon; calm thy wrath;
 And it shall be mine office to entreat 355
 Achilles also to a calm, whose might
 The chief munition is of all our host.

To whom the sov'reign of the Greeks replied,
 The son of Atreus. Thou hast spoken well,
 Old Chief, and wisely. But this wrangler here— 360
 Nought will suffice him but the highest place;
 He must controul us all, reign over all,
 Dictate to all; but he shall find at least
 One here, disposed to question his commands.
 If the eternal Gods have made him brave, 365
 Derives he thence a privilege to rail?

Whom thus Achilles interrupted fierce.
 Could I be found so abject as to take
 The measure of my doings at thy lips,
 Well might they call me coward through the camp, 370
 A vassal, and a fellow of no worth.
 Give law to others. Think not to controul
 Me, subject to thy proud commands no more.
 Hear yet again! And weigh what thou shalt hear.
 I will not strive with thee in such a cause, 375

Nor

Nor yet with any man; I scorn to fight
 For her, whom having giv'n, ye take away.
 But I have other precious things on board;
 Of those take none away without my leave.
 Or if it please thee, put me to the proof 380
 Before this whole assembly, and my spear
 Shall stream that moment, purpled with thy blood.

Thus they long time in opposition fierce
 Maintained the war of words; and now, at length,
 (The grand consult dissolved,) Achilles walked, 385
 (Patroclus and the Myrmidons his steps
 Attending) to his camp and to his fleet.

But Agamemnon order'd forth a bark,
 A swift one, manned with twice ten lusty row'rs;
 He sent on board the Hecatomb; he placed 390
 Chryseis with the blooming cheeks, himself,
 And to Ulysses gave the freight in charge.
 So all embarked, and plow'd their wat'ry way.

Atrides, next, bade purify the host;
 The host was purified, as he enjoin'd, 395
 And the ablution cast into the sea.

Then to Apollo, on the shore, they flew,
 Of the untillable and barren deep,
 Whole Hecatombs of bulls and goats, whose steam
 Slowly in smoky volumes climbed the skies. 400

Thus was the camp employed; nor ceas'd the while
 The son of Atreus from his threats denounced
 At first against Achilles, but command
 Gave to Talthybius and Eurybates
 His heralds, ever faithful to his will. 405

Haste—Seek ye both the tent of Pelcus' son
 Achilles. Thence lead hither by the hand
 Blooming Briseis, whom if he withhold,
 Not her alone, but other spoil myself
 Will take in person—He shall rue the hour. 410

With such harsh message charged he them dismissed,
 They, sad and slow, beside the barren waste
 Of Ocean, to the galleys and the tents
 Moved of the Myrmidons. Him there they found
 Beneath the shadow of his bark reclined, 415
 Nor glad at their approach. Trembling they stood,
 In presence of the royal Chief, awe-struck,
 Nor questioned him or spake. He not the less
 Knew well their embassy, and thus began.

Ye heralds, messengers of Gods and men, 420
 Hail, and draw near! I bid you welcome both.
 I blame not you; the fault is his alone
 Who sends you to conduct the damsel hence
 Briseis. Go Patroclus, gen'rous friend!
 Lead forth, and to their guidance give the maid. 425
 But be themselves my witnesses before
 The blessed Gods, before mankind, before
 The ruthless king, should want of me be felt
 To save the host from havoc*—Oh, his thoughts
 Are madness all; intelligence or skill, 430
 Forecast or retrospect, how best the camp
 May be secured from inroad, none hath he.

* The original is here abrupt, and expresses the precipitancy of the speaker by a most beautiful apophysis.

He ended, nor Patroclus disobey'd,
 But leading beautiful Briseis forth
 Into their guidance gave her; loth she went 435
 From whom she loved, and looking oft behind.

Then wept Achilles, and apart from all,
 With eyes directed to the gloomy Deep
 And arms outstretch'd, his mother suppliant fought.

Since, mother, though ordain'd so soon to die, 440
 I am thy son, I might with cause expect
 Some honour at the Thund'rer's hands, but none
 To me he flows, whom Agamemnon, Chief
 Of the Achaians, hath himself disgraced,
 Seizing by violence my just reward. 445

So prayed he weeping, whom his mother heard
 Within the gulphs of Ocean where she sat
 Beside her antient fire. From the gray flood
 Ascending fudden, like a mist, she came,
 Sat down before him, stroak'd his face, and said. 450

Why weeps my son? and what is thy distress?
 Hide not a sorrow that I wish to share.

To whom Achilles, sighing deep, replied.
 Why tell thee woes to thee already known?
 At Thebes, Eëtion's city, we arrived, 455
 Smote, sack'd it, and brought all the spoil away.

Just distribution made among the Greeks,
 The son of Atreus for his lot received
 Blooming Chryseis. Her, Apollo's priest
 Old Chryses followed to Achaia's camp, 460

That he might loose his daughter. Ransom rich
 He brought, and in his hands the hallow'd wreath

And

And golden sceptre of the Archer God
 Apollo, bore; to the whole Grecian host,
 But chiefly to the foremost in command 465
 He sued, the sons of Atreus; then, the rest
 All recommended reverence of the Seer,
 And prompt acceptance of his costly gifts,
 But Agamemnon might not so be pleased,
 Who gave him rude dismissal; he, in wrath 470
 Returning, prayed, whose pray'r Apollo heard,
 For much he lov'd him. A pestif'rous shaft
 He instant shot into the Grecian host,
 And heap'd the people died. His arrows swept
 The whole wide camp of Greece, 'till at the last 475
 A Seer, by Phœbus taught, explain'd the cause.
 I first advis'd propitiation. Rage
 Fired Agamemnon. Rising, he denounced
 Vengeance, and hath fulfilled it. She, in truth,
 Is gone to Chrysa, and with her we send 480
 Propitiation also to the King
 Shaft-arm'd Apollo. But my beauteous prize
 Briseis, mine by the award of all,
 His Heralds, at this moment, lead away.
 But thou, wherein thou can'st, aid thy own son! 485
 Hasten hence to Heav'n, and if thy word or deed
 Hath ever gratified the heart of Jove,
 With earnest suit press him on my behalf.
 For I, not seldom, in my father's hall
 Have heard thee boasting, how when once the Gods, 490
 With Juno, Neptune, Pallas at their head,
 Conspired to bind the Thund'rer, thou did'st loose

His band, O Goddess! calling to his aid
 The Hundred-handed warrior, by the Gods
 Briareus, but by men Ægeon named. 495

For he in prowess and in might surpassed
 His father Neptune, who, enthroned sublime,
 Sits second only to Saturnian Jove,
 Elate with glory and joy. Him all the Gods
 Fearing from that bold enterprize abstained. 500

Now, therefore, of these things reminding Jove,
 Embrace his knees; entreat him that he give
 The host of Troy his succour, and shut fast
 The routed Grecians, pris'ners in the fleet,¹
 That all may find much * solace in their King, 505
 And that the mighty sovereign o'er them all,
 Their Agamemnon, may himself be taught
 His rashness, who hath thus dishonour'd foul
 The life itself, and bulwark of his cause.

To him, with streaming eyes, Thetis replied. 510
 Born as thou wast to sorrow, ah, my son!
 Why have I rear'd thee? Would that without tears,
 Or cause for tears (transient as is thy life,
 A little span) thy days might pass at Troy!
 But short and sorrowful the fates ordain 515

Thy life, peculiar trouble must be thine,
 Whom, therefore, Oh that I had never borne!
 But seeking the Olympian hill snow-crown'd,
 I will myself plead for thee in the ear
 Of Jove, the Thund'rer. Meantime at thy fleet 520
 Abiding, let thy wrath against the Greeks

* *ἠράματα*.

Still burn, and altogether cease from war.
 For to the banks of the * Oceanus,
 Where Æthiopia holds a feast to Jove,
 He journey'd yesterday, with whom the Gods 525
 Went also, and the twelfth day brings them home.
 Then will I to his brazen-floor'd abode,
 That I may clasp his knees, and much misdeem
 Of my endeavour, or my prayer shall speed.

So saying, she went; but him she left enraged 530
 For fair Briseis' sake, forced from his arms
 By stress of pow'r. Meantime Ulysses came
 To Chrysa with the Hecatomb in charge.
 Arrived within the haven † deep, their sails
 Furling, they stowed them in the bark below. 535
 Then by its tackle low'ring swift the mast
 Into its crutch, they briskly push'd to land,
 Heav'd anchors out, and moor'd the vessel fast.
 Forth came the mariners, and trod the beach;
 Forth came the victims of Apollo next, 540
 And, last, Chryseis. Her Ulysses led
 Toward the altar, gave her to the arms
 Of her own father, and him thus address'd.

O Chryses! Agamemnon, King of men,
 Hath sent thy daughter home, with whom we bring 545
 An Hecatomb on all our hosts behalf
 To Phœbus, hoping to appease the God
 By whose dread shafts the Argives now expire.

* A name by which we are frequently to understand the Nile in Homer.

† The original word (παραλιθίως) seems to express variety of soundings, an idea probably not to be conveyed in an English epithet.

So saying, he gave her to him, who with joy
 Received his daughter. Then, before the shrine 550
 Magnificent in order due they ranged

The noble Hecatomb. Each laved his hands
 And took the salted meal, and Chryses made
 His fervent pray'r with hands upraised on high.

God of the silver bow, who with thy pow'r 555
 Encirclest Chrysa, and who reign'st supreme
 In Tenedos, and Cilla the divine!

Thou provid'st propitious to my first request,
 Hast honour'd me, and punish'd fore the Greeks;
 Hear yet thy servant's pray'r; take from their host 560
 At once the loathsome pestilence away!

So Chryses prayed, whom Phœbus heard well-pleas'd;
 Then prayed the Grecians also, and with meal
 Sprinkling the victims, their retracted necks
 First pierc'd, then flay'd them; the disjointed thighs 565
 They, next, invested with the double cawl,
 Which with crude flices thin they overspread.

The priest burned incense, and libation poured
 Large on the hissing brands, while, him beside,
 Busy with spit and prong, stood many a youth 570
 Trained to the task. The thighs with fire consumed,
 They gave to each his portion of the maw,
 Then flash'd the remnant, pierc'd it with the spits,
 And managing with culinary skill

The roast, withdrew it from the spits again. 575
 Their whole task thus accomplish'd, and the board
 Set forth, they feasted, and were all suffic'd.

When neither hunger more nor thirst remained

Unsatisfied,

Unfatisfied, boys crown'd the beakers high
 With wine delicious, and from right to left 580
 Distributing the cups, serv'd ev'ry guest.
 Thenceforth the youths of the Achaian race
 To song propitiatory gave the day,
 Pæans to Phœbus, Archer of the skies,
 Chaunting melodious. Pleas'd, Apollo heard. 635
 But, when, the sun descending, darkness fell,
 They on the beach beside their hawfers slept;
 And, when the day spring's daughter, rosy-palm'd
 Aurora lock'd abroad, then back they steer'd
 To the vast camp. Fair wind, and blowing fresh, 590
 Apollo sent them; quick they rear'd the mast,
 Then spread th' unfullied canvas to the gale,
 And the wind filled it. Roared the fable flood
 Around the bark, that ever as she went
 Dash'd wide the brine, and scudded swift away. 595
 Thus reaching soon the spacious camp of Greece,
 Their galley they updrew sheer o'er the sands
 From the rude surge remote, then propp'd her sides
 With scantlings long, and fought their sev'ral tents.
 But Peleus' noble son, the speed-renown'd 600
 Achilles, he, his well-built bark beside,
 Consum'd his hours, nor would in council more,
 Where wise men win distinction, or in fight
 Appear, to sorrow and heart-with'ring woe
 Abandon'd; though for battle, ardent, still 605
 He panted, and the shout-refounding field.
 But when the twelfth fair morrow streak'd the East,
 Then all the everlasting Gods to Heav'n

Reforted,

Reforted, with the Thund'rer at their head,
 And Thetis, not unmindful of her son 610
 From the salt flood emerged, seeking betimes
 Olympus and the boundless fields of heav'n.
 High, on the topmost eminence sublime
 Of the deep-fork'd Olympian she perceiv'd
 The Thund'rer seated, from the Gods apart. 615
 She sat before him, clasped with her left hand
 His knees, her right beneath his chin she placed,
 And thus the King, Saturnian Jove, implored.

Father of all, by all that I have done
 Or said that ever pleased thee, grant my suit. 620
 Exalt my son, by destiny short-liv'd
 Beyond the lot of others. Him with shame
 The King of men hath overwhelm'd, by force.
 Usurping his just meed; thou, therefore, Jove,
 Supreme in wisdom, honour him, and give 625
 Success to Troy, till all Achaia's sons
 Shall yield him honour more than he hath lost!

She spake, to whom the Thund'rer nought replied,
 But silent sat long time. She, as her hand
 Had grown there, still importunate, his knees 630
 Clasp'd as at first, and thus her suit renew'd.

Or grant my prayer, and ratify the grant,
 Or send me hence (for thou hast none to fear)
 Plainly refused; that I may know and feel
 By how much I am least of all in heav'n. 635

To whom the cloud-assembler at the last
 Spake, deep-distress'd. Hard task and full of strife
 Thou hast enjoined me; Juno will not spare

For gibe and taunt injurious, whose complaint
 Sounds daily in the ears of all the Gods, 640
 That I assist the Trojans; but depart,
 Left she observe thee; my concern shall be
 How best I may perform thy full desire.
 And to assure thee more, I give the sign
 Indubitable, which all fear expells 645
 At once from heavenly minds. Nought, so confirmed,
 May, after, be reversed or render'd vain.

He ceased, and under his dark brows the nod
 Vouchsafed of confirmation. All around
 The Sov'reign's everlasting head his curls 650
 Ambrosial shook, and the huge mountain reeled.

Their conf'rence closed, they parted. She, at once,
 From bright Olympus plunged into the flood
 Profound, and Jove to his own courts withdrew.
 Together all the Gods, at his approach, 655
 Uprose; none sat expectant till he came,
 But all advanced to meet th' Eternal Sire.
 So on his throne he sat. Nor Juno him
 Not understood; she, watchful, had observed,
 In consultation close with Jove engaged 660
 Thetis, bright-footed daughter of the deep,
 And keen the son of Saturn thus reproved.

Shrewd as thou art, who now hath had thine ear?
 Thy joy is ever such, from me apart
 To plan and plot clandestine, and thy thoughts, 665
 Think what thou may'st, are always barred to me.

To whom the father, thus, of heav'n and earth.
 Expect not, Juno, that thou shalt partake

My counfels at all times, which oft in height
 And depth, thy comprehension far exceed, 670
 Jove's confort as thou art. When aught occurs
 Meet for thine ear, to none will I impart
 Of Gods or men more free than to thyfelf.
 But for my fecret thoughts, which I withhold
 From all in heav'n befide, them fearch not thou 675
 With irkfome curiofity and vain.

Him answer'd then the Goddefs ample-eyed
 What word hath paffed thy lips, Saturnian Jove,
 Thou moft fevere! I never fearch thy thoughts,
 Nor the ferenity of thy profound 680
 Intentions trouble; they are fafe from me;
 But now there feems a caufe. Deeply I dread
 Left Thetis, filver-footed daughter fair
 Of Ocean's hoary Sov'reign, here arrived
 At early dawn to practice on thee, Jove! 685
 I noticed her a fuitrefs at thy knees,
 And much mifdeem or promife-bound thou ftand'ft
 To Thetis paff recall, t' exalt her fon,
 And Greeks to fllaughter thoufands at the fhips.
 To whom the cloud-affembler God, incensed. 690
 Ah fubtle! Ever teeming with furmife,
 And fathomer of my concealed defigns,
 Thy toil is vain, or (which is worfe for thee)
 Shall but efrange thee from mine heart the more.
 And be it as thou fayeft—I am well pleafed 695
 That fo it fhould be. Be advifed, defift,
 Hold thou thy peace. Elfe, if my glorious hands

Once

Once reach thee, the Olympian Pow'rs combined
To rescue thee, shall interfere in vain.

He said,—whom Juno, awful Goddess, heard 700
Appall'd, and mute submitted to his will.

But through the courts of Jove the heav'nly Pow'rs
All felt displeasure; when to them arose
Vulcan, illustrious artist, who with speech
Conciliatory interposed to sooth 705

His white-arm'd mother Juno, Goddess dread.

Hard doom is ours, and not to be endured,
If feast and merriment must pause in heav'n
While ye such clamour raise tumultuous here
For man's unworthy sake; yet thus we speed 710
Ever, when evil overpoises good.

But I exhort my mother, though herself
Already warn'd, that meekly she submit
To Jove our father, lest our father chide
More roughly, and confusion mar the feast. 715

For the Olympian Thund'rer could with ease
Us from our thrones precipitate, so far
He reigns to all superior. Seek to assuage
His anger therefore; so shall he with smiles
Chear thee, nor thee alone, but all in heav'n. 720

So Vulcan, and, upstarting, placed a cup
Full-charged between his mother's hands, and said.

My mother, be advised, and, though aggrieved,
Yet patient; lest I see thee whom I love
So dear, with stripes chastized before my face, 725
Willing, but impotent to give thee aid.

Who can resist the Thund'rer? Me, when once

I flew to save thee, by the foot he seiz'd
 And hurl'd me through the portal of the skies.
 "From morn to eve I fell, a summers' day," 730
 And dropped, at last, in Lemnos. There half-dead
 The Sintians found me, and with succour prompt
 And hospitable, entertained me fall'n.

So He; then Juno smiled, Goddess white-arm'd,
 And smiling still, from his *unwonted hand 735
 Received the goblet. He from right to left
 Rich nectar from the beaker drawn, alert
 Distributed to all the pow'rs divine.
 Heav'n rang with laughter inextinguishable
 Peal after peal, such pleasure all conceived 740
 At sight of Vulcan in his new employ.

So spent they in festivity the day,
 And all were cheered; nor was Apollo's harp
 Silent, nor did the Muses spare to add
 Responsive melody of vocal sweets. 745
 But when the sun's bright orb had now declined,
 Each to his mansion, wheresoever built
 By the lame matchless Architect, withdrew.
 Jove also, kindler of the fires of heav'n,
 His couch ascending as at other times 750
 When gentle sleep approach'd him, slept serene,
 With golden-sceptred Juno at his side.

* The reader, in order that he may partake with the Gods in the drollery of this scene, should observe that the crippled and distorted Vulcan had thrust himself into an office at all other times administer'd either by Hebe or Ganymede.

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

S E C O N D B O O K.

Jupiter, in pursuance of his purpose to distress the Grecians in answer to the prayer of Thetis, deceives Agamemnon by a dream. He, in consequence of it, calls a council, the result of which is that the army shall go forth to battle. Therites is mutinous, and is chastized by Ulysses. Ulysses, Nestor and Agamemnon harangue the people; and preparation is made for battle. An exact account follows of the forces on both sides.

B O O K I I.

ALL night both Gods and Chiefs equestrian slept,
But not the Sire of all. He, waking soon,
Mused how to exalt Achilles, and destroy
No few in battle at the Grecian fleet.
This counsel, at the last, as best he chose 5
And likeliest; to dispatch an evil Dream
To Agamemnon's tent, and to his side
The phantom summoning, him thus addressed.
Haste, evil Dream! Fly to the Grecian fleet,
And, ent'ring royal Agamemnon's tent, 10
His ear possess thou thus, omitting nought
Of all that I enjoin thee. Bid him arm
His universal host, for that the time
When the Achaians shall at length possess
Wide Ilium, hath arrived. The Gods above 15
No

No longer dwell at variance. The request
Of Juno hath prevail'd; now, Woe to Troy!

So charged, the Dream departed. At the ships
Well-built arriving of Achaia's host,
He Agamemnon, son of Atreus, fought. 20

Him sleeping in his tent he found, immerfed
In soft repose ambrosial. At his head
The shadow stood, similitude exact
Of Nestor, son of Neleus; sage, with whom
In Agamemnon's thought might none compare. 25
His form assumed, the sacred Dream began.

Oh son of Atreus the renown'd in arms
And in the race! Sleep'ft thou? It ill behoves
To sleep all night the man of high employ,
And charged, as thou art, with a people's care. 30

Now, therefore, mark me well, who, sent from Jove,
Inform thee, that although so far remote,
He yet compassionates and thinks on thee
With kind sollicitude. He bids thee arm
Thine univerfal host, for that the time 35

When the Achaians shall at length possess
Wide Ilium, hath arrived. The Gods above
No longer dwell at variance. The requests
Of Juno have prevail'd. Now, woe to Troy
From Jove himself! Her fate is on the wing. 40
Awaking from thy dewy slumbers, hold
In firm remembrance all that thou hast heard.

So spake the Dream, and vanishing, him left
In false hopes occupied and musings vain.
Full sure he thought, ignorant of the plan 45
By

By Jove design'd, that day the last of Troy.
 Fond thought! For toils and agonies to Greeks
 And Trojans both, in many a bloody field
 To be endured, The Thund'rer yet ordain'd.
 Starting he woke, and seeming still to hear 50
 The warning voice divine, with hasty leap
 Sprang from his bed, and sat. His fleecy vest
 New-woven he put on, and mantle wide;
 His sandals fair to his unfullied feet
 He braced, and slung his argent-studded sword. 55
 Then, incorruptible for evermore
 The sceptre of his fires he took, with which
 He issued forth into the camp of Greece.

Aurora now on the Olympian heights
 Proclaiming stood new day to all in heav'n, 60
 When he his clear-voiced heralds bade convene
 The Greeks in council. Went the summons forth
 Into all quarters, and the throng began.
 First, at the ship of Nestor, Pylia King,
 The senior Chiefs for high exploits renown'd 65
 He gather'd, whom he prudent thus address'd.

My fellow-warriors hear! A dream from heav'n,
 Amid the stillness of the vacant night
 Approach'd me, semblance close in stature, bulk,
 And air, of noble Nestor. At mine head 70
 The shadow took his stand, and thus he spake.

Oh son of Atreus the renown'd in arms
 And in the race, sleep'st thou? It ill behoves
 To sleep all night the man of high employ,
 And charged as thou art with a people's care. 75

Now

Now, therefore, mark me well, who, sent from Jove,
 Inform thee, that although so far remote,
 He yet compaffionates and thinks on thee
 With kind folicitude. He bids thee arm
 Thine univerfal hoft; for that the time 80
 When the Achaians fhall at length poffefs
 Wide Ilium, hath arrived. The Gods above
 No longer dwell at variance. The requests
 Of Juno have prevail'd. Now, woe to Troy
 From Jove himfelf! Her fate is on the wing. 85
 Charge this on thy remembrance. Thus he fpake,
 Then vanifhed fuddenly, and I awoke.

Hafte therefore, let us arm, *if arm we may,
 The warlike fons of Greece; but firft, myfelf
 Will prove them, recommending instant flight 90
 With all our fhips, and ye throughout the hoft
 Difperfed, fhall, next, encourage all to ftay.

He ceafed, and fat; when in the midft arofe
 Of higheft fame for wifdom, Neftor, King
 Of fandy Pylus, who them thus befpoke. 95

Friends, Counfellors, and Leaders of the Greeks!
 Had any meaner Argive told his dream,
 We had pronounced it falfe, and fhould the more
 Have fhunk from battle; but the dream is his
 Who boafts himfelf our Higheft in command. 100
 Hafte, arm we, if we may, the fons of Greece.

So faying, he left the council; him, at once,
 The fceptred Chiefs, obedient to his voice,

* Agamemnon feems to entertain fome doubts left the army fhould fo resent his treatment of their favorite Achilles, as to be indisposed to ferve him.

Arising, follow'd; and the throng began.
 As from the hollow rock bees stream abroad, 105
 And in succession endless seek the fields,
 Now clust'ring, and now scattered far and near,
 In spring-time, among all the new-blown flowers,
 So they to council swarm'd, troop after troop,
 Grecians of ev'ry tribe, from camp and fleet 110
 Assembling orderly o'er all the plain
 Beside the shore of Ocean. In the midst
 A kindling rumour, messenger of Jove,
 Impell'd them, and they went. Loud was the din
 Of the assembling thousands; groan'd the earth 115
 When down they sat, and murmurs ran around.
 Nine heralds cried aloud—will ye refrain
 Your clamours, that your heav'n-taught Kings may speak?
 Scarce were they settled, and the clang had ceased,
 When Agamemnon, sov'reign o'er them all, 120
 Sceptre in hand, arose. (That sceptre erst
 Vulcan with labour forged and to the hand
 Consign'd it of the King, Saturnian Jove;
 Jove to the * vanquisher of Ino's † guard,
 And he to Pelops; Pelops, in his turn, 125
 To royal Atreus; Atreus at his death
 Bequeath'd it to Thyestes rich in flocks,
 And rich Thyestes left it to be borne
 By Agamemnon, symbol of his right
 To empire over Argos and her isles) 130
 On that he lean'd, and, rapid, thus began.

* Mercury.

† Argus.

Friends, Grecian Heroes, ministers of Mars!
 Ye see me here entangled in the snares
 Of unpropitious Jove. He promised once,
 And with a nod confirm'd it, that with spoils 135
 Of Ilium laden, we should hence return;
 But now, devising ill, he sends me shamed,
 And with diminished numbers, home to Greece.
 So stands his sov'reign pleasure, who hath laid
 The bulwarks of full many a city low, 140
 And more shall level, matchless in his might.
 That such a numerous host of Greeks as we,
 Warring with fewer than ourselves, should find
 No fruit of all our toil, (and none appears):
 Will make us vile with ages yet to come. 145
 For should we now strike truce, till Greece and Troy
 Might number each her own, and were the Greeks
 Distributed in bands, ten Greeks in each,
 Our banded decads should exceed so far
 Their units, that all Troy could not supply 150
 For ev'ry ten, a man, to fill us wine;
 So far th' Achaians, in my thought, surpass
 The native Trojans. But in Troy are those
 Who baffle much my purpose; aids derived
 From other states, spear-arm'd auxiliars, firm 155
 In the defence of Ilium's lofty tow'rs.
 Nine years have passed us over, nine long years;
 Our ships are rotted, and our tackle marred,
 And all our wives and little-ones at home
 Sit watching our return, while this attempt 160
 Hangs still in doubt, for which that home we left.

Accept

Accept ye then my counsel. Fly we swift
 With all our fleet back to our native land,
 Hopeless of Troy, not yet to be subdued.

So spake the King, whom all the concourse heard 165
 With minds in tumult tossed; all, save the few,

Partners of his intent. Commotion shook
 The whole assembly, such as heaves the flood
 Of the Icarian Deep, when South and East
 Burst forth together from the clouds of Jove. 170

And as when vehement the West-wind falls
 On standing corn mature, the loaded ears
 Innumerable bow before the gale,
 So was the council shaken. With a shout

All flew toward the ships; uprais'd, the dust 175
 Stood o'er them; universal was the cry,

“ Now clear the passages, strike down the props,
 “ Set every vessel free, launch, and away !”

Heaven rang with exclamation of the host
 All homeward bent, and launching glad the fleet. 180

Then baffled Fate had the Achæians seen
 Returning premature, but Juno thus,

With admonition quick to Pallas spake.

Unconquer'd daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd !
 Ah foul dishonour ! Is it thus at last 185

That the Achæians on the billows borne,
 Shall seek again their country, leaving here,

To be the vaunt of Ilium and her King,
 Helen of Argos, in whose cause the Greeks

Have num'rous perish'd from their home remote? 190
 Haste ! Seek the mail-arm'd multitude, by force

Detain them of thy soothing speech, e'er yet
All launch their oary barks into the flood.

She spake, nor did Minerva not comply,
But darting swift from the Olympian heights, 195
Reach'd soon Achaia's fleet. There, she perceived
Prudent as Jove himself, Ulysses; firm
He stood; he touch'd not even with his hand
His fable bark, for sorrow whelm'd his soul.
The Athenæan Goddess azure-eyed 200
Beside him stood, and thus the Chief bespake.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Why seek ye, thus precipitate, your ships?
Intend ye flight? And is it thus at last,
That the Achaians on the billows borne, 205
Shall seek again their country, leaving here,
To be the vaunt of Ilium and her King,
Helen of Argos, in whose cause the Greeks
Have num'rous perish'd from their home remote?
Delay not. Rush into the throng; by force 210
Detain them of thy soothing speech, e'er yet
All launch their oary barks into the flood.

She ceased, whom by her voice Ulysses knew.
Casting his mantle from him, which his friend
Eurybates the Ithacensian caught, 215
He ran; and in his course meeting the son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, from his hand
The everlasting sceptre quick received,
Which bearing, through Achaia's fleet he pass'd.
What King soever, or distinguish'd Greek 220
He found, approaching to his side, in terms

Of gentle fort he stay'd him. Sir, he cried,
 It is unfeemly that a man renown'd
 As thou, should tremble. Go—Resume the feat
 Which thou hast left, and bid the people fit. 225
 Thou know'ft not clearly yet the monarch's mind.
 He proves us now, but soon he will chastize.
 All were not present; few of us have heard
 His speech this day in council. Oh, beware,
 Left in resentment of this hasty course 230
 Irregular, he let his anger loose.

Dread is the anger of a King; he reigns
 By Jove's own ord'nance, and is dear to Jove.

But what plebeian base fo 'ere he heard
 Stretching his throat to swell the gen'ral cry, 235
 He lay'd the sceptre smartly on his back,
 With reprimand severe. Fellow, he said,
 Sit still; hear others; thy superiors hear.
 For who art thou? A dastard and a drone,
 Of none account in council, or in arms. 240
 By no means may we all alike bear sway
 At Ilium; such plurality of Kings
 Were evil. One suffices. One, to whom
 The son of politic Saturn hath assign'd
 The sceptre, and inforcement of the laws, 245
 That he may rule us as a monarch ought.

With such authority the troubled host
 He sway'd; they, quitting camp and fleet again,
 Rush'd back to council; deaf'ning was the sound
 As when a billow of the boist'rous deep 250
 Some broad beach dashes, and the ocean roars.

The host all feated, and the benches fill'd,
 Therfites only of loquacious tongue
 Ungovern'd, clamour'd mutinous; a wretch
 Of utt'rance prompt, but in coarfe phrafe obfcene 255
 Deep-learn'd alone, with which to flander Kings.
 Might he but fet the rabble in a roar,
 He cared not with what jeft; of all from Greece
 To Ilium fent, his country's chief reproach.
 Crofs-eyed he was, and halting moved on legs 260
 Ill-pair'd; his gibbous foulders o'er his breaft
 Contracted, pinched it; to a peak his head
 Was moulded fharp, and fprinkled thin with hair
 Of ftarveling length, flimy and foft as down.
 Achilles and Ulyffes had incurred 265
 Moft his averfion; them he never fpared;
 But now, imperial Agamemnon 'felf
 In piercing accents ftridulous he charged
 With foul reproach. The Grecians with contempt
 Liften'd, and indignation, while with voice 270
 At higheft pitch, he thus the monarch mock'd.

What would'ft thou now? Whereof is thy complaint
 Now, Agamemnon? Thou haft fill'd thy tents
 With treasure, and the Grecians, when they take
 A city, chufe the lovelieft girls for thee. 275
 Is gold thy wifh? More gold? A ranfom brought
 By fome chief Trojan for his fon's release,
 Whom I, or other valiant Greek may bind?
 Or would'ft thou yet a virgin, one, by right
 Another's claim, but made by force thine own? 280
 It was not well, great Sir, that thou fhould'ft bring
 A plague

A plague on the Achaians, as of late.

But come, my Grecian sifters, foldiers named
Unfitly, of a sex too soft for war,

Come, let us homeward; let him here digest 285

What he shall gorge, alone; that he may learn
If our assistance profit him or not.

For when he shamed Achilles, he disgraced

A Chief far worthier than himself, whose prize

He now withholds. But tush—Achilles lacks 290

Himself the spirit of a man; no gall

Hath he within him, or his hand long since

* Had stopped that mouth, that it should scoff no more.

Thus, mocking royal Agamemnon, spake

Thersites. Instant starting to his side, 295

Noble Ulysses with indignant brows

Survey'd him, and him thus reproved severe.

Thersites! Railer!—peace. Think not thyself,

Although thus eloquent, alone exempt

From obligation not to slander Kings. 300

I deem thee most contemptible, the worst

Of Agamemnon's followers to the war;

Prefume not then to take the names revered

Of Sov'reigns on thy fordid lips, to asperse

Their sacred character, and to appoint 305

The Greeks a time when they shall voyage home.

How soon, how late, with what success at last

We shall return, we know not; but because

Achaia's heroes num'rous spoils allot

* The extremest provocation is implied in this expression, which Thersites quotes exactly as he had heard it from the lips of Achilles.

To Agamemnon, Leader of the host, 310

Thou therefore from thy seat revil'ft the King.

But mark me. If I find thee, as ev'n now,

Raving and foaming at the lips again,

May never man behold Ulyffes' head

On thefe my fhoulders more, and may my fon 315

Prove the begotten of another Sire,

If I not ftrip thee to that hide of thine

As bare as thou waft born, and whip thee hence

Home to thy galley, fniveling like a boy.

He ceas'd, and with his fceptre on the back: 320

And fhoulders fmote him. Writhing to and fro,

He wept profufe, while many a bloody wheelk

Protuberant beneath the fceptre fprang.

Awe-quell'd he fat, and from his vifage mean,

Deep-fighing, wiped the rheums. It was no time 325

For mirth, yet mirth illumined every face,

And laughing, thus they fpake. A thousand acts

Illuftrious, both by well-concerted plans

And prudent difpofition of the host

Ulyffes hath atchieved, but this by far 330

Transcends his former praife, that he hath quell'd

Such contumelious rhetoric profufe.

The valiant talker fhall not foon, we judge,

Take liberties with royal names again.

So fpake the multitude. Then, fretching forth 335

The fceptre, city-fpoiler Chief, arofe

Ulyffes. Him befide, herald in form,

Appeared Minerva. Silence ſhe enjoined

To all, that all Achaia's fons might hear,

Foremost and rearmost, and might weigh his words. 340
 He then his counsel, prudent, thus propos'd.
 Atrides! Monarch! The Achaians seek
 To make thee ignominious above all
 In sight of all mankind. None recollects
 His promise more in steed-famed Argos pledg'd, 345
 Here to abide till Ilium wall'd to heav'n
 Should vanquish'd sink, and all her wealth be ours.
 No—now, like widow'd women, or weak boys,
 They whimper to each other, wishing home.
 And home, I grant, to the afflicted soul 350
 Seems *pleasant. The poor seaman from his wife
 One month detain'd, cheerless his ship and sad
 Possesses, by the force of wint'ry blasts,
 And by the billows of the troubled deep
 Fast lock'd in port. But us the ninth long year 355
 Revolving, finds camp'd under Ilium still.
 I therefore blame not, if they mourn beside
 Their fable barks, the Grecians. Yet the shame
 That must attend us after absence long
 Returning unsuccessful, who can bear? 360
 Be patient, friends! wait only till we learn
 If Calchas truly prophesied, or not;
 For well we know, and I to all appeal,
 Whom Fate hath not already snatch'd away,
 (It seems but yesterday, or at the most 365
 A day or two before) that when the ships
 Woe-fraught for Priam, and the race of Troy,

* Some for πόνος here read πόθος; which reading I have adopted for the sake both of perspicuity and connexion.

At Aulis met, and we beside the fount
 With perfect hecatombs the Gods adored
 Beneath the plane-tree, from whose root a stream 370
 Ran chrystal-clear, there we beheld a sign
 Wonderful in all eyes. A serpent huge,
 Tremendous spectacle! with crimfon spots
 His back all dappled, by Olympian Jove
 Himself protruded, from the altar's foot 375
 Slipp'd into light, and glided to the tree.
 There on the top-moft bough, close-cover'd fat
 With foliage broad, eight sparrows, younglings all,
 Then newly feather'd, with their dam, the ninth.
 The little-ones lamenting shrill he gorged, 380
 While, wheeling o'er his head, with screams the dam
 Bewail'd her darling brood. Her also, next,
 Hov'ring and clamouring, he by the wing
 Within his spiry folds drew, and devoured.
 All eaten thus, the nestlings and the dam, 385
 The God who sent him, signaliz'd him too,
 For him Saturnian Jove transform'd to stone.
 We wond'ring stood, to see that strange portent
 Intrude itself into our holy rites,
 When Calchas, instant, thus the sign explain'd. 390
 Why stand ye, Greeks, astonish'd? Ye behold
 A prodigy by Jove himself produced,
 An omen, whose accomplishment indeed
 Is distant, but whose fame shall never die.
 Even as this serpent in your sight devour'd 395
 Eight youngling sparrows, with their dam, the ninth,
 So we nine years must war on yonder plain,
 And

And in the tenth, wide-bulwark'd Troy is ours.

So spake the seer, and as he spake, is done.

Wait, therefore, brave Achaians! go not hence
Till Priam's spacious city be your prize. 400

He ceased, and such a shout ensued, that all
The hollow ships the deaf'ning roar return'd
Of acclamation, every voice the speech
Extolling of Ulysses, glorious Chief. 405

Then Nestor the Gerenian, warrior old,
Arising, spake; and, by the Gods, he said,
Ye more resemble children inexpert
In war, than disciplined and prudent men.
Where now are all your promises and vows, 410

Councils, libations, right-hand covenants?
Burn them, since all our occupation here
Is to debate and wrangle, whereof end
Or fruit, though long we wait, shall none be found.
But, Sov'reign, be not thou appall'd. Be firm. 415

Relax not aught of thine accustomed sway,
But set the battle forth as thou art wont.
And if there be a Grecian, here and there,
One*, adverse to the gen'ral voice, let such
Wither alone. He shall not see his wish 420
Gratified, neither will we hence return

To Argos, 'ere events shall yet have proved
Jove's promise false or true. For when we climb'd
Our gallant barks full-charged with Ilium's fate,
Saturnian Jove omnipotent, that day, 425

* Nestor is supposed here to glance at Achilles.

(Omen propitious!) thunder'd on the right.
 Let no man therefore pant for home, till each
 Possess a Trojan spouse, and from her lips
 Take sweet revenge for Helen's pangs of heart.
 Who then? What soldier languishes and sighs 430
 To leave us? Let him dare to lay his hand
 On his own vessel, and he dies the first.
 But hear, O King! I shall suggest a course
 Not trivial. Agamemnon! fort the Greeks
 By districts and by tribes, that tribe may tribe 435
 Support, and each his fellow. This performed,
 And with consent of all, thou shalt discern
 With ease, what Chief, what private man deserts,
 And who performs his part. The base, the brave,
 Such disposition made, shall both appear; 440
 And thou shalt also know, if heaven or we,
 The Gods, or our supineness, succour Troy.
 To whom Atrides, King of men, replied.
 Old Chief! Thou passest all Achaia's sons
 In consultation; would to Jove our Sire, 445
 To Athenæan Pallas, and Apollo!
 That I had ten such coadjutors, wise
 As thou art, and the royal city soon
 Of Priam, with her wealth, should all be ours.
 But me the son of Saturn, Jove supreme 450
 Himself afflicts, who in contentious broils
 Involves me, and in altercation vain.
 Thence all that wordy tempest for a girl
 Achilles and myself between, and I

The fierce aggressor. Be that breach but heal'd! 455
 And Troy's reprieve thenceforth is at an end.

Go—take refreshment now, that we may march
 Forth to our enemies. Let each whet well
 His spear, brace well his shield, well feed his brisk
 High-mettled horses, well survey and search 460
 His chariot on all sides, that no defect
 Disgrace his bright habiliments of war.

So will we give the day from morn to eve
 To dreadful battle. Pause there shall be none
 Till night divide us. Ev'ry buckler's thong 465
 Shall sweat on the toil'd bosom, every hand
 That shakes the spear shall ache, and every steed
 Shall smoke that whirls the chariot o'er the plain.

Woe then to whom I shall discover here
 Loitering among the tents; let him escape 470
 My vengeance if he can. The vulture's maw
 Shall have his carcase, and the dogs his bones.

He spake; whom all applauded with a shout
 Loud as against some headland cliff the waves
 Roll'd by the stormy South o'er rocks that shoot 475
 Afar into the deep, which in all winds
 The flood still overspreads, blow whence they may.

Arising, forth they rush'd, among the ships
 All scatter'd; smoke from ev'ry tent arose,
 The host their food preparing; next, his God 480
 Each man invoked (of the Immortals him
 Whom he preferr'd) with sacrifice and pray'r
 For safe escape from danger and from death.
 But Agamemnon to Saturnian Jove

Omnipotent,

Omnipotent, an ox of the fifth year 485
 Full-flesh'd devoted, and the Princes call'd
 Noblest of all the Grecians to his feast.
 First, Nestor with Idomeneus the King,
 Then either Ajax, and the son he call'd
 Of Tydeus, with Ulysses sixth and last, 490
 Jove's peer in wisdom. Menelaus went,
 Heroic Chief! unbidden, for he knew
 His brother's mind with weight of care oppress'd.
 The ox encircling, and their hands with meal
 Of consecration fill'd, th' assembly stood, 495
 When Agamemnon thus his pray'r prefer'd.

Almighty Father! Glorious above all!
 Cloud-girt, who dwell'st in heav'n thy throne sublime,
 Let not the sun go down, till Priam's roof
 Fall flat into the flames; till I shall burn 500
 His gates with fire; till I shall hew away
 His hack'd and riven corslet from the breast
 Of Hector, and till num'rous Chiefs, his friends,
 Around him, prone in dust, shall bite the ground.

So prayed he, but with none effect. The God 505
 Received his off'ring, but to double toil
 Doomed them, and sorrow more than all the past.

They then, the triturated barley grain
 First duly sprinkling, the sharp steel infix'd
 Deep in the victim's neck reversed, then stripped 510
 The carcase, and divided at their joint
 The thighs, which in the double cawl involved
 They spread with slices crude, and burn'd with fire
 Ascending fierce from billets feer and dry.

The spitted entrails next they o'er the coals
 Suspended held. The thighs with fire consum'd,
 They gave to each his portion of the maw,
 Then flash'd the remnant, pierced it with the spits,
 And managing with culinary skill
 The roast, withdrew it from the spits again. 515
 Thus, all their task accomplish'd, and the board
 Set forth, they feasted, and were all sufficed.
 When neither hunger more nor thirst remain'd
 Unsatisfied, Gerenian Nestor spake.

Atrides! Agamemnon! King of men!
 No longer waste we time in uselefs words,
 Nor to a distant hour postpone the work
 To which heav'n calls thee. Send thine heralds forth,
 Who shall convene th' Achaians at the fleet,
 That we, the Chiefs assembled here, may range 525
 Together, the imbattled multitude,
 And edge their spirits for immediate fight.

He spake, nor Agamemnon not complied.
 At once, he bade his clear-voiced heralds call
 The Greeks to battle. They the summons loud 535
 Gave forth, and at the sound the people throng'd.
 Then Agamemnon and the Kings of Greece
 Dispatchful drew them into order just,
 With whom Minerva azure-eyed advanced,
 Th' inestimable Ægis on her arm, 540
 Immortal, unobnoxious to decay.
 An hundred braids, close twisted, all of gold,
 Each valued at an hundred beeyes*, around

* Money stamp'd with the figure of an ox.

Dependent fringed it. She from side to side
 Her eyes cærulean rolled, infusing thirst 545
 Of battle endless into every breast.
 War won them now, war sweeter now to each
 Than gales to waft them over ocean home.
 As when devouring flames some forest seize
 On the high mountains, splendid from afar 550
 The blaze appears, so, moving on the plain,
 The steel-clad host innum'rous flash'd to heav'n.
 And as a multitude of fowls in flocks
 Assembled various, geese, or cranes, or swans
 Lithe-neck'd, long hov'ring o'er Cayiter's banks 555
 On wanton plumes, successive on the mead
 Alight at last, and with a clang so loud
 That all the hollow vale of Asius rings ;
 In number such from ships and tents effused,
 They cover'd the Scamandrian plain ; the earth 560
 Rebellow'd to the feet of steeds and men.
 They overspread Scamander's grassy vale,
 Myriads, as leaves, or as the flow'rs of spring.
 As in the hovel where the peasant milks
 His kine in spring-time, when his pails are filled, 565
 Thick clouds of humming insects on the wing
 Swarm all around him, so the Grecians swarm'd
 An unsummed multitude o'er all the plain,
 Bright-arm'd, high-crested, and athirst for war.
 As goat-herds separate their num'rous flocks 570
 With ease, though fed promiscuous, with like ease
 Their leaders them on every side reduced
 To martial order glorious ; among whom

Stood

Stood Agamemnon “with an eye like Jove’s,
 To threaten or command,” like Mars in girth, 575
 And with the port of Neptune. As the bull
 Conspicuous among all the herd appears,
 For He surpasses all, such Jove ordain’d
 That day the son of Atreus, in the midst
 Of Heroes, eminent above them all. 580

Tell me (for ye are heavenly, and beheld
 A scene, whereof the faint report alone
 Hath reached our ears, remote and ill-informed)
 Tell me, ye Muses, under whom, beneath
 What Chiefs of royal or of humbler note 585
 Stood forth th’ embattled Greeks? The host at large—
They were a multitude in number more
 Than with ten tongues, and with ten mouths, each mouth
 Made vocal with a trumpets’ throat of brass,
 I might declare, unless th’ Olympian nine, 590
 Jove’s daughters, would the chronicle themselves
 Indite, of all assembled, under Troy.

I will rehearse the Captains and their fleets.
 Bœotia’s sturdy sons Peneleus led,
 And Leitus, whose partners in command 595
 Arcefilaüs and Prothoenor came,
 And Clonius. Them the dwellers on the rocks
 Of Aulis followed, with the hardy clans
 Of Hyrie, Schoenos, Scholos, and the hills
 Of Eteon; Thespia, Græa, and the plains 600
 Of Mycaleffus them, and Harma served,
 Eleon, Erythræ, Peteon; Hyle them,
 Ilesius and Ocalea, and the strength

Of Medeon; Copæ also in their train
 Marched, with Eutrefis and the mighty men 605
 Of Thisbe famed for doves; nor pass unnamed
 Whom Coronæa, and the grassy land
 Of Haliartus added to the war,
 Nor whom Platæa, nor whom Gliffa bred,
 And *Hypothebæ, and thy sacred groves 610
 To Neptune, dark Onchestus. Arne claims
 A record next for her illustrious sons,
 Vine-bearing Arne. Thou wast also there
 Mideia, and thou Niffa; nor be thine
 Though last, Anthedon, a forgotten name. 615
 These in Bœotia's fair and gallant fleet
 Of fifty ships, each bearing o'er the waves
 Thrice forty warriors, had arrived at Troy.

In thirty ships deep-laden with the brave,
 Aspledon and Orchomenos had sent 620
 Their chosen youth; them ruled a noble pair,
 Sons of Aftyoche; she, lovely nymph,
 Received by stealth, on Actor's stately roof,
 Th' embraces of a God, and bore to Mars
 Twins like himself, Afcalaphus the bold, 625
 And bold Iälmenus, expert in arms.

Beneath Epistrophus and Schedius, took
 Their destined station on Bœotia's left,
 The brave Phocensians; they in forty ships
 From Cypariffus came, and from the rocks 630
 Of Python, and from Criffa the divine;

* Some say Thebes the less, others, the suburbs of Thebes the greater. It is certain that Thebes itself sent none.

From Anemoria, Daulis, Panopeus,
 And from Hyampolis, and from the banks
 Of the Cephissus, sacred stream, and from
 Lilæa, seated at its fountain-head.

635

Next from beyond Eubœa's happy isle
 In forty ships conveyed, stood forth well-armed
 The Locrians; dwellers in Augeia some
 The pleasant, some of Opoëis possessed,
 Some of Calliarus; these Scarpha sent,
 And Cynus those; from Beffa came the rest,
 From Tarpha, Thronius, and from the brink
 Of loud Boagrius; Ajax them, the swift,
 Son of Oïleus led, not such as he

640

From Telamon, big-boned and lofty built,
 But small of limb, and of an humbler crest;
 Yet he, competitor had none throughout
 The Grecians of what land foe'er, for skill
 In ushering to its mark the rapid lance.

645

Elphenor brought (Calchodons' mighty son)
 Th' Eubœans to the field. In forty ships
 From Histriæa for her vintage famed,
 From Chalcis, from Iretria, from the gates
 Of maritime Cerinthus, from the heights
 Of Dios rock-built citadel sublime,
 And from Caristus and from Styra came
 His warlike multitudes, all named alike
 Abantes, on whose shoulders fell behind
 Their locks profuse, and they were eager all
 To split the hauberk with the pointed spear.

650

655

660

Nor Athens had withheld her gen'rous fons,
 The people of Eretheus. Him of old
 The teeming glebe produced, a wond'rous birth!
 And Pallas rear'd him; her own unctuous fane
 She made his habitation, where with bulls 665
 The youth of Athens, and with slaughter'd lambs
 Her annual worship celebrate. Them led
 Menestheus, whom (sage Nestor's self except,
 Thrice school'd in all events of human life)
 None rivall'd ever in the just array 670
 Of horse and man to battle. Fifty ships
 Black-prowed, had borne them to the distant war.

Ajax from Salamis twelve vessels brought,
 And where th' Athenian band in phalanx stood
 Marshall'd compact, there station'd he his pow'rs. 675

The men of Argos and Tyrintha next,
 And of Hermione, that stands retired
 With Afine, within her spacious bay;
 Of Epidaurus, crown'd with purple vines,
 And of Trœzena, with th' Achaian youth 680

Of sea-begirt Ægina, and with thine,
 Maseta, and the dwellers on thy coast,
 Wave-worn Eïonæ; these all obeyed
 The dauntless Hero Diomede, whom served
 Sthenelus, son of Capaneus, a Chief 685

Of deathless fame, his second in command,
 And God-like man, Euryalus, the son
 Of King Mecisteus, Talaüs' son, his third.
 But Diomede controul'd them all, and him
 Twice forty fable ships their leader own'd. 690

Came

Came Agamemnon with an hundred ships,
 Exulting in his pow'rs; more num'rous they,
 And more illustrious far than other Chief
 Could boast, whoever. Clad in burnish'd brass,
 And conscious of pre-eminence, he stood. 695
 He drew his host from cities far renown'd.
 Mycenæ, and Corinthus, feat of wealth,
 Orneia, and Cleonæ bulwark'd strong,
 And lovely Aræthyria; Sicyon, where
 His feat of royal pow'r held at the first 700
 Adrastus; Hyperefia, and the heights
 Of Gonoëffa; Ægium, with the towns
 That sprinkle all that far-extended coast,
 Pellene also and wide Helice
 With all their shores, were number'd in his train. 705

From hollow Lacedæmon's glen profound,
 From Phare, Sparta, and from Messa, still
 Resounding with the ring-dove's am'rous moan,
 From Bryfia, from Augeia, from the rocks
 Of Laas, from Amycla, Otilus, 710
 And from the tow'rs of Helos, at whose foot
 The surf of Ocean falls, came sixty barks
 With Menelaus. From the monarch's host
 The royal brother ranged his own apart,
 And panted for revenge of Helen's wrongs, 715
 And of her sighs and tears. From rank to rank,
 Conscious of dauntless might he pass'd, and sent
 Into all hearts the fervor of his own.

Gerenian Nestor in thrice thirty ships
 Had brought his warriors; they from Pylus came, 720
 From

From blythe Arene, and from Thryos, built
 Fast by the fords of Alpheus, and from steep
 And stately Æpy. Their confed'rate pow'rs
 Sent Amphigenia, Cypariffa veiled
 With broad redundance of funereal shades, 725
 Pteleos and Helos, and of deathless fame
 Dorion. In Dorion erst the Muses met,
 Threïcian Thamyris, on his return
 From Eurytus, Oechalian Chief, and hush'd
 His song for ever; for he dared to vaunt 730
 That he would pass in song even themselves
 The Muses, daughters of Jove Ægis-arm'd.
 They, therefore, by his boast incensed, the bard
 Struck blind, and from his mem'ry dash'd severe
 All traces of his once celestial strains. 735

Arcadia's sons, the dwellers at the foot
 Of mount Cyllene, where Æpytus sleeps
 Intomb'd; a generation bold in fight,
 And warriors hand to hand; the valiant men
 Of Pheneus, of Orchomenos by flocks 740
 Grazed numberless, of Ripe, Stratia, bleak
 Enispe; Mantinea city fair,
 Stymphelus and Parrhasia, and the youth
 Of Tegea; royal Agapenor these,
 Ancæus' offspring, had in sixty ships 745
 To Troy conducted; num'rous was the crew,
 And skilled in arms, which ev'ry vessel brought,
 And Agamemnon had with barks himself
 Supplied them, for, of inland realms possessed,
 They little heeded maritime employs. 750

The

The dwellers in Buprasium, on the shores
 Of pleasant Elis, and in all the land
 Myrsinus and th' Hyrminian plain between,
 The rock Olenian, and th' Alyfian fount;
 These all obey'd four Chiefs, and galleys ten 755
 Each Chief commanded, with Epeans filled.
 Amphimachus and Thalpius govern'd these,
 This, son of Cteatus, the other, sprung
 From Eurytus, and both of Actor's house.
 Diores, son of Amarynceus, those 760
 Led on, and, for his godlike form renown'd,
 Polyxenus was Chieftain o'er the rest,
 Son of Agasthenes, Augeias' son.

Dulichium, and her sister sacred isles
 Th' Echinades, whose opposite aspect 765
 Looks toward Elis o'er the curling waves,
 Sent forth their pow'rs with Meges at their head,
 Brave son of Phyleus, warrior dear to Jove.
 Phyleus in wrath, his father's house renounced,
 And to Dulichium wand'ring, there abode. 770
 Twice twenty ships had follow'd Meges forth.

Ulysses led the Cephalenians bold.
 From Ithaca, and from the lofty woods
 Of Neritus they came, and from the rocks
 Of rude Ægilipa. Crocylia these, 775
 And those Zacynthus own'd; nor yet a few
 From Samos, from Epirus join'd their aid,
 And from the opposite Ionian shore.
 Them, wise as Jove himself, Ulysses led
 In twelve fair ships, with crimson prows adorn'd. 780

From

From forty ships, Troas, Andræmon's son,
 Had landed his Ætolians; for extinct
 Was Meleager, and extinct the house
 Of Oeneus all, nor Oeneus self survived;
 To Thoas therefore had Ætolia fallen; 785
 Him Olenos, Pylene, Chalcis served,
 With Pleuro, and the rock-bound Calydon.

Idomeneus, spear-practis'd warrior, led
 The num'rous Cretans. In twice forty ships
 He brought his pow'rs to Troy. The warlike bands 790
 Of Cnoffus, of Gortyna walled around,
 Of Lyctus, of Lycastus chalky-white,
 Of Phæstus, of Miletus, with the youth
 Of Rhytius him obeyed; nor these were all,
 But others from her hundred cities Crete 795
 Sent forth, all whom Idomeneus the brave
 Commanded, with Meriones in arms
 Dread as the God of battles blood-imbrued.

Nine ships Tlepolemus, Herculean-born,
 For courage famed and for superior size, 800
 Fill'd with his haughty Rhodians. They, in tribes
 Divided, dwelt distinct. Jelyffus these,
 Those Lindus, and the rest the shining foil
 Of white Camirus occupied. Him bore
 To Hercules (what time he led the nymph 805
 From Ephyre, and from Sellea's banks,
 After full many a city laid in dust)
 Aftyocheia. In his father's house
 Magnificent, Tlepolemus spear-famed
 Had scarce up-grown to manhood's lusty prime, 810
 When

When he his father's hoary uncle flew
 Lycimnius, branch of Mars. Then built he ships,
 And, pushing forth to sea, fled from the threats
 Of the whole house of Hercules. Huge toil
 And many woes he suffer'd, 'till at length 815
 At Rhodes arriving, in three separate bands
 He spread himself abroad. Much was he loved
 Of all-commanding Jove, who bless'd him there,
 And shower'd abundant riches on them all.

Nireus of Syma, with three vessels came; 820
 Nireus, Aglæa's offspring, whom she bore
 To Charopus the King; Nireus in form,
 (The faultless son of Peleus sole except)
 Loveliest of all the Grecians call'd to Troy.
 But he was heartless and his men were few. 825

Nifyrus, Casus, Crapathus, and Cos
 Where reign'd Eurypylus, with all the isles
 Calydnæ named, under two valiant Chiefs
 Their troops dispos'd; Phidippus one, and one,
 His brother Antiphus, begotten both 830
 By Theffalus, whom Hercules begat.
 In thirty ships they fought the shores of Troy.

The warriors of Pelasgian Argos next,
 Of Alus, and Alope, and who held
 Trechina, Phthia, and for women fair 835
 Distinguish'd, Hellas; known by various names
 Hellenes, Myrmidons, Achæans, them
 In fifty ships embark'd, Achilles ruled.
 But these were deaf to the hoarse-throated war,
 For there was none to draw their battle forth, 840

And give them just array. Close in his ships
 Achilles, after loss of the bright-hair'd
 Briseïs, lay, resentful; her obtained
 Not without labour hard, and after sack
 Of Thebes and of Lyrnessus, where he flew 845
 Two mighty Chiefs, sons of Evenus both,
 Epistrophus and Mynes, her he mourned,
 And for her sake self-prison'd in his fleet
 And idle lay, though soon to rise again.
 From Phylace, and from the flow'ry fields 850
 Of Pyrrhæus, a land to Ceres giv'n
 By consecration, and from Iton green,
 Mother of flocks; from Antron by the sea,
 And from the grassy meads of Pteleus, came
 A people, whom while yet he lived, the brave 855
 Protefilaüs led; but him the earth
 Now cover'd dark and drear. A wife he left,
 To rend in Phylace her bleeding cheeks,
 And an unfinish'd mansion. First he died
 Of all the Greeks; for as he leap'd to land 860
 Foremost by far, a Dardan struck him dead.
 Nor had his troops, though filled with deep regret,
 No leader; them Podarces led, a Chief
 Like Mars in battle, brother of the slain,
 But younger born, and from Iphiclus sprung 865
 Who sprang from Phylacus the rich in flocks.
 But him Protefilaüs, as in years,
 So also in desert of arms excelled
 Heroic, whom his host, although they saw
 Podarces at their head, still justly mourn'd; 870
 For

For he was fierce in battle, and at Troy
With forty fable-fided ships arrived.

Eleven galleys, Pheræ on the lake,
And Boebe, and Jölchus, and the vale
Of Glaphyræ supplied with crews robust 875
Under Eumelus; him, Alceftis, praised
For beauty above all her fifters fair,
In Theffaly to King Admetus bore.

Methone, and Olizon's craggy coast,
With Melibœa and Thaumafia fent 880

Sev'n ships; their rowers were good archers all,
And ev'ry vefsel dipp'd into the wave
Her fifty oars. Them Philoëtetes, fkill'd
To draw with finewy arm the ftubborn bow,
Commanded; but he fuffering anguish keen 885
Inflicted by a ferpent's venom'd tooth,

Lay fick in Lemnos; him the Grecians there
Had left fore-wounded, but were deftined foon
To call to dear remembrance whom they left.
Meantime, though forrowing for his fake, his troops 890
Yet wanted not a Chief; them Medon ruled,
Whom Rhena to the far-famed conqueror bore
Oileus, fruit of their unfaction'd loves.

From Tricca, from Ithome rough and rude
With rocks and glens, and from Oechalia, town 895
Of Eurytus Oechalian-born, came forth
Their warlike youth by Podalirius led
And by Machaon, healers both expert
Of all difeafe, and thirty fhips were theirs.

The men of Ormenus, and from beside 900
 The fountain Hypereia, from the tops
 Of chalky Titan, and Aferia's band;
 Them ruled Eurypylus, Evæmon's fon
 Illuftrious, whom twice twenty fhips obeyed.

Orthe, Gyrtone, Oloöfion white, 905
 Argiffa and Helone; they their youth
 Gave to controul of Polypætes, fon
 Undaunted of Pirithoüs, fon of Jove.
 Him, to Pirithoüs, (on the felf-fame day,
 When he the Centaurs punish'd, and purfued 910
 Sheer to Æthicaë driv'n from Pelion's heights
 The fhaggy race) Hippodamia bore.

Nor he alone them led. With him was join'd
 Leonteus, dauntlefs warrior, from the bold
 Coronus fprung, who Cæneus call'd his fire. 915
 Twice twenty fhips awaited their command.

Guncus from Cyphus twenty and two fhips
 Led forth; the Enienes him obey'd,
 And the robuft Perœbi, warriors bold,
 And dwellers on Dodona's wintry brow. 920

To thefe were join'd, who till the pleafant fields
 Where Titarefius winds; the gentle flood
 Pours into Peneus all his limpid ftores,
 But with the filver-eddièd Peneus flows
 Unmixt as oil; for Stygian is his fream, 925
 And Styx is the inviolable oath.

Laft with his forty fhips, Tenthredon's fon,
 The aètive Prothoüs came. From the green banks

Of Peneus his Magnesians far and near
 He gather'd, and from Pelion forest-crown'd. 930

These were the Princes and the Chiefs of Greece.
 Say, Muse, who most in personal desert
 Excelled, and whose were the most warlike steeds
 And of the noblest strain. Their hue, their age,
 Their height the same, swift as the winds of heaven 935

And passing far all others, were the mares
 Which drew Eumelus: on Pierian hills
 The heavenly Archer of the silver bow,
 Apollo, bred them. But of men, the chief
 Was Telamonian Ajax, while wrath-bound 940

Achilles lay; for He was worthier far,
 And more illustrious were the steeds which bore
 The noble son of Peleus; but revenge
 On Agamemnon leader of the host
 Was all his thought, while in his gallant ships 945

Sharp-keel'd to cut the foaming flood, he lay.
 Meantime, along the margin of the deep
 His soldiers hurled the disk, or bent the bow,
 Or to its mark dispatch'd the quivering lance.
 Beside the chariots stood th' unharnes'd steeds 950

Cropping the lotus, or at leisure browsed
 On celery wild, from wat'ry freshes gleaned.
 Beneath the shadow of the shelt'ring tent
 The chariot stood, while they, the charioteers
 Roam'd here and there the camp, their warlike lord 955
 Regretting sad, and idle for his sake.

As if a fire had burnt along the ground,
 Such seem'd their march; earth groan'd their steps beneath;

As when in Arimi, where fame reports
 Typhocæus stretch'd, the fires of angry Jove 960
 Down darted, lash the ground, so groan'd the earth
 Beneath them, for they traversed swift the plain.

And now from Jove, with heavy tidings charged,
 Wind-footed Iris to the Trojans came.

It was the time of council, when the throng 965
 At Priam's gate assembled, young and old:
 Them, standing nigh, the messenger of heav'n
 Accosted with the voice of Priam's son,
 Polites. He, confiding in his speed
 For sure deliv'rance, posted was abroad 970
 On Ælyeta's tomb, intent to watch
 When the Achaian host should leave the fleet.
 The Goddess in his form thus them address'd.

Oh, antient Monarch! Ever, evermore
 Speaking, debating, as if all were peace; 975
 I have seen many a bright-embattled field,
 But never one so throng'd as this to-day.
 For like the leaves, or like the sands they come
 Swept by the winds, to gird the city round.

But Hector! chiefly thee I shall exhort. 980
 In Priam's spacious city are allies
 Collected num'rous, and of nations wide-
 Diffeminated various are the tongues.
 Let ev'ry Chief his proper troop command,
 And marshal his own citizens to war. 985

She ceased; her Hector heard intelligent,
 And quick dissolved the council. All took arms.
 Wide flew the gates; forth rush'd the multitude,

Horsemen

Horsemen and foot, and boist'rous stir arose.
 In front of Ilium, distant on the plain, 990
 Clear all around from all obstruction, stands
 An eminence high-rais'd, by mortal men
 Call'd Batiea, but the Gods the tomb
 Have named it of Myrinna swift in fight.
 Troy and her aids there set the battle forth. 995

Huge Priameian Hector, fierce in arms,
 Led on the Trojans; with whom march'd the most
 And the most valiant, dext'rous at the spear.

Æneas, (on the hills of Ida him
 The lovely Venus to Anchises bore, 1000
 A Goddess by a mortal man embraced)
 Led the Dardanians; but not he alone;
 Archilochus with him and Acamas
 Stood forth, the offspring of Antenor, each,
 And well instructed in all forms of war. 1005

Fast by the foot of Ida, where they drank
 The limpid waters of Æsepus, dwelt
 The Trojans of Zeleia. Rich were they
 And led by Pandarus, Lycaon's son,
 Whom Phœbus self graced with the bow he bore. 1010

Apæsus, Adrastea, Terie steep,
 And Pitueia—them, Amphius clad
 In mail thick-woven, and Adrastus, ruled.
 They were the sons of the Percosian seer
 Merops, expert in the sooth-sayers art 1015
 Above all other; he his sons forbad
 The bloody fight, but disobedient they
 Still fought it, for their destiny prevailed.

The warriors of Percote, and who dwelt
 In Præctius, in Arifba, city fair, 1020
 In Scitus, in Abydus, march'd behind
 Princely Hyrtacides; his tawny steeds,
 Strong-built and tall, from Selleentes' bank
 And from Arifba, had him borne to Troy.

Hippothous and Pikeus, branch of Mars, 1025
 Both fons of Lethus the Pelafgian, they,
 Forth from Lariffa for her fertile foil
 Far-famed, the fpear-expert Pelafgians brought.

The Thracians (all whom Hellespont includes
 Within the banks of his fwift-racing tide) 1030
 Heroic Acamas and Pirus led.

Euphemus, offspring of Trœzenus fon
 Of Jove-protected Ceas, was the Chief
 Whom the fpear-arm'd Ciconian band obey'd.

Pæonia's archers follow'd to the field 1035
 Pyræchmes; they from Amydon remote
 Were drawn, where Axius winds; broad Axius, fream
 Diffufed delightful over all the vale.

Pylæmenes, a Chief of giant might
 From th' Eneti for foreft-mules renowncd 1040
 March'd with his Paphlagonians; dwellers they
 In Sefamus and in Cytorus were,
 And by the fream Parthenius; Cromna thefe
 Sent forth, and thofe Ægialus on the lip
 And margin of the land, and fome, the heights 1045
 Of Erythini, rugged and abrupt.

Epiftrophus and Odius from the land
 Of Alybe, a region far remote,

Where

Where veins of silver wind, led to the field
 The Halizonians. With the Myfians came 1050
 Chromis their Chief, and Ennomus; him skilled
 In augury, but skilled in vain, his art
 Saved not, but by Æacides the swift,
 With others in the Xanthus slain, he died.

Afcanius, lovely youth, and Phorcis, led 1055
 The Phrygians from Afcania far remote,
 Ardent for battle. The Mœonian race,
 (All those who at the foot of Tmolus dwelt)
 Mesthles and Antiphus, fraternal pair,
 Sons of Pylæmenes commanded, both 1060
 Of the Gygæan lake in Lydia born.

Amphimachus and Naftes led to fight
 The Carians, people of a barb'rous speech,
 With the Milesians, and the mountain-race
 Of wood-crown'd Phthira, and who dwelt beside 1065
 Mæander, or on Mycale sublime.

Them led Amphimachus and Naftes sons
 Renown'd of Nomion. Like a simple girl
 Came forth Amphimachus with gold bedight,
 But him his trappings from a woeful death 1070
 Saved not, when whirled beneath the bloody tide
 To Peleus' stormy son his spoils he left.

Sarpedon with the noble Glaucus led
 Their warriors forth from farthest Lycia, where
 Xanthus deep-dimpled rolls his oozy tide.

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

T H I R D B O O K.

The armies meet. Paris throws out a challenge to the Grecian Princes. Menelaus accepts it. The terms of the combat are adjusted solemnly by Agamemnon on the part of Greece, and by Priam on the part of Troy. The combat ensues, in which Paris is vanquished, whom yet Venus rescues. Agamemnon demands from the Trojans a performance of the covenant.

B O O K III.

NOW marshall'd all beneath their several Chiefs,
With deaf'ning shouts, and with the clang of arms,
The host of Troy advanced. Such clang is heard
Along the skies, when from incessant show'rs
Escaping, and from winter's cold, the cranes 5
Take wing, and over Ocean speed away;
Woe to the land of dwarfs! prepared, they fly
For slaughter of the small Pygmæan race.
Not so the Greeks; they breathing valour came,
But silent all, and all with faithful hearts 10
On succour mutual to the last, resolved.
As when the south wind wraps the mountain top
In mist the shepherds dread, but to the thief
Than night itself more welcome, and the eye
Is bounded in its ken to a stone's cast, 15
Such

Such from beneath their footsteps dun and dense
Uprose the dust, for swift they cross'd the plain.

When, host to host opposed, full nigh they stood,

Then * Alexander in the Trojan van

Advanced was seen, all beauteous as a God ; 20

His leopard's skin, his faulchion and his bow

Hung from his shoulder ; bright with heads of brass

He shook two spears, and challenged to the fight

The bravest Argives there, defying all.

Him, striding haughtily his host before 25

When Menelaus' saw, such joy he felt

As hunger-pinch'd the lion feels, by chance

Conducted to some carcase huge, wild goat,

Or antler'd stag ; huntsmen and baying hounds

Disturb not *him*, he gorges in their fight. 30

So Menelaus at the view rejoiced

Of lovely Alexander, for he hoped

His punishment at hand. At once, all-armed,

Down from his chariot to the ground he leap'd.

When Godlike Paris him in front beheld 35

Conspicuous, his heart smote him, and his fate

Avoiding, far within the lines he shrank.

As one, who in some woodland height descrying

A serpent huge, with sudden start recoils,

His limbs shake under him ; with cautious step 40

He slow retires ; fear blanches cold his cheeks ;

So beauteous Alexander at the fight

Of Atreus' son dishearten'd fore, the ranks

Of haughty Trojans enter'd deep again :

* Paris, frequently named Alexander in the original.

Him Hec̄tor eyed, and thus rebuked severe. 45

Curst Paris! Fair deceiver! Woman-mad!
 I would to all in heav'n that thou hadst died
 Unborn, at least unmated! happier far
 Than here to have incurr'd this publick shame!
 Well may the Greecians taunt, and, laughing loud, 50
 Applaud the champion, slow indeed to fight
 And pusillanimous, but wond'rous fair.

Wast thou as timid, tell me, when with those
 Thy lov'd companions in that famed exploit,
 Thou didst consort with strangers, and convey 55
 From distant lands a warrior's beauteous bride
 To be thy father's, and his people's curse,
 Joy to our foes, but to thyself reproach?

Behold her husband! Dar'st thou not to face
 The warlike prince? Now learn how brave a Chief 60
 Thou hast defrauded of his blooming spouse.

Thy lyre, thy locks, thy person, specious gifts
 Of partial Venus, will avail thee nought,
 Once mixt by Menelaus with the stone.
 But we are base ourselves, or long ago, 65
 For all thy num'rous mischiefs, thou hadst slept
 Secure beneath a * coverlet of stone.

Then Godlike Alexander thus replied.

Oh Hec̄tor, true in temper as the axe
 Which in the shipwright's hand the naval plank 70
 Divides resistless, doubling all his force,
 Such is thy dauntless spirit, whose reproach
 Perforce I own, nor causeless nor unjust.

* Λάϊνοι ἔσσο χιτῶνα.

Yet let the gracious gifts uncensur'd pass
 Of golden Venus; man may not reject 75
 The glorious bounty by the Gods bestow'd,
 Nor follows their beneficence our choice.
 But if thy pleasure be that I engage
 With Menelaus in decision fierce
 Of desp'rate combat, bid the host of Troy 80
 And bid the Grecians fit; then face to face
 Commit us, in the vacant field between,
 To fight for Helen and for all her wealth.
 Who strongest proves, and conquers, he, of her
 And her's possess'd, shall bear them safe away; 85
 While ye (peace sworn and firm accord) shall dwell
 At Troy, and these to Argos shall return
 And to Achaia praised for women fair.

He ceased, whom Hector heard with joy; he moved
 Into the middle space, and with his spear 90
 Advanced athwart push'd back the Trojan van,
 And all stood fast. Meantime at him the Greeks
 Discharged full volley, show'ring thick around
 From bow and sling; when with a mighty voice
 Thus Agamemnon, leader of the host. 95

Argives! Be still—shoot not, ye sons of Greece!
 Hector bespeaks attention. Hear the Chief!

He said, at once the Grecians ceas'd to shoot,
 And all sat silent. Hector then began.

Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye Greeks mail-arm'd, 100
 While I shall publish in your ears the words
 Of Alexander, author of our strife.
 Trojans he bids, and Grecians on the field

Their

Their arms dispose; while he, the hofts between,
 With warlike Menelaus fhall in fight 105
 Contend for Helen, and for all her wealth.

Who ftrongeft proves, and conquers, he, of her
 And her's poffeft, fhall bear them fafe away,
 And oaths of amity fhall bind the reft.

He ceafed, and all deep filence held, amazed; 110
 When valiant Menelaus thus began.

Hear now me alfo, on whofe aching heart
 Thefe woes have heavieft fall'n. At laft I hope
 Decision near, Trojans and Greeks between,
 For ye have fuffer'd in my quarrel much, 115
 And much by Paris, author of the war.

Die he who muft, and peace be to the reft.
 But ye fhall hither bring two lambs, one white,
 The other black; this to the earth devote,
 That, to the fun. We fhall ourfelves fupply 120

A third for Jove. Then bring ye Priam forth,
 Himfelf to fwear the covenant, (for his fons
 Are faithlefs) left the oath of Jove be fcorn'd.
 Young men are ever of unftable mind;
 But when an elder interferes, he views 125

Future and paft together, and infures
 The compact, to both parties, uninfringed.

So Menelaus fpake; and in all hearts
 Awaken'd joyful hope that there fhould end
 War's long calamities. Alighted each, 130
 And drew his fteeds into the lines. The field
 Glitter'd with arms put off, and, fide by fide,
 Ranged orderly, while th' interrupted war

Stood

Stood front to front, small interval between.

Then Hector to the city sent in haste
135
Two heralds for the lambs, and to invite
Priam; while Agamemnon, royal Chief,
Talthybius to the Grecian fleet dismiss'd
For a third lamb to Jove; nor he the voice
Of noble Agamemnon disobey'd. 140

Iris, ambassadrefs of heav'n, the while,
To Helen came. Laodice, she seem'd,
Loveliest of all the daughters of the house
Of Priam, wedded to Antenor's son,
King Helicaon. Her she found within. 145
An ample web magnificent she wove,
Inwrought with num'rous conflicts for her sake
Beneath the hands of Mars endured by Greeks
Mail-arm'd, and Trojans of equestrian fame.
Swift Iris, at her side, her thus address'd. 150

Haste, dearest nymph! a wond'rous fight behold!
Greeks brazen-mail'd, and Trojans steed-renown'd,
So lately on the cruel work of Mars
Intent and hot for mutual havoc, fit
Silent; the war hath paus'd, and on his shield 155
Each leans, his long spear planted at his side.
Paris and Menelaus, warrior bold,
With quiv'ring lances shall contend for thee,
And thou art his who conquers; his for ever.

So saying, the Goddess into Helen's soul 160
Sweetest desire infused to see again
Her former Lord, her parents and her home.
At once, o'ermantled with her snowy veil

She

She started forth, and as she went, let fall
 A tender tear; not unaccompanied 165
 She went, but by two maidens of her train
 Attended, Æthra, Pittheus' daughter fair,
 And soft-eyed Clymene. Their hasty steps
 Convey'd them quickly to the Scean gate.
 There Priam, Panthoüs, Clytius, Lampus fat, 170
 Thymoetes, Hicetaon, branch of Mars,
 Antenor and Ucalegon the wife,
 All, elders of the people; warriors erst,
 But idle now through age, yet of a voice
 Still indefatigable as the * fly's 175
 Which perch'd among the boughs fends forth at noon
 Through all the grove his slender ditty sweet.
 Such fat those Trojan leaders on the tow'r,
 Who, soon as Helen on the steps they saw,
 In accents quick, but whisper'd, thus remark'd. 180
 Trojans and Grecians wage, with fair excuse,
 Long war for so much beauty. Oh, how like
 In feature to the Goddeffes above!
 Pernicious loveliness! Ah, hence away,
 Resistless as thou art and all divine, 185
 Nor leave a curse to us, and to our sons.
 So they among themselves; but Priam call'd
 Fair Helen to his side. My daughter dear!
 Come, sit beside me. Thou shalt hence discern
 Thy former Lord, thy kindred and thy friends. 190

* Not the grasshopper, but an insect well known in hot countries, and which in Italy is called Cicála. The grasshopper rests on the ground, but the favorite abode of the Cicála is in the trees and hedges.

I charge no blame on thee. The Gods have caus'd,
 Not thou, this lamentable war to Troy.
 Name to me yon Achaian Chief for bulk
 Conspicuous, and for port. Taller indeed
 I may perceive than he; but with these eyes 195
 Saw never yet such dignity, and grace.

Declare his name. Some royal Chief he seems.

To whom thus Helen, loveliest of her sex.
 My other Sire! by me for ever held
 In rev'rence, and with filial fear below'd! 200

Oh that some cruel death had been my choice,
 Rather than to abandon, as I did,
 All joys domestic, matrimonial blifs,
 Brethren, dear daughter, and companions dear,
 A wand'rer with thy son. Yet I alas! 205

Died not, and therefore now, live but to weep.
 But I resolve thee. Thou behold'st the son
 Of Atreus, Agamemnon, mighty king,
 In arms heroic, gracious in the throne,
 And (though it shame me now to call him such) 210
 By nuptial ties a brother once to me.

Then him the antient king admiring, said.
 Oh blest Atrides, happy was thy birth,
 And thy lot glorious, whom this gall nt host
 So numerous, of the sons of Greece obey! 215

To vine-famed Phrygia, in my days of youth,
 I journey'd; many Phrygians there I saw,
 Brave horsemen, and expert; they were the pow'rs
 Of Otreus and of Mygdon, God-like Chief,
 And on the banks of Sangar's stream encamp'd. 220

I march'd among them, chosen in that war
 Ally of Phrygia, and it was her day
 Of conflict with the man-defying race,
 The Amazons; yet multitudes like these
 Thy bright-eyed Greeks, I saw not even there. 225

The venerable King observing next
 Ulysses, thus enquired. My child, declare
 Him also. Shorter by the head he seems
 Than Agamemnon, Atreus' mighty son,
 But shoulder'd broader, and of ampler chest; 230
 He hath disposed his armour on the plain,
 But like a ram, himself the warrior ranks
 Ranges majestic; like a ram full-fleeced
 By num'rous sheep encompass'd snowy-white.

To whom Jove's daughter Helen thus replied. 235
 In him the son of old Laertes know,
 Ulysses; born in Ithaca the rude,
 But of a piercing wit, and deeply wise.

Then answer thus, Antenor sage, return'd.
 Princess thou hast described him: hither once 240
 The noble Ithacan, on thy behalf
 Embassador with Menelaus, came:
 Beneath my roof, with hospitable fare
 Friendly I entertained them. Seeing then
 Occasion opportune, I closely mark'd 245
 The genius and the talents of the Chiefs,
 And this I noted well; that when they stood
 Amid th' assembled counsellors of Troy,
 Then Menelaus his advantage shew'd,
 Who by the shoulders overtopp'd his friend. 250

But

But when both sat, Ulysses in his air
 Had more of state and dignity than he.
 In the delivery of a speech address'd
 To the full senate, Menelaus us'd
 Few words, but to the matter, fitly ranged, 255
 And with much sweetness utter'd; for in loose
 And idle play of ostentatious terms
 He dealt not, though he were the younger man.
 But when the wife Ulysses from his seat
 Had once arisen, he would his downcast eyes 260
 So rivet on the earth, and with an hand
 That seem'd untutor'd in it's use, so hold
 His sceptre, swaying it to neither side,
 That hadst thou seen him, thou hadst thought him, sure,
 Some chafed and angry idiot, passion-fixt. 265
 Yet, when at length, the clear and mellow base
 Of his deep voice brake forth, and he let fall
 His chosen words like flakes of feather'd snow,
 None then might match Ulysses; leisure, then,
 Found none to wonder at his noble form. 270

The third of whom the venerable king
 Enquired, was Ajax.—Yon Achaian tall,
 Whose head and shoulders tow'r above the rest,
 And of such bulk prodigious—who is he?

Him answer'd Helen, loveliest of her sex. 275
 A bulwark of the Greeks. In him thou seest
 Gigantic Ajax. Opposite appear
 The Cretans, and among the Chiefs of Crete
 Stands, like a God, Idomeneus. Him oft
 From Crete arrived, was Menelaus wont 280

To entertain; and others now I see,
 Achaians, whom I could recall to mind,
 And give to each his name; but two brave youths
 I yet discern not; for equestrian skill
 One famed, and one a boxer never foiled; 285
 My brothers; born of Leda; sons of Jove;
 Castor and Pollux. Either they abide
 In lovely Sparta still, or if they came,
 Decline the fight, by my disgrace abash'd,
 And the reproaches which have fallen on me. 290

She said; but they already slept inhumed
 In Lacedemon, in their native soil.

And now the heralds, through the streets of Troy
 Charged with the lambs, and with a goat-skin filled
 With heart-exhilarating wine prepared 295
 For that divine solemnity, return'd.

Idæus in his hand a beaker bore
 Resplendent, with its fellow cups of gold,
 And thus he summon'd antient Priam forth.

Son of Laomedon, arise. The Chiefs 300
 Call thee, the Chiefs of Ilium and of Greece.
 Descend into the plain. We strike a truce,
 And need thine oath to bind it. Paris fights
 With warlike Menelaus for his spouse,
 Their spears decide the strife. The conqueror wins 305
 Helen and all her treasures. We, thenceforth,
 (Peace sworn and amity) shall dwell secure
 In Troy, while they to Argos shall return
 And to Achaia praised for women fair.

He

He spake, and Priam, shudd'ring, bade his train 310
Prepare his steeds; they sedulous obey'd.

First, Priam mounting, backward stretch'd the reins;

Antenor, next, beside him sat, and through

The Scæan gate they drove into the plain.

Arriving at the hofts of Greece and Troy 315

They left the chariot, and proceeded both

Into the interval between the hofts.

Then, uprose Agamemnon, and uprose

All-wise Ulyffes. Next, the heralds came

Conspicuous forward, expediting each 320

The ceremonial; they the beaker fill'd

With wine, and to the hands of all the kings

Minister'd water. Agamemnon then

Drawing his dagger which he ever bore

Appendant to his heavy faulchion's sheath, 325

Cut off the forelocks of the lambs, of which

The heralds gave to ev'ry Grecian Chief

A portion, and to all the Chiefs of Troy.

Then Agamemnon rais'd his hands, and pray'd.

Jove, father, who from Ida stretchest forth 330

Thine arm omnipotent, o'er-ruling all,

And thou, all-seeing and all-hearing sun,

Ye rivers, and thou conscious earth, and ye

Who under earth on human kind avenge.

Severe, the guilt of violated oaths, 335

Hear ye, and ratify what now we swear!

Should Paris slay the hero amber-hair'd,

My brother Menelaus, Helen's wealth

And Helen's self are his, and all our host

Shall

Shall home return to Greece; but should it chance 340
 That Paris fall by Menelaus' hand,
 Then Troy shall render back what she detains,
 With such amercement as is meet, a sum
 To be remember'd in all future times.
 Which penalty should Priam and his sons 345
 Not pay, though Paris fall, then here in arms
 I will contend for payment of the mulct
 My due, 'till, satisfied, I close the war.

He said, and with his ruthless steel the lambs
 Stretch'd panting all, but soon they ceas'd to pant, 350
 For mortal was the stroke. Then drawing forth
 Wine from the beaker, they with brimming cups
 Hail'd the immortal Gods, and pray'd again,
 And many a Greccian thus and Trojan spake;

All-glorious Jove, and ye the pow'rs of heaven, 355
 Whoso shall violate this contract first,
 So be the brains of them and of their sons
 Pour'd out, as we this wine pour on the earth,
 And may their wives bring forth to other men!

So they; but them Jove heard not. Then arose 360
 Priam, the son of Dardanus, and said,

Hear me, ye Trojans and ye Greeks well-arm'd.
 Hence back to wind-swept Ilium I return,
 Unable to sustain the fight, my son
 With warlike Menelaus match'd in arms. 365
 Jove knows, and the immortal Gods, to whom
 Of both, this day is preordain'd the last.

So spake the God-like monarch, and disposed
 Within the royal chariot all the lambs;

Then,

Then, mounting, check'd the reins ; Antenor next 370
Ascended, and to Ilium both return'd.

First, Hector and Ulysses, noble Chief,
Measur'd the ground ; then taking lots for proof
Who of the combatants should foremost hurl
His spear, they shook them in a brazen casque ; 375
Meantime the people rais'd their hands on high,
And many a Grecian thus, and Trojan pray'd.

Jove, Father, who on Ida seated, see'st
And rule'st all below, glorious in pow'r !
Of these two champions, to the drear abodes 380
Of Ades him appoint who furnish'd first
The cause of strife between them, and let peace
Oath-bound, and amity unite the rest !

So spake the hosts ; then Hector shook the lots,
Majestic Chief, turning his face aside. 385

Forth sprang the lot of Paris. They in ranks
Sat all, where stood the fiery steeds of each,
And where his radiant arms lay on the field.
Illustrious Alexander his bright arms

Put on, fair Helen's paramour. He clasp'd 390
His polish'd greaves with silver studs secured ;

His brother's corslet to his breast he bound,
Lycaon's, apt to his own shape and size,

And slung athwart his shoulders, bright emboss'd,
His brazen sword ; his massy buckler broad 395

He took, and to his graceful head his casque
Adjusted elegant, which, as he moved,

It's bushy crest waved dreadful ; last he seiz'd,
Well fitted to his gripe, his pond'rous spear.

Meantime

Meantime the hero Menelaus made 400
Like preparation, and his arms put on.

When thus, from all the multitude apart,
Both combatants had arm'd, with eyes that flash'd
Defiance to the middle space they strode,
Trojans and Greeks between. Astonishment 405
Seized all beholders. On the measured ground
Full near they stood, each brandishing on high
His massy spear, and each was fiery wroth.

First, Alexander his long-shadow'd spear
Sent forth, and on his smooth shield's surface struck 410
The son of Atreus, but the brazen guard
Pierced not, for at the disk, with blunted point
Reflex, his ineffectual weapon stay'd.
Then Menelaus to the fight advanced
Impetuous, after pray'r offer'd to Jove. 415

King over all! now grant me to avenge
My wrongs on Alexander; now subdue
Th' aggressor under me; that men unborn
May shudder at the thought of faith abused,
And hospitality with rape repaid. 420

He said, and brandishing his massy spear,
Dismiss'd it. Through the burnish'd buckler broad
Of Priam's son the stormy weapon flew,
Transpierced his costly hauberk, and the vest
Ripp'd on his flank; but with a sideward bend 425
He baffled it, and baulk'd the dreadful death.

Then Menelaus drawing his bright blade,
Swung it aloft, and on the hairy crest
Smote him; but shiver'd into fragments small

The faulchion at the stroke fell from his hand. 430

Vexation fill'd him; to the spacious heav'n's

He look'd, and with a voice of woe exclaim'd—

Jupiter! of all pow'rs by man adored

To me most adverse! Confident I hoped

Revenge for Paris' treason, but my sword 435

Is shiver'd, and I sped my spear in vain.

So saying, he sprang on him, and his long crest

Seized fast; then, turning, drew him by that hold

Toward the Grecian host. The broider'd band

That underbraced his helmet at the chin, 440

Strain'd to his smooth neck with a ceaseless force,

Choak'd him; and now had Menelaus won

Deathless renown, dragging him off the field,

But Venus, foam-sprung Goddess, feeling quick

His peril imminent, snapp'd short the brace 445

Though stubborn, by a * slaughter'd ox supplied,

And the void helmet follow'd as he pull'd.

That prize the Hero, whirling it aloft,

Threw to his Greeks, who caught it and secured,

Then with vindictive strides he rush'd again 450

On Paris, spear in hand; but him involved

In mist opaque Venus with ease divine

Snatch'd thence, and in his chamber placed him, fill'd

With scents odorous, spirit-soothing sweets.

Nor stay'd the Goddess, but at once in quest 455

Of Helen went; her on a lofty tow'r

She found, where many a damsel stood of Troy,

* Because the hide of a beast that dies in health is tougher and fitter for use than of another that dies diseas'd.

And twitch'd her fragrant robe. In form she seem'd
 An antient matron, who, while Helen dwelt
 In Lacedæmon, her unfullied wool 460
 Drefs'd for her, faithfullest of all her train.
 Like her disguised the Goddess thus began.

Haste—Paris calls thee—on his sculptur'd couch
 (Sparkling alike his looks and his attire)
 He waits thy wish'd return. Thou would'st not dream 465
 That he had fought; he rather seems prepared
 For dance, or after dance, for soft repose.

So saying, she tumult raised in Helen's mind.
 Yet soon as by her symmetry of neck,
 By her love-kindling breasts and luminous eyes 470
 She knew the Goddess, her she thus bespake.

Ah whence, deceitful deity! thy wish
 Now to ensnare me? Would'st thou lure me, fay,
 To some fair city of Mœonian name
 Or Phrygian, more remote from Sparta still? 475
 Hast thou some human fav'rite also there?
 Is it because Atrides hath prevailed
 To vanquish Paris, and would bear me home
 Unworthy as I am, that thou attempt'st
 Again to cheat me? Go thyself—sit thou 480
 Beside him—for his sake renounce the skies;
 Watch him, weep for him; till at length his wife
 He deign to make thee, or perchance his slave.
 I go not (now to go were shame indeed)
 To dress his couch; nor will I be the jest 485
 Of all my sex in Ilium. Oh! my griefs
 Are infinite, and more than I can bear.

To

To whom, the foam-fprung Goddeſs thus, incenſed.
 Ah wretch ! provoke not me ; left in my wrath
 Abandoning thee, I not hate thee leſs 490
 Than now I fondly love thee, and beget
 Such deteſtation of thee in all hearts,
 Grecian and Trojan, that thou die abhorr'd.

The Goddeſs ceas'd. Jove's daughter, Helen, fear'd,
 And, in her lucid veil cloſe wrapt around, 495
 Silent retired, of all thoſe Trojan dames
 Unſeen, and Venus led, herſelf, the way.
 Soon then as Alexander's fair abode
 They reach'd, her maidens quick their taſks reſumed,
 And ſhe to her own chamber lofty-roof'd 500
 Aſcended, lovelieſt of her ſex. A feat
 For Helen, daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd,
 To Paris oppoſite, the Queen of ſmiles
 Herſelf diſpoſed ; but with averted eyes
 She fat before him, and him keen reproach'd. 505

Thou haſt eſcaped.—Ah would that thou had'ſt died
 By that heroic arm, mine husband's erſt !
 Thou once didſt vaunt thee in addreſs and ſtrength
 Superior. Go then—challenge yet again
 The warlike Menelaus forth to fight. 510
 But hold. The hero of the amber locks
 Provoke no more ſo raſhly, left the point
 Of his victorious ſpear ſoon ſtretch thee dead.

She ended, to whom Paris thus replied.
 Ah Helen, wound me not with taunt ſevere ! 515
 Me, Menelaus, by Minerva's aid,
 Hath vanquiſh'd now, who may hereafter, him.

We also have our Gods. But let us love.
 For never since the day when thee I bore
 From pleafant Lacedæmon o'er the waves 520
 To Cranæ's fair ifle, and firft enjoy'd
 Thy beauty, lov'd I as I love thee now,
 Or felt fuch sweetness of intense desire.

He fpake, and fought his bed, whom follow'd soon
 Jove's daughter, reconcil'd to his embrace. 525

But Menelaus like a lion ranged
 The multitude, enquiring far and near
 For Paris loft. Yet neither Trojan him
 Nor friend of Troy could fhew, whom, else, through love
 None had conceal'd, for him as death itfelf 530
 All hated, but his going none had feen.

Amidft them all then fpake the King of men.
 Trojans, and Dardans, and allies of Troy!
 The warlike Menelaus hath prevailed,
 As is moft plain. Now therefore bring ye forth 535
 Helen with all her treasures, also bring
 Such large amercement as is meet, a fum
 To be remember'd in all future times.

So fpake Atrides, and Achaia's hoft
 With loud applaufe confirm'd the monarch's claim. 540

A R G U M E N T

OF THE

F O U R T H B O O K.

In a Council of the Gods, a dispute arises between Jupiter and Juno, which is at last compromised, Jove consenting to dispatch Minerva with a charge to incite some Trojan to a violation of the truce. Minerva descends for that purpose, and in the form of Laodocus, a son of Priam, exhorts Pandarus to shoot at Menelaus, and succeeds. Menelaus is wounded, and Agamemnon having consigned him to the care of Machaon, goes forth to perform the duties of commander in chief, in the encouragement of his host to battle. The battle begins.

B O O K IV.

NOW, on the golden floor of Jove's abode
 The Gods all sat consulting; Hebe them,
 Graceful, with nectar served; they pledging each
 His next, alternate quaff'd from cups of gold,
 And at their ease reclined, look'd down on Troy; 5
 When, sudden, Jove essay'd by piercing speech
 Invidious, to enkindle Juno's ire.

Two Goddesses on Menelaus' part
 Confederates stand, Juno in Argos known,
 Pallas in * Alalcomene; yet they 10
 Sequester'd sit, look on, and are amused.

* A town of that name in Bœotia, where Pallas was particularly worshipped.

Not so smile-loving Venus; she, beside
 Her champion station'd, saves him from his fate,
 And at this moment, by her aid, he lives.
 But now, since victory hath proved the lot 15
 Of warlike Menelaus, weigh ye well
 The matter; shall we yet the ruinous strife
 Prolong between the nations, or consent
 To give them peace? should peace your preference win,
 And prove alike acceptable to all, 20
 Stand Ilium, and let Menelaus bear
 Helen of Argos back to Greece again.

He ended; Juno and Minerva heard,
 Low-murm'ring deep disgust; for side by side
 They forging sat calamity to Troy. 25
 Minerva through displeasure against Jove
 Nought utter'd, for with rage her bosom boil'd;
 But Juno check'd not hers, who thus replied.

What word hath pass'd thy lips, Jove most severe!
 How? wouldst thou render fruitless all my pains? 30
 The sweat that I have pour'd? my steeds themselves
 Have fainted while I gather'd Greece in arms
 For punishment of Priam and his sons.
 Do it. But small thy praise shall be in heav'n.

Then her the Thund'rer answer'd sore displeas'd. 35
 Ah shameless! how have Priam and his sons
 So much transgress'd against thee, that thou burn'st
 With ceaseless rage to ruin populous Troy?
 Go, make thine entrance at her lofty gates,
 Priam and all his house, and all his host 40
 Alive devour; Then, haply, thou wilt rest;

Do

Do even as thou wilt, that this dispute
 Live not between us a consuming fire
 For ever. But attend; mark well the word.

When I shall also doom in future time 45

Some city to destruction, dear to thee,
 Oppose me not, but give my fury way
 As I give way to thine, not pleas'd myself,
 Yet not unsatisfied, so thou be pleas'd.

For of all cities of the sons of men, 50

And which the sun and stars from heav'n behold,
 Me sacred Troy most pleases, Priam me
 Most, and the people of the warrior King.

Nor without cause. They feed mine altar well;
 Libation there, and steam of sav'ry scent 55

Fail not, the tribute which by lot is ours.

Him answer'd, then, the Goddess ample-eyed*,
 Majestic Juno: three fair cities me,

Of all the earth, most interest and engage,
 Mycenæ for magnificence renown'd, 60

Argos, and Sparta. Them, when next thy wrath
 Shall be inflamed against them, lay thou waste;

I will not interpose on their behalf;
 Thou shalt not hear me murmur; what avail
 Complaint or force against thy matchless arm? 65

Yet were it most unmeet that even I
 Should toil in vain; I also boast a birth
 Celestial; Saturn deeply wife, thy Sire,
 Is also mine; our origin is one.

* Βαῦπις, constant description of Juno, but not susceptible of literal translation.

Thee I acknowledge Sov'reign, yet account 70
 Myself entitled by a twofold claim
 To veneration both from Gods and men,
 The daughter of Jove's fire, and spouse of Jove.
 Concession mutual therefore both thyself
 Besits and me, whom when the Gods perceive 75
 Dispos'd to peace, they also shall accord.
 Come then.—To you dread field dispatch in haste
 Minerva, with command that she incite
 The Trojans first to violate their oath
 By some fresh insult on the exulting Greeks. 80
 So Juno; nor the fire of all refused,
 But in wing'd accents thus to Pallas spake.
 Begone; swift fly to yonder field; incite
 The Trojans first to violate their oath
 By some fresh insult on the exulting Greeks. 85
 The Goddess heard, and what she wish'd, enjoin'd,
 Down-darted swift from the Olympian heights,
 In form a meteor, such as from his hand
 Not seldom Jove dismisses, beaming bright
 And breaking into stars, an omen sent 90
 To mariners, or to some num'rous host.
 Such Pallas seem'd, and swift descending, dropp'd
 Full in the midst between them. They with awe
 That sign portentous and with wonder view'd,
 Achaians both and Trojans, and his next 95
 The foldier thus bespake. Now either war
 And dire hostility again shall flame,
 Or Jove now gives us peace. Both are from Jove.

So spake the soldiery; but she the form
 Taking of brave Laodocus, the son 100
 Of old Antenor, throughout all the ranks
 Sought godlike Pandarus. Ere long she found
 The valiant son illustrious of Lycaon,
 Standing encompass'd by his dauntless troops,
 Broad-shielded warriors, from Æsepus' stream 105
 His followers; to his side the Goddess came,
 And in wing'd accents ardent him bespake.

Brave offspring of Lycaon, is there hope
 That thou wilt hear my counsel? dar'ft thou slip
 A shaft at Menelaus? much renown 110
 Thou shalt and thanks from all the Trojans win,
 But most of all, from Paris, prince of Troy.
 From him illustrious gifts thou shalt receive
 Doubtless, when Menelaus he shall see
 The martial son of Atreus by a shaft 115
 Subdued of thine, placed on his fun'ral pile.
 Come. Shoot at Menelaus, glorious Chief!
 But vow to Lycian Phœbus bow-renown'd
 An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock,
 To fair Zeleia's walls once safe restored. 120

So Pallas spake, to whom infatuate he
 Lift'ning, uncas'd at once his polish'd bow.
 That bow, the laden brows of a wild goat
 Salacious had supplied; him on a day
 Forth-issuing from his cave, in ambush placed 125
 He wounded with an arrow to his breast
 Dispatch'd, and on the rock supine he fell.
 Each horn had from his head tall growth attain'd,

Full sixteen palms; them shaven smooth the smith
 Had aptly join'd, and tipt their points with gold. 130
 That bow he strung, then, stooping, planted firm
 The nether horn, his comrades bold the while
 Screening him close with shields, lest ere the prince
 Were stricken, Menelaus, brave in arms,
 The Greeks with fierce assault should interpose. 135
 He raised his quiver's lid; he chose a dart
 Unflown, full-fledg'd, and barb'd with pangs of death.
 He lodg'd in haste the arrow on the string,
 And vow'd to Lycian Phœbus bow-renown'd
 An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock, 140
 To fair Zeleias' walls once safe restored.
 Compressing next nerve and notch'd arrow-head
 He drew back both together, to his pap
 Drew home the nerve, the barb home to his bow,
 And when the horn was curved to a wide arch, 145
 He twang'd it. Whizz'd the bowstring, and the reed.
 Leap'd off, impatient for the distant throng.
 Thee, Menelaus, then the blessed Gods
 Forgat not Pallas, huntress of the spoil,
 Thy guardian then, baffled the cruel dart. 150
 Far as a mother wafts the fly aside
 That haunts her slumb'ring babe, so far she drove
 Its course aslant, directing it herself
 Against the golden clasps that join'd his belt,
 For there the doubled hauberk interposed. 155
 The bitter arrow plunged into his belt.
 It pierced his broider'd belt, stood fixt within
 His twisted hauberk, nor th' interior quilt,

Though

Though penetrable least to arrow points
 And his best guard, withheld it, but it pass'd 160
 That also, and the Hero's skin inscribed.
 Quick flow'd a fable current from the wound.

As when a Carian or Mœonian maid
 Impurples ivory ordain'd to grace
 The cheek of martial steed; safe stored it lies, 165
 By many a Chief desired, but proves at last
 The stately trapping of some prince, the pride
 Of his high-pamper'd steed, nor less his own;
 Such, Menelaus, seem'd thy shapely thighs,
 Thy legs, thy feet, stain'd with thy trickling blood. 170

Shudder'd King Agamemnon when he saw
 The blood fast trickling from the wound, nor less
 Shudder'd himself the bleeding warrior bold.
 But neck and barb observing from the flesh
 Extant, he gather'd heart, and lived again. 175
 Then royal Agamemnon, fighting, grasp'd
 The hand of Menelaus, and while all
 Their followers fight'd around them, thus began.

I swore thy death, my brother, when I swore
 This truce, and set thee forth, in fight of Greeks 180
 And Trojans, our sole champion; for the foe
 Hath trodden underfoot his sacred oath,
 And stain'd it with thy blood. But not in vain,
 The truce was ratified, the blood of lambs
 Poured forth, libation made, and right hands join'd 185
 In holy confidence. The wrath of Jove
 May sleep, but will not always; they shall pay
 Dear penalty; their own obnoxious heads

Shall be the mulct, their children and their wives.

For this I know, know surely ; that a day 190

Shall come, when Ilium, when the warlike King
Of Ilium and his host shall perish all.

Saturnian Jove high-throned, dwelling in heav'n,
Repentful of this outrage, then shall shake

His storm-clad Ægis over them. He will, 195

I speak no fable. Time shall prove me true.

But, oh my Menelaus, dire distress

Awaits me, if thy close of life be come,

And thou must die. Then ignominy foul

Shall hunt me back to Argos long-desired ; 200

For then, all here will recollect their home,

And, hope abandoning, will Helen yield

To be the boast of Priam, and of Troy.

So shall our toils be vain, and while thy bones

Shall waste these clods beneath, Troy's haughty sons 205

The tomb of Menelaus glory-crown'd

Insulting barbarous, shall scoff at me.

So may Atrides, shall they say, perform

His anger still as he performed it here,

Whither he led an unsuccessful host, 210

Whence he hath failed again without the spoils,

And where he left his brother's bones to rot.

So shall the Trojan speak ; then open earth

Her mouth, and hide me in her deepest gulphs !

But him, the hero of the golden locks 215

Thus cheer'd. My brother fear not, nor infect

With fear the Grecians ; the sharp-pointed reed

Hath touch'd no vital part. The broider'd zone,

The

The hauberk, and the tough interior quilt,
Work of the armourer, its force repress'd. 220

Him answer'd Agamemnon, King of men.
So be it, brother! but the hand of one
Skillful to heal shall visit and shall dress
The wound with drugs of pain-afsuaging pow'r.

He ended, and his noble herald, next, 225
Bespoke, Talthybius. Haste, call hither quick
The son of Æsculapius, leech renown'd,
The prince Machaon. Bid him fly to attend
The warlike Chieftain Menelaus; him
Some archer, either Lycian or of Troy, 230
A dext'rous one, hath stricken with a shaft
To his own glory, and to our distress.

He spake, nor him the herald disobey'd,
But through the Greeks bright-arm'd his course began
The Hero seeking earnest on all sides, 235
Machaon. Him, ere long, he station'd saw
Amid the shielded-ranks of his brave band
From steed-famed Tricca drawn, and at his side
With accents ardour-wing'd, him thus address'd.

Haste, Asclepiades! The King of men 240
Calls thee. Delay not. Thou must visit quick
Brave Menelaus, Atreus' son, for him
Some archer; either Lycian or of Troy;
A dext'rous one, hath stricken with a shaft
To his own glory, and to our distress. 245

So saying, he roused Machaon, who his course
Through the wide host began. Arriving soon
Where wounded Menelaus stood, while all

The bravest of Achaia's host around
 The Godlike hero press'd, he strove at once 250
 To draw the arrow from his cincture forth,
 But, drawing, bent the barbs. He therefore loos'd
 His broider'd belt, his hauberk and his quilt,
 Work of the armourer, and laying bare
 His body where the bitter shaft had plow'd 255
 His flesh, he suck'd the wound, then spread it o'er
 With drugs of balmy pow'r, giv'n on a time
 For friendship's sake by Chiron to his fire.

While Menelaus thus the cares engross'd
 Of all these Chiefs, the shielded pow'rs of Troy 260
 'Gan move toward them, and the Greeks again
 Put on their armour, mindful of the fight.
 Then hadst thou not great Agamemnon seen
 Slumb'ring, or trembling, or averse from war,
 But ardent to begin his glorious task. 265
 His steeds and his bright chariot brass-inlaid
 He left; the snorting steeds Eurymedon,
 Offspring of Ptolemy Piræides
 Detain'd apart; for him he strict enjoin'd
 Attendance near, lest weariness of limbs 270
 Should seize him marshalling his num'rous host.
 So forth he went, and through the files on foot
 Proceeding, where the warrior Greeks he saw
 Alert, he roused them by his words the more.

Argives! abate no spark of all your fire. 275
 Jove will not prosper traitors. Them who first
 Transgress'd the truce the vultures shall devour,
 But we (their city taken) shall their wives

Lead captive, and their children home to Greece.

So cheer'd he them. But whom he saw supine, 280
Or in the rugged work of war remiss,
In terms of anger them he stern rebuked.

Oh Greeks! The shame of Argos! Arrow-doom'd!
Blush ye not! Wherefore stand ye thus aghast,
Like fawns which wearied after scouring wide 285
The champaign, gaze and pant, and can no more?
Senseless like them ye stand, nor seek the fight.
Is it your purpose patient here to wait
Till Troy invade your vessels on the shore
Of the grey deep, that ye may trial make 290
Of Jove, if he will prove, himself, your shield?

Thus, in discharge of his high office, pass'd
Atrides through the ranks, and now arrived
Where, hardy Chief! Idomeneus in front
Of his bold Cretans stood, stout as a boar. 295
The van he occupied, while in the rear
Meriones harangued the most remote.
Them so prepared the King of men beheld
With joyful heart, and thus in courteous terms
Instant the brave Idomeneus address'd. 300

Thee fighting, feasting, howsoe'er employed,
I most respect, Idomeneus, of all
The well-horsed Danai; for when the Chiefs
Of Argos, banquetting, their beakers charge
With rosy wine the honourable meed 305
Of valour, thou alone of all the Greeks
Drink'st not by measure. No—thy goblet stands
Replenish'd still, and like myself thou know'st

No rule or bound, save what thy choice prescribes.
 March. Seek the foe. Fight now as heretofore. 310

To whom Idomeneus of Crete replied.

Atrides! all the friendship and the love
 Which I have promised will I well perform.
 Go; animate the rest, Chief after Chief
 Of the Achaians, that the fight begin. 315

For Troy hath scatter'd to the winds all faith,
 All conscience, and for such her treach'ry foul
 Shall have large recompence of death and woe.

He said, whom Agamemnon at his heart
 Exulting, pass'd, and in his progress came 320
 Where stood each Ajax; them he found prepared
 With all their cloud of infantry behind.

As when the goat-herd on some rocky point
 Advanced, a cloud sees wafted o'er the deep
 By western gales, and rolling flow along, 325

To him, who stands remote, pitch-black it seems,
 And comes with tempest charged; he at the sight
 Shudd'ring, his flock compels into a cave;
 So moved the gloomy phalanx, rough with spears,
 And dense with shields of youthful warriors bold, 330
 Close-following either Ajax to the fight.

Them also, pleas'd, the King of men beheld,
 And in wing'd accents hail'd them as he pass'd.

Brave leaders of the mail-clad host of Greece!
 I move not you to duty; ye yourselves 335
 Move others, and no lesson need from me.

Jove, Pallas, and Apollo! Were but all
 Courageous as yourselves, soon Priam's towers

Should

Should totter, and his Ilium storm'd and sack'd
By our victorious bands, stoop to the dust. 340

He ceased, and still proceeding, next arrived
Where stood the Pylvian orator, his band
Marshalling under all their leaders bold
Alastor, Chromius, Pelagon the vast,
Hæmon the prince, and Bias, martial Chief. 345

Chariot and horse he station'd in the front ;
His numerous infantry, a strong reserve
Right valiant, in the rear ; the worst, and those
In whom he trusted least, he drove between,
That such through mere necessity might act. 350

First to his charioteers he gave in charge
Their duty ; bade them rein their horses hard,
Shunning confusion. Let no warrior, vain
And overweening of his strength or skill,
Start from his rank to dare the fight alone, 355
Or fall behind it, weak'ning whom he leaves.

* And if, dismounted from his own, he climb
Another's chariot, let him not affect
Perverse the reins, but let him stand, his spear
Advancing firm, far better so employ'd. 360
Such was the discipline, in antient times,
Of our forefathers ; by these rules they fought
Successful, and lay'd many a city low.

So counsell'd them the venerable Chief
Long time expert in arms ; him also saw 365

* Diverse interpretations are given of this passage. I have adopted that which to me appeared most plausible. It seems to be a caution against the mischief that might ensue, should the horses be put under the management of a driver with whom they were unacquainted.—The scholium by Villoison much countenances this relation.

King Agamemnon with delight, and said,

Old Chief! ah how I wish that thy firm heart
Were but supported by as firm a knee!

But time unhinges all. Oh that some youth
Had thine old age, and thou wast young again! 370
To whom the valiant Nestor thus replied.

Atrides, I could also ardent wish
That I were now robust as when I struck
Brave * Ereuthalion breathless to the ground!

But never all their gifts the Gods confer 375
On man at once; if then I had the force
Of youth, I suffer now the effects of age.

Yet antient as I am, I will be seen
Still mingling with the charioteers, still prompt
To give them counsel; for to counsel youth 380
Is the old warrior's province. Let the green
In years, my juniors, unimpaired by time,
Push with the lance, for they have strength to boast.

So he, whom Agamemnon joyful heard,
And passing thence, the son of Peteos found 385
Menestheus, foremost in equestrian fame,

Among his brave Athenians; near to him
Ulysses held his station, and at hand
The Cephallenians stood, hardy and bold.

For rumour none of the approaching fight 390
Them yet had reach'd, so recent had the stir
Aris'n in either host; they, therefore, watch'd

* Here Nestor only mentions the name of Ereuthalion, knowing the present to be an improper time for story-telling; in the seventh book he relates his fight and victory at length. This passage may serve to confute those who charge Nestor with indiscriminate loquacity.

'Till the example of some other band
 Marching, should prompt them to begin the fight.
 But Agamemnon, thus, the King of men 395
 Them seeing, fudden and severe reproved.

Meneſtheus, ſon of Peteos prince renown'd,
 And thou, deviſer of all evil wiles !
 Adept in artifice ! why ſtand ye here
 Appall'd ? why wait ye on this diſtant ſpot 400

'Till others move ? I might expect from you
 More readineſs to meet the burning war,
 Whom foremoſt I invite of all to ſhare
 The banquet, when the Princes feaſt with me.
 There ye are prompt ; ye find it pleaſant there 405
 To eat your fav'ry food, and quaff your wine
 Delicious, 'till fatiety enſue ;

But here ye could be well content to ſtand
 Spectators only, while ten Grecian troops
 Should wage before you the wide-waſting war. 410

To whom Ulyſſes, with reſentful tone
 Dark-frowning, thus replied. What words are theſe
 Which have eſcaped thy lips ? and for what cauſe,
 Atrides, haſt thou call'd me flow to fight ?
 When we of Greece ſhall in ſharp conteſt claſh 415

With you ſteed-tamer Trojans, mark me then ;
 Then thou ſhalt ſee (if the concerns of war
 So nearly touch thee, and thou ſo incline)
 The father of Telemachus engaged
 Among the foremoſt Trojans. But thy ſpeech 420
 Was light as is the wind, and raſhly made.

When him thus moved he saw, the monarch smiled
Complacent, and in gentler terms replied.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!

Short reprimand and exhortation short 425

Suffice for thee, nor did I purpose more.

For I have known thee long, that thou art one

Of kindest nature, and so much my friend

That we have both one heart. Go therefore thou,

Lead on, and if a word have fall'n amiss, 430

We will hereafter mend it, and may heaven

Obliterate in thine heart it's whole effect!

He ceased, and ranging still along the line,

The son of Tydeus, Diomede, perceived,

Heroic Chief, by chariots all around 435

Inviron'd, and by steeds, at side of whom

Stood Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus.

Him also, Agamemnon, King of men,

In accents of asperity reproved.

Ah, son of Tydeus, Chief of dauntless heart 440

And of equestrian fame! why standest thou

Appall'd, and peering through the walks of war?

So did not Tydeus. In the foremost fight

His fav'rite station was, as they affirm

Who witness'd his exploits; I never saw 445

Or met him, but by popular report

He was the bravest warrior of his day.

Yet came he once, but not in hostile fort,

To fair Mycenæ, by the Godlike prince

Attended, Polynices, at what time 450

The host was called together, and the siege

Was

Was purposed of the sacred city Thebes.
 Earnest they sued for an auxiliar band,
 Which we had gladly granted, but that Jove
 By unpropitious tokens interfered. 455
 So forth they went, and on the reedy banks
 Arriving of Æsopus, there thy fire
 By designation of the Greeks was sent
 Ambassador, and enter'd Thebes. He found
 In Eteocles' palace num'rous guests, 460
 The sons of Cadmus feasting, among whom,
 Although a solitary stranger, stood
 Thy father without fear, and challenged forth
 Their best to cope with him in manly games.
 Them Tydeus vanquish'd easily, such aid 465
 Pallas vouchsafed him. Then the spur-arm'd race
 Of Cadmus was incensed, and fifty youths
 In ambush close expected his return.
 Them, Lyncophontes obstinate in fight,
 Son of Autophonus, and Mæon, son 470
 Of Hæmon, Chief of Godlike stature, led.
 Those also Tydeus slew; Mæon except,
 (Whom, warned from heav'n, he spared, and sent him home
 With tidings of the rest) he slew them all.
 Such was Ætolian Tydeus; who begat 475
 A son in speech his better, not in arms.
 He ended, and his sov'reign's awful voice
 Tydides reverencing, nought replied;
 But thus the son of glorious Capaneus.
 Atrides, conscious of the truth, speak truth. 480
 We with our fires compared, superior praise

Claim.

Claim justly. We, confiding in the aid
 Of Jove, and in propitious signs from heaven,
 Led to the city consecrate to Mars
 Our little host, inferior far to theirs, 485
 And took sev'n-gated Thebes, under whose walls
 Our fathers by their own imprudence fell.

Their glory, then, match never more with ours.

He spake, whom with a frowning brow the brave
 Tydides, answer'd. Sthenelus, my friend! 490

I give thee counsel. Mark it. Hold thy peace.

If Agamemnon, who hath charge of all,

Excite his well-appointed host to war,

He hath no blame from me. For should the Greeks
 (Her people vanquish'd) win imperial Troy, 495

The glory shall be his, or, if his host

O'erpower'd in battle perish, his the shame.

Come, therefore; be it ours to rouse at once

To action all the fury of our might.

He said, and from his chariot to the plain 500

Leap'd ardent; rang the armour on the breast

Of the advancing Chief; the boldest heart

Had felt emotion, startled at the sound.

As when the waves by Zephyrus up-heaved
 Crowd fast toward some founding shore, at first, 505

On the broad bosom of the deep their heads

They curl on high, then breaking on the land

Thunder, and o'er the rocks that breast the flood

Borne turgid, scatter far the show'ry spray,

So moved the Greeks successive, rank by rank, 510

And phalanx after phalanx, ev'ry Chief

His

His loud command proclaiming, while the rest,
 As voice in all those thousands none had been,
 Heard mute; and, in resplendent armour clad,
 With martial order terrible advanced. 515

Not so the Trojans came. As sheep, the flock
 Of some rich man, by thousands in his court
 Penn'd close at milking time, incessant bleat,
 Loud answer'd all their bleating lambs without,
 Such din from Ilium's wide-spread host arose. 520

Nor was their shout, nor was their accent one,
 But mingled languages were heard of men
 From various climes. These Mars to battle roused,
 Those Pallas azure-eyed; nor Terror thence
 Nor Flight was absent, nor insatiate Strife, 525
 Sister and mate of homicidal Mars,

Who small at first, but swift to grow, from earth
 Her towering crest lifts gradual to the skies.
 She, foe alike to both, the brands dispers'd
 Of burning hate between them, and the woes 530
 Enhanced of battle wherefoe'er she pass'd.

And now the battle joined. Shield clash'd with shield,
 And spear with spear, conflicting corslets rang,
 Boss'd bucklers met, and tumult wild arose.
 Then, many a yell was heard, and many a shout 535
 Loud intermix'd, the slayer o'er the maimed
 Exulting, and the field was drench'd with blood.

As when two winter torrents rolling down
 The mountains, shoot their floods through gullies huge
 Into one gulph below, station'd remote 540
 The shepherd in the uplands hears the roar;

Such.

Such was the thunder of the mingling hofts,
 And firft, Antilochus a Trojan Chief
 Slew Echepolus, from Thalyfias sprung,
 Contending valiant in the van of Troy. 545
 Him finiting on his crefted cafque, he drove
 The brazen lance into his front, and pierced
 The bones within; night overspread his eyes,
 And in fierce battle, like a tow'r, he fell.
 Him fallen by both feet Calchodons' fon 550
 Seized, royal Elephenor, leader brave
 Of the Abantes, and in hafte to ftrip
 His armour, drew him from the fight afide.
 But fhort was that attempt. Him fo employ'd
 Dauntlefs Agenor mark'd, and as he ftoop'd, 555
 In his unfhielded flank a pointed fpear
 Implanted deep; he languid funk and died.
 So Elephenor fell, for whom arofe
 Sharp conflict; Greeks and Trojans mutual flew
 Like wolves to battle, and man grappled man. 560
 Then Telamonian Ajax, in his prime
 Of youthful vigour Simöifius flew,
 Son of Anthemion. Him on Simois' banks
 His mother bore, when with her parents once
 She came from Ida down to view the flocks, 565
 And thence they named him; but his parents love
 He lived not to requite, in early youth
 Slain by the fpear of Ajax famed in arms.
 For him advancing Ajax at the pap
 Wounded; right through his fhoulder driv'n the point 570
 Stood forth behind; he fell, and prefs'd the duft.

So in some spacious marsh the poplar falls
 Smooth-skinn'd, with boughs unladen save aloft ;
 Some chariot-builder with his ax the trunk
 Severs, that he may warp it to a wheel 575
 Of shapely form ; meantime expos'd it lies
 To parching airs beside the running stream :
 Such Simoifius seem'd, Anthemion's son,
 Whom noble Ajax flew. But soon at him
 Antiphus, son of Priam, bright in arms, 580
 Hurl'd through the multitude his pointed spear.
 He erred from Ajax, but he pierced the groin
 Of Leucus, valiant warrior of the band
 Led by Ulysses. He the body dragg'd
 Apart, but fell beside it, and let fall, 585
 Breathless himself, the burthen from his hand.
 Then burn'd Ulysses' wrath for Leucus slain,
 And through the foremost combatants, array'd
 In dazzling arms, he rush'd. Full near he stood,
 And, looking keen around him, hurl'd a lance. 590
 Back fell the Trojans from before the face
 Dispersed of great Ulysses. Not in vain
 His weapon flew, but on the field outstretch'd
 A spurious son of Priam, from the shores
 Call'd of Abydus famed for fleetest mares, 595
 Democoon ; him, for Leucus' sake enraged,
 Ulysses through both temples with his spear
 Transpierced. The night of death hung on his eyes,
 And founding on his batter'd arms he fell.
 Then Hector and the van of Troy retired ; 600
 Loud shout the Grecians ; these draw off the dead,

Thou'rt onward march amain, and from the heights
 Of Pergamus Apollo looking down
 In anger, to the Trojans called aloud.

Turn, turn, ye Trojans ! face your Grecian foes. 605
 They, like yourselves, are vulnerable flesh,
 Not adamant or steel. Your direst dread
 Achilles, son of Thetis radiant-hair'd,
 Fights not, but fullen in his fleet abides.

Such from the citadel was heard the voice 610
 Of dread Apollo. But Minerva ranged
 Meantime, Tritonian progeny of Jove,
 The Grecians, rousing whom she saw remiss.
 Then Amarynceus' son, Dioces, felt

The force of fate, bruised by a rugged rock 615
 At his right heel, which Pirus, Thracian Chief,
 The son of Imbrabus of Ænos, threw.

Bones and both tendons in its fall the mass
 Enormous crush'd. He, stretch'd in dust supine,
 With palms outspread toward his warrior friends 620

Lay gasping life away. But he who gave
 The fatal blow, Pirus, advancing, urged
 Into his navel a keen lance, and shed
 His bowels forth ; then, darkness veil'd his eyes.

Nor Pirus long survived ; him through the breast, 625
 Above the pap, Ætolian Thoas pierced,
 And in his lungs set fast the quiv'ring spear.

Then Thoas swift approach'd, pluck'd from the wound
 His stormy spear, and with his faulchion bright
 Gashing his middle belly, stretch'd him dead. 630
 Yet stripp'd he not the slain, whom with long spears

His

His Thracians * hairy-scalp'd so round about
 Encompass'd, that though bold and large of limb
 Were Thoas, from before them him they thrust
 Stagg'ring and reeling in his forced retreat. 635

They therefore in the dust, th' Epean Chief
 Dioces, and the Thracian, Pirus lay
 Stretch'd side by side, with num'rous slain around.

Then had Minerva led through all that field
 Some warrior yet unhurt, him shelt'ring safe 640
 From all annoyance dread of dart or spear,
 No cause of blame in either had he found
 That day, so many Greeks and Trojans press'd,
 Extended side by side, the dusty plain.

* Ἀχρείομοι. They wore only a lock of hair on the crown of the head.

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

F I F T H B O O K.

Diomede is extraordinarily distinguished. He kills Pandarus, who had violated the truce, and wounds first Venus, and then Mars.

B O O K V.

THEN Athenæan Pallas on the son
Of Tydeus, Diomede, new force conferr'd
And daring courage, that the Argives all
He might surpass, and deathless fame achieve.
Fires on his helmet, and his shield around 5
She kindled, bright and steady as the star
Autumnal, which in Ocean newly bathed
Assumes fresh beauty; with such glorious beams
His head encircling and his shoulders broad,
She urged him forth into the thickest fight. 10

There lived a man in Troy, Dares his name,
The priest of Vulcan; rich he was and good,
The father of two sons, Idæus this,
That, Phegeus call'd; accomplish'd warriors both.
These, issuing from their phalanx, push'd direct 15
Their steeds at Diomede, who fought on foot.
When now small interval was left between,
First Phegeus his long-shadow'd spear dismiss'd;
But over Diomedes' left shoulder pass'd

The

The point, innocuous. Then his splendid lance
Tydides hurl'd; nor ineffectual flew 20

The weapon from his hand, but Phegeus pierced
His paps between, and forced him to the ground.
At once, his sumptuous chariot left, down leap'd
Idæus, wanting courage to defend 25

His brother slain; nor had he scaped himself
His louring fate, but Vulcan, to preserve
His antient priest from unmixt sorrow, snatch'd
The fugitive in darkness wrapt, away.

Then brave Tydides, driving off the steeds, 30
Consign'd them to his fellow-warriors care
That they might lead them down into the fleet.

The valiant Trojans, when they saw the sons
Of Dares, one beside his chariot slain,
And one by flight preserved, through all their host 35
Felt consternation. Then Minerva seized
The hand of fiery Mars, and thus she spake.

Gore-tainted, homicide, town-batt'ring Mars!
Leave we the Trojans and the Greeks to wage
Fierce fight alone, Jove prosp'ring whom he will, 40
So shall we not provoke our father's ire.

She said, and from the fight conducted forth
Th' impetuous Deity, whom on the side
She seated of Scamander * deep-embank'd.

And now the host of Troy to flight inclined 45
Before the Grecians, and the Chiefs of Greece
Each slew a warrior. Agamemnon first
Gigantic Odius from his chariot hurled,

* Πηλεΐδης.

Chief of the Halizonians. He to flight
 Turn'd foremost, when the monarch in his spine 50
 Between the shoulder-bones his spear infixt,
 And urged it through his breast. Sounding he fell,
 And loud his batter'd armour rang around.

By brave Idomeneus a Lydian died,
 Phæstus, from fruitful Tarne sent to Troy, 55
 Son of Mœonian Borus; him his steeds
 Mounting, Idomeneus the spear-renown'd
 Through his right shoulder pierced; unwelcome night
 Involved him; from his chariot down he fell,
 And the attendant Cretans stripp'd his arms. 60

But Menelaus, son of Atreus, flew
 With his bright spear Scamandrius, Stropius' son,
 A skilful hunter; for Diana him,
 Herself, the slaughter of all savage kinds
 Had taught, on mountain or in forest bred. 65
 But she, shaft-aiming Goddess, in that hour
 Avail'd him not, nor his own matchless skill,
 For Menelaus, Atreus son spear-famed,
 Him flying wounded in the spine between
 His shoulders, and the spear urged through his breast. 70
 Prone on his loud-resounding arms he fell.

Next, by Meriones Phereclus died,
 Son of Harmonides. All arts that ask
 A well instructed hand his fire had learn'd,
 For Pallas dearly lov'd him. He the fleet, 75
 Prime source of harm to Troy and to himself,
 For Paris built, unskill'd to spell aright
 The oracles predictive of the woe.

PHERECLUS

Phereclus fled; Meriones his flight
 Outstripping, deep in his posterior flesh 80
 A spear infix'd; sliding beneath the bone
 It grazed his bladder as it pass'd, and stood
 Protruded far before. Low on his knees
 Phereclus sank, and with a shriek expired.

Pedæus, whom, although his spurious son, 85
 Antenor's wife, to gratify her Lord,
 Had cherish'd as her own—him Meges slew.
 Warlike * Phylides following close his flight,
 His keen lance drove into his poll, cut sheer
 His tongue within, and through his mouth enforced 90
 The glitt'ring point. He, prostrate in the dust,
 The cold steel press'd between his teeth and died.

Eurypylus, Evemon's son, the brave
 Hypsenor flew; Dolopion was his fire,
 Priest of Scamander, revered as a God. 95
 In vain before Eurypylus he fled;
 He, running, with his faulchion lopp'd his arm
 Fast by the shoulder; on the field his hand
 Fell blood-distain'd, and destiny severe
 With shades of death for ever veil'd his eyes. 100

Thus strenuous they the toilsome battle waged.
 But where Tydides fought, whether in aid
 Of Ilium's host, or on the part of Greece,
 Might none discern. For as a winter-flood
 Impetuous, mounds and bridges sweeps away; 105
 The buttress'd bridge checks not its sudden force,
 The firm inclosure of vine-planted fields

* Meges, son of Phyleus.

Luxuriant, falls before it, finish'd works
 Of youthful hinds, once pleasant to the eye,
 Now levell'd, after ceaseless rain from Jove; 110
 So drove Tydides into sudden flight
 The Trojans; phalanx after phalanx fled
 Before the terror of his single arm.

When him Lycaon's son illustrious saw
 Scouring the field, and from before his face 115
 The ranks dispersing wide, at once he bent
 Against Tydides his elastic bow.

The arrow met him in his swift career
 Sure-aim'd; it struck direct the hollow mail
 Of his right shoulder, with resistless force 120
 Transfix'd it, and his hauberk stain'd with blood.
 Loud shouted then Lycaon's son renown'd.

Rush on ye Trojans, spur your coursers hard.
 Our fiercest foe is wounded, and I deem
 His death not distant far, if me the King* 125
 Jove's son, indeed, from Lycia sent to Troy.

So boasted Pandarus. Yet him the dart
 Quell'd not. Retreating, at his coursers heads
 He stood, and to the son of Capaneus
 His charioteer and faithful friend he said. 130

Arise, sweet son of Capaneus, dismount,
 And from my shoulder draw this bitter shaft.

He spake; at once the son of Capaneus
 Descending, by its barb the bitter shaft
 Drew forth; blood spouted through his twisted mail 135
 Incontinent, and thus the Hero pray'd.

Unconquer'd daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd!

* Apollo.

If ever me, propitious, or my fire
 Thou hast in furious fight help'd heretofore,
 Now aid me also. Bring within the reach 140
 Of my swift spear, Oh grant me to strike through
 The warrior who hath check'd my course, and boasts
 The sun's bright beams for ever quench'd to me!

He pray'd, and Pallas heard; she braced his limbs,
 She winged him with alacrity divine, 145
 And standing at his side, him thus bespake.

Now Diomede, be bold! Fight now with Troy.
 To thee, thy father's spirit I impart
 Fearless; shield-shaking Tydeus felt the fame.
 I also from thine eye the darkness purge 150
 Which dimm'd thy fight before, that thou may'st know
 Both Gods and men; should, therefore, other God
 Approach to try thee, fight not with the pow'rs
 Immortal; but if foam-born Venus come,
 Her spare not. Wound her with thy glitt'ring spear. 155

So spake the blue-eyed Deity, and went.
 Then with the champions in the van again
 Tydides mingled; hot before, he fights
 With threefold fury now, nor less enraged
 Than some gaunt lion whom o'erleaping light 160
 The fold, a shepherd hath but gall'd, not kill'd,
 Him irritating more; thenceforth the swain
 Lurks unresisting; flies th' abandon'd flock;
 Heaps slain on heaps he leaves, and with a bound
 Surmounting all impediment, escapes; 165
 Such seem'd the valiant Diomede incens'd
 To fury, mingling with the host of Troy.

Astynoüs and Hypenor first he flew;
 One with his brazen lance above the pap
 He pierced, and one with his huge faulchion smote 170
 Fast by the * key-bone, from the neck and spine
 His parted shoulder driving at a blow.

Them leaving, Polyides next he fought
 And Abas, sons of a dream-dealing feer,
 Eurydamas; their hoary father's dreams 175
 Or not interpreted, or kept concealed,
 Them saved not, for by Diomede they died.
 Xanthus and Thoon he encounter'd next,
 Both sons of Phænops, sons of his old age,
 Who other heir had none of all his wealth, 180
 Nor hoped another, worn with many years.
 Tydides slew them both; nor aught remain'd
 To the old man but sorrow for his sons
 For ever lost, and strangers were his heirs.
 Two sons of Priam in one chariot borne 185
 Echemon next, and Chromius felt his hand
 Resistless. As a lion on the herd
 Leaping, while they the shrubs and bushes browze,
 Breaks short the neck of heifer or of steer,
 So them, though clinging fast and loth to fall, 190
 Tydides hurl'd together to the ground,
 Then stripp'd their splendid armour, and the steeds
 Consigned and chariot to his soldiers care.

Æneas him discern'd scatt'ring the ranks,
 And through the battle and the clash of spears 195
 Went seeking God-like Pandarus; ere long

* Or collar-bone.

Finding Lycaon's martial son renown'd,
He stood before him, and him thus address'd.

Thy bow, thy feather'd shafts, and glorious name
Where are they, Pandarus? Whom none of Troy 200
Could equal, whom of Lycia, none excell.

Come. Lift thine hands to Jove, and at yon Chief
Dispatch an arrow, who afflicts the host .
Of Ilium thus, conqu'ring where'er he flies,
And who hath slaughter'd num'rous brave in arms. 205

But him some Deity I rather deem
Avenging on us his neglected rites,
And who can stand before an angry God?

Him answer'd then Lycaon's son renown'd.
Brave leader of the Trojans brazen-mail'd, 210
Æneas! By his buckler which I know,
And by his helmet's height, confid'ring too
His steeds, I deem him Diomede the bold;
Yet such pronounce him not, who seems a God.
But if bold Diomede indeed he be 215

Of whom I speak, not without aid from heav'n
His fury thus prevails, but at his side
Some God, in clouds envelop'd, turns away
From him the arrow to a devious course.

Already, at his shoulder's hollow mail 220
My shaft hath pierc'd him through, and him I deem'd
Dismiss'd full sure to Pluto ere his time;
But he survives; whom therefore I at last
Perforce conclude some angry Deity.

Steeds have I none or chariot to ascend, 225
Who have eleven chariots in the stands

Left of Lycaon, with fair hangings all
 O'ermantled, strong, new finish'd, with their feeds
 In pairs beside them, eating winnow'd grain.
 Me much Lycaon my old valiant fire 230
 At my departure from his palace gates
 Persuaded, that my chariot and my feeds
 Ascending, I should so conduct my bands
 To battle; counsel wife, and ill-refused!
 But anxious, left (the host in Troy so long 235
 Immew'd) my feeds fed plenteously at home,
 Should here want food, I left them, and on foot
 To Ilium came, confiding in my bow
 Ordain'd at last to yield me little good.
 Twice have I shot, and twice I struck the mark, 240
 First Menelaus, and Tydides next;
 From each I drew the blood, true, genuine blood,
 Yet have but more incensed them. In an hour
 Unfortunate, I therefore took my bow
 Down from the wall that day, when for the sake 245
 Of noble Hector, to these pleasant plains
 I came, a leader on the part of Troy.
 But should I once return, and with these eyes
 Again behold my native land, my fire,
 My wife, my stately mansion, may the hand, 250
 That moment, of some adversary there
 Shorten me by the head, if I not snap
 This bow with which I charged myself in vain,
 And burn the unprofitable tool to dust.
 To whom Æneas, Trojan Chief, replied. 255
 Nay, speak not so. For ere that hour arrive

We

We will, with chariot and with horse, in arms
 Encounter him, and put his strength to proof.
 Delay not, mount my chariot. Thou shalt see
 With what rapidity the steeds of Troy 260
 Pursuing or retreating, scour the field.
 If after all, Jove purpose still t' exalt
 The son of Tydeus, these shall bear us safe
 Back to the city. Come then. Let us on.
 The lash take thou, and the resplendent reins, 265
 While I alight for battle, or thyself
 Receive them, and the steeds shall be my care.

Him answer'd then Lycaon's son renown'd.
 Æneas! manage thou the reins, and guide
 Thy proper steeds. If fly at last we must 270
 The son of Tydeus, they will readier draw
 Directed by their wonted charioteer.
 Else, terrified, and missing thy controul,
 They may refuse to bear us from the fight,
 And Tydeus' son assailing us, with ease 275
 Shall slay us both, and drive thy steeds away.
 Rule therefore thou the chariot, and myself
 With my sharp spear will his assault receive.

So saying they mounted both, and furious drove
 Against Tydides. Them the noble son 280
 Of Capaneus observed, and turning quick
 His speech to Diomed, him thus address'd.

Tydides, Diomed, my heart's delight!
 Two warriors of immeasurable force
 In battle, ardent to contend with thee, 285
 Come rattling on. Lycaon's offspring one,

Bow-practis'd Pandarus; with whom appears
 Æneas; he who calls the mighty Chief
 Anchifes' father, and whom Venus bore.
 Mount—drive we swift away.—Left borne so far 290
 Beyond the foremost battle, thou be slain.

To whom, dark-frowning, Diomede replied.
 Speak not of flight to me, who am disposed
 To no such course. I am ashamed to fly
 Or tremble, and my strength is still entire; 295
 I cannot mount. No. Rather thus, on foot,
 I will advance against them. Fear and dread
 Are not for me; Pallas forbids the thought.

One falls, be sure; swift as they are, the steeds
 That whirl them on, shall never rescue both. 300

But hear my bidding, and hold fast the word.
 Should all-wise Pallas grant me my desire
 To slay them both, drive not my courfers hence,
 But hook the reins, and seizing quick the pair
 That draw Æneas, urge them from the pow'rs 305
 Of Troy away into the host of Greece.

For they are sprung from those which Jove to Tros
 In compensation gave for Ganymede;
 The sun himself sees not their like below.

Anchifes, King of men, clandestine them 310
 Obtain'd, his mares submitting to the steeds
 Of King Laomedon. Six brought him foals;

Four to himself reserving, in his stalls
 He fed them fleck, and two he gave his son:
 These, might we win them, were a noble prize. 315

Thus

Thus mutual they conferr'd; those Chiefs, the while,
With swiftest pace approach'd, and first his speech
To Diomede Lycaon's son address'd.

Heroic offspring of a noble fire,
Brave son of Tydeus! false to my intent 320
My shaft hath harm'd thee little. I will now
Make trial with my spear, if that may speed.

He said, and shaking his long-shadow'd spear,
Dismiss'd it. Forceful on the shield it struck
Of Diomede, transpierced it, and approach'd 325
With threat'ning point the hauberk on his breast.
Loud shouted Pandarus—Ah nobly thrown!
Home to thy bowels. Die, for die thou must,
And all the glory of thy death is mine.

Then answer thus brave Diomede return'd 330
Undaunted. I am whole. Thy cast was short.
But ye desist not, as I plain perceive,
Till one at least extended on the plain
Shall fate the God of battles with his blood.

He said and threw. Pallas the spear herself 335
Directed; at his eye fast by the nose
Deep-ent'ring, through his iv'ry teeth it pass'd,
At it's extremity divided sheer
His tongue, and started through his chin below.
He headlong fell, and with his dazzling arms 340
Smote full the plain. Back flew the fiery steeds
With swift recoil, and where he fell he died.
Then sprang Æneas forth with spear and shield,
That none might drag the body; lion-like
He stalk'd around it, oval shield and spear 345

Advancing

Advancing firm, and with incessant cries
 Terrific, death denouncing on his foes.
 But Diomede with hollow grasp a stone
 Enormous seized, a weight to over-task
 Two strongest men of such as now are strong, 350
 Yet He, alone, wielded the rock with ease.

Full on the hip he smote him, where the thigh
 Rolls in its cavity, the socket named.
 He crush'd the socket, lacerated wide
 Both tendons, and with that rough-angled mass 355
 Flay'd all his flesh. The Hero on his knees
 Sank, on his ample palm his weight upbore
 Lab'ring, and darkness overspread his eyes.

There had Æneas perish'd, King of men,
 Had not Jove's daughter Venus quick perceived 360
 His peril imminent, whom she had borne
 Herself to Anchises pasturing his herds.
 Her snowy arms her darling son around
 She threw maternal, and behind a fold
 Of her bright mantle screening close his breast 365
 From mortal harm by some brave Grecian's spear,
 Stole him with eager swiftness from the fight.

Nor then forgot brave Sthenelus his charge
 Receiv'd from Diomede; but his own steeds
 Detaining distant from the boisterous war, 370
 Stretched tight the reins, and hook'd them fast behind.

The couriers of Æneas next he seized
 Ardent, and them into the host of Greece
 Driving remote, consign'd them to his care,
 Whom far above all others his compeers 375
 He

He lov'd, Deipylus, his bosom friend
 Congenial. Him he charged to drive them thence
 Into the fleet, then, mounting swift his own,
 Lash'd after Diomedes; he, fierce in arms,
 Pursued the Cyprian Goddesses, conscious whom, 380
 Not Pallas, not Enyo, waster dread
 Of cities close-beleagu'ed, none of all
 Who o'er the battle's bloody course preside,
 But one of softer kind and prone to fear.
 When, therefore, her at length, after long chase 385
 Through all the warring multitude he reach'd,
 With his protruded spear her gentle hand
 He wounded, piercing through her thin attire
 Ambrosial, by themselves the Graces wrought,
 Her inside wrist, fast by the rosy palm. 390
 Blood follow'd, but immortal; ichor pure,
 Such as the blest inhabitants of heav'n
 May bleed, nectareous; for the Gods eat not
 Man's food, nor slake as he with fable wine
 Their thirst, thence bloodless and from death exempt. 395
 She, shrieking, from her arms cast down her son,
 And Phœbus, in impenetrable clouds
 Him hiding, lest the spear of some brave Greek
 Should pierce his bosom, caught him swift away.
 Then shouted brave Tydides after her— 400
 Depart, Jove's daughter! fly the bloody field.
 Is't not enough that thou beguil'st the hearts
 Of feeble women? If thou dare intrude
 Again into the war, war's very name
 Shall make thee shudder, wheresoever heard. 405

He said, and Venus with excess of pain
 Bewilder'd went; but Iris tempest-wing'd
 Forth led her through the multitude, oppress'd
 With anguish, her white wrist to livid changed.
 They came where Mars far on the left retired 410
 Of battle fat, his horses and his spear
 In darkness veiled. Before her brother's knees
 She fell, and with entreaties urgent sought
 The succour of his coursers golden-rein'd.

Save me, my brother! Pity me! Thy steeds 415
 Give me, that they may bear me to the heights
 Olympian, seat of the immortal Gods!
 Oh! I am wounded deep; a mortal man
 Hath done it, Diomedes; nor would he fear
 This day in fight the Sire himself of all. 420

Then Mars his coursers gold-caparison'd
 Resign'd to Venus; she, with count'nance sad,
 The chariot climb'd, and Iris at her side
 The bright reins seizing lash'd the ready steeds.
 Soon as th' Olympian heights, seat of the Gods 425
 They reach'd, wing-footed Iris loosing quick
 The coursers, gave them large whereon to browse
 Ambrosial food; but Venus on the knees
 Sank of Dione, who with folded arms
 Maternal, to her bosom straining close 430
 Her daughter, stroak'd her cheek, and thus enquired.

My darling child! who! which of all the Gods
 Hath rashly done such violence to thee
 As if convicted of some open wrong?

Her then the Goddess of love-kindling smiles 435
 Venus

Venus thus answer'd; Diomedes the proud,
 Audacious Diomedes; he gave the wound,
 For that I stole Æneas from the fight
 My son, of all mankind my most beloved;
 Nor is it now the war of Greece with Troy, 440
 But of the Grecians with the Gods themselves.

Then thus Dione, Goddesses all divine.

My child! how hard foe'er thy sufferings seem,
 Endure them patiently. Full many a wrong
 From human hands profane the Gods endure, 445
 And many a painful stroke, mankind from ours.

Mars once endured much wrong, when on a time
 Him Otus bound and Ephialtes fast,

Sons of Alæus, and full thirteen moons
 In brazen thralldom held him. There, at length, 450
 The fierce blood-nourished Mars had pined away,

But that Eëribœa, loveliest nymph,
 His step-mother, in happy hour disclosed
 To Mercury the story of his wrongs;
 He stole the prisoner forth, but with his woes 455
 Already worn, languid and fetter-gall'd.

Nor Juno less endured, when erst the bold
 Son of Amphytrion with tridental shaft
 Her bosom pierced; she then the misery felt
 Of irremediable pain severe. 460

Nor suffer'd Pluto less, of all the Gods
 Gigantic most, by the same son of Jove
 Alcides, at the portals of the dead
 Transfix'd and fill'd with anguish; he the house
 Of Jove and the Olympian summit fought 465

Dejected, torture-stung, for fore the shaft
 Oppress'd him, into his huge shoulder driv'n.
 But Pæon him not liable to death
 With unction smooth of salutiferous balms
 Healed soon. Presumptuous, sacrilegious man! 470
 Careless what dire enormities he wrought,
 Who bent his bow against the pow'rs of heaven!
 But blue-eyed Pallas instigated him
 By whom thou bleed'st. Infatuate! He forgets
 That who so turns against the Gods his arms 475
 Lives never long; he never, safe escaped
 From furious fight, the lisp'd careffes hears
 Of his own infants prattling at his knees.
 Let therefore Diomede beware, lest strong
 And valiant as he is, he chance to meet 480
 Some mightier foe than thou, and lest his wife,
 Daughter of King Adrastus, the discrete
 Ægialea, from portentous dreams
 Upstarting, call her family to wail
 Her first-espoused, Achaia's proudest boast, 485
 Diomede, whom she must behold no more.
 She said, and from her wrist with both hands wiped
 The trickling ichor; the effectual touch
 Divine chased all her pains, and she was healed.
 Them Juno marked and Pallas, and with speech 490
 Sarcastic pointed at Saturnian Jove
 To vex him, blue-eyed Pallas thus began.
 Eternal father! may I speak my thought,
 And not incense thee, Jove? I can but judge
 That Venus, while she coax'd some Grecian fair 495
 To

To accompany the Trojans whom she loves
 With such extravagance, hath heedless stroak'd
 Her golden clasps, and scratch'd her lily hand.

So she; then smil'd the fire of Gods and men,
 And calling golden Venus, her bespake. 500

War and the tented field, my beautous child,
 Are not for thee. Thou rather shouldst be found
 In scenes of matrimonial blifs. The toils
 Of war to Pallas and to Mars belong.

Thus they in heav'n. But Diomede the while 505
 Sprang on Æneas, conscious of the God
 Whose hand o'ershadow'd him, yet even him
 Regarding lightly; for he burn'd to slay
 Æneas, and to seize his glorious arms.

Thrice then he sprang impetuous to the deed, 510
 And thrice Apollo with his radiant shield
 Repulsed him. But when ardent as a God
 The fourth time he advanced, with thund'ring voice
 Him thus the Archer of the skies rebuked.

Think and retire Tydides! nor affect 515
 Equality with Gods; for not the same
 Our nature is and theirs who tread the ground.

He spake, and Diomede a step retired,
 Not more; the anger of the Archer-God
 Declining slow, and with a fullen awe. 520

Then Phœbus, far from all the warrior throng
 To his own shrine the sacred dome beneath
 Of Pergamus, Æneas bore; there him
 Latona and shaft-arm'd Diana heal'd
 And glorified within their spacious fane. 525

Meantime the Archer of the silver bow
 A visionary form prepared; it seem'd
 Himself Æneas, and was arm'd as he.
 At once, in contest for that airy form,
 Grecians and Trojans on each others breasts 530
 The bull-hide buckler batter'd and light targe.

Then thus Apollo to the warrior God.
 Gore-tainted, homicide, town-batt'rer Mars!
 Wilt thou not meet and from the fight withdraw
 This man Tydides, now so fiery grown 535
 That he would even cope with Jove himself?
 First, Venus' hand he wounded, and assail'd
 Impetuous as a God, next, even me.

He ceased, and on the topmost turret sat
 Of Pergamus. Then all-destroyer Mars 540
 Ranging the Trojan host, rank after rank
 Exhorted loud, and in the form assumed
 Of Acamas the Thracian leader bold,
 The Godlike sons of Priam thus harangued.

Ye sons of Priam, monarch Jove-belov'd! 545
 How long permit ye your Achaian foes
 To slay the people? Till the battle rage
 (Push'd home to Ilium) at her solid gates?
 Behold—a Chief disabled lies, than whom
 We reverence not even Hector more, 550
 Æneas; fly, save from the roaring storm
 The noble Anchisiades your friend.

He said; then ev'ry heart for battle glow'd;
 And thus Sarpedon with rebuke severe
 Upbraiding gen'rous Hector, stern began. 555

Where

Where is thy courage, Hector? for thou once
 Hadst courage. Is it fled? In other days
 Thy boast hath been that without native troops
 Or foreign aids, thy kindred and thyself
 Alone, were guard sufficient for the town. 560
 But none of all thy kindred now appears;
 I can discover none; they stand aloof
 Quaking, as dogs that hear the lion's roar.
 We bear the stress, who are but Troy's allies;
 Myself am such, and from afar I came; 565
 For Lycia lies far distant on the banks
 Of the deep-eddied Xanthus. There a wife
 I left and infant son, both dear to me,
 With plenteous wealth, the wish of all who want.
 Yet urge I still my Lycians, and am prompt 570
 Myself to fight, although possessing here
 Nought that the Greeks can carry or drive hence.
 But there stand'st thou, neither employ'd thyself,
 Nor moving others to an active part
 For all their dearest pledges. Oh beware! 575
 Lest, as with meshes of an ample net,
 At one huge draught the Grecians sweep you all,
 And desolate at once your populous Troy!
 By day, by night, thoughts such as these should still
 Thy conduct influence, and from Chief to Chief 580
 Of the allies should send thee, praying each
 To make firm stand, all bickerings put away.

So spake Sarpedon, and his reprimand
 Stung Hector; instant to the ground he leap'd
 All armed, and shaking his bright spears his host 585

Ranged

Ranged in all quarters animating loud
 His legions, and rekindling horrid war.
 Then, rolling back, the pow'rs of Troy opposed
 Once more the Grecians, whom the Grecians dense
 Expected, unretreating, void of fear. 590

As flies the chaff wide scatter'd by the wind
 O'er all the consecrated floor, what time
 Ripe Ceres with brisk airs her golden grain
 Ventilates, whitening with it's husk the ground;
 So grew th' Achaians white, a dusty cloud 595

Descending on their arms, which steeds with steeds
 Again to battle mingling with their hoofs
 Up-stamp'd into the brazen vault of heav'n;
 For now the charioteers turn'd all to fight.
 Host toward host with full collected force 600

They moved direct. Then Mars through all the field
 Took wide his range, and overhung the war
 With night, in aid of Troy, at the command
 Of Phœbus of the golden sword; for he
 Perceiving Pallas from the field withdrawn, 605
 Patroness of the Greeks, had Mars enjoind
 To rouse the spirit of the Trojan host.

Meantime Apollo from his unctuous shrine
 Sent forth restored and with new force inspired
 Æneas. He amidst his warriors stood, 610
 Who him with joy beheld still living, healed,
 And all his strength possessing unimpair'd.

Yet no man asked him aught. No leisure now
 For question was; far other thoughts had they;
 Such toils the archer of the silver bow, 615

Wide-

Wide-flaught'ring Mars, and Discord as at first
Raging implacable, for them prepared.

Ulysses, either Ajax, Diomede—

These roused the Greeks to battle, who themselves

The force feared nothing, or the shouts of Troy, 620

But stedfast stood, like clouds by Jove amass'd

On lofty mountains, while the fury sleeps

Of Boreas, and of all the stormy winds

Shrill-voiced, that chase the vapours when they blow.

So stood the Greeks, expecting firm the approach. 625

Of Ilium's pow'rs, and neither fled nor feared.

Then Agamemnon the embattled host

On all sides ranging, cheer'd them. Now he cried,

Be stedfast, fellow warriors, now be men!

Hold fast a sense of honour. More escape 630

Of men who fear disgrace, than fall in fight,

While dastards forfeit life and glory both.

He said, and hurled his spear. He pierced a friend

Of brave Æneas, warring in the van,

Deicöon son of Pergafus, in Troy 635

Not less esteem'd than Priam's sons themselves,

Such was his fame in foremost fight acquired.

Him Agamemnon on his buckler smote,

Nor stay'd the weapon there, but through his belt

His bowels enter'd, and with hideous clang 640

And outcry* of his batter'd arms he fell.

Æneas next two mightiest warriors slew,

Sons of Diocles, of a wealthy fire,

Whose house magnificent in Phæræ stood,

* Vide Samson to Harapha in the Agonistes. There the word is used in the same sense.

Orfilochus and Crethon. Their descent 645
 From broad-ftream'd Alpheus, Pylian flood, they drew.
 Alpheus begat Orfilochus, a prince
 Of num'rous pow'rs. Orfilochus begat
 Warlike Diocles. From Diocles fprang
 Twins, Crethon and Orfilochus, alike 650
 Valiant, and fkilful in all forms of war.
 Their boyifh prime fcarce paf't, they, with the Greeks
 Embarking, in their fable fhips had failed
 To fteed-famed Ilium; juft revenge they fought
 For Atreus' fons, but perifhed firft themfelves. 655

As two young lions, in the deep recefs
 Of fome dark foreft on the mountain's brow
 Late nourifhed by their dam, forth-iffuing, feize
 The fatted flocks and kine, both folds and ftalls
 Wafing rapacious, 'till, at length, themfelves 660
 Deep-wounded perifh by the hand of man,
 So they, both vanquifh'd by Æneas fell,
 And like two lofty pines uprooted, lay.
 Them fall'n in battle Menelaus faw
 With pity moved; radiant in arms he fhook 665
 His brazen fpear, and ftrode into the van.
 Mars urged him furious on, conceiving hope
 Of his death alfo by Æneas' hand.

But him the fon of gen'rous Neftor mark'd
 Antilochus, and to the foremoft fight 670
 Flew alfo, fearing left fome dire mifchance
 The Prince befalling, at one fatal ftroke
 Should frufterate all the labours of the Greeks.
 They, hand to hand, and fpear to fpear oppofed,

Stood

Stood threat'ning dreadful onset, when beside
The Spartan chief Antilochus appear'd. 675

Æneas, at the fight of two combined,
Stood not, although intrepid. They the dead
'Thence drawing far into the Grecian host
To their associates gave the hapless pair, 680
Then, both returning, fought in front again.

Next, fierce as Mars, Pylæmenes they flew,
Prince of the shielded band magnanimous
Of Paphlagonia. Him Atrides kill'd
Spear-practis'd Menelaus, with a lance 685
His throat transpiercing while erect he rode.

Then, while his charioteer, Mydon the brave,
Son of Atymnias, turn'd his steeds to flight,
Full on his elbow-point Antilochus,
The son of Nestor, dash'd him with a stone. 690

The slack reins*, white as ivory, forsook
His torpid hand and trail'd the dust. At once
Forth sprang Antilochus, and with his sword
Hew'd deep his temples. On his head he pitched
Panting, and on his shoulders in the sand 695
(For in deep sand he fell) stood long erect,

'Till his own coursers spread him in the dust;
The son of Nestor seized, and with his scourge
Drove them afar into the host of Greece.

Them Hector through the ranks espying, flew 700
With clamour loud to meet them; after whom
Advanced in phalanx firm the pow'rs of Troy.

* This is a construction of λευκ'ελεφαντι, given by some of the best commentators, and that seems the most probable.

Mars led them, with Enyo terrour-clad ;
 She by the madd'ning tumult of the fight
 Attended, he, with his enormous spear 705
 In both hands brandish'd, stalking now in front
 Of Hector, and now following his steps.

Him Diomede the bold discerning, felt
 Himself no small dismay ; and as a man
 Wand'ring he knows not whither, far from home, 710
 If chance a rapid torrent to the sea
 Borne headlong thwart his course, the foaming flood
 Obstrep'rous views awhile, then quick retires,
 So he, and his attendants thus bespake.

How oft, my countrymen ! have we admired 715
 The noble Hector, skillful at the spear
 And unappall'd in fight ? but still hath he
 Some God his guard, and even now I view
 In human form Mars moving at his side.
 Ye, then, with faces to the Trojans turn'd, 720
 Ceaseless retire, and war not with the Gods.

He ended ; and the Trojans now approach'd.
 Then two bold warriors in one chariot borne,
 By valiant Hector died, Ménésthes, one,
 And one, Anchialus. Them fall'n in fight 725
 Ajax the vast, touch'd with compassion saw ;
 Within small space he stood, his glitt'ring spear
 Dismiss'd, and pierced Amphius. Son was he
 Of Selagus, and Pæsus was his home,
 Where opulent he dwelt, but by his fate 730
 Was led to fight for Priam and his sons.
 Him Telamonian Ajax through his belt

Wounded,

Wounded, and in his nether bowels deep
 Fix'd his long-shadow'd spear. Sounding he fell.
 Illustrious Ajax running to the slain 735

Prepared to strip his arms, but him a show'r
 Of glitt'ring weapons keen from Trojan hands
 Affail'd, and num'rous his broad shield receiv'd.
 He, on the body planting firm his heel,
 Forth drew the polish'd spear, but his bright arms 740
 Took not, by darts thick-flying fore annoy'd.

Nor fear'd he little left his haughty foes,
 Spear-arm'd and bold, should compass him around;
 Him, therefore, valiant though he were and huge,
 They push'd before them. Stagg'ring he retired. 745

Thus toiled both hosts in that laborious field.

And now his ruthless destiny impell'd
 Tlepolemus, Alcides' son, a Chief
 Dauntless and huge, against a God-like foe
 Sarpedon. They, approaching, face to face 750
 Stood, son and grandson of high-thund'ring Jove,
 And, haughty, thus Tlepolemus began.

Sarpedon, leader of the Lycian host,
 Thou trembler! thee what cause could hither urge
 A man unskill'd in arms? They falsely speak 755

Who call thee son of Ægis-bearing Jove,
 So far below their might thou fall'st who sprang
 From Jove in days of old. What says report
 Of Hercules (for him I boast my fire)
 All-daring hero with a lion's heart? 760

With six ships only, and with followers few,
 He for the horses of Laomedon

Lay'd Troy in dust, and widow'd all her streets.
 But thou art base, and thy diminish'd pow'rs
 Perish around thee; think not that thou can'st 765
 For Ilium's good, but rather, whatfoe'er
 Thy force in fight, to find, subdued by me,
 A sure dismissal to the gates of hell.

To whom the leader of the Lycian band.
 Tlepolemus! He ransack'd sacred Troy, 770
 As thou hast said, but for her monarch's fault
 Laomedon, who him with language harsh
 Requited ill for benefits received,
 Nor would the steeds surrender, seeking which
 He voyaged from afar. But thou shalt take 775
 Thy bloody doom from this victorious arm,
 And, vanquish'd by my spear, shalt yield thy fame
 To me, thy soul to Pluto steep-renown'd.

So spake Sarpedon, and his athen beam
 Tlepolemus upraised. Both hurl'd at once 780
 Their quiv'ring spears. Sarpedon's through the neck
 Pass'd of Tlepolemus, and show'd beyond
 It's ruthless point; thick darkness veil'd his eyes.
 Tlepolemus with his long lance the thigh
 Pierced of Sarpedon; sheer into his bone 785
 He pierced him, but Sarpedon's father, Jove,
 Him rescued even on the verge of fate.

His noble friends conducted from the field
 The god-like Lycian, trailing as he went
 The pendent spear, none thinking to extract 790
 For his relief the weapon from his thigh,
 Through eagerness of haste to bear him thence.

On th' other side, the Grecians brazen-mail'd
 Bore off Tlepolemus. Ulysses fill'd
 With earnest thoughts tumultuous them observed, 795
 Danger-defying Chief! Doubtful he stood
 Or to pursue at once the Thund'rer's son
 Sarpedon, or to take more Lycian lives.
 But not for brave Ulysses had his fate
 That praise reserved, that he should slay the son 800
 Renown'd of Jove; therefore his wav'ring mind
 Minerva bent against the Lycian band.
 Then Cœranus, Alastor, Chromius fell,
 Alcander, Halius, Prytanis, and brave
 Noëmon; nor had these sufficed the Chief 805
 Of Ithaca, but Lycians more had fall'n,
 Had not crest-tossing Hector huge perceived
 The havoc; radiant to the van he flew,
 Filling with dread the Grecians; his approach
 Sarpedon, son of Jove, joyful beheld, 810
 And piteous thus address'd him as he came.

Ah, leave not me, Priamides! a prey
 To Grecian hands, but in your city, at least,
 Grant me to die; since hither, doom'd, I came
 Never to gratify with my return 815
 To Lycia, my lov'd spouse or infant child.

He spake; but Hector unreplying pass'd
 Impetuous, ardent to repulse the Greeks
 That moment, and to drench his sword in blood.
 Then, under shelter of a spreading beech 820
 Sacred to Jove, his noble followers placed
 The God-like Chief Sarpedon, where his friend

Illustrious Pelagon, the athen spear
 Extracted. Sightless, of all thought bereft,
 He sank, but soon revived, by breathing airs 825
 Refresh'd, that fann'd him gently from the North.

Meantime the Argives, although press'd alike
 By Mars himself and Hector brazen-arm'd,
 Neither to flight inclined, nor yet advanced
 To battle, but inform'd that Mars the fight 830
 Waged on the side of Ilium, slow retired.

Whom first, whom last slew then the mighty son
 Of Priam, Hector, and the brazen Mars!
 First God-like Teuthras, an equestrian Chief,
 Orestes, Trechus of Ætolian race, 835
 Cœnomæus, Helenus from Cœnops' sprung,
 And * brisk in fight Oresbius; rich was he,
 And covetous of more in Hyla dwelt
 Fast by the lake Cephissus, where abode,
 Bœotian Princes num'rous, rich themselves 840
 And rulers of a people wealth-renowned.
 But Juno, such dread slaughter of the Greeks
 Noting, thus, ardent, to Minerva spake.

Daughter of Jove invincible! Our word
 That Troy shall perish, hath been giv'n in vain 845
 To Menelaus, if we suffer Mars
 To ravage longer uncontrouled. The time
 Urges, and need appears that we ourselves
 Now call to mind the fury of our might.

She spake; nor blue-eyed Pallas not complied. 850
 Then Juno, Goddess dread, from Saturn sprung,

* This, according to Porphyrius as quoted by Clarke, is the true meaning of *αυτοματῆρας*.

Her courfers gold-caparifon'd prepared
 Impatient. Hebe to the chariot rolled
 The brazen wheels, and joined them to the fmooth
 Steel axle; twice four fpokes divided each 855
 Shot from the centre to the verge. The verge
 Was gold by fellies of eternal brafs
 Guarded, a dazzling fhew! The fhining naves
 Were filver; filver cords and cords of gold
 The feat upbore; two * crefcents blazed in front. 860
 The pole was argent all, to which ſhe bound
 The golden yoke, and in their place difpofed
 The breaſt-bands incorruptible of gold;
 But Juno to the yoke, herſelf, the ſteeds
 Led forth, on fire to reach the dreadful field. 865

Meantime, Minerva, progeny of Jove,
 On the adamantine floor of his abode
 Let fall profuſe her variegated robe,
 Labour of her own hands. She firſt put on
 The corſlet of the cloud-aſſembler God, 870
 Then arm'd her for the field of woe complete.
 She charged her ſhoulder with the dreadful ſhield
 The ſhaggy Ægis, border'd thick around
 With terrour; there was Diſcord, Proweſs there,
 There hot Purſuit, and there the feature grim 875
 Of Gorgon, dire Deformity, a ſign
 Oft' borne portentous on the arm of Jove.
 Her golden helm, whoſe concave had ſufficed
 The legions of an hundred cities, rough

* Theſe which I have called crefcents, were a kind of hook of a ſemicircular form, to which the reins were occasionally faſtened.

With warlike ornament superb, she fix'd 880
 On her immortal head. Thus armed, she rose
 Into the flaming chariot, and her spear
 Seized pond'rous, huge, with which the Goddess sprung
 From an Almighty father, levels ranks
 Of Heroes, against whom her anger burns. 885
 Juno with lifted lash urged quick the steeds;
 At her approach, spontaneous roared the wide-
 Unfolding gates of heav'n; the heav'nly gates
 Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge
 Of the Olympian summit appertains, 890
 And of the boundless æther, back to roll,
 And to replace the cloudy barrier dense.
 Spurr'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds;
 Apart from all, and seated on the point
 Superior of the cloven mount, they found 895
 The Thund'rer. Juno the white-arm'd her steeds
 There stay'd, and thus the Goddess, ere she pass'd,
 Question'd the son of Saturn, Jove supreme.

Jove, Father, see'st thou, and art not incensed,
 These ravages of Mars? Oh what a field, 900
 Drench'd with what Grecian blood! All rashly spilt,
 And in despite of me. Venus, the while,
 Sits, and the Archer of the silver bow
 Delighted, and have urged, themselves, to this
 The frantic Mars within no bounds confined 905
 Of law or order. But, eternal fire!
 Shall I offend thee chafing far away
 Mars deeply smitten from the field of war?

To whom the cloud-assembly God replied.
 Go! but exhort thou rather to the task 919
 Spoil-huntress Athenæan Pallas, him
 Accustom'd to chastize with pain severe.

He spake, nor white-arm'd Juno not obey'd:
 She lash'd her steeds; they readily their flight
 Began, the earth and starry vault between. 915
 Far as from his high tower the watchman kens
 O'er gloomy ocean, so far at one bound
 Advance the shrill-voiced couriers of the Gods.
 But when at Troy and at the confluent streams
 Of Simois and Scamander they arrived, 920
 There Juno, white-arm'd Goddess, from the yoke
 Her steeds releasing, them in gather'd shades
 Conceal'd opaque, while Simois caus'd to spring
 Ambrosia from his bank, whereon they browsed.

Swift as her pinions waft the dove away 925
 They fought the Grecians, ardent to begin:
 Arriving where the mightiest and the most
 Compass'd equestrian Diomedes around,
 In aspect lion-like, or like wild boars
 Of matchless force, there white-arm'd Juno stood, 930
 And in the form of Stentor for his voice
 Of brass renown'd, audible as the roar
 Of fifty throats, the Grecians thus harangued.

Oh shame, shame, shame! Argives in form alone,
 Beautiful but dishonourable race! 935
 While yet divine Achilles ranged the field,
 No Trojan stepp'd from yon Dardanian gates
 Abroad; all trembled at his stormy spear;

But now they venture forth, now at your ships
Defy you, from their city far remote. 940

She ceas'd, and all caught courage from the found.

But Athenæan Pallas eager fought
The son of Tydeus; at his chariot side
She found the Chief, cooling his fiery wound
Received from Pandarus; for him the sweat 945

Beneath the broad band of his oval shield
Exhausted, and his arm failed him fatigued;
He therefore raised the band, and wiped the blood
Coagulate; when o'er his chariot yoke

Her arm the Goddess threw, and thus began. 950

Tydeus, in truth, begat a son himself
Not much resembling. Tydeus was of size
Diminutive, but had a warrior's heart.

When him I once commanded to abstain
From furious fight (what time he enter'd Thebes 955
Ambassador, and the Cadmeans found

Feasting, himself the sole Achaian there)
And bade him quietly partake the feast,
He, fired with wonted ardour, challenged forth
To proof of manhood the Cadmean youth, 960

Whom easily, through my effectual aid,
In contests of each kind he overcame.

But thou, whom I encircle with my power,
Guard vigilant, and even bid thee forth
To combat with the Trojans, thou, thy limbs 965

Feel't wearied with the toils of war, or worse,
Indulgest womanish and heartless fear.

Henceforth thou art not worthy to be deem'd

Son of Oenides, Tydeus famed in arms.

To whom thus valiant Diomedes replied. 970

I know thee well, oh Goddess sprung from Jove!

And therefore willing shall, and plain, reply.

Me neither weariness nor heartless fear

Restrains, but thine injunctions which impress

My memory still, that I should fear to oppose 975

The blessed Gods in fight, Venus except,

Whom in the battle found thou bad'st me pierce

With unrelenting spear; therefore myself

Retiring hither, I have hither call'd

The other Argives also, for I know 980

That Mars, himself in arms, controuls the war.

Him answer'd then the Goddess azure-eyed.

Tydidēs! Diomedes, my heart's delight!

Fear not * this Mars, nor fear thou other pow'r

Immortal, but be confident in me. 985

Arise. Drive forth. Seek Mars; him only seek;

Him hand to hand engage; this fiery Mars

Respect not aught, base implement of wrong

And mischief, shifting still from side to side.

He promised Juno lately and myself 990

That he would fight for Greece, yet now forgets

His promise, and gives all his aid to Troy.

So saying, she backward by his hand withdrew

The son of Capaneus, who to the ground

Leaped instant; she, impatient to his place 995

Ascending, sat beside brave Diomedes.

Loud groan'd the beechen axle, under weight

* *Αγαρονδε.*

Unwonted, for it bore into the fight
 An awful Goddess, and the chief of men.
 Quick-seizing lath and reins Minerva drove 1000
 Direct at Mars. That moment he had slain
 Periphas, bravest of Ætolia's sons,
 And huge of bulk; Ocheus was his fire.
 Him Mars the slaught'rer had of life bereft
 Newly, and Pallas to elude his fight 1005
 The helmet fix'd of Ades on her head.
 Soon as gore-tainted Mars the approach perceiv'd
 Of Diomede, he left the giant length
 Of Periphas extended where he died,
 And flew to cope with Tydeus' valiant son. 1010
 Full nigh they came, when Mars on fire to slay
 The hero, foremost with his brazen-lance
 Assail'd him, hurling o'er his horses heads.
 But Athenæan Pallas in her hand
 The flying weapon caught and turn'd it wide, 1015
 Baffling his aim. Then Diomede on him
 Rush'd furious in his turn, and Pallas plunged
 The bright spear deep into his cinctured waist.
 Dire was the wound, and plucking back the spear
 She tore him. Bellow'd brazen-throated Mars 1020
 Loud as nine thousand warriors, or as ten
 Joined in close combat. Grecians, Trojans shook
 Appall'd alike at the tremendous voice
 Of Mars insatiable with deeds of blood.
 Such as the dimness is when summer winds 1025
 Breathe hot, and fultry mist obscures the sky,
 Such brazen Mars to Diomede appear'd

By clouds accompanied in his ascent
 Into the boundless ether. Reaching soon
 Th' Olympian heights, seat of the Gods, he sat 1030
 Beside Saturnian Jove; woe fill'd his heart;
 He show'd fast-streaming from the wound his blood
 Immortal, and impatient thus complain'd.

Jove, Father! Seest thou these outrageous acts
 Unmoved with anger? Such are day by day 1035
 The dreadful mischiefs by the Gods contrived
 Against each other, for the sake of man.
 Thou art thyself the cause. Thou hast produced
 A foolish daughter petulant, addict
 To evil only and injurious deeds; 1040
 There is not in Olympus, save herself,
 Who feels not thy controul; but she her will
 Gratifies ever, and reproof from thee
 Finds none, because, pernicious as she is,
 She is thy daughter; she hath now the mind 1045
 Of haughty Diomedes with madness fill'd
 Against th' immortal Gods; first Venus bled;
 Her hand he pierced impetuous, then assailed,
 As if himself immortal, even me.

But me my feet stole thence, or overwhelm'd 1050
 Beneath yon heaps of carcases impure,
 What had I not sustained? And if at last
 I lived, had halted crippled by the sword.

To whom with dark displeasure Jove replied.
 Base and side-shifting traitor! vex not me 1055
 Here sitting querulous; of all who dwell
 On the Olympian heights, thee most I hate

Contentious,

Contentious, whose delight is war alone.

Thou hast thy mother's moods, the very spleen

Of Juno, uncontrollable as she, 1060

Whom even I, reprove her as I may,

Scarce rule by mere commands; I therefore judge

Thy sufferings a contrivance all her own.

But soft. Thou art my son whom I begat,

And Juno bare thee. I cannot endure 1065

That thou shouldst suffer long. Hadst thou been born

Of other parents, thus detestable,

What Deity foe'er had brought thee forth,

Thou shouldst have found long since a humbler sphere.

He ceased, and to the care his son consign'd 1070

Of Pæon; he, with drugs of lenient pow'rs,

Soon healed whom immortality secured

From dissolution. As the juice from figs

Express'd, what fluid was in milk before

Coagulates, stirr'd rapidly around, 1075

So soon was Mars by Pæon's skill restored.

Him Hebe bathed, and with divine attire

Graceful adorn'd; when at the side of Jove

Again his glorious feat sublime he took.

Meantime to the abode of Jove supreme 1080

Ascended Juno throughout Argos known

And mighty Pallas; Mars, the plague of man,

By their successful force from slaughter driv'n.

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

S I X T H B O O K.

The battle is continued. The Trojans being closely pursued, Hector by the advice of Helenus enters Troy, and recommends it to Hecuba to go in solemn procession to the temple of Minerva; she with the matrons goes accordingly. Hector takes the opportunity to find out Paris, and exhorts him to return to the field of battle. An interview succeeds between Hector and Andromache, and Paris, having armed himself in the meantime, comes up with Hector at the close of it, when they fall from the gate together.

B O O K VI.

THUS was the field forsaken by the Gods.

And now success proved various; here the Greeks
With their extended spears, the Trojans there
Prevailed alternate, on the champain spread
The Xanthus and the Simois between. 5

First Telamonian Ajax, bulwark firm
Of the Achaians, broke the Trojan ranks,
And kindled for the Greeks a gleam of hope,
Slaying the bravest of the Thracian band,
Huge Acamas, Euforus' son; him first 10
Full on the shaggy crest he smote, and urged
The spear into his forehead; through his skull
The bright point pass'd, and darkness veiled his eyes.

U

But

But Diomede, heroic Chief, the son
 Of Teuthras flew, Axylus. Rich was he, 15
 And in Arisba, (where he dwelt beside
 The public road, and at his open door
 Made welcome all) respected and belov'd.
 But of his num'rous guests none interposed
 T' avert his woeful doom; nor him alone 20
 He flew, but with him also to the shades
 Calestus sent, his friend and charioteer.
 Opheltius fell and Drefus, by the hand
 Slain of Euryalus, who, next, his arms
 On Pedafus and on Æsepus turned 25
 Brethren and twins. Them Abarbarea bore,
 A Naiad, to Bucolion, son renown'd
 Of King Laomedon, his eldest born,
 But by his mother, at his birth, conceal'd.
 Bucolion pasturing his flocks, embraced 30
 The lovely nymph; she twins produced, both whom,
 Brave as they were and beautiful, thy * son
 Mecisteus! flew, and from their shoulders tore
 Their armour. Dauntless Polypoetes flew
 Aftyalus. Ulysses with his spear 35
 Transfix'd Pydites, a Percosian Chief,
 And Teucer Aretaön; Nestor's pride
 Antilochus, with his bright lance, of life
 Bereft Ablerus, and the royal arm
 Of Agamemnon, Elatus; he dwelt 40
 Among the hills of lofty Pedafus,
 On Satnio's banks, smooth-sliding river pure.
 Phylacus fled, whom Leitus as swift

* Euryalus.

Soon inote. Melanthius at the feet expired
 Of the renowned Eurypylus, and, flushed
 With martial ardour, Menelaus seized
 And took alive Adraftus. As it chanced
 A thicket his affrighted feeds detained
 Their feet entangling; they with restive force
 At its extremity snapp'd short the pole,
 And to the city, whither others fled,
 Fled also. From his chariot headlong hurled,
 Adraftus press'd the plain fast by his wheel.
 Flew Menelaus, and his quiv'ring spear
 Shook over him; he, life imploring, clasped
 Importunate his knees, and thus exclaimed.

Oh, son of Atreus, let me live! accept
 Illustrious ransom! In my father's house
 Is wealth abundant, gold, and brass, and steel
 Of truest temper, which he will impart
 'Till he have gratified thine utmost wish,
 Inform'd that I am captive in your fleet.

He said, and Menelaus by his words
 Vanquished, him soon had to the fleet dismissed
 Giv'n to his train in charge, but swift and stern
 Approaching, Agamemnon interposed.—

Now brother, whence this milkiness of mind,
 These scruples about blood? Thy Trojan friends
 Have doubtless much obliged thee. Die the race!
 May none escape us! Neither he who flies,
 Nor ev'n the infant in his mother's womb
 Unconscious. Perish universal Troy
 Unpitied, till her place be found no more!

So saying, his brother's mind the Hero turn'd,
 Advising him aright; he with his hand 75
 Thrust back Adraftus, and himself, the King,
 His bowels pierced. Supine Adraftus fell,
 And Agamemnon, with his foot the corse
 Impressing firm, pluck'd forth his ashen spear.
 Then Nestor, raising high his voice, exclaim'd. 80

Friends, Heroes, Grecians, ministers of Mars!
 Let none, desirous of the spoil, his time
 Devote to plunder now; now slay your foes,
 And strip them when the field shall be your own.
 He said, and all took courage at his word. 85

Then had the Trojans enter'd Troy again
 By the heroic Grecians foul repulsed,
 So was their spirit daunted, but the son
 Of Priam, Helenus, an augur far
 Excelling all, at Hector's side his speech 90
 To him and to Æneas thus address'd.

Hector, and thou Æneas, since on you
 The Lycians chiefly and ourselves depend,
 For that in difficult emprise ye show
 Most courage; give best counsel; stand yourselves, 95
 And, visiting all quarters, cause to stand
 Before the city-gates our scatter'd troops,
 Ere yet the fugitives within the arms
 Be slaughter'd of their wives, the scorn of Greece.
 When thus ye shall have rallied ev'ry band 100
 And rous'd their courage, weary though we be,
 Yet since necessity commands, ev'n here
 Will we give battle to the host of Greece.

But,

But, Hector! to the city thou depart;
 There charge our mother, that she go direct, 105
 With the assembled matrons, to the fane
 Of Pallas in the citadel of Troy.

Opening her chambers' sacred doors, of all
 Her treasured mantles there, let her select
 The widest, most magnificently wrought, 110
 And which she values most; *that* let her spread
 On Athenæan Pallas' lap divine.

Twelve heifers of the year yet never touched
 With puncture of the goad, let her alike
 Devote to her, if she will pity Troy, 115
 Our wives and little-ones, and will avert
 The son of Tydeus from these sacred tow'rs,
 That dreadful Chief, terror of all our host,
 Bravest, in my account, of all the Greeks.

For never yet Achilles hath himself 120
 So taught our people fear, although esteem'd
 Son of a Goddess. But this warriors' rage
 Is boundless, and his strength past all compare.

So Helenus; nor Hector not complied.

Down from his chariot instant to the ground 125
 All arm'd he leap'd, and, shaking his sharp spears,
 Through ev'ry phalanx pass'd, rousing again
 Their courage, and rekindling horrid war.

They, turning, faced the Greeks; the Greeks repulsed,
 Ceas'd from all carnage, nor supposed they less 130
 Than that some Deity, the starry skies
 Forfaken, help'd their foes, so firm they stood.
 But Hector to the Trojans called aloud.

Ye dauntless Trojans and confed'rate pow'rs
 Call'd from afar! now be ye men, my friends, 135
 Now summon all the fury of your might!
 I go to charge our fenators and wives
 That they address the Gods with prayers and vows
 For our success, and hecatombs devote.

So saying the Hero went, and as he strode 140
 The fable hide that lined his bossy shield
 Smote on his neck and on his ankle-bone.

And now into the middle space between
 Both hosts, the son of Tydeus and the son
 Moved of Hippolochus, intent alike 145
 On furious combat; face to face they stood,
 And thus heroic Diomedé began.

Most noble Champion! who of human kind
 Art thou, whom in the man-ennobling fight
 I now encounter first? Past all thy peers 150
 I must esteem thee valiant, who hast dared
 To meet my coming, and my spear defy.
 Ah! they are sons of miserable Sires
 Who dare my might; but if a God from heav'n
 Thou come, behold! I fight not with the Gods. 155
 That war Lycurgus son of Dryas, waged,
 And saw not many years. The nurfes he
 Of brain-disturbing Bacchus down the steep
 Pursued of sacred Nyssa; they their wands
 Vine-wreath'd cast all away, with an ox-goad 160
 Chastized by fell Lycurgus. Bacchus plunged
 Meantime dismay'd into the Deep, where him
 Trembling, and at the Hero's haughty threats

Confounded,

Confounded, Thetis in her bosom hid.

Thus by Lycurgus were the blest pow'rs 165

Of heav'n offended, and Saturnian Jove

Of fight bereaved him, who not long that loss

Survived, for he was curst by all above.

I, therefore, wage no contest with the Gods.

But if thou be of men, and feed on bread 170

Of earthly growth, draw nigh, that with a stroke

Well-aimed, I may at once cut short thy days.

To whom th' illustrious Lycian Chief replied.

Why asks brave Diomede of my descent?

For, as the leaves, such is the race of man. 175

The wind shakes down the leaves, the budding grove

Soon teems with others, and in spring they grow.

So pass mankind. One generation meets

Its destined period, and a new succeeds.

But since thou seem'st desirous to be taught 180

My pedigree, whereof no few have heard,

Know that in Argos, in the very lap

Of Argos, for her feed-grazed meadows famed,

Stands Ephyra; there Sisyphus abode,

Shrewdest of human kind; Sisyphus, named 185

Æolides. Himself a son begat,

Glaucus, and he Bellerophon, to whom

The Gods both manly force and beauty gave.

Him Prætus (for in Argos at that time

Prætus was sovereign, to whose sceptre Jove 190

Had subjected the land) plotting his death,

Contrived to banish from his native home.

For fair Anteia, wife of Prætus, mad

Through

Through love of young Bellerophon, him oft
In secret to illicit joys enticed; 195

But she prevailed not o'er the virtuous mind
Discrete of whom she wooed; therefore a lie
Framing, the royal Prætus thus bespake.

Die thou, or slay Bellerophon, who fought
Of late to force me to his lewd embrace. 200

So saying, the anger of the King she roused.
Slay him himself he would not, for his heart
Forbad the deed; him therefore he dismiss'd
To Lycia, charged with tales of dire import
Written in tablets, which he bade him show, 205
That he might perish, to Anteia's fire.

To Lycia then, conducted by the Gods,
He went, and on the shores of Xanthus found
Free entertainment noble at the hands
Of Lycia's potent King. Nine days complete 210
He feasted him, and slew each day an ox.

But when the tenth day's ruddy morn appear'd,
He asked him then his errand, and to see
Those written tablets from his son-in-law.

The letters seen, he bade him, first, destroy 215
Chimæra, deem'd invincible, divine

In nature, alien from the race of man,
Lion in front, but dragon all behind,
And in the midst a she-goat breathing forth
Profuse the violence of flaming fire. 220

Her, confident in signs from heav'n, he slew.
Next, with the men of Solymæ he fought,
Brave warriors far-renown'd, with whom he waged,

In his account, the fiercest of his wars.
 And lastly, when in battle he had slain 225
 The man-resisting Amazons, the King
 Another stratagem at his return
 Devised against him, placing close-concealed
 An ambush for him from the bravest chos'n
 In Lycia; but they saw their homes no more; 230
 Bellerophon the valiant flew them all.
 The monarch hence collecting, at the last,
 His heav'nly origin, him there detained,
 And gave him his own daughter, with the half
 Of all his royal dignity and pow'r. 235
 The Lycians also, for his proper use,
 Large lot assigned him of their richest foil,
 Commodious for the vine, or for the plough.
 And now his consort fair three children bore
 To bold Bellerophon; Ifandrus one, 240
 And one, Hippolochus; his youngest born
 Laodamia was for beauty such
 That she became a concubine of Jove.
 She bore Sarpedon of heroic note.
 But when Bellerophon, at last, himself 245
 Had anger'd all the Gods, feeding on grief
 He roam'd alone the Aleian field, exiled
 By choice, from ev'ry cheerful haunt of man.
 Mars, thirsty still for blood, his son destroy'd
 Ifandrus, warring with the host renown'd 250
 Of Solymæ; and in her wrath divine
 Diana from her chariot golden-rein'd
 Laodamia flew. Myself I boast

Sprung from Hippolochus; he sent me forth
 To fight for Troy, charging me much and oft 255
 That I should outstrip always all mankind
 In worth and valour, nor the house disgrace
 Of my forefathers, heroes without peer
 In Ephyra, and in Lycia's wide domain.
 Such is my lineage; such the blood I boast. 260

He ceased. Then valiant Diomede rejoiced,
 He pitch'd his spear, and to the Lycian Prince
 In terms of peace and amity replied.

Thou art my own hereditary friend,
 Whose noble Grandfire was the guest of mine. 265
 For Oeneus, on a time, full twenty days
 Regaled Bellerophon, and pledges fair
 Of hospitality they interchanged.
 Oeneus a belt radiant with purple gave
 To brave Bellerophon, who in return 270

Gave him a golden goblet. Coming forth
 left the kind memorial safe at home.
 A child was I when Tydeus went to Thebes
 Where the Achaians perish'd, and of him
 Hold no remembrance; but henceforth, my friend, 275
 Thine host am I in Argos, and thou mine
 In Lycia, should I chance to sojourn there.
 We will not clash. Trojans or aids of Troy
 No few, the Gods shall furnish to my spear,
 Whom I may slaughter; and no want of Greeks 280
 On whom to prove thy prowess, thou shalt find.
 But it were well that an exchange ensued
 Between us; take mine armour, give me thine,

That

That all who notice us may understand
Our * patrimonial amity and love. 285

So they, and each alighting, hand in hand
Stood locked, faith promising and firm accord.
Then Jove of sober judgment so bereft
Infatuate Glaucus, that with Tydeus' son
He barter'd gold for brass, an hundred beeves 290
In value, for the value small of nine.

But Hector at the Scæan gate and beech
Meantime arriv'd, to whose approach the wives
And daughters flock'd of Troy, enquiring each
The fate of husband, brother, son, or friend. 295
He bade them all with solemn pray'r the Gods
Seek fervent, for that woe was on the wing.

But when he enter'd Priam's palace, built
With splendid porticoes, and which within
Had fifty chambers lined with polish'd stone, 300
Contiguous all, where Priam's sons reposed
And his sons' wives, and where, on th' other side,
In twelve magnificent chambers also lined
With polish'd marble, and contiguous all,
The sons-in-law of Priam lay beside 305
His spotless daughters, there the mother-queen
Seeking the chamber of Laodice,
Loveliest of all her children, as she went
Met Hector. On his hand she hung and said :

Why leav'ft thou, O my son! the dang'rous field? 310
I fear that the Achaians (hateful name!)
Compass the walls so closely, that thou seek'ft,
Urged by distress, the citadel to lift

* Χειροί πατριῶσι.

Thine hands in pray'r to Jove? But pause awhile,
 'Till I shall bring thee wine, that having poured 315
 Libation rich to Jove and to the pow'rs
 Immortal, thou may'st drink and be refresh'd.
 For wine is mighty to renew the strength
 Of weary man, and weary thou must be
 Thyself, thus long defending us and ours. 320
 To whom her son majestic thus replied.

My mother, whom I rev'rence! cheering wine
 Bring none to me, lest I forget my might.
 I fear, beside, with unwash'd hands to pour
 Libation forth of sable wine to Jove, 325
 And dare on none account, thus blood-defiled,
 Approach the tempest-stirring God in prayer.
 Thou, therefore, gath'ring all our matrons, seek
 The fane of Pallas, huntress of the spoil,
 Bearing sweet incense; but from the attire 330
 Treasured within thy chamber, first select
 The amplest robe, most exquisitely wrought,
 And which thou prizest most,—then spread the gift
 On Athenæan Pallas' lap divine.

Twelve heifers also of the year, untouched 335
 With puncture of the goad, promise to slay
 In sacrifice, if she will pity Troy,
 Our wives and little-ones, and will avert
 The son of Tydeus from these sacred tow'rs,
 That dreadful Chief, terrour of all our host. 340
 Go then, my mother, seek the hallow'd fane
 Of the spoil-huntress Deity. I, the while,
 Seek Paris, and, if Paris yet can hear,
 Shall call him forth. But oh that earth would yawn

And

And swallow him, whom Jove hath made a curse 345
 To Troy, to Priam, and to all his house!
 Methinks, to see him plunged into the shades
 For ever, were a cure for all my woes.

He ceased; the Queen, her palace ent'ring, charged
 Her maidens; they, incontinent, throughout 350
 All Troy convened the matrons, as she bade.
 Meantime into her wardrobe incense-fumed,
 Herself descended; there her treasures lay,
 Works of Sidonian women, whom her son
 The Godlike Paris, when he crossed the seas 355
 With Jove-begotten Helen, brought to Troy.
 The most magnificent, and varied most
 With colours radiant, from the rest she chose
 For Pallas; vivid as a star it shone,
 And lowest lay of all. Then, forth she went, 360
 The Trojan matrons all following her steps.

But when the long procession reach'd the fane
 Of Pallas in the heights of Troy, to them
 The fair Theano ope'd the portals wide,
 Daughter of Cisseus, brave Antenor's spouse, 365
 And by appointment public, at that time,
 Priestess of Pallas. All with lifted hands
 In presence of Minerva wept aloud.
 Beauteous Theano on the Goddess' lap
 Then spread the robe, and to the daughter fair 370
 Of Jove omnipotent her suit address'd.

* Goddess of Goddesses, our city's shield,
 Adored Minerva, hear! oh! break the lance

* *Ἰὼ θεῶν.*

Of Diomede, and give himself to fall
 Prone in the dust before the Scæan gate. 375

So will we offer to thee at thy shrine,
 This day, twelve heifers of the year, untouch'd
 By yoke or goad, if thou wilt pity show
 To Troy, and save our children and our wives.

Such pray'r the priestess offer'd, and such pray'r 380
 All present; whom Minerva heard averse.

But Hector to the palace sped meantime
 Of Alexander, which himself had built,
 Aided by ev'ry architect of name
 Illustrious then in Troy. Chamber it had, 385

Wide hall, proud dome, and on the heights of Troy
 Near-neighb'ring Hector's house and Priam's flood.

There enter'd Hector, Jove-belov'd, a spear
 In length eleven cubits in his hand,
 Its glittering head bound with a ring of gold. 390

He found within his chamber whom he fought,
 Polishing with exactest care his arms
 Resplendent, shield and hauberk sing'ring o'er
 With curious touch, and tamp'ring with his bow.

Helen of Argos with her female train 395
 Sat occupied, the while, to each in turn
 Some splendid task assigning. Hector fixed
 His eyes on Paris, and him stern rebuked.

Thy fullen humours, Paris, are ill-timed.
 The people perish at our lofty walls; 400
 The flames of war have compass'd Troy around,
 And thou hast kindled them; who yet thyself
 That slackness show'st which in another seen

Thou

Thou would'st repent to death. Hasten, seek the field
This moment, lest, the next, all Ilium blaze. 405

To whom thus Paris graceful as a God.
Since, Hector, thou hast charged me with a fault,
And not unjustly, I will answer make,
And give thou special heed. That here I fit,
The cause is sorrow, which I wished to foorth 410
In secret, not displeasure or revenge.

I tell thee also, that ev'n now my wife
Was urgent with me in most soothing terms
That I would forth to battle; and, myself,
Aware that victory oft changes sides, 415
That course prefer. Wait, therefore, thou awhile,
'Till I shall dress me for the fight, or go
Thou first, and I will overtake thee soon.

He ceased, to whom brave Hector answer none
Returned, when Helen him with lenient speech 420
Accosted mild. My Brother! who in me
Hast found a sister worthy of thy hate,
Auth'refs of all calamity to Troy,
Oh that the winds, the day when I was born,
Had swept me out of fight, whirled me aloft 425
To some inhospitable mountain-top,
Or plung'd me in the deep; there I had sunk
O'erwhelm'd, and all these ills had never been.
But since the Gods would bring these ills to pass,
I should, at least, some worthier mate have chos'n, 430
One not insensible to public shame.

But this, oh this, nor hath nor will acquire
Hereafter, aught which like discretion shews

Or reason, and shall find his just reward.
 But enter; take this feat; for who as thou 435
 Labours, or who hath cause like thee to rue
 The crime, my brother, for which Heav'n hath doomed
 Both Paris and my most detested self
 To be the burthens of an endless song?
 To whom the warlike Hector * huge replied. 440
 Me bid not, Helen, to a feat, howe'er
 Thou wish my stay, for thou must not prevail.
 The Trojans miss me, and myself no less
 Am anxious to return; but urge in haste
 This loit'rer forth; yea, let him urge himself 445
 To overtake me, ere I quit the town.
 For I must home in haste, that I may see
 My loved Andromache, my infant boy
 And my domestics, ignorant if e'er
 I shall behold them more, or if my fate 450
 Ordain me now to fall by Grecian hands.
 So spake the dauntless hero, and withdrew.
 But reaching soon his own well-built abode
 He found not fair Andromache; she stood
 Lamenting Hector, with the nurse who bore 455
 Her infant, on a turret's top sublime.
 He then, not finding his chaste spouse within,
 Thus, from the portal, of her train enquired.
 Tell me ye maidens, whither went from home
 Andromache the fair? Went she to see 460
 Her female kindred of my father's house,
 Or to Minerva's temple, where convened

* The bulk of his heroes is a circumstance of which Homer frequently reminds us by the use of the word *μειγας*—and which ought, therefore, by no means to be suppressed.

The bright-haired matrons of the city seek
To sooth the awful Goddess? Tell me true.

To whom his household's governess discrete. 465
Since, Hector, truth is thy demand, receive
True answer. Neither went she forth to see
Her female kindred of thy father's house,
Nor to Minerva's temple, where convened
The bright-haired matrons of the city seek 470
To sooth the awful Goddess, but she went
Hence to the tow'r of Troy; for she had heard
That the Achaians had prevail'd, and driv'n
The Trojans to the walls; she, therefore, wild
With grief, flew thither, and the nurse her steps 475
Attended, with thy infant in her arms.

So spake the prudent governess; whose words
When Hector heard, issuing from his door
He backward trod with hasty steps the streets
Of lofty Troy, and having traversed all 480
The spacious city, when he now approach'd
The Scæan gate, whence he must seek the field,
There, hastening home again his noble wife
Met him, Andromache the rich-endow'd,
Fair daughter of Eëtion famed in arms. 485
Eëtion, who in Hypoplacian Thebes
Umbrageous dwelt, Cilicia's mighty lord,—
His daughter valiant Hector had espoused.
There she encounter'd him, and with herself
The nurse came also, bearing in her arms 490
Hectorides, his infant darling boy,
Beautiful as a star. Him Hector called

Scamandrius, but *Aftyanax all elfe
 In Ilium named him, for that Hector's arm
 Alone was the defence and ftrength of Troy. 495
 The father, filent, eyed his babe, and fmiled.
 Andromache, meantime, before him flood
 With ftreaming cheeks, hung on his hand, and faid.
 Thy own great courage will cut fhort thy days,
 My noble Hector! neither pitieft thou 500
 Thy helples infant, or my haples felf,
 Whofe widowhood is near; for thou wilt fall
 Ere long, affail'd by the whole hoft of Greece.
 Then let me to the tomb, my beft retreat
 When thou art flain. For comfort none or joy 505
 Can I expect, thy day of life extinct,
 But thenceforth, forrow. Father I have none;
 No mother. When Cilicia's city, Thebes
 The populous, was by Achilles sack'd,
 He flew my father; yet his gorgeous arms 510
 Stripp'd not through rev'rence of him, but confum'd,
 Arm'd as it was, his body on the pile,
 And heap'd his tomb, which the Oreades †
 Jove's daughters, have with elms inclofed around.
 My feven brothers, glory of our houfe, 515
 All in one day defcended to the fhades;
 For brave Achilles, while they fed their herds
 And fnowy flocks together, flew them all.
 My mother, Queen of the well-wooded realm
 Of Hypoplacian Thebes, her hither brought 520
 Among his other fpoils, he loos'd again

* The name fignifies, the *Chief of the city*.

† Mountain-nymphs.

At an inestimable ransom-price,
 But, by *Diana pierced, she died at home.
 Yet Hector—oh my husband! I in thee
 Find parents, brothers, all that I have lost. 525
 Come! have compassion on us. Go not hence,
 But guard this turret, lest of me thou make
 A widow, and an orphan of thy boy.
 The city walls are easiest of ascent
 At yonder fig-tree; station there thy pow'rs; 530
 For whether by a prophet warned, or taught
 By search and observation, in that part
 Each Ajax with Idomeneus of Crete,
 The sons of Atreus, and the valiant son
 Of Tydeus, have now thrice assailed the town. 535
 To whom the leader of the host of Troy.
 These cares, Andromache, which thee engage,
 All touch me also; but I dread to incur
 The scorn of male and female tongues in Troy,
 If, dastard-like, I should decline the fight. 540
 Nor feel I such a wish. No. I have learned
 To be courageous ever, in the van
 Among the flow'r of Ilium to assert
 My glorious father's honour, and my own.
 For that the day shall come, when sacred Troy, 545
 When Priam, and the people of the old
 Spear-practised King shall perish, well I know.
 But for no Trojan sorrows yet to come
 So much I mourn, not e'en for Hecuba,
 Nor yet for Priam, nor for all the brave 550

* Sudden deaths were ascribed either to Diana or Apollo.

Of my own brothers who shall kiss the dust,
 As for thyself, when some Achaian Chief
 Shall have convey'd thee weeping hence, thy fun
 Of peace and liberty for ever set.

Then shalt thou toil in Argos at the loom 555

For a task-mistress, and constrained shalt draw
 From Hypercïa's fount, or from the fount
 Meffëis, water at her proud command.

Some Grecian then, seeing thy tears, shall say—

“ This was the wife of Hector, who excelled 560

“ All Troy in fight when Ilium was besieged.”

Such he shall speak thee, and thy heart, the while,
 Shall bleed afresh through want of such a friend
 To stand between captivity and thee.

But may I rest beneath my hill of earth 565

Or ere that day arrive ! I would not live

To hear thy cries, and see thee torn away.

So saying, illustrious Hector stretch'd his arms

Forth to his son, but with a scream, the child

Fell back into the bosom of his nurse, 570

His father's aspect dreading, whose bright arms

He had attentive mark'd, and shaggy crest

Playing tremendous o'er his helmet's height.

His father and his gentle mother laugh'd *,

And noble Hector lifting from his head 575

His dazzling helmet, placed it on the ground,

Then kiss'd his boy and dandled him, and thus

In earnest pray'r the heav'nly pow'rs implored.

* The Scholiast in Villoiffon calls it φυσικὴν τινὰ καὶ μετριὴν γέλωτα—a natural and moderate laughter.

Hear all ye Gods! as ye have giv'n to me,
So also on my son excelling might 580
Bestow, with chief authority in Troy.

And be his record this, in time to come,
When he returns from battle. Lo! how far
The son excells the Sire! May every foe
Fall under him, and he come laden home 585
With spoils blood-stain'd to his dear mother's joy.

He said, and gave his infant to the arms
Of his Andromache, who him received
Into her fragrant bosom, bitter tears
With sweet smiles mingling; he with pity moved 590
That fight observ'd, soft touched her cheek, and said.

Mourn not, my loved Andromache, for me
Too much; no man shall send me to the shades
Of Tartarus, ere mine allotted hour,
Nor lives he who can overpass the date 595
By heav'n assign'd him, be he base or brave.
Go then, and occupy content at home
The woman's province; ply the distaff, spin
And weave, and task thy maidens. War belongs
To man; to all men; and of all who first 600
Drew vital breath in Ilium, most to me.

He ceased, and from the ground his helmet raised
Hair-crested; his Andromache, at once
Obedient, to her home repair'd, but oft
Turn'd as she went, and, turning, wept afresh. 605
No sooner at the palace she arrived
Of havoc-spreading Hector, than among
Her num'rous maidens found within, she raised

A gen'ral lamentation; with one voice,
 In his own house, his whole domestic train 610
 Mourned Hector, yet alive; for none the hope
 Conceived of his escape from Greecian hands,
 Or to behold their living master more.

Nor Paris, in his stately mansion long
 Delay'd, but, arm'd resplendent, travers'd swift 615
 The city, all alacrity and joy.

As some stalled horse high-fed, his stable-cord
 Snapt short, beats under foot the founding plain,
 Accustom'd in smooth-sliding streams to lave
 Exulting; high he bears his head, his mane 620
 Undulates o'er his shoulders, pleas'd he eyes

His glossy sides, and borne on pliant knees
 Shoots to the meadow where his fellows graze;
 So Paris, son of Priam, from the heights
 Of Pergamus into the streets of Troy, 625
 All dazzling as the sun, descended, flush'd
 With martial pride, and bounding in his course.

At once he came where noble Hector stood
 Now turning, after conference with his spouse,
 When godlike Alexander thus began. 630

My hero brother, thou hast surely found
 My long delay most irksome. More dispatch
 Had pleas'd thee more, for such was thy command.

To whom the warlike Hector thus replied.
 No man, judicious, and in feats of arms 635
 Intelligent, would pour contempt on thee,
 (For thou art valiant) wer't thou not remis'
 And wilful negligent; and when I hear

The very men who labour in thy cause
 Reviling thee, I make thy shame my own. 640
 But let us on. All such complaints shall cease
 Hereafter, and thy faults be touched no more,
 Let Jove but once afford us riddance clear
 Of these Achaians, and to quaff the cup
 Of liberty, before the living Gods. 645

A R G U M E N T

OF THE

S E V E N T H B O O K.

Ajax and Hector engage in single combat. The Grecians fortify their camp.

B O O K VII.

SO saying, illustrious Hector through the gates
To battle rushed, with Paris at his side,
And both were bent on deeds of high renown.
As when the Gods vouchsafe propitious gales
To longing mariners, who with smooth oars 5
Threshing the waves have all their strength consumed,
So them the longing Trojans glad received.

At once each flew a Grecian. Paris flew
Menesthus who in Arna dwelt, the son
Of Areithoüs, club-bearing Chief, 10
And of Philomedusa radiant-eyed.

But Hector wounded with his glitt'ring spear
Eioneus; he pierced his neck beneath
His brazen morion's verge, and dead he fell.
Then Glaucus, leader of the Lycian host, 15
Son of Hippolochus, in furious fight
Iphinoüs son of Dexias assail'd,

Mounting his rapid mares, and with his lance
His shoulder pierced; unhorsed he fell and died.

Such

Such slaughter of the Grecians in fierce fight 20
 Minerva noting, from the Olympian hills
 Flew down to sacred Ilium; whose approach
 Marking from Pergamus Apollo flew
 To meet her, ardent on the part of Troy.
 Beneath the beech they join'd, when first the King, 25
 The son of Jove, Apollo, thus began.

Daughter of Jove supreme! why hast thou left
 Olympus, and with such impetuous speed?
 Com'st thou to give the Danaï success
 Decisive? For I know that pity none 30
 Thou feel'st for Trojans, perish as they may.
 But if advice of mine can influence thee
 To that which shall be best, let us compose
 This day the furious fight, which shall again
 Hereafter rage, 'till Ilium be destroy'd, 35
 Since such is Juno's pleasure and thy own.

Him answer'd then Pallas cærulean-eyed.
 Celestial archer! be it so. I came
 Myself so purposing into the field
 From the Olympian heights. But by what means 40
 Wilt thou induce the warriors to a pause?

To whom the King, the son of Jove, replied.
 The courage of equestrian Hector bold
 Let us excite, that he may challenge forth
 To single conflict terrible some Chief 45
 Achaian. The Achaians brazen-mail'd
 Indignant, will supply a champion soon
 To combat with the noble Chief of Troy.

So spake Apollo, and his counsel pleas'd
 Minerva; which when Helenus the seer 50
 Priam's own son, in his prophetic soul
 Perceived, approaching Hector, thus he spake.

Jove's peer in wisdom, Hector, Priam's son!
 I am thy brother. Wilt thou list to me?
 Bid cease the battle. Bid both armies sit. 55
 Call first, thyself, the mightiest of the Greeks
 To single conflict. I have heard the voice
 Of the Eternal Gods, and well assured
 Foretell thee that thy death not now impends.

He spake, whom Hector heard with joy elate. 60
 Before his van striding into the space
 Both hosts between, he with his spear transverse
 Pressed back the Trojans, and they fat. Down fat
 The well-greaved Grecians also at command
 Of Agamemnon; and in shape assumed 65
 Of vultures, Pallas and Apollo perched
 High on the lofty beech sacred to Jove
 The father Ægis-arm'd; delighted thence
 They viewed the peopled plain horrent around
 With shields and helms and glitt'ring spears erect. 70
 As when fresh-blowing Zephyrus the flood
 Sweeps first, the ocean blackens at the blast,
 Such seem'd the plain whereon th' Achaïans sat
 And Trojans, whom between thus Hector spake.

Ye Trojans, and Achaïans brazen-greaved, 75
 Attend while I shall speak! Jove high-enthroned
 Hath not fulfill'd the truce, but evil plans
 Against both hosts, till either ye shall take

'Troy's lofty tow'rs, or shall yourselves in fight
 Fall vanquish'd at your billow-cleaving barks. 80
 With you is all the flower of Greece. Let him
 Whose heart shall move him to encounter sole
 Illustrious Hector, from among you all
 Stand forth, and Jove be witness to us both.
 If he, with his long-pointed lance, of life 85
 Shall me bereave, my armour is his prize,
 Which he shall hence into your fleet convey;
 Not so my body; that he shall resign
 For burial to the men and wives of Troy.
 But if Apollo make the glory mine, 90
 And he fall vanquish'd, him will I despoil,
 And hence conveying into sacred Troy
 His arms, will in the temple hang them high
 Of the bow-bender God, but I will send
 His body to the fleet, that him the Greeks 95
 May grace with rites funereal. On the banks
 Of wide-spread Hellespont ye shall upraise
 His tomb, and as they cleave with oary barks
 The sable Deep, posterity shall say—
 " It is a warrior's tomb; in antient days, 100
 " The Hero died; him warlike Hector slew."
 So men shall speak hereafter, and my fame
 Who slew him, and my praise, shall never die.
 He ceased, and all sat mute. His challenge bold
 None dared accept, which yet they blush'd to shun, 105
 'Till Menelaus, at the last, arose
 Groaning profound, and thus reproach'd the Greeks.

Ah boasters! henceforth women—men no more—
 Eternal shame, shame infinite is ours,
 If none of all the Grecians dares contend 110
 With Hector. Dastards—deaf to glory's call—
 Rot where ye fit. I will myself take arms
 Against him, for the Gods alone dispose,
 At their own pleasure, the events of war.

He ended, and put on his radiant arms. 115
 Then, Menelaus, manifest appear'd
 Thy death, approaching by the dreadful hands
 Of Hector, mightier far in arms than thou,
 But that the Chiefs of the Achaians all
 Upstarting stay'd thee, and himself the King, 120
 The son of Atreus, on thy better hand
 Seizing affectionate, thee thus address'd.

Thou rav'st, my royal brother! and art seized
 With needless frenzy. But, however chafed,
 Restrain thy wrath, nor covet to contend 125
 With Priameian Hector, whom in fight
 All dread, a warrior thy superior far.
 Not ev'n Achilles, in the glorious field
 (Though stronger far than thou) this hero meets
 Undaunted. Go then, and thy feat resume 130
 In thy own band; th' Achaians shall for him,
 Doubtless, some fitter champion furnish forth.
 Brave though he be, and with the toils of war
 Infatiable, he shall be willing yet,
 Seated on his bent knees, to breathe a while, 135
 Should he escape the arduous brunt severe.

So

So saying, the hero by his counsel wife
 His brother's purpose alter'd; he complied,
 And his glad servants eased him of his arms.
 Then Nestor thus the Argive host bespake. 140

Great woe, ye Gods! hath on Achaia fall'n.
 Now may the warlike Peleus, hoary Chief,
 Who both with eloquence and wisdom rules
 The Myrmidons, our foul disgrace deplore.
 With him discoursing, erst, of antient times, 145

When all your pedigrees I traced, I made
 His heart bound in him at the proud report.
 But now, when he shall learn how here we sat
 Cow'ring at foot of Hector, he shall oft
 His hands uplift to the immortal Gods, 150
 Praying a swift release into the shades.

Jove! Pallas! Phœbus! Oh that I were young
 As when the Pylians in fierce fight engaged
 Th' Arcadians spear-expert, beside the stream
 Of rapid Celadon! Beneath the walls 155
 We fought of Pheia, where the Jordan rolls.

There Ereuthalion, Chief of Godlike form,
 Stood forth before his van, and with loud voice
 Defied the Pylians. Armed he was in steel
 By royal Areïthous whilom worn; 160

Brave Areïthous, * Corynetes named
 By ev'ry tongue; for that in bow and spear
 Nought trusted he, but with an iron mace
 The close embattled phalanx shatter'd wide.
 Him by address, not by superior force, 165

* The club-bearer.

Lycurgus vanquish'd, in a narrow pass,
 Where him his iron * whirl-bat nought avail'd.
 Lycurgus stealing on him, with his lance
 Transpierced and fix'd him to the foil supine.
 Him of his arms, bright gift of brazen Mars, 170
 He stripp'd, which after, in th' embattled field
 Lycurgus wore himself, but, growing old,
 Surrender'd them to Ereuthalion's use
 His armour-bearer, high in his esteem,
 And Ereuthalion wore them on the day 175
 When he defied our best. All hung their heads
 And trembled; none dared meet him; 'till at last
 With inborn courage warmed, and nought dismayed,
 Though youngest of them all, I undertook
 That contest, and, by Pallas' aid, prevailed. 180
 I flew the man in height and bulk all men
 Surpassing, and much foil he cover'd slain.
 Oh for the vigour of those better days!
 Then should not Hector want a champion long,
 Whose call to combat, ye, although the prime 185
 And pride of all our land, seem slow to hear.
 He spake reproachful, when at once arose
 Nine heroes. Agamemnon, King of men,
 Foremost arose; then Tydeus' mighty son,
 With either Ajax in fierce prowess clad; 190
 The Cretan next, Idomeneus, with whom
 Uprose Meriones his friend approved,
 Terrible as the man-destroyer Mars.
 Evæmon's noble offspring next appear'd

* It is a word used by Dryden.

Eurypylos; Andræmons' son the next
 Thoas; and last, Ulysses, glorious Chief. 195
 All these stood ready to engage in arms
 With warlike Hector, when the antient King,
 Gerenian Nestor, thus his speech resumed.

Now cast the lot for all. Who wins the chance 200
 Shall yield Achaia service, and himself
 Serve also, if successful he escape
 This brunt of hostile hardiment severe.

So Nestor. They, inscribing each his lot,
 Into the helmet cast it of the son 205
 Of Atreus, Agamemnon. Then the host
 Pray'd all, their hands uplifting, and with eyes
 To the wide heav'ns directed, many said—

Eternal fire! chuse Ajax, or the son
 Of Tydeus, or the King himself who sways 210
 The sceptre in Mycenæ wealth-renown'd!*

Such pray'r the people made; then Nestor shook
 The helmet, and forth leaped, whose most they wished,
 The lot of Ajax. Throughout all the host
 To ev'ry chief and potentate of Greece, 215

From right to left the herald bore the lot
 By all disown'd; but when at length he reach'd
 Th'inscriber of the lot, who cast it in,
 Illustrious Ajax, in his open palm
 The herald plac'd it, standing at his side. 220

He, conscious, with heroic joy the lot
 Cast at his foot, and thus exclaim'd aloud.

My friends! the lot is mine, and my own heart

* Agamemnon.

Rejoices also; for I nothing doubt
 That noble Hector shall be foil'd by men. 225
 But while I put mine armour on, pray all
 In silence to the King Saturnian Jove,
 Left, while ye pray, the Trojans overhear.
 Or pray aloud, for whom have we to dread?
 No man shall my firm standing by his strength 230
 Unfettle, or for ignorance of mine
 Me vanquish, who, I hope, brought forth and train'd
 In Salamis, have, now, not much to learn.

He ended. They with heav'n-directed eyes
 The King in pray'r address'd, Saturnian Jove. 235

Jove! glorious father! who from Ida's height
 Controulest all below, let Ajax prove
 Victorious, make the honour all his own!
 Or, if not less than Ajax, Hector share
 Thy love and thy regard, divide the prize 240
 Of glory, and let each atchieve renown!

Then Ajax put his radiant armour on,
 And, arm'd complete, rush'd forward. As huge Mars
 To battle moves the fons of men between
 Whom Jove with heart-devouring thirst inspires 245
 Of war, so mov'd huge Ajax to the fight,
 Tow'r of the Greeks, dilating with a smile
 His martial features terrible; on feet,
 Firm-planted, to the combat he advanced
 Stride after stride, and shook his quiv'ring spear. 250
 Him viewing, Argos' universal host
 Exulted, while a panic loos'd the knees
 Of ev'ry Trojan; even Hector's heart

Beat

Beat double, but escape for him remain'd
 None now, or to retreat into his ranks 255
 Again, from whom himself had challenged forth.
 Ajax advancing like a tow'r his shield
 Sev'nfold, approached. It was the labour'd work
 Of Tychius, armourer of matchless skill,
 Who dwelt in Hyla; coated with the hides 260
 Of sev'n high-pamper'd bulls that shield he framed
 For Ajax, and the disk plated with brass.
 Advancing it before his breast, the son
 Of Telamon approached the Trojan Chief,
 And face to face, him threat'ning, thus began. 265
 Now, Hector, prove, by me alone opposed,
 What Chiefs the Danaï can furnish forth
 In absence of the lion-hearted prince
 Achilles, breaker of the ranks of war.
 He, in his billow-cleaving barks, incensed 270
 Against our leader Agamemnon, lies;
 But warriors of my measure, who may serve
 To cope with thee, we want not; num'rous such
 Are found amongst us. But begin the fight.
 To whom majestic Hector fierce in arms. 275
 Ajax! heroic leader of the Greeks!
 Offspring of Telamon! essay not me
 With words to terrify, as I were boy
 Or girl unskill'd in war; I am a man
 Well exercised in battle, who have shed 280
 The blood of many a warrior, and have learned,
 From hand to hand shifting my shield, to fight
 Unwearied; I can make a sport of war,

In standing fight adjusting all my steps
 To martial measures sweet, or vaulting light 285
 Into my chariot, thence can urge the foe.
 Yet in contention with a Chief like thee
 I will employ no stratagem, or seek
 To smite thee privily, but with a stroke
 (If I may reach thee) visible to all. 290

So saying, he shook, then hurl'd his massy spear
 At Ajax, and his broad shield sevenfold
 On its eighth surface of resplendent brass
 Smote full; six hides th' unblunted weapon pierced,
 But in the seventh stood rooted. Ajax, next, 295
 Heroic Chief, hurl'd his long-shadow'd spear
 And struck the oval shield of Priam's son.

Through his bright disk the weapon tempest-driv'n
 Glided, and in his hauberk-rings infixt
 At his soft flank, ripp'd wide his vest within. 300
 Inclined oblique he 'scaped the dreadful doom.
 Then each from other's shield his massy spear
 Recov'ring quick, like lions hunger-pinch'd
 Or wild boars irresistible in force,

They fell to close encounter. Priam's son 305
 The shield of Ajax at its centre smote,
 But fail'd to pierce it, for he bent his point.
 Sprang Ajax then, and meeting full the targe
 Of Hector, shock'd him; through it and beyond
 He urged the weapon with its sliding edge 310
 Athwart his neck, and blood was seen to start.
 But still, for no such cause, from battle ceas'd
 Crest-tossing Hector, but retiring, seized

An huge stone angled sharp and black with age
 That on the champain lay. The bull-hide guard 315
 Sev'n-fold of Ajax with that stone he smote
 Full on its centre; fang the circling brags.
 Then Ajax far an heavier stone upheaved;
 He whirled it, and with might immeasurable
 Dismiss'd the mass, which with a mill-stone weight 320
 Sank through the shield of Hector, and his knees
 Disabled; with his shield supine he fell,
 But by Apollo raised, stood soon again.
 And now, with swords they had each other hewn,
 Had not the messengers of Gods and men 325
 The heralds wife, Idæus on the part
 Of Ilium, and Talthybius for the Greeks,
 Advancing interposed. His sceptre each
 Between them held, and thus Idæus spake.

My children, cease! prolong not still the fight. 330
 Ye both are dear to cloud-assembler Jove,
 Both valiant, and all know it. But the night
 Hath fall'n, and night's command must be obeyed.

To him the son of Telamon replied.
 Idæus! bid thy master speak as thou. 335
 He is the challenger. If such his choice,
 Mine differs not; I wait but to comply.

Him answer'd then heroic Hector huge.
 Since, Ajax, the immortal pow'rs on thee
 Have bulk pre-eminent and strength bestowed, 340
 With such address in battle, that the host
 Of Greece hath not thine equal at the spear,
 Now let the combat cease. We shall not want

More fair occasion ; on some future day
 We will not part till all-disposing heav'n 345
 Shall give thee vict'ry, or shall make her mine.
 But night hath fall'n, and night must be obey'd,
 That thou may'st gratify with thy return
 Th' Achaians, and especially thy friends
 And thy own countrymen. I go, no less 350
 T' exhilarate in Priam's royal town
 Men and robed matrons, who shall seek the Gods
 For me, with pious ceremonial due.
 But come. We will exchange, or ere we part,
 Some princely gift, that Greece and Troy may fay 355
 Hereafter, with soul-wasting rage they fought,
 But parted with the gentleness of friends.
 So saying, he with its sheath and belt a sword
 Presented bright-emboss'd, and a bright belt
 Purpureal * took from Ajax in return. 360
 Thus separated, one the Grecians fought,
 And one the Trojans ; they when him they saw
 From the unconquer'd hands return'd alive
 Of Ajax, with delight their Chief received,
 And to the city led him, double joy 365
 Conceiving all at his unhop'd escape.
 On th' other side, the Grecians brazen-mail'd
 To noble Agamemnon introduced
 Exulting Ajax, and the King of men
 In honour of the conqu'ror slew an ox 370
 Of the fifth year to Jove omnipotent.

* This word I have taken leave to coin. The Latins have both substantive and adjective. Purpura—Purpureus. We make purple serve both uses ; but it seems a poverty to which we have no need to submit, at least in poetry.

Him flaying first, they carved him next and spread
 The whole abroad, then, scoring deep the flesh,
 They pierced it with the spits, and from the spits,
 (Once roasted well) withdrew it all again. 375

Their labour thus accomplish'd, and the board
 Furnish'd with plenteous cheer, they feasted all
 'Till all were satisfied; nor Ajax mis'd
 The conqu'ror's meed, to whom the hero-king
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon, gave the chine 380
 Perpetual*, his distinguish'd portion due.

The calls of hunger and of thirst at length
 Both well sufficed, thus, foremost of them all
 The antient Nestor, whose advice had oft
 Proved salutary, prudent thus began. 385

Chiefs of Achaia, and thou, chief of all,
 Great Agamemnon! Many of our host
 Lie slain, whose blood sprinkles, in battle shed,
 The banks of smooth Scamander, and their souls
 Have journey'd down into the realms of death. 390

To-morrow, therefore, let the battle pause
 As need requires, and at the peep of day
 With mules and oxen, wheel ye from all parts
 The dead, that we may burn them near the fleet.
 So, home to Greece returning, will we give 395
 The fathers ashes to the childrens care.

Accumulating next, the pile around,
 One common tomb for all, with brisk dispatch

* The word is here used in the Latin sense of it. Virgil, describing the entertainment given by Evander to the Trojans, says that he regaled them

Perpetui tergo bovis et lustralibus extis.

ÆN. viii.

It means, the whole.

We will upbuild for more secure defence
 Of us and of our fleet, strong tow'rs and tall 400
 Adjoining to the tomb, and ev'ry tow'r
 Shall have its pond'rous gate, commodious pass
 Affording to the mounted charioteer.
 And last, without those tow'rs and at their foot,
 Dig we a trench, which compassing around 405
 Our camp, both fleets and warriors shall exclude,
 And all fierce inroad of the haughty foe.

So counsell'd he, whom ev'ry Chief approved.
 In Troy meantime, at Priam's gate beside
 The lofty citadel, debate began 410
 Th' assembled senators between, confused,
 Clamorous, and with furious heat pursued,
 When them Antenor, prudent, thus bespake.

Ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies of Troy,
 My counsel hear! Delay not. Instant yield 415
 To the Atridæ, hence to be convey'd,
 Helen of Greece with all that is her own.
 For charged with violated oaths we fight,
 And hope I none conceive that aught by us
 Design'd shall prosper, unless so be done. 420

He spake and sat; when from his seat arose
 Paris, fair Helen's noble paramour,
 Who thus with speech impassion'd quick replied.

Antenor! me thy counsel hath not pleas'd;
 Thou could'st have framed far better; but if this 425
 Be thy delib'rate judgment, then the Gods
 Make thy delib'rate judgment nothing worth.
 But I will speak myself. Ye Chiefs of Troy

I tell you plain. I will not yield my spouse.

But all her treasures to our house convey'd 430

From Argos, those will I resign, and add
Still other compensation from my own.

Thus Paris said and sat; when like the Gods
Themselves in wisdom, from his seat arose
Dardanian Priam, who them thus address'd. 435

Trojans, Dardanians, and allies of Troy!
I shall declare my sentence; hear ye me.

Now let the legions, as at other times,
Take due refreshment; let the watch be set,
And keep ye vigilant guard. At early dawn 440

We will dispatch Idæus to the fleet;
Who shall inform th' Atridæ of this last
Resolve of Paris, author of the war.

Discrete Idæus also shall propose
A respite (if th' Atridæ so incline) 445
From war's dread clamour, while we burn the dead.

Then will we clash again, 'till heav'n at length
Shall part us, and the doubtful strife decide.

He ceas'd, whose voice th' assembly pleas'd, obey'd.
Then, troop by troop, the army took repast, 450

And at the dawn Idæus fought the fleet;
He found the Danaï, servants of Mars,
Beside the stern of Agamemnon's ship

Consulting; and amid th' assembled Chiefs
Arrived, with utterance clear them thus address'd. 455

Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Chiefs, the flow'r
Of all Achaia! Priam and the Chiefs
Of Ilium, bade me to your ear impart

(If chance such embassy might please your ear)

The mind of Paris, author of the war. 460

The treasures which on board his ships he brought

From Argos home (oh had he perished first !)

He yields them with addition from his own.

Not so the consort of the glorious prince

Brave Menelaus ; her (although in Troy 465

All counsel otherwise) he still detains.

Thus too I have in charge. Are ye inclined

That the dread-founding clamours of the field

Be caused to cease, 'till we shall burn the dead ?

Then will we clash again, 'till heav'n at length 470

Shall part us, and the doubtful strife decide.

So spake Idæus, and all silent sat ;

'Till at the last brave Diomedè replied.

No. We will none of Paris' treasures now,

Nor even Helen's self. A child may see 475

Destruction winging swift her course to Troy.

He said. Th' admiring Greeks with loud applause

All praised the speech of warlike Diomedè,

And answer thus the King of men return'd.

Idæus ! thou hast witness'd the resolve 480

Of the Achaian Chiefs, whose choice is mine.

But for the slain, I shall not envy them

A fun'ral pile ; the spirit fled, delay

Suits not. Last rites cannot too soon be paid.

Burn them. And let high-thund'ring Jove attest 485

Himself mine oath, that war shall cease the while.

So saying, he to all the Gods upraised

His sceptre, and Idæus homeward sped

To sacred Ilium. The Dardanians there
 And Trojans, all assembled, his return 490
 Expected anxious. He amid them told
 Distinct his errand, when, at once dissolved,
 The whole assembly rose, these to collect
 The scatter'd bodies, those to gather wood;
 While, on the other side, the Greeks arose 495
 As fudden, and all issuing from the fleet
 Sought fuel, some, and, some, the scatter'd dead.

Now from the gently-swelling flood profound
 The sun arising, with his earliest rays
 In his ascent to heav'n smote on the fields, 500
 When Greeks and Trojans met. Scarce could the slain
 Be clear distinguish'd, but they cleansed from each
 His clotted gore with water, and warm tears
 Distilling copious, heaved them to the wains.
 But wailing none was heard, for such command 505
 Had Priam issued; therefore heaping high
 The bodies, silent and with forrowing hearts
 They burn'd them, and to sacred Troy return'd.
 The Grecians also, on the fun'ral pile
 The bodies heaping sad, burn'd them with fire 510
 Together, and return'd into the fleet.
 Then, ere the peep of dawn, and while the veil
 Of night, though thinner, still o'erhung the earth,
 Achaians, chosen from the rest, the pile
 Encompass'd. With a tomb (one tomb for all) 515
 They crown'd the spot adust, and to the tomb
 (For safety of their fleet and of themselves)
 Strong fortrefs added of high wall and tow'r,

With solid gates affording egress thence
 Commodious to the mounted charioteer ; 520
 Deep foss and broad they also dug without,
 And planted it with piles. So toiled the Greeks.

The Gods, that mighty labour, from beside
 The Thund'rer's throne with admiration view'd,
 When Neptune, shaker of the shores, began. 525

Eternal father ! is there on the face
 Of all the boundless earth one mortal man
 Who will, in times to come, consult with heav'n ?
 See'st thou yon height of wall, and yon deep trench
 With which the Grecians have their fleet inclosed, 530

And, careless of our blessing, hecatomb
 Or invocation have presented none ?
 Far as the day-spring shoots herself abroad,
 So far the glory of this work shall spread,
 While Phœbus and myself, who, toiling hard, 535
 Built walls for King Laomedon, shall see
 Forgotten all the labour of our hands.

To whom, indignant, thus high-thund'ring Jove.
 Oh thou, who shak'st the solid earth at will,
 What hast thou spoken ? An inferior pow'r, 540
 A God of less sufficiency than thou,
 Might be allowed some fear from such a cause.

Fear not. Where'er the morning shoots her beams,
 Thy glory shall be known ; and when the Greeks
 Shall seek their country through the waves again, 545
 Then break this bulwark down, submerge it whole,
 And spreading deep with sand the spacious shore
 As at the first, leave not a trace behind.

Such

Such conf'rence held the Gods ; and now the fun
 Went down, and, that great work perform'd, the Greeks 550
 From tent to tent slaughter'd the fatted ox
 And ate their evening cheer. Meantime arrived
 Large fleet with Lemnian wine ; Euneus, son
 Of Jafon and Hypsipile, that fleet
 From Lemnos freighted, and had stow'd on board 555
 A thousand measures from the rest apart
 For the Atridæ ; but the host at large
 By traffick were supplied ; some barter'd brafs,
 Others bright steel ; some purchas'd wine with hides,
 These with their cattle, with their captives those, 560
 And the whole host prepared a glad regale.
 All night the Grecians feasted, and the host
 Of Ilium, and all night deep-planning Jove
 Portended dire calamities to both,
 Thund'ring tremendous !—Pale was ev'ry cheek ; 565
 Each poured his goblet on the ground, nor dared
 The hardiest drink, 'till he had first performed
 Libation meet to the Saturnian King
 Omnipotent ; then, all retiring, fought
 Their couches, and partook the gift of sleep. 570

A R G U M E N T

OF THE

E I G H T H B O O K.

Jove calls a council, in which he forbids all interference of the Gods between the Greeks and Trojans. He repairs to Ida, where having consulted the scales of destiny, he directs his lightning against the Grecians. Nestor is endangered by the death of one of his horses. Diomedes delivers him. In the chariot of Diomedes they both hasten to engage Hector, whose charioteer is slain by Diomedes. Jupiter again interposes by his thunders, and the whole Grecian host discomfited, is obliged to seek refuge within the rampart. Diomedes, with others, at sight of a favourable omen sent from Jove in answer to Agamemnon's prayer, sallies. Teucer performs great exploits, but is disabled by Hector. Juno and Pallas set forth from Olympus in aid of the Grecians, but are stopped by Jupiter, who re-ascends from Ida, and in heaven foretells the distresses which await the Grecians.

Hector takes measures for the security of Troy during the night, and prepares his host for an assault to be made on the Grecian camp in the morning.

B O O K VIII.

THE saffron-mantled morning now was spread
O'er all the nations, when the Thund'rer Jove,
On the deep-fork'd Olympian's topmost height
Convened the Gods in council, amid whom
He spake himself; they all attentive heard.

Gods! Goddeffes! Inhabitants of heav'n!
 Attend; I make my fecret purpofe known.
 Let neither God nor Goddeffs interpofe
 My counfel to refcind, but with one heart
 Approve it, that it reach, at once, its end. 10
 Whom I fhall mark foever from the reft
 Withdrawn, that he may Greeks or Trojans aid,
 Difgrace fhall find him; fhamefully chaftized
 He fhall return to the Olympian heights,
 Or I will hurl him deep into the gulphs 15
 Of gloomy Tartarus, where Hell fhuts faft
 Her iron gates, and fpreads her brazen floor,
 As far below the fhades, as earth from heav'n.
 There fhall he learn how far I pafs in might
 All others; which if ye incline to doubt, 20
 Now prove me. Let ye down the golden chain
 From heav'n, and at its nether links pull all
 Both Goddeffes and Gods. But me your King,
 Supreme in wifdom, ye fhall never draw
 To earth from heav'n, toil adverfe as ye may. 25
 Yet I, when once I fhall be pleas'd to pull,
 The earth itfelf, itfelf the fea, and you
 Will lift with eafe together, and will wind
 The chain around the fpiry fummit fharp
 Of the Olympian, that all things upheaved 30
 Shall hang in the mid heav'n. So far do I,
 Compar'd with all who live, transcend them all.

He ended, and the Gods long time amazed
 Sat filent, for with awful tone he fpake;
 But at the laft Pallas blue-eyed began. 35

Father!

Father ! Saturnian Jove ! of Kings supreme !
 We know thy force resistless ; but our hearts
 Feel not the less, when we behold the Greeks
 Exhausting all the sorrows of their lot.

If thou command, we, doubtless, will abstain 40
 From battle, yet such counsel to the Greeks
 Suggesting still, as may in part effect
 Their safety, lest thy wrath consume them all.

To whom with smiles answer'd cloud-gath'rer Jove.
 Fear not, my child ! stern as mine accent was, 45
 I forced a frown—no more. For in mine heart
 Nought feel I but benevolence to thee.

He said, and to his chariot joined his steeds
 Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and maned with wavy gold ;
 He put on golden raiment, his bright scourge 50
 Of gold receiving rose into his feat,
 And lash'd his steeds ; they not unwilling flew
 Midway the earth between and starry heav'n.
 To spring-fed Ida, mother of wild beasts,
 He came, where stands in Gargarus his shrine 55
 Breathing fresh incense ; there the Sire of all
 Arriving, loos'd his courfers, and around
 Involving them in gather'd clouds opaque,
 Sat on the mountain's head, in his own might
 Exulting, with the tow'rs of Ilium all 60
 Beneath his eye and the whole fleet of Greece.

In all their tents, meantime, Achaia's sons
 Took short refreshment, and for fight prepared.
 On th' other side, though fewer, yet constrained
 By strong necessity, throughout all Troy, 65

In

In the defence of children and of wives
 Ardent, the Trojans panted for the field.
 Wide flew the city-gates; forth rushed to war
 Horsemen and foot, and tumult wild arose.
 They met, they clash'd; loud was the din of spears 70
 And bucklers on their bosoms brazen-mail'd
 Encount'ring, shields in opposition firm
 Met bossy shields, and * tumult wild arose.

There, many a shout and many a dying groan
 Were heard, the slayer and the maim'd aloud 75
 Clamouring, and the earth was drench'd with blood.
 'Till sacred morn had brighten'd into noon,
 The vollied weapons on both sides their task
 Perform'd effectual, and the people fell.
 But when the sun had climb'd the middle skies, 80
 The Sire of all then took his golden scales;
 Doom against doom he weigh'd, th' eternal fates
 In counterpoise, of Trojans and of Greeks.
 He rais'd the beam; low sank the heavier lot
 Of the Achaians; the Achaian doom 85
 Subsided, and the Trojan struck the skies.

Then roar'd his thunders from the summit hurl'd
 Of Ida, and his vivid lightnings flew
 Into Achaia's host. They at the fight
 Astonish'd stood; fear whiten'd ev'ry cheek. 90
 Idomeneus dar'd not himself abide
 That shock, nor Agamemnon stood, nor stood
 The heroes Ajax, ministers of Mars.
 Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks,

* In the repetition of this expression, the translator follows the original.

Alone fled not, nor he by choice remain'd, 95
 But by his speed retarded, which the mate
 Of beauteous Helen, Paris, with a shaft
 Had stricken where the forelock grows, a part
 Of all most mortal. Tortured by the wound
 Erect he rose, the arrow in his brain, 100
 And, writhing furious, scared his fellow steeds.
 Meantime, while, strenuous, with his falchion's edge
 The hoary warrior stood flashing the reins,
 Through multitudes of fierce pursuers borne
 On rapid wheels, the dauntless charioteer 105
 Approach'd him, Hector. Then, past hope, had died
 The antient King, but Diomedè discern'd
 His peril imminent, and with a voice
 Like thunder, called Ulysses to his aid.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd ! 110
 Art thou too fugitive, and turn'st thy back
 Like the base multitude? Ah! fear a lance
 Implanted ignominious in thy spine.
 Stop—Nestor dies. Fell Hector is at hand.

So shouted Diomedè, whose summons loud 115
 Ulysses yet heard not, but, passing, flew
 With headlong haste to the Achaian fleet.
 Then, Diomedè, unaided as he was,
 Rush'd ardent to the vaw-ward, and before
 The steeds of the Næcian sov'reign old 120
 Standing, in accents wing'd, him thus address'd.

Old Chief! these youthful warriors are too brisk
 For thee, press'd also by encroaching age.
 Thy servant too is feeble, and thy steeds

Are tardy. Mount my chariot. Thou shalt see 125
 With what rapidity the steeds of Troy,
 Pursuing or retreating, scour the field.

I took them from that terror of his foes,
 Æneas. Thine to our attendants leave,
 While these against the warlike pow'rs of Troy 130
 We push direct; that Hector's self may know
 If my spear rage not furious as his own.

He said, nor the Gerenian Chief refused.
 Thenceforth their servants, Sthenelus and good
 Eurymedon, took charge of Nestor's steeds, 135

And they the chariot of Tydides both
 Ascended; Nestor seiz'd the reins, plied well
 The scourge, and soon they met. Tydides hurl'd
 At Hector first, while rapid he advanced;
 But missing Hector, wounded in the breast 140

Eniopeus his charioteer, the son
 Of brave Thebæus, managing the steeds.
 He fell; his fiery coursers, at the sound
 Startled, recoil'd, and where he fell he died.

Deep sorrow for his charioteer o'erwhelm'd 145
 The mind of Hector; yet, although he mourn'd
 He left him, and another fought as brave.

Nor wanted long his steeds a charioteer,
 For finding soon the son of Iphitus,
 Bold Archeptolémus, he bade him mount 150
 His chariot, and the reins gave to his hand.

Then deeds of bloodiest note should have ensu'd,
 Penn'd had the Trojans been, as lambs, in Troy,
 But for quick succour of the fire of all.

Thund'ring, he downward hurled his candent bolt 155
 To the horse-feet of Diomedé; dire fumed
 The flaming sulphur, and both horses drove
 Under the axle, belly to the ground.

Forth flew the splendid reins from Nestor's hand,
 And thus to Diomedé, appall'd, he spake. 160

Back to the fleet, Tydides! Can't not see
 That Jove ordains not, now, the vict'ry thine?
 The son of Saturn glorifies to-day
 This Trojan, and, if such his will, can make
 The morrow ours; but vain it is to thwart 165
 The mind of Jove, for he is Lord of all.

To him the valiant Diomedé replied.

Thou hast well said, old warrior! but the pang
 That wrings my soul, is this. The public ear
 In Ilium shall from Hector's lips be told— 170
 I drove Tydides—Fearing me he fled.
 So shall he vaunt, and may the earth her jaws
 That moment op'ning swallow me alive!

Him answer'd the Gerenian warrior old.

What faith the son of Tydeus, glorious Chief? 175
 Should Hector so traduce thee as to call
 Thee base and timid, neither Trojan him
 Nor Dardan would believe, nor yet the wives
 Of num'rous shielded warriors brave of Troy,
 Widow'd by thy unconquerable arm. 180

So saying, he through the fugitives his steeds
 Turn'd swift to flight. Then Hector and his host
 With clamour infinite their darts woe-wing'd
 Shower'd after them, and Hector, mighty Chief

Majestic,

Majestic, from afar, thus call'd aloud. 185

Tydides ! thee the Danaï swift-horsed
 Were wont to grace with a superior feat,
 The mefs of honour, and the brimming cup,
 But now will mock thee. Thou art woman now.
 Go, tim'rous girl ! Thou never shalt behold 190
 Me flying, climb our battlements, or lead
 Our women captive. I will flay thee first.

He ceas'd. Then Diomede in dread fufpenfion
 Thrice purpos'd, turning, to withftand the foe,
 And thrice in thunder from the mountain-top 195
 Jove gave the fignal of fuccefs to Troy,
 When Hector thus the Trojans hail'd aloud.

Trojans and Lycians, and clofe-warring fons
 Of Dardanus, oh fummon all your might,
 Now, now be men ! I know that from his heart 200
 Saturnian Jove glory and bright fuccefs
 For me prepares, but havoc for the Greeks.
 Fools ! they fhall find this wall which they have rais'd
 Too weak to check my courfe, a feeble guard
 Contemptible ; fuch alfo is the trench ; 205
 My fteeds fhall flight it with an eafy leap.
 But when ye fee me in their fleet arrived,
 Remember fire. Then bring me flaming brands
 That I may burn their galleys, and themfelves
 Slaughter befide them, ftuggling in the fmoke. 210

He fpake, and thus encouraged next his fteeds.
 Xanthus ! Podargus ! and ye gen'rous pair
 Æthon and gloffy Lampus ! now requite
 Mine, and the bounty of Andromache,

Far-famed Eëtion's daughter; she your bowl 215
 With corn fresh-flavour'd and with wine full oft
 Hath mingled, your refreshment seeking first
 Ere mine, who have a youthful husband's claim.
 Now follow! now be swift! that we may seize
 The shield of Nestor, bruited to the skies 220
 As golden all, trappings and disk alike.
 Now from the shoulders of th' equestrian Chief
 Tydides, tear we off his splendid mail,
 The work of Vulcan. May we take but these,
 I have good hope that, ere this night be spent, 225
 The Greeks shall climb their galleys and away.

So vaunted he, but Juno with disdain
 His proud boast heard, and shudd'ring in her throne,
 Rock'd the Olympian; turning then toward
 The Ocean's mighty sov'reign, thus she spake. 230

Alas! earth-shaking sov'reign of the waves,
 Feel'st thou no pity of the perishing Greeks?
 Yet Greece, in Helice, with gifts nor few
 Nor fordid, and in Ægæ, honours thee,
 Whom therefore thou should'st prosper. Would we all 235
 Who favour Greece associate to repulse
 The Trojans, and to check loud-thund'ring Jove,
 On Ida seated he might lour alone.

To whom the sov'reign, shaker of the shores,
 Indignant. Juno! rash in speech! what word 240
 Hath 'scap'd thy lips? never, with my consent,
 Shall we, the pow'rs subordinate, in arms
 With Jove contend. He far excells us all.

So they. Meantime, the trench and * wall between,
 The narrow interval with steeds was fill'd 245
 Close-throng'd and shielded warriors. There immew'd
 By Priameian Hector, fierce as Mars,
 They stood, for Hector had the help of Jove.
 And now with blazing fire their gallant barks
 He had consumed, but Juno moved the mind 250
 Of Agamemnon, vigilant himself,
 To exhortation of Achaia's host.
 Through camp and fleet the monarch took his way,
 And, his wide robe imperial in his hand,
 High on Ulysses' huge black galley stood, 255
 The central ship conspicuous; thence his voice
 Might reach the most remote of all the line
 At each extreme, where Ajax had his tent
 Pitch'd, and Achilles, fearless of surprize.
 Thence, with loud voice, the Grecians thus he hail'd. 260
 Oh shame to Greece! Warriors in shew alone!
 Where is your boasted prowess? Ye profess'd
 Vain-glorious erst in Lemnos, while ye fed
 Plenteously on the flesh of beeves full-grown,
 And crown'd your beakers high, that ye would face 265
 Each man an hundred Trojans in the field—
 Ay, twice an hundred—yet are all too few
 To face one Hector now; nor doubt I aught
 But he shall soon fire the whole fleet of Greece.
 Jove! Father! what great sov'reign ever felt 270

* None daring to keep the field, and all striving to enter the gates together, they obstructed their own passage, and were, of course, compelled into the narrow interval between the foss and rampart.

But there are different opinions about the space intended. See Villoiffon.

Thy frowns as I? Whom hast thou shamed as me?
 Yet I neglected not, through all the course
 Of our disastrous voyage (in the hope
 That we should vanquish Troy) thy sacred rites,
 But where I found thine altar, piled it high 275
 With fat and flesh of bulls, on ev'ry shore.
 But oh, vouchsafe to us, that we at least
 Ourselves, deliver'd, may escape the sword,
 Nor let their foes thus tread the Grecians down!

He said. Th' eternal father pitying saw 280
 His tears, and for the monarch's sake preserved
 The people. Instant, surest of all signs,
 He sent his eagle; in his pounces strong
 A fawn he bore, fruit of the nimble hind,
 Which fast beside the beauteous altar raised 285
 To * Panomphæan Jove sudden he dropp'd.

They, conscious, soon, that sent from Jove he came,
 More ardent sprang to fight. Then none of all
 Those num'rous Chiefs could boast that he outfripp'd
 Tydides, urging forth beyond the fofs 290
 His rapid steeds, and rushing to the war.
 He, foremost far, a Trojan flew, the son
 Of Phradmon, Agelæus; as he turn'd
 His steeds to flight, him turning with his spear
 Through back and bosom Diomede transfierced, 295
 And with loud clangor of his arms he fell.
 Then, royal Agamemnon pass'd the trench
 And Menelaus; either Ajax, then,
 Clad with fresh prowess both; them follow'd, next,

* To Jove the source of all oracular information.

Idomeneus, with his heroic friend
 In battle dread as homicidal Mars, 300
 Meriones; Evæmon's son renown'd
 Succeeded, bold Eurypylus; and ninth
 Teucer, wide-straining his impatient bow.
 He under covert fought of the broad shield 305
 Of Telamonian Ajax; Ajax high
 Upraised his shield; the hero from beneath
 Took aim, and whom his arrow struck, he fell;
 Then close as to his mother's side a child
 For safety creeps, Teucer to Ajax' side 310
 Retired, and Ajax shielded him again.
 Whom then slew Teucer first, illustrious Chief?
 Orfilochus, and Ophelestes, first,
 And Ormenus he slew, then Dætor died,
 Chromius and Lycophontes brave in fight 315
 With Amopaon Polyæmon's son,
 And Melanippus. These, together heap'd,
 All fell by Teucer on the plain of Troy.
 The Trojan ranks thinn'd by his mighty bow
 The King of armies Agamemnon saw 320
 Well-pleas'd, and him approaching, thus began.
 Brave Telamonian Teucer, oh my friend,
 Thus shoot, that light may visit once again
 The Danaï, and Telamon rejoice!
 Thee Telamon within his own abode 325
 Rear'd although spurious; mount him, in return,
 Although remote, on glory's heights again.
 I tell thee, and th' effect shall follow sure,
 Let but the Thund'rer and Minerva grant

The

The pillage of fair Ilium to the Greeks, 330
 And I will give to thy victorious hand,
 After my own, the noblest recompense,
 A tripod or a chariot with its steeds,
 Or some fair captive to partake thy bed.

To whom the gen'rous Teucer thus replied. 335
 Atrides! glorious monarch! wherefore me
 Exhortest thou to battle? who myself
 Glow with sufficient ardour, and such strength
 As heav'n affords me spare not to employ.
 Since first we drove them back, with watchful eye 340
 Their warriors I have mark'd; eight shafts my bow
 Hath sent long-barb'd, and ev'ry shaft, well-aim'd,
 The body of some Trojan youth robust
 Hath pierced, but still yon rav'ning wolf escapes.

He said, and from the nerve another shaft 345
 Impatient sent at Hector; but it flew
 Devious, and brave Gorgythion struck instead.
 Him beautiful Castianira, brought
 By Priam from Æfyma, nymph of form
 Celestial, to the King of Ilium bore. 350

As in the garden, with the weight furcharged
 Of its own fruit, and drench'd by vernal rains
 The poppy falls oblique, so he his head
 Hung languid, by his helmet's weight depress'd.
 Then Teucer yet an arrow from the nerve 355
 Dispatch'd at Hector, with impatience fired
 To pierce him; but again his weapon err'd
 Turn'd by Apollo, and the bosom struck
 Of Archeptolemus, his rapid steeds

To

To battle urging, Hector's charioteer. 360
 He fell, his fiery courfers at the found
 Recoiled, and lifeless where he fell he lay.
 Deep sorrow for his charioteer the mind
 O'erwhelm'd of Hector, yet he left the slain,
 And seeing his own brother nigh at hand, 365
 Cebriones, him summon'd to the reins,
 Who with alacrity that charge received.
 Then Hector, leaping with a dreadful shout
 From his resplendent chariot, grasp'd a stone,
 And rush'd on Teucer, vengeance in his heart. 370
 Teucer had newly fitted to the nerve
 An arrow keen selected from the rest,
 And warlike Hector, while he stood the cord
 Retracting, smote him with that rugged rock
 Just where the key-bone interposed divides 375
 The neck and bosom, a most mortal part.
 It snapp'd the bow-string, and with numbing force
 Struck dead his hand; low on his knees he dropp'd,
 And from his op'ning grasp let fall the bow.
 Then not unmindful of a brother fallen 380
 Was Ajax, but, advancing rapid, stalk'd
 Around him, and his broad shield interposed,
 'Till brave Alastor and Mecisteus, son
 Of Echius, friends of Teucer, from the earth
 Uprais'd and bore him groaning to the fleet. 385
 And now again fresh force Olympian Jove
 Gave to the Trojans; right toward the fofs
 They drove the Greeks, while Hector in the van
 Advanced, death menacing in ev'ry look.

As some fleet hound close-threat'ning flank or haunch
 Of boar or lion, oft as he his head 391
 Turns flying, marks him with a stedfast eye,
 So Hector chafed the Greecians, slaying still
 The hindmost of the scatter'd multitude.

But when, at length, both piles and hollow foss 395
 They had surmounted, and no few had fall'n
 By Trojan hands, within their fleet they stood
 Imprison'd, calling each to each, and pray'r
 With lifted hands, loud off'ring to the Gods.

With Gorgon looks, meantime, and eyes of Mars, 400
 Hector impetuous his mane-tossing steeds
 From side to side before the rampart drove,
 When white-arm'd Juno pitying the Greeks,
 In accents wing'd her speech to Pallas turn'd.

Alas, Jove's daughter! shall not *we* at least 405
 In this extremity of their distress
 Care for the Greecians by the fatal force
 Of this one Chief destroy'd? I can endure
 The rage of Priameian Hector now

No longer; such dire mischiefs he hath wrought. 410

Whom answer'd thus Pallas, cærulean-eyed.
 —And Hector had himself long since his life
 Resigned and rage together, by the Greeks
 Slain under Ilium's walls, but Jove, my sire,
 Mad counsels executing and perverse, 415

Me counterworks in all that I attempt,
 Nor aught remembers how I saved oft-times
 His son enjoin'd full many a task severe.
 By King Eurystheus; to the Gods he wept,

And

And me Jove sent in haste to his relief. 420
 But had I then foreseen what now I know,
 When through the adamantine gates he pass'd
 To bind the dog of hell, by the deep floods
 Hemm'd in of Styx, he had return'd no more.
 But Thetis wins him now; her will prevails, 425
 And mine he hates; for she hath kiss'd his knees
 And grasp'd his beard, and him in pray'r implored
 That he would honour her heroic son
 Achilles, city-waster prince renown'd.
 'Tis well—the day shall come when Jove again 430
 Shall call me darling, and his blue-eyed maid
 As heretofore—But thou thy steeds prepare,
 While I, my father's mansion ent'ring, arm
 For battle. I would learn by trial sure,
 If Hector, Priam's offspring famed in fight 435
 (Ourself appearing in the walks of war)
 Will greet us gladly. Doubtless at the fleet
 Some Trojan also, shall to dogs resign
 His flesh for food, and to the fowls of heaven.
 So counsell'd Pallas, nor the daughter dread 440
 Of mighty Saturn, Juno, disapproved,
 But busily and with dispatch prepared
 The trappings of her courfers golden-rein'd.
 Meantime, Minerva, progeny of Jove,
 On the adamantine floor of his abode 445
 Let fall profuse her variegated robe,
 Labour of her own hands. She first put on
 The corslet of the cloud-assembler God,
 Then arm'd her for the field of woe, complete.

Mounting the fiery chariot, next she seized 450
 Her pond'rous spear, huge, irresistible,
 With which Jove's awful daughter levels ranks
 Of heroes against whom her anger burns.
 Juno with lifted lash urged on the steeds.
 At their approach, spontaneous roar'd the wide- 455
 Unfolding gates of heav'n; the heav'nly gates
 Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge
 Of the Olympian summit appertains,
 And of the boundless æther, back to roll,
 And to replace the cloudy barrier dense. 460
 Spurr'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds.
 Which when th' Eternal Father from the heights
 Of Ida saw, kindling with instant ire
 To golden-pinion'd Iris thus he spake.

Haste, Iris, turn them thither whence they came, 465
 Me let them not encounter; honour small
 To them, to me, should from that strife accrue.
 Tell them, and the effect shall sure ensue,
 That I will smite their steeds, and they shall halt
 Disabled, break their chariot, dash themselves 470
 Headlong, and ten whole years shall not efface
 The wounds by my avenging bolts impress'd.
 So shall my blue-eyed daughter learn to dread
 A father's anger; but for the offence
 Of Juno, I resent it less; for she 475
 * Clashes with all my counsels from of old.

* *Επιλάζω*.—The word is here metaphorical, and expresses, in its primary use, the breaking of a spear against a shield.

He ended ; Iris with a tempest's speed
 From the Idæan summit soar'd at once
 To the Olympian ; at the open gates
 Exterior of the mountain many-valed 480
 She stay'd them, and her coming thus declared.

Whither, and for what cause ? What rage is this ?
 Ye may not aid the Grecians ; Jove forbids ;
 The son of Saturn threatens, if ye force
 His wrath by perseverance into act, 485
 That he will smite your steeds, and they shall halt
 Disabled, break your chariot, dash yourselves
 Headlong, and ten whole years shall not efface
 The wounds by his avenging bolts impress'd.
 So shall his blue-eyed daughter learn to dread 490
 A father's anger ; but for the offence
 Of Juno, he repents it less ; for she
 Clashes with all his counsels from of old.
 But thou, Minerva, if thou dare indeed
 Lift thy vast spear against the breast of Jove, 495
 Incurable art and dead to shame.

So saying, the rapid Iris disappeared,
 And thus her speech to Pallas Juno turn'd.

Ah Pallas, progeny of Jove ! henceforth
 No longer, in the cause of mortal men, 500
 Contend we against Jove. Perish or live
 Grecians or Trojans as he wills ; let him
 Dispose the order of his own concerns,
 And judge between them, as of right he may.

So saying, she turn'd the courfers ; them the Hours 505
 Released, and to ambrosial mangers bound,

Then

Then thrust their chariot to the luminous wall.
 They, mingling with the Gods, on golden thrones
 Dejected sat, and Jove from Ida borne
 Reach'd the Olympian heights, feat of the Gods. 510
 His steeds the glorious King of Ocean loos'd,
 And thrust the chariot, with its veil o'erspread,
 Into its station at the altar's side.

Then sat the Thund'rer on his throne of gold
 Himself, and the huge mountain shook. Meantime 515
 Juno and Pallas, seated both apart,
 Spake not or question'd him. Their mute reserve
 He noticed, conscious of the cause, and said.

Juno and Pallas, wherefore sit ye sad?
 Not through fatigue by glorious fight incur'd 520
 And slaughter of the Trojans whom ye hate.
 Mark now the diff'rence. Not the Gods combined
 Should have constrain'd *me* back, 'till all my force,
 Superior as it is, had fail'd, and all
 My fortitude. But ye, ere ye beheld 525
 The wonders of the field, trembling retired.
 And ye did well—Hear what had else befall'n.
 My bolts had found you both, and ye had reach'd,
 In your own chariot borne, th' Olympian heights,
 Seat of the blest Immortals, never more. 530

He ended; Juno and Minerva heard
 Low murm'ring deep disgust, and side by side
 Devising sat calamity to Troy.
 Minerva, through displeasure against Jove,
 Nought utter'd, for her bosom boil'd with rage; 535
 But Juno check'd not hers, who thus replied.

What

What word hath pass'd thy lips, Jove most severe!
 We know thy force resistless; yet our hearts
 Feel not the less when we behold the Greeks
 Exhausting all the sorrows of their lot. 540
 If thou command, we doubtless will abstain
 From battle, yet such counsel to the Greeks
 Suggesting still, as may in part effect
 Their safety, lest thy wrath consume them all.

Then answer, thus, cloud-gath'rer Jove return'd. 545
 Look forth, imperial Juno, if thou wilt,
 To-morrow at the blush of earliest dawn,
 And thou shalt see Saturn's almighty son
 The Argive host destroying far and wide.
 For Hector's fury shall admit no pause 550
 'Till he have roused Achilles, in that day
 When at the ships, in perilous streights, the hosts
 Shall wage fierce battle for Patroclus slain.

Such is the voice of fate. But as for thee—
 Withdraw thou to the confines of th' abyss 555
 Where Saturn and Iapetus retired,
 Exclusion sad endure from balmy airs
 And from the light of morn, hell-girt around,
 I will not call thee thence. No. Should thy rage
 Transport thee thither, there thou may'st abide, 560
 There fullen nurse thy disregarded spleen
 Obstinate as thou art, and void of shame.

He ended; to whom Juno nought replied.
 And now the radiant sun in Ocean sank,
 Drawing night after him o'er all the earth; 565
 Night, undesired by Troy, but to the Greeks

Thrice welcome for its interposing gloom.

Then Hector on the river's brink fast by
The Grecian fleet, where space he found unstrew'd
With carcases, convened the Chiefs of Troy. 570

They, there dismounting, listen'd to the words
Of Hector Jove-below'd—He grasp'd a spear
In length eleven cubits, bright its head
Of brass, and collar'd with a ring of gold.
He lean'd on it, and ardent thus began. 575

Trojans, Dardanians, and allies of Troy!
I hoped, 'this evening, (ev'ry ship consumed,
And all the Greccians slain) to have return'd
To wind-swept Ilium. But the shades of night
Have intervened, and to the night they owe, 580

In chief, their whole fleets' safety and their own.
Now, therefore, as the night enjoins, all take
Needful refreshment. Your high-mettled steeds
Release, lay food before them, and in haste
Drive hither from the city fatted sheep 585

And oxen; bring ye from your houses bread,
Make speedy purchase of heart-cheering wine,
And gather fuel plenteous; that all night,
Ev'n till Aurora, daughter of the morn
Shall look abroad, we may with many fires 590

illumine the skies; lest even in the night,
Launching, they mount the billows and escape.
Beware that they depart not unannoy'd,
But, as he leaps on board, give each a wound
With shaft or spear, which he shall nurse at home. 595

So shall the nations fear us, and shall vex

And

With ruthless war Troy's gallant sons no more.
 Next, let the heralds, ministers of Jove,
 Loud notice issue, that the boys well-grown,
 And antients silver-hair'd on the high tow'rs 600
 Built by the Gods, keep watch; on ev'ry hearth
 In Troy, let those of the inferior sex
 Make sprightly blaze, and place ye there a guard
 Sufficient, lest in absence of the troops
 An ambush enter, and surprize the town. 605
 Act thus, ye dauntless Trojans; the advice
 Is wholesome, and shall serve the present need,
 And so much for the night; ye shall be told
 The business of the morn when morn appears.
 It is my pray'r to Jove and to all heaven 610
 (Not without hope) that I may hence expel
 These dogs, whom Ilium's unpropitious fates
 Have wafted hither in their fable barks.
 But we will also watch this night, ourselves,
 And, arming with the dawn, will at their ships 615
 Give them brisk onset. Then shall it appear
 If Diomedes the brave shall me compel
 Back to our walls, or I, his arms blood-stain'd,
 Torn from his breathless body, bear away.
 To-morrow, if he dare but to abide 620
 My lance, he shall not want occasion meet
 For show of valour. But much more I judge
 That the next rising sun shall see him slain
 With no few friends around him. Would to heav'n!
 I were as sure to 'scape the blight of age, 625
 And share their honours with the Gods above,

As comes the morrow fraught with woe to Greece.

So Hector, whom his host with loud acclaim
All praised. Then each his sweating steeds released,
And rein'd them safely at his chariot-side. 630

And now from Troy provision large they brought,
Oxen, and sheep, with store of wine and bread,
And fuel much was gather'd. * Next, the Gods
With sacrifice they fought, and from the plain
Upwafted by the winds the smoke aspired 635
Sav'ry, but unacceptable to those

Above; such hatred in their hearts they bore
To Priam, to the people of the brave
Spear-practised Priam, and to sacred Troy.

Big with great purposes and proud, they sat, 640
Not difarray'd, but in fair form disposed
Of even ranks, and watched their num'rous fires.
As when around the clear bright moon, the stars
Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hush'd,
The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland-heights 645
Stand all apparent, not a vapour streaks

The boundless blue, but æther open'd wide
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheer'd;
So num'rous seem'd those fires the bank between
Of Xanthus, blazing, and the fleet of Greece, 650

In prospect all of Troy; a thousand fires,
Each watch'd by fifty warriors seated near.
The steeds beside the chariots stood, their corn
Chewing, and waiting 'till the golden-thron'd
Aurora should restore the light of day. 655

* The following lines, to the end of this paragraph, are a translation of some which Barnes has here inserted from the second Alcibiades of Plato.

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

N I N T H B O O K.

By advice of Nestor, Agamemnon sends Ulysses, Phœnix, and Ajax to the tent of Achilles with proposals of reconciliation. They execute their commission, but without effect. Phœnix remains with Achilles; Ulysses and Ajax return.

B O O K IX.

SO watch'd the Trojan host; but thoughts of flight,
Companions of chill fear, from heav'n infused,
Possess'd the Grecians; ev'ry leader's heart
Bled, pierced with anguish insupportable.
As when two adverse winds blowing from Thrace, 5
Boreas and Zephyrus, the fishy Deep
Vex fudden, all around, the fable flood
High-curl'd, flings forth the salt weed on the shore,
Such tempest rent the mind of ev'ry Greck.

Forth stalk'd Atrides with heart-riving woe 10
Transfixt; he bade his heralds call by name
Each Chief to council, but without the sound
Of proclamation; and that talk himself
Among the foremost sedulous perform'd.
The sad assembly sat; when weeping fast 15

As some * deep fountain pours its rapid stream
 Down from the summit of a lofty rock,
 King Agamemnon in the midst arose,
 And, groaning, the Achaians thus address'd.

Friends, counsellors and leaders of the Greeks! 20

In dire perplexity Saturnian Jove

Involves me, cruel; he assured me erst,

And solemnly, that I should not return

'Till I had wasted wall-encircled Troy;

But now (ah fraudulent and foul reverse!) 25

Commands me back inglorious to the shores

Of distant Argos, with diminish'd troops.

So stands the purpose of almighty Jove,

Who many a citadel hath laid in dust,

And shall hereafter, matchless in his pow'r. 30

Haste therefore. My advice is, that we all

Fly with our fleet into our native land,

For wide-built Ilium shall not yet be ours.

He ceased, and all sat silent; long the sons

Of Greece, o'erwhelm'd with sorrow, silent sat, 35

When thus, at last, bold Diomedes began.

Atrides! foremost of the Chiefs I rise

To contravert thy purpose ill-conceived,

And with such freedom as the laws, O King!

Of consultation and debate allow. 40

Hear patient. Thou hast been thyself the first

* In the original the word is—*μεγ' αὐδρῶς*—dark-watered—and it is rendered—*deep*—by the best interpreters, because deep waters have a blackish appearance. *Δυσφερὸν ἕδωρ* is properly water that runs with rapidity; water—*μετὰ δυνάμει φερόμενον*.
 → See Villottin.

Who e'er reproach'd me in the public ear
 As one effeminate and slow to fight;
 How truly, let both young and old decide.
 The son of wiley Saturn hath to thee 45
 Giv'n, and refused; he placed thee high in pow'r,
 Gave thee to sway the sceptre o'er us all,
 But courage gave thee not, his noblest gift.
 Art thou in truth persuaded that the Greeks
 Are pusillanimous, as thou hast said? 50
 If thy own fears impell thee to depart,
 Go thou; the way is open; num'rous ships,
 Thy followers from Mycenæ, line the shore.
 But we, the rest, depart not, 'till the spoil
 Of Troy reward us. Or if all incline 55
 To seek again their native home, fly all;
 Myself and Sthenelus will persevere
 'Till Ilium fall, for with the Gods we came.

He ended; all th' admiring sons of Greece
 With shouts the warlike Diomede extoll'd, 60
 When thus equestrian Nestor next began.

Tydides, thou art eminently brave
 In fight, and all the princes of thy years
 Excell'd in council. None of all the Greeks
 Shall find occasion just to blame thy speech 65
 Or to gainfay; yet thou hast fallen short.
 What wonder? Thou art young; and were myself
 Thy father, thou should'st be my latest-born.
 Yet when thy speech is to the Kings of Greece,
 It is well framed and prudent. Now attend! 70
 Myself will speak, who have more years to boast

Than

Than thou hast seen, and will so closely scan
 The matter, that Atrides, our supreme,
 Himself shall have no cause to censure *me*.
 He is a wretch, insensible and dead 75
 To all the charities of social life,
 *Whose pleasure is in civil broils alone.
 But night is urgent, and with night's demands
 Let all comply. Prepare we now repast,
 And let the guard be stationed at the trench 80
 Without the wall; the youngest shall supply
 That service; next, Atrides, thou begin
 (For thou art here supreme) thy proper task.
 Banquet the elders; it shall not disgrace
 Thy sovereignty, but shall become thee well. 85
 Thy tents are filled with wine which day by day
 Ships bring from Thrace; accommodation large
 Hast thou, and num'rous is thy menial train.
 Thy many guests assembled, thou shalt hear
 Our counsel, and shalt chuse the best; great need 90
 Have all Achaia's sons, now, of advice
 Most prudent; for the foe, fast by the fleet
 Hath kindled num'rous fires, which who can see
 Unmoved? This night shall save us or destroy.
 He spake, whom all with full content approved. 95
 Forth rush'd the guard well-armed; first went the son
 Of Nestor, Thrasymedes, valiant Chief;
 Then, sons of Mars, Mescalaphus advanced,

* The observation seems made with a view to prevent such a reply from Agamemnon to Diomedes as might give birth to new dissensions, while it reminds him indirectly of the misdoings that had already attended his quarrel with Achilles.

And brave Ialmenus; whom follow'd next
 Deipyrus, Aphareus, Meriones, 100
 And Lycomedes, Creon's son renown'd.

Seven were the leaders of the guard, and each
 An hundred spearmen headed, young and bold.
 Between the wall and trench their seat they chose,
 There kindled fires, and each his food prepared. 105

Atrides, then, to his pavilion led
 The thronging Chiefs of Greece, and at his board
 Regaled them; they with readiness and keen
 Dispatch of hunger shared the fav'ry feast,
 And when nor thirst remain'd nor hunger more 110
 Unfated, Nestor then, arising first,
 Whose counsels had been ever wisest deem'd,
 Warm for the public int'rest, thus began.

Atrides! glorious sov'reign! King of men!
 Thou art my first and last, proem and close, 115
 For thou art mighty, and to thee are giv'n
 From Jove the sceptre and the laws in charge,
 For the advancement of the gen'ral good.

Hence, in peculiar, both to speak and hear
 Become thy duty, and the best advice, 120
 By whomsoever offer'd, to adopt
 And to perform, for thou art judge alone.

I will promulge the counsel which to me
 Seems wisest; such, that other Grecian none
 Shall give thee better; neither is it new, 125
 But I have ever held it since the day

When, most illustrious! thou wast pleas'd to take
 By force the maid Briseis from the tent

Of the enraged Achilles; not, in truth,
 By my advice, who did dissuade thee much; 130
 But thou complying with thy princely wrath,
 Hast shamed an Hero whom themselves the Gods
 Delight to honour, and his prize detain'ft.
 Yet even now contrive we, although late,
 By lenient gifts liberal, and by speech 135
 Conciliatory, to assuage his ire.

Then answer'd Agamemnon, King of men.
 Old Chief! there is no falsehood in thy charge;
 I have offended, and confess the wrong.
 The warrior is alone an host, whom Jove 140
 Loves as he loves Achilles, for whose sake
 He hath Achaia's thousands thus subdued.
 But if the impulse of a wayward mind
 Obeying, I have err'd, behold me, now,
 Prepared to sooth him with atonement large 145
 Of gifts inestimable, which by name
 I will propound in presence of you all.
 Sev'n tripods, never sullied yet with fire;
 Of gold ten talents; twenty cauldrons bright;
 Twelve courfers, strong, victorious in the race; 150
 No man possessing prizes such as mine
 Which they have won for me, shall feel the want
 Of acquisitions splendid, or of gold.
 Sev'n virtuous female captives will I give
 Expert in arts domestic, Lesbians all, 155
 Whom, when himself took Lesbos, I received
 My chosen portion, passing womankind
 In perfect loveliness of face and form.

These

These will I give, and will with these resign
 Her whom I took, Brisëis, with an oath 160
 Most solemn, that unconscious as she was
 Of my embraces, such I yield her his.
 All these I give him now; and if at length
 The Gods vouchsafe to us to overturn
 Priam's great city, let him heap his ships 165
 With gold and brass, entering and choosing first
 When we shall share the spoil. Let him beside
 Choose twenty from among the maids of Troy,
 Helen except, loveliest of all their sex.
 And if, once more, the rich milk-flowing land 170
 We reach of Argos, he shall there become
 My son-in-law, and shall enjoy like state
 With him whom I in all abundance rear,
 My only son Orestes. At my home
 I have three daughters; let him thence conduct 175
 To Phthia, her whom he shall most approve.
 Chrysothemis shall be his bride, or else
 Laodice; or if she please him more,
 Iphianassa; and from him I ask
 No dow'r, myself will such a dow'r bestow 180
 As never father on his child before.
 Sev'n fair well-peopled cities I will give;
 Cardamyle and Enope, and rich
 In herbage, Hira; Pheræ stately-built,
 And for her depth of pasturage renown'd 185
 Antheia; proud Æpeia's lofty tow'rs,
 And Pedafus impurpled dark with vines.
 All these are maritime, and on the shore

They stand of Pylus, by a race possess'd
 Most rich in flocks and herds, who tributes large, 190
 And gifts presenting to his sceptred hand,
 Shall hold him high in honour as a God.

These will I give him if from wrath he cease.

Let him be overcome. Pluto alone
 Is found implacable and deaf to pray'r, 195

Whom therefore of all Gods men hate the most.

My pow'r is greater, and my years than his
 More num'rous, therefore let him yield to me.

To him Gerenian Nestor thus replied.

Atrides! glorious sov'reign! King of men! 200

No fordid gifts, or to be view'd with scorn,
 Giv'st thou the Prince Achilles. But away!

Send chosen messengers, who shall the son
 Of Peleus, instant, in his tent address.

Myself will chuse them, be it theirs t' obey. 205

Let Phœnix lead, Jove loves him. Be the next
 Huge Ajax; and the wife Ulysses third.

Of heralds, Odius and Eurybates

Shall them attend. Bring water for our hands;
 Give charge that every tongue abstain from speech 210

Portentous, and propitiate Jove by pray'r.

He spake, and all were pleas'd. The heralds pour'd

Pure water on their hands; attendant youths

The beakers crown'd, and wine from right to left

Distributed to all. Libation made, 215

All drank, and in such measure as they chose,

Then hasted forth from Agamemnon's tent.

Gerenian Nestor at their side them off

Instructed,

Instructed, each admonishing by looks
 Significant, and motion of his eyes, 220
 But most Ulysses, to omit no means
 By which Achilles likeliest might be won.
 Along the margin of the founding Deep
 They pass'd, to Neptune, compasser of earth,
 Preferring vows ardent with num'rous pray'rs, 225
 That they might sway with ease the mighty mind
 Of fierce Æacides. And now they reach'd
 The station where his Myrmidons abode.
 Him solacing they found his heart with notes
 Struck from his silver-framed harmonious lyre; 230
 Among the spoils he found it when he sack'd
 Eëtion's city; with that lyre his cares
 He sooth'd, and glorious heroes were his theme.
 Patroclus silent sat, and he alone,
 Before him, on Æacides intent, 235
 Expecting still when he should cease to sing.
 The messengers advanced (Ulysses first)
 Into his presence; at the sight, his harp
 Still in his hand, Achilles from his seat
 Started astonish'd; nor with less amaze 240
 Patroclus also, seeing them, arose.
 Achilles seiz'd their hands, and thus he spake.
 Hail friends! ye all are welcome. Urgent cause
 Hath doubtless brought you, whom I dearest hold,
 (Though angry still) of all Achaia's host. 245
 So saying, he introduced them, and on seats
 Placed them with purple arras overspread,
 Then thus bespake Patroclus standing nigh.

Son of Menætius! bring a beaker more
 Capacious, and replenish it with wine 250
 *Diluted less; then give to each his cup;
 For dearer friends than these who now arrive
 My roof beneath, or worthier, have I none.

He ended, and Patroclus quick obey'd
 Whom much he lov'd. Achilles, then, himself 255
 Advancing near the fire an † ample tray,
 Spread goats flesh on it, with the flesh of sheep
 And of a fatted brawn; of each a chine.

Automedon attending held them fast,
 While with sharp steel Achilles from the bone 260
 Sliced thin the meat, then pierced it with the spits.

Meantime the godlike Menætiades
 Kindled fierce fire, and when the flame declined,
 Raked wide the embers, lay'd the meat to roast,
 And taking sacred salt from the hearth-side 265

Where it was treasured, show'r'd it o'er the feast.
 When all was finish'd, and the board set forth,
 Patroclus furnish'd it around with bread

In baskets, and Achilles served the guests,
 Beside the tent-wall, opposite he sat 270
 To the divine Ulysses; first he bade
 Patroclus make oblation; he consign'd

* I have given this sense to the word *Ζωποτερον*—on the authority of the Venetian Scholium, though some contend that it should be translated—*quickly*. Achilles, who had reproached Agamemnon with intemperate drinking, was, himself, more addicted to music than to wine.

† It is not without authority that I have thus rendered *κεῖνον μεγαν*. Homer's banquets are never stewed or boiled; it cannot therefore signify a kettle. It was probably a kitchen-table, dresser, or tray, on which the meat was prepared for the spit. Accordingly we find that this very meat was spitted afterward. See Schaufelbergerus.

The consecrated morsel to the fire,
 And each, at once, his fav'ry mefs assail'd.
 When neither edge of hunger now they felt 275
 Nor thirsted longer, Ajax with a nod
 Made sign to Phœnix, which Ulyffes mark'd,
 And charging high his cup, drank to his host.
 Health to Achilles! hospitable cheer
 And well prepared, we want not at the board 280
 Of royal Agamemnon, or at thine,
 For both are nobly spread; but dainties now,
 Or plenteous boards, are little our concern.
 Oh godlike Chief! tremendous ills we fit
 Contemplating with fear, doubtful if life 285
 Or death, with the destruction of our fleet,
 Attend us, unless thou put on thy might.
 For lo! the haughty Trojans, with their friends
 Call'd from afar, at the fleet-side encamp
 Fast by the wall, where they have kindled fires 290
 Num'rous, and threaten that no force of ours
 Shall check their purpos'd inroad on the ships.
 Jove grants them favourable signs from heav'n,
 Bright lightnings; Hector glares revenge, with rage
 Infuriate, and by Jove assisted, heeds 295
 Nor God nor man, but prays the morn to rise
 That he may hew away our vessel-heads,
 Burn all our fleet with fire, and at their sides
 Slay the Achaians struggling in the smoke.
 Horrible are my fears lest these his threats 300
 The Gods accomplish, and it be our doom
 To perish here, from Argos far remote.

Up,

Up, therefore! if thou can'st, and now at last
 The weary sons of all Achaia save
 From Trojan violence. Regret, but vain, 305
 Shall else be thine hereafter, when no cure
 Of such great ill, once suffer'd, can be found.
 Thou therefore, seasonably kind, devise
 Means to preserve from such disastrous fate
 The Grecians. Ah, my friend! when Pelcus thee 310
 From Phthia sent to Agamemnon's aid,
 On that same day he gave thee thus in charge.
 "Juno, my son, and Pallas, if they please,
 "Can make thee valiant; but thy own big heart
 "Thyself restrain. Sweet manners win respect. 315
 "Cease from pernicious strife, and young and old
 "Throughout the host shall honour thee the more."
 Such was thy father's charge, which thou, it seems,
 Remember'st not. Yet ev'n now thy wrath
 Renounce; be reconciled; for princely gifts 320
 Atrides gives thee if thy wrath subside.
 Hear, if thou wilt, and I will tell thee all,
 How vast the gifts which Agamemnon made
 By promise thine, this night within his tent.
 Sev'n tripods never sullied yet with fire; 325
 Of gold ten talents; twenty cauldrons bright;
 Twelve steeds strong-limb'd, victorious in the race;
 No man possessing prizes such as those
 Which they have won for him, shall feel the want
 Of acquisitions splendid, or of gold. 330
 Sev'n virtuous female captives he will give,
 Expert in arts domestic, Lesbians all,

Whom

Whom when thou conquer'dst Lesbos, he received
 His chosen portion, passing woman-kind
 In perfect loveliness of face and form. 335
 These will he give, and will with these resign
 Her whom he took, Briseïs, with an oath
 Most solemn, that unconscious as she was
 Of his embraces, such he yields her back.
 All these he gives thee now! and if at length 340
 The Gods vouchsafe to us to overturn
 Priam's great city, thou shalt heap thy ships
 With gold and brass, entering and choosing first,
 When we shall share the spoil; and shalt beside
 Choose twenty from among the maids of Troy, 345
 Helen except, loveliest of all their sex.
 And if once more the rich milk-flowing land
 We reach of Argos, thou shalt there become
 His son-in-law, and shalt enjoy like state
 With him, whom he in all abundance rears, 350
 His only son Orestes. In his house
 He hath three daughters; thou may'st home conduct
 To Phthia, her whom thou shalt most approve.
 Chrysothemis shall be thy bride; or else
 Laodice; or if she please thee more 355
 Iphianassa; and from thee he asks
 No dow'r; himself will such a dow'r bestow
 As never father on his child before.
 Sev'n fair well-peopled cities will he give;
 Cardamyle and Enope; and rich 360
 In herbage, Hira; Pheræ stately-built,
 And for her depth of pasturage renown'd,
 Antheia;

Antheia; proud Æpeia's lofty towers,
 And Pedafus impurpled dark with vines.
 All these are maritime, and on the shore 365
 They stand of Pylus, by a race possess'd
 Most rich in flocks and herds, who tribute large,
 And gifts presenting to thy scepter'd hand,
 Shall hold thee high in honour as a God.
 These will he give thee, if thy wrath subside. 370

But should'st thou rather in thine heart the more
 Both Agamemnon and his gifts detest,
 Yet oh compassionate th' afflicted host
 Prepared to adore thee. Thou shalt win renown
 Among the Grecians that shall never die. 375
 Now strike at Hector—He is here—Himself
 Provokes thee forth; madness is in his heart,
 And in his rage he glories that our ships
 Have hither brought no Grecian brave as he.

Then thus Achilles matchless in the race. 380
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
 I must with plainness speak my fixt resolve
 Unalterable; lest I hear from each
 The same long murmur'd melancholy tale.
 For I abhor the man, not more the gates 385
 Of Hell itself, whose words belie his heart.
 So shall not mine. My judgment undisguis'd
 Is this; that neither Agamemnon me
 Nor all the Greeks shall move; for ceaseless toil
 Wins here no thanks; one recompence awaits 390
 The sedentary and the most alert,
 The brave and base in equal honour stand,

And

And drones and heroes fall unwept alike.
 I after all my labours, who expos'd
 My life continual in the field, have earn'd 395
 No very sumptuous prize. As the poor bird
 Gives to her unfledged brood a morsel gain'd
 After long search, though wanting it herself,
 So I have worn out many sleepless nights,
 And waded deep through many a bloody day 400
 In battle for their * wives. I have destroy'd
 Twelve cities with my fleet, and twelve, save one,
 On foot contending in the fields of Troy.
 From all these cities, precious spoils I took
 Abundant, and to Agamemnon's hand 405
 Gave all the treasure. He within his ships
 Abode the while, and having all received,
 Little distributed, and much retained;
 He gave, however, to the Kings and Chiefs
 A portion, and they keep it. Me alone 410'
 Of all the Grecian host he hath despoil'd;
 My bride, my soul's delight is in his hands,
 And let him, couch'd with her, enjoy his fill
 Of dalliance. What sufficient cause, what need
 Have the Achaians to contend with Troy? 415
 Why hath Atrides gather'd such an host,
 And led them hither? Was't not for the sake
 Of beauteous Helen? And of all mankind
 Can none be found who love their proper wives.
 But the Atridæ? There is no good man 420

* Dacier observes, that he pluralizes the one wife of Menelaus through the impetuosity of his spirit.

Who loves not, guards not, and with care provides
 For his own wife, and, though in battle won,
 I loved the fair Briseïs at my heart.
 But having dispossess'd me of my prize
 So foully, let him not essay me now, 425
 For I am warn'd, and he shall not prevail.
 With thee and with thy peers let him advise,
 Ulysses! how the fleet may likeliest 'scape
 Von hostile fires; full many an arduous task
 He hath accomplish'd without aid of mine; 430
 So hath he now this rampart and the trench
 Which he hath digg'd around it, and with stakes
 Planted contiguous—puny barriers all
 To hero-flaught'ring Hector's force opposed.
 While I the battle waged, present myself 435
 Among th' Achaians, Hector never fought
 Far from his walls, but to the Scæan gate
 Advancing and the beech-tree, there remain'd.
 Once, on that spot he met me, and my arm
 Escaped with difficulty even there. 440
 But, since I feel myself not now inclined
 To fight with noble Hector, yielding first
 To Jove due worship, and to all the Gods,
 To-morrow will I launch, and give my ships
 Their lading. Look thou forth at early dawn, 445
 And, if such spectacle delight thee aught,
 Thou shalt behold me cleaving with my prows
 The waves of Hellespont, and all my crews
 Of lusty rowers, active in their task.
 So shall I reach (if Ocean's mighty God 450
 Prosper

Prosper my passage) Phthia the deep-foil'd
 On the third day. I have possessions there,
 Which hither roaming in an evil hour
 I left abundant. I shall also hence
 Convey much treasure, gold and burnish'd brass, 455
 And glittering steel, and women passing fair
 My portion of the spoils. But he, your King,
 The prize he gave, himself, himself resumed,
 And taunted at me. Tell him my reply,
 And tell it him aloud, that other Greeks 460
 May indignation feel like me, if arm'd
 Always in impudence, he seek to wrong
 Them also. Let him not henceforth presume,
 Canine and hard in aspect though he be,
 To look me in the face. I will not share 465
 His counsels, neither will I aid his works.
 Let it suffice him, that he wrong'd me once,
 Deceived me once, henceforth his glozing arts
 Are lost on me. But let him rot in peace
 Crazed as he is, and by the stroke of Jove 470
 Infatuate. I detest his gifts, and him
 So honour, as the thing which most I scorn.
 And would he give me twenty times the worth
 Of this his offer, all the treasured heaps
 Which he possesses, or shall yet possess, 475
 All that Orchomenos within her walls,
 And all that opulent Ægyptian Thebes
 Receives, the city with an hundred gates,
 Whence twenty thousand chariots rush to war,
 And would he give me riches as the sands, 480

And as the dust of earth, no gifts from him
 Should footh me, 'till my soul were first avenged
 For all the offensive licence of his tongue.
 I will not wed the daughter of your Chief,
 Of Agamemnon. Could she vie in charms 485
 With golden Venus, had she all the skill
 Of blue-eyed Pallas, even so endow'd
 She were no bride for me. No. He may chuse
 From the Achaians some superior Prince,
 One more her equal. Peleus, if the Gods 490
 Preserve me, and I safe arrive at home,
 Himself, ere long, shall mate me with a bride.
 In Hellas and in Phthia may be found
 Fair damfels many, daughters of the Chiefs
 Who guard our cities; I may chuse of them, 495
 And make the loveliest of them all my own.
 There, in my country, it hath ever been
 My dearest purpose, wedded to a wife
 Of rank convenient, to enjoy in peace
 Such wealth as antient Peleus hath acquired. 500
 For life, in my account, surpasse far
 In value, all the treasures which report
 Ascribed to populous Ilium, ere the Greeks
 Arrived, and while the city yet had peace;
 Those also which Apollo's marble shrine 505
 In rocky Pytho boasts. Fat flocks and beeves
 May be by force obtain'd, tripods and steeds
 Are bought or won, but if the breath of man
 Once overpass its bounds, no force arrests
 Or may constrain th' unbodied spirit back. 510
 Me,

Me, as my silver-footed mother speaks
 Thetis, a twofold consummation waits.
 If still with battle I encompass Troy,
 I win immortal glory, but all hope
 Renounce of my return. If I return 515
 To my beloved country, I renounce
 Th' illustrious meed of glory, but obtain
 Secure and long immunity from death.
 And truly I would recommend to all
 To voyage homeward, for the fall as yet 520
 Ye shall not see of Ilium's lofty tow'rs,
 For that the Thund'rer with uplifted arm
 Protects her, and her courage hath revived.
 Bear ye mine answer back, as is the part
 Of good ambassadors, that they may frame 525
 Some likelier plan, by which both fleet and host
 May be preserved; for, my resentment still
 Burning, this project is but premature.
 Let Phoenix stay with us, and sleep this night
 Within my tent, that, if he so incline, 530
 He may to-morrow in my fleet embark,
 And hence attend me; but I leave him free.
 He ended; they astonish'd at his tone
 (For vehement he spake) sat silent all,
 'Till Phoenix, aged warrior, at the last 535
 Gush'd into tears (for dread his heart o'erwhelm'd
 Left the whole fleet should perish) and replied.
 If thou indeed have purposed to return,
 Noble Achilles! and such wrath retain'st
 That thou art altogether fixt to leave 540
The

The fleet a prey to defolating fires,
 How then, my son! shall I at Troy abide
 Forlorn of thee? When Peleus, hoary Chief,
 Sent thee to Agamemnon, yet a child,
 Unpractis'd in destructive fight, nor less 545
 Of councils ignorant, the schools in which
 Great minds are form'd, he bade me to the war
 Attend thee forth, that I might teach thee all,
 Both elocution and address in arms.
 Me therefore shalt thou not with my consent 550
 Leave here, my son! no, not would Jove himself
 Promise me, reaping smooth this silver beard,
 To make me downy-cheek'd as in my youth;
 Such as when erst from Hellas beauty-famed
 I fled, escaping from my father's wrath 555
 Amyntor, son of Ormenus, who loved
 A beauteous concubine, and for her sake
 Despised his wife and persecuted me.
 My mother suppliant at my knees, with pray'r
 Perpetual importuned me to embrace 560
 The damsel first, that she might loath my fire.
 I did so; and my father soon possess'd
 With hot suspicion of the fact, let loose
 A storm of imprecation, in his rage
 Invoking all the Furies to forbid 565
 That ever son of mine should press his knees.
 Tartarian * Jove and dread † Persephone
 Fulfill'd his curses; with my pointed spear
 I would have pierc'd his heart, but that my wrath

* Pluto.

† Proserpine.

Some Deity affuaged, fuggeſting oft 570
 What ſhame and obloquy I ſhould incur,
 Known as a parricide through all the land.
 At length, ſo treated, I reſolved to dwell
 No longer in his houſe. My friends, indeed,
 And all my kindred compaſs'd me around 575
 With much intreaty, wooing me to ſtay ;
 Oxen and ſheep they ſlaughter'd, many a plump
 Well-fatted brawn extended in the flames,
 And drank the old man's veſſels to the lees.
 Nine nights continual at my ſide they ſlept, 580
 While others watch'd by turns, nor were the fires
 Extinguiſh'd ever, one, beneath the porch
 Of the barr'd hall, and one that from within
 The veſtibuſe illumed my chamber door.
 But when the tenth dark night at length arrived, 585
 Sudden the chamber-doors burſting I flew
 That moment forth, and unperceived alike
 By guards and menial women, leap'd the wall.
 Through ſpacious Hellas flying thence afar,
 I came at length to Phthia the deep-ſoiled, 590
 Mother of flocks, and to the royal houſe
 Of Peleus ; Peleus with a willing heart
 Receiving, loved me as a father loves
 His only ſon, the ſon of his old age,
 Inheritor of all his large demefnes. 595
 He made me rich ; placed under my controul
 A populous realm, and on the ſkirts I dwelt
 Of Phthia, ruling the Dolopian race.
 Thee from my ſoul, thou ſemblance of the Gods,
 I loved,

I loved, and all illustrious as thou art, 600
 Achilles! such I made thee. For with me,
 Me only, would'st thou forth to feast abroad,
 Nor would'st thou taste thy food at home, 'till first
 I placed thee on my knees, with my own hand
 Thy viands carved and fed thee, and the wine 605
 Held to thy lips; and many a time in fits
 Of infant frowardness, the purple juice
 Rejecting, thou hast deluged all my vest,
 And filled my bosom. Oh, I have endured
 Much, and have also much performed for thee, 610
 Thus purposing, that since the Gods vouchsafed
 No son to me, thyself should'st be my son,
 Godlike Achilles! who should'st screen perchance
 From a foul fate my else unshelter'd age.
 Achilles! bid thy mighty spirit down. 615
 Thou should'st not be thus merciless; the Gods,
 Although more honourable, and in pow'r
 And virtue thy superiors, are themselves
 Yet placable; and if a mortal man
 Offend them by transgression of their laws, 620
 Libation, incense, sacrifice and prayer,
 In meekness offer'd, turn their wrath away.
 Pray'rs are Jove's daughters, *wrinkled, lame, flant-eyed,

* Wrinkled—because the countenance of a man driven to prayer by a consciousness of guilt is sorrowful and dejected. Lame—because it is a remedy to which men recur late, and with reluctance. And flant-eyed—either because, in that state of humiliation, they fear to lift their eyes to heaven, or are employed in taking a retrospect of their past misconduct.

The whole allegory, considering *When* and *Where* it was composed, forms a very striking passage.

Which,

Which, though far distant, yet with constant pace
 Follow Offence. Offence, robust of limb, 625
 And treading firm the ground, outstrips them all,
 And over all the earth before them runs
 Hurtful to man. They, following, heal the hurt.
 Received respectfully when they approach,
 They help us, and our pray'rs hear in return. 630
 But if we flight, and with obdurate heart
 Resist them, to Saturnian Jove they cry
 Against us, supplicating that Offence
 May cleave to us for vengeance of the wrong.
 Thou, therefore, O Achilles! honour yield 635
 To Jove's own daughters, vanquish'd, as the brave
 Have oftimes been, by honour paid to Thee.
 For came not Agamemnon as he comes
 With gifts in hand, and promises of more
 Hereafter; burn'd his anger still the same, 640
 I would not move thee to renounce thy own,
 And to assist us, howsoe'er distress'd.
 But now, not only are his present gifts
 Most lib'ral, and his promises of more
 Such also, but these Princes he hath sent 645
 Charged with entreaties, thine especial friends,
 And chosen for that cause, from all the host.
 Slight not their embassy, nor put to shame
 Their intercession. We confess that once
 Thy wrath was unrepveable and just. 650
 Thus we have heard the heroes of old times
 Applauded oft, whose anger, though intense,
 Yet left them open to the gentle sway

Of reason and conciliatory gifts.

I recollect an antient history, 655

Which, since all here are friends, I will relate.

The brave Ætolians and Curetes met

Beneath the walls of Calydon, and fought

With mutual slaughter; the Ætolian pow'rs

In the defence of Calydon the fair, 660

And the Curetes, bent to lay it waste:

That strife Diana of the golden throne

Kindled between them, with resentment fired

That Oeneus had not in some fertile spot

The first fruits of his harvest set apart 665

To her; with hecatombs he entertained

All the Divinities of heav'n beside,

And her alone, daughter of Jove supreme,

Or through forgetfulness, or some neglect,

Served not; omission careless and profane! 670

She, progeny of Jove, Goddess shaft-arm'd,

A savage boar bright-tusk'd in anger sent,

Which haunting Oeneus' fields much havoc made.

Trees num'rous on the earth in heaps he cast

Uprooting them, with all their blossoms on. 675

But Meleager, Oeneus' son, at length

Slew him, the hunters gath'ring, and the hounds

Of num'rous cities; for a boar so vast

Might not be vanquish'd by the pow'r of few,

And many to their funeral piles he sent. 680

Then raised Diana clamorous dispute,

And contest hot between them, all alike,

Curetes and Ætolians fierce in arms

The

The boar's head claiming, and his bristly hide.
 So long as warlike Meleager fought, 685
 Ætolia prosper'd, nor with all their pow'rs
 Could the Curetes stand before the walls.
 But when resentment once had fired the heart
 Of Meleager, which hath tumult oft
 Excited in the breasts of wisest men, 690
 (For his own mother had his wrath provoked
 Althæa) thenceforth with his wedded wife
 He dwelt, fair Cleopatra, close retired.
 She was Marpeffa's daughter, whom she bore
 To Idas, bravest warrior in his day 695
 Of all on earth. He fear'd not 'gainst the King
 Himself Apollo, for the lovely nymph
 Marpeffa's sake, his spouse, to bend his bow.
 Her, therefore, Idas and Marpeffa named
 Thenceforth Alcyone, because the fate 700
 Of sad Alcyone Marpeffa shared,
 And wept like her, by Phœbus forced away.
 Thus Meleager, tortured with the pangs
 Of wrath indulged, with Cleopatra dwelt,
 Vex'd that his mother curs'd him; for, with grief 705
 Frantic, his mother importuned the Gods
 T' avenge her slaughter'd *brothers on his head.
 Oft would she smite the earth, while on her knees
 Seated, she fill'd her bosom with her tears,
 And call'd on Pluto and dread Proserpine 710
 To slay her son; nor vain was that request,
 But by implacable Erynnis heard

* She had five brothers: Iphiclus, Polyphontes, Phanes, Eurypylus, Plexippus.

Roaming the shades of Erebus. Ere long
 The tumult and the deaf'ning din of war
 Roar'd at the gates, and all the batter'd tow'rs 715
 Refounded. Then the elders of the town
 Dispatch'd the high-priests of the Gods to plead
 With Meleager for his instant aid,
 With strong assurances of rich reward.
 Where Calydon afforded fattest foil 720
 They bade him chuse to his own use a farm
 Of fifty meafured acres, vineyard half,
 And half of land commodious for the plough.
 Him Oeneus also, warrior grey with age,
 Ascending to his chamber, and his doors 725
 Smiting importunate, with earnest pray'rs
 Affay'd to soften, kneeling to his son.
 Nor less his sisters woo'd him to relent,
 Nor less his mother; but in vain; he grew
 Still more obdurate. His companions last, 730
 The most esteem'd and dearest of his friends,
 The same suit urged, yet he persisted still
 Relentless, nor could even they prevail.
 But when the battle shook his chamber-doors,
 And the Curetes climbing the high tow'rs 735
 Had fired the spacious city, then with tears
 The beauteous Cleopatra, and with pray'rs
 Affail'd him; in his view she set the woes
 Numberless of a city storm'd.—The men
 Slaughter'd, the city burnt to dust, the chaste 740
 Matrons with all their children dragg'd away.
 That dread recital roused him, and at length

Issuing,

Issuing, he put his radiant armour on.
 Thus Meleager, gratifying first
 His own resentment, from a fatal day 745
 Saved the Ætolians, who the promised gift
 Refused him, and his toils found no reward.
 But thou my son be wiser; follow thou
 No dæmon who would tempt thee to a course
 Like his; occasion more propitious far 750
 Smiles on thee now, than if the fleet were fired.
 Come, while by gifts invited, and receive
 From all the host, the honours of a God;
 For should'st thou, by no gifts induced, at last
 Enter the bloody field, although thou chase 755
 The Trojans hence, yet less shall be thy praise.
 Then thus Achilles, matchless in the race.
 Phœnix, my guide, wise, noble and revered!
 I covet no such glory; the renown
 Ordain'd by Jove for me, is to resist 760
 All importunity to quit my ships
 While I have pow'r to move, or breath to draw.
 Hear now, and mark me well. Cease thou from tears.
 Confound me not, pleading with sighs and sobs
 In Agamemnon's cause; O love not Him, 765
 Lest I renounce thee, who am now thy friend.
 Assist me rather, as thy duty bids,
 Him to afflict, who hath afflicted me,
 So shalt thou share my glory and my pow'r.
 These shall report as they have heard, but here 770
 Rest thou this night, and with the rising morn
 We will decide, to stay or to depart.

He

He ceas'd, and silent, by a nod injoin'd
 Patroclus to prepare an easy couch
 For Phœnix, anxious to dismiss the rest 775
 Incontinent; when Ajax, godlike son
 Of Telamon, arising, thus began.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
 Depart we now; for I perceive that end
 Or fruit of all our reasonings shall be none. 780

It is expedient also that we bear
 Our answer back (unwelcome as it is)
 With all dispatch, for the assembled Greeks
 Expect us. Brave Achilles shuts a fire
 Within his breast; the kindness of his friends, 785
 And the respect peculiar by ourselves
 Shown to him, on his heart work no effect.

Inexorable man! others accept
 Ev'n for a brother slain, or for a son
 Due compensation; the delinquent dwells 790
 Secure at home, and the receiver, footh'd
 And pacified, represses his revenge.

But thou, resentful of the loss of one,
 One virgin (such obduracy of heart
 The Gods have giv'n thee) can't not be appeas'd. 795

Yet we assign thee seven in her stead,
 The most distinguish'd of their sex, and add
 Large gifts beside. Ah then, at last relent!
 Respect thy roof; we are thy guests; we come
 Chos'n from the multitude of all the Greeks, 800
 Beyond them all ambitious of thy love.

To

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.
 My noble friend, offspring of Telamon !
 Thou seem'st sincere, and I believe thee such.
 But at the very mention of the name 805
 Of Atreus' son, who shamed me in the fight
 Of all Achaia's host, bearing me down
 As I had been some vagrant at his door,
 My bosom boils. Return ye and report
 Your answer. I no thought will entertain 810
 Of crimson war, 'till the illustrious son
 Of warlike Priam, Hector, blood-embued,
 Shall in their tents the Myrmidons assail
 Themselves, and fire my fleet. At my own ship,
 And at my own pavillion, it may chance 815
 That even Hector's violence shall pause.

He ended ; they from massy goblets each
 Libation pour'd, and to the fleet their course
 Resumed direct, Ulysses at their head.
 Patroclus then his fellow warriors bade, 820
 And the attendant women, spread a couch
 For Phoenix ; they the couch, obedient, spread
 With fleeces, with rich arras, and with flax
 Of subtlest woof. There hoary Phoenix lay
 In expectation of the sacred dawn. 825
 Meantime Achilles in th' interior tent,
 With beauteous Diomeda by himself
 From Lesbos brought, daughter of Phorbos, lay.
 Patroclus opposite repos'd, with whom
 Slept charming Iphis ; her, when he had won 830
 The lofty tow'rs of Scyros, the divine

Achilles took, and on his friend bestow'd.

But when those Chiefs at Agamemnon's tent
Arrived, the Greeks on ev'ry side arose
With golden cups welcoming their return. 835

All question'd them, but Agamemnon first.

Oh worthy of Achaia's highest praise,
And her chief ornament, Ulysses, speak!
Will he defend the fleet? or his big heart
Indulging wrathful, doth he still refuse? 840

To whom renown'd Ulysses thus replied.

Atrides, Agamemnon, King of men!
He, his resentment quenches not, or will,
But burns with wrath the more, thee and thy gifts
Rejecting both. He bids thee with the Greeks 845

Consult by what expedient thou may'st save
The fleet and people, threat'ning that himself
Will at the peep of day launch all his barks,
And counselling, beside, the gen'ral host
To voyage homeward, for that end as yet 850

Of Ilium wall'd to heav'n, ye shall not find,
Since Jove the Thund'rer with uplifted arm
Protects her, and her courage hath revived.
Thus speaks the Chief, and Ajax is prepared,
With the attendant heralds, to report 855

As I have said. But Phoenix in the tent
Sleeps of Achilles, who his stay desired,
That on the morrow, if he so incline,
The hoary warrior may attend him hence
Home to his country, but he leaves him free. 860

He

He ended. They astonish'd at his tone
 (For vehement he spake) sat silent all.
 Long silent sat th' afflicted sons of Greece,
 When thus the mighty Diomede began.

Atrides, Agamemnon, King of men! 865
 Thy supplications to the valiant son
 Of Peleus, and the offer of thy gifts
 Innum'rous, had been better far withheld.
 He is at all times haughty, and thy suit
 Hath but encreas'd his haughtiness of heart 870
 Past bounds; but let him stay, or let him go,
 As he shall chuse. He will resume the fight
 When his own mind shall prompt him, and the Gods
 Shall urge him forth. Now follow my advice.
 Ye have refresh'd your hearts with food and wine, 875
 Which are the strength of man; take now repose,
 And when the rosy-finger'd morning fair,
 Shall shine again, set forth without delay
 The battle, horse and foot, before the fleet,
 And where the foremost fight, fight also thou. 880

He ended; all the Kings applauded warm
 His counsel, and the dauntless tone admired
 Of Diomede. Then, due libation made,
 Each sought his tent, and took the gift of sleep.

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

T E N T H B O O K.

Diomedes and Ulysses enter the Trojan host by night, and slay Rhesus.

B O O K X.

ALL night, the leaders of the host of Greece
Lay sunk in soft repose, all, save the Chief,
The son of Atreus; him from thought to thought
Roving solicitous, no sleep relieved.
As when the spouse of beauteous Juno, darts 5
His frequent fires, designing heavy rain
Immense, or hail-storm, or field-whitening snow,
Or else wide-throated war calamitous,
So frequent were the groans by Atreus' son
Heaved from his inmost heart, trembling with dread. 10
For cast he but his eye toward the plain
Of Ilium, there, astonish'd, he beheld
The city fronted with bright fires, and heard
Pipes, and recorders, and the hum of war;
But when again the Grecian fleet he view'd, 15
And thought on his own people, then his hair
Uprooted elevating to the Gods,
He from his gen'rous bosom groaned again.
At length he thus resolv'd; of all the Greeks

To

To seek Neleian Nestor first, with whom 20
 He might, perchance, some plan for the defence
 Of the afflicted Danaï, devise.
 Rising, he wrapp'd his tunic to his breast,
 And to his royal feet unfullied bound
 His sandals; o'er his shoulders, next, he threw 25
 Of amplest size a lion's tawny skin
 That swept his footsteps, dappled o'er with blood,
 Then took his spear. Meantime not less appall'd
 Was Menelaus, on whose eyelids sleep
 Sat not, lest the Achaians for his sake 30
 O'er many waters borne, and now intent
 On glorious deeds, should perish all at Troy.
 With a pard's spotted hide his shoulders broad
 He mantled over; to his head he rais'd
 His brazen helmet, and with vig'rous hand 35
 Grasping his spear, forth issued to arouse
 His brother, mighty sov'reign of the host,
 And by the Grecians like a God revered—
 He found him at his galley's stern, his arms
 Assuming radiant; welcome he arriv'd 40
 To Agamemnon, whom he thus address'd.

Why arm'it thou, brother? Would'st thou urge abroad
 Some trusty spy into the Trojan camp?
 I fear lest none so hardy shall be found
 As to adventure, in the dead still night, 45
 So far, alone; valiant indeed were he!

To whom great Agamemnon, thus replied.
 Heav'n-favour'd Menelaus! We have need,
 Thou and myself, of some device well-framed,

Which both the Grecians and the fleet of Greece 50
 May rescue, for the mind of Jove hath changed,
 And Hector's pray'rs alone now reach his ear.
 I never saw, nor by report have learned
 From any man, that ever single chief
 Such awful wonders in one day performed 55
 As he with ease against the Greeks, although
 Nor from a Goddess sprung nor from a God.
 Deeds he hath done, which, as I think, the Greeks
 Shall deep and long lament, such num'rous ills
 Achaia's host hath at his hands sustain'd. 60
 But haste, begone, and at their sev'ral ships
 Call Ajax and Idomeneus; I go
 T' exhort the noble Nestor to arise,
 That he may visit, if he so incline,
 The chosen band who watch, and his advice 65
 Give them; for him most prompt they will obey,
 Whose son, together with Meriones,
 Friend of Idomeneus, controuls them all,
 Entrusted by ourselves with that command.
 Him answer'd Menelaus bold in arms. 70
 Explain thy purpose.—Would'st thou that I wait
 Thy coming, there, or thy commands to both
 Given, that I incontinent return?
 To whom the Sov'reign of the host replied.
 There stay; lest striking into different paths 75
 (For many passes intersect the camp)
 We miss each other; summon them aloud
 Where thou shalt come; enjoin them to arise;
 Call each by his hereditary name,

Honouring all. Beware of manners proud,
 For we ourselves must labour, at our birth
 By Jove ordain'd to suffer and to toil.

80

So saying, he his brother thence dismiss'd
 Instructed duly, and, himself, his steps
 Turned to the tent of Nestor. Him he found
 Amid his fable galleys in his tent
 Reposing soft, his armour at his side,
 Shield, spears, bright helmet, and the broider'd belt
 Which, when the Senior arm'd led forth his host
 To fight, he wore; for he complied not yet
 With the encroachments of enfeebling age.
 He raised his head, and on his elbow propp'd,
 Questioning Agamemnon, thus began.

85

90

But who art thou, who thus alone, the camp
 Roamest, amid the darkness of the night,
 While other mortals sleep? Com'st thou abroad
 Seeking some friend or soldier of the guard?
 Speak—come not nearer mute. What is thy wish?

95

To whom the son of Atreus, King of men.
 Oh Nestor, glory of the Grecian name,
 Offspring of Neleus! thou in me shalt know
 The son of Atreus, Agamemnon, doom'd
 By Jove to toil, while life shall yet inform
 These limbs, or I shall draw the vital air.
 I wander thus, because that on my lids
 Sweet sleep fits not, but war and the concerns
 Of the Achaians occupy my soul.
 Terrible are the fears which I endure
 For these my people; such as supercede

100

105

All

All thought; my bosom can no longer hold 110
 My throbbing heart, and tremors shake my limbs.
 But if thy mind, more capable, project
 Aught that may profit us (for thee it seems
 Sleep also shuns) arise, and let us both
 Visit the watch, lest, haply, overtoiled 115
 They yield to sleep, forgetful of their charge.
 The foe is posted near, and may intend
 (None knows his purpose) an assault by night.

To him Gerenian Nestor thus replied.
 Illustrious Agamemnon, King of men! 120
 Deep-planning Jove th' imaginations proud
 Of Hector will not ratify, nor all
 His sanguine hopes effectuate; in his turn
 He also (fierce Achilles once appeas'd)
 Shall trouble feel, and, haply, more than we. 125
 But with all readiness I will arise
 And follow thee, that we may also rouse
 Yet others; Diomede the spear-renowned,
 Ulysses, the swift Ajax, and the son
 Of Phyleus, valiant Meges. It were well 130
 Were others also visited and call'd,
 The Godlike Ajax, and Idomeneus,
 Whose ships are at the camp's extremest bounds.
 But though I love thy brother and revere,
 And though I grieve ev'n thee, yet speak I must, 135
 And plainly censure him, that thus he sleeps
 And leaves to thee the labour, who himself
 Should range the host, soliciting the Chiefs
 Of ev'ry band, as utmost need requires.

Him

Him answer'd Agamemnon, King of men.

140

Old warrior, times there are, when I could wish

Myself thy censure of him, for in act

He is not seldom tardy and remiss.

Yet is not sluggish indolence the cause,

No, nor stupidity, but he observes

145

Me much, expecting 'till I lead the way.

But he was foremost now, far more alert

This night than I, and I have sent him forth

Already, those to call whom thou hast named.

But let us hence, for at the guard I trust

150

To find them, since I gave them so in charge.

To whom the brave Gerenian Chief replied.

Him none will censure, or his will dispute,

Whom He shall waken and exhort to rise.

So saying, he bound his corslet to his breast,

155

His sandals fair to his unfullied feet,

And fast'ning by its clasps his purple cloak

Around him, double and of shaggy pile,

Seized, next, his sturdy spear headed with brass,

And issued, first, into the Grecian fleet.

160

There, Nestor, brave Gerenian, with a voice

Sonorous roused the Godlike counsellor

From sleep, Ulysses; the alarm came o'er

His startled ear, forth from his tent he sprang

Sudden, and of their coming, quick, enquired.

165

Why roam ye thus the camp and fleet alone

In darkness? by what urgent need constrained?

To whom the hoary Pylion thus replied.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!

Repent it not, for dread is our distress. 170
 Come, therefore, and assist us to convene
 Yet others, qualified to judge if war
 Be most expedient, or immediate flight.

He ended, and regaining, quick, his tent,
 Ulysses flung his shield, then coming forth 175
 Join'd them. The son of Tydeus first they fought.
 Him sleeping arm'd before his tent they found,
 Encompass'd by his friends also asleep;
 His head each rested on his shield, and each
 Had planted on its nether * point erect 180
 His spear beside him; bright their polish'd heads
 As Jove's own light'ning glitter'd from afar.
 Himself, the Hero, slept. A wild bull's hide
 Was spread beneath him, and on arras tinged
 With splendid purple lay his head reclined. 185
 Nestor, beside him standing, with his heel
 Shook him, and, urgent, thus the Chief reproved.

Awake, Tydides! wherefore giv'st the night
 Entire to balmy slumber? Hast not heard
 How on the rising-ground beside the fleet 190
 The Trojans sit, small interval between?

He ceas'd; then upsprang Diomedes alarm'd
 Instant, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

Old wakeful Chief! thy toils are never done.
 Are there not younger of the sons of Greece, 195
 Who ranging in all parts the camp, might call

* Σαυρατηρ—seems to have been a hollow iron with a point, fitted to the obtuse end of the spear for the purpose of planting that end of it in the ground. It might probably be taken off at pleasure.

The Kings to council? But no curb, controuls
Or can abate activity like thine.

To whom Gerenian Nestor in return.

My friend! thou hast well spoken. I have sons, 200

And they are well deserving; I have here

A num'rous people also, one of whom

Might have sufficed to call the Kings of Greece.

But such occasion presses now the host

As hath not oft occur'd; the overthrow 205

Complete, or full deliv'rance of us all,

In balance hangs, poised on a razor's edge.

But haste, and if thy pity of my toils

Be such, since thou art younger, call, thyself,

Ajax the swift, and Meges to the guard. 210

Then Diomede a lion's tawny skin

Around him wrapp'd, dependent to his heels,

And, spear in hand, fet forth. The Hero call'd

Those two, and led them whither Nestor bade.

They, at the guard arrived, not sleeping found 215

The captains of the guard, but sitting all

In vigilant posture with their arms prepared.

As dogs that, careful, watch the fold by night,

Hearing some wild beast in the woods, which hounds

And hunters with tumultuous clamour drive 220

Down from the mountain-top, all sleep forego,

So, sat not on their eyelids gentle sleep

That dreadful night, but constant to the plain

At ev'ry sound of Trojan feet they turned.

The old Chief joyful at the sight, in terms 225

Of kind encouragement them thus address'd.

So watch, my children! and beware that sleep
Invade none here, lest all become a prey.

So saying, he travers'd with quick pace the trench
By ev'ry Chief whom they had thither call'd 230
Attended, with whom Nestor's noble son
Went, and Meriones, invited both
To join their consultation. From the foss
Emerging, in a vacant space they sat,
Unstrew'd with bodies of the slain, the spot 235
Whence furious Hector, after slaughter made
Of num'rous Greeks, night falling, had return'd.
There seated, mutual converse close they held,
And Nestor, brave Gerenian, thus began.

Oh friends! hath no Achaian here such trust 240
In his own prowess, as to venture forth
Among yon haughty Trojans? He, perchance,
Might on the borders of their host surprize
Some wand'ring adversary, or might learn
Their consultations, whether they propose 245
Here to abide in prospect of the fleet,
Or, satiate with success against the Greeks
So signal, meditate retreat to Troy.
These tidings gain'd, should he at last return
Secure, his recompence will be renown 250
Extensive as the heav'ns, and fair reward.
From ev'ry leader of the fleet, his gift
Shall be a *fable ewe, and sucking lamb,
Rare acquisition! and at ev'ry board

* *Sally*, because the expedition was made by night, and *each with a lamb*, as typical of the fruit of their labours.

And sumptuous banquet, he shall be a guest. 255

He ceased, and all sat silent, when at length
The mighty son of Tydeus thus replied.

Me, Nestor, my courageous heart incites
To penetrate into the neighbour host
Of enemies; but went some other Chief 260

With me, far greater would my comfort prove,
And I should dare the more. Two going forth,
One quicker fees than other, and suggests
Prudent advice; but he who single goes,
Mark whatso'er he may, th' occasion less 265
Improves, and his expedients soon exhausts.

He ended, and no few willing arose
To go with Diomede. Servants of Mars
Each Ajax willing stood; willing as they
Meriones; most willing Nestor's son; 270
Willing, the brother of the Chief of all,
Nor willing less Ulysses to explore
The host of Troy, for he possess'd a heart
Delighted ever with some bold exploit.

Then Agamemnon, King of men, began. 275
Now Diomede, in whom my soul delights!
Chuse whom thou wilt for thy companion; chuse
The fittest here; for num'rous wish to go.
Leave not, through deference to another's rank,
The more deserving, nor prefer a worse, 280
Respecting either pedigree or pow'r.

Such speech he interposed, fearing his choice
Of Menelaus; then, renown'd in arms
The son of Tydeus, rising, spake again.

Since, then, ye bid me my own partner chuse 285
 Free from constraint, how can I overlook
 Divine Ulysses, whose courageous heart
 With such peculiar cheerfulness endures
 Whatever toils, and whom Minerva loves?
 Let *Him* attend me, and through fire itself 290
 We shall return; for none is wiser as he.

To him Ulysses, hardy Chief, replied:
 Tydides! neither praise me much, nor blame,
 For these are Grecians in whose ears thou speak'st,
 And know me well. But let us hence! the night 295
 Draws to a close; day comes apace; the stars
 Are far advanced; two portions have elapsed
 Of darkness, but the third is yet entire.

So they; then each his dreadful arms put on.
 To Diomedes, who at the fleet had left 300
 His own, the dauntless Thrasymedes gave
 His shield and sword two-edg'd, and on his head
 Placed, crested, unadorn'd, his bull-skin casque.
 It was a stripling's helmet, such as youths
 Scarce yet confirm'd in lusty manhood, wear. 305
 Meriones with quiver, bow and sword
 Furnish'd Ulysses, and his brows enclosed
 In his own casque of hide with many a thong
 Well braced within; guarded it was without
 With boar's teeth iv'ry-white inherent firm 310
 On all sides, and with woollen head-piece lined.
 That helmet erst * Autolycus had brought
 From Eleon, city of Amyntor son

* Autolycus was grandfather of Ulysses by the mother's side.

Of Hormenus, where he the solid walls
 Bored through, clandestine, of Amyntor's house. 315
 He on Amphidamas the prize bestow'd
 In Scandia; from Amphidamas it pass'd
 To Molus as an hospitable pledge;
 He gave it to Meriones his son,
 And now it guarded shrewd Ulysses' brows. 320
 Both clad in arms terrific, forth they sped,
 Leaving their fellow Chiefs, and as they went
 An heron, by command of Pallas, flew
 Close on the right beside them; darkling they
 Discern'd him not, but heard his clanging plumes. 325
 Ulysses in the favorable sign
 Exulted, and Minerva thus invoked.

Oh hear me, daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd!
 My present helper in all streights, whose eye
 Marks all my ways, oh with peculiar care 330
 Now guard me, Pallas! grant that after toil
 Successful, glorious, such as long shall fill
 With grief the Trojans, we may safe return
 And with immortal honours to the fleet.

Valiant Tydides, next, his pray'r preferr'd. 335
 Hear also me, Jove's offspring by the toils
 Of war invincible! me follow now
 As my heroic father erst to Thebes
 Thou followedst, Tydeus; by the Greeks dispatch'd
 Ambassador, he left the mail-clad host 340
 Beside Asopus, and with terms of peace
 Entrusted, enter'd Thebes; but by thine aid
 Benevolent, and in thy strength, perform'd

Returning,

Returning, deeds of terrible renown.

Thus, now, protect me also! In return 345

I vow an off'ring at thy shrine, a young
Broad-fronted heifer, to the yoke as yet
Untamed, whose horns I will incase with gold.

Such pray'r they made, and Pallas heard well-pleas'd.
Their or'isons ended to the daughter dread 350

Of mighty Jove, lion-like they advanced
Through shades of night, through carnage, arms and blood.

Nor Hector to his gallant host indulg'd
Sleep, but conven'd the leaders; leader none
Or senator of all his host he left 355
Unsummon'd, and his purpose thus promulg'd.

Where is the warrior who for rich reward,
Such as shall well suffice him, will the task
Adventurous, which I propose, perform?

A chariot with two steeds of proudest height, 360

Surpassing all in the whole fleet of Greece
Shall be his portion, with immortal praise,
Who shall the well-appointed ships approach
Courageous, there to learn if yet a guard
As heretofore, keep them, or if subdued 365

Beneath us, the Achaians flight intend,
And worn with labour have no will to watch.

So Hector spake, but answer none return'd.
There was a certain Trojan, Dolon named,
Son of Eumedes herald of the Gods, 370

Rich both in gold and brass, but in his form
Unfightly; yet the man was swift of foot,
Sole brother of five sisters; he his speech

To Hector and the Trojans thus address'd.

My spirit, Hector, prompts me, and my mind 375
 Endued with manly vigour, to approach
 Yon gallant ships, that I may tidings hear.
 But come. For my assurance, lifting high
 Thy sceptre, swear to me, for my reward,
 The horses and the brazen chariot bright 380
 Which bear renown'd Achilles o'er the field.
 I will not prove an useleſs ſpy, nor fall
 Below thy beſt opinion; paſs I will
 Their army through, 'till I ſhall reach the ſhip
 Of Agamemnon, where the Chiefs, perchance, 385
 Now fit conſulting, or to fight, or fly.

Then raiſing high his ſceptre, Hector ſware.
 Know, Jove himſelf, Juno's high-thund'ring ſpouſe!
 That Trojan none ſhall in that chariot ride
 By thoſe ſteeds drawn, ſave Dolon; on my oath 390
 I make them thine; enjoy them evermore.

He ſaid, and falſely ſware, yet him affur'd.
 Then Dolon, inſtant, o'er his ſhoulder flung
 His bow elatiſtic, wrapp'd himſelf around
 With a grey wolf-ſkin, to his head a caſque 395
 Adjusted, coated o'er with ferret's felt,
 And ſeizing his ſharp javelin, from the hoſt
 Turned right toward the fleet, but was ordain'd
 To diſappoint his ſender, and to bring
 No tidings thence. The throng of Trojan ſteeds 400
 And warriors left, with briſker pace he moved,
 When brave Ulyſſes his approach perceiv'd,
 And thus to Diomedes his ſpeech address'd.

Tydides!

Tydides ! yonder man is from the host ;
 Either a spy he comes, or with intent 405
 To spoil the dead. First, freely let him pass
 Few paces, then pursuing him with speed,
 Seize on him suddenly ; but should he prove
 The nimbler of the three, with threat'ning spear
 Enforce him from his camp toward the fleet, 410
 Lest he elude us, and escape to Troy.

So they ; then, turning from the road oblique,
 Among the carcases each lay'd him down.
 Dolon, suspecting nought, ran swiftly by.
 * But when such space was interposed as mules 415
 Plow in a day, (for mules the ox surpass
 Through fallows deep drawing the pond'rous plough)
 Both ran toward him. Dolon at the sound
 Stood ; for he hoped some Trojan friends at hand
 From Hector sent to bid him back again. 420
 But when within spear's cast, or less they came,
 Knowing them enemies he turn'd to flight
 Incontinent, whom they as swift pursued.
 As two fleet hounds sharp fang'd, train'd to the chace,
 Hang on the rear of flying hind or hare, 425
 And drive her, never swerving from the track,
 Through copses close ; she screaming scuds before ;
 So Diomed and dread Ulysses him
 Chafed constant, intercepting his return.
 And now, fast-fleeing to the ships, he soon 430
 Had reach'd the guard, but Pallas with new force

* Commentators here are extremely in the dark, and even Aristarchus seems to have attempted an explanation in vain.—The Translator does not pretend to have ascertained the distance intended, but only to have given a distance suited to the occasion.

Inspired Tydides, lest a meaner Greek
Should boast that he had smitten Dolon first,
And Diomede win only second praise.

He pois'd his lifted spear, and thus exclaim'd. 435

Stand! or my spear shall stop thee. Death impends
At ev'ry step; thou can't not 'scape me long.

He said, and threw his spear, but by design
Err'd from the man. The polish'd weapon swift
O'er-glancing his right shoulder, in the foil 440

Stood fixt, beyond him. Terrified he stood,
Stamm'ring, and founding through his lips the clash
Of chatt'ring teeth, with visage deadly wan.

They panting rush'd on him, and both his hands
Seized fast; he wept, and suppliant them bespake. 445

Take me alive, and I will pay the price
Of my redemption. I have gold at home,
Brass also, and bright steel, and when report
Of my captivity within your fleet
Shall reach my father, treasures he will give 450
Not to be told, for ransom of his son.

To whom Ulysses politic replied.

Take courage; entertain no thought of death.
But haste! this tell me, and disclose the truth.
Why thus toward the ships com'st thou alone 455

From yonder host, by night, while others sleep?
To spoil some carcase? or from Hector sent
A spy of all that passes in the fleet?

Or by thy curiosity impell'd?

Then Dolon, his limbs trembling, thus replied. 460
To my great detriment, and far beyond

My own design, Hector trapann'd me forth,
 Who promised me the steeds of Peleus' son
 Illustrious, and his brazen chariot bright.
 He bade me, under night's fast-flitting shades 465
 Approach our enemies, a spy, to learn
 If still as heretofore, ye station guards
 For safety of your fleet, or if subdued
 Completely, ye intend immediate flight,
 And worn with labour, have no will to watch. 470

To whom Ulysses, smiling, thus replied.
 Thou hadst, in truth, an appetite to gifts
 Of no mean value, coveting the steeds
 Of brave Æacides; but steeds are they
 Of fiery sort, difficult to be ruled 475
 By force of mortal man, Achilles' self
 Except, whom an immortal mother bore.
 But tell me yet again; use no disguise;
 Where left'st thou, at thy coming forth, your Chief,
 The valiant Hector? where hath he disposed 480
 His armour battle-worn, and where his steeds?
 What other quarters of your host are watch'd?
 Where lodge the guard, and what intend ye next?
 Still to abide in prospect of the fleet?
 Or well-content that ye have thus reduced 485
 Achaia's host, will ye retire to Troy?

To whom this answer Dolon strait returned
 Son of Eumedes. With unfeigning truth
 Simply and plainly will I utter all.
 Hector, with all the Senatorial Chiefs, 490
 Beside the tomb of sacred Ilius sits

Consulting,

Consulting, from the noisy camp remote.

But for the guards, Hero! concerning whom
Thou hast enquired, there is no certain watch
And regular appointed o'er the camp;

495

*The native Trojans (for *they* can no less)
Sit sleeplefs all, and each his next exhorts
To vigilance; but all our foreign aids,

Who neither wives nor children hazard here,
Trusting the Trojans for that service, sleep.

500

To whom Ulyffes, ever wife, replied.

How fleep the ftrangers, and allies?—apart?
Or with the Trojans mingled?—I would learn.

So fpake Ulyffes; to whom Dolon thus,
Son of Eumedes. I will all unfold,

505

And all moft truly. By the fea are lodged
The Carians, the Pæonians arm'd with bows,
The Leleges, with the Pelafgian band,

And the Caucones. On the fskirts encamp
Of Thymbra, the Mæonians crefted high,

510

The Phrygian horfemen, with the Lycian hoft,
And the bold troop of Myfia's haughty fons.

But wherefore thefe enquiries, thus minute?
For if ye wifh to penetrate the hoft,

Thefe who poffefs the borders of the camp

515

Fartheft removed of all, are Thracian pow'rs
Newly arrived; among them Rhesus fleeps,
Son of Eioneus, their Chief and King.

His fteeds I faw, the faireft by thefe eyes

* Ὅσσοι γὰρ τρωῶν πυροῖς ἐσχαρῆαι—As many as are owners of hearths—that is to fay, all who are houfeholders here, or natives of the city.

Ever beheld, and loftiest; snow itself 520
 They pass in whiteness, and in speed the winds.

With gold and silver all his chariot burns,
 And he arrived in golden armour clad
 Stupendous! little suited to the state
 Of mortal man—fit for a God to wear! 525

Now, either lead me to your gallant fleet,
 Or, where ye find me, leave me straitly bound
 'Till ye return, and, after trial made,
 Shall know if I have spoken false or true.

But him brave Diomede with aspect stern 530
 Answer'd. Since, Dolon! thou art caught, although
 Thy tidings have been good, hope not to live;
 For should we now release thee and dismiss,
 Thou wilt revisit yet again the fleet
 A spy or open foe; but smitten once 535
 By this death-dealing arm, thou shalt return
 To render mischief to the Greeks no more.

He ceased, and Dolon would have stretch'd his hand
 Toward his beard, and pleaded hard for life,
 But with his faulchion, rising to the blow, 540
 On the mid-neck he smote him, cutting sheer
 Both tendons with a stroke so swift, that ere
 His tongue had ceased, his head was in the dust.
 They took his helmet cloath'd with ferret's felt,
 Stripp'd off his wolf-skin, seized his bow and spear, 545
 And brave Ulysses lifting in his hand
 The trophy to Minerva, pray'd and said:

Hail Goddess; these are thine! for thee of all
 Who in Olympus dwell, we will invoke

First to our aid. Now also guide our steps, 550
 Propitious, to the Thracian tents and steeds.

He ceased, and at arms-length the lifted spoils
 Hung on a tamarisk; but mark'd the spot,
 Plucking away with hand-full grasp the reeds
 And spreading boughs, lest they should seek the prize 555
 Themselves in vain, returning ere the night,
 Swift trav'ler, should have fled before the dawn.

Thence, o'er the bloody champain strew'd with arms
 Proceeding, to the Thracian lines they came.
 They, wearied, slept profound; beside them lay, 560
 In triple order regular arranged,

Their radiant armour, and their steeds in pairs.
 Amid them Rhesus slept, and at his side
 His coursers, to the outer chariot-ring
 Fasten'd secure. Ulysses saw him first, 565
 And, seeing, mark'd him out to Diomed.

Behold the man, Tydides! Lo! the steeds
 By Dolon specified whom we have slain.
 Be quick. Exert thy force. Arm'd as thou art,
 Sleep not. Loose thou the steeds, or slaughter thou 570
 The Thracians, and the steeds shall be my care.

He ceased; then blue-eyed Pallas with fresh force
 Invigour'd Diomed. From side to side
 He flew; dread groans arose of dying men
 Hewn with the sword, and the earth swam with blood. 575
 As if he find a flock unguarded, sheep
 Or goats, the lion rushes on his prey,
 With such unsparing force Tydides smote
 The men of Thrace, 'till he had slaughter'd twelve;

And

And whom Tydides with his faulchion struck 580
 Laertes' fon dragg'd by his feet abroad,
 Forecasting that the steeds might pass with ease,
 Nor start, as yet uncustom'd to the dead.
 But when the son of Tydeus found the King,
 Him also panting forth his last, last breath, 585
 He added to the twelve; for at his head
 An evil dream that night had flood, the form
 Of Diomede, by Pallas' art devised.
 Meantime, the bold Ulysses loosed the steeds,
 Which, to each other rein'd, he drove abroad, 590
 Smiting them with his bow, (for of the scourge
 He thought not in the chariot-seat secured)
 And as he went, hiss'd, warning Diomede.
 But he, projecting still some hardier deed,
 Stood doubtful, whether by the pole to draw 595
 The chariot thence, laden with gorgeous arms,
 Or whether heaving it on high, to bear
 The burthen off, or whether yet to take
 More Thracian lives; when him with various thoughts
 Perplex'd, Minerva, drawing near, bespake. 600
 Son of bold Tydeus! think on thy return
 To yonder fleet, lest thou depart constrained.
 Some other God may rouse the pow'rs of Troy.
 She ended, and he knew the voice divine.
 At once he mounted. With his bow the steeds 605
 Ulysses plyed, and to the ships they flew.
 Nor look'd the bender of the silver bow,
 Apollo, forth in vain, but at the fight
 Of Pallas following Diomede incensed,

Descended to the field where num'rous most
 He saw the Trojans, and the Thracian Chief
 And counsellor, Hippocoön aroused,
 Kinfsman of Rhesus, and renown'd in arms.
 He, starting from his sleep, soon as he saw
 The spot deserted where so lately lay
 Those fiery courfers, and his warrior friends
 Gasping around him, founded loud the name
 Of his lov'd Rhesus. Instant, at the voice,
 Wild stir arose and clamorous uproar
 Of fast-assembling Trojans. Deeds they saw—
 Terrible deeds, and marvellous perform'd,
 But not their authors—they had fought the ships.
 Meantime arriv'd where they had slain the spy
 Of Hector, there Ulyffes, dear to Jove,
 The courfers stay'd, and, leaping to the ground,
 The son of Tydeus in Ulyffes' hands
 The arms of Dolon placed foul with his blood,
 Then vaulted light into his feat again.
 He lash'd the steeds, they, not unwilling, flew
 To the deep-bellied barks, as to their home.
 First Nestor heard the found, and thus he said.
 Friends! Counsellors! and leaders of the Greeks!
 False shall I speak, or true?—but speak I must.
 The echoing found of hoofs alarms my ear.
 Oh that Ulyffes and brave Diomedé
 This moment might arrive drawn into camp
 By Trojan steeds! But ah, the dread I feel!
 Left some disaster have for ever quell'd
 In yon rude host those noblest of the Greeks.

610

615

620

625

630

635

He

He had not ended, when themselves arrived. 640
 Both quick dismounted; joy at their return
 Fill'd ev'ry bosom; each with kind salute
 Cordial, and right-hand welcome greeted them,
 And first Gerenian Nestor thus enquired.

Oh Chief by all extoll'd, glory of Greece, 645
 Ulysses! how have ye these steeds acquired?
 In yonder host? or met ye as ye went
 Some God who gave them to you? for they show
 A lustre dazzling as the beams of day.

Old as I am, I mingle yet in fight 650
 With Ilium's sons,—lurk never in the fleet—
 Yet saw I at no time, or have remark'd
 Steeds such as these; which therefore I believe
 Perforce, that ye have gained by gift divine;
 For cloud-assembler Jove, and azure-eyed 655
 Minerva, Jove's own daughter, love you both.

To whom Ulysses, thus, discrete, replied.
 Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks!
 A God, so willing, could have giv'n us steeds
 Superior, for their bounty knows no bounds. 660
 But, venerable Chief! these which thou see'st
 Are Thracians new-arrived. Their master lies
 Slain by the valiant Diomede, with twelve
 The noblest of his warriors at his side.

* A thirteenth also, at small distance hence 665
 We flew, by Hector and the Chiefs of Troy

* Homer did not here forget himself, though some have altered *της* to *τετρακκισι-*
στις.—Rhesus for distinction sake is not numbered with his people. See Villoiffon
 in loco.

Sent to inspect the posture of our host.

He said; then, high in exultation, drove
The courfers o'er the trench, and with him passed
The glad Achaians; at the spacious tent 670

Of Diomede arrived, with even thongs
They tied them at the cribs where stood the steeds
Of Tydeus' son, with winnow'd wheat supplied.

Ulysses in his bark the gory spoils
Of Dolon placed, designing them a gift 675

To Pallas. Then, descending to the sea,
Neck, thighs and legs from sweat profuse they cleansed,
And, so refresh'd and purified, their last
Ablution in bright tepid baths performed.

Each thus completely laved, and with smooth oil 680
Anointed, at the well-spread board they sat,
And quaff'd, in honour of Minerva, wine
Delicious, from the brimming beaker drawn.

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

E L E V E N T H B O O K.

Agamemnon distinguishes himself. He is wounded, and retires. Diomede is wounded by Paris; Ulysses by Socus. Ajax with Menclaus flies to the relief of Ulysses, and Eurypylus, soon after, to the relief of Ajax. While he is employed in assisting Ajax, he is shot in the thigh by Paris, who also wounds Machaon. Nestor conveys Machaon from the field. Achilles dispatches Patroclus to the tent of Nestor, and Nestor takes that occasion to exhort Patroclus to engage in battle, clothed in the armour of Achilles.

B O O K XI.

AURORA from Tithonus' side arose
With light for heav'n and earth, when Jove dispatch'd
Discord, the fiery signal in her hand
Of battle bearing, to the Grecian fleet.
High on Ulysses' huge black ship she stood 5
The centre of the fleet, whence all might hear,
The tent of Telamon's huge son between,
And of Achilles; for confiding they
In their heroic fortitude, their barks
Well-poised had station'd utmost of the line. 10
There standing, shrill she sent a cry abroad
Among th' Achaians, such as thirst infused
Of battle ceaseless into ev'ry breast.

All

All deemed, at once, war sweeter, than to seek
 Their native country through the waves again. 15
 Then with loud voice Atrides bade the Greeks
 Gird on their armour, and himself his arms
 Took radiant. First around his legs he clasp'd
 His shining greaves with silver studs secured,
 Then bound his corset to his bosom, gift 20
 Of Cynyras long since; for rumour loud
 Had Cyprus reached of an Achaian host
 Assembling, destined to the shores of Troy,
 Wherefore, to gratify the King of men,
 He made the splendid ornament his own. 25
 Ten rods of steel cærulean all around
 Embraced it, twelve of gold, twenty of tin;
 * Six spiry serpents their uplifted heads
 Cærulean darted at the wearer's throat,
 Splendor diffusing as the various bow 30
 Fix'd by Saturnian Jove in show'ry clouds,
 A sign to mortal men. He slung his sword
 Athwart his shoulders; dazzling bright it shone
 With gold emboss'd, and silver was the sheath
 Suspended graceful in a belt of gold. 35
 His massy shield o'ershadowing him whole,
 High-wrought and beautiful, he next assumed.
 Ten circles bright of brass around its field
 Extensive, circle within circle, ran;
 The central boss was black, but hemm'd about 40

* Τρεις ἐκαστῆς,—Three on a side. This is evidently the proper punctuation, though it differs from that of all the editions that I have seen. I find it no where but in the *Venetian Scholium*.

With twice ten bosses of resplendent tin.
 There, dreadful ornament! the visage dark
 Of Gorgon scowl'd, border'd by Flight and Fear.
 The loop was silver, and a serpent form
 Cærulean over all its surface twined, 45
 Three heads erecting on one neck, the heads
 Together wreath'd into a stately crown.
 His helmet * quatre-crested, and with studs
 Fast rivetted around he to his brows
 Adjusted, whence tremendous waved his crest 50
 Of mounted hair on high. Two spears he seized
 Pond'rous, brass-pointed, and that flash'd to heav'n.
 † Sounds like clear thunder, by the spouse of Jove
 And by Minerva raised to extol the King
 Of opulent Mycenæ, roll'd around. 55
 At once each bade his charioteer his steeds
 Hold fast beside the margin of the trench
 In orderly array; the foot all-arm'd
 Rush'd forward, and the clamour of the host
 Rose infinite into the dawning skies; 60
 First, at the trench, th' embattled ‡ infantry
 Stood ranged; the chariots followed close behind;
 Dire was the tumult by Saturnian Jove
 Excited, and from æther down he shed
 Blood-tinctur'd dewes among them, for he meant 65

* Quatre-crested. So I have render'd τετραφαλληρον, which literally signifies having four cones. The cone was a tube into which the crest was inserted. The word quatre-crested may need a precedent for its justification, and seems to have a sufficient one in the cinque-spotted cowslip of Shakespeare.

† This seems the proper import of εγδουπησαν. Jupiter is called επιγδοπος.

‡ The Translator follows Clarke in this interpretation of a passage to us not very intelligible.

That day to fend full many a warrior bold
To Pluto's dreary realm, slain premature.

Opposite, on the rising-ground, appear'd
The Trojans; them majestic Hector led,
Noble Polydamas, Æneas raised

70

To Godlike honours in all Trojan hearts,
And Polybus, with whom Antenor's sons
Agenor, and young Acamas advanced.

Hector the splendid orb of his broad shield
Bore in the van, and as a comet now

75

Glares through the clouds portentous, and again,
Obscur'd by gloomy vapours, disappears,
So Hector, marshalling his host, in front
Now shone, now vanish'd in the distant rear.

All-cased he flamed in bras, and on the fight
Flash'd as the lightnings of Jove Ægis-arm'd.

80

As reapers, toiling opposite, lay bare
Some rich man's furrows, while the sever'd grain,
Barley or wheat, sinks as the sickle moves,

So Greeks and Trojans springing into fight
Slew mutual; foul retreat alike they scorn'd,

85

Alike in fierce hostility their heads
Both bore aloft, and rush'd like wolves to war.
Discord, spectatress terrible, that fight

Beheld exulting; she, of all the Gods,
Alone was present; not a Pow'r beside

90

There interfered, but each his bright abode
Quiescent occupied wherever built

Among the windings of th' Olympian heights;
Yet blamed they all the storm-assembler King

95

Saturnian,

Saturnian, for his purpos'd aid to Troy.
 Th' eternal father reck'd not; he, apart
 Seated in solitary pomp, enjoy'd

His glory, and from on high the tow'rs survey'd
 Of Ilium and the fleet of Greece, the flash
 Of gleaming arms, the slayer and the slain.

While morning lasted, and the light of day
 Encreas'd, so long the weapons on both sides
 Flew in thick volleys, and the people fell.

But, what time his repast the woodman spreads
 In some umbrageous vale; his finewy arms
 Wearied with hewing many a lofty tree,

And his wants satisfied, he feels at length
 The pinch of appetite to pleasant food,
 Then was it, that encouraging aloud

Each other, in their native virtue strong,
 The Grecians through the phalanx burst of Troy.

Forth sprang the monarch first; he flew the Chief
 Bianor, nor himself alone, but flew
 Oileus also driver of his steeds.

Oileus, with a leap alighting, rush'd
 On Agamemnon; he his fierce assault
 Encount'ring, with a spear met full his front.

Nor could his helmet's pond'rous brass sustain
 That force, but both his helmet and his scull
 It shatter'd, and his martial rage repress'd.

The King of men, stripping their corsets, bared
 Their shining breasts, and left them. Ifus, next,
 And Antiphus he flew to slay, the sons

Of Priam both, and in one chariot borne,

125
 This

This spurious, genuine that. The bastard drove,
 And Antiphus, a warrior high-renown'd,
 Fought from the chariot; them Achilles erst
 Feeding their flocks on Ida had surprized
 And bound with osiers, but for ransom loosed. 130
 Of these, imperial Agamemnon, first,
 Above the pap pierced Ifus; next, he smote
 Antiphus with his sword beside the ear,
 And from his chariot cast him to the ground.
 Conscious of both, their glitt'ring arms he stripp'd, 135
 For he had seen them when from Ida's heights
 Achilles led them to the Grecian fleet.
 As with resiftless fangs the lion breaks
 The young in pieces of the nimble hind,
 Ent'ring her lair, and takes their feeble lives; 140
 She, though at hand, can yield them no defence,
 But through the thick wood, wing'd with terrour, starts
 Herself away, trembling at such a foe,
 So them the Trojans had no pow'r to save,
 Themselves all driv'n before the host of Greece. 145
 Next, on Pisandrus, and of dauntless heart
 Hippolochus he rush'd; they were the sons
 Of brave Antimachus, who with rich gifts
 By Paris bought, inflexible withheld
 From Menelaus still his lovely bride. 150
 His sons, the monarch, in one chariot borne
 Encounter'd; they (for they had lost the reins)
 With trepidation and united force
 Effay'd to check the steeds; astonishment
 Seized both; Atrides with a lion's rage 155
 Came

Came on, and from the chariot thus they fled.

Oh spare us! son of Atreus, and accept
Ransom immense. Antimachus our sire
Is rich in various treasure, gold and brass,
And temper'd steel, and, hearing the report 160
That in Achaia's fleet his sons survive,
He will requite thee with a glorious price.

So they, with tears and gentle terms the King
Accosted, but no gentle answer heard.

Are ye indeed the offspring of the Chief 165
Antimachus, who when my brother once
With Godlike Laertiades your town
Enter'd ambassadour, his death advis'd
In council, and to let him forth no more?
Now rue ye both the baseness of your sire. 170

He said, and from his chariot to the plain
Thrust down Pisandrus, piercing with keen lance
His bosom, and supine he smote the field.
Down leap'd Hippolochus, whom on the ground
He flew; cut sheer his hands, and lopp'd his head, 175
And roll'd it like a *mortar through the ranks.
He left the slain, and where he saw the field
With thickest battle cover'd, thither flew
By all the Grecians follow'd bright in arms.
The scatter'd infantry constrained to fly, 180
Fell by the infantry; the charioteers,
While with loud hoofs their steeds the dusty soil
Excited, o'er the charioteers their wheels
Drove brazen-fellied, and the King of men

* οὐμος.

Incessant flaught'ring, called his *Argives on. 185
 As when fierce flames some antient forest seize,
 From side to side in flakes the various wind
 Rolls them, and to the roots devoured, the trunks
 Fall prostrate under fury of the fire,
 So under Agamemnon fell the heads 190
 Of flying Trojans. Many a courser proud
 The empty chariots through the paths of war
 Whirled rattling, of their charioteers deprived;
 They breathless press'd the plain, now fitter far
 To feed the vultures than to cheer their wives. 195
 Conceal'd, meantime, by Jove, Hector escaped
 The dust, darts, deaths, and tumult of the field,
 And Agamemnon to the swift pursuit
 Call'd loud the Grecians. Through the middle plain
 Beside the sepulchre of Ilus, son 200
 Of Dardanus, and where the fig-tree stood,
 The Trojans flew, panting to gain the town,
 While Agamemnon pressing close the rear,
 Shout after shout terrifick sent abroad,
 And his victorious hands reek'd, red with gore. 205
 But at the beech tree and the Scæan gate
 Arrived, the Trojans halted, waiting there
 The rearmost fugitives; they o'er the field
 Came like an herd, which in the dead of night
 A lion drives; all fly, but one is doom'd 210
 To death inevitable; her with jaws

* The Grecians at large are indiscriminately called Danaï, Argives, and Achaians, in the original. The Phthians in particular—Hellenes. They were the troops of Achilles.

True to their hold he feizes, and her neck
 Breaking, embowels her, and laps the blood;
 So, Atreus' royal son, the hindmost still
 Slaying, and still pursuing, urged them on. 215
 Many supine, and many prone, the field
 Press'd, by the son of Atreus in their flight
 Dismounted; for no weapon rag'd as his.
 But now, at last, when he should soon have reach'd
 The lofty walls of Ilium, came the Sire 220
 Of Gods and men descending from the skies,
 And on the heights of Ida fountain-fed,
 Sat arm'd with thunders. Calling to his foot
 Swift Iris golden-pinion'd, thus he spake.
 Iris! away. Thus speak in Hector's ears. 225
 While yet he shall the son of Atreus see
 Fierce warring in the van, and mowing down
 The Trojan ranks, so long let him abstain
 From battle, leaving to his host the task
 Of bloody contest furious with the Greeks. 230
 But soon as Atreus son by spear or shaft
 Wounded shall climb his chariot, with such force
 I will endue Hector, that he shall slay
 'Till he have reach'd the ships, and 'till the sun
 Descending, sacred darkness cover all. 235
 He spake, nor rapid Iris disobey'd
 Storm-wing'd embassadress, but from the heights
 Of Ida stoop'd to Ilium. There she found
 The son of royal Priam by the throng
 Of chariots and of steeds compass'd about. 240
 She, standing at his side, him thus bespake.

Oh

Oh fon of Priam! as the Gods difcrete!
 I bring thee counfel from the Sire of all.
 While yet thou fhalt the fon of Atreus fee
 Fierce warring in the van, and mowing down 245
 The warrior ranks, fo long he bids thee pause
 From battle, leaving to thy hoft the tafk
 Of bloody conteft furious with the Greeks.
 But foon as Atreus' fon, by fpear or haft,
 Wounded fhall climb his chariot, Jove will then 250
 Endue thee with fuch force, that thou fhalt flay
 'Till thou have reach'd the fhips, and 'till, the fun
 Defcending, facred darknefs cover all.

So faying, fwift-pinion'd Iris difappear'd.
 Then Hector from his chariot at a leap 255
 Came down all arm'd, and, fhaking his bright fpears,
 Ranged ev'ry quarter, animating loud
 The legions, and rekindling horrid war.
 Back roll'd the Trojan ranks, and faced the Greeks;
 The Greeks their hoft to clofer phalanx drew; 260
 The battle was reftored, van fronting van
 They flood, and Agamemnon into fight
 Sprang foremoft, panting for fuperior fame.

Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell!
 What Trojan firft, or what ally of Troy 265
 Oppofed the force of Agamemnon's arm?
 Iphidamas, Antenor's valiant fon,
 Of loftieft ftature, who in fertile Thrace
 Mother of flocks was nourish'd. Ciffeus him
 His grandfire, father of Theano prais'd 270
 For lovelieft features, in his own abode

Rear'd yet a child, and when at length he reach'd
 The measure of his glorious manhood firm
 Dismiss'd him not, but, to engage him more,
 Gave him his daughter. Wedded, he his bride 275
 As soon deserted, and with galleys twelve
 Following the rumour'd voyage of the Greeks,
 The same course steer'd; but at Percope moor'd,
 And marching thence, arrived on foot at Troy.
 He first oppos'd Atrides. They approach'd. 280
 The spear of Agamemnon wander'd wide;
 But him Iphidamas on his broad belt
 Beneath the corset struck, and, bearing still
 On his spear-beam, enforced it; but ere yet
 He pierced the broider'd zone, his point, impress'd 285
 Against the silver, turn'd, obtuse as lead.
 Then royal Agamemnon in his hand
 The weapon grasping, with a lion's rage
 Home drew it to himself, and from his gripe
 Wrestling it, with his faulchion keen his neck 290
 Smote full, and stretch'd him lifeless at his foot.
 So slept Iphidamas among the slain.
 Unhappy! from his virgin bride remote,
 Associate with the men of Troy in arms
 He fell, and left her beauties unenjoy'd. 295
 He gave her much, gave her an hundred beeves,
 And sheep and goats a thousand from his flocks
 Promised, for numberless his meadows ranged;
 But Agamemnon, son of Atreus, him
 Slew and despoil'd, and through the Grecian host 300
 Proceeded, laden with his gorgeous arms.

Coon that fight beheld, illustrious Chief,
 Antenor's eldest born, but with dim eyes
 Through anguish for his brother's fall. Unseen
 Of noble Agamemnon, at his side 305
 He cautious stood, and with a spear his arm,
 Where thickest flesh'd, below his elbow, pierced;
 Till opposite the glittering point appear'd.
 A thrilling horror seized the King of men
 So wounded; yet though wounded so, from fight 310
 He ceased not, but on Coon rush'd, his spear
 Grasping, * well-thriven growth of many a wind.
 He by the foot drew off Iphidamas,
 His brother, son of his own fire, aloud
 Calling the Trojan leaders to his aid, 315
 When him so occupied with his keen point
 Atrides pierced his bossy shield beneath.
 Expiring on Iphidamas he fell
 Prostrate, and Agamemnon lopp'd his head.
 Thus, under royal Agamemnon's hand, 320
 Antenor's sons their destiny fulfill'd,
 And to the house of Ades journey'd both.
 Through other ranks of warriors then he pass'd,
 Now with his spear, now with his faulchion arm'd,
 And now with missile force of massy stones, 325
 While yet his warm blood fallied from the wound.
 But, when the wound grew dry, and the blood ceased,
 Anguish intolerable undermined
 Then, all the might of Atreus' royal son.
 As when a lab'ring woman's arrowy throes 330

* *Ανεμόθρεφης*—literally—wind-nourished.

Seize her intense, by Juno's daughters dread
 The birth-presiding Ilithyæ deep
 Infix, dispensers of those pangs severe;
 So, anguish insupportable subdued
 Then, all the might of Atreus' royal son. 335
 Upspringing to his feat, instant he bade
 His charioteer drive to the hollow barks,
 Heart-sick himself with pain; yet, ere he went,
 With voice loud-echoing hail'd the Danaï.

Friends! counsellors and leaders of the Greeks! 340
 Now drive, yourselves, the battle from your ships,
 For me the Gods permit not to employ
 In fight with Ilium's host the day entire.

He ended, and the charioteer his steeds
 Lash'd to the ships; they not unwilling flew, 345
 Bearing from battle the afflicted King
 With foaming chests and bellies grey with dust.
 Soon Hector, noting his retreat, aloud
 Call'd on the Trojans and allies of Troy.

Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting sons 350
 Of Dardanus! oh summon all your might,
 Now, now be men! Their bravest is withdrawn!
 Glory and honour from Saturnian Jove
 On me attend; now full against the Greeks
 Drive all your steeds, and win a deathless name. 355

He spake—and all drew courage from his word.
 As when his hounds bright-tooth'd some hunter cheers
 Against the lion or the forest-boar,
 So Priameian Hector cheer'd his host
 Magnanimous against the sons of Greece, 360

Terrible

Terrible as gore-tainted Mars. Among
 The foremost warriors, with success elate
 He strode, and flung himself into the fight
 Black as a storm which sudden from on high
 Descending, furrows deep the gloomy flood. 365

Then whom flew Priameian Hector first,
 Whom last, by Jove, that day, with glory crown'd?
 Aëæus, Dolops, Orus, Agelaüs,
 Autonöus, Hipponöus, Æfymnus,
 Opheltius and Opites first he flew, 370

All leaders of the Greeks, and, after these,
 The people. As when whirlwinds of the West
 A storm encounter from the gloomy South,
 The waves roll multitudinous, and the foam
 Upswept by wand'ring gusts fills all the air, 375

So Hector swept the Grecians. Then defeat
 Past remedy and havoc had ensued,
 Then had the routed Grecians, flying, sought
 Their ships again, but that Ulysses thus
 Summon'd the brave Tydides to his aid. 380

Whence comes it, Diomede, that we forget
 Our wonted courage? Hither, O my friend!
 And, fighting at my side, ward off the shame
 That must be ours, should Hector seize the fleet.

To whom the valiant Diomede replied. 385
 I will be firm; trust me thou shalt not find
 Me shrinking; yet small fruit of our attempts
 Shall follow, for the Thund'rer, not to us,
 But to the Trojan, gives the glorious day.

The

The Hero spake, and from his chariot cast 390
 Thymbræus to the ground pierced through the pap,
 While by Ulysses' hand his charioteer
 Godlike Molion, fell. The warfare thus
 Of both for ever clos'd, them there they left,
 And plunging deep into the warrior-throng 395
 Troubled the multitude. As when two boars
 Turn desp'rate on the close-pursuing hounds,
 So they, returning on the host of Troy,
 Slew on all sides, and, overtoiled with flight
 From Hector's arm, the Greeks meantime respired. 400
 Two warriors, next, their chariot and themselves
 They took, plebeians brave, sons of the feer
 Percosian Merops in prophetic skill
 Surpassing all; he both his sons forbad
 The mortal field, but disobedient they 405
 Still fought it, for their destiny prevail'd.
 Spear-practis'd Diomede of life deprived
 Both these, and stripp'd them of their glorious arms,
 While by Ulysses' hand Hippodamus
 Died and Hypeirochus. And now the son 410
 Of Saturn, looking down from Ida, poised
 The doubtful war, and mutual deaths they dealt.
 Tydides plung'd his spear into the groin
 Of the illustrious son of Pæon, bold
 Agastrophus. No steeds at his command 415
 Had he, infatuate! but his charioteer
 His steeds detained remote, while through the van
 Himself on foot rush'd madly 'till he fell.
 But Hector through the ranks darting his eye

Perceived,

Perceived, and with ear-piercing cries advanced 420
 Against them, follow'd by the host of Troy.
 The son of Tydeus, fludd'ring, his approach
 Discern'd, and instant to Ulysses spake.

Now comes the storm! This way the mischief rolls!
 Stand and repulse the Trojan. Now be firm. 425

He said, and hurling his long-shadow'd beam
 Smote Hector. At his helmet's crown he aim'd
 Nor err'd, but brass encountring brass, the point
 Glanced wide, for he had cas'd his youthful brows
 In triple brass, Apollo's glorious gift. 430

Yet with rapidity at such a flock
 Hector recoil'd into the multitude
 Afar, where sinking to his knees, he lean'd
 On his broad palm, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
 But while Tydides follow'd through the van 435

His stormy spear, which in the distant foil
 Implanted stood, Hector his scatter'd sense
 Recov'ring, to his chariot sprang again,
 And, driving deep into his host, escaped.
 The noble son of Tydeus, spear in hand, 440
 Rush'd after him, and as he went, exclaim'd.

Dog! thou hast now escaped; but, sure the stroke
 Approach'd thee nigh, well-aim'd. Once more thy pray'rs
 Which ever to Apollo thou prefer'st

Ent'ring the clash of battle, have prevailed, 445
 And he hath rescued thee. But well beware
 Our next encounter, for if also me

Some God befriend, thou dy'st. Now will I seek
 Another mark, and smite whom next I may.

He spake, and of his armour stripp'd the son 450
 Spear-famed of Pæon. Meantime Paris, mate
 Of beauteous Helen, drew his bow against
 Tydides; by a pillar of the tomb
 Of Ilius, antient senator revered,
 Conceal'd he stood, and while the Hero loos'd 455
 His corslet from the breast of Pæon's son
 Renown'd, and of his helmet and his targe
 Despoil'd him; Paris, arching quick his bow,
 No devious shaft dismiss'd, but his right foot
 Pierced through the sole, and fix'd it to the ground. 460
 Transported from his ambush forth he leap'd
 With a loud laugh, and, vaunting, thus exclaim'd:

Oh shaft well shot! it galls thee. Would to heav'n
 'That it had pierced thy heart, and thou hadst died!
 So had the Trojans respite from their toils 465
 Enjoy'd, who, now, shudder at sight of thee
 Like she-goats when the lion is at hand.

To whom, undaunted, Diomede replied.
 Archer shrew-tongued! spie-maiden! * man of curls!
 Should'st thou in arms attempt me face to face, 470
 Thy bow and arrows should avail thee nought.
 Vain boaster! thou hast scratch'd my foot,—no more—
 And I regard it as I might the stroke
 Of a weak woman or a simple child.
 The weapons of a dastard and a slave 475

* In the original—*κίρα ἀγλαί*.—All that I pretend to know of this expression is that it is ironical, and may relate either to the head-dress of Paris, or to his archer-ship. To translate it is impossible; to paraphrase it in a passage of so much emotion, would be absurd. I have endeavoured to supply its place by an appellation in point of contempt equal.

Are ever such. More terrible are mine,
 And whom they pierce, though slightly pierced, he dies.
 His wife her cheeks rends inconsolable,
 His babes are fatherless, his blood the glebe
 Incarnadines, and where he bleeds and rots 480
 More birds of prey than women haunt the place.

He ended, and Ulysses, drawing nigh,
 Shelter'd Tydides; he behind the Chief
 Of Ithaca sat drawing forth the shaft,
 But pierced with agonizing pangs the while. 485
 Then, climbing to his chariot-seat, he bade
 Sthenelus hasten to the hollow ships,
 Heart-sick with pain. And now alone was seen
 Spear-famed Ulysses; not an Argive more
 Remain'd, so universal was the rout, 490
 And groaning, to his own great heart he said.

Alas! what now awaits me? if, appall'd
 By multitudes, I fly, much detriment;
 And if alone they intercept me here,
 Still more; for Jove hath scatter'd all the host. 495
 Yet why these doubts? for know I not of old
 That only dastards fly, and that the voice
 Of honour bids the famed in battle stand,
 Bleed they themselves, or cause their foes to bleed?

While busied in such thought he stood, the ranks 500
 Of Trojans, fronted with broad shields, enclosed
 The hero with a ring, hemming around
 Their own destruction. As when dogs, and swains
 In prime of manhood, from all quarters rush
 Around a boar, he from his thicket bolts 505

The bright tuik whetting in his crooked jaws ;
 They prefs him on all fides, and from beneath
 Loud gnashings hear, yet, firm, his threats defy ;
 Like them the Trojans on all fides affail'd
 Ulyffes dear to Jove. First with his fpear 510
 He fprang impetuous on a vailant chief,
 Whofe fhoulder with a downright point he pierced,
 Deiopites ; Thoon next he flew,
 And Ennomus, and from his courfers' backs
 Alighting quick, Cherfidamas ; beneath 515
 His boffy fhield the gliding weapon pafs'd
 Right through his navel ; on the plain he fell
 Expiring, and with both hands clench'd the duft.
 Them flain he left, and Charops wounded next,
 Brother of Socus, gen'rous Chief, and fon 520
 Of Hippafus ; brave Socus to the aid
 Of Charops flew, and, godlike, thus began.

Illuftrious chief, Ulyffes ! ftrong to toil
 And rich in artifice ! Or boast to-day
 Two fons of Hippafus, brave warriors both, 525
 Of armour and of life bereft by thee,
 Or to my vengeful fpear resign thy own !

So faying, Ulyffes' oval difk he fmote.
 Through his bright difk the ftrong weapon flew,
 Transpierced his twisted mail, and from his fide 530
 Drove all the fkin, but to his nobler parts
 Found entrance none, by Pallas turn'd aflant.
 Ulyffes, confcious of his life untouch'd,
 Retired a ftep from Socus, and replied.

Ah

Ah hapless youth! thy fate is on the wing; 535
 Me thou hast forced indeed to cease a while
 From battle with the Trojans, but I speak
 Thy death at hand; for, vanquish'd by my spear,
 This self-same day thou shalt to me resign
 Thy fame, thy foul to Pluto steed-renown'd. 540

He ceased; then Socus turn'd his back to fly,
 But, as he turn'd, his shoulder-blades between
 He pierced him, and the spear urged thro' his breast.
 On his resounding arms he fell, and thus
 Godlike Ulysses gloried in his fall. 545

Ah Socus, son of Hippafus, a chief
 Of fame equestrian! swifter far than thou
 Death follow'd thee, and thou hast not escaped.
 Ill-fated youth! thy parents' hands thine eyes
 Shall never close, but birds of rav'nous maw 550
 Shall tear thee, flapping thee with frequent wing,
 While me the noble Grecians shall intomb!

So saying, the valiant Socus' spear he drew
 From his own flesh, and through his bossy shield.
 The weapon drawn, forth sprang the blood, and left 555
 His spirit faint. Then Ilium's dauntless sons,
 Seeing Ulysses' blood, exhorted glad
 Each other, and, with force united, all
 Press'd on him. He, retiring, summon'd loud
 His followers. Thrice, loud as a mortal may, 560
 He call'd, and valiant Menelaus thrice
 Hearing the voice, to Ajax thus remark'd.

Illustrious son of Telamon! The voice
 Of Laertiades comes o'er my ear

With such a found, as if the hardy chief,
 Abandon'd of his friends, were overpower'd
 By numbers intercepting his retreat.

Haste! force we quick a passage through the ranks.
 His worth demands our succour, for I fear
 Left sole conflicting with the host of Troy,
 Brave as he is, he perish, to the loss
 Unspeakable and long regret of Greece.

So saying, he went, and Ajax, godlike Chief,
 Follow'd him. At the voice arrived, they found
 Ulysses Jove-belov'd compass'd about

By Trojans, as the lynxes in the hills,
 Adult for blood, compass an antler'd stag
 Pierced by an archer; while his blood is warm
 And his limbs pliable, from him he 'scapes;
 But when the feather'd barb hath quell'd his force,
 In some dark hollow of the mountain's side,

The hungry troop devour him; chance, the while,
 Conducts a lion thither, before whom
 All vanish; and the lion feeds alone;

So swarm'd the Trojan pow'rs, num'rous and bold,
 Around Ulysses, who with wary skill
 Heroic combated his evil day.

But Ajax came cover'd with his broad shield
 That seem'd a tow'r, and at Ulysses' side
 Stood fast; then fled the Trojans wide-dispers'd,

And Menelaus led him by the hand
 'Till his own chariot to his aid approach'd.

But Ajax, springing on the Trojans, slew
 Doryclus, from the loins of Priam sprung,

But

But spurious. Pandocus he wounded next, 595
 Then wounded Pyrahus, and after him
 Pylartes and Lyfander. As a flood
 Runs headlong from the mountains to the plain
 After long show'rs from Jove; many a dry oak
 And many a pine the torrent sweeps along, 600
 And, turbid, shoots much soil into the sea,
 So, glorious Ajax troubled wide the field,
 Horse and man slaughter'd, whereof Hector yet
 Heard not; for on the left of all the war
 He fought beside Scamander, where around 605
 Huge Nestor, and Idomeneus the brave,
 Most deaths were dealt, and loudest roar'd the fight.
 There Hector toil'd, feats wonderful of spear
 And horsemanship achieving, and the lines
 Of many a phalanx desolating wide. 610
 Nor even then had the bold Greeks retired,
 But that an arrow triple-barb'd, dispatch'd
 By Paris, Helen's mate, against the Chief
 Machaon warring with distinguish'd force,
 Pierc'd his right shoulder. For his sake alarm'd, 615
 The valour-breathing Grecians fear'd, lest he
 In that disastrous field should also fall.
 At once, Idomeneus of Crete approach'd
 The noble Nestor, and him thus bespake.
 Arise, Nemean Nestor! Pride of Greece! 620
 Ascend thy chariot, and, Machaon placed
 Beside thee, bear him, instant, to the fleet.
 For one, so skill'd in medicine, and to free
 Th' inherent barb, is worth a multitude.

He

He said, nor the Gerenian hero old 625
 Aught hesitated, but into his feat
 Ascended, and Machaon, son renown'd
 Of Æsculapius, mounted at his side.

He lash'd the steeds, they not unwilling fought
 The hollow ships, long their familiar home. 630

Cebriones, meantime, the charioteer
 Of Hector, from his seat the Trojan ranks
 Observing fore discomfited, began.

Here are we busied, Hector! on the skirts
 Of roaring battle, and meantime I see 635
 Our host confused, their horses and themselves
 All mingled. Telamonian Ajax there
 Routs them; I know the hero by his shield.
 Haste, drive we thither, for the carnage most
 Of horse and foot conflicting furious, there 640
 Rages, and infinite the shouts arise.

He said, and with shrill-sounding scourge the steeds
 Smote ample-maned; they, at the sudden stroke
 Through both hosts whirl'd the chariot, shields and men
 Trampling; with blood the axle underneath 645
 All redden'd, and the chariot-rings with drops
 From the horse-hoofs, and from the fellied wheels.
 Full on the multitude he drove, on fire
 To burst the phalanx, and confusion sent
 Among the Greeks, for * nought he shunn'd the spear.
 All quarters else with faulchion or with lance, 651

* This interpretation of—*μινυυθα δε χαζιλο δερος*—is taken from the Scholium by Villoison.—It differs from those of Clarke, Eustathius, and another Scholiast quoted by Clarke, but seems to suit the context much better than either.

Or with huge stones he ranged, but cautious flum'd
Th' encounter of the Telamonian Chief.

But the eternal father throned on high
With fear fill'd Ajax; panic-fixt he stood, 655
His sev'n-fold shield behind his shoulder cast,
And hemm'd by numbers, with an eye askant,
Watchful retreated. As a beast of prey
Retiring, turns and looks, so he his face
Turn'd oft, retiring slow, and step by step. 660
As when the watch-dogs and assembled swains
Have driv'n a tawny lion from the stalls,
Then, interdicting him his wish'd repast,
Watch all the night, he, famish'd, yet again
Comes furious on, but speeds not, kept aloof 665
By frequent spears from daring hands, but more
By flash of torches, which, though fierce, he dreads,
'Till, at the dawn, fullen he stalks away;
So from before the Trojans Ajax stalk'd
Sullen, and with reluctance slow retir'd, 670
His brave heart trembling for the fleet of Greece.
As when (the boys o'erpow'r'd) a sluggish ass,
On whose tough sides they have spent many a staff,
Enters the harvest, and the spiry ears
Crops persevering; with their rods the boys 675
Still ply him hard, but all their puny might
Scarce drives him forth when he hath browzed his fill,
So, there, the Trojans and their foreign aids
With glitt'ring lances keen huge Ajax urged,
His broad shield's centre smiting. He, by turns, 680
With desp'rate force the Trojan phalanx dense

Facing, repulsed them, and by turns he fled,
But still forbad all inroad on the fleet.

Trojans and Greeks between, alone, he stood
A bulwark. Spears from daring hands dismiss'd 685
Some, piercing his broad shield, there planted stood,
While others, in the midway falling, spent
Their disappointed rage deep in the ground.

Eurypylus, Evæmon's noble son,
Him seeing, thus, with weapons overwhelm'd 690
Flew to his side, his glitt'ring lance dismiss'd,
And Apisaon, son of Phanias, struck
Under the midriff; through his liver pass'd
The ruthless point, and, falling, he expired.

Forth sprang Eurypylus to seize the spoil; 695
Whom soon as godlike Alexander saw
Despoiling Apisaon of his arms,
Drawing incontinent, his bow, he sent
A shaft to his right thigh; the brittle reed
Snapp'd, and the rankling barb stuck fast within. 700
Terrified at the stroke, the wounded Chief
To his own band retired, but, as he went,
With echoing voice call'd on the Danaï—

Friends! Counsellors, and leaders of the Greeks!
Turn ye and stand, and from his dreadful lot 705
Save Ajax whelm'd with weapons; 'scape, I judge,
He cannot from the roaring fight, yet oh
Stand fast around him; save, if save ye may,
Your champion huge, the Telamonian Chief!

So spake the wounded warrior. They at once 710
With sloping bucklers, and with spears erect,

To

To his relief approached. Ajax with joy
The friendly phalanx join'd, then turn'd and stood.

Thus burn'd th' imbattled field as with the flames
Of a devouring fire. Meantime afar

715

From all that tumult the Neleian mares
Bore Nestor, foaming as they ran, with whom
Machaon also rode, leader revered.

Achilles mark'd him passing; for he stood
Exalted on his huge ship's lofty stern,
Spectator of the toil severe, and flight
Deplorable of the defeated Greeks.

720

He call'd his friend Patroclus. He below
Within his tent the sudden summons heard
And sprang like Mars abroad, all unaware
That in that sound he heard the voice of fate.
Him first Menœtius' gallant son address'd.

725

What would Achilles? Wherefore hath he call'd?
To whom Achilles swiftest of the swift:

Brave Menœtiades! my soul's delight!
Soon will the Grecians now my knees surround
Suppliant, by dread extremity constrain'd.

730

But fly Patroclus, haste, oh dear to Jove!
Enquire of Nestor, whom he hath convey'd
From battle, wounded? Viewing him behind,
I most believed him Æsculapius' son

735

Machaon, but the steeds so swiftly pass'd
My galley, that his face escap'd my note.

He said, and prompt to gratify his friend,
Forth ran Patroclus through the camp of Greece.

740

Now when Neleian Nestor to his tent

Had brought Machaon, they alighted both,
 And the old hero's friend Eurymedon
 Releas'd the courfers. On the beach awhile
 Their tunics fweat-imbued in the cool air 745
 They ventilated, facing full the breeze,
 Then on foft couches in the tent reposed.
 Meantime, their bev'rage Hecamede mix'd,
 The old King's bright-haired captive, whom he brought
 From Tenedos, what time Achilles sack'd 750
 The city, daughter of the noble Chief
 Arfinoüs, and felected from the reft
 For Neftor, as the honourable meed
 Of counfels always eminently wife.
 She, firft, before them placed a table bright, 755
 With feet cærulean; thirft-provoking fauce
 She brought them alfo in a brazen tray,
 Garlick and honey new, and facred meal.
 Befide them, next, fhe placed a noble cup
 Of labour exquisite, which from his home 760
 The antient King had brought with golden ftuds
 Embellish'd; it prefented to the grafp
 Four ears; two golden turtles, perch'd on each,
 Seem'd feeding, and two * turtles form'd the bafe.
 That cup once fill'd, all others muft have toil'd 765
 To move it from the board, but it was light
 In Neftor's hand; he lifted it with eafe.
 The graceful virgin in that cup a draught

* I have interpreted the very ambiguous words *δωδ' ὑποπυθμενες ἦσαν* according to Athenæus as quoted by Clarke, and his interpretation of them is confirmed by the Scholium in the Venetian edition of the Iliad, lately published by Villoiffon.

Mix'd for them, Pramnian wine and fav'ry cheefe
 Of goat's milk, grated with a brazen rasp, 770
 Then sprinkled all with meal. The draught prepared,
 She gave it to their hand; they, drinking, flaked
 Their fiery thirst, and with each other fat
 Conversing friendly, when the Godlike youth
 By brave Achilles sent, stood at the door. 775

Him seeing, Nestor from his splendid couch
 Arose, and by the hand leading him in
 Entreated him to sit, but that request
 Patroclus, on his part refusing, said,

Oh venerable King! no feat is here 780
 For me, nor may thy courtesy prevail.
 He is irascible, and to be fear'd
 Who bade me ask what Chieftain thou hast brought
 From battle, wounded; but untold I learn;
 I see Machaon, and shall now report 785
 As I have seen; oh antient King revered!
 Thou know'st Achilles fiery, and propense
 Blame to impute even where blame is none.

To whom the brave Gerenian thus reply'd
 Why feels Achilles for the wounded Greeks 790
 Such deep concern? He little knows the height
 To which our sorrows swell. Our noblest lie
 By spear or arrow wounded in the fleet.
 Diomede, warlike son of Tydeus, bleeds
 Gall'd by a shaft; Ulysses, glorious Chief, 795
 And *Agamemnon suffer by the spear;

* It would have suited the dignity of Agamemnon's rank to have mentioned *his* wound first; but Nestor making this recital to the *friend* of Achilles names him slightly, and without any addition.

Eurypylos is shot into the thigh,
 And here lies still another newly brought
 By me from fight, pierced also by a shaft.
 What then? How strong foe'er to give them aid 800
 Achilles feels no pity of the Greeks.
 Waits he 'till ev'ry vessel on the shore
 Fired, in despite of the whole Argive host,
 Be sunk in it's own ashes, and ourselves
 All perish, heaps on heaps? For in my limbs 805
 No longer lives th' agility of my youth.
 Oh for the vigour of those days again,
 When Elis, for her cattle which we took,
 Strove with us, and Itymoneus I flew,
 Brave offspring of Hypirochus; he dwelt 810
 In Elis, and while I the pledges drove,
 Stood for his herd, but fell among the first
 By a spear hurl'd from my victorious arm.
 Then fled the rustic multitude, and we
 Drove off abundant booty from the plain, 815
 Herds fifty of fat beeves, large flocks of goats
 As many, with as many sheep and swine,
 And full thrice fifty mares of brightest hue,
 All breeders, many with their foals beneath.
 All these, by night returning safe, we drove 820
 Into Neleian Pylus, and the heart
 Rejoiced of Neleus, in a son so young
 A warrior, yet enrich'd with such a prize.
 At early dawn the heralds summon'd loud
 The citizens, to prove their just demands 825
 On fruitful Elis, and th' assembled Chiefs

Division made (for num'rous were the debts
 Which the Epeans, in the weak estate
 Of the unpeopled Pylus, had incurr'd;
 For Hercules, few years before, had * sack'd 830
 Our city, and our mightiest slain. Ourselves
 The gallant sons of Neleus, were in all
 Twelve youths, of whom myself alone survived;
 The rest all perish'd; whence, presumptuous grown,
 The brazen-mail'd Epeans wrong'd us oft. 835
 An herd of beeves my father for himself
 Selected, and a num'rous flock beside,
 Three hundred sheep, with shepherds for them all.
 For he a claimant was of large arrears
 From sacred Elis. Four unrivall'd steeds 840
 With his own chariot to the games he sent,
 That should contend for the appointed prize
 A tripod; but Augeias, King of men,
 Detain'd the steeds, and sent the charioteer
 Defrauded home. My father, therefore, fired 845
 At such foul outrage both of deeds and words,
 Took much, and to the Pylians gave the rest
 For satisfaction of the claims of all.
 While thus we busied were in these concerns,
 And in performance of religious rites 850
 Throughout the city, came th' Epeans arm'd,
 Their whole vast multitude both horse and foot
 On the third day; came also clad in brags

* It is said that the Thebans having war with the people of Orchomenos, the Pylians assisted the latter, for which cause Hercules destroyed their city.—See Scholium per Villoiffon.

The two Molions, inexpert as yet
 In feats of arms, and of a boyish age. 855
 There is a city on a mountain's head,
 Fast by the banks of Alpheus, far remote,
 The utmost town which sandy Pylus owns,
 Named Thryoëssa, and, with ardour fir'd
 To lay it waste, that city they besieged. 860
 Now when their host had traversed all the plain,
 Minerva from Olympus flew by night
 And bade us arm; nor were the Pylians slow
 T' assemble, but impatient for the fight.
 Me, then, my father suffer'd not to arm, 865
 But hid my steeds, for he supposed me raw
 As yet, and ignorant how war is waged.
 Yet, even thus, unvantaged and on foot,
 Superior honours I that day acquired
 To theirs who rode, for Pallas led me on 870
 Herself to victory. There is a stream
 Which at Arena falls into the sea,
 Named Minuëius; on that river's bank
 The Pylian horsemen waited day's approach,
 And thither all our foot came pouring down. 875
 The flood divine of Alpheus thence we reach'd
 At noon, all arm'd complete; there, hallow'd rites
 We held to Jove omnipotent, and slew
 A bull to sacred Alpheus, with a bull
 To Neptune, and an heifer of the herd 880
 To Pallas; then, all marshal'd as they were,
 From van to rear our legions took repast,
 And at the river's side slept on their arms.

Already the Epean host had round
 Begirt the city, bent to lay it waste, 885
 A task which cost them, first, both blood and toil.
 For when the radiant sun on the green earth
 Had ris'n, with pray'r to Pallas and to Jove,
 We gave them battle. When the Pylian host
 And the Epeans thus were close engaged, 890
 I first a warrior flew, Mulus the brave,
 And seized his courfers. He the eldest-born
 Of King Angeias' daughters had espoused
 The golden Agamede; not an herb
 The spacious earth yields but she knew its pow'rs. 895
 Him, rushing on me, with my brazen lance
 I smote, and in the dust he fell; I leap'd
 Into his feat, and drove into the van.
 A panic seiz'd th' Epeans when they saw
 The leader of their horse o'erthrown, a Chief 900
 Surpassing all in fight. Black as a cloud
 With whirlwind fraught, I drove impetuous on,
 Took fifty chariots, and at side of each
 Lay two slain warriors, with their teeth the foil
 Grinding, all vanquish'd by my single arm. 905
 I had slain also the Molions, sons
 Of Actor, but the Sov'reign of the deep
 Their own authentic Sire, in darkness dense
 Involving both, convey'd them safe away.
 Then Jove a victory of prime renown 910
 Gave to the Pylians; for we chased and flew
 And gather'd spoil o'er all the champain spread
 With scattered shields, 'till we our steeds had driv'n

To the Buprasian fields laden with corn,
 To the Olenian rock, and to a town 915
 In fair Colona situate, and named
 Alefia. There it was that Pallas turn'd
 Our people homeward; there I left the last
 Of all the slain, and he was slain by me.
 Then drove th' Achaians from Buprasium home 920
 Their courfers fleet, and Jove, of Gods above,
 Received most praise, Nestor of men below.
 Such once was I. But brave Achilles shuts
 His virtues close, an unimparted store;
 Yet even he shall weep, when all the host, 925
 His fellow-warriors once, shall be destroy'd.
 But recollect, young friend! the sage advice
 Which when thou cam'st from Phthia to the aid
 Of Agamemnon, on that self same day
 Menœtius gave thee. We were present there, 930
 Ulysses and myself, both in the house,
 And heard it all; for to the house we came
 Of Pelcus in our journey through the land
 Of fertile Greece, gath'ring her states to war.
 We found thy noble fire Menœtius there, 935
 Thee and Achilles; antient Pelcus stood
 To Jove the Thund'rer off'ring in his court
 Thighs of an ox, and on the blazing rites
 Libation pouring from a cup of gold.
 While ye on preparation of the feast 940
 Attended both, Ulysses and myself
 Stood in the vestibule; Achilles flew
 Toward us, introduced us by the hand,

And,

And, feating us, fuch lib'ral portion gave
 To each, as hospitality requires. 945
 Our thirft, at length, and hunger both fufficed,
 I, foremoft fpeaking, afk'd you to the wars,
 And ye were eager both, but from your fires
 Much admonition, ere ye went, received.
 Old Peleus charged Achilles to afpire 950
 To higheft praife, and always to excell.
 But thee, thy fire Menoëtius thus advifed.
 " My fon ! Achilles boasts the nobler birth,
 " But Thou art elder ; He in ftrength excells
 " Thee far ; Thou, therefore, with difcretion rule 955
 " His inexperience ; thy advice impart
 " With gentlenefs ; instruction wife fuggelt
 " Wifely, and thou fhalt find him apt to learn."
 So thee thy father taught, but, as it feems,
 In vain ; yet even now effay to move 960
 Warlike Achilles ; if the Gods fo pleafe,
 Who knows but that thy reafons may prevail
 To rouse his valiant heart ? men rarely fcorn
 The earneft interceffion of a friend.
 But if fome prophecy alarm his fears, 965
 And from his Goddefs mother he have aught
 Received, who may have learnt the fame from Jove,
 Thee let him fend at leaft, and order forth
 With thee the Myrmidons ; a dawn of hope
 Shall thence, it may be, on our hoft arife. 970
 And let him fend thee to the battle clad
 In his own radiant armour ; Troy, deceived
 By fuch refemblance, fhall abftain perchance

From conflict, and the weary Greeks enjoy
Short respite ; it is all that war allows. 975

Fresh as ye are, ye, by your shouts alone,
May easily repulse an army spent
With labour, from the camp and from the fleet.

Thus Nestor, and his mind bent to his words.
Back to Æacides through all the camp 980

He ran ; and when, still running, he arrived
Among Ulysses' barks, where they had fix'd
The forum, where they minister'd the laws,
And had erected altars to the Gods,

There him Eurypylus, Evæmon's son 985

Illustrious met, deep-wounded in his thigh,
And halting back from battle. From his head
The sweat, and from his shoulders ran profuse,
And from his perilous wound the fable blood
Continual stream'd ; yet was his mind compos'd. 990

Him seeing, Menœtiades the brave
Compassion felt, and, mournful, thus began.

Ah hapless senators and Chiefs of Greece !
Left ye your native country that the dogs
Might fatten on your flesh at distant Troy ? 995

But tell me, Hero ! say, Eurypylus !
Have the Achaians pow'r still to withstand
Th' enormous force of Hector, or is this
The moment when his spear must pierce us all ?

To whom Eurypylus, discrete, replied. 1000

Patroclus, dear to Jove ! there is no help,
No remedy. We perish at our ships.
The warriors, once most strenuous of the Greeks,

Lie wounded in the fleet by foes whose might
 Encreases ever. But thyself afford 1005

To me some succour; lead me to my ship;
 Cut forth the arrow from my thigh; the gore
 With warm ablution cleanse, and on the wound
 Smooth unguents spread, the same as by report
 Achilles taught thee; taught, himself, their use 1010
 By Chiron, Centaur, justest of his kind.

For Podalirius and Machaon both
 Are occupied. Machaon, as I judge,
 Lies wounded in his tent, needing like aid
 Himself, and Podalirius in the field 1015
 Maintains sharp conflict with the sons of Troy.

To whom Menœtius' gallant son replied.

Hero! Eurypylus! how shall we act
 In this perplexity? what course pursue?
 I seek the brave Achilles, to whose ear 1020
 I bear a message from the antient Chief
 Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks.
 Yet will I not, even for such a cause,
 My friend! abandon thee in thy distress.

He ended, and his arms folding around 1025
 The warrior, bore him thence into his tent.
 His servant, on his entrance, spread the floor
 With hides, on which Patroclus at his length
 Extended him, and with his knife cut forth
 The rankling point; with tepid lotion, next, 1030
 He cleansed the gore, and with a bitter root
 Bruised small between his palms, sprinkled the wound.
 At once, the anodyne his pains assuaged,
 The wound was dried within, and the blood ceas'd.

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

T W E L F T H B O O K.

The Trojans assail the ramparts, and Hector forces the gates.

B O O K X I I.

SO was Menœtius' valiant son employ'd
 Healing Eurypylos. The Greeks, meantime,
 And Trojans with tumultuous fury fought.
 Nor was the fofs ordain'd long time to exclude
 The host of Troy, nor yet the rampart built 5
 Beside it for protection of the fleet;
 For hecatomb the Greeks had offer'd none,
 Nor pray'r to heav'n, that it might keep secure
 Their ships with all their spoils. The mighty work
 As in defiance of the Immortal Pow'rs 10
 Had ris'n, and could not, therefore, long endure.
 While Hector liv'd, and while Achilles held
 His wrathful purpose; while the city yet
 Of royal Priam was unfack'd, so long
 The massy structure stood; but when the best 15
 And bravest of the Trojan host were slain,
 And of the Grecian heroes, some had fall'n
 And some surviv'd, when Priam's tow'rs had blaz'd
 In the tenth year, and to their native shores

The

The Grecians with their ships, at length, return'd, 20

Then Neptune, with Apollo leagued, devis'd

Its ruin; every river that descends

From the Idæan heights into the sea

They brought against it, gath'ring all their force,

Rhesus, Carefus, Rhodius, the wide-branched 25

Heptaporus, Æsepus, Granicus,

Scamander's sacred current, and thy stream

Simöis, whose banks with helmets and with shields

Were strew'd, and Chiefs of origin divine;

All these with reflux course Apollo drove 30

Nine days against the rampart, and Jove rain'd

Incessant, that the Grecian wall wave-whelm'd

Through all its length might sudden disappear.

Neptune with his tridental mace, himself,

Led them, and beam and buttress to the flood 35

Consigning, laid by the laborious Greeks,

Swept the foundation, and the level bank

Of the swift-rolling Hellespont restor'd.

The structure thus effac'd, the spacious beach

He spread with sand as at the first; then bade 40

Subside the streams, and in their channels wind

With limpid course, and pleasant as before.

Apollo thus and Neptune, from the first,

Design'd its fall; but now the battle raved

And clamours of the warriors all around 45

The strong-built turrets, whose assaulted planks

Rang, while the Grecians, by the scourge of Jove

Subdu'd, stood close within their fleet immur'd,

At Hector's phalanx-scatt'ring force appall'd.

He,

He, as before, with whirlwind fury fought. 50
 As when the boar or lion fiery-eyed
 Turns short, the hunters and the hounds among,
 The close-imbattled troop him firm oppose,
 And ply him fast with spears; he no dismay
 Conceives or terror in his noble heart, 55
 But by his courage falls; frequent he turns
 Attempting bold the ranks, and where he points
 Direct his onset, there the ranks retire;
 So, through the concourse, on his rolling wheels
 Borne rapid, Hector animated loud 60
 His fellow-warriors to surpass the trench.
 But not his own swift-footed steeds would dare
 That hazard; standing on the dang'rous brink
 They neigh'd aloud, for by its breadth the foss
 Deterr'd them; neither was the effort slight 65
 To leap that gulph, nor easy the attempt
 To pass it through; steep were the banks profound
 On both sides, and with massy piles acute
 Thick-planted, interdicting all assault.
 No courser to the rapid chariot braced 70
 Had enter'd there with ease; yet strong desires
 Possess'd the infantry of that emprise,
 And thus Polydamas the ear address'd
 Of dauntless Hector, standing at his side.
 Hector, and ye the leaders of our host, 75
 Both Trojans and allies! rash the attempt
 I deem, and vain, to push our horses through,
 So dang'rous is the pass; rough is the trench
 With pointed flakes, and the Achaian wall

Meets us beyond. No chariot may descend 80

Or charioteer fight there; straight are the bounds,
And incommodious, and his death were sure.

If Jove, high-thund'ring Ruler of the skies,

Will succour Ilium, and nought less intend

Than utter devastation of the Greeks, 85

I am content; now perish all their host

Inglorious, from their country far remote.

But should they turn, and should ourselves be driv'n

Back from the fleet impeded and perplex'd

In this deep foss, I judge that not a man, 90

'Scaping the rallied Grecians, should survive

To bear the tidings of our fate to Troy.

Now, therefore, act we all as I advise.

Let ev'ry charioteer his courfers hold

Fast-rein'd beside the foss, while we on foot, 95

With order undisturb'd and arms in hand,

Shall follow Hector. If destruction borne

On wings of destiny this day approach

The Grecians, they will fly our first assault.

So spake Polydamas, whose safe advice 100

Pleas'd Hector; from his chariot to the ground

All arm'd he leap'd, nor would a Trojan there

(When once they saw the Hero on his feet)

Ride into battle, but, unanimous

Descending with a leap, all trod the plain. 105

Each gave command that at the trench his steeds

Should stand detain'd in orderly array;

Then, suddenly, the parted host became

Five bands, each following its appointed chief.

The bravest and most num'rous, and whose hearts 110
 Wish'd most to burst the barrier and to wage
 The battle at the ships, with Hector march'd
 And with Polydamas, whom follow'd, third,
 Cebriones; for Hector had his steeds
 Consign'd and chariot to inferior care. 115
 Paris, Alcathoüs, and Agenor led
 The second band, and, sons of Priam both,
 Deiphobus and Helenus, the third;
 With them was seen, partner of their command,
 The Hero Afius; from Arifba came 120
 Afius Hyrtacides, to battle drawn
 From the Selleis' banks by martial steeds
 Haired fiery-red and of the noblest size.
 The fourth, Anchifes' mighty son controul'd,
 Æneas; under him Antenor's sons, 125
 Archilochus and Acamas, advanced,
 Adept in all the practice of the field.
 Last came the glorious pow'rs in league with Troy
 Led by Sarpedon; he with Glaucus shar'd
 His high controul, and with the warlike Chief 130
 Asteropæus; for of all his host
 Them bravest he esteem'd, himself except
 Superior in heroic might to all.
 And now, (their shields adjusted each to each)
 With dauntless courage fired, right on they mov'd 135
 Against the Grecians; nor expected less
 Than that, beside their fable ships, the host
 Should self-abandon'd fall an easy prey.

The

The Trojans, thus, with their confed'rate pow'rs,
 The counfel of the accomplifh'd Prince purfued, 140
 Polydamas, one Chief alone except,
 Afius Hyrtacides. He fcorn'd to leave
 His charioteer and courfers at the trench,
 And drove toward the fleet. Ah, madly brave!
 His evil hour was come; he was ordain'd 145
 With horfe and chariot and triumphant fhout
 To enter wind-fwept Ilium never more.
 Deucalion's offspring, firft, into the fhades
 Difmifs'd him; by Idomeneus he died.
 Leftward he drove furious, along the road 150
 By which the fteeds and chariots of the Greeks
 Return'd from battle; in that track he flew,
 Nor found the portals by the mafsy bar
 Secur'd, but open for reception fafe
 Of fugitives, and to a guard confign'd. 155
 Thither he drove direct, and in his rear
 His band fhriU-fhouting follow'd, for they judg'd
 The Greeks no longer able to withftand
 Their foes, but fure to perifh in the camp.
 Vain hope! for in the gate two Chiefs they found 160
 Lapithæ-born, courageous offspring each
 Of dauntlefs father; Polypœtes, this,
 Sprung from Pirithôus; that, the warrior bold
 Leonteus, terrible as gore-tainted Mars.
 Thefe two, defenders of the lofty gates, 165
 Stood firm before them. As when two tall oaks
 On the high mountains day by day endure
 Rough wind and rain, by deep-defcending roots

Of hugest growth fast-founded in the soil ;
 So they, sustain'd by conscious valour, saw, 170
 Unmov'd, high tow'ring Aïus on his way,
 Nor fear'd him aught, nor shrunk from his approach.
 Right on toward the barrier, lifting high
 Their season'd bucklers and with clamour loud
 The band advanced, King Aïus at their head, 175
 With whom Iämenus, expert in arms,
 Orestes, Thöon, Acämas the son
 Of Aïus, and Oenomäus, led them on.
 'Till now, the warlike pair, exhorting loud
 The Grecians to defend the fleet, had stood 180
 Within the gates ; but soon as they perceiv'd
 The Trojans swift advancing to the wall,
 And heard a cry from all the flying Greeks,
 Both falling, before the gates they fought
 Like forest-boars, which hearing in the hills 185
 The crash of hounds and huntsmen nigh at hand,
 With start oblique lay many a saplin flat
 Short-broken by the root, nor cease to grind
 Their founding tusks, 'till by the spear they die ;
 So founded on the breasts of those brave Two 190
 The smitten bras ; for resolute they fought,
 Embolden'd by their might who kept the wall,
 And trusting in their own ; they, in defence
 Of camp and fleet and life, thick batt'ry hurl'd
 Of stones precipitated from the tow'rs ; 195
 Frequent as snows they fell, which stormy winds,
 Driving the gloomy clouds, shake to the ground,
 'Till all the fertile earth lies cover'd deep.

Such

Such volley pour'd the Greeks, and such return'd
 The Trojans; casques of hide, arid and tough, 200
 And bossy shields rattled, by such a storm
 Affail'd of millstone masses from above.

Then Aïus, son of Hyrtacus, a groan
 Indignant utter'd; on both thighs he smote
 With disappointment furious, and exclaim'd, 205

Jupiter! even thou art false become,
 And altogether such. Full sure I deem'd
 That not a Grecian Hero should abide
 One moment force invincible as ours,
 And lo! as wasps * ring-straked, or bees that build 210
 Their dwellings in the highway's craggy side
 Leave not their hollow home, but fearless wait
 The hunter's coming, in their brood's defence,
 So these, although two only, from the gates
 Move not, or will, 'till either seized or slain. 215

So Aïus spake, but speaking so, changed not
 The mind of Jove on Hector's glory bent.
 Others, as obstinate, at other gates
 Such deeds perform'd, that to enum'rate all
 Were difficult, unless to pow'r divine. 220

For fierce the hail of stones from end to end
 Smote on the barrier; anguish fill'd the Greeks,
 Yet, by necessity constrain'd, their ships
 They guarded still; nor less the Gods themselves,
 Patrons of Greece, all sorrow'd at the fight. 225

* The word is of scripture use: see Gen. ch. xxx. where it describes the cattle of Jacob.

At once the valiant Lapithæ began
 Terrible conflict, and Pirithous' son
 Brave Polypætes through his helmet pierced
 Damafus; his resplendent point the brass
 Sufficed not to withstand; ent'ring, it crush'd 230
 The bone within, and mingling all his brain
 With his own blood, his onset fierce repress'd.
 Pylon and Ormenus he next subdued.
 Meantime Leonteus, branch of Mars, his spear
 Hurl'd at Hippomachus, whom through his belt 235
 He pierced; then drawing forth his faulchion keen,
 Through all the multitude he flew to smite
 Antiphates, and with a downright stroke
 Fell'd him. Iâmenus and Menon next
 He flew, with brave Orestes, whom he heap'd, 240
 All three together, on the fertile glebe.

While them the Lapithæ of their bright arms
 Despoil'd, Polydamas and Hector stood
 (With all the bravest youths and most resolv'd
 To burst the barrier and to fire the fleet) 245
 Beside the foss, pondering the event.
 For, while they press'd to pass, they spied a bird
 Sublime in air, an eagle. Right between
 Both hosts he soar'd (the Trojan on his left)
 A serpent bearing in his pounces clutch'd 250
 Enormous, dripping blood, but lively still
 And mindful of revenge; for from beneath
 The eagle's breast, updarting fierce his head,
 Fast by the throat he struck him; anguish-sick

The

The eagle cast him down into the space 255
Between the hofts, and, clanging loud his plumes,
As the wind bore him, floated far away.

Shudder'd the Trojans viewing at their feet
The spotted serpent ominous, and thus
Polydamas to dauntless Hector spake. 260

Oftimes in council, Hector, thou art wont
To censure me, although advising well ;
Nor ought the private citizen, I confess,
Either in council or in war to indulge
Loquacity, but ever to employ 265

All his exertions in support of thine.
Yet hear my best opinion once again.
Proceed we not in our attempt against
The Grecian fleet. For if in truth the sign
Respect the host of Troy ardent to pass, 270

Then, as the eagle soar'd both hofts between,
With Ilium's on his left, and clutch'd a snake
Enormous, dripping blood, but still alive,
Which yet he dropp'd suddenly, ere he reach'd
His eyry, or could give it to his young, 275

So we, although with mighty force we burst
Both gates and barrier, and although the Greeks
Should all retire, shall never yet the way
Tread honourably back by which we came.

No. Many a Trojan shall we leave behind 280
Slain by the Grecians in their fleet's defence.

An augur skill'd in omens would expound
This omen thus, and faith would win from all.

To whom, dark-louring, Hector thus replied.
 Polydamas! I like not thy advice; 285
 Thou could'st have framed far better; but if this
 Be thy delib'rate judgement, then the Gods
 Make thy delib'rate judgement nothing worth,
 Who bidd'st me disregard the Thundrer's firm
 *Assurance to myself announced, and make 290
 The wild inhabitants of air my guides,
 Which I alike despise, speed they their course
 With right-hand flight toward the ruddy East,
 Or leftward down into the shades of eve.
 Consider ~~we~~ the will of Jove alone, 295
 Sov'reign of heav'n and earth. Omens abound,
 But the best omen is our country's cause.
 Wherefore should fiery war *thy* foul alarm?
 For were we slaughter'd, one and all, around
 The fleet of Greece, *thou* need'st not fear to die, 300
 Whose courage never will thy flight retard.
 But if thou shrink thyself, or by smooth speech
 Seduce one other from a soldier's part,
 Pierced by this spear incontinent thou die'st.
 So saying he led them, who with deaf'ning roar 305
 Follow'd him. Then, from the Idæan hills
 Jove hurl'd a storm which wafted right the dust
 Into the fleet; the spirits too he quell'd
 Of the Achaians, and the glory gave
 To Hector and his host; they, trusting firm 310
 In signs from Jove, and in their proper force,

* Alluding to the message delivered to him from Jupiter by Iris.

Affay'd the barrier; from the tow'rs they tore
 The gall'ries, cast the battlements to ground,
 And the projecting buttresses adjoin'd
 To strengthen the vast work, with bars upheaved. 315
 All these, with expectation fierce to break
 The rampart, down they drew; nor yet the Greeks
 Gave back, but, fencing close with shields the wall,
 Smote from behind them many a foe beneath.
 Meantime from tow'r to tow'r th' Ajaces moved 320
 Exhorting all, with mildness some, and some
 With harsh rebuke, whom they observ'd through fear
 Declining base the labours of the fight.

Friends! Argives! warriors of whatever rank!
 Ye who excel, and ye of humbler note! 325
 And ye the last and least! (for such there are,
 All have not magnanimity alike,)
 Now have we work for all, as all perceive.
 Turn not, retreat not to your ships, appall'd
 By founding menaces, but press the foe; 330
 Exhort each other, and e'en now perchance
 Olympian Jove, by whom the lightnings burn,
 Shall grant us to repulse them, and to chase
 The routed Trojans to their gates again.

So they vociferating to the Greeks, 335
 Stirr'd them to battle. As the feath'ry snows
 Fall frequent, on some wint'ry day, when Jove
 Hath ris'n to shed them on the race of man,
 And show his arrowy stores; he lulls the winds,
 Then shakes them down continual, cov'ring thick 340
 Mountain tops, promontories, flow'ry meads,

And cultured valleys rich ; the ports and shores
 Receive it also of the hoary Deep,
 But there the waves bound it, while all beside
 Lies whelm'd beneath Jove's fast-descending show'r, 345
 So thick, from side to side, by Trojans hurl'd
 Against the Greeks, and by the Greeks return'd
 The stony vollies flew ; resounding loud
 Through all its length the batter'd rampart roar'd.
 Nor yet had Hector and his host prevail'd 350
 To burst the gates, and break the massy bar,
 Had not all-seeing Jove Sarpedon mov'd
 His son, against the Greeks, furious as falls
 The lion on some horned herd of bees.
 At once his polish'd buckler he advanced 355
 With leafy brags o'erlaid ; for with smooth brags
 The forger of that shield its oval disk
 Had plated, and with thickest hides throughout
 Had lined it, stitch'd with circling wires of gold.
 That shield he bore before him ; firmly grasp'd 360
 He shook two spears, and with determin'd strides
 March'd forward. As the lion mountain-bred,
 After long fast, by impulse of his heart
 Undaunted urged, seeks resolute the flock
 Ev'n in the shelter of their guarded home ; 365
 He finds, perchance, the shepherds arm'd with spears,
 And all their dogs awake, yet cannot leave
 Untried the fence, but either leaps it light,
 And ent'ring tears the prey, or in th' attempt
 Pierced by some dextrous peasant, bleeds himself ; 370
 So his high courage to th' assault impell'd

Godlike

Godlike Sarpedon, and him fir'd with hope
To break the barrier; when to Glaucus thus,
Son of Hippolochus, his speech he turn'd.

Why, Glaucus, is the feat of honour ours, 375
Why drink we brimming cups, and feast in state?
Why gaze they all on us as we were Gods
In Lycia, and why share we pleafant fields
And fpacious vineyards, where the Xanthus winds?
Distinguish'd thus in Lycia, we are call'd 380
To firmness here, and to encounter bold
The burning battle, that our fair report
Among the Lycians may be blazon'd thus—
No dastards are the potentates who rule
The bright-arm'd Lycians; on the fatted flock 385
They banquet, and they drink the richest wines,
But they are also valiant, and the fight
Wage dauntless in the vaward of us all.
Oh Glaucus, if escaping safe the death
That threatens us here, we also could escape 390
Old age, and to ourselves secure a life
Immortal, I would neither in the van
Myself expose, nor would encourage thee
To tempt the perils of the glorious field.
But since a thousand messengers of fate 395
Pursue us close, and man is born to die—
E'en let us on; the prize of glory yield,
If yield we must, or wrest it from the foe.

He said, nor cold refusal in return
Receiv'd from Glaucus, but toward the wall 400
Their num'rous Lycian host both led direct.

Menestheus, son of Peteos, saw appall'd
 Their dread approach, for to his tow'r they bent
 Their threat'ning march. An eager look he cast
 On the embodied Greeks, seeking some Chief 405
 Whose aid might turn the battle from his van:
 He saw, where never fated with exploits
 Of war, each Ajax fought, near whom his eye
 Kenn'd Teucer also, newly from his tent,
 But vain his efforts were with loudest call 410
 To reach their ears, such was the deaf'ning din
 Upsent to Heav'n, of shields and crested helms,
 And of the batter'd gates; for at each gate
 They thund'ring stood, and urged alike at each
 Their fierce attempt by force to burst the bars. 415
 To Ajax therefore he at once dispatch'd
 An herald, and Thöotes thus injoin'd.

My noble friend Thöotes! with all speed
 Call either Ajax; bid them hither both;
 Far better so; for havoc is at hand. 420
 The Lycian leaders, ever in assault
 Tempestuous, bend their force against this tow'r
 My station. But if also there they find
 Laborious conflict pressing them severe,
 At least let Telamonian Ajax come, 425
 And Teucer with his death-dispensing bow.

He spake, nor was Thöotes slow to hear;
 Beside the rampart of the mail-clad Greeks
 Rapid he flew, and, at their side arriv'd,
 To either Ajax, eager, thus began. 430

Ye

Ye leaders of the well-appointed Greeks,
 The son of noble Peteos calls; he begs
 With instant suit, that ye would share his toils,
 However short your stay; the aid of both
 Will serve him best, for havoc threatens there. 435

The Lycian leaders, ever in assault
 Tempestuous, bend their force toward the tow'r
 His station. But if also here ye find
 Laborious conflict pressing you severe,
 At least let Telamonian Ajax come, 440
 And Teucer with his death-dispensing bow.

He spake, nor his request the tow'ring son
 Of Telamon denied, but quick his speech
 To Ajax Oiliades address'd.

Ajax! abiding here, exhort ye both 445
 (Heroic Lycomedes and thyself)
 The Greeks to battle. Thither I depart
 To aid our friends, which service once perform'd
 Duly, I will incontinent return.

So saying, the Telamonian Chief withdrew, 450
 With whom went Teucer, son of the same fire,
 Pandion also, bearing Teucer's bow.

Arriving at the turret giv'n in charge
 To the bold Chief Menestheus, and the wall
 Ent'ring, they found their friends all sharply tried. 455

Black as a storm the senators renown'd
 And leaders of the Lycian host assail'd
 Buttress and tow'r, while opposite the Greeks
 Withstood them, and the battle-shout began.
 First, Ajax son of Telamon, a friend 460

And

And fellow-warrior of Sarpedon flew,
 Epicles. With a marble fragment huge
 That crown'd the battlement's interior side,
 He smote him. No man of our puny race,
 Although in prime of youth, had with both hands 465
 That weight sustain'd; but he the cumb'rous mass
 Uplifted high, and hurl'd it on his head.
 It burst his helmet, and his batter'd scull
 Dash'd from all form. He from the lofty tow'r
 Dropp'd downright, with a diver's plunge, and died. 470
 But Teucer wounded Glaucus with a shaft,
 Son of Hippolochus; he, climbing, bared
 His arm, which Teucer marking, from the wall
 Transfix'd it, and his onset fierce repress'd,
 For with a backward leap Glaucus withdrew 475
 Sudden and silent, cautious lest the Greeks
 Seeing him wounded should insult his pain.
 Grief seiz'd, at sight of his retiring friend,
 Sarpedon, who forgot not yet the fight,
 But piercing with his lance Alcmaon, son 480
 Of Thestor, suddenly revulsed the beam,
 Which following, Alcmaon to the earth
 Fell prone, with clangor of his brazen arms.
 Sarpedon, then, strenuous with both hands
 Tugg'd, and down fell the battlement entire; 485
 The wall, dismantled at the summit, stood
 A ruin, and wide chasm was open'd through.
 Then Ajax him and Teucer at one time
 Struck both; an arrow struck from Teucer's bow
 The belt that cross'd his bosom, by which hung 490
 His

His ample shield; yet left his son should fall
 Among the ships, Jove turn'd the death aside.
 But Ajax, springing to his thrust, a spear
 Drove through his shield. Sarpedon at the shock
 With backward step short interval recoil'd, 495
 But not retired, for in his bosom liv'd
 The hope of glory still, and, looking back
 On all his godlike Lycians, he exclaim'd,
 Oh Lycians! where is your heroic might?
 Brave as I boast myself, I feel the task 500
 Arduous, through the breach made by myself
 To win a passage to the ships, alone.
 Follow me all—Most lab'ers, most dispatch*.
 So he; at whose sharp reprimand abash'd
 Th' imbattled host to closer conflict mov'd, 505
 Obedient to their counsellor and King.
 On th' other side the Greeks within the wall
 Made firm the phalanx, seeing urgent need,
 Nor could the valiant Lycians through the breach
 Admittance to the Grecian fleet obtain, 510
 Nor, since they first approach'd it, had the Greeks
 With all their efforts, thrust the Lycians back.
 But as two claimants of one common field,
 Each with his rod of measurement in hand,
 Dispute the bound'ries, litigating warm 515
 Their right in some small portion of the soil,
 So they, divided by the barrier, struck
 With hostile rage the bull-hide bucklers round,

* *πλέονων δὲ τοι ἔργον αὐτίμου.*—This is evidently proverbial, for which reason I have given it that air in the translation.

And the light targets on each other's breast.
 Then many a wound the ruthless weapons made. 520
 Pierced through the unarm'd back, if any turn'd,
 He died, and num'rous even through the shield.
 The battlements from end to end with blood
 Of Grecians and of Trojans on both sides
 Were sprinkled; yet no violence could move 525
 The stubborn Greeks, or turn their pow'rs to flight.
 So hung the war in balance, as the scales
 Held by some woman scrupulously just,
 A spinner; wool and weight she poises nice,
 Hard-earning slender pittance for her babes, 530
 Such was the poise in which the battle hung,
 Till Jove himself superior fame, at length,
 To Priamæian Hector gave, who sprang
 First through the wall. In lofty sounds that reach'd
 Their utmost ranks, he call'd on all his host, 535
 Now press them, now ye Trojans feed-renown'd
 Rush on! break through the Grecian rampart, hurl
 At once devouring flames into the fleet.
 Such was his exhortation; they his voice
 All hearing, with close-order'd ranks direct 540
 Bore on the barrier, and upswarming show'd
 On the high battlement their glitt'ring spears.
 But Hector seiz'd a stone; of ample base
 But tap'ring to a point, before the gate
 It stood. No two men, mightiest of a land 545
 (Such men as now are mighty) could with ease
 Have heav'd it from the earth up to a wain;
 He swung it easily alone; so light

The son of Saturn made it in his hand.
 As in one hand with ease the shepherd bears 550
 A ram's fleece home, nor toils beneath the weight,
 So Hector, right toward the planks of those
 Majestic folding-gates, close-jointed, firm
 And solid, bore the stone. Two bars within
 Their corresponding force combined transverse 555
 To guard them, and one bolt secured the bars.
 He stood fast by them, parting wide his feet
 For 'vantage sake, and smote them in the midst.
 He burst both hinges; inward fell the rock
 Ponderous, and the portals roar'd; the bars 560
 Endur'd not, and the planks, riv'n by the force
 Of that huge mass, flew scatter'd on all sides.
 In leap'd the godlike Hero at the breach,
 Gloomy as night in aspect, but in arms
 All-dazzling, and he grasp'd two quiv'ring spears. 565
 Him ent'ring with a leap the gates, no force
 Whate'er of opposition had repres'd,
 Save of the Gods alone. Fire fill'd his eyes;
 Turning, he bade the multitude without
 Ascend the rampart; they his voice obey'd; 570
 Part climb'd the wall, part pour'd into the gate;
 The Grecians to their hollow galleys flew
 Scatter'd, and tumult infinite arose.

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

T H I R T E E N T H B O O K.

Neptune engages on the part of the Grecians. The battle proceeds. Deiphobus advances to combat, but is repulsed by Meriones, who losing his spear, repairs to his tent for another. Teucer slays Imbrius, and Hector Amphimachus. Neptune, under the similitude of Thoas, exhorts Idomeneus. Idomeneus having armed himself in his tent, and, going forth to battle, meets Meriones. After discourse held with each other, Idomeneus accommodates Meriones with a spear, and they proceed to battle. Idomeneus slays Othryoneus, and Asius. Deiphobus assails Idomeneus, but, his spear glancing over him, kills Hypsenor. Idomeneus slays Alcatheüs, son-in-law of Anchises. Deiphobus and Idomeneus respectively summon their friends to their assistance, and a contest ensues for the body of Alcatheüs.

B O O K XIII.

WHEN Jove to Hector and his host had giv'n
Such entrance to the fleet, to all the woes
And toils of unremitting battle there
He them abandon'd, and his glorious eyes
Averting, on the land look'd down remote
Of the horse-breeding Thracians, of the bold
Close-fighting Mysian race, and where abide
On milk sustain'd, and blest with length of days,
The Hippemolgi, justest of mankind.

5

No

No longer now on 'Troy his eyes he turn'd, 10
 For expectation none within his breast
 Survived, that God or Goddess would the Greeks
 Approach with succour, or the Trojans more.
 Nor Neptune, sov'reign of the boundless Deep,
 Look'd forth in vain; he on the summit sat 15
 Of Samothracia forest-crown'd, the fir
 Admiring thence and tempest of the field;
 For thence appear'd all Ida, thence the tow'rs
 Of lofty Ilium, and the fleet of Greece.
 There fitting from the deeps upris'n, he mourn'd 20
 The vanquish'd Grecians, and resentment fierce
 Conceived and wrath against all-ruling Jove.
 Arising fudden, down the rugged steep
 With rapid strides he came; the mountains huge
 And forests under the immortal feet 25
 Trembled of Ocean's Sov'reign as he strode.
 Three strides he made, the fourth convey'd him home
 To Ægæ. At the bottom of th' abyfs,
 There stands magnificent his golden fane,
 A dazzling incorruptible abode. 30
 Arrived, he to his chariot join'd his steeds
 Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and maned with wavy gold;
 Himself attiring next in gold, he seized
 His golden scourge, and to his feat sublime
 Ascending, o'er the billows drove; the whales 35
 Leaving their caverns, gambol'd on all sides
 Around him, not unconscious of their King;
 He swept the surge that tinged not as he pass'd
 His axle, and the sea parted for joy.

His bounding courfers to the Grecian fleet 40
 Convey'd him fwift. There is a fpacious cave
 Deep in the bottom of the flood, the rocks
 Of Imbrus rude and Tenedos between;
 There Neptune, fhaker of the fhores, his fleeds
 Station'd fecure; he loofed them from the yoke, 45
 Gave them ambrofial food, and bound their feet
 With golden tethers not to be untied
 Or broken, that unwand'ring they might wait
 Their Lord's return, then fought the Grecian hoft.
 The Trojans, tempeft-like or like a flame, 50
 Now, following Priameïan Hector, all
 Came furious on and fhouting to the fkies.
 Their hope was to poffefs the fleet, and leave
 Not an Achaian of the hoft unflain.
 But earth-encircler Neptune from the gulph 55
 Emerging, in the form and with the voice
 Loud-toned of Calchas, roused the Argive ranks
 To battle—and his exhortation firft
 To either Ajax turn'd, themfelves prepared.
 Ye heroes Ajax! your accustom'd force 60
 Exert, oh! think not of difaftrous flight,
 And ye fhall fave the people. Nought I fear
 Fatal elfewhere, although Troy's haughty fons
 Have pafs'd the barrier with fo fierce a throng
 Tumultuous; for the Grecians brazen-greaved 65
 Will check them there. Here only I expect
 And with much dread fome dire event forebode,
 Where Hector, terrible as fire, and loud
 Vaunting his glorious origin from Jove,

Leads on the Trojans. Oh that from on high 70
 Some God would form the purpose in your hearts
 To stand yourselves firmly, and to exhort
 The rest to stand! so should ye chase him hence
 All ardent as he is, and ev'n although
 Olympian Jove himself his rage inspire. 75

So Neptune spake, compasser of the earth,
 And, with his sceptre smiting both, their hearts
 Fill'd with fresh fortitude; their limbs the touch
 Made agile, wing'd their feet and nerved their arms.
 Then, swift as stoops a falcon from the point 80
 Of some rude rock sublime, when he would chase
 A fowl of other wing along the meads,
 So started Neptune thence, and disappear'd.
 Him, as he went, swift Oiliades
 First recognized, and, instant, thus his speech 85
 To Ajax, son of Telamon, address'd.

Since, Ajax, some inhabitant of heav'n
 Exhorts us, in the prophet's form, to fight,
 (For prophet none or augur we have seen;
 This was not Calchas; as he went I mark'd 90
 His steps and knew him; Gods are known with ease.)
 I feel my spirit in my bosom fired
 Afresh for battle; lightness in my limbs,
 In hands and feet a glow unfelt before.

To whom the son of Telamon replied. 95
 I also with invigorated hands
 More firmly grasp my spear, my courage mounts,
 A buoyant animation in my feet
 Bears me along, and I am all on fire

To cope with Priam's furious son, alone. 100

Thus they, with martial transport to their souls
Imparted by the God, conferr'd elate.
Meantime the King of Ocean roused the Greeks,
Who in the rear, beside their gallant barks
Some respite fought. They, spent with arduous toil, 105

Felt not alone their weary limbs unapt
To battle, but their hearts with grief oppress'd,
Seeing the num'rous multitude of Troy
Within the mighty barrier; sad they view'd
That fight, and bathed their cheeks with many a tear,
Despairing of escape. But Ocean's Lord 111

Entr'ing among them, soon the spirit stirr'd
Of every valiant phalanx to the fight.
Teucer and Leitus, and famed in arms
Peneleus, Thoas and Deipyrus, 115

Meriones, and his compeer renown'd,
Antilochus; all these in accents wing'd
With fierce alacrity the God address'd.

Oh shame ye Greccians! vig'rous as ye are
And in life's prime, to your exertions most 120
I trusted for the safety of our ships.

If ye renounce the labours of the field,
Then hath the day aris'n of our defeat
And final ruin by the pow'rs of Troy.

Oh! I behold a prodigy, a sight 125
Tremendous, deem'd impossible by me,

The Trojans at our ships! the dastard race
Fled once like fleetest hinds the destined prey
Of lynxes, leopards, wolves; feeble and flight

And

And of a nature indispos'd to war 130
 They rove uncertain; so the Trojans erst
 Stood not, nor to Achaian prowess dared
 The hindrance of a moment's strife oppose.
 But now, Troy left afar, ev'n at our ships
 They give us battle, through our leader's fault 135
 And through the people's negligence, who fill'd
 With fierce displeasure against *him*, prefer
 Death at their ships, to war in their defence.
 But if the son of Atreus, our supreme,
 If Agamemnon, have indeed transgress'd 140
 Past all excuse, dishonouring the swift
 Achilles, ye at least the fight decline
 Blame-worthy, and with no sufficient plea.
 But heal we speedily the breach; brave minds
 Easily coalesce. It is not well 145
 That thus your fury slumbers, for the host
 Hath none illustrious as yourselves in arms.
 I can excuse the timid if he shrink,
 But am incens'd at *you*. My friends beware!
 Your tardiness will prove ere long the cause 150
 Of some worse evil. Let the dread of shame
 Affect your hearts; oh tremble at the thought
 Of infamy! Fierce conflict hath aris'n,
 Loud-shouting Hector combats at the ships
 Nobly, hath forced the gates and burst the bar. 155
 With such encouragement those Grecian chiefs
 The King of Ocean roused. Then, circled soon
 By many a phalanx either Ajax stood,
 Whose order Mars himself arriving there

Had

Had praised, or Pallas, patroness of arms. 160
 For there the flow'r of all expected firm
 Bold Hector and his host; spear crowded spear,
 * Shield, helmet, man, press'd helmet, man and shield;
 The hairy crests of their resplendent casques
 Kiss'd close at ev'ry nod, so wedged they stood; 165
 No spear was seen but in the manly grasp
 It quiver'd, and their ev'ry wish was war.
 The pow'rs of Ilium gave the first assault
 Imbattled close; them Hector led himself
 Right on, impetuous as a rolling rock 170
 Destructive; torn by torrent waters off
 From its old lodgment on the mountain's brow,
 It bounds, it shoots away; the crashing wood
 Falls under it; impediment or check
 None stays its fury, till, the level found, 175
 There, settling by degrees, it rolls no more;
 So after many a threat that he would pass
 Easily through the Grecian camp and fleet
 And flay to the sea brink, when Hector once
 Had fall'n on those firm ranks, standing, he bore 180
 Vehement on them; but by many a spear
 Urged and bright faulchion, soon, reeling, retired,
 And call'd vociferous on the host of Troy.

Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
 Of Dardanus, oh stand! not long the Greeks 185
 Will me confront, although embodied close
 In solid phalanx; doubt it not; my spear
 Shall chase and scatter them, if Jove, in truth,

* For this admirable line the Translator is indebted to Mr. Fuseli.

High-thund'ring mate of Juno, bid me on.

So saying he roused the courage of them all, 190
Foremost of whom advanced, of Priam's race
Deiphobus, ambitious of renown.

Tripping he came with shorten'd steps*, his feet
Shelt'ring behind his buckler; but at him
Aiming, Meriones his splendid lance 195

Dismiss'd, nor err'd; his bull-hide targe he struck
But ineffectual; where the hollow wood
Receives th'inserted brags, the quiv'ring beam
Snapp'd; then, Deiphobus his shield afar
Advanced before him, trembling at a spear 200

Hurl'd by Meriones. He, moved alike
With indignation for the vict'ry lost
And for his broken spear, into his band
At first retired, but soon set forth again
In progress through th' Achaian camp, to fetch 205
Its fellow-spear within his tent reserved.

The rest all fought, and dread the shouts arose
On all sides. Telamonian Teucer, first,
Slew valiant Imbrius, son of Mentor, rich

In herds of sprightly steeds. He ere the Greeks 210
Arrived at Ilium, in Pedæus dwelt,

And Priam's spurious daughter had espoused
Medesicasta. But the barks well-oar'd
Of Greece arriving, he return'd to Troy,
Where he excell'd the noblest, and abode 215
With Priam, loved and honour'd as his own.

A fitter occasion to remark on this singular mode of approach in battle, will present itself hereafter.

Him Teucer pierced beneath his ear, and pluck'd
 His weapon home; he fell as falls an ash
 Which on some mountain visible afar,
 Hewn from its bottom by the woodman's ax, 220
 With all its tender foliage meets the ground.
 So Imbrius fell; loud rang his armour bright
 With ornamental brass, and Teucer flew
 To seize his arms, whom hastening to the spoil
 Hector with his resplendent spear assail'd; 225
 He, marking opposite its rapid flight,
 Declined it narrowly and it pierced the breast,
 As he advanced to battle, of the son
 Of Cteatus of the Actorian race,
 Amphimachus; he, founding, smote the plain, 230
 And all his batter'd armour rang aloud.
 Then, Hector swift approaching, would have torn
 The well-forged helmet from the brows away
 Of brave Amphimachus; but Ajax hurl'd
 Right forth at Hector hastening to the spoil 235
 His radiant spear; no wound the spear impress'd,
 For he was arm'd complete in burnish'd brass
 Terrific; but the solid boss it pierced
 Of Hector's shield, and with enormous force
 So shock'd him, that retiring he resign'd 240
 * Both bodies, which the Grecians dragg'd away.
 Stichius and Menestheus, leaders both
 Of the Athenians, to the host of Greece
 Bore off Amphimachus, and, fierce in arms
 Th' Ajaces, Imbrius. As two lions bear 245

* The bodies of Imbrius and Amphimachus.

Through thick entanglement of boughs and brakes
 A goat snatch'd newly from the peasants' dogs,
 Upholding high their prey above the ground,
 So either Ajax terrible in fight,
 Upholding Imbrius high, his brazen arms 250
 Tore off, and Oiliades his head
 From his smooth neck dissev'ring in revenge
 For slain Amphimachus, through all the host
 Sent it with swift rotation like a globe,
 'Till in the dust at Hector's feet it fell. 255

Then anger fill'd the heart of Ocean's King,
 His * grandson slain in battle; forth he pass'd
 Through the Achaian camp and fleet, the Greeks
 Rousing, and meditating woe to Troy;
 It chanced that brave Idomeneus return'd 260
 That moment from a Cretan at the knee
 Wounded, and newly borne into his tent.
 His friends had borne him off, and when the Chief
 Had given him into skilful hands, he fought
 The field again, still coveting renown. 265
 Him therefore, meeting him on his return,
 Neptune bespake, but with the borrow'd voice
 Of Thoas, offspring of Andræmon, King
 In Pleuro and in lofty Calydon,
 And honour'd by th' Ætolians as a God. 270

Oh counsellor of Crete! our threats denounced
 Against the tow'rs of Troy, where are they now?

To whom the leader of the Cretans, thus,
 Idomeneus. For aught that I perceive

* Amphimachus.

Thoas ! no Greccian is this day in fault ; 275
 For we are all intelligent in arms,
 None yields by fear oppress'd, none lull'd by sloth
 From battle shrinks, but such the pleasure seems
 Of Jove himself, that we should perish here
 Inglorious, from our country far remote. 280
 But, Thoas ! (for thine heart was ever firm
 In battle, and thyself art wont to rouse
 Whom thou observ'ft remiss) now also fight
 As erst, and urge each leader of the host.
 Him answer'd, then, the Sov'reign of the Deep. 285
 Return that Greccian never from the shores
 Of Troy, Idomeneus ! but may the dogs
 Feast on him, who shall this day intermit
 Through wilful negligence his force in fight !
 But haste, take arms and come ; we must exert 290
 All diligence, that, being only two,
 We yet may yield some service. Union much
 Emboldens ev'n the weakest, and our might
 Hath oft been proved on warriors of renown.
 So Neptune spake, and, turning, fought again 295
 The toilsome field. Ere long, Idomeneus,
 Arriving in his spacious tent, put on
 His radiant armour, and, two spears in hand,
 Set forth like lightning which Saturnian Jove
 From bright Olympus shakes into the air, 300
 A sign to mortal men, dazzling all eyes ;
 So beam'd the Hero's armour as he ran.
 But him not yet far distant from his tent
 Meriones, his fellow-warrior met,

For he had left the fight, seeking a spear,
When thus the brave Idomeneus began. 305

Swift son of Molus! chos'n companion dear!
Wherefore, Meriones! hast thou the field
Abandon'd? Art thou wounded? Bring'st thou home
Some pointed mischief in thy flesh infixt? 310
Or com'st thou sent to me, who of myself
The still tent covet not, but feats of arms?

To whom Meriones discrete replied.
Chief leader of the Cretans, brazen-mail'd
Idomeneus! if yet there be a spear 315
Left in thy tent, I seek one; for I broke
The spear, ev'n now, with which erewhile I fought,
Smiting the shield of fierce Deiphobus.

Then answer thus the Cretan Chief return'd
Valiant Idomeneus. If spears thou need, 320
Within my tent, leaning against the wall,
Stand twenty spears and one, forged all in Troy,
Which from the slain I took; for distant fight
Me suits not; therefore in my tent have I
Both spears and bossy shields, with brazen casques 325
And corslets bright that smile against the sun.

Him answer'd, then, Meriones discrete.
I also, at my tent and in my ship
Have many Trojan spoils, but they are hence
Far distant. I not less myself than thou 330
Am ever mindful of a warrior's part,
And when the din of glorious arms is heard,
Fight in the van. If other Greeks my deeds
Know not, at least I judge them known to thee.

To whom the leader of the host of Crete 335
 Idomeneus. I know thy valour well,
 Why speakest thus to me? Chose we this day
 An ambush forth of all the bravest Greeks,
 (For in the ambush is distinguish'd best
 The courage; there, the tim'rous and the bold 340
 Plainly appear; the dastard changes hue
 And shifts from place to place, nor can he calm
 The fears that shake his trembling limbs, but sits
 Low-crouching on his hams, while in his breast
 Quick palpitates his death-foreboding heart, 345
 And his teeth chatter; but the valiant man
 His posture shifts not; no excessive fears
 Feels he, but seated once in ambush, deems
 Time tedious till the bloody fight begin)
 Ev'n there, thy courage should no blame incur. 350
 For should'st thou, toiling in the fight, by spear
 Or falchion bleed, not on thy neck behind
 Would fall the weapon, or thy back annoy,
 But it would meet thy bowels or thy chest
 While thou didst rush into the clam'rous van. 355
 But haste—we may not longer loiter here
 As children prating, lest some sharp rebuke
 Reward us. Enter quick, and from within
 My tent provide thee with a noble spear.
 Then, swift as Mars, Meriones produced 360
 A brazen spear of those within the tent
 Reserv'd, and kindling with heroic fire
 Follow'd Idomeneus. As gory Mars
 By Terror follow'd, his own dauntless son
Who

Who quells the boldest heart, to battle moves ; 365
 From Thrace against the Ephyri they arm,
 Or hardy Phlegians, and by both invoked,
 Hear and grant victory to which they please,
 Such, bright in arms Meriones, and such
 Idomeneus advanc'd, when foremost thus 370
 Meriones his fellow-chief bespake.

Son of Deucalion! where inclin'ft thou most
 To enter into battle? On the right
 Of all the host? or through the central ranks?
 Or on the left? for nowhere I account 375
 The Greeks so destitute of force as there.

Then answer thus Idomeneus return'd
 Chief of the Cretans. Others stand to guard
 The middle fleet; there either Ajax wars,
 And Teucer, noblest archer of the Greeks, 380
 Nor less in stationary fight approved.
 Bent as he is on battle, they will task
 And urge to proof sufficiently the force
 Of Priameian Hector; burn his rage
 How fierce soever, he shall find it hard, 385
 With all his thirst of victory, to quell
 Their firm resistance, and to fire the fleet,
 Let not Saturnian Jove cast down from heav'n
 Himself a flaming brand into the ships.
 High-tow'ring Telamonian Ajax yields 390
 To no mere mortal by the common gift
 Sustain'd of Ceres, and whose flesh the spear
 Can penetrate, or rocky fragment bruise;
 In standing fight Ajax would not retire

Even before that breaker of the ranks 395
 Achilles, although far less swift than He.
 But turn we to the left, that we may learn
 At once, if glorious death, or life be ours.

Then, rapid as the God of war, his course
 Meriones toward the left began, 400

As he enjoin'd. Soon as the Trojans saw
 Idomeneus advancing like a flame,
 And his compeer Meriones in arms
 All-radiant clad, encouraging aloud
 From rank to rank each other, on they came 405
 To the assault combined. Then soon arose
 Sharp contest on the left of all the fleet.

As when shrill winds blow vehement, what time
 Dust deepest spreads the ways, by warring blasts
 Upborne a fable cloud stands in the air, 410

Such was the sudden conflict; equal rage
 To stain with gore the lance ruled ev'ry breast.
 Horrent with quiv'ring spears the fatal field
 Frown'd on all sides; the brazen flashes dread
 Of num'rous helmets, corslets furbish'd bright, 415
 And shields refulgent meeting, dull'd the eye,
 And turn'd it dark away. Stranger indeed
 Were he to fear, who could that strife have view'd
 With heart elate, or spirit unperturb'd.

Two mighty sons of Saturn adverse parts 420
 Took in that contest, purposing alike
 To many a valiant Chief sorrow and pain.
 Jove, for the honour of Achilles, gave
 Success to Hector and the host of Troy,

Not

Not for complete destruction of the Greeks
 At Ilium, but that glory might redound
 To Thetis thence, and to her dauntless son
 On the other side, the King of Ocean ris'n
 Secretly from the hoary Deep, the host
 Of Greece encouraged, whom he grieved to see
 Vanquish'd by Trojans, and with anger fierce
 Against the Thund'rer burn'd on their behalf.
 Alike from one great origin divine
 Sprang they, but Jove was elder, and surpass'd
 In various knowledge; therefore when he roused
 Their courage, Neptune travers'd still the ranks
 Clandestine, and in human form disguised.
 Thus, these Immortal Two, straining the cord
 Indissoluble of all-wasting war,
 Alternate measured with it either host,
 And loos'd the joints of many a warrior bold.
 Then, loud exhorting (though himself with age
 Half grey) th' Achaians, into battle sprang
 Idomeneus, and scatter'd, first, the foe,
 Slaying Othryoneus, who, by the lure
 Of martial glory drawn, had left of late
 Cabesus. He Priam's fair daughter woo'd
 Cassandra, but no nuptial gift vouchsafed*
 To offer, save a founding promise proud
 To chase, himself, however resolute
 The Grecian host, and to deliver Troy.
 To him assenting, Priam, antient King,
 Assured to him his wish, and in the faith

* It was customary for the suitor to pay the dowry.

Of that assurance confident, he fought.

But brave Idomeneus his splendid lance 455

Well-aim'd dismissing, struck the haughty Chief,

Pacing elate the field; his brazen mail

Endured not; through his bowels pierced, with clang

Of all his arms he fell, and thus with joy

Immense exulting, spake Idomeneus. 460

I give thee praise, Othryoneus! beyond

All mortal men, if truly thou perform

Thy whole big promise to the Dardan king,

Who promised thee his daughter. Now, behold,

We also promise; doubt not the effect. 465

We give into thy arms the most admired

Of Agamemnon's daughters, whom ourselves

Will hither bring from Argos, if thy force

With ours uniting, thou wilt raise the walls

Of populous Troy. Come—follow me; that here 470

Among the ships we may adjust the terms

Of marriage, for we take not scanty dow'r.

So saying, the Hero dragg'd him by his heel

Through all the furious fight. His death to avenge

Afius on foot before his steeds advanced, 475

For them, where'er he moved, his charioteer

Kept breathing ever on his neck behind.

With fierce desire the heart of Afius burn'd

To smite Idomeneus, who with his lance

Him reaching first, pierced him beneath the chin 480

Into his throat, and urged the weapon through.

He fell, as some green poplar falls, or oak,

Or lofty pine, by naval artists hewn

With

With new-edg'd axes on the mountain's side.
 So, his teeth grinding, and the bloody dust 485
 Clenching, before his chariot and his steeds
 Extended, Afius lay. His charioteer
 (All recollection lost) sat panic-stunn'd,
 Nor dared for safety turn his steeds to flight.
 Him bold Antilochus right through the waist 490
 Transpierced; his mail sufficed not, but the spear
 Implanted in his midmost bowels stood.
 Down from his seat magnificent he fell
 Panting, and young Antilochus the steeds
 Drove captive thence into the host of Greece. 495
 Then came Deiphobus by sorrow urged
 For Afius, and, small interval between,
 Hurl'd at Idomeneus his glitt'ring lance;
 But he, foreseeing its approach, the point
 Eluded, cover'd whole by his round shield 500
 Of hides and brags by double belt sustain'd,
 And it flew over him, but on his targe
 Glancing, elicited a tinkling sound.
 Yet left it not in vain his vig'rous grasp,
 But pierced the liver of Hypfenor, son 505
 Of Hippafus; he fell incontinent,
 And measureless exulting in his fall
 Deiphobus with mighty voice exclaim'd.

Not unavenged lies Afius; though he seek
 Hell's iron portals, yet shall he rejoice, 510
 For I have given him a conductor home.

So he, whose vaunt the Greeks indignant heard;
 But of them all to anger most he roused

Antilochus, who yet his breathless * friend
 Left not, but, halting, fenced him with his shield, 515
 And brave Alastor with Mecisteus son
 Of Echius, bore him to the hollow ships
 Deep-groaning both, for of their band was he.
 Nor yet Idomeneus his warlike rage
 Remitted aught, but persevering strove 520
 Either to plunge some Trojan in the shades,
 Or fall himself, guarding the fleet of Greece.
 Then flew he brave Alcathoüs the son
 Of Æsyeta, and the son-in-law
 Of old Anchises, who to him had giv'n 525
 The eldest-born of all his daughters fair,
 Hippodamia; dearly lov'd was she
 By both her parents in her virgin state †,
 For that in beauty she surpass'd, in works
 Ingenious, and in faculties of mind 530
 All her coævals; wherefore she was deem'd
 Well worthy of the noblest prince of Troy.
 Him in that moment, Neptune by the arm
 Quell'd of Idomeneus, his radiant eyes
 Dimming, and sett'ring his proportion'd limbs. 535
 All pow'r of flight or to elude the stroke
 Forsook him, and while motionless he stood
 As stands a pillar tall or tow'ring oak,
 The hero of the Cretans with a spear
 Transfix'd his middle chest. He split the mail 540

* Hypsenor.

† This seems to be the meaning of *ἐν μεγάρῳ*, an expression similar to that of Demosthenes in a parallel case—*ἐν τῷ ἰδῶν ἔσαν*.—See Schaufelburgerus.

Erewhile

Erewhile his bosom's faithful guard; shrill rang
 The shiver'd brass; founding he fell; the beam
 Implanted in his palpitating heart
 Shook to its topmost point, but, its force spent,
 At last, quiescent, stood. Then loud exclaim'd
 Idomeneus, exulting in his fall.

545

What thinks Deiphobus? seems it to thee
 Vain boaster, that, three warriors slain for one,
 We yield thee just amends? else, stand thyself
 Against me; learn the valour of a Chief
 The progeny of Jove; Jove first begat
 Cretes' guardian, Minos, from which Minos sprang
 Deucalion, and from famed Deucalion, I;
 I, sov'reign of the num'rous race of Cretes'
 Extensive isle, and whom my galleys brought
 To these your shores at last, that I might prove
 Thy curse, thy father's, and a curse to Troy.

550

555

He spake; Deiphobus uncertain stood
 Whether, retreating, to engage the help
 Of some heroic Trojan, or himself
 To make the dread experiment alone.
 At length, as his discreter course, he chose
 To seek Æneas; him he found afar
 Station'd, remotest of the host of Troy,
 For he repented evermore his worth
 By * Priam recompens'd with cold neglect.
 Approaching him, in accents wing'd he said.

560

565

* He is said to have been jealous of him on account of his great popularity, and to have discountenanced him, fearing a conspiracy in his favour to the prejudice of his own family. See Villoison.

Æneas!

Æneas! Trojan Chief! If e'er thou lov'dst
 Thy siter's husband, duty calls thee now
 To prove it. Haste—defend with me the dead 570
 Alcatheus, guardian of thy tender years,
 Slain by Idomeneus the spear-renown'd.

So saying, he roused his spirit, and on fire
 To combat with the Cretan, forth he sprang.
 But fear seized not Idomeneus as fear 575
 May seize a nursing boy; resolved he stood
 As in the mountains, conscious of his force,
 The wild boar waits a coming multitude
 Of boist'rous hunters to his lone retreat;
 Arching his brittle spine he stands, his eyes 580
 Beam fire, and whetting his bright tusks, he burns
 To drive, not dogs alone, but men to flight;
 So stood the royal Cretan, and fled not,
 Expecting brave Æneas; yet his friends
 He summon'd, on Afcalphus his eyes 585
 Fast'ning, on Aphareus, Deipyrus,
 Meriones and Antilochus, all bold
 In battle, and in accents wing'd exclaim'd.

Haste ye, my friends! to aid me, for I stand
 Alone, nor undismay'd the coming wait 590
 Of swift Æneas, nor less brave than swift,
 And who possesses fresh his flow'r of youth,
 Man's prime advantage; were we match'd in years
 As in our spirits, either he should earn
 At once the meed of deathless fame, or I. 595

He said; they all unanimous approach'd,
 Sloping their shields, and stood. On the other side

His

His aids Æneas call'd, with eyes toward
 Paris, Deiphobus, Agenor, turn'd,
 His fellow-warriors bold; them follow'd all 600
 Their people as the pastured flock the ram
 To water, by the shepherd seen with joy;
 Such joy Æneas felt, seeing, so soon,
 That num'rous host attendant at his call.
 Then, for Alcathoüs, into contest close 605
 Arm'd with long spears they rush'd; on ev'ry breast
 Dread rang the brazen corslet, each his foe
 Affailing opposite; but two, the rest
 Surpassing far, terrible both as Mars,
 Æneas and Idomeneus, alike 610
 Panted to pierce each other with the spear.
 Æneas, first, cast at Idomeneus,
 But, warn'd, he shunn'd the weapon, and it pass'd.
 Quivering in the soil Æneas' lance
 Stood, hurl'd in vain, though by a forceful arm. 615
 Not so the Cretan; at his waist he pierced
 Oenomaüs, his hollow corslet clave,
 And in his midmost bowels drench'd the spear;
 Down fell the Chief, and dying, clench'd the dust.
 Instant, his massy spear the King of Crete 620
 Pluck'd from the dead, but of his radiant arms
 Despoiled him not, by num'rous weapons urged;
 For now, time-worn, he could no longer make
 Brisk sally, spring to follow his own spear,
 Or shun another, or by swift retreat 625
 Vanish from battle, but the evil day
 Warded in stationary fight alone.

At him retiring, therefore, step by step
 Deiphobus, who had with bitterest hate
 Long time pursued him, hurl'd his splendid lance, 630
 But yet again erroneous, for he pierced
 Afcalaphus instead, offspring of Mars;
 Right through his shoulder flew the spear; he fell
 Incontinent, and dying, clench'd the dust.
 But tidings none the brazen-throated Mars 635
 Tempestuous yet receiv'd, that his own son
 In bloody fight had fall'n, for on the heights
 Olympian over-arch'd with clouds of gold
 He sat, where sat the other Pow'rs divine,
 Pris'ners together of the will of Jove. 640
 Meantime, for slain Afcalaphus arose
 Conflict severe; Deiphobus his casque
 Resplendent seized, but swift as fiery Mars
 Affailing him, Meriones his arm
 Pierced with a spear, and from his idle hand 645
 Fallen, the casque sonorous struck the ground.
 Again, as darts the vulture on his prey,
 Meriones affailing him, the lance
 Pluck'd from his arm, and to his band retired.
 Then, casting his fraternal arms around 650
 Deiphobus, him young Polites led
 From the hoarse battle to his rapid steeds
 And his bright chariot in the distant rear,
 Which bore him back to Troy, languid and loud-
 Groaning, and bleeding from his recent wound. 655
 Still raged the war, and infinite arose
 The clamour. Aphareus, Caletor's son,

Turning

Turning to face Æneas, in his throat
 Infant the Hero's pointed lance received.
 With head reclined, and bearing to the ground 660
 Buckler and helmet with him, in dark shades
 Of foul-divorcing death involved, he fell.
 Antilochus, observing Thoön turn'd
 To flight, that moment pierced him; from his back
 He ripp'd the vein which through the trunk its course
 Winds upward to the neck; that vein he ripp'd 666
 All forth; supine he fell, and with both hands
 Extended to his fellow-warriors, died.
 Forth sprang Antilochus to strip his arms,
 But watch'd, meantime, the Trojans, who in crowds 670
 Encircling him, his splendid buckler broad
 Smote oft, but none with ruthless point prevail'd
 Ev'n to inscribe the skin of Nestor's son,
 Whom Neptune, shaker of the shores, amid
 Innumerable darts kept still secure. 675
 Yet never from his foes he shrank, but faced
 From side to side, nor idle slept his spear,
 But with rotation ceaseless turn'd and turn'd
 To ev'ry part, now levell'd at a foe
 Far-distant, at a foe, now, near at hand. 680
 Nor he, thus occupied, unseen escaped
 By Afus' offspring Adamas, who close
 Advancing, struck the centre of his shield.
 But Neptune azure-haired so dear a life
 Denied to Adamas, and render'd vain 685
 The weapon; part within his disk remain'd
 Like a fier'd stake, and part fell at his feet.

Then Adamas, for his own life alarm'd,
 Retired, but as he went, Meriones
 Him reaching with his lance, the flame between 690
 And navel pierced him, where the stroke of Mars
 Proves painful most to miserable man.
 There enter'd deep the weapon; down he fell,
 And in the dust lay panting as an ox
 Among the mountains pants by peasants held 695
 In twisted bands, and dragg'd perforce along;
 So panted dying Adamas, but soon
 Ceas'd, for Meriones, approaching, pluck'd
 The weapon forth, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
 Helenus, with his heavy Thracian blade 700
 Smiting the temples of Deipyrus,
 Dash'd off his helmet; from his brows remote
 It fell, and wand'ring roll'd, 'till at his feet
 Some warrior found it, and secured; meantime
 The fightless shades of death him wrapp'd around. 705
 Grief at that spectacle the bosom fill'd
 Of valiant Menelaus; high he shook
 His radiant spear, and threat'ning him, advanced
 On royal Helenus, who ready stood
 With his bow bent. They met; impatient, one, 710
 To give his pointed lance its rapid course,
 And one, to start his arrow from the nerve.
 The arrow of the son of Priam struck
 Atrides' hollow corslet, but the reed
 Glanced wide. As vetches or as swarthy beans 715
 Leap from the van and fly athwart the floor
 By sharp winds driv'n, and by the winnow's force,

So

So from the corslet of the glorious Greek
 Wide-wand'ring flew the bitter shaft away.
 But Menelaus the left-hand transfierced
 Of Helenus, and with the lance's point
 Fasten'd it to his bow; shunning a stroke 720
 More fatal, Helenus into his band
 Retired, his arm dependent at his side,
 And trailing, as he went, the ashen beam; 725
 There, bold Agenor from his hand the lance
 Drew forth, then folded it with softest wool
 Around, fling-wool, and borrow'd from the fling
 Which his attendant into battle, bore.
 Then sprang Pifander on the glorious Chief 730
 The son of Atreus, but his evil fate
 Beckon'd him to his death in conflict fierce
 Oh Menelaus, mighty Chief! with thee.
 And now they met, small interval between.
 Atrides hurl'd his weapon, and it err'd. 735
 Pifander with his spear struck full the shield
 Of glorious Menelaus, but his force
 Resisted by the stubborn buckler broad
 Fail'd to transfierce it, and the weapon fell
 Snapp'd at the neck. Yet, when he struck, the heart 740
 Rebounded of Pifander, full of hope.
 But Menelaus, drawing his bright blade,
 Sprang on him, while Pifander from behind
 His buckler drew a brazen battle-ax
 By its long haft of polish'd olive-wood, 745
 And both Chiefs struck together. He the crest
 That crown'd the shaggy casque of Atreus' son

Hew'd from its base, but Menelaus him
 In his swift onset smote full on the front
 Above his nose; founded the shatter'd bone, 750
 And his eyes both fell bloody at his feet.
 Convolv'd with pain he lay; then, on his breast
 Atrides setting fast his heel, tore off
 His armour, and exulting thus began.

So shall ye leave at length the Grecian fleet, 755
 Traitors, and never satisfied with war!
 Nor want ye other guilt, dogs and profane!
 But me have injured also, and defied
 The hot displeasure of high-thund'ring Jove
 The Hospitable, who shall waste in time, 760
 And level with the dust your lofty Troy.

I wrong'd not you, yet bore ye far away
 My youthful bride who welcom'd you, and stole
 My treasures also, and ye now are bent
 To burn Achaia's gallant fleet with fire 765
 And slay her Heroes; but your furious thirst
 Of battle shall hereafter meet a check.

Oh Father Jove! Thee wisest we account
 In heav'n or earth, yet from thyself proceed
 All these calamities, who favour show'st 770
 To this flagitious race the Trojans, strong
 In wickedness alone, and whose delight
 In war and bloodshed never can be cloy'd.

All pleasures breed satiety, sweet sleep,
 Soft dalliance, music, and the graceful dance, 775
 Though sought with keener appetite by most
 Than bloody war; but Troy still covets blood.

So spake the royal Chief, and to his friends
 Pifander's gory spoils consigning, flew
 To mingle in the foremost fight again. 780
 Him, next, Harpalion, offspring of the King
 Pylæmenes assail'd; to Troy he came
 Following his fire, but never thence return'd.
 He, from small distance, smote the central boss
 Of Menelaus' buckler with his lance, 785
 But wanting pow'r to pierce it, with an eye
 Of cautious circumspection, lest perchance
 Some spear should reach him, to his band retired.
 But him retiring with a brazen shaft
 Meriones pursued; swift flew the dart 790
 To his right buttock, slipp'd beneath the bone,
 His bladder grazed and started through before.
 There ended his retreat; sudden he sank
 And like a worm lay on the ground, his life
 Exhaling in his fellow-warriors arms, 795
 And with his sable blood soaking the plain.
 Around him flock'd his Paphlagonians bold,
 And in his chariot placed drove him to Troy,
 With whom his father went, mourning with tears
 A son, whose death he never saw avenged. 800
 Him slain with indignation Paris view'd,
 For he, with num'rous Paphlagonians more
 His guest had been; he, therefore, in the thirst
 Of vengeance, sent a brazen arrow forth.
 There was a certain Greek, Euchenor, son 805
 Of Polyides the soothfayer, rich
 And brave in fight, and who in Corinth dwelt.
 He,

He, knowing well his fate, yet fail'd to Troy.

For Polyides oft, his rev'rend fire,

Had prophesied that he should either die 810

By some dire malady at home, or, slain

By Trojan hands, amid the fleet of Greece.

He, therefore, shunning the reproach alike

Of the Achaians, and that dire disease

Had join'd the Grecian host; him Paris pierced 815

The ear and jaw beneath; life at the stroke

Left him, and darkness overspread his eyes.

So raged the battle like devouring fire.

But Hector dear to Jove not yet had learn'd,

Nor aught surmised the havoc of his host 820

Made on the left, where vict'ry crown'd well-nigh

The Grecians animated to the fight

By Neptune seconding himself their arms.

He, where he first had started through the gate

After dispersion of the shielded Greeks 825

Compact, still persevered. The galleys there

Of Ajax and Protefiläus stood

Updrawn above the hoary Deep; the wall

Was there of humblest structure, and the steeds

And warriors there conflicted furious most. 830

Th' Epeans there and * Iæonians robed-

Prolix, the † Phthians, Locrians, and the bold

Eæotians check'd the terrible assault

* The Iæonians were a distinct people from the Ionians, and according to the Scholium, separated from them by a pillar bearing on opposite sides the name of each.

See Barnes. See also Villoiffon.

† The people of Achilles were properly called the Phthiotæ; whereas the Phthians belonged to Protefiläus and Philoctetes. See Eustathius, as quoted by Clarke.

Of Hector, noble Chief, ardent as flame,
 Yet not repulsed him. Chos'n Athenians form'd 835
 The van, by Peteos' son, Menestheus led,
 Whose high command undaunted Bias shared,
 Phidas and Stichius. The Epean host
 Under Amphion, Dracius, Meges, fought.
 Podarces brave in arms the Phthians ruled, 840
 And Medon (Medon was by spurious birth
 Brother of Ajax Oiliades,
 And for his uncle's death, whom he had slain,
 The brother of Oileus' wife, abode
 In Phylace; but from Iphichus sprang 845
 Podarces;) these, all station'd in the front
 Of Phthias' hardy sons, together strove
 With the Bœotians for the fleet's defence.
 Ajax the swift swerved never from the side
 Of Ajax son of Telamon a step, 850
 But as in some deep fallow two black steers
 Labour combined, dragging the pond'rous plow,
 The briny sweat around their rooted horns
 Oozes profuse; they, parted as they toil
 Along the furrow, by the yoke alone, 855
 Cleave to its bottom sheer the stubborn glebe,
 So, side by side, they, persevering fought.
 The son of Telamon a people led
 Num'rous and bold, who, when his bulky limbs
 Fail'd overlabor'd, eased him of his shield. 860
 Not so attended by his Locrians fought
 Oileus' valiant son; pitch'd battle them
 Suited not, unprovided with bright casques

Of hairy crest, with athen spears, and shields
 Of ample orb; for, trusting in the bow 865
 And twisted sling alone, they came to Troy,
 And broke with shafts and volley'd stones the ranks.
 Thus occupying, clad in burnish'd arms,
 The van, these Two with Hector and his host
 Conflicted, while the Locrians from behind 870
 Vex'd them with shafts, secure; nor could the men
 Of Ilium stand, by such a show'r confused.
 Then, driven with dreadful havoc thence, the foe
 To wind-swept Ilium had again retired,
 Had not Polydamas, at Hector's side 875
 Standing, the dauntless Hero thus address'd.

Hector! Thou ne'er canst listen to advice;
 But think'st thou, that if heav'n in feats of arms
 Give thee pre-eminence, thou must excel
 Therefore in council also all mankind? 880
 No. All-sufficiency is not for thee.
 To one, superior force in arms is giv'n,
 Skill, to another, in the graceful dance,
 Sweet song and pow'rs of music to a third,
 And to a fourth loud-thund'ring Jove imparts 885
 Wisdom, which profits many, and which saves
 Whole cities oft, though rev'renced but by few.
 Yet hear; I speak as wisest seems to me.
 War, like a fiery circle, all around
 Environs thee; the Trojans, since they pass'd 890
 The bulwark, either hold themselves aloof,
 Or, wide-dispers'd among the galleys, cope
 With numbers far superior to their own.

Retiring,

Retiring, therefore, summon all our Chiefs
To consultation on the sum of all, 895

Whether (should heav'n so prosper us) to rush
Impetuous on the gallant barks of Greece,
Or to retreat secure; for much I dread
Left the Achaians punctually refund

All yesterday's arrear, since yonder * Chief 900
Insatiable with battle still abides

Within the fleet, nor longer, as I judge,
Will rest a mere spectator of the field.

So spake Polydamas, whose safe advice
Pleas'd Hector; from his chariot down he leap'd 905
All arm'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

Polydamas! here gather all the Chiefs;
I haste into the fight, and my commands
Once issued there, incontinent return.

He ended, and conspicuous as the height 910
Of some snow-crested mountain, shouting ranged
The Trojans and confederates of Troy.

They swift around Polydamas, brave son
Of Panthus, at the voice of Hector, ran.
Himself with hasty strides the front, meantime, 915
Of battle roam'd, seeking from rank to rank

Afius Hyrtacides, with Afius' son
Adamas, and Deiphobus, and the might
Of Helenus, his royal brother bold.

Them neither altogether free from hurt 920
He found, nor living all. Beneath the sterns
Of the Achaian ships some slaughter'd lay

* Achilles.

By Grecian hands ; some stricken by the spear
Within the rampart, fat, some by the sword.

But leftward of the woeful field he found, 925

Ere long, bright Helen's paramour his band
Exhorting to the fight. Hector approach'd,
And him, in fierce displeasure, thus bespake.

Curst Paris, specious, fraudulent and lewd !
Where is Deiphobus, and where the might 930

Of royal Helenus ? Where Adamas
Offspring of Asius, and where Asius, son
Of Hyrtacus, and where Othryoneus ?

Now lofty Ilium from her topmost height
Falls headlong, now is thy own ruin sure. 935

To whom the Godlike Paris thus replied.
Since, Hector ! thou art pleas'd with no just cause
To censure me, I may decline, perchance,
Much more the battle on some future day,
For I profess some courage, even I. 940

Witness our constant conflict with the Greeks
Here, on this spot, since first led on by thee
The host of Troy waged battle at the ships.
But those our friends of whom thou hast enquired
Are slain, Deiphobus alone except 945

And royal Helenus, who in the hand
Bear each a wound inflicted by the spear,
And have retired ; but Jove their life preserved.
Come now—conduct us whither most thine heart
Prompts thee, and thou shalt find us ardent all 950
To face like danger ; what we can, we will,
The best and most determin'd can no more.

So saying, the Hero footh'd his brother's mind.
 Then moved they both toward the hottest war
 Together, where Polydamas the brave, 955
 Phalces, Cebriones, Orthæus fought,
 Palmys and Polyphœtes, godlike Chief,
 And Morys and Afcanius, gallant fons
 Both of Hippotion. They at Troy arrived
 From fair Afcania the preceding morn, 960
 *In recompence for aid by Priam lent
 Erewhile to Phrygia, and, by Jove impell'd,
 Now waged the furious battle fide by fide.
 The march of thefe at once, was as the found
 Of mighty winds from deep-hung thunder-clouds 965
 Defcending; clamorous the blaft and wild
 With ocean mingles; many a billow, then,
 Upridg'd rides turbulent the founding flood,
 Foam-crefted, billow after billow driv'n,
 So moved the hoft of Troy, rank after rank 970
 Behind their Chiefs, all dazzling-bright in arms.
 Before them Priameian Hæctor ftrode
 Fierce as gore-tainted Mars, and his broad fhield
 Advancing came, heavy with hides, and thick-
 Plated with brafs; his helmet on his brows 975
 Refulgent fhook, and in its turn he tried
 The force of ev'ry phalanx, if perchance
 Behind his broad fhield pacing he might fhake
 Their ftedfaft order; but he bore not down

* This, according to Eufathius, is the import of ἀμοιβή. See Iliad 3—in which Priam relates an expedition of his into that country.

The spirit of the firm Achaian host. 980

Then Ajax striding forth, him, first, defied.

Approach. Why temptest thou the Greeks to fear?

No babes are we in aught that appertains

To arms, though humbled by the scourge of Jove.

Thou cherishest the foolish hope to burn 985

Our fleet with fire; but even we have hearts

Prepared to guard it, and your populous Troy,

By us dismantled and to pillage giv'n,

Shall perish sooner far. Know this thyself

Also; the hour is nigh when thou shalt ask 990

In pray'r to Jove and all the Gods of heav'n,

That speed more rapid than the falcon's flight

May wing thy coursers, while, exciting dense

The dusty plain, they whirl thee back to Troy.

While thus he spake, sublime on the right-hand 995

An eagle soar'd; confident in the sign

The whole Achaian host with loud acclaim

Hail'd it. Then glorious Hector thus replied.

Brainless and big, what means this boast of thine,

Earth-cumb'rer Ajax? Would I were the son 1000

As sure, for ever, of almighty Jove

And Juno, and such honour might receive

Henceforth as Pallas and Apollo share,

As comes this day with universal woe

Fraught for the Grecians, among whom thyself 1005

Shalt also perish if thou dare abide

My massy spear, which shall thy pamper'd flesh

Disfigure, and amid the barks of Greece

Falling, thou shalt the vultures with thy bulk

Enormous

Enormous fariate, and the dogs of Troy. 1010

He spake, and led his host; with clamour loud
They follow'd him, and all the distant rear
Came shouting on. On the other side the Greeks
Re-echoed shout for shout, all undismay'd,
And waiting firm the bravest of their foes. 1015
Upwent the double roar into the heights
Ethereal, and among the beams of Jove.

A R G U M E N T

OF THE

F O U R T E E N T H B O O K.

Agamemnon and the other wounded Chiefs taking Nestor with them, visit the battle. Juno having borrowed the Cestus of Venus, first engages the assistance of sleep, then hastes to Ida to inveigle Jove. She prevails. Jove sleeps; and Neptune takes that opportunity to succour the Grecians.

B O O K XIV.

NOR was that cry by Nestor unperceived
Though drinking, who in words wing'd with surprize
The son of Æsculapius thus address'd.

Divine Machaon! think what this may bode.
The cry of our young warriors at the ships 5
Grows louder; fitting here, the fable wine
Quaff thou, while bright-hair'd Hecamede warms
A bath, to cleanse thy crimson stains away.
I from yon eminence will learn the cause.

So saying, he took a shield radiant with brass 10
There lying in the tent, the shield well-forged
Of valiant Thrasymedes, his own son,
(For he had borne to fight his father's shield)
And arming next his hand with a keen lance
Stood forth before the tent. Thence soon' he saw 15

Foul

Foul deeds and strange, the Grecian host confused,
 Their broken ranks flying before the host
 Of Ilium, and the rampart overthrown.
 As when the wide sea, darken'd over all
 Its silent flood, forebodes shrill winds to blow, 20
 The doubtful waves roll yet to neither side,
 'Till swept at length by a decisive gale,
 So stood the senior, with distressful doubts
 Conflicting anxious, whether first to seek
 The Grecian host, or Agamemnon's self 25
 The sov'reign, and at length that course prefer'd.
 Meantime with mutual carnage they the field
 Spread far and wide, and by spears double-edg'd
 Smitten, and by the sword their corslets rang.
 The royal Chiefs ascending from the fleet, 30
 Ulysses, Diomede, and Atreus' son
 Imperial Agamemnon, who had each
 Bled in the battle, met him on his way.
 For from the war remote they had updrawn
 Their galleys on the shore of the gray Deep, 35
 The foremost to the plain, and at the sterns
 Of that exterior line had built the wall.
 For, spacious though it were, the shore alone
 That fleet sufficed not, incommoding much
 The people; wherefore they had ranged the ships 40
 Line above line gradual, and the bay
 Between both promontories, all was fill'd.
 They, therefore, curious to survey the fight,
 Came forth together, leaning on the spear,
 When Nestor met them; heavy were their hearts, 45
 And

And at the sight of Him still more alarm'd,
Whom royal Agamemnon thus bespake.

Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks!
What moved thee to forsake yon bloody field,
And urged thee hither? Cause I see of fear, 50
Lest furious Hector even now his threat
Among the Trojans publish'd, verify,
That he would never enter Ilium more
'Till he had burn'd our fleet, and slain ourselves.
So threaten'd Hector, and shall now perform. 55
Alas! alas! th' Achaians brazen-greaved
All, like Achilles, have deserted me
Repentful, and decline their fleet's defence.

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied.
Those threats are verified; nor Jove himself 60
The Thunderer can disappoint them now;
For our chief strength in which we trusted most
That it should guard impregnably secure
Our navy and ourselves, the wall hath fall'n.
Hence all this conflict by our host sustain'd 65
Among the ships; nor could thy keenest fight
Inform thee where in the Achaian camp
Confusion most prevails, such deaths are dealt
Promiscuous, and the cry ascends to heav'n.
But come—consult we on the sum of all, 70
If counsel yet may profit. As for you,
Ye shall have exhortation none from me
To seek the fight; the wounded have excuse.

Whom Agamemnon answer'd, King of men.
Ah Nestor! if beneath our very sterns 75
The

The battle rage, if neither trench nor wall
 Constructed with such labour, and supposed
 Of strength to guard impregnably secure
 Our navy and ourselves, avail us aught,
 It is because almighty Jove hath will'd 80

That the Achaian host should perish here
 Inglorious, from their country far remote.
 When he vouchsafed assistance to the Greeks,
 I knew it well; and now, not less I know
 That high as the immortal Gods he lifts 85
 Our foes to glory, and depresses us.

Haste therefore all, and act as I advise.
 Our ships—all those that nearest skirt the Deep,
 Launch we into the sacred flood, and moor
 With anchors safely, 'till o'ershadowing night 90
 (If night itself may save us) shall arrive.

Then may we launch the rest; for I no shame
 Account it, ev'n by 'vantage of the night
 To fly destruction. Wiser him I deem
 Who 'scapes his foe, than whom his foe enthralls. 95

But him Ulysses, frowning stern, reproved.
 What word, Atrides, now hath pass'd thy lips?
 Counsellor of despair! thou should'st command
 (And would to heav'n thou didst) a diff'rent host,
 Some dastard race, not ours; whom Jove ordains 100
 From youth to hoary age to weave the web
 Of toilsome warfare, 'till we perish all.

Wilt thou the spacious city thus renounce
 For which such num'rous woes we have endured?
 Hush! lest some other hear; it is a word 105

Which no man qualified by years mature
 To speak discreetly, no man bearing rule
 O'er such a people as confess thy sway,
 Should suffer to contaminate his lips.

I from my soul condemn thee, and condemn 110

Thy counsel, who persuad'it us in the heat
 Of battle terrible as this, to launch

Our fleet into the waves, that we may give

Our too successful foes their full desire,

And that our own preponderating scale 115

May plunge us past all hope; for while they draw

Their galleys down, the Grecians shall but ill

Sustain the fight, seaward will cast their eyes

And shun the battle, bent on flight alone.

Then shall they rue thy counsel, King of men! 120

To whom th' imperial leader of the Greeks.

Thy sharp reproof, Ulysses, hath my soul

Pierced deeply. Yet I gave no such command

That the Achaians should their galleys launch,

Would they, or would they not. No. I desire 125

That, young or old, some other may advice

More prudent give, and he shall please me well.

Then thus the gallant Diomedes replied.

That man is near, and may ye but be found

Tractable, our enquiry shall be short. 130

Be patient each, nor chide me or reproach

Because I am of greener years than ye,

For I am sprung from an illustrious Sire,

From Tydeus, who beneath his hill of earth

Lies now entomb'd at Thebes. Three noble sons 135

Were

Were born to Portheus, who in Pleuro dwelt,
 And on the heights of Calydon; the first
 Agrius; the second Melas; and the third
 Brave Oeneus, father of my father, famed
 For virtuous qualities above the rest. 140

Oeneus still dwelt at home; but wand'ring thence,
 My father dwelt in Argos; so the will
 Of Jove appointed, and of all the Gods.
 There he espoused the daughter of the King
 Adraftus, occupied a mansion rich 145

In all abundance; many a field possess'd
 Of wheat, well-planted gardens, num'rous flocks,
 And was expert in spearman'ship esteem'd
 Past all the Grecians. I esteem'd it right
 That ye should hear these things, for they are true. 150
 Ye will not, therefore, as I were obscure
 And of ignoble origin, reject

What I shall well advise. Expedience bids
 That, wounded as we are, we join the host.
 We will preserve due distance from the range 155
 Of spears and arrows, lest, already gall'd,
 We suffer worse; but we will others urge
 To combat, who have stood too long aloof,
 Attentive only to their own repose.

He spake, whom all approv'd, and forth they went,
 Imperial Agamemnon at their head. 161

Nor watch'd the glorious Shaker of the shores
 In vain, but like a man time-worn approach'd,
 And, seizing Agamemnon's better hand,
 In accents wing'd the monarch thus address'd. 165

Atrides! now exults the vengeful heart
 Of fierce Achilles, viewing at his ease
 The flight and slaughter of Achaia's host;
 For he is mad, and let him perish such,
 And may his portion from the Gods be shame! 170
 But as for thee, not yet the pow'rs of heav'n
 Thee hate implacable; the Chiefs of Troy
 Shall cover yet with cloudy dust the breadth
 Of all the plain, and backward from the camp
 To Ilium's gates thyself shalt see them driv'n. 175

He ceased, and shouting travers'd swift the field.
 Loud as nine thousand or ten thousand shout
 In furious battle mingled, Neptune sent
 His voice abroad, force irresistible
 Infusing into ev'ry Grecian heart, 180
 And thirst of battle not to be assuaged.

But Juno of the golden throne stood forth
 On the Olympian summit, viewing thence
 The field, where clear distinguishing the God
 Of ocean, her own brother, sole engaged 185
 Amid the glorious battle, glad was she.
 Seeing Jove also on the topmost point
 Of spring-fed Ida seated, she conceived
 Hatred against him, and thenceforth began
 Deliberate, how best she might deceive 190
 The Thunderer, and thus at last resolved;
 Attired with skill celestial to descend
 On Ida, with the hope to allure him first
 Won by her beauty to a fond embrace,
 Then closing fast in balmy sleep profound 195
 His

His eyes, to elude his vigilance, secure.
 She fought her chamber; Vulcan her own son
 That chamber built. He framed the solid doors,
 And to the posts fast closed them with a key
 Mysterious, which, herself except, in heav'n 200
 None understood. Entering she secured
 The splendid portal. First, she laved all o'er
 Her beauteous body with ambrosial lymph,
 Then, polish'd it with richest oil divine
 Of boundless fragrance; oil that in the courts 205
 Eternal only shaken, through the skies
 Breathed odours, and through all the distant earth.
 Her whole fair body with those sweets bedew'd,
 She pass'd the comb through her ambrosial hair,
 And braided her bright locks streaming profuse 210
 From her immortal brows; with golden studs
 She made her gorgeous mantle fast before,
 Ethereal texture, labour of the hands
 Of Pallas, beautified with various art,
 And braced it with a zone fringed all around 215
 An hundred fold; her pendants triple-gemm'd
 Luminous, graceful, in her ears she hung,
 And cov'ring all her glories with a veil
 Sun-bright, new-woven, bound to her fair feet
 Her sandals elegant. Thus, full attired 220
 In all her ornaments, she issued forth,
 And beck'ning Venus from the other pow'rs
 Of heav'n apart, the Goddess thus bespake.
 Daughter belov'd! Shall I obtain my fruit,
 Or wilt thou thwart me, angry that I aid 225

The

The Grecians, while thine aid is giv'n to Troy?

To whom Jove's daughter Venus thus replied.

What would majestic Juno, daughter dread

Of Saturn, fire of Jove? I feel a mind

Disposed to gratify thee, if thou ask

230

Things possible, and possible to me.

Then thus with wiles veiling her deep design

Imperial Juno. Give me those desires,

That love-enkindling pow'r by which thou sway'st

Immortal hearts, and mortal, all alike.

235

For to the green earth's utmost bounds I go,

To visit there the parent of the Gods,

Oceanus, and Tethys his espoused,

Mother of all. They kindly from the hands

Of Rhea took, and with parental care

240

Sustain'd and cherish'd me, what time from heav'n

The Thund'rer hurl'd down Saturn, and beneath

The earth fast bound him and the barren Deep.

Them go I now to visit, and their feuds

Innumerable to compose; for long

245

They have from conjugal embrace abstain'd

Through mutual wrath, whom by persuasive speech

Might I restore into each others' arms,

They would for ever love me and revere.

Her, foam-born Venus then, Goddess of smiles,

250

Thus answer'd. Thy request, who in the arms

Of Jove reposest the omnipotent,

Nor just it were nor seemly to refuse.

So saying, the cincture from her breast she loos'd

Embroider'd, various, her all-charming zone.

255

It

It was an ambush of sweet snares, replete
 With love, desire, soft intercourse of hearts,
 And music of resifless whisper'd sounds
 That from the wisest steal their best resolves;
 She placed it in her hands and thus she said. 260

Take this—this girdle fraught with ev'ry charm.
 Hide this within thy bosom, and return,
 Whate'er thy purpose, mistress of it all.

She spake; imperial Juno smiled, and still
 Smiling complacent, bosom'd safe the zone. 265

Then Venus to her father's courts return'd,
 And Juno, starting from th' Olympian height,
 O'erflew Pieria and the lovely plains

Of broad Emathia; soaring thence she swept
 The snow-clad summits of the Thracian hills 270

Steed-famed, nor printed, as she pass'd, the soil.
 From Athos o'er the foaming billows borne
 She came to Lemnos, city and abode

Of noble Thoas, and there meeting Sleep,
 Brother of Death, she press'd his hand, and said, 275

Sleep, over all, both Gods and men, supreme!

If ever thou hast heard, hear also now

My suit; I will be grateful evermore.

Seal for me fast the radiant eyes of Jove
 In th' instant of his gratified desire. 280

Thy recompence shall be a throne of gold,

Bright, incorruptible; my limping son,

Vulcan, shall fashion it himself with art

Laborious, and, beneath, shall place a stool

For thy fair feet, at the convivial board. 285

Then

Then answer thus the tranquil Sleep return'd.
 Great Saturn's daughter, awe-inspiring queen!
 All other of the everlasting Gods
 I could with ease make slumber, ev'n the streams
 Of Ocean, Sire of all. Not so the King 290
 The son of Saturn; him, unless himself
 Give me command, I dare not lull to rest,
 Or ev'n approach him, taught as I have been
 Already in the school of thy commands
 That wisdom. I forget not yet the day 395
 When, Troy laid waste, that valiant son * of his
 Sail'd homeward: then my influence I diffused
 Soft o'er the sov'reign intellect of Jove;
 While thou, against the Hero plotting harm,
 Didst rouse the billows with tempestuous blasts, 300
 And separating him from all his friends
 Brought'st him to populous Cos. Then Jove awoke,
 And, hurling in his wrath the Gods about,
 Sought chiefly me, whom far below all ken
 He had from heav'n cast down into the Deep, 305
 But Night, resistless vanquisher of all,
 Both Gods and men, preserv'd me; for to her
 I fled for refuge. So the Thund'rer cool'd,
 Though sore displeas'd, and spared me through a fear
 To violate the peaceful sway of Night. 310
 And thou wouldst now embroil me yet again!

To whom majestic Juno thus replied.
 Ah, wherefore, Sleep! should'st thou indulge a fear
 So groundless? Chase it from thy mind afar.

* Hercules.

Think'ſt thou the Thund'rer as intent to ſerve 315
 The Trojans, and as jealous in their cauſe
 As erſt for Hercules, his genuine ſon?
 Come then, and I will bleſs thee with a bride;
 One of the younger Graces ſhall be thine,
 Paſithea, day by day ſtill thy deſire. 320

She ſpake; Sleep heard delighted, and replied.
 By the inviolable Stygian flood
 Swear to me; lay thy right hand on the glebe
 All-teeming, lay thy other on the face
 Of the flat ſea, that all the Immortal pow'rs 325
 Who compaſs Saturn in the nether realms
 May witneſs, that thou giv'ſt me for a bride
 The younger Grace whom thou haſt named, divine
 Paſithea, day by day ſtill my deſire.

He ſaid, nor beauteous Juno not complied, 330
 But ſware, by name invoking all the pow'rs
 Titanian call'd, who in the loweſt gulph
 Dwell under Tartarus, omitting none.
 Her oath with ſolemn ceremonial ſworn,
 Together forth they went; Lemnos they left 335
 And Imbrus, city of Thrace, and in dark clouds
 Mantled, with gliding eaſe ſwam through the air
 To Ida's mount with rilling waters vein'd,
 Parent of ſavage beaſts; at Lectos* firſt
 They quitted Ocean, overpaſſing high 340
 The dry land, while beneath their feet the woods
 Their ſpiry ſummits waved. There, unperceived
 By Jove, Sleep mounted Ida's loftieſt pine

* One of the heads of Ida.

Of growth that pierced the sky, and hidden fast
 Secure by its expanded boughs, the bird 345
 Shrill-voiced resembling in the mountains seen,
 Chalcis in heav'n, on earth Cymindis named.

But Juno swift to Gargarus the top
 Of Ida, soar'd, and there Jove saw his spouse.
 —Saw her—and in his breast the same love felt 350
 Rekindled vehement, which had of old
 Joined them, when, by their parents unperceived,
 They stole aside, and snatch'd their first embrace.
 Soon he accosted her, and thus enquired.

Juno! what region seeking hast thou left 355
 Th' Olympian summit, and hast here arrived
 With neither steed nor chariot in thy train?

To whom majestic Juno thus replied
 Dissembling. To the green earth's end I go,
 To visit there the parent of the Gods 360
 Oceanus, and Tethys his espoused,
 Mother of all. They kindly from the hands
 Of Rhea took, and with parental care
 Sustain'd and cherish'd me; to them I haste
 Their feuds innumerable to compose, 365
 Who disunited by intestine strife
 Long time, from conjugal embrace abstain.
 My steeds, that lightly over dank and dry
 Shall bear me, at the rooted base I left
 Of Ida river-vein'd. But for thy sake 370
 From the Olympian summit I arrive,
 Left journeying remote to the abode
 Of Ocean, and with no consent of thine

Entreated first, I should, perchance, offend.

To whom the cloud-assembler God replied. 375

Juno! thy journey thither may be made

Hereafter. Let us turn to dalliance now.

For never Goddesses pour'd, nor woman yet

So full a tide of love into my breast;

I never lov'd Ixion's comfort thus 380

Who bore Pirithoüs, wife as we in heav'n;

Nor sweet Acrisian Danaë, from whom

Sprang Perseus, noblest of the race of man;

Nor Phoenix' daughter fair*, of whom were born

Minos unmatch'd but by the pow'rs above, 385

And Rhadamanthus; nor yet Semele,

Nor yet Alcmena, who in Thebes produc'd

The valiant Hercules; and though my son

By Semele were Bacchus, joy of man;

Nor Ceres golden-hair'd, nor high-enthroned 390

Latona in the skies, no—nor thyself

As now I love thee, and my soul perceive

O'erwhelm'd with sweetness of intense desire.

Then thus majestic Juno her reply

Framed artful. Oh unreasonable haste! 395

What speaks the Thund'rer? If on Ida's heights

Where all is open and to view expos'd

Thou wilt that we embrace, what must betide,

Should any of the everlasting Gods

Observe us, and declare it to the rest? 400

Never could I, arising, seek again

Thy mansion, so unseemly were the deed.

* Europa.

But if thy inclinations that way tend,
 Thou hast a chamber; it is Vulcan's work
 Our son's; he framed and fitted to its posts 405
 The solid portal; thither let us hie,
 And there repose, since such thy pleasure seems.

To whom the cloud-assembler Deity.
 Fear thou not, Juno, lest the eye of Man
 Or of a God discern us; at my word 410
 A golden cloud shall fold us so around,
 That not the sun himself shall through that veil
 Discover aught, though keenest-eyed of all.

So spake the son of Saturn, and his spouse
 Fast lock'd within his arms. Beneath them earth 415
 With sudden herbage teemed; at once upsprang
 The crocus soft, the lotus bathed in dew,
 And the crisp hyacinth with clust'ring bells;
 Thick was their growth, and high above the ground
 Upbore them. On that flow'ry couch they lay, 420
 Invested with a golden cloud that shed
 Bright dew-drops all around. His heart at ease,
 There lay the Sire of all, by sleep and love
 Vanquish'd on lofty Gargarus, his spouse
 Constraining still with amorous embrace. 425
 Then, gentle Sleep to the Achaian camp
 Sped swift away, with tidings for the ear
 Of earth-encircler Neptune charged; him soon
 He found, and in wing'd accents thus began.

Now Neptune, yield the Greeks effectual aid, 430
 And, while the moment lasts of Jove's repose,
 Make vict'ry theirs; for him in slumbers soft

I have

I have involved, while Juno by deceit
Prevailing, lured him with the bait of love.

He said, and swift departed to his task 435
Among the nations; but his tidings urged
Neptune with still more ardour to assist
The Danaï; he leap'd into the van
Afar, and thus exhorted them aloud.

Oh Argives! yield we yet again the day 440
To Priameian Hector? Shall he seize
Our ships, and make the glory all his own?
Such is his expectation, so he vaunts,
For that Achilles leaves not yet his camp,
Repentful; but of him small need, I judge, 445
Should here be felt, could once the rest be roused
To mutual aid. Act, then, as I advise.

The best and broadest bucklers of the host,
And brightest helmets put we on, and, arm'd
With longest spears, advance; myself will lead; 450
And trust me, furious though he be, the son
Of Priam flies. Ye then who feel your hearts
Undaunted, but are arm'd with smaller shields,
Them give to those who fear, and in exchange
Their stronger shields and broader take yourselves. 455

So he, whom, unreluctant, all obey'd.
Then, wounded as they were, themselves the Kings,
Tydides, Agamemnon and Ulysses
Marshall'd the warriors, and from rank to rank
Made just exchange of arms, giving the best 460
To the best warriors, to the worse, the worst.
And now in brazen armour all array'd

Refulgent,

Refulgent, on they moved, by Neptune led
 With firm hand grasping his long-bladed sword
 Keen as Jove's bolt; with Ilim may none contend 465
 In dreadful fight; but fear chains ev'ry arm.

Opposite, Priameian Hector ranged
 His Trojans; then they stretch'd the bloody cord
 Of conflict tight, Neptune cærulean-hair'd,
 And Hector, pride of Ilium; one, the Greeks 470
 Supporting firm, and one, the pow'rs of Troy;
 A sea-flood dash'd the galleys, and the hosts
 Join'd clamorous. Not so the billows roar
 The shores among, when Boreas' roughest blast
 Sweeps landward from the main the tow'ring surge; 475
 Not so, devouring fire among the trees
 That clothe the mountain, when the sheeted flames
 Ascending wrap the forest in a blaze;
 Nor howl the winds through leafy boughs of oaks
 Uprgrown aloft, (though loudest there they rave) 480
 With sounds so awful as were heard of Greeks
 And Trojans shouting when the clash began.

At Ajax first, (for face to face they stood)
 Illustrious Hector threw a spear well-aimed,
 But smote him where the belts that bore his shield 485
 And faulchion cross'd each other on his breast.
 The double guard preserv'd him unannoy'd.
 Indignant that his spear had bootless flown,
 Yet fearing death at hand, the Trojan Chief
 Toward the phalanx of his friends retired. 490
 But, as he went, huge Ajax with a stone
 Of those which propp'd the ships (for num'rous such

Lay

Lay rolling at the feet of those who fought)
 Affail'd him. Twirling like a top it pass'd
 The shield of Hector, near the neck his breast 495
 Struck full, then plow'd circuitous the dust.
 As when Jove's arm omnipotent an oak
 Prostrates uprooted on the plain, a fume
 Rises sulphureous from the riven trunk,
 And if, perchance, some trav'ler nigh at hand 500
 See it, he trembles at the bolt of Jove,
 So fell the might of Hector, to the earth
 Smitten at once. Down dropp'd his idle spear,
 And with his helmet and his shield himself
 Also; loud thunder'd all his gorgeous arms. 505
 Swift flew the Grecians shouting to the skies,
 And show'ring darts, to drag his body thence,
 But neither spear of theirs nor shaft could harm
 The fallen leader, with such instant aid
 His princely friends encircled him around, 510
 Sarpedon, Lycian Chief, Glaucus the brave,
 Polydamas, Æneas, and renown'd
 Agenor; neither tardy were the rest,
 But with round shields all shelter'd Hector fall'n.
 Him soon uplifted from the plain his friends 515
 Bore thence, 'till where his fiery courfers stood,
 And splendid chariot in the rear, they came,
 Then Troy-ward drove him groaning as he went.
 Ere long arriving at the pleasant stream
 Of eddied Xanthus, progeny of Jove, 520
 They lay'd him on the bank, and on his face
 Poured water, he, reviving, upward gazed,
 And

And feated on his hams black blood difgorged
 Coagulate, but soon relapsing, fell
 Supine, his eyes with pitchy darknefs veil'd, 525
 And all his pow'rs ftill torpid by the blow.

Then, feeling Hector borne away, the Greeks
 Rush'd fiercer on, all mindful of the fight,
 And far before the reft, Ajax the fwift,
 The Oilean Chief, with pointed fpear 530
 On Satnius fpringing, pierced him. Him a nymph
 A Naiad, bore to Enops, while his herd
 Feeding, on Satnio's graffy verge he ftray'd.
 But Oiliades the fpear-renown'd
 Approaching, pierced his flank ; fupine he fell, 535
 And fiery conteft for the dead arofe.

In vengeance of his fall, fpear-shaking Chief
 The fon of Panthus into fight advanced
 Polydamas, who Prothöenor pierced
 Offspring of Arcilocus, and urged 540
 Through his right foulder fheer the ftormy lance.
 He, prostrate, clench'd the duft, and with loud voice
 Polydamas exulted at his fall.

Yon fpear, methinks, hurl'd from the warlike hand
 Of Panthus' noble fon, flew not in vain, 545
 But fome Greek hath it, purpofing, I judge,
 To lean on it in his defcent to Hell.

So he, whose vaunt the Grecks indignant heard,
 But moft indignant, Ajax, offspring bold
 Of Telamon, to whom he neareft fell. 550
 He, quick, at the retiring conqu'rer caft
 His radiant fpear ; Polydamas the ftroke

Shunn'd

Shunn'd, starting sideward; but Antenor's son
 Archilochus the mortal dint received,
 Death-destin'd by the Gods; where neck and spine 555
 Unite, both tendons he dissever'd wide,
 And, ere his knees, his nostrils met the ground.

Then Ajax in his turn vaunting aloud
 Against renown'd Polydamas, exclaim'd.
 Speak now the truth, Polydamas, and weigh 560
 My question well. His life whom I have slain
 Makes it not compensation for the loss
 Of Prothöenor's life? To me he seems
 Nor base himself, nor yet of base descent,
 But brother of Antenor steed-renown'd, 565
 Or else perchance his son; for in my eyes
 Antenor's lineage he resembles most.

So he, well knowing him, and sorrow seiz'd
 Each Trojan heart. Then Acamas around
 His brother stalking, wounded with his spear 570
 Bœotian Promachus, who by the feet
 Dragg'd off the slain. Acamas in his fall
 Aloud exulted with a boundless joy.

Vain-glorious Argives, archers inexpert!
 War's toil and trouble are not ours alone, 575
 But ye shall perish also; mark the man—
 How sound he sleeps tamed by my conqu'ring arm,
 Your fellow-warrior Promachus! the debt
 Of vengeance on my brother's dear behalf
 Demanded quick discharge; well may the wish 580
 Of ev'ry dying warrior be to leave
 A brother living to avenge his fall.

He ended, whom the Greeks indignant heard,
 But chiefly brave Peneleus; swift he rush'd
 On Acamas; but from before the force 585
 Of King Peneleus Acamas retired,
 And, in his stead, Ilioneus he pierced,
 Offspring of Phorbas rich in flocks, and blest
 By Mercury with such abundant wealth
 As other Trojan none, nor child to him 590
 His spouse had borne, Ilioneus except.
 Him close beneath the brow to his eye-roots
 Piercing, he push'd the pupil from its seat,
 And through his eye and through his poll the spear
 Urged furious. He down-sitting on the earth 595
 Both hands extended; but, his glitt'ring blade
 Forth-drawn, Peneleus through his middle neck
 Enforced it; head and helmet to the ground
 He lopp'd together, with the lance infixt
 Still in his eye; then like a poppy's head 600
 The crimson trophy lifting, in the ears
 He vaunted loud of Ilium's host, and cried.

Go, Trojans! be my messengers! Inform
 The parents of Ilioneus the brave
 That they may mourn their son through all their house,
 For so the wife of Alegenor's son 605
 Bœotian Promachus must him bewail,
 Nor shall she welcome his return with smiles
 Of joy affectionate, when from the shores
 Of Troy the fleet shall bear us Grecians home. 610

He said; fear whiten'd ev'ry Trojan cheek,
 And ev'ry Trojan eye with earnest look

Enquired a refuge from impending fate.

Say now, ye Muses, blest inhabitants

Of the Olympian realms! what Grecian first 615

Fill'd his victorious hand with armour stript

From slaughter'd Trojans, after Ocean's God

Had, interposing, changed the battle's course?

First, Telamonian Ajax Hyrtius flew,

Undaunted leader of the Myfian band. 620

Phalces and Mermerus their arms resign'd

To young Antilochus; Hyppotion fell

And Morys by Meriones; the shafts

Right-aim'd of Teucer to the shades dismiss'd

Prothöus and Periphetes, and the prince 625

Of Sparta, Menelaus, in his flank

Pierced Hyperenor; on his entrails prey'd

The hungry steel, and, through the gaping wound

Expell'd, his spirit flew; night veil'd his eyes.

But Ajax Oiliades the swift 630

Slew most; him none could equal in pursuit

Of tremblers scatter'd by the frown of Jove.

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

F I F T E E N T H B O O K.

Jove, awaking and seeing the Trojans routed, threatens Juno. He sends Iris to admonish Neptune to relinquish the battle, and Apollo to restore health to Hector. Apollo armed with the Ægis puts to flight the Grecians; they are pursued home to their fleet, and Telamonian Ajax slays twelve Trojans bringing fire to burn it.

B O O K X V.

BUT when the flying Trojans had o'erpass'd
Both stakes and trench, and num'rous slaughter'd lay
By Grecian hands, the remnant halted all
Beside their chariots, pale, discomfited.
Then was it that on Ida's summit Jove
At Juno's side awoke; starting, he stood
At once erect; Trojans and Greeks he saw,
These broken, those pursuing and led on
By Neptune; he beheld also remote
Encircled by his friends, and on the plain
Extended, Hector; there he panting lay,
Senseless, ejecting blood, bruis'd by a blow
From not the feeblest of the sons of Greece.
Touch'd with compassion at that fight, the Sire
Of Gods and men, frowning terrific, fix'd
His eyes on Juno, and her thus bespake.

5

10

15

No

No place for doubt remains. Oh versed in wiles,
 Juno! thy mischief-teeming mind perverse
 Hath plotted this; thou hast contriv'd the hurt
 Of Hector, and hast driv'n his host to flight. 20
 I know not but thyself may'st chance to reap
 The first-fruits of thy cunning, * scourged by me.
 Hast thou forgotten how I once aloft
 Suspended thee, with anvils at thy feet,
 And both thy wrists bound with a golden cord 25
 Indissoluble? In the clouds of heav'n
 I hung thee, while from the Olympian heights
 The Gods look'd mournful on, but of them all
 None could deliver thee, for whom I seized,
 Hurl'd through the gates of heav'n on earth he fell, 30
 Half-breathless. Neither so did I resign
 My hot resentment of the Hero's wrongs
 Immortal Hercules, whom thou by storms
 Call'd from the North, with mischievous intent
 Hadst driv'n far distant o'er the barren Deep 35
 To populous Cos. Thence I deliver'd him,
 And after num'rous woes severe, he reach'd
 The shores of fruitful Argos, saved by me.

* The Translator seizes the opportunity afforded to him by this remarkable passage, to assure his readers, who are not readers of the original, that the discipline which Juno is here said to have suffered from the hands of Jove, is not of his own invention. He found it in the original, and considering fidelity as his indispensable duty, has not attempted to soften or to refine away the matter. He begs that this observation may be adverted to as often as any passage shall occur, in which ancient practices or customs, not consonant to our own, either in point of delicacy or humanity, may be either expressed or alluded to.

He makes this request the rather, because on these occasions Mr. Pope has observed a different conduct, suppressing all such images as he had reason to suppose might be offensive.

I thus

I thus remind thee now, that thou may'st cease
 Henceforth from artifice, and may't be taught 40
 How little all the dalliance and the love
 Which, stealing down from heav'n, thou hast by fraud
 Obtain'd from me, shall profit thee at last.

He ended, whom imperial Juno heard
 Shudd'ring, and in wing'd accents thus replied. 45

Be witness Earth, the boundless Heav'n above,
 And Styx beneath, whose stream the blessed Gods
 Ev'n tremble to adjure; be witness too
 Thy sacred life, and our connubial bed,
 Which by a false oath I will never wrong, 50
 That by no art induced or plot of mine
 Neptune, the shaker of the shores, inflicts
 These harms on Hector and the Trojan host
 Aiding the Grecians, but impell'd alone
 By his own heart with pity moved at sight 55
 Of the Achaians at the ships subdued.

But even Him, oh sov'reign of the storms!
 I am prepared to admonish that he quit
 The battle, and retire where thou command'st.

So she; then smiled the Sire of Gods and men, 60
 And in wing'd accents answer thus return'd.

Juno! would'st thou on thy celestial throne
 Assist my counsels, howsoe'er in heart
 He differ now, Neptune should soon his will
 Submissive bend to thy desires and mine. 65
 But if sincerity be in thy words
 And truth, repairing to the blest abodes
 Send Iris hither, with the archer God

Apollo;

Apollo ; that she, visiting the host
 Of Greece, may bid the Sov'reign of the Deep 70
 Renounce the fight, and seek his proper home.
 Apollo's part shall be to rouse again
 Hector to battle, to inspire his soul
 Afresh with courage, and all mem'ry thence
 To banish of the pangs which now he feels. 75
 Apollo also shall again repulse
 Achaia's host, which with base panic fill'd,
 Shall even to Achilles ships be driv'n.
 Achilles shall his valiant friend exhort
 Patroclus forth ; him under Ilium's walls 80
 Shall glorious Hector slay ; but many a youth
 Shall perish by Patroclus first, with whom,
 My noble son Sarpedon. Peleus' son,
 Resentful of Patroclus' death, shall slay
 Hector, and I will urge ceaseless, myself, 85
 Thenceforth the routed Trojans back again,
 'Till by Minerva's aid the Greeks shall take
 Ilium's proud city ; 'till that day arrive
 My wrath shall burn, nor will I one permit
 Of all the Immortals to assist the Greeks, 90
 But will perform Achilles' whole desire.
 Such was my promise to him at the first,
 Ratified by a nod that self-same day
 When Thetis clasp'd my knees, begging revenge
 And glory for her city-spoiler son. 95
 He ended ; nor his spouse white-arm'd refused
 Obedience, but from the Idæan heights
 Departing, to the Olympian summit soar'd.

Swift as the travellers thought, who, many a land
 Travers'd, delib'rates on his future course
 Uncertain, and his mind sends ev'ry way,
 So swift upstart Juno to the skies.

Arrived on the Olympian heights, she found
 The Gods assembled; they, at once, their seats
 At her approach forsaking, with full cups 105
 Her coming hail'd; heedless of all beside,
 She took the cup from blooming Themis' hand,
 For she first flew to welcome her, and thus
 In accents wing'd of her return enquired.

Say, Juno, why this sudden ascent?
 Thou seem'st dismay'd; hath Saturn's son, thy spouse,
 Driv'n thee affrighted to the skies again? 110

To whom the white-arm'd Goddess thus replied.
 Themis divine, ask not. Full well thou know'st
 How harshly temper'd is the mind of Jove, 115
 And how untractable. Resume thy seat;
 The banquet calls thee; at our board preside.
 Thou shalt be told, and all in heav'n shall hear
 What ills he threatens; such as shall not leave
 All minds at ease, I judge, here or on earth, 120
 However tranquil some and joyous now.

So spake the awful spouse of Jove, and sat.
 Then, all alike, the Gods displeasure felt
 Throughout the courts of Jove, but she, her lips
 Gracing with smiles from which her fable brows 125
 Dissented, thus, indignant them address'd.

Alas! how vain against the Thund'rer's will
 Our anger, and the hope to supersede

His

His purpose, by persuasion or by force!
 He solitary sits, all unconcern'd 130
 At our resentment, and himself proclaims
 Mightiest and most to be revered in heav'n.
 Be patient, therefore, and let each endure
 Such ills as Jove may fend him. Mars, I ween,
 Already hath his share; the warrior God 135
 Hath lost Afcalaphus, of all mankind
 His most belov'd, and whom he calls his own.

She spake, and with expanded palms his thighs
 Smiting, thus, forrowful, the God exclaim'd.

Inhabitants of the Olympian heights! 140
 Oh bear with me, if to avenge my son
 I seek Achaia's fleet, although my doom
 Be thunder-bolts from Jove, and with the dead
 Outstretch'd to lie in carnage and in dust.

He spake, and bidding Horror and Dismay 145
 Lead to the yoke his rapid steeds, put on
 His all-refulgent armour. Then had wrath
 More dreadful, some strange vengeance on the Gods
 From Jove befall'n, had not Minerva, touch'd
 With timely fears for all, upstarting sprung 150
 From where she sat, right through the vestibule.
 She snatch'd the helmet from his brows, the shield
 From his broad shoulder, and the brazen spear
 Forced from his grasp into its place restored.
 Then reprimanding Mars, she thus began. 155

Frantic, delirious! thou art lost for ever!
 Is it in vain that thou hast ears to ear,
 And hast thou neither shame nor reason left?

How? hear'it thou not the Goddeſs, the report
 Of white-arm'd Juno from Olympian Jove 160
 Return'd this moment? or preferr'it thou rather,
 Plagued with a thouſand woes, and under force
 Of ſad neceſſity to ſeek again
 Olympus, and at thy return to prove
 Author of countleſs miſ'ries to us all? 165
 For He at once Grecians and Trojans both
 Abandoning, will hither haſte prepared
 To * tempeſt us in heav'n, whom he will ſeize,
 The guilty and the guiltleſs, all alike.
 I bid thee, therefore, patient bear the death 170
 Of thy Aſcalaphus; braver than he
 And abler have, ere now, in battle fall'n,
 And ſhall hereafter; arduous were the taſk
 To reſcue from the ſtroke of fate, the race
 Of mortal men, with all their progeny. 175
 So ſaying, Minerva on his throne replaced
 The fiery Mars. Then, ſummoning abroad
 Apollo from within the hall of Jove,
 With Iris, ſwift embaffadrefs of heav'n,
 Them in wing'd accents Juno thus beſpoke. 180
 Jove bids you hence with undelaying ſpeed
 To Ida; in his preſence once arriv'd,
 See that ye execute his whole command.

* To tempeſt—κυδοιμίςων—Milton uſes *tempeſt* as a verb. Speaking of the fiſhes,
 he ſays

—————part, huge of bulk
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
 Tempeſt the ocean.

So saying, the awful Goddess to her throne
 Return'd and sat. They, cleaving swift the air, 185
 Alighted soon on Ida fountain-fed,
 Parent of savage kinds. High on the point
 Seated of Gargarus, and wrapt around
 With fragrant clouds, they found Saturnian Jove
 The Thunderer, and in his presence stood. 190
 He, nought displeas'd that they his high command
 Had with such readiness obey'd, his speech
 To Iris, first, in accents wing'd address'd.

Swift Iris, haste—to royal Neptune bear
 My charge entire; falsify not the word. 195
 Bid him, relinquishing the fight, withdraw
 Either to heav'n, or to the boundless Deep.
 But should he disobedient prove, and scorn
 My message, let him, next, consider well
 How he will bear, powerful as he is, 200
 My coming. Me I boast superior far
 In force, and elder-born; yet deems he flight
 The danger of comparison with me,
 Who am the terrour of all heav'n beside.

He spake, nor storm-wing'd Iris disobey'd, 205
 But down from the Idæan summit stoop'd
 To sacred Ilium. As when snow or hail
 Flies drifted by the cloud-dispelling North,
 So swiftly, wing'd with readiness of will,
 She shot the gulph between, and standing soon 210
 At glorious Neptune's side, him thus address'd.

To thee, O Neptune azure-hair'd! I come
 With tidings charged from Ægis-bearing Jove.

He bids thee cease from battle, and retire
 Either to heav'n, or to the boundless Deep. 215
 But should'st thou, disobedient, set at nought
 His words, he threatens that himself will haste
 To fight against thee; but he bids thee shun
 That strife with one superior far to thee,
 And elder-born; yet deem'st thou flight, he saith, 220
 The danger of comparison with Him,
 Although the terrour of all heav'n beside.

Her then the mighty shaker of the shores
 Answer'd indignant. Great as is his pow'r,
 Yet hath he spoken proudly, threat'ning me 225
 With force, high-born and glorious as himself.
 We are three brothers; Saturn is our fire,
 And Rhea brought us forth; first, Jove she bore;
 Me next; then, Pluto, sov'reign of the shades.
 By distribution tripart we received 230
 Each his peculiar honours; me the lots
 Made Ruler of the hoary floods, and there
 I dwell for ever. Pluto, for his part,
 The regions took of darkness; and the heav'ns,
 The clouds, and boundless æther, fell to Jove. 235
 The Earth and the Olympian heights alike
 Are common to the three. My life and being
 I hold not, therefore, at his will, whose best
 And safest course, with all his boasted pow'r,
 Were to possess in peace his proper Third. 240
 Let him not seek to terrify with force
 Me like a dastard; let him rather chide
 His own-begotten; with big-sounding words

His

His sons and daughters govern, who perforce
Obey his voice, and shrink at his commands. 245

To whom thus Iris tempest-wing'd replied.
Cærulean-tressed Sov'reign of the Deep!
Shall I report to Jove, harsh as it is,
Thy speech, or wilt thou soften it? The wife
Are flexible, and on the Elder-born 250
Erynnis, with her vengeful sisters, waits.

Her answer'd then the Shaker of the shores.
Prudent is thy advice, Iris divine!
Discretion in a messenger is good
At all times. But the cause that fires me thus, 255
And with resentment my whole heart and mind
Possesses, is the license that he claims
To vex with provocation rude of speech
Me his compeer, and by decree of Fate
Illustrious as himself; yet, though incensed, 260
And with just cause, I will not now persist.
But hear—for it is treasured in my heart
The threat that my lips utter. If he still
Resolve to spare proud Ilium in despite
Of me, of Pallas, Goddess of the spoils, 265
Of Juno, Mercury, and the King of fire,
And will not overturn her lofty tow'rs,
Nor grant immortal glory to the Greeks,
Then tell him thus—Hostility shall burn,
And wrath between us never to be quenched. 270

So saying, the Shaker of the shores forsook
The Grecian host, and plunged into the Deep,
Miss'd by Achaia's heroes. Then, the cloud-

Assembler God thus to Apollo spake.

Hence, my Apollo ! to the Trojan Chief 275
 Hector ; for earth-encircler Neptune, awed
 By fear of my displeasure imminent,
 Hath fought the sacred Deep. Else, all the Gods
 Who compass Saturn in the nether realms,
 Had even there our contest heard, I ween, 280
 And heard it loudly. But that he retreats
 Although at first incensed, shunning my wrath,
 Is salutary both for him and me,
 Whose difference else had not been heal'd with ease.
 Take thou my shaggy Ægis, and with force 285
 Smiting it, terrify the Chiefs of Greece.
 As for illustrious Hector, him I give
 To thy peculiar care ; fail not to rouse
 His fiercest courage, 'till he push the Greeks
 To Hellepont, and to their ships again ; 290
 Thenceforth to yield to their afflicted host
 Some pause from toil, shall be my own concern.

He ended, nor Apollo disobey'd
 His father's voice ; from the Idæan heights,
 Swift as the swiftest of the fowls of air, 295
 The dove-destroyer falcon, down he flew.
 The noble Hector, valiant Priam's son
 He found, not now extended on the plain,
 But seated ; newly, as from death, awaked,
 And conscious of his friends ; freely he breathed, 300
 Nor sweated more, by Jove himself revived.
 Apollo stood beside him, and began.

Say,

Say, Hector, Priam's son! why fittest here
Feeble and spiritless, and from thy host
Apart? what new disaster hath befall'n? 305

To whom with difficulty thus replied
The warlike Chief.—But tell me, who art Thou,
Divine enquirer! best of pow'rs above!
Know'st not that dauntless Ajax me his friends
Slaught'ring at yonder ships, hath with a stone 310
Surceas'd from fight, smiting me on the breast?
I thought to have beheld, this day, the dead
In Ades, ev'ry breath so seem'd my last.

Then answer thus the Archer God return'd.
Courage this moment! such an helper Jove 315
From Ida sends thee at thy side to war
Continual, Phœbus of the golden sword,
Whose guardian aid both thee and lofty Troy
Hath succour'd many a time. Therefore arise!
Instant bid drive thy num'rous charioteers 320
Their rapid steeds full on the Grecian fleet;
I, marching at their head, will smooth, myself,
The way before them, and will turn again
To flight the Heroes of the host of Greece.

He said, and with new strength the Chief inspired. 325
As some stall'd horse high-pamper'd, snapping short
His cord, beats under-foot the founding foil,
Accustom'd in smooth-sliding streams to lave
Exulting; high he bears his head, his mane
Wantons around his shoulders; pleas'd, he eyes 330
His glossy sides, and borne on pliant knees
Soon finds the haunts where all his fellows graze,

So bounded Hector, and his agile joints
 Plied lightly, quicken'd by the voice divine,
 And gather'd fast his charioteers to battle. 335

But as when hounds and hunters through the woods
 Rush in pursuit of stag or of wild goat,
 He, in some cave with tangled boughs o'erhung,
 Lies safe conceal'd, no destined prey of theirs,
 'Till by their clamours roused, a lion grim 340

Starts forth to meet them; then, the boldest fly;
 Such hot pursuit the Danaï, with swords
 And spears of double edge long time maintain'd,
 But seeing Hector in his ranks again
 Occupied, felt at once their courage fall'n. 345

Then, Thoas them, Andraemon's son, address'd,
 Foremost of the Ætolians, at the spear
 Skilful, in stationary combat bold,
 And when the sons of Greece held in dispute
 The prize of eloquence, excell'd by few. 350
 Prudent advising them, he thus began.

Ye Gods! what prodigy do I behold?
 Hath Hector, 'scaping death, risen again?
 For him, with confident persuasion all
 Believed by Telamonian Ajax slain. 355

But some Divinity hath interposed
 To rescue and save Hector, who the joints
 Hath stiffen'd of full many a valiant Greek,
 As surely now he shall; for, not without
 The Thunderer's aid, he flames in front again. 360

But take ye all my counsel. Send we back
 The multitude into the fleet, and first

Let

Let us, who boast ourselves bravest in fight
Stand, that encount'ring him with lifted spears,
We may attempt to give his rage a check. 365

To thrust himself into a band like ours
Will, doubtless, ev'n in Hector move a fear.

He ceas'd, with whose advice all, glad, complied,
Then Ajax with Idomeneus of Crete,
Teucer, Meriones, and Meges fierce 370

As Mars in battle, summoning aloud
The noblest Greeks, in opposition firm
To Hector and his host their bands prepared,
While others all into the fleet retired.

Troy's crowded host * struck first. With awful strides 375
Came Hector foremost; him Apollo led,
His shoulders wrapt in clouds, and, on his arm,
The Ægis shagg'd terrific all around,

Tempestuous, dazzling-bright; it was a gift
To Jove from Vulcan, and design'd t' appall, 380
And drive to flight the armies of the earth.
Arm'd with that shield Apollo led them on.

Firm stood th' embodied Greeks; from either host
Shrill cries arose; the arrows from the nerve
Leap'd, and, by vig'rous arms dismiss'd, the spears 385

Flew frequent; in the flesh some stood infixt
Of warlike youths, but many, ere they reach'd
The mark they coveted, unfated fell
Between the hosts, and rested in the foil.

Long as the God unagitated held 390

* *Τρῶες δὲ πρῶτον αὐλλήεις.* The translation is literal, and affords one of many instances in which the Greek and English idiom correspond exactly.

The dreadful disk, so long the vollied darts
 Made mutual slaughter, and the people fell ;
 But when he look'd the Grecian charioteers
 Full in the face and shook it, raising high
 Himself the shout of battle, then he quell'd 395
 Their spirits, then he struck from ev'ry mind
 At once all mem'ry of their might in arms.
 As when two lions in the still dark night
 An herd of beeves scatter or num'rous flock
 Suddenly, in the absence of the guard, 400
 So fled the heartless Greeks, for Phœbus sent
 Terrours among them, but renown conferr'd
 And triumph proud on Hector and his host.
 Then, in that foul disorder of the field,
 Man singled man. Arcefilaüs died 405
 By Hector's arm, and Stichius ; one, a * Chief
 Of the Bœotians brazen-mail'd, and one,
 Menestheus' faithful follower to the fight.
 Æneas Medon and Iäfus flew.
 Medon was spurious offspring of divine 410
 Oileus Ajax' father, and abode
 In Phylace ; for he had slain a Chief
 Brother of Eriopis the espoused
 Of brave Oileus ; but Iäfus led
 A phalanx of Athenians, and the son 415
 Of Sphelus, son of Bucolus was deem'd.
 Pierced by Polydamas Mecisteus fell.
 Polites, in the van of battle, flew
 Echion, and Agenor Clonius ;

* Arcefilaüs.

But Paris, while Deïochus to flight 420
 Turn'd with the routed van, pierced him beneath
 His shoulder-blade, and urged the weapon through.

While them the Trojans spoil'd, meantime the Greeks,
 Entangled in the piles of the deep fofs,
 Fled ev'ry way, and through necessity 425

Repas'd the wall. Then Hector with a voice
 Of loud command bade ev'ry Trojan cease
 From spoil, and rush impetuous on the fleet.
 * And whom I find far ling'ring from the ships
 Wherever, there he dies; no fun'ral fires 430
 Brother on him, or sifter, shall bestow,
 But dogs shall rend him in the fight of Troy.

So saying, he lash'd the shoulders of his steeds,
 And, through the ranks vociferating, call'd
 His Trojans on; they, clamorous as he, 435
 All lash'd their steeds, and menacing, advanced.
 Before them with his feet Apollo push'd
 The banks into the fofs, bridging the gulph
 With pass commodious, both in length and breadth
 A lance's flight, for proof of vigour hurl'd. 440
 There, phalanx after phalanx, they their host
 Pour'd dense along, while Phœbus in the van
 Display'd the awful ægis, and the wall
 Levell'd with ease divine. As, on the shore,
 Some wanton boy with sand builds plaything walls, 445
 Then, sportive, spreads them with his feet abroad,
 So thou, shaft-arm'd Apollo! that huge work

* This abruptness of transition from the third person to the first, follows the original.

Laborious of the Greeks didst turn with ease
 To ruin, and themselves drov'ft all to flight.
 They, thus enforced into the fleet, again
 450
 Stood fast, with mutual exhortation each
 His friend encouraging, and all the Gods
 With lifted hands foliciting aloud.

But, more than all, Gerenian Nestor pray'd
 Fervent, Achaia's guardian, and with arms
 455
 Outstretch'd toward the starry skies, exclaim'd.

Jove, Father! if, in corn-clad Argos, one,
 One Greek hath ever, burning at thy shrine
 Fat thighs of sheep or oxen, ask'd from thee
 A safe return, whom thou hast gracious heard,
 460
 Olympian King! and promis'd what he fought,
 Now, in remembrance of it, give us help
 In this disastrous day, nor thus permit
 Their Trojan foes to tread the Grecians down!

So Nestor pray'd, and Jove thunder'd aloud
 465
 Responsive to the old Neleian's pray'r.

But when that voice of ægis-bearing Jove
 The Trojans heard, more furious on the Greeks
 They sprang, all mindful of the fight. As when
 A turgid billow of some spacious sea,
 470

While the wind blows that heaves it highest, borne
 Sheer o'er the vessels' side, rolls into her,

With such loud roar the Trojans pass'd the wall.
 In rush'd the steeds, and at the ships they waged

Fierce battle hand to hand, from chariots, these,
 475
 With spears of double edge, those, from the decks

Of many a sable bark, with naval poles

Long, pond'rous, shod with steel; for ev'ry ship
Had such, for conflict maritime prepared.

While yet the battle raged only without 480

The wall, and from the ships apart, so long

Patroclus quiet in the tent and calm

Sat of Eurypylus, his gen'rous friend

Consoling with sweet converse, and his wound

Sprinkling with drugs assuasive of his pains. 485

But soon as through the broken rampart borne

He saw the Trojans, and the clamour heard

And tumult of the flying Greeks, a voice

Of loud lament utt'ring, with open palms

His thighs he smote, and, sorrowful, exclaim'd. 490

Eurypylus! although thy need be great,

No longer may I now fit at thy side,

Such contest hath aris'n; thy servant's voice

Must sooth thee now, for I will to the tent

Haste of Achilles, and exhort him forth; 495

Who knows? if such the pleasure of the Gods,

I may prevail; friends rarely plead in vain.

So saying, he went. Meantime the Greeks endured

The Trojan onset, firm, yet from the ships

Repulsed them not, though fewer than themselves, 500

Nor could the host of Troy, breaking the ranks

Of Greece, mix either with the camp or fleet;

But as the line divides the plank aright,

Stretch'd by some naval architect, whose hand

Minerva hath accomplish'd in his art, 505

So stretch'd on them the cord of battle lay.

Others at other ships the conflict waged,

But

But Hector to the ship advanced direct
 Of glorious Ajax; for one ship they strove;
 Nor Hector, him dislodging thence, could fire 510
 The fleet, nor Ajax from the fleet repulse
 Hector, conducted thither by the Gods.

Then, noble Ajax with a spear the breast
 Pierced of Caletor son of Clytius, arm'd
 With fire to burn his bark; founding he fell, 515
 And from his loosen'd grasp down dropp'd the brand.
 But Hector seeing his own kinsman fall'n
 Beneath the sable bark, with mighty voice
 Call'd on the hosts of Lycia and of Troy.

Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting sons 520
 Of Dardanus, within this narrow pass
 Stand firm, retreat not, but redeem the son
 Of Clytius, lest the Grecians of his arms
 Despoil him slain in battle at the ships.

So saying, at Ajax his bright spear he cast. 525
 Him pierced he not, but Lycophron the son
 Of Mastor, a Cytherian, who had left
 Cytheræ, fugitive for blood, and dwelt
 With Ajax. Him standing at Ajax' side,
 He pierced above his ear; down from the stern 530
 Supine he fell, and in the dust expired.
 Then, shudd'ring, Ajax to his brother spake.

Alas, my Teucer! we have lost our friend;
 Mastorides is slain, whom we received
 An inmate from Cytheræ, and with love 535
 And rev'rence even filial, entertain'd;
 By Hector pierced, he dies. Where are thy shafts
 Death-wing'd, and bow, by gift from Phœbus thine?

He

He said, whom Teucer hearing, instant ran
 With bow and well-stored quiver to his side, 540
 Whence soon his arrows fought the Trojan host.
 He struck Pisenor's son Clytus, the friend
 And charioteer of brave Polydamas,
 Offspring of Panthus, toiling with both hands
 To rule his fiery steeds; for more to please 545
 The Trojans and their Chief, where stormy most
 He saw the battle, thither he had driv'n.
 But sudden mischief, valiant as he was,
 Found him, and such as none could waft aside,
 For right into his neck the arrow plunged, 550
 And down he fell; his startled couriers shook
 Their trappings, and the empty chariot rang.
 That sound alarm'd Polydamas; he turn'd,
 And flying to their heads, consign'd them o'er
 To Protiaön's son, Aftynoüs, 555
 Whom he enjoin'd to keep them in his view,
 Then, turning, mingled with the van again.
 But Teucer still another shaft produced
 Design'd for valiant Hector, whose exploits
 (Had that shaft reach'd him) at the ships of Greece 560
 Had ceased for ever. But the eye of Jove,
 Guardian of Hector's life, slept not; he took
 From Telamonian Teucer that renown,
 And while he stood straining the twisted nerve
 Against the Trojan, snapp'd it. Devious flew 565
 The *steel-charged arrow, and he dropp'd his bow.

* The Translator hopes that his learned readers will pardon him, if sometimes, to avoid an irksome cacophony, he turns brass into steel. In fact, the arrow had not a point of steel, but a brazen one.

Then, shudd'ring, to his brother thus he spake.

 Ah! it is evident, Some Pow'r divine
 Makes fruitless all our efforts, who hath struck
 My bow out of my hand, and snapt the cord
 With which I strung it new at dawn of day,
 That it might bear the bound of many a shaft.

 To whom the tow'ring son of Telamon.
 Leave then thy bow, and let thine arrows rest,
 Which, envious of the Greeks, some God confounds,
 That thou may'it fight with spear and buckler arm'd,
 And animate the rest. Such be our deeds
 That, should they conquer us, our foes may find
 Our ships, at least a prize not lightly won.

 So Ajax spake; then Teucer, in his tent
 The bow replacing, flung his fourfold shield,
 Settled on his illustrious brows his casque
 With hair high crested, waving, as he moved,
 Terrible from above, took forth a spear
 Tough-grain'd, acuminated sharp with brass,
 And stood, incontinent, at Ajax' side.

Hector perceived the change, and of the cause
 Conscious, with echoing voice call'd to his host.

 Trojans and Lycians and close-fighting sons
 Of Dardanus, oh now, my friends, be men,
 Now, wheresoever through the fleet dispers'd,
 Call into mind the fury of your might!
 For I have seen, myself, Jove rend'ring vain
 The arrows of their mightiest. Man may know
 With ease the hand of interposing Jove,
 Both whom to glory he ordains, and whom
 He weakens and aids not; so now he leaves

The Grecians, but propitious smiles on us.
 Therefore stand fast, and whosoever gall'd
 By arrow or by shaft, dies—Let him die; 600
 It shall not shame him that he died to serve
 His country, but his children, wife and home,
 With all his heritage, shall be secure,
 Drive but the Grecians from the shores of Troy.

So saying, he animated each. Meantime, 605
 Ajax his fellow-warriors thus address'd.

Shame on you all! Now Grecians either die,
 Or save at once your galleys and yourselves.
 Hope ye, that should your ships become the prize
 Of warlike Hector, ye shall yet return 610
 On foot? Or hear ye not the Chief aloud
 Summoning all his host, and publishing
 His own heart's wish to burn your fleet with fire?
 Not to a dance, believe me, but to fight
 He calls them; therefore wiser course for us 615
 Is none, than that we mingle hands with hands
 In contest obstinate, and force with force.
 Better at once to perish, or at once
 To rescue life, than to consume the time
 Hour after hour in ling'ring conflict vain 620
 Here at the ships, with an inferior foe.

He said, and by his words into all hearts
 Fresh confidence infused. Then Hector smote
 Schedius, a Chief of the Phocensian pow'rs
 And son of Perimedes; Ajax flew, 625
 Meantime, a Chief of Trojan infantry,
 Laodamas, Antenor's noble son,

While by Polydamas, a leader bold
 Of the Epeans, and * Phylides' friend,
 Cyllenian Otus died. Meges that fight 630
 Viewing indignant on the conqu'ror sprang,
 But, starting wide, Polydamas escaped,
 Saved by Apollo, and his spear transfierced
 The breast of Cræsinus; on his sounding shield
 Prostrate he fell, and Meges stripp'd his arms. 635
 Him so employ'd Dolops assail'd, brave son
 Of Lampus best of men and bold in fight,
 Offspring of King Laomedon; he stood
 Full near, and through his middle buckler struck
 The son of Phyleus, but his corslet thick 640
 With plates of scaly brass his life secured.
 That corslet Phyleus on a time brought home
 From Ephyre, where the Selleis winds,
 And it was giv'n him for his life's defence
 In furious battle by the King of men, 645
 Euphetes. Many a time had it preserved
 Unharm'd the fire, and now it saved the son.
 Then Meges, rising, with his pointed lance
 The bushy crest of Dolops' helmet drove
 Sheer from its base; new tinged with purple bright 650
 Entire it fell and mingled with the dust.
 While thus they strove, each hoping victory,
 Came martial Menelaus to the aid
 Of Meges; spear in hand apart he stood
 By Dolops unperceived, through his back drove 655
 And through his breast the spear, and far beyond,

* Meges.

And down fell Dolops, forehead to the ground.

At once both flew to strip his radiant arms.

Then, Hector summoning his kindred, call'd

Each to his aid, and Melanippus first, 660

Illustrious Hicetaon's son, reproved.

Ere yet the enemies of Troy arriv'd

He in Percote fed his wand'ring beeves,

But when the Danaï with all their fleet

Came thither, then returning, he outshone 665

The noblest Trojans, and at Priam's side

Dwelling, was honour'd by him as a son.

Him Hector reprimanding, stern began.

Are we thus slack? Can Melanippus view

Unmoved a kinsman slain? Seest not the Greeks 670

How busy there with Dolops and his arms?

Come on. It is no time for distant war,

But either our Achaian foes must bleed,

Or Ilium taken, from her topmost height

Must stoop, and all her citizens be slain. 675

So saying he went, whose steps the godlike Chief

Attended, and the Telamonian, next,

Huge Ajax, animated thus the Greeks.

Oh friends, be men! Deep treasure in your hearts

An honest shame, and, fighting bravely, fear 680

Each to incur the censure of the rest.

Of men so minded more survive than die,

While dastards forfeit life and glory both.

So moved he them, themselves already bent

To chace the Trojans; yet his word they bore 685

Faithful in mind, and with a wall of brass

Fenced firm the fleet, while Jove impell'd the foe.
 Then Menelaus, brave in fight, approach'd
 Antilochus, and thus his courage roused.

Antilochus! in all the host is none 690
 Younger, or swifter, or of stronger limb
 Than thou. Make trial, therefore, of thy might,
 Spring forth and prove it on some Chief of Troy.

He ended and retired, but him his praise
 Effectual animated; from the van 695
 Starting, he cast a wistful eye around
 And hurl'd his glitt'ring spear; back fell the ranks
 Of Troy appall'd; nor vain his weapon flew,
 But Melanippus pierced heroic son

Of Hicetaon, coming forth to fight, 700
 Full in the bosom, and with dreadful sound
 Of all his batter'd armour down he fell.

Swift flew Antilochus as flies the hound
 Some fawn to seize, which issuing from her lair
 The hunter with his lance hath stricken dead, 705

So thee, O Melanippus! to despoil
 Of thy bright arms valiant Antilochus
 Sprang forth, but not unnoticed by the eye
 Of noble Hector, who through all the war
 Ran to encounter him; his dread-approach 710

Antilochus, although expert in arms,
 Stood not, but as some prowler of the wilds,
 Conscious of injury that he hath done,
 Slaying the watchful herdsman or his dog,
 Escapes, ere yet the peasantry arise, 715
 So fled the son of Nestor, after whom

The

The Trojans clamouring and Hector pour'd
 Darts numberless; but at the front arrived
 Of his own phalanx, there he turn'd and stood.
 Then, eager as voracious lions, rush'd 720
 The Trojans on the fleet of Greece, the mind
 Of Jove accomplishing who them impell'd
 Continual, calling all their courage forth,
 While, ev'ry Grecian heart he tamed, and took
 Their glory from them, strength'ning Ilium's host. 725
 For Jove's unalter'd purpose was to give
 Success to Priameian Hector's arms,
 That he might cast into the fleet of Greece
 Devouring flames, and that no part might fail
 Of Thetis' ruthless pray'r; that fight alone 730
 He watch'd to see, one galley in a blaze,
 Ordaining foul repulse, thenceforth, and flight
 To Ilium's host, but glory to the Greeks.
 Such was the cause for which, at first, he moved
 To that assault Hector, himself prepared 735
 And ardent for the task; nor less he raged
 Than Mars while fighting, or than flames that seize
 Some forest on the mountain-tops; the foam
 Hung at his lips, beneath his awful front
 His keen eyes glisten'd, and his helmet mark'd 740
 The agitation wild with which he fought.
 For Jove omnipotent, himself, from heav'n
 Assisted Hector, and, although alone
 With multitudes he strove, gave him to reach
 The heights of glory, for that now his life 745
 Waned fast, and, urged by Pallas on, his hour

To die by Peleus' mighty son approach'd.
 He then, wherever richest arms he saw
 And thickest throng, the warrior-ranks essay'd
 To break, but broke them not, though fierce resolved, 750
 In even square compact so firm they stood.
 As some vast rock beside the hoary Deep
 The stress endures of many a hollow wind,
 And the huge billows tumbling at his base,
 So stood the Danaï; nor fled nor fear'd. 755
 But He, all-fiery bright in arms, the host
 Assail'd on ev'ry side, and on the van
 Fell, as a wave by wint'ry blasts upheav'd
 Falls pond'rous on the ship; white clings the foam
 Around her, in her sail shrill howls the storm, 760
 And ev'ry seaman trembles at the view
 Of thousand deaths from which he scarce escapes,
 Such anguish rent the bosom of the Greeks.
 * But He, as leaps a famish'd lion fell
 On bees that graze some marshy meadow's breadth 765
 A countless herd, tended by one unskill'd
 To cope with savage beasts in their defence,
 Beside the foremost kine or with the last
 He paces heedless, but the lion, borne
 Impetuous on the midmost, one devours 770
 And scatters all the rest, * so fled the Greeks,
 Terrified from above, before the arm
 Of Hector, and before the frown of Jove.
 All fled, but of them all alone he slew

* This termination of the period, so little consonant to the beginning of it, follows the original, where it is esteemed by commentators a great beauty.

The Mycenæan Periphetes, son 775
 Of Copreus custom'd messenger of King
 Eurystheus to the might of Hercules.
 From such a fire inglorious had aris'n
 A son far worthier, with all virtue graced,
 Swift-footed, valiant, and by none excell'd 780
 In wisdom of the Mycenæan name;
 Yet all but serv'd to ennoble Hector more.
 For Periphetes, with a backward step
 Retiring, on his buckler's border trod,
 Which swept his heels; so check'd, he fell supine, 785
 And dreadful rang the helmet on his brows.
 Him Hector quick noticing, to his side
 Hasted, and, planting in his breast a spear,
 Slew him before the phalanx of his friends.
 But they, although their fellow-warriors fate 790
 They mourn'd, no succour interpos'd, or could,
 Themselves by noble Hector fore appall'd.
 And now behind the ships (all that updrawn
 Above the shore, stood foremost of the fleet)
 The Greeks retired; in rush'd a flood of foes; 795
 Then, through necessity, the ships in front
 Abandoning, amid the tents they stood
 Compact, not disarray'd, for shame and fear
 Fast held them, and vociferating each
 Aloud, call'd ceaseless on the rest to stand. 800
 But earnest more than all, guardian of all,
 Gerenian Nestor in their parents' name
 Implored them, falling at the knees of each.

Oh friends! be men. Now dearly prize your place
 Each in the estimation of the rest. 805
 Now call to memory your children, wives,
 Possessions, parents; ye whose parents live,
 And ye whose parents are not, all alike!
 By them as if here present, I entreat
 That ye stand fast—Oh be not turn'd to flight! 810
 So saying he roused the courage of the Greeks;
 Then, Pallas chafed the cloud fall'n from above
 On ev'ry eye; great light the plain illumed
 On all sides, both toward the fleet, and where
 The indiscriminating battle raged. 815
 Then might be seen Hector and Hector's host
 Distinct, as well the rearmost who the fight
 Shared not, as those who waged it at the ships.
 To stand aloof where other Grecians stood
 No longer now would satisfy the mind 820
 Of Ajax, but from deck to deck with strides
 Enormous marching, to and fro he swung
 With iron studs emboss'd a battle-pole
 Unwieldy, twenty and two cubits long.
 As one, expert to spring from horse to horse, 825
 From many steeds selecting four, toward
 Some noble city drives them from the plain
 Along the populous road; him many a youth
 And many a maiden eyes, while still secure
 From steed to steed he vaults; they rapid fly; 830
 So Ajax o'er the decks of num'rous ships
 Stalk'd striding large, and sent his voice to heav'n.
 Thus, ever clamouring, he bade the Greeks

Stand

Stand both for camp and fleet. Nor could himself
Hector, contented, now, the battle wage 835
Loft in the multitude of Trojans more,
But as the tawny eagle on full wing
Affails the feather'd nations, geese or cranes
Or swans lithe-neck'd grazing the river's verge,
So Hector at a galley fable-prow'd 840
Darted; for, from behind, Jove urged him on
With mighty hand, and his host after him.
And now again the battle at the ships
Grew furious; thou hadst deem'd them of a kind
By toil untameable, so fierce they strove, 845
And, striving, thus they thought. The Grecians judg'd
Hope vain, and the whole host's destruction sure;
But nought expected ev'ry Trojan less
Than to consume the fleet with fire, and leave
Achaia's heroes lifeless on the field. 850
With such persuasion occupied, they fought.

Then Hector seized the stern of a brave bark
Well-built, sharp-keel'd, and of the swiftest sail,
Which had to Troy Protefiläus brought,
But bore him never thence. For that same ship 855
Contending, Greeks and Trojans hand to hand
Dealt slaughter mutual. Javelins now no more
Might serve them, or the arrow-starting bow,
But close conflicting and of one mind all
With bill and battle-ax, with pond'rous swords 860
And with long lances double-edg'd they fought.
Many a black-hilted faulchion huge of haft
Fell to the ground, some from the grasp, and some

From shoulders of embattled warriors hewn,
 And pools of blood foak'd all the fable glebe. 865
 Hector that ship once grappled by the stern
 Left not, but griping fast her upper edge
 With both hands, to his Trojans call'd aloud.

Fire! Bring me fire! Stand fast and shout to heav'n!
 Jove gives us now a day worth all the past; 870
 The ships are ours which, in the Gods' despight
 Steer'd hither, such calamities to us
 Have caus'd, for which our Seniors most I blame
 Who me withheld from battle at the fleet
 And check'd the people; but if then the hand 875
 Of Thund'rer Jove our better judgment marr'd,
 Himself now urges and commands us—On.

He ceas'd; they still more violent assail'd
 The Grecians. Even Ajax could endure,
 Whelm'd under weapons numberless, that storm 880
 No longer, but expecting death retired
 Down from the decks to an inferior stand,
 Where still he watch'd, and if a Trojan bore
 Fire thither, he repuls'd him with his spear,
 Roaring continual to the host of Greece. 885

Friends! Grecian heroes! ministers of Mars!
 Be men, my friends! now summon all your might!
 Think we that we have thousands at our backs
 To succour us, or yet some stronger wall
 To guard our warriors from the battle's force? 890
 Not so. No tow'red city is at hand,
 None that presents us with a safe retreat
 While others occupy our station here,

But

But from the shores of Argos far remote
Our camp is, where the Trojans arm'd complete 895
Swarm on the plain, and Ocean shuts us in.
Our hands must therefore save us, not our heels.

He said, and furious with his spear again
Press'd them, and whatsoever Trojan came,
Obsequious to the will of Hector, arm'd 900
With fire to burn the fleet, on his spear's point
Ajax receiving pierced him, 'till at length
Twelve in close fight fell by his single arm.

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

S I X T E E N T H B O O K.

Achilles, at the suit of Patroclus, grants him his own armour, and permission to lead the Myrmidons to battle. They, sallying, repulse the Trojans. Patroclus slays Sarpedon, and Hector, when Apollo had first stripped off his armour and Euphorbus wounded him, slays Patroclus.

B O O K XVI:

SUCH contest for that gallant bark they waged.
 Meantime Patroclus, standing at the side
 Of the illustrious Chief Achilles, wept
 Fast as a chrysal fountain from the height
 Of some rude rock pours down its * rapid stream. 5
 Divine Achilles with compassion moved
 Mark'd him, and in wing'd accents thus began.

Why weeps Patroclus like an infant girl
 Who, running at her mother's side, entreats
 To be uplifted in her arms? She grasps 10
 Her mantle, checks her haste, and looking up
 With tearful eyes, pleads earnest to be borne;
 So fall, Patroclus! thy unceasing tears.

* This translation of *δυσφερον* is warranted by the Scholiast, who paraphrases it thus.

μετα δονησιως φερομενον.

Iliad per Vill.

Bring't

Bring'st thou to me or to my people aught
 Afflictive? Hast thou mournful tidings learn'd
 From Phthia, trusted to thine ear alone? 15
 Menœtius, son of Actor, as they say,
 Still lives; still lives his Myrmidons among
 Peleus Æacides; whom, were they dead,
 With cause sufficient we should both deplore. 20
 Or weep'st thou the Achaians at the ships
 Perishing, for their outrage done to me?
 Speak. Name thy trouble. I would learn the cause.

To whom, deep-forrowing, thou didst reply,
 Patroclus! oh Achilles, Peleus' son! 25
 Noblest of all our host! bear with my grief,
 Since such distress hath on the Grecians fallen.
 The bravest in their ships disabled lie,
 Some wounded from afar, some hand to hand.
 Diomedes, warlike son of Tydeus, bleeds, 30
 Gall'd by a shaft; Ulysses, glorious Chief,
 And Agamemnon suffer by the spear,
 And brave Eurypylus an arrow-point
 Bears in his thigh. These all, are now the care
 Of healing hands. Oh thou art pity-proof, 35
 Achilles! be my bosom ever free
 From anger such as harbour finds in thine,
 Scorning all limits! whom, of men unborn,
 Hereafter wilt thou save, from whom avert
 Disgrace, if not from the Achaians now? 40
 Ah ruthless! neither Peleus thee beget,
 Nor Thetis bore, but rugged rocks sublime,
 And roaring billows blue gave birth to thee,

Who

Who bear'st a mind that knows not to relent.
 But, if some prophecy alarm thy fears, 45
 If from thy Goddess-mother thou have aught
 Received, and with authority of Jove,
 Me fend at least, me quickly, and with me
 The Myrmidons. A dawn of cheerful hope
 Shall thence, it may be, on the Greeks arise. 50
 Grant me thine armour also, that the foe
 Thyself supposing present, may abstain
 From battle, and the weary Greeks enjoy
 Short respite; it is all that war allows.
 We, fresh and vig'rous, by our shouts alone 55
 May easily repulse an army spent
 With labour, from the camp, and from the fleet.

Such suit he made, alas! all unforewarn'd
 That his own death should be the bitter fruit,
 And thus Achilles, sorrowful, replied. 60

Patroclus, noble friend! what hast thou spoken?
 Me neither prophecy that I have heard
 Holds in suspense, nor aught that I have learn'd
 From Thetis, with authority of Jove;
 Hence springs, and hence alone, my grief of heart; 65
 If one, in nought superior to myself
 Save in his office only, should by force
 Amerce me of my well-earn'd recompense—
 How then? There lies the grief that stings my soul.
 The virgin chosen for me by the sons 70
 Of Greece, my just reward, by my own spear
 Obtain'd, when I Eëtion's city took,
 Her, Agamemnon, leader of the host

From

From my possession wrung, as I had been
 Some alien wretch, unhonour'd and unknown. 75
 But let it pass; anger is not a flame
 To feed for ever; I affirm'd, indeed,
 Mine inextinguishable till the shout
 Of battle should invade my proper barks;
 But thou put on my glorious arms, lead forth 80
 My valiant Myrmidons, since such a cloud,
 So dark, of dire hostility surrounds
 The fleet, and the Achaians, by the waves
 Hemm'd in, are prison'd now in narrow space.
 Because the Trojans meet not in the field 85
 My dazzling helmet, therefore bolder grown
 All Ilium comes abroad; but had I found
 Kindness at royal Agamemnon's hands,
 Soon had they fled, and with their bodies choak'd
 The streams, from whom ourselves now suffer siege. 90
 For in the hands of Diomede his spear
 No longer rages rescuing from death
 Th' afflicted Danaï, nor hear I more
 The voice of Agamemnon issuing harsh
 From his detested throat, but all around 95
 The *burst of homicidal Hector's cries,
 Calling his Trojans on; they loud insult
 The vanquish'd Greeks, and claim the field their own.
 Go therefore, my Patroclus! furious fall
 On these assailants, even now preserve 100
 From fire the only hope of our return.
 But hear the sum of all; mark well my word;

* περιάγνυται. A word of incomparable force, and that defies translation.

So shalt thou glorify me in the eyes
 Of all the Danaï, and they shall yield
 Brisëis mine, with many a gift beside. 105
 The Trojans from the fleet expell'd, return.
 Should Juno's awful spouse give thee to win
 Victory, be content; seek not to press
 The Trojans without me, for thou shalt add
 Still more to the disgrace already mine. 110
 Much less, by martial ardour urged, conduct
 Thy slaught'ring legions to the walls of Troy,
 Left some Immortal pow'r on her behalf
 Descend, for much the Archer of the skies
 Loves Ilium. No—the fleet once saved, lead back 115
 Thy band, and leave the battle to themselves.
 For oh, by all the Pow'rs of heav'n I would
 That not one Trojan might escape of all,
 Nor yet a Grecian, but that we, from death
 Ourselves escaping, might survive to spread 120
 Troy's sacred bulwarks on the ground, alone?
 Thus they conferr'd. But Ajax overwhelm'd
 Meantime with darts, no longer could endure,
 Quell'd both by Jupiter and by the spears
 Of many a noble Trojan; hideous rang 125
 His batter'd helmet bright, stroke after stroke
 Sustaining on all sides, and his left arm
 That had so long shifted from side to side
 His restless shield, now fail'd; yet could not all
 Displace him with united force, or move. 130
 Quick pantings heav'd his chest, copious the sweat
 Trickled from all his limbs, nor found he time,

However

However short, to breathe again, so close
Evil on evil heap'd hemm'd him around.

Olympian Muses! now declare, how first
The fire was kindled in Achaia's fleet? 135

Hector the ashen lance of Ajax smote
With his broad faulchion, at the nether end,
And lopp'd it sheer. The Telamonian Chief
His mutilated beam brandish'd in vain, 140

And the bright point shrill-sounding fell remote.
Then Ajax in his noble mind perceived,
Shudd'ring with awe, the interposing pow'r
Of heav'n, and that, propitious to the arms
Of Troy, the Thund'rer had ordain'd to mar 145
And frustrate all the counsels of the Greeks.

He left his stand; they fired the gallant bark;
Through all her length the conflagration ran
Incontinent, and wrapp'd her stern in flames.
Achilles saw them, smote his thighs, and said, 150

Patroclus, noble charioteer, arise!
I see the rapid run of hostile fires
Already in the fleet—left all be lost,
And our return impossible! Arm, arm
This moment, I will call, myself, the band. 155

Then put Patroclus on his radiant arms.
Around his legs his polish'd greaves he clasp'd,
With argent studs secured; the hauberk rich
Star-spangled to his breast he bound of swift
Æacides; he flung his brazen sword 160
With silver bright-emboss'd, and his broad shield
Ponderous; on his noble head his casque

He fettle'd elegant, whose lofty crest
 Waved dreadful o'er his brows, and last he seized
 Well fitted to his gripe two sturdy spears. 165
 Of all Achilles' arms his spear alone
 He took not; that huge beam, of bulk and length
 Enormous, none, Æacides except,
 In all Achaia's host had pow'r to wield.
 It was that Pelian ash which from the top 170
 Of Pelion hewn that it might prove the death
 Of heroes, Chiron had to Peleus giv'n.
 He bade Automedon his courfers bind
 Speedily to the yoke, for him he loved
 Next to Achilles most, as worthiest found 175
 Of trust, what time the battle loudest roar'd.
 Then led Automedon the fiery steeds
 Swift as wing'd tempests to the chariot-yoke,
 Xanthus and Balius. Them the harpy bore
 Podarge, while in meadows green she fed 180
 On Ocean's side, to Zephyrus the wind.
 To these he added, at their side, a third
 The noble Pedafus; him Peleus' son,
 Eëtion's city taken, thence had brought,
 Though mortal, yet a match for steeds divine. 185
 Meantime from ev'ry tent Achilles call'd
 And arm'd his Myrmidons. As wolves that gorge
 The prey yet panting, terrible in force,
 When on the mountains wild they have devour'd
 An antler'd stag new-flain, with bloody jaws 190
 Troop all at once to some clear fountain, there
 To lap with slender tongues the brimming wave;

No fears have they, but at their ease eject
 From full maws flatulent the clotted gore,
 Such seem'd the Myrmidon heroic Chiefs 195
 Affembling fast around the valiant friend
 Of swift Æacides. Amid them stood
 Warlike Achilles, the well-shielded ranks
 Exhorting, and the steeds, to glorious war.
 The galleys by Achilles dear to Jove 200
 Commanded, when to Ilium's coast he steer'd,
 Were fifty; fifty rowers sat in each,
 And five, in whom he trusted, o'er the rest
 He captains named, but ruled, himself, supreme.
 One band Menestheus swift in battle led, 205
 Offspring of Sperchius heav'n-descended stream.
 Him Polydora, Peleus' daughter, bore
 To ever-flowing Sperchius, compress'd,
 Although a mortal woman, by a God.
 But his reputed father was the son 210
 Of Perieres, Borus, who with dow'r
 Enrich'd, and made her openly his bride.
 Warlike Eudorus led the second band.
 Him Polymela, graceful in the dance,
 And daughter beautiful of Phylas, bore, 215
 A mother unsuspected of a child.
 Her worshipping the golden-shafted Queen
 Diana, in full choir, with song and dance,
 The valiant Argicide beheld and loved.
 Ascending with her to an upper room, 220
 All-bounteous Mercury clandestine there
 Embraced her, who a noble son produced

Eudorus, swift to run, and bold in fight.
 No sooner Ilithya, arbitress
 Of pangs puerperal, had giv'n him birth, 225
 And he beheld the beaming sun, than her
 Echechleus, Actor's mighty son, enrich'd
 With countless dow'r, and led her to his home;
 While antient Phylas, cherishing her boy
 With fond affection, reared him as his own. 230
 The third brave troop warlike Pisander led,
 Offspring of Maimalus; he far excell'd
 In spear-fight ev'ry Myrmidon, the friend
 Of Peleus' dauntless son alone except.
 The hoary Phoenix of equestrian fame 235
 The fourth band led to battle, and the fifth
 Laërceus' offspring, bold Alcimedon.
 Thus, all his bands beneath their proper Chiefs
 Marshall'd, Achilles gave them strict command—
 Myrmidons! all that vengeance now inflict, 240
 Which in this fleet ye ceased not to denounce
 Against the Trojans while my wrath endured.
 Me censuring, ye have proclaim'd me oft
 Obdurate. Oh Achilles! ye have said,
 Thee not with milk thy mother but with bile 245
 Suckled, who hold'st thy people here in camp
 Thus long imprison'd. Unrelenting Chief!
 E'en let us hence in our sea-skimming barks
 To Phthia, since thou can'st not be appeas'd—
 Thus in full council have ye spoken oft, 250
 Now, therefore, since a day of glorious toil
 At last appears, such as ye have desired,

There

There lies the field—go—give your courage proof.

So them he roused, and they, their leader's voice
Hearing elate, to closest order drew. 255

As when an architect some palace wall
With shapely stones upbuilds, cementing close
A barrier against all the winds of heav'n,
So wedg'd, the helmets and boss'd bucklers stood;
Shield, helmet, man, press'd helmet, man, and shield, 260

And ev'ry bright-arm'd warrior's bushy crest
Its fellow swept, so dense was their array.
In front of all, two Chiefs their station took,
Patroclus and Automedon; one mind
In both prevail'd, to combat in the van 265

Of all the Myrmidons. Achilles, then,
Retiring to his tent, displaced the lid
Of a capacious chest magnificent
By silver-footed Thetis stow'd on board
His bark, and fill'd with tunics, mantles warm, 270

And gorgeous arras; there he also kept
Secure a goblet exquisitely wrought,
Which never lip touch'd save his own, and whence
He offer'd only to the Sire of all.

That cup producing from the chest, he first 275
With sulphur fumed it, then with water rinsed
Pellucid of the running stream, and, last,
(His hands clean laved) he charged it high with wine.

And now, advancing to his middle court,
He pour'd libation, and with eyes to heav'n 280
Uplifted pray'd, of Jove not unobserv'd.

Pelagian,

Pelasgian, Dodonæan Jove supreme,
 Dwelling remote, who on Dodona's heights
 Snow-clad reign'st Sov'reign, by thy feers around
 Compass'd, the Selli, prophets vow-constrain'd 285
 To unwash'd feet and slumbers on the ground!
 Plain I behold my former pray'r perform'd,
 Myself exalted, and the Greeks abas'd.
 Now also grant me, Jove, this my desire!
 Here, in my fleet, I shall myself abide, 290
 But lo! with all these Myrmidons I send
 My friend to battle. Thunder-rolling Jove
 Send glory with him, make his courage firm!
 That even Hector may himself be taught,
 If my companion have a valiant heart 295
 When he goes forth alone, or only then
 The noble frenzy feels that Mars inspires
 When I rush also to the glorious field.
 But when he shall have driv'n the battle-shout
 Once from the fleet, grant him with all his arms, 300
 None lost, himself unhurt, and my whole band
 Of dauntless warriors with him, safe return!
 Such pray'r Achilles offer'd, and his suit
 Jove hearing, part confirm'd, and part refused;
 To chase the dreadful battle from the fleet 305
 He gave him, but vouchsafed him no return.
 Pray'r and libation thus perform'd to Jove
 The Sire of all, Achilles to his tent
 Return'd, replaced the goblet in his chest,
 And anxious still that conflict to behold 310
 Between the hosts, stood forth before his tent.

Then

Then rush'd the bands by brave Patroclus led,
 Full on the Trojan host. As wasps forsake
 Their home by the way-side, provoked by boys
 Disturbing inconfid'rate their abode, 315
 Not without nuisance fore to all who pass,
 For if, thenceforth, some trav'ler unaware
 Annoy them, issuing one and all they swarm
 Around him, fearless in their broods' defence,
 So issued from their fleet the Myrmidons 320
 Undaunted; clamour infinite arose,
 And thus Patroclus loud his host address'd.

Oh Myrmidons, attendants in the field
 On Peleus' son, now be ye men my friends!
 Call now to mind the fury of your might; 325
 That we, close-fighting servants of the Chief
 Most excellent in all the camp of Greece,
 May glory gain for Him, and that the wide-
 Commanding Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
 May learn his fault, that he dishonour'd foul 330
 The prince in whom Achaia glories most.

So saying he fired their hearts, and on the van
 Of Troy at once they fell; loud shouted all
 The joyful Grecians, and the navy rang.
 Then, soon as Ilium's host the valiant son 335
 Saw of Menoetius and his charioteer
 In dazzling armour clad, all courage lost,
 Their closest ranks gave way, believing sure
 That, wrath renounced, and terms of friendship chosen,
 Achilles' self was there; thus thinking, each 340
 Look'd ev'ry way for refuge from his fate.

Patroclus first, where thickest throng he saw
 Gather'd tumultuous around the bark
 Of brave Protefilaüs, hurl'd direct
 At the whole multitude his glitt'ring spear. 345
 He smote Pyrächmes; he his horseman band
 Pœonian led from Amydon, and from
 Broad-flowing Axius. In his shoulder stood
 The spear, and with loud groans supine he fell.
 At once fled all his followers, on all sides 350
 With consternation fill'd, seeing their Chief
 And their best warrior, by Patroclus slain.
 Forth from the fleet he drove them, quenched the flames,
 And rescued half the ship. Then scatter'd fled
 With infinite uproar the host of Troy, 355
 While from between their ships the Danaï
 Pour'd after them, and hideous rout ensued.
 As when the King of lightnings, Jove, dispells
 From some huge eminence a gloomy cloud,
 The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland heights 360
 Shine all, illumin'd from the boundless heav'n,
 So when the Danaï those hostile fires
 Had from their fleet expell'd, awhile they breath'd,
 Yet found short respite, for the battle yet
 Ceas'd not, nor fled the Trojans in all parts 365
 Alike, but still resisted, from the ships
 Retiring through necessity alone.
 Then, in that scatter'd warfare, ev'ry Chief
 Slew one. While Arcilochus his back
 Turn'd on Patroclus, sudden with a lance 370
 His thigh he pierced, and urged the weapon through,
 Shiv'ring

Shiv'ring the bone; he headlong smote the ground.
 The Hero Menelaus, where he saw
 The breast of Thoas by his slanting shield
 Unguarded, struck and stretch'd him at his feet. 375
 * Phylides, meeting with preventive spear
 The furious onset of Amphiclus, gash'd
 His leg below the knee, where brawny most
 The muscles swell in man; disparted wide
 The tendons shrank, and darkness veil'd his eyes. 380
 The two Nestoridæ flew each a Chief.
 Of these, Antilochus Atymnius pierced
 Right through his flank, and at his feet he fell.
 With fierce resentment fired Maris beheld
 His brother's fall, and guarding, spear in hand, 385
 The slain, impetuous on the conqueror flew;
 But godlike † Thrasymedes wounded first
 Maris, ere he Antilochus; he pierced
 His upper arm, and with the lance's point
 Rent off and stript the muscles to the bone. 390
 Sounding he fell, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
 They thus, two brothers by two brothers slain,
 Went down to Erebus, associates both
 Of brave Sarpedon, and spear-practis'd sons
 Of Amifodarus; of him who fed 395
 Chimæra†, monster, by whom many died.

* Meges. † Brother of Antilochus.

‡ ἀραιμακίτην—is a word which I can find nowhere satisfactorily derived. Perhaps it is expressive of great length, and I am the more inclined to that sense of it, because it is the Epithet given to the mast on which Ulysses floated to Charybdis. We must in that case derive it from ἄρα and μήκος Doricè, μήκος—longitudo.

In this uncertainty I thought myself free to translate it as I have, by the word—monster.

Ajax the swift on Cleobulus sprang,
 Whom, while he toil'd entangled in the crowd,
 He seized alive, but smote him where he stood
 With his huge-hafted sword full on the neck; 400
 The blood warm'd all his blade, and ruthless fate
 Benighted dark the dying warrior's eyes.
 Peneleus into close contention rush'd
 And Lycon. Each had hurl'd his glitt'ring spear,
 But each in vain, and now with swords they met. 405
 He smote Peneleus on the crested casque,
 But snapp'd his faulchion; him Peneleus smote
 Beneath his ear; the whole blade ent'ring sank
 Into his neck, and Lycon with his head
 Depending by the skin alone, expired. 410
 Meriones o'ertaking Acamas
 Ere yet he could ascend his chariot, thrust
 A lance into his shoulder; down he fell
 In dreary death's eternal darkness whelm'd.
 Idomeneus his ruthless spear enforced 415
 Into the mouth of Erymas. The point
 Stay'd not, but gliding close beneath the brain,
 Transpierced his * spine, and started forth beyond.
 It wrench'd his teeth, and fill'd his eyes with blood;
 Blood also blowing through his open mouth 420
 And nostrils, to the realms of death he pass'd.
 Thus flew these Grecian leaders, each, a foe.
 Sudden as hungry wolves the kids purloin
 Or lambs, which haply some unheeding swain

* Apollonius says that the *σπίη λευκή* here mean the *σπονδυλούς*, or vertebræ of the neck.—See Villoison.

Hath left to roam at large the mountains wild; 425
 They, seeing, snatch them from beside the dams,
 And rend incontinent the feeble prey,
 So swift the Danaï the host assail'd
 Of Ilium; they, into tumultuous flight
 Together driv'n, all hope, all courage lost. 430

Huge Ajax ceaseless fought his spear to cast
 At Hector brazen-mail'd, who, not untaught
 The warrior's art, with bull-hide buckler stood
 Shelt'ring his ample shoulders, while he mark'd
 The hiss of flying shafts and crash of spears. 435
 Full sure he saw the shifting course of war
 Now turn'd, but scorning flight, bent all his thoughts
 To rescue yet the remnant of his friends.

As when the Thund'rer spreads a fable storm
 O'er æther, late serene, the cloud that wrapp'd 440
 Olympus' head escapes into the skies,
 So fled the Trojans from the fleet of Greece
 Clamouring in their flight, nor pass'd the trench
 In fair array; the coursers fleet indeed
 Of Hector, Him bore safe with all his arms 445
 Right through, but in the fofs entangled foul
 He left his host, and struggling to escape.
 Then many a chariot-whirling steed, the pole
 Broken at its extremity, forsook
 His driver, while Patroclus with the shout 450
 Of battle calling his Achaians on,
 Destruction purpos'd to the pow'rs of Troy.
 They, once dispers'd, with clamour and with flight
 Fill'd all the ways, the dust beneath the clouds

Hung like a tempest, and the steeds firm-hoof'd 455
 Whirl'd off at stretch the chariots to the town.
 He, wherefoe'er most troubled he perceived
 The routed host, loud-threat'ning thither drove,
 While under his own axle many a Chief
 Fell prone, and the o'ertumbled chariots rang. 460
 Right o'er the hollow foss the coursers leap'd
 Immortal, by the Gods to Peleus giv'n,
 Impatient for the plain, nor less desire
 Felt he who drove to smite the Trojan Chief,
 But him his fiery steeds caught swift away. 465

As when a tempest from autumnal skies
 Floats all the fields, what time Jove heaviest pours
 Impetuous rain, token of wrath divine
 Against perverters of the laws by force,
 Who drive forth justice, reckless of the Gods; 470
 The rivers and the torrents, where they dwell,
 Sweep many a green declivity away,
 And plunge at length, groaning, into the Deep
 From the hills headlong, leaving where they pass'd
 No traces of the pleasant works of man, 475
 So, in their flight, loud groan'd the steeds of Troy.
 And now, their foremost intercepted all,
 Patroclus back again toward the fleet
 Drove them precipitate, nor the ascent
 Permitted them to Troy for which they strove, 480
 But in the midway space between the ships
 The river and the lofty Trojan wall
 Pursued them ardent, slaught'ring whom he reach'd,
 And vengeance took for many a Grecian slain.

First then, with glitt'ring spear the breast he pierced 485
 Of Pronöus, undefended by his shield,
 And stretch'd him dead; loud rang his batter'd arms.
 The son of Enops, Thestor next he smote.
 He on his chariot-seat magnificent
 Low-cow'ring sat, a fear-distracted form, 490
 And from his palsied grasp the reins had fall'n.
 Then came Patroclus nigh, and through his cheek
 His teeth transpiercing, drew him by his lance
 Sheer o'er the chariot front. As when a man
 On some projecting rock seated, with line 495
 And splendid hook draws forth a sea-fish huge,
 So him wide-gaping from his seat he drew
 At his spear-point, then shook him to the ground
 Prone on his face, where gasping he expired.
 At Eryalus, next, advancing swift 500
 He hurl'd a rock; full on the middle front
 He smote him, and within the pond'rous casque
 His whole head open'd into equal halves.
 With deadliest night surrounded, prone he fell.
 Epaltes, Erymas, Amphoterus, 505
 Echius, Tlepolemus Damastor's son,
 Evippus, Ipheus, Pyres, Polymelus,
 All these he on the champain, corse on corse
 Promiscuous flung. Sarpedon, when he saw
 Such havoc made of his * uncinctured friends 510
 By Menœtiades, with sharp rebuke

* *Ἀμिटροχίτωνας* is a word, according to Clarke, descriptive of their peculiar habit. Their corslet, and the mail worn under it, were of a piece, and put on together. To them therefore the cincture or belt of the Greeks was unnecessary.

His band of godlike Lycians loud address'd.

Shame on you, Lycians! whither would ye fly?
 Now are ye swift indeed. I will oppose
 Myself this conqueror, that I may learn 515
 Who thus afflicts the Trojan host, of life
 Bereaving num'rous of their warriors bold.

He said, and with his arms leap'd to the ground.
 On the other side, Patroclus at that fight
 Sprang from his chariot. As two vultures clash 520
 Bow-beak'd, crook-talon'd, on some lofty rock
 Clamouring both, so they together rush'd
 With clamours loud; whom when the son observed
 Of wily Saturn, with compassion moved
 His sister and his spouse he thus bespake. 525

Alas he falls! my most belov'd of men
 Sarpedon, vanquish'd by Patroclus falls!
 So will the Fates. Yet, doubtful, much I muse
 Whether to place him, snatch'd from furious fight,
 In Lycia's wealthy realm, or to permit 530
 His death by valiant Menœtiades.

To whom his awful spouse, displeas'd, replied.
 How speaks the terrible Saturnian Jove?
 Wouldst thou again from pangs of death exempt
 A mortal man, destined long since to die? 535

Do it. But small thy praise shall be in heav'n.
 Mark thou my words, and in thy inmost breast
 Treasure them. If thou send Sarpedon safe
 To his own home, how many Gods *their* sons
 May also send from battle? Weigh it well. 540
 For under you great city fight no few

Sprung from Immortals whom thou shalt provoke.
 But if thou love him, and thine heart his lot
 Commis'rate, leave him by the hands to fall
 Of Menœtiades in conflict dire, 545

But give command to Death and gentle Sleep
 That him of life bereft at once they bear
 To Lycia's ample realm, where, with due rites
 Funereal, his next kindred and his friends
 Shall honour him, a pillar and a tomb 550
 (The dead man's portion) rearing to his name.

She said, from whom the Sire of Gods and men
 Dissented not, but on the earth distill'd
 A sanguine show'r in honour of a son
 Dear to him, whom Patroclus on the field 555
 Of fruitful Troy should slay, far from his home.

Opposite now, small interval between,
 Those heroes stood. Patroclus at his waist
 Pierced Thrasymelus the illustrious friend
 Of King Sarpedon, and his charioteer. 560

Spear'd through the lower bowels, dead he fell.
 Then hurl'd Sarpedon in his turn a lance
 But miss'd Patroclus and the shoulder pierced
 Of Pedafus the horse; he groaning heaved
 His spirit forth, and fallen on the field 565

In long loud moanings sorrowful expired.
 Wide started the immortal pair; the yoke
 Creak'd, and entanglement of reins ensued
 To both, their fellow slaughter'd at their side.

That mischief soon Automedon redress'd. 570
 He rose, and from beside his sturdy thigh

Drawing his faulchion, with effectual stroke
 Cut loose the side-horse; then the pair reduced
 To order, in their traces stood composed,
 And the two heroes fierce engaged again. 575

Again his radiant spear Sarpedon hurl'd
 But mis'd Patroclus; the innocuous point,
 O'erflying his left shoulder, pass'd beyond.
 Then with bright lance Patroclus in his turn
 Assail'd Sarpedon, nor with erring course 580

The weapon sped or vain, but pierced profound
 His chest, enclosure of the guarded heart.
 As falls an oak, poplar, or lofty pine
 With new-edged axes on the mountains hewn
 Right through, for structure of some gallant bark, 585

So fell Sarpedon stretch'd his steeds before
 And gnash'd his teeth and clutch'd the bloody dust.
 And as a lion flays a tawny bull
 Leader magnanimous of all the herd;
 Beneath the lion's jaws groaning he dies; 590
 So, leader of the shielded Lycian's groan'd
 Indignant, by Patroclus slain, the bold
 Sarpedon, and his friend thus, sad, bespake.

Glaucus, my friend, among these warring Chiefs
 Thyself a Chief illustrious! thou hast need 595
 Of all thy valour now, now strenuous fight,
 And, if thou bear within thee a brave mind,
 Now make the war's calamities thy joy.
 First, marching through the host of Lycia, rouse
 Our Chiefs to combat for Sarpedon slain, 600
 Then haste, thyself, to battle for thy friend.

For

For shame and foul dishonour which no time
 Shall e'er obliterate, I must prove to thee,
 Should the Achaians of my glorious arms
 Despoil me in full * prospect of the fleet. 605
 Fight, therefore, thou, and others urge to fight.
 He said, and cover'd by the night of death
 Nor look'd nor breath'd again; for on his chest
 Implanting firm his heel, Patroclus drew
 The spear enfolded with his vitals forth, 610
 Weapon and life at once. Meantime his steeds
 Snorted by myrmidons detain'd, and, loosed
 From their own master's chariot, foam'd to fly.
 Terrible was the grief by Glaucus felt
 Hearing that charge, and troubled was his heart 615
 That all pow'r fail'd him to protect the dead.
 Compressing his own arm he stood, with pain
 Extreme tormented which the shaft had caused
 Of Teucer, who while Glaucus climb'd the wall

* Sarpedon certainly was not slain *in the fleet*, neither can the Greek expression $\nu\epsilon\acute{\omega}\nu \epsilon\nu \acute{\alpha}\gamma\omega\acute{\nu}\iota$ be with propriety interpreted—in *certamine de navibus*—as Clarke and M^{me} Dacier are inclined to render it. *Juvenum in certamine*, seems equally an improbable sense of it. Eustathius, indeed, and Terrasson, supposing Sarpedon to assert that he dies in the middle of the fleet (which was false in fact) are kind enough to vindicate Homer by pleading in his favour, that Sarpedon, being in the article of death, was delirious, and knew not, in reality, where he died. But Homer, however he may have been charged with now and then a nap (a crime of which I am persuaded he is never guilty) certainly does not slumber here, nor needs to be so defended. $\acute{\Lambda}\gamma\omega\acute{\nu}\iota$ in the 23^d Iliad, means the *whole extensive area* in which the games were exhibited, and may therefore here, without any strain of the expression, be understood to signify the *whole range of shore* on which the ships were stationed. In which case Sarpedon represents the matter as it was, saying that he dies— $\nu\epsilon\acute{\omega}\nu \epsilon\nu \acute{\alpha}\gamma\omega\acute{\nu}\iota$ —that is, in the neighbourhood of the ships, and in full prospect of them.

The Translator assumes not to himself the honour of this judicious remark. It belongs to Mr. Fufeli.

Had pierced him from it in the fleet's defence. 620

Then, thus, to Phœbus, King shaft-arm'd, he pray'd.

Hear now, O King! For whether in the land
Of wealthy Lycia dwelling, or in Troy,
Thou hear'it in ev'ry place alike the pray'r
Of the afflicted heart, and such is mine; 625

Behold my wound; it fills my uselefs hand
With anguish, neither can my blood be stay'd,
And all my shoulder suffers. I can grasp
A spear, or rush to conflict with the Greeks
No longer now, and we have also lost 630

Our noblest Chief, Sarpedon, son of Jove,
Who guards not his own son. But thou, O King!
Heal me, assuage my anguish, give me strength,
That I may animate the Lycian host
To fight, and may, myself, defend the dead! 635

Such pray'r he offer'd, whom Apollo heard;
He eas'd at once his pain, the fable blood
Staunch'd, and his soul with vigour new inspired.
Then Glaucus in his heart that pray'r perceived
Granted, and joyful for the sudden aid 640

Vouchsafed to him by Phœbus, first, the lines
Of Lycia ranged, summoning ev'ry Chief
To fight for slain Sarpedon; striding next
With eager haste into the ranks of Troy
Renown'd Agenor and the son he call'd 645

Of Panthus, brave Polydamas, with whom
Æneas also, and approaching last
To Hector brazen-mail'd him thus bespake.

Now

Now, Hector! now, thou hast indeed resign'd
 All care of thy allies, who, for thy sake, 650
 Lost both to friends and country, on these plains
 Perish, unaided and unmifs'd by thee.

Sarpedon breathless lies, who led to fight
 Our shielded bands, and from whose just controul
 And courage Lycia drew her chief defence. 655

Him brazen Mars hath by the spear subdued
 Of Menœtiades. But stand ye firm!
 Let indignation fire you, O my friends!
 Left, stripping him of his resplendent arms,
 The Myrmidons with foul dishonour shame 660
 His body, through resentment of the deaths
 Of num'rous Grecians slain by spears of ours.

He ceas'd; then sorrow ev'ry Trojan heart
 Seized insupportable and that disdain'd
 All bounds, for that, although a stranger born, 665
 Sarpedon ever had a bulwark proved

To Troy, the leader of a num'rous host,
 And of that host by none in fight excell'd.
 Right on toward the Danaï they moved
 Ardent for battle all, and at their head 670
 Enraged for slain Sarpedon, Hector came.

Meantime, * *stout-hearted Chief*, Patroclus roused
 The Grecians, and exhorting first (themselves
 Already prompt) th' Ajaces, thus began.

Heroic pair! now make it all your joy 675
 To chase the Trojan host, and such to prove
 As erst, or even bolder, if ye may.

* Λασιον Κηρ.

The Chief lies breathless who ascended first
 Our wall, Sarpedon. Let us bear him hence,
 Strip and dishonour him, and in the blood 680
 Of his protectors drench the ruthless spear.

So Menœtiades his warriors urged,
 Themselves courageous. Then the Lycian host
 And Trojan, here, and there, the Myrmidons
 With all the host of Greece, closing the ranks, 685
 Rush'd into furious contest for the dead
 Shouting tremendous; clang'd their brazen arms,
 And Jove with Night's pernicious shades o'erhung
 The bloody field, so to enhance the more

Their toilsome strife for his own son. First then 690
 The Trojans from their place and order shock'd
 The bright-eyed Grecians, slaying not the least
 Nor worst among the Myrmidons, the brave
 Epigeus, from renown'd Agacles sprung.

He, erst, in populous Budeum ruled, 695
 But for a valiant kinsman of his own
 Whom there he slew, had thence to Peleus fled
 And to his silver-footed spouse divine,
 Who with Achilles, phalanx-breaker Chief,
 Sent him to fight beneath the walls of Troy. 700

Him seizing fast the body, with a stone
 Illustrious Hector smote full on the front,
 And his whole scull within the pond'rous casque
 Split sheer; he prostrate on the body fell
 In shades of soul-divorcing death involved. 705

Patroclus, grieving for his slaughter'd friend,
 Rush'd through the foremost warriors. As the hawk

Swift-

Swift-wing'd before him starlings drives or daws,
 So thou Patroclus, of equestrian fame!
 Full on the Lycian ranks and Trojan drov'ft 710
 Refentful of thy fellow-warriors fall.
 At Stheneläus an huge stone he cast
 Son of Ithæmenes, whom on the neck
 He smote and burft the tendons; then the van
 Of Ilium's hoft, with Hector, all retired. 715
 Far as a flender javelin cuts the air
 Hurl'd with collected force, or in the games,
 Or ev'n in battle at a desp'rate foe,
 So far the Greeks repulſed the hoft of Troy.
 Then Glaucus firſt, Chief of the ſhielded bands 720
 Of Lycia, flew Bathycles, valiant ſon
 Of Calchon; Hellas was his home, and far
 He paſſ'd in riches all the Myrmidons.
 Him chafing Glaucus whom he now attain'd
 The Lycian, turning fudden, with his lance 725
 Pierced through the breaſt, and, founding, down he fell.
 Grief fill'd Achaia's ſons for ſuch a Chief
 So ſlain, but joy the Trojans; thick they throng'd
 The conqueror around, nor yet the Greeks
 Forgat their force, but reſolute advanced. 730
 Then, by Meriones a Trojan died
 Of noble rank, Laogonus, the ſon
 Undaunted of Onetor great in Troy,
 Prieſt of Idæan Jove. The ear and jaw
 Between, he pierced him with a mortal force; 735
 Swift flew the life, and darkneſs veil'd his eyes.
 Æneas, in return, his brazen ſpear

Hurl'd

Hurl'd at Meriones with ardent hope
 To pierce him, while, with * nimble steps and short
 Behind his buckler made, he paced the field; 740
 But, warn'd of its approach, Meriones
 Bowed low his head, flunning it, and the spear
 Behind him pierced the foil; there quiv'ring stood
 The weapon, vain, though from a vig'rous arm,
 'Till spent by slow degrees its fury slept. 745

— — — — —
 — — — — — †

Indignant then Æneas thus exclaim'd.

Meriones! I sent thee such a spear
 As, reaching thee, should have for ever marr'd 750
 Thy step, accomplish'd dancer as thou art.

To whom Meriones spear-famed replied.
 Æneas! thou wilt find the labour hard
 How great foe'er thy might, to quell the force
 Of all opposers. Thou art also doom'd 755
 Thyself to die, and may but spear of mine
 Well-aim'd once strike thee full, what strength foe'er
 Or magnanimity be thine to boast,

* Ὑπασπίδια περιβῶντος. A similar expression occurs in Book XIII. 158. There we read ὑπασπίδια προποδίζων. Which is explained by the Scholiast in Villoison to signify—advancing with quick short steps, and at the same time covering the feet with a shield. A practice which, unless they bore the ἀμφιβρότην ἄσπιδα, must necessarily leave the upper parts exposed.

It is not improbable, though the translation is not accommodated to that conjecture, that Æneas, in his following speech to Meriones, calls him, ἄρχισήν, with a view to the agility with which he performed this particular step in battle.

† Two lines occurring here in the original which contain only the same matter as the two preceding, and which are found neither in the MSS. used by Barnes nor in the Harleian, the Translator has omitted them in his version as interpolated and superfluous.

Thy

Thy glory in that moment thou resign'ft
To me, thy foul to Pluto fteed-renown'd. 760

He faid, but him Patroclus fharp reproved.
Why fpeaks Meriones, although in fight
Approv'd, thus proudly? Nay, my gallant friend!
The Trojans will not for reproach of ours
Renounce the body. Blood muft firft be fpilt. 765
Tongues in debate, but hands in war decide;
Deeds therefore now, not wordy vaunts, we need.

So faying he led the way, whom follow'd clofe
Godlike Meriones. As from the depth
Of fome lone wood that cloaths the mountain's fide 770

The fellers at their toil are heard remote,
So, from the face of Ilium's ample plain
Reverberated, was the din of brafs
And of tough targets heard by faulchions huge
Hard-smitten, and by fpears of double-edge. 775

None then, no, not the quickeft to difcern
Had known divine Sarpedon, from his head
To his foot-fole with mingled blood and duft
Polluted, and o'erwhelmed with weapons. They
Around the body fwarmed. As hovel-flies 780

In fpring-time buzz around the brimming pails
With milk bedew'd, fo they around the dead.
Nor Jove averted once his glorious eyes
From that dread conteft, but with watchful note
Mark'd all, the future death in battle deep 785

Pondering of Patroclus, whether Him
Hector fhould even now flay on divine
Sarpedon, and defpoil him of his arms,

Or he should still that arduous strife prolong.
 This counsel gain'd as eligible most 790
 At length his preference. That the valiant friend
 Of Peleus' son should yet again compel
 The Trojan host with Hector brazen-mail'd
 To Ilium, slaughter'd num'rous by the way.
 First then, with fears unmanly he possess'd 795
 The heart of Hector; mounting to his seat
 He turn'd to flight himself, and bade his host
 Fly also; for he knew Jove's * purpose changed.
 Thenceforth, no longer even Lycia's host
 Endured, but all fled scatter'd, seeing pierced 800
 Their sov'reign through his heart, and heap'd with dead;
 For num'rous, while Saturnian Jove the fight
 Held in suspense, had on his body fall'n.
 At once the Grecians of his dazzling arms
 Despoil'd Sarpedon, which the Myrmidons 805
 By order of Menœtius' valiant son
 Bore thence into the fleet. Meantime his will
 The Thund'rer to Apollo thus express'd.
 Phœbus, my son, delay not; from beneath
 Von hill of weapons drawn cleanse from his blood 810
 Sarpedon's corpse; then, bearing him remote,
 Lave him in waters of the running stream,
 With oils divine anoint, and in attire
 Immortal clothe him. Last, to Death and Sleep
 Swift bearers both, twin-born, deliver him; 815
 For hence to Lycia's opulent abodes

* Ἰρὰ τάλαντα—Voluntatem Jovis cui cedendum.—So it is interpreted in the Scholium MSS. Lipsienfis. Vide Schauffelbergerus.

They shall transport him quickly, where, with rites
 Funereal, his next kindred and his friends
 Shall honour him, a pillar and a tomb
 (The dead man's portion) rearing to his name. 820

He ceas'd; nor was Apollo slow to hear
 His father's will, but from th' Idæan heights
 Descending swift into the dreadful field,
 Godlike Sarpedon's body from beneath
 The hill of weapons drew, which, borne remote, 825
 He laved in waters of the running stream,
 With oils ambrosial bathed, and clothed in robes
 Immortal. Then to Death and gentle Sleep,
 Swift-bearers both, twin-born, he gave the charge,
 Who placed it soon in Lycia's wealthy realm. 830

Meantime Patroclus, calling to his steeds,
 And to Automedon, the Trojans chafed
 And Lycians, on his own destruction bent
 Infatuate; heedless of his charge received
 From Peleus' son, which, well perform'd, had saved 835
 The Hero from his miserable doom.

But Jove's high purpose evermore prevails
 Against the thoughts of man; he turns to flight
 The bravest, and the vict'ry takes with ease
 E'en from the Chief whom he impells himself 840
 To battle, as he now this Chief impell'd.

Who, then, Patroclus! first, who last by thee
 Fell slain, what time thyself wast call'd to die?
 Adrastus first, then Perimus he slew,
 Offspring of Megas; then Autonoüs, 845
 Echechlus, Melanippus and Epistor,

Pylartes, Mulius, Elafus. All thefe
 He flew, and from the field chafed all befide.
 Then, doubtlefs, had Achaia's fons prevail'd
 To take proud-gated Troy, fuch havoc made 850
 He with his fpear, but that the fon of Jove
 Apollo, on a tower's confpicuous height
 Station'd, devoted him for Ilium's fake.
 Thrice on a buttrefs of the lofty wall
 Patroclus mounted, and him thrice the God 855
 With hands immortal his reflendent fhield
 Smiting, ftruck down again; but when he rufh'd
 A fourth time, dæmon-like, to the affault,
 The King of radiant shafts him, ftern, rebuked.
 Patroclus, warrior of renown, retire! 860
 The fates ordain not that imperial Troy
 Stoop to thy fpear, nor to the fpear itfelf
 Of Peleus' fon, though mightier far than thou.
 He faid, and Meneæades the wrath
 Of shaft-arm'd Phœbus fhunning, far retired. 865
 But in the Scæan gate Hector his fteeds
 Detain'd, uncertain whether thence to drive
 Amid the warring multitude again,
 Or, loud commandment iffuing, to collect
 His hoft within the walls. Him mufing long 870
 Apollo, clad in femblance of a Chief
 Youthful and valiant, join'd. Afius he feem'd
 Equeftrian Hector's uncle, brother born
 Of Hecuba the queen, and Dymas' fon,
 Who on the Sangar's banks in Phrygia dwelt. 875
 Apollo, fo difguifed, him thus befpoke.

Why,

Why, Hector, hast thou left the fight? this sloth
 Not well befits thee. Oh that I as far
 Thee pass'd in force as thou transcendest me,
 Then, not unpunish'd long, should'st thou retire; 880
 But haste, and with thy coursers solid-hoof'd
 Seek out Patroclus, him perchance to slay
 Should Phœbus have decreed that glory thine.

So saying, Apollo join'd the host again.

Then noble Hector bade his charioteer 885

Valiant Cebriones his coursers lash

Back into battle, while the God himself

Ent'ring the multitude confounded fore

The Argives, victory conferring proud

And glory on Hector and the host of Troy. 890

But Hector, leaving all beside unflain,

Furious impell'd his coursers solid-hoof'd

Against Patroclus; on the other side

Patroclus from his chariot to the ground

Leap'd ardent; in his left a spear he bore, 895

And in his right a marble fragment rough,

Large as his grasp. With full collected might

He hurled it; neither was the weapon slow

To find whom he had mark'd, or sent in vain.

He smote the charioteer of Hector, bold 900

Cebriones, King Priam's spurious son,

Full on the forehead, while he sway'd the reins.

The bone that force withstood not, but the rock

With ragged points beset dash'd both his brows

In pieces, and his eyes fell at his feet. 905

He, diver-like, from his exalted stand

Behind the steeds pitch'd headlong, and expired;
 O'er whom, Patroclus of equestrian fame!
 Thou didst exult with taunting speech severe.

Ye Gods, with what agility he dives! 910

Ah! it were well if in the fishy Deep
 This man were occupied; he might no few
 With oysters satisfy, although the waves
 Were churlish, plunging headlong from his bark
 As easily as from his chariot here. 915

So then—in Troy, it seems, are divers too!

So saying, on bold Cebriones he sprang
 With all a lion's force, who, while the folds
 He ravages, is wounded in the breast,
 And, victim of his own fierce courage, dies. 920

So didst thou spring, Patroclus! to despoil
 Cebriones, and Hector opposite
 Leap'd also to the ground. Then contest such
 For dead Cebriones those two between
 Arose, as in the lofty mountain-tops 925

Two lions wage, contending for a deer
 New-flain, both hunger-pinch'd and haughty both.
 So for Cebriones, alike in arms

Expert, brave Hector and Patroclus strove
 To pierce each other with the ruthless spear. 930

First, Hector seized his head, nor loos'd his hold,
 Patroclus, next, his feet, while all beside
 Of either host in furious battle join'd.

As when the East wind and the South contend
 To shake some deep wood on the mountain's side, 935
 Or beech, or ash, or rugged cornel old,

With

With stormy violence the mingled boughs
 Smite and snap short each other, crashing loud,
 So, Trojans and Achaians, mingling, flew
 Mutual, while neither felt a wish to fly. 940

Around Cebriones stood many a spear,
 And many a shaft sent smartly from the nerve
 Implanted deep, and many a stone of grasp
 Enormous founded on their batter'd shields
 Who fought to gain him. He, in eddies lost 945
 Of sable dust, with his huge trunk huge space
 O'erspread, nor steeds nor chariots heeded more.

While yet the sun ascending climb'd the heav'ns,
 Their darts flew equal, and the people fell;
 But when he westward journey'd, by a change 950
 Surpassing hope the Grecians then prevail'd.

They drew Cebriones the Hero forth
 From all those weapons, and his armour stripp'd
 At leisure, distant from the battle's roar.

Then sprang Patroclus on the Trojan host. 955
 Thrice, like another Mars, he sprang with shouts
 Tremendous, and nine warriors thrice he flew.

But when the fourth time, dæmon-like, he rush'd
 Against them, then, oh then, too manifest
 The consummation of thy days approach'd 960

Patroclus! whom Apollo terrour-clad
 Met then in battle. He the coming God
 Through all that multitude knew not, such gloom
 Impenetrable him involved around.

Behind him close he stood, and with his palms 965
 Expanded on the spine and shoulders broad

Smote him; his eyes swam dizzy at the stroke.
 Then Phœbus from his head his helmet dash'd
 To earth; sonorous at the feet it roll'd
 Of many a prancing steed, and all the crest 970
 Deilement gather'd gross of dust and blood
 Then first; 'till then, impossible; for how
 Should dust the tresses of that helmet shame
 With which Achilles fighting fenced his head
 Illustrious, and his graceful brows divine? 975
 But Jove now made it Hector's; he awhile
 Bore it, himself to swift perdition doom'd.
 His spear brass-mounted, pond'rous, huge and long,
 Fell shiver'd from his grasp. His shield that swept
 His ankle, with its belt dropp'd from his arm, 980
 And Phœbus loos'd the corset from his breast.
 Confusion seized his brain; his noble limbs
 Quaked under him, and panic-stunn'd he stood.
 Then came a Dardan Chief, who from behind
 Enforced a pointed lance into his back 985
 Between the shoulders; Panthus' son was he,
 Euphorbus, famous for equestrian skill,
 For spearmanship, and in the rapid race
 Past all of equal age. He twenty men
 (Although a learner yet of martial feats, 990
 And by his steeds then first to battle borne)
 Dismounted. He, Patroclus, mighty Chief!
 First threw a lance at thee, which yet thy life
 Quell'd not; then snatching hasty from the wound
 His ashen beam, he ran into the crowd, 995
 Nor dared confront in fight even the unarm'd

Patroclus.

Patroclus. But Patroclus, by the lance,
 And by the stroke of an immortal hand
 Subdued, fell back toward his ranks again.
 Then, soon as Hector the retreat perceived 1000
 Of brave Patroclus wounded, issuing forth
 From his own phalanx, he approach'd and drove
 A spear right through his body at the waist.
 Sounding he fell. Loud groan'd Achaia's host.
 As when the lion and the sturdy boar 1005
 Contend in battle on the mountain-tops
 For some scant rivulet, thirst-parch'd alike,
 Ere long the lion quells the panting boar,
 So Priameian Hector, spear in hand,
 Slew Menœtiades the valiant slay'r 1010
 Of multitudes, and thus in accents wing'd
 With fierce delight exulted in his fall.

It was thy thought, Patroclus, to have laid
 Our city waste, and to have wafted hence
 Our wives and daughters to thy native land, 1015
 Their day of liberty for ever set.
 Fool! for their sakes the feet of Hector's steeds
 Fly into battle, and myself excell,
 For their sakes, all our bravest at the spear,
 That I may turn from them that evil hour 1020
 Neceffitous. But thou art vulture's food.
 Unhappy youth! all valiant as he is,
 Achilles hath no succour giv'n to thee,
 Who when he sent thee forth whither himself
 Would not, thus doubtless gave thee oft in charge. 1025
 Ah, well beware, Patroclus, glorious Chief!

That

That thou revisit not these ships again
 'Till first on Hero-slaught'rer Hector's breast
 Thou cleave his bloody corslet. So he spake,
 And with vain words thee credulous beguiled. 1030

To whom Patroclus, mighty Chief, with breath
 Drawn faintly, and dying, thou didst thus reply.
 Now, Hector, boast, now glory! for the son
 Of Saturn and Apollo, me with ease
 Vanquishing, whom they had themselves disarm'd, 1035
 Have made the vict'ry thine; else, twenty such
 As thou, had fall'n by my victorious spear.
 Me Phœbus and my ruthless fate combined
 To slay; these foremost; but of mortal men
 Euphorbus, and thy praise is only third. 1040

I tell thee also, and within thy heart
 Repose it deep—Thou shalt not long survive,
 But, even now, fate and a violent death
 Attend thee by Achilles' hands ordain'd
 To perish, by Æacides the brave. 1045

So saying, the shades of death him wrapp'd around.
 Down into Ades from his limbs dismiss'd,
 His spirit fled sorrowful, of youth's prime
 And vig'rous manhood suddenly bereft.
 Then, him though dead, Hector again bespake. 1050

Patroclus! these prophetic strains of death
 At hand, and fate, why hast thou sung to me?
 May not the son of Thetis azure-hair'd,
 Achilles, perish first by spear of mine?

He said; then, pressing with his heel the trunk 1055
 Supine, and backward thrusting it, he drew

His glitt'ring weapon from the wound, nor stay'd,
But, lance in hand, the godlike charioteer
Pursued of swift Æacides, on fire
To smite Automedon; but him the steeds
Immortal, rapid, by the Gods conferr'd
(A glorious gift) on Peleus, snatch'd away.

1060

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

S E V E N T E E N T H B O O K.

Sharp contest ensues around the body of Patroclus. Hector puts on the armour of Achilles. Menelaus, having dispatched Antilochus to Achilles with news of the death of Patroclus, returns to the battle, and, together with Meriones, bears Patroclus off the field, while the Ajaces cover their retreat.

B O O K XVII.

NOR Menelaus, Atreus' valiant son,
Knew not how Menœtiades had fall'n
By Trojan hands in battle; forth he rush'd
All bright in burnish'd armour through his van,
And as some heifer with maternal fears 5
Now first acquainted, compasses around
Her young one, murmuring with tender moan,
So moved the Hero of the amber locks
Around Patroclus, before whom his spear
Advancing and broad shield, he death denounced 10
On all opposers; neither stood the son
Spear-famed of Panthus inattentive long
To slain Patroclus, but approach'd the dead,
And warlike Menelaus thus bespake.
Prince! Menelaus! Atreus' mighty son! 15
Yield. Leave the body and these gory spoils;

For

For of the Trojans or allies of Troy
 None sooner made Patroclus bleed than I.
 Seek not to rob me, therefore, of my praise
 Among the Trojans, lest my spear assail 20
 Thee also, and thou perish premature.

To whom, indignant, Atreus' son replied.
 Self-praise, the Gods do know, is little worth.
 But neither lion may in pride compare
 Nor panther, nor the savage boar whose heart's 25
 High temper flashes in his eyes, with these
 The spear-accomplish'd youths of Panthus' house.
 Yet Hyperenor of equestrian fame
 Liv'd not his lusty manhood to enjoy,
 Who scoffingly defied my force in arms, 30
 And call'd me most contemptible in fight
 Of all the Danaï. But him, I ween,
 His feet bore never hence to cheer at home
 His wife and parents with his glad return.
 So also shall thy courage fierce be tamed, 35
 If thou oppose me. I command thee, go—
 Mix with the multitude; withstand not me,
 Lest evil overtake thee. To be taught
 By sufferings only, is the part of fools.

He said, but him sway'd not, who thus replied. 40
 Now, even now, Atrides! thou shalt rue
 My brother's blood which thou hast shed, and mak'st
 His death thy boast. Thou hast his blooming bride
 Widow'd, and thou hast fill'd his parents hearts
 With anguish of unutterable woe; 45
 But bearing hence thy armour and thy head

To Troy, and casting them at Panthus' feet,
 And at the feet of Phrontis, his espoused,
 I shall console the miserable pair.

Nor will I leave that service unessay'd 50
 Longer, nor will I fail through want of force,
 Of courage, or of terrible address.

He ceas'd, and smote his shield, nor pierced the disk,
 But bent his point against the stubborn brass.

Then Menelaus, pray'r preferring first 55
 To Jove, assail'd Euphorbus in his turn,

Whom pacing backward in the throat he struck,
 And with both hands and his full force the spear
 Impelling, urged it through his neck behind.

Sounding he fell; loud rang his batter'd arms. 60

His locks, which even the Graces might have own'd,
 Blood-sullied, and his ringlets wound about
 With twine of gold and silver, swept the dust.

As the luxuriant olive by a swain

Reared in some solitude where rills abound, 65
 Puts forth her buds, and, fann'd by genial airs

On all sides, hangs her boughs with whitest flow'rs,

But by a sudden whirlwind from its trench

Uptorn, it lies extended on the field,

Such, Panthus' warlike son Euphorbus seem'd, 70

By Menelaus, son of Atreus, slain

Suddenly, and of all his arms despoil'd.

But as the lion on the mountains bred,

Glorious in strength, when he hath seized the best

And fairest of the herd, with savage fangs 75

First breaks her neck, then laps the bloody paunch

Torn wide; meantime, around him, but remote,
 Dogs stand and swains clamouring, yet by fear
 Repres'd, annoy him not or dare approach;
 So there, all wanted courage to oppose 80
 The force of Menelaus, glorious Chief.

Then, easily had Menelaus borne
 The armour of the son of Panthus thence,
 But that Apollo the illustrious prize
 Denied him, who in semblance of the Chief 85
 Of the Ciconians, Mentès, prompted forth
 Against him Hector terrible as Mars,
 Whose spirit thus in accents wing'd he roused.

Hector! the chase is vain; here thou pursu'it
 The horses of Æacides the brave, 90
 Which thou shalt never win, for they are steeds
 Of fiery nature, such as ill endure
 To draw or carry mortal man, himself
 Except, whom an immortal mother bore.

Meantime, bold Menelaus, in defence 95
 Of dead Patroclus, hath a Trojan slain
 Of highest note, Euphorbus, Panthus' son,
 And hath his might in arms for ever quell'd.

So spake the God, and to the fight return'd.
 But grief intolerable at that word 100
 Seized Hector; darting through the ranks his eye,
 He knew at once who stripp'd Euphorbus' arms,
 And Him knew also lying on the field,
 And from his wide wound bleeding copious still.
 Then, dazzling-bright in arms, through all the van 105
 He flew, shrill-shouting, fierce as Vulcan's fire

Uquenchable;

Unquenchable; nor were his shouts unheard
 By Atreus' son, who with his noble mind
 Conferring sad, thus to himself began.

Alas! if I forsake these gorgeous spoils, 110
 And leave Patroclus for my glory slain,
 I fear lest the Achaians at that fight
 Incensed, reproach me, and if, urged by shame,
 I fight with Hector and his host, alone,
 Lest, hemm'd around by multitudes, I fall; 115
 For Hector, by his whole imbattled force
 Attended, comes. But whither tend my thoughts?
 No man may combat with another fenced
 By pow'r divine and whom the Gods exalt,
 But he must draw down woe on his own head. 120
 Me, therefore, none of all Achaia's host
 Will blame indignant, seeing my retreat
 From Hector, whom themselves the Gods assist.
 But might the battle-shout of Ajax once
 Reach me, with force united we would strive 125
 Even in opposition to a God
 To rescue, for Achilles' sake, his friend.
 Task arduous! but less arduous than this.

While he thus meditated, swift advanced
 The Trojan ranks, with Hector at their head. 130
 He then, retiring slow and turning oft,
 Forsook the body. As by dogs and swains
 With clamours loud, and spears driv'n from the stalls
 A bearded lion goes, his noble heart
 Abhors retreat, and slow he quits the prey, 135
 So Menelaus with slow steps forsook

Patroclus,

Patroclus, and arrived in front, at length,
Of his own phalanx, stood, with sharpen'd eyes
Seeking vast Ajax, son of Telamon.

Him leftward, soon, of all the field he mark'd 140
Encouraging aloud his band, whose hearts
With terrours irresistible himself

Phœbus had fill'd. He ran, and at his side
Standing, incontinent him thus bespake.

My gallant Ajax, haste—come quickly—strive 145
With me to rescue for Achilles' sake
His friend, though bare, for Hector hath his arms.

He said, and by his words the noble mind
Of Ajax roused; issuing through the van
He went, and Menelaus at his side. 150

Hector the body of Patroclus dragg'd,
Stript of his arms, with faulchion keen erelong
Purposing to strike off his head, and cast
His trunk, drawn distant, to the dogs of Troy.
But Ajax, with broad shield tow'r-like, approach'd. 155

Then Hector, to his bands retreating, sprang
Into his chariot, and to others gave
The splendid arms in charge, who into Troy
Should bear the destined trophy of his praise.
But Ajax with his broad shield guarding stood 160
Slain Menœtiades, as for his whelps

The lion stands; him through some forest drear
Leading his little ones, the hunters meet;
Fire glimmers in his looks, and down he draws
His whole brow into frowns, cov'ring his eyes, 165
So, guarding slain Patroclus, Ajax lour'd.

On th' other side, with tender grief oppress'd
Unfpeakable, brave Menelaus stood.

But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian band,

Son of Hippolochus, in bitter terms

170

Indignant, reprimanded Hector thus.

Ah Hector, Chieftain of excelling form,

But all unfurnish'd with a warrior's heart!

Unwarranted I deem thy great renown

Who art to flight addicted. Think, henceforth,

175

How ye shall save city and citadel

Thou and thy people born in Troy, alone.

No Lycian shall, at least, in your defence

Fight with the Grecians, for our ceaseless toil

In arms, hath ever been a thankless task.

180

Inglorious Chief! how wilt thou save a worse

From warring crowds, who hast Sarpedon left

Thy guest, thy friend, to be a spoil, a prey

To yonder Argives? while he lived he much

Thee and thy city profited, whom dead

185

Thou fear'st to rescue even from the dogs.

Now, therefore, may but my advice prevail,

Back to your country, Lycians! so, at once,

Shall remediless ruin fall on Troy.

For had the Trojans now a daring heart

190

Intrepid, such as in the breast resides

Of lab'ers in their country's dear behalf,

We soon should drag Patroclus into Troy;

And were his body, from the battle drawn,

In Priam's royal city once secured,

195

As soon, the Argives would in ransom give

Sarpedon's

Sarpedon's body with his splendid arms
 To be conducted safe into the town.
 For when Patroclus fell, the friend was slain
 Of such a Chief as is not in the fleet 200
 For valour, and his bands are dauntless all.
 But thou, at the first glimpse of Ajax' eye
 Confounded, hast not dared in arms to face
 That warrior bold, superior far to thee.

To whom brave Hector, frowning stern, replied. 205
 Why, Glaucus! should a Chief like thee his tongue
 Presume to employ thus haughtily? My friend!
 I thee accounted wisest, once, of all
 Who dwell in fruitful Lycia, but thy speech
 Now utter'd altogether merits blame, 210
 In which thou tell'st me that I fear to stand
 Against vast Ajax. Know that I from fight
 Shrink not, nor yet from sound of prauncing steeds;
 But Jove's high purpose evermore prevails
 Against the thoughts of man; He turns to flight 215
 The bravest, and the vict'ry takes with ease
 Even from those whom once he favour'd most.
 But hither, friend! stand with me. Mark my deed.
 Prove me, if I be found, as thou hast said,
 An idler all the day, or if by force 220
 I not compel some Grecian to renounce
 Patroclus, ev'n the boldest of them all.

He ceas'd, and to his host exclaim'd aloud.
 Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
 Of Dardanus, oh be ye men, my friends! 225
 Now summon all your fortitude, while I

Put on the armour of Achilles, won
From the renown'd Patroclus slain by me.

So saying, illustrious Hector from the clash
Of spears withdrew, and with his swiftest pace 230
Departing, overtook, not far remote,

The bearers of Achilles' arms to Troy.
Apart from all the horrors of the field
Standing, he changed his armour; gave his own
To be by them to sacred Ilium borne, 235

And the immortal arms of Peleus' son
Achilles, by the ever-living Gods
To Peleus giv'n, put on. Those arms the Sire,
Now old himself, had on his son conferr'd,
But in those arms his son grew never old. 240

Him, therefore, soon as cloud-assembler Jove
Saw glitt'ring in divine Achilles' arms,
Contemplative he shook his brows, and said.

Ah hapless Chief! thy death, although at hand,
Nought troubles thee. Thou wear'st his heav'nly arms, 245
Who all excells, terrour of Ilium's host.

His friend, though bold yet gentle, thou hast slain,
And hast the brows and bosom of the dead
Unseemly bared; yet, bright success awhile
I give thee; so compensating thy lot, 250
From whom Andromache shall ne'er receive
Those glorious arms, for thou shalt ne'er return.

So spake the Thund'rer, and his fable brows
Shaking, confirm'd the word. But Hector found
The armour apt, the God of war his soul 255
With fury fill'd, he felt his limbs afresh

Invigorated,

Invigorated, and with loudest shouts
 Return'd to his illustrious allies.
 To them he seem'd, clad in those radiant arms,
 Himself Achilles; rank by rank he pass'd 260
 Through all the host, exhorting ev'ry Chief,
 Asteropæus, Mesthles, Phorcys, Medon,
 Therfilochus, Deifenor, augur Ennomus,
 Chromius, Hippothoüs; all these he roused
 To battle, and in accents wing'd began. 265

Hear me, ye myriads, neighbours and allies!
 For not through fond desire to fill the plain
 With multitudes, have I convened you here
 Each from his city, but that well-inclined
 To Ilium, ye might help to guard our wives 270
 And little-ones against the host of Greece.
 Therefore it is that forage large and gifts
 Providing for you, I exhaust the stores
 Of Troy, and drain our people for your sake.
 Turn then direct against them, and his life 275
 Save each, or lose; it is the course of war.
 Him who shall drag, though dead, Patroclus home
 Into the host of Troy, and shall repulse
 Ajax, I will reward with half the spoils,
 And half shall be my own; glory and praise 280
 Shall also be his meed, equal to mine.

He ended; they compact with lifted spears
 Bore on the Danaï, conceiving each
 Warm expectation in his heart to wrest
 From Ajax son of Telamon, the dead. 285
 Vain hope! he many a lifeless Trojan heap'd

On slain Patroclus, but at length his speech
To warlike Menelaus thus address'd.

Ah Menelaus, valiant friend! I hope
No longer, now, that even we shall 'scape
Ourselves from fight; nor fear I so the loss
Of dead Patroclus, who shall soon the dogs
Of Ilium, and the fowls fate with his flesh,
As for my life I tremble and for thine,
That cloud of battle, Hector, such a gloom
Sheds all around; death manifest impends.
Haste—call our best, if even they can hear.

He spake, nor Menelaus not complied,
But call'd aloud on all the Chiefs of Greece.

Friends, senators, and leaders of the pow'rs
Of Argos! who with Agamemnon drink
And Menelaus at the public feast,
Each bearing rule o'er many, by the will
Of Jove advanced to honour and renown!
The task were difficult to single out
Chief after Chief by name amid the blaze
Of such contention; but oh come yourselves
Indignant forth, nor let the dogs of Troy
Patroclus rend, and gambol with his bones!

He ceased, whom Oiliades the swift
Hearing incontinent, of all the Chiefs
Ran foremost, after whom Idomeneus
Approach'd, and dread as homicidal Mars
Meriones. But never mind of man
Could ev'n in silent recollection name
The whole vast multitude who, following these,

Renew'd

Renew'd the battle on the part of Greece.

The Trojans first, with Hector at their head,
Wedg'd in close phalanx, rush'd to the assault.

As when within some rapid river's mouth 320

The billows and stream clash, on either * shore
Loud sounds the * roar of waves ejected wide,
Such seem'd the clamours of the Trojan host.

But the Achaians, one in heart, around
Patroclus stood, bulwark'd with shields of brass, 325

And over all their glitt'ring helmets Jove
Darkness diffus'd, for he had loved Patroclus
While yet he lived friend of Æacides,
And, now, abhorring that the dogs of Troy
Should eat him, urged the Greeks to his defence. 330

The host of Troy first shook the Grecian host;
The body left, they fled; yet of them all,
The Trojan pow'rs, determin'd as they were,
Slew none, but dragg'd the body. Neither stood
The Greeks long time aloof, soon as repuls'd 335

Again led on by Ajax, who in form
And in exploits all others far excell'd,
Peerless Æacides alone except.

Right through the foremost combatants he rush'd
In force resembling most some savage boar 340

That in the mountains bursting through the brakes,
The swains disperses and their hounds with ease;
Like him, illustrious Ajax, mighty son

* There is no word in our language expressive of loud sound, at all comparable in effect to the Greek *Βε-ο σφιν*. I have therefore endeavoured by the juxtaposition of two words similar in sound, to palliate in some small degree a defect which it was not in my power to cure.

Of Telamon, at his assault dispersed
 With ease the close imbattled ranks, who fought 345
 Around Patroclus' body, strong in hope
 To achieve it, and to make the glory theirs.
 Hippothoüs, a youth of high renown,
 Son of Pelasgian Lethus, by a noose
 Around his ankle cast dragg'd through the fight 350
 Patroclus, so to gratify the host
 Of Ilium and their Chief; but evil him
 Reach'd suddenly, by none of all his friends
 (Though num'rous wish'd to save him) turn'd aside.
 For swift advancing on him through the crowd 355
 The son of Telamon pierced, spear in hand,
 His helmet brazen-check'd; the crested casque,
 So smitten, open'd wide, for huge the hand
 And pond'rous was the spear that gave the blow,
 And all around its neck, mingled with blood 360
 Gush'd forth the brain. There, lifeless, down he sank,
 Let fall the Hero's foot, and fell himself
 Prone on the dead, never to see again
 Deep-foil'd Lariffa, never to requite
 Their kind sollicitudes who gave him birth, 365
 In bloom of life by dauntless Ajax slain.
 Then, Hector hurl'd at Ajax his bright spear,
 But he, forewarned of its approach, escaped
 Narrowly, and it pierced Schedius instead,
 Brave son of Iphitus; he, noblest Chief 370
 Of the Phocensians, over many reign'd,
 Dwelling in Panopeus the far-renown'd.

Ent'ring

Ent'ring beneath the * clavicle the point
 Right through his shoulder's summit pass'd behind,
 And on his loud-refounding arms he fell. 375
 But Ajax at his waist wounded the son
 Of Phœnops, valiant Phorcys, while he stood
 Guarding Hippothöus; through his hollow mail
 Enforced the weapon drank his inmost life,
 And in his palm, supine, he clench'd the dust. 380
 Then, Hector with the foremost Chiefs of Troy
 Fell back; the Argives sent a shout to heav'n,
 And dragging Phorcys and Hippothöus thence
 Stripp'd both. In that bright moment Ilium's host
 Fear-quell'd before Achaia's warlike sons 385
 Had Troy re-enter'd, and the host of Greece
 By matchless might and fortitude their own
 Had snatch'd a vict'ry from the grasp of Fate,
 But that, himself, the King of radiant shafts
 Æneas roused; Epytis' son he seem'd 390
 Periphas, antient in the service grown
 Of old Anchises whom he dearly loved;
 His form assumed, Apollo thus began.
 How could ye save, Æneas, were the Gods
 Your enemies, the tow'rs of lofty Troy? 395
 As I have others seen, warriors who would,
 Men fill'd with might and valour, firm themselves
 And Chiefs of multitudes disdain'g fear.
 But Jove to us the victory far more
 Than to the Grecians wills; therefore the fault 400
 Is yours, who tremble and refuse the fight.

* Or collar-bone.

He ended, whom Æneas marking, knew
 At once the glorious Archer of the skies,
 And thus to distant Hector call'd aloud.

Oh Hector, and ye other Chiefs of Troy 405
 And of her brave confederates! Shame it were
 Should we re-enter Ilium, driv'n to flight
 By dastard fear before the host of Greece.
 A God assured me even now, that Jove,
 Supreme in battle, gives his aid to Troy. 410
 Rush, therefore, on the Danaï direct,
 Nor let them, safe at least and unannoy'd,
 Bear hence Patroclus' body to the fleet.

He spake, and starting far into the van
 Stood foremost forth; they, wheeling, faced the Greeks.
 Then, spear in hand, Æneas smote the friend 416
 Of Lycomedes, brave Leocritus,
 Son of Arifbas. Lycomedes saw
 Compassionate his death, and drawing nigh
 First stood, then hurling his resplendent lance 420
 Right through the liver Apisaon pierced
 Offspring of Hippafus, his chest beneath,
 And, lifeless, instant, on the field he fell.
 He from Pæonia the deep-foild to Troy
 Came forth, Asteropæus sole except, 425
 Bravest of all Pæonia's band in arms.
 Asteropæus saw, and to the van
 Sprang forth for furious combat well prepared,
 But room for fight found none, so thick a fence
 Of shields and ported spears fronted secure 430

The

The phalanx guarding Menœtiades.
 For Ajax ranging all the ranks, aloud
 Admonish'd them that no man yielding ground
 Should leave Patroclus, or advance before
 The rest, but all alike fight and stand fast. 435
 Such order gave huge Ajax; purple gore
 Drench'd all the ground; in slaughter'd heaps they fell
 Trojans and Trojan aids of dauntless hearts
 And Grecians; for not even they the fight
 Waged bloodless, though with far less cost of blood, 440
 Each mindful to avert his fellow's fate.

Thus burn'd the battle; neither hadst thou deem'd
 The sun himself in heav'n unquench'd, or moon,
 Beneath a cope so dense of darkness strove
 Unceasing all the most renown'd in arms 445
 For Menœtiades. Meantime the war,
 Wherever else, the bright-arm'd Grecians waged
 And Trojans under skies serene. The sun
 On them his radiance darted; not a cloud,
 From mountain or from vale rising, allay'd 450
 His fervour; there at distance due they fought
 And paused by turns, and shunn'd the cruel dart.
 But in the middle field not war alone
 They suffer'd, but night also; ruthless raged
 The iron storm, and all the mightiest bled. 455
 Two glorious Chiefs, the while, Antilochus
 And Thrasymedes, had no tidings heard
 Of brave Patroclus slain, but deem'd him still
 Living, and troubling still the host of Troy;

For * watchful only to prevent the flight 460
 Or slaughter of their fellow-warriors, they
 Maintain'd a distant station, so enjoin'd
 By Nestor when he sent them to the field.
 But fiery conflict arduous employ'd
 The rest all day continual; knees and legs, 465
 Feet, hands, and eyes of those who fought to guard
 The valiant friend of swift Æacides
 Sweat gather'd foul and dust. As when a man
 An huge ox-hide drunken with flipp'ry lard
 Gives to be stretch'd, his servants all around 470
 Dispos'd, just intervals between, the task
 Ply strenuous, and while many straining hard
 Extend it equal on all sides, it sweats
 The moisture out, and drinks the unction in,
 So they, in narrow space struggling, the dead 475
 Dragg'd ev'ry way, warm hope conceiving, these
 To drag him thence to Troy, those, to the ships.
 Wild tumult raged around him; neither Mars
 Gath'rer of hosts to battle, nor herself
 Pallas, however angry, had beheld 480
 That conflict with disdain, Jove to such length
 Protracted on that day the bloody toil
 Of steeds and men for Meneitiades.
 Nor knew divine Achilles or had aught
 Heard of Patroclus slain, for from the ships 485

* The proper meaning of ἐπιπροσμένω—is not simply *looking on*, but *providing against*. And thus their ignorance of the death of Patroclus is accounted for. They were ordered by Nestor to a post in which they should have little to do themselves, except to superintend others, and were consequently too remote from Patroclus to see him fall, or even to hear that he had fallen. See Villoison.

Remote they fought, beneath the walls of Troy.
He, therefore, fear'd not for his death, but hope
Indulged much rather, that, the battle push'd
To Ilium's gates, he should return alive.

For that his friend, unaided by himself 490

Or even aided, should prevail to lay
Troy waste, he nought supposed; by Thetis warn'd
In secret conference oft, he better knew
Jove's purpose; yet not even she had borne
Those dreadful tidings to his ear, the loss 495
Immeasurable of his dearest friend.

They all around the dead fought spear in hand
With mutual slaughter ceaseless, and amid
Achaia's host thus spake a Chief mail-arm'd.

Shame were it, Grecians! should we seek by flight 500
Our galleys now; yawn earth our feet beneath
And here ingulph us rather! Better far
Than to permit the steed-famed host of Troy
To drag Patroclus hence into the town,
And make the glory of this conflict theirs. 505

Thus also of the dauntless Trojans spake
A certain warrior. Oh my friends! although
The Fates ordain us, one and all, to die
Around this body, stand! quit not the field.

So spake the warrior prompting into act 510
The courage of his friends, and such they strove
On both sides; high into the vault of heav'n
The iron din pass'd through the desert air.
Meantime the horses of Æacides

From fight withdrawn, soon as they understood 515

Their charioteer fall'n in the dust beneath
 The arm of homicidal Hector, wept.
 Them oft with hasty lash Dioces' son
 Automedon impatient smote, full oft
 He stroak'd them gently, and as oft he * chode, 520
 Yet neither to the fleet ranged on the shore
 Of spacious Hellespont would they return,
 Nor with the Grecians seek the fight, but stood
 As a sepulchral pillar stands, unmoved
 Between their traces; to the earth they hung 525
 Their heads, with plenteous tears their driver mourn'd,
 And mingled their dishevell'd manes with dust.
 Jove saw their grief with pity, and his brows
 Shaking, within himself thus, pensive, said.
 Ah hapless pair! Wherefore by gift divine 530
 Were ye to Peleus giv'n, a mortal king,
 Yourselves immortal and from age exempt?
 Was it that ye might share in human woes?
 For, of all things that breathe or creep the earth,
 No creature lives so mere a wretch as man. 535
 Yet shall not Priameian Hector ride
 Triumphant, drawn by you. Myself forbid.
 Suffice it that he boasts vain-gloriously
 Those arms his own. Your spirit and your limbs
 I will invigorate, that ye may bear 540
 Safe hence Automedon into the fleet.
 For I ordain the Trojans still to spread
 Carnage around victorious, 'till they reach

* This is the proper imperfect of the verb *chide*, though modern usage has substituted *chid*, a word of mean and awkward sound, in the place of it.

The gallant barks, and 'till the sun at length
Descending, sacred darkness cover all. 545

He said, and with new might the steeds inspired.
They, shaking from their hair profuse the dust
Between the van of either army whirl'd
The rapid chariot. Fighting as he pass'd,
Though fill'd with sorrow for his slaughter'd friend, 550
Automedon high-mounted swept the field

Impetuous as a vulture scatt'ring geese;
Now would he vanish, and now, turn'd again,
Chase through a multitude his trembling foe;
But whomso'er he follow'd, none he flew, 555
Nor was the task possible to a Chief

Sole in the sacred chariot, both to aim
The spear aright and guide the fiery steeds.
At length Alcimedon, his friend in arms,
Son of Laerceus son of Æmon, him 560
Observing, from behind the chariot hail'd
The flying warrior whom he thus bespake.

What pow'r, Automedon! hath ta'en away
Thy better judgment, and thy breast inspired
With this vain purpose to assail alone 565
The Trojan van? Thy partner in the fight
Is slain, and Hector on his shoulders bears,
Elate, the armour of Æacides.

Then, answer thus Automedon return'd
Son of Diore. Who of all our host 570
Was ever skill'd, Alcimedon! as thou
To rule the fire of these immortal steeds,
Save only while he lived, peer of the Gods

In that great art, Patroclus, now no more?
 Thou, therefore, the resplendent reins receive 575
 And scourge, while I, dismounting, wage the fight.

He ceas'd ; Alcimedon without delay
 The battle-chariot mounting, seized at once
 The lash and reins, and from his seat down leap'd
 Automedon. Them noble Hector mark'd, 580
 And to Æneas at his side began.

Illustrious Chief of Trojans brazen-mail'd
 Æneas ! I have noticed yonder steeds
 Of swift Achilles rushing into fight
 Conspicuous, but under sway of hands 585
 Unskilful ; whence arises a fair hope
 That we might seize them, wert thou so inclin'd ;
 For never would those two dare to oppose
 In battle an assault dreadful as ours.

He ended, nor the valiant son refused 590
 Of old Anchises, but with targets firm
 Of season'd hide brass-plated thrown athwart
 Their shoulders, both advanced direct, with whom
 Of godlike form Aretus also went

And Chromius. Ardent hope they all conceived 595
 To slay those Chiefs, and from the field to drive
 Achilles' lofty steeds. Vain hope ! for them
 No bloodless strife awaited with the force
 Of brave Automedon ; he, pray'r to Jove
 First off'ring, felt his angry soul with might 600
 Heroic fill'd, and thus his faithful friend
 Alcimedon, incontinent, address'd.

Alcimedon !

Alcimedon! hold not the steeds remote
 But breathing on my back; for I expect
 That never Priameian Hector's rage 605
 Shall limit know, or pause, 'till, slaying us,
 He shall himself the courfers ample-maned
 Mount of Achilles and to flight compel
 The Argive host, or perish in the van.

So saying, he call'd aloud on Menelaus 610
 With either Ajax. Oh illustrious Chiefs
 Of Argos, Menelaus, and ye bold
 * Ajaces! leaving all your best to cope
 With Ilium's pow'rs and to protect the dead,
 From friends still living ward the bitter day. 615
 For hither borne, two Chiefs, bravest of all
 The Trojans, Hector and Æneas rush
 Right through the battle. The events of war
 Heav'n orders; therefore even I will give
 My spear its flight, and Jove dispose the rest! 620

He said, and brandishing his massy spear
 Dismiss'd it at Aretus; full he smote
 His ample shield, nor stay'd the pointed brass,
 But penetrating sheer the disk, his belt
 Pierced also, and stood planted in his waist. 625
 As when some vigorous youth with sharpen'd ax
 A pastured bullock smites behind the horns
 And hews the muscle through; he, at the stroke
 Springs forth and falls, so sprang Aretus forth,
 Then fell supine, and in his bowels stood 630

* The Latin plural of Ajax is sometimes necessary, because the English plural—
 Ajaxes—would be insupportable.

The keen-edg'd lance still quiv'ring 'till he died.
 Then Hector, in return, his radiant spear
 Hur'd at Automedon, who of its flight
 Forewarn'd, his body bowing prone, the stroke
 Eluded, and the spear piercing the foil 635
 Behind him, shook to its superior end,
 'Till, spent by slow degrees, its fury slept.
 And now, with hand to hilt, for clofer war
 Both stood prepared, when through the multitude
 Advancing at their fellow-warriors call 640
 Th' Ajaces suddenly their combat fierce
 Prevented. Awed at once by their approach
 Hector retired, with whom Æneas went
 Also and godlike Chromius, leaving there
 Aretus with his vitals torn, whose arms, 645
 Fierce as the God of war Automedon
 Stripp'd off, and thus exulted o'er the slain.
 My soul some portion of her grief resigns
 Consoled, although by slaughter of a worse,
 For loss of valiant Menœtiades. 650
 So saying, within his chariot he disposed
 The gory spoils, then mounted it himself
 With hands and feet purpled, as from a bull
 His bloody prey, some lion newly-gorged.
 And now around Patroclus raged again 655
 Dread strife deplorable; for from the skies
 Descending at the Thunderer's command
 Whose purpose now was to assist the Greeks,
 Pallas enhanced the fury of the fight.
 As when from heav'n, in view of mortals, Jove 660
 Exhibits

Exhibits bright his bow, a sign ordain'd
 Of war, or numbing frost which all the works
 Suspends of man and faddens all the flocks,
 So she, all mantled with a radiant cloud
 Ent'ring Achaia's host, fir'd ev'ry breast. 665

But meeting Menelaus first, brave son
 Of Atreus, in the form and with the voice
 Robust of Phœnix, him she thus bespake.
 Shame, Menelaus, shall to thee redound
 For ever, and reproach, should dogs devour 670
 The faithful friend of Peleus' noble son
 Under Troy's battlements; but stand, thyself,
 Undaunted, and encourage all the host.

To whom the son of Atreus bold in arms.
 Ah Phœnix, friend revered, antient and sage! 675
 Would Pallas give me might and from the dint
 Shield me of dart and spear, with willing mind
 I would defend Patroclus, for his death
 Hath touch'd me deep. But Hector with the rage
 Burns of consuming fire, nor to his spear 680
 Gives pause, for him Jove leads to victory.

He ceas'd, whom Pallas, Goddess azure-eyed
 Hearing, rejoiced that of the heav'nly pow'rs
 He had invoked *her* foremost to his aid.
 His shoulders with new might, and limbs she fill'd, 685
 And persevering boldness to his breast
 Imparted, such as prompts the fly, which oft
 From flesh of man repulsed, her purpose yet
 To bite holds fast, resolved on human blood.
 His stormy bosom with such courage fill'd 690

By Pallas, to Patroclus he approach'd
 And hurl'd, incontinent, his glittering spear.
 There was a Trojan Chief, Podes by name,
 Son of Eëtion, valorous and rich;
 Of all Troy's citizens him Hector most
 Respected, in convivial pleasures sweet
 His chos'n companion. As he sprang to flight,
 The hero of the golden locks his belt
 Struck with full force and sent the weapon through.
 Sounding he fell, and from the Trojan ranks
 Atrides dragg'd the body to his own.

695

700

Then drew Apollo near to Hector's side,
 And in the form of Phœnops, Afius' son,
 Of all the foreign guests at Hector's board
 His fav'rite most, the hero thus address'd.

705

What Chief of all the Grecians shall henceforth
 Fear Hector, who from Menelaus shrinks
 Once deem'd effeminate, but dragging now
 The body of thy valiant friend approv'd
 Whom he hath slain, Podes, Eëtion's son?

710

He spake, and at his words grief like a cloud
 Involved the mind of Hector dark around;
 Right through the foremost combatants he rush'd
 All clad in dazzling brags. Then, lifting high
 His tassel'd ægis radiant, Jove with storms
 Envelop'd Ida; flash'd his lightnings, roar'd
 His thunders, and the mountain shook throughout.
 Troy's hoist he prosper'd, and the Greeks dispersed.

715

First fled Penelcus, the Bœotian Chief,
 Whom facing firm the foe Polydamas

720

Struck

Struck on the shoulder's summit with a lance
 Hurl'd nigh at hand, which flight inscribed the bone.
 * Leitus also, son of the renown'd
 Alectryon, pierced by Hector in the wrist,
 Disabled left the fight; trembling he fled 725
 And peering narrowly around, nor hoped
 To lift a spear against the Trojans more.
 Hector, pursuing Leitus, the point
 Encounter'd of the brave Idomeneus
 Full on his chest; but in his mail the lance 730
 Snapp'd, and the Trojans shouted to the skies.
 He, in his turn, cast at Deucalion's son
 Idomeneus, who in that moment gain'd †
 A chariot-seat; but him the erring spear
 Attain'd not, piercing Cœranus instead 735
 The friend and follower of Meriones
 From wealthy Lyctus, and his charioteer.
 For when he left, that day, the gallant barks
 Idomeneus had fought the field on foot,
 And triumph proud, full sure, to Ilium's host 740
 Had yielded now, but that with rapid haste
 Cœranus drove to his relief, from him
 The fate averting which himself incurr'd

* Leitus was another Chief of the Bœotians.

† Δίφρα ἐφ' ἑστύατος.—Yet we learn soon after that he fought on foot. But the Scholiast explains the expression thus—νεωσι τῷ Δίφρα ἐπιβατός. The fact was that Idomeneus had left the camp on foot, and was on foot when Hector prepared to throw at him. But Cœranus, charioteer of Meriones, observing his danger drove instantly to his aid. Idomeneus had just time to mount, and the spear, designed for him, struck Cœranus.—For a right understanding of this very intricate and difficult passage, I am altogether indebted to the Scholiast as quoted by Villefollon.

Victim of Hector's homicidal arm.

Him Hector smiting between ear and jaw 745

Push'd from their sockets with the lance's point

His firm-set teeth, and sever'd sheer his tongue.

Dismounted down he fell, and from his hand

Let slide the flowing reins, which, to the earth

Stooping, Meriones in haste resumed, 750

And briefly thus Idomeneus address'd.

Now drive, and cease not, to the fleet of Greece,

Thyself see'st victory no longer ours.

He said; Idomeneus whom, now, dismay

Seized also, with his lash plying severe 755

The courfers ample-maned, flew to the fleet.

Nor Ajax, dauntless hero, not perceived

Nor Menelaus, by the sway of Jove

The victory inclining fast to Troy,

And thus the Telamonian Chief began. 760

Ah! who can be so blind as not to see

Th' eternal Father, now, with his own hand

Awarding glory to the Trojan host,

Whose ev'ry spear flies, instant, to the mark

Sent forth by brave or base? Jove guides them all; 765

While, ineffectual, ours fall to the ground.

But haste, devise we of ourselves the means

How likeliest we may bear Patroclus hence,

And gladden, safe returning, all our friends,

Who, hither looking anxious, hope have none 770

That we shall longer check th' unconquer'd force

Of hero-slaught'ring Hector, but expect

To

* To see him soon amid the fleet of Greece.

Oh for some Grecian now to carry swift

The tidings to Achilles' ear, untaught, 775

As I conjecture, yet, the doleful news

Of his Patroclus slain! but no such Greek

May I discern, such universal gloom

Both men and steeds envelops all around.

Father of heav'n and earth! deliver thou 780

Achaia's host from darkness; clear the skies;

Give day; and (since thy sov'reign will is such)

Destruction with it—but oh give us day!

He spake, whose tears Jove saw with pity moved

And chased the untimely shades; bright beam'd the sun 785

And the whole battle was display'd. Then spake

The hero thus to Atreus' mighty son.

Now, noble Menelaus! looking forth,

See if Antilochus be yet alive,

Brave son of Nestor, whom exhort to fly 790

With tidings to Achilles, of the friend

Whom most he lov'd, of his Patroclus slain.

He ceas'd, nor Menelaus, dauntless Chief,

That task refused, but went; yet neither swift

Nor willing. As a lion leaves the stalls 795

Wearied himself with harrassing the guard,

Who, interdicting him his purpos'd prey,

Watch all the night; he, famish'd, yet again

Comes furious on, but speeds not, kept aloof

* The Translator here follows the interpretation preferred by the Scholiast. The original expression is ambiguous, and may signify, either, that *we shall perish in the fleet ourselves*, or that Hector will soon be in the midst of it. Vide Villeisson in loco.

By spears from daring hands dismiss'd, but more 800
 By flash of torches which, though fierce, he dreads,
 'Till, at the dawn, sullen he stalks away ;
 So from Patroclus Menelaus went,
 Heroic Chief ! reluctant ; for he fear'd
 Left the Achaians should resign the dead, 805
 Through consternation, to the host of Troy.
 Departing, therefore, he admonish'd oft
 Meriones and the Ajaces, thus.

Ye two brave leaders of the Argive host,
 And thou, Meriones ! now recollect 810
 The gentle manners of Patroclus fall'n
 Hapless in battle, who by carriage mild
 Well understood, while yet he lived, to engage
 All hearts, though pris'ner now of death and fate.

So saying, the Hero amber-hair'd his steps 815
 Turn'd thence, the field exploring with an eye
 Sharp as the eagle's of all fowls beneath
 The azure heav'ns for keenest fight renown'd,
 Whom, though he soar sublime, the leveret
 By broadest leaves conceal'd 'scapes not, but swift 820
 Descending, even her he makes his prey,
 So, noble Menelaus ! were thine eyes
 Turn'd into ev'ry quarter of the host
 In search of Nestor's son, if still he lived.
 Him, soon, encouraging his band to fight, 825
 He noticed on the left of all the field,
 And sudden standing at his side, began.

Antilochus ! oh hear me, noble friend !
 And thou shalt learn tidings of such a deed

As best had never been. Thou know'st, I judge, 830
 And hast already seen, how Jove exalts
 To victory the Trojan host, and rolls
 Distress on ours; but ah! Patroclus lies,
 Our chief Achaian, slain, whose loss the Greeks
 Fills with regret. Haste, therefore, to the fleet, 835
 Inform Achilles; bid him haste to save,
 If save he can, the body of his friend;
 He can no more, for Hector hath his arms.

He ceas'd. Antilochus with horror heard
 Those tidings; mute long time he stood, his eyes 840
 Swam tearful, and his voice, sonorous erst,
 Found utterance none. Yet even so distress'd,
 He not the more neglected the command
 Of Menelaus. Setting forth to run,
 He gave his armour to his noble friend 845
 Laodocus, who thither turn'd his steeds,
 And, weeping as he went, on rapid feet
 Sped to Achilles with that tale of woe.

Nor could the noble Menelaus stay
 To give the weary Pylian band, bereft 850
 Of their lov'd Antilochus, his aid,
 But leaving them to Thrasymedes' care,
 He flew to Menœtiades again,
 And the Ajaces, thus, instant bespake.

He goes. I have dispatch'd him to the fleet 855
 To seek Achilles; but his coming nought
 Expect I now, although with rage he burn
 Against illustrious Hector; for what fight

Can he, unarm'd, against the Trojans wage?
 Deliberating, therefore, frame we means 860
 How best to save Patroclus, and to 'scape
 Ourselves unslain from this disastrous field.

Whom answer'd the vast son of Telamon.

Most noble Menelaus! good is all
 Which thou hast spoken. Lift ye from the earth 865
 Thou and Meriones, at once, and bear
 The dead Patroclus from the bloody field.
 To cope meantime with Hector and his host
 Shall be our task, who, one in name, nor less
 In spirit one, already have the brunt 870
 Of much sharp conflict, side by side, sustain'd.

He ended; they, enfolding in their arms
 The dead, upbore him high above the ground
 With force united; after whom the host
 Of Troy, seeing the body borne away, 875
 Shouted, and with impetuous onset all
 Follow'd them. As the hounds, urged from behind
 By youthful hunters, on the wounded boar
 Make fierce assault; awhile at utmost speed
 They stretch toward him, hungry for the prey, 880
 But oft as, turning sudden, the stout brawn
 Faces them, scatter'd on all sides escape,
 The Trojans so, thick thronging in the rear,
 Ceaseless with faulchions and spears double-edged
 Annoy'd them fore, but oft as in retreat 885
 The dauntless Heroes, the Ajaces, turn'd
 To face them, deadly wan grew ev'ry cheek,

And

And not a Trojan dared with onset rude
Molest them more in conflict for the dead.

Thus they, laborious, forth from battle bore 890

Patroclus to the fleet, tempestuous war

Their steps attending, rapid as the flames

Which, kindled suddenly, some city waste ;

Consumed amid the blaze house after house

Sinks, and the wind, meantime, roars through the fire, 895

So them a deaf'ning tumult as they went

Pursued, of horses and of men spear-arm'd.

And as two mules with strength for toil endued,

Draw through rough ways down from the distant hills

Huge timber, beam or mast ; sweating they go, 900

And overlabour'd to faint weariness,

So they the body bore, while, turning oft,

Th' Ajaces check'd the Trojans. As a mound

Planted with trees and stretch'd athwart the mead

Repels an overflow ; the torrents loud 905

Baffling, it sends them far away to float

The level land, nor can they with the force

Of all their waters burst a passage through,

So the Ajaces, constant, in the rear

Repress'd the Trojans ; but the Trojans them 910

Attended still, of whom Æneas most

Troubled them, and the glorious Chief of Troy.

They, as a cloud of starlings or of daws

Fly screaming shrill, warn'd timely of the kite

Or hawk, devourers of the smaller kinds, 915

So they shrill-clamouring toward the fleet,

Hasted before Æneas and the might
Of Hector, nor the battle heeded more.
Much radiant armour round about the foss
Fell of the flying Grecians, or within 920
Lay scatter'd, and no pause of war they found.

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

E I G H T E E N T H B O O K.

Achilles, by command of Juno, shows himself to the Trojans, who fly at his appearance; Vulcan, at the instance of Thetis, forges for him a suit of armour.

B O O K XVIII.

THUS burn'd the battle like devouring fire.
Meantime, Antilochus with rapid steps
Came to Achilles. Him he found before
His lofty barks, occupied, as he stood,
With boding fears of all that had befall'n. 5
He groan'd, and to his noble self he said,
Ah! woe is me—why falls Achaia's host,
With such disorder foul, back on the fleet?
I tremble lest the Gods my anxious thoughts
Accomplish and my mother's words, who erst 10
Hath warn'd me, that the bravest and the best
Of all my Myrmidons, while yet I live,
Slain under Troy, must view the fun no more.
Brave Menœtiades is, doubtless, slain.
Unhappy friend! I bade thee oft, our barks 15
Deliver'd once from hostile fires, not seek
To cope in arms with Hector, but return.

While musing thus he stood, the son approach'd
 Of noble Nestor, and with tears his cheeks
 Bedewing copious, his sad message told. 20

Oh son of warlike Peleus! thou shalt hear
 Tidings of deeds which best had never been.
 Patroclus is no more. The Grecians fight
 For his bare corse, and Hector hath his arms.

Then clouds of sorrow fell on Peleus' son, 25
 And, grasping with both hands the ashes, down
 He pour'd them on his head, his graceful brows
 Dishonouring, and thick the footy show'r
 Descending settled on his fragrant vest.

Then, stretch'd in ashes, at the vast extent 30
 Of his whole length he lay, disord'ring wild
 With his own hands, and rending off his hair.
 The maidens, captiv'd by himself in war
 And by Patroclus, shrieking from the tent
 Ran forth, and hemm'd the glorious Chief around. 35
 All smote their bosoms, and all, fainting, fell.

On the other side, Antilochus the hands
 Held of Achilles, mourning and deep groans
 Uttering from his noble heart; through fear
 Lest Peleus' son should perish self-destroy'd. 40

Loud groan'd the Hero, whose loud groans within
 The gulphs of ocean, where she sat beside
 Her antient Sire, his Goddess-mother heard,
 And hearing, shriek'd; around her, at the voice
 Assembled all the Nereids of the Deep. 45

Cymodoce, Thalia, Glauca came,
 Nisæa, Spio, Thoas, and with eyes

Protub'rant beauteous Halia; came with these
 Cymothöe, and Actæa, and the nymph
 Of marshes, Limnorea, nor delay'd 50
 Agave, nor Amphithöe the swift,
 Iæra, Doto, Melita, nor thence
 Was absent Proto or Dynamene,
 Callianira, Doris, Panope,
 Pherusa or Amphinome, or fair 55
 Dexamene, or Galatea prais'd
 For matchless form divine; Nemertes pure
 Came also, with Apfeudes chrystal-bright,
 Callianassa, Mæra, Clymene,
 Janeira and Janassa, sister pair, 60
 And Orithya, and with azure locks
 Luxuriant, Amatheä; nor alone
 Came these, but ev'ry ocean-nymph beside.
 The silver cave was fill'd; each smote her breast,
 And Thetis, loud lamenting, thus began. 65

Ye sister Nereids hear! that ye may all
 From my own lips my boundless sorrow learn.
 Ah me forlorn! ah me, parent in vain
 Of an illustrious birth! who, having borne
 A noble son magnanimous, the chief 70
 Of Heroes, saw him like a thriving plant
 Shoot vigorous under my maternal care,
 And sent him early in his gallant fleet
 Embark'd, to combat with the sons of Troy.
 But Him from fight return'd I shall receive 75
 Beneath the roof of Peleus, never more,
 And while he lives, and on the sun his eyes

Opens,

Opens, he mourns, nor, going, can I aught
 Assist him; yet I go, that I may see
 My darling son, and from his lips be taught 80
 What grief hath now befallen him, who close
 Abiding in his tent shares not the war.

So saying she left the cave, whom all her nymphs
 Attended weeping, and where'er they pass'd
 The breaking billows open'd wide a way. 85
 At fruitful Troy arrived, in order fair
 They climb'd the beach, where by his num'rous barks
 Encompass'd, swift Achilles fighting lay.
 Then, drawing nigh to her afflicted son
 The Goddess-mother press'd between her palms 90
 His temples, and in accents wing'd enquired.

Why weeps my son? what sorrow wrings thy soul?
 Speak, hide it not. Jove hath fulfill'd the pray'r
 Which erst with lifted hands thou didst prefer,
 That all Achaia's host, wanting thy aid, 95
 Might be compell'd into the fleet, and foul
 Disgrace incur, there prison'd for thy sake.

To whom Achilles, groaning deep, replied.
 My mother! it is true; Olympian Jove
 That pray'r fulfils; but thence, what joy to me, 100
 Patroclus slain? the friend of all my friends
 Whom most I lov'd, dear to me as my life—
 Him I have lost. Slain and despoil'd he lies
 By Hector of his glorious armour bright
 The wonder of all eyes, a matchless gift 105
 Giv'n by the Gods to Peleus on that day
 When thee they doom'd into a mortal's arms.

Oh

Oh that with these thy deathless ocean-nymphs
 Dwelling content, thou hadst my father left
 T' espouse a mortal bride, so hadst thou 'scaped 110
 Pangs numberless which thou must now endure
 For thy son's death, whom thou shalt never meet
 From Troy return'd, in Peleus' mansion more!
 For life I covet not, nor longer wish
 To mix with human kind, unless my spear 115
 May find out Hector, and atonement take
 By slaying Him, for my Patroclus slain.

To whom, with streaming tears, Thetis replied.
 Swift comes thy destiny as thou hast said,
 For after Hector's death thine next ensues. 120

Then answer, thus, indignant he return'd.
 Death seize me now! since when my friend was slain,
 My doom was, not to succour him. He died
 From home remote, and wanting me to save him.
 Now, therefore, since I neither visit more 125
 My native land, nor, present here, have aught
 Avail'd Patroclus or my many friends
 Whom noble Hector hath in battle slain,
 But here I sit unprofitable grown,
 Earth's burden, though of such heroic note, 130
 If not in council foremost (for I yield
 That prize to others) yet in feats of arms,
 Such as none other in Achaia's host,
 May fierce contention from among the Gods
 Perish, and from among the human race, 135
 With wrath, which sets the wisest hearts on fire;
 Sweeter than dropping honey to the taste,

But

But in the bosom of mankind, a smoke !
 Such was my wrath which Agamemnon roused,
 The King of men. But since the past is fled 140
 Irrevocable, howfoe'er distress'd,
 Renounce we now vain musings on the past,
 Content through sad necessity. I go
 In quest of noble Hector, who hath slain
 My lov'd Patroclus, and such death will take, 145
 As Jove ordains me and the Pow'rs of heav'n
 At their own season, send it when they may.
 For neither might the force of Hercules,
 Although high-favour'd of Saturnian Jove,
 From death escape, but Fate and the revenge 150
 Restless of Juno vanquish'd even Him.
 I also, if a destiny like his
 Await me, shall, like him, find rest in death ;
 But glory calls me now ; now will I make
 Some Trojan wife or Dardan with both hands 155
 Wipe her soft cheeks, and utter many a groan.
 Long time have I been absent from the field,
 And they shall know it. Love me as thou may'st,
 Yet thwart me not, for I am fixt to go.
 Whom Thetis answer'd, Goddess of the Deep. 160
 Thou hast well said, my son ! it is no blame
 To save from threaten'd death our suff'ring friends.
 But thy magnificent and dazzling arms
 Are now in Trojan hands ; them Hector wears
 Exulting, but ordain'd not long t' exult, 165
 So habited ; his death is also nigh.
 But thou with yonder warring multitudes

Mix not, 'till thou behold me here again;
 For with the rising sun I will return
 To-morrow, and will bring thee glorious arms, 170
 By Vulcan forged himself, the King of fire.

She said, and turning from her son aside,
 The filterhood of Ocean thus address'd.

Plunge ye again into the briny Deep,
 And to the hoary Sov'reign of the floods 175
 Report as ye have heard. I to the heights
 Olympian haste, that I may there obtain
 From Vulcan, glorious artist of the skies,
 Arms of excell'g beauty for my son.

She said; they plunged into the waves again, 180
 And silver-footed Thetis, to the heights
 Olympian soaring swiftly to obtain
 Arms for renown'd Achilles, disappear'd.

Meantime, with infinite uproar the Greeks
 From Hector's hero-flaying arm had fled 185
 Home to their galleys station'd on the banks
 Of Hellepont. Nor yet Achaia's sons

Had borne the body of Patroclus clear
 From flight of darts away, but still again
 The multitude of warriors and of steeds 190
 Came on, by Priameian Hector led

Rapid as fire. Thrice, noble Hector seized
 His ancles from behind, ardent to drag
 Patroclus, calling to his host the while.

But thrice, the two Ajaces, clothed with might, 195
 Shock'd and repul'd him reeling. He with force
 Fill'd indefatigable, through his ranks

Issuing, by turns assail'd them, and by turns
 Stood clamouring, yet not a step retired;
 But as the hinds deter not from his prey 200
 A tawny lion by keen hunger urged,
 So could not both Ajaces, warriors bold,
 Intimidate and from the body drive
 Hector; and he had dragg'd him thence and won
 Immortal glory, but that Iris, sent 205
 Unseen by Jove and by the Pow'rs of heav'n,
 From Juno, to Achilles brought command
 That he should show himself. Full near she drew,
 And in wing'd accents thus the Chief address'd.

Hero! most terrible of men, arise! 210
 Protect Patroclus, for whose sake the war
 Stands at the fleet of Greece. Mutual prevails
 The slaughter, these the dead defending, those
 Resolute hence to drag him to the gates
 Of wind-swept Ilium. But beyond them all 215
 Illustrious Hector, obstinate is bent
 To win him, purposing to lopp his head,
 And to exhibit it impaled on high.

Thou then arise, nor longer on the ground
 Lie stretch'd inactive; let the thought with shame 220
 Touch thee, of thy Patroclus made the sport
 Of Trojan dogs, whose corse, if it return
 Dishonour'd home, brings with it thy reproach.

To whom Achilles matchless in the race.
 Iris divine! of all the Gods who sent thee! 225

Then, thus, the swift ambaffadess of heav'n.
 By Juno sent I come, consort of Jove.

Nor knows Saturnian Jove high-throned, himself,
 My flight, or any of the Immortal Pow'rs,
 Tenants of the Olympian heights snow-crown'd. 230

Her answer'd then Pelides, glorious Chief.
 How shall I seek the fight? they have my arms.
 My mother charged me also to abstain
 From battle, 'till she bring me armour new
 Which she hath promis'd me from Vulcan's hand. 235
 Meantime, whose armour else might serve my need
 I know not, save perhaps alone the shield
 Of Telamonian Ajax, whom I deem
 Himself now busied in the stormy van,
 Slaying the Trojans in my friend's defence. 240

To whom the swift-wing'd messenger of heav'n.
 Full well we know thine armour Hector's prize.
 Yet, issuing to the margin of the foss,
 Show thyself only. Panic-seized, perchance,
 The Trojans shall from fight desist, and yield 245
 To the o'ertoil'd though dauntless sons of Greece
 Short respite; it is all that war allows.

So saying, the storm-wing'd Iris disappear'd.
 Then rose at once Achilles dear to Jove,
 Athwart whose shoulders broad Minerva cast 250
 Her Ægis fringed terrific, and his brows
 Encircled with a golden cloud that shot
 Fires insupportable to fight abroad.
 As when some island, situate afar
 On the wide waves, invested all the day 255
 By cruel foes from their own city pour'd,
 Upsends a smoke to heav'n, and torches shows

On all her turrets at the clofe of eve
 Which flash againft the clouds, kindled in hope
 Of aid from neighbour maritime allies, 260
 So from Achilles' head light flash'd to heav'n.
 Iffuing through the wall, befide the fofs
 He flood, but mix'd not with Achaia's hoft,
 Obedient to his mother's wife command.
 He flood and fhouted; Pallas alfo rais'd 265
 A dreadful fhout, and tumult infinite
 Excited throughout all the hoft of Troy.
 Clear as the trumpet's note when it proclaims
 A num'rous hoft approaching to inveft
 Some city clofe around, fo clear the voice 270
 Rang of Æacides, and tumult-tofs'd
 Was ev'ry foul that heard the brazen tone.
 With fwift recoil the long-maned courfers thruft
 The chariots back, all boding woe at hand,
 And ev'ry charioteer aftonish'd faw 275
 Fires, that fail'd not, illumining the brows
 Of Peleus' fon, by Pallas kindled there.
 Thrice, o'er the trench Achilles fent his voice
 Sonorous, and confufion at the found
 Thrice feized the Trojans, and their famed allies. 280
 Twelve, in that moment, of their nobleft died
 By their own fpears and chariots, and with joy
 The Greccians from beneath an hill of darts
 Dragging Patroclus, placed him on his bier.
 Around him throug'd his fellow-warriors bold, 285
 All weeping, after whom Achilles went
 Fast-weeping alfo at the doleful fight

Of

Of his true friend on his funereal bed
 Extended, gash'd with many a mortal wound,
 Whom he had sent into the fight with steeds
 290
 And chariot, but received him thence no more.

And now majestic Juno sent the sun,
 Unwearied minister of light, although
 Reluctant, down into the Ocean stream.
 So the sun sank, and the Achaians ceas'd
 295
 From the all-wasting labours of the war.

On th' other side, the Trojans, from the fight
 Retiring, loos'd their steeds, but ere they took
 Thought of refreshment, in full council met.
 It was a council at which no man sat,
 300

Or dared; all stood; such terrour had on all
 Fallen, for that Achilles had appear'd,
 After long pause from battle's arduous toil.
 First rose Polydamas the prudent son

Of Panthus, above all the Trojans skill'd
 305
 Both in futurity and in the past.

He was the friend of Hector, and one night
 Gave birth to both. In council one excell'd,
 And one still more in feats of high renown.
 Thus then, admonishing them, he began.
 310

My friends! weigh well the occasion. Back to Troy
 By my advice, nor wait the sacred morn
 Here, on the plain, from Ilium's walls remote.
 So long as yet the anger of this Chief

'Gainst noble Agamemnon burn'd, so long
 315
 We found the Greeks less formidable foes,
 And I rejoiced, myself, spending the night

Beside their oary barks, for that I hoped
 To seize them; but I now tremble at thought
 Of Peleus' rapid son again in arms. 320
 A spirit proud as his will scorn to fight
 Here, on the plain, where Greeks and Trojans take
 Their common share of danger and of toil,
 And will at once strike at your citadel,
 Impatient 'till he make your wives his prey. 325
 Haste—let us home—else thus shall it befall;
 Night's balmy influence in his tent detains
 Achilles now, but rushing arm'd abroad
 To-morrow, should he find us ling'ring here,
 None shall mistake him then; happy the man 330
 Who soonest, then, shall 'scape to sacred Troy!
 Then, dogs shall make and vultures on our flesh
 Plent'ous repast. Oh spare mine ears the tale!
 But if, though troubled, ye can yet receive
 My counsel, thus assembled we will keep 335
 Strict guard to night; meantime, her gates and tow'rs
 With all their mass of solid timbers, smooth
 And cramp'd with bolts of steel, will keep the town.
 But early on the morrow we will stand
 All arm'd on Ilium's tow'rs. Then, if he chuse, 340
 His galleys left, to compass Troy about,
 He shall be task'd enough; his lofty steeds
 Shall have their fill of coursing to and fro
 Beneath, and gladly shall to camp return.
 But waste the town he shall not, nor attempt 345
 With all the utmost valour that he boasts
 To force a pass; dogs shall devour him first.

To whom brave Hector louting, and in wrath.
 Polydamas, I like not thy advice
 Who bidd'st us in our city skulk, again 350
 Imprison'd there. Are ye not yet content?
 With ye for durance still in your own tow'rs?
 Time was, when in all regions under heav'n
 Men prais'd the wealth of Priam's city stor'd
 With gold and brass; but all our houses now 355
 Stand emptied of their hidden treasures rare.
 Jove in his wrath hath scatter'd them; our wealth
 Is marketted, and Phrygia hath a part
 Purchas'd, and part Mœonia's lovely land.
 But since the son of wily Saturn old 360
 Hath giv'n me glory now, and to inclose
 The Grecians in their fleet hemm'd by the sea,
 Fool! taint not with such talk the public mind.
 For not a Trojan here will thy advice
 Follow, or shall; it hath not my consent. 365
 But thus I counsel. Let us, band by band,
 Throughout the host take supper, and let each,
 Guarded against nocturnal danger, watch.
 And if a Trojan here be rack'd in mind
 Lest his possessions perish, let him cast 370
 His golden heaps into the public * maw,
 Far better so consumed than by the Greeks.
 Then, with the morrow's dawn, all fair array'd
 In battle, we will give them at their fleet
 Sharp onset, and if Peleus' noble son 375
 Have ris'n indeed to conflict for the ships,

* Καταδημιβορησας.

The worse for him. I shall not for his sake
 Avoid the deep-toned battle, but will firm
 Oppose his utmost. Either He shall gain
 Or I, great glory. Mars his favours deals 380
 Impartial, and the slayer oft is slain.

So counsell'd Hector, whom with shouts of praise
 The Trojans answer'd. Fools, and by the pow'r
 Of Pallas of all sober thought bereft !
 For all applauded Hector, who had giv'n 385
 Advice pernicious, and Polydamas,
 Whose counsel was discrete and wholesome, none.
 So then they took repast. But all night long
 The Grecians o'er Patroclus wept aloud,
 While, standing in the midst, Pelides led 390
 The lamentation, heaving many a groan,
 And on the bosom of his breathless friend
 Imposing, sad, his homicidal hands.

As the grim lion, from whose gloomy lair
 Among thick trees the hunter hath his whelps 395
 Purloin'd, too late returning mourns his loss,
 Then, up and down, the length of many a vale
 Courses, exploring fierce the robber's foot,
 Incensed as he, and with a sigh deep-drawn
 Thus to his Myrmidons Achilles spake. 400

How vain, alas ! my word spoken that day
 At random, when to sooth the Hero's fears
 Menœtius, then our guest, I promis'd him
 His noble son at Opœis again,
 Living and laden with the spoils of Troy ! 405
 But Jove performs not all the thoughts of man,

For

For we were both destined to tinge the soil
 Of Ilium with our blood, nor I shall see,
 Myself, my father in his mansion more
 Or Thetis, but must find my burial here. 410

Yet, my Patroclus! since the earth expects
 Me next, I will not thy funereal rites
 Finish, 'till I shall bring both head and arms
 Of that bold Chief who slew thee, to my tent.
 I also will smite off, before thy pile, 415

The heads of twelve illustrious sons of Troy,
 Repentful of thy death. Meantime, among
 My lofty galleys thou shalt lie, with tears
 Mourn'd day and night by Trojan captives fair
 And Dardan compassing thy bier around, 420

Whom we, at price of labour hard, ourselves
 With massy spears toiling in battle took
 From many an opulent city, now no more.

So saying, he bade his train surround with fire
 A tripod huge, that they might quickly cleanse 425
 Patroclus from all stain of clotted gore.

They on the blazing hearth a tripod placed
 Capacious, fill'd with water its wide womb,
 And thrust dry wood beneath, 'till, fierce, the flames
 Embraced it round, and warm'd the flood within. 430

Soon as the water in the sizzling brass
 Simmer'd, they bathed him, and with limpid oil
 Anointed; filling, next, his ruddy wounds

With unguent mellow'd by nine circling years,
 They stretch'd him on his bed, then, cover'd him 435
 From head to feet with linen texture light,

And with a wide unfullied mantle, laft.
 All night the Myrmidons around the fwift
 Achilles flood, deploring loud his friend,
 And Jove his fpoufe and fifter thus befpoke. 440

So then, Imperial Juno! not in vain
 Thou haft the fwift Achilles fought to rouse
 Again to battle; the Achaians, fure,
 Are thy own children, thou haft borne them all.
 To whom the awful Goddeffs ample-eyed. 445

What word hath pafs'd thy lips Jove moft fevere?
 A man, though mortal merely, and to me
 Inferior in device, might have atchieved
 That labour eafily. Can I who boast
 Myfelf the Chief of Goddeffes, and fuch 450
 Not by birth only, but as thine espoufed,
 Who art thyfelf Sov'reign of all the Gods,
 Can I with anger burn againft the houfe
 Of Priam, and want means of juft revenge?

Thus they in heav'n their mutual conf'rence held. 455
 Meantime, the filver-footed Thetis reach'd
 The ftarr'd abode eternal, brazen-wall'd
 Of Vulcan, by the builder lame himfelf
 Uprear'd, a wonder ev'n in eyes divine.

She found him fwearing, at his bellows huge 460
 Toiling induftrious; tripods bright he form'd
 Twenty at once, his palace-wall to grace
 Ranged in harmonious order. Under each
 Two golden wheels he fet, on which (a fight
 Marvellous!) into council they fould roll 465
 Self-moved, and to his houfe, felf-moved, return.

Thus

Thus far the work was finish'd, but not yet
 Their ears of exquisite design affixt,
 For them he stood fashioning, and prepared
 The rivets. While he thus his matchless skill 470

Employ'd laborious, to his palace-gate
 The silver-footed Thetis now advanced,
 Whom Charis, Vulcan's well-attired spouse,
 Beholding from the palace portal, flew
 To seize the Goddess's hand, and thus enquired. 475

Why, Thetis! worthy of all reverence
 And of all love, com'st thou to our abode,
 Unfrequent here? But enter, and accept
 Such welcome as to such a guest is due.

So saying, she introduced and to a feat 480
 Led her with argent studs border'd around
 And foot-stool'd sumptuously; then, calling forth
 Her spouse, the glorious artist, thus she said.

Haste, Vulcan! Thetis wants thee; linger not.
 To whom the artist of the skies replied. 485

A Goddess then, whom with much cause I love
 And venerate is here, who when I fell
 Saved me, what time my shameless mother fought
 To cast me, because lame, out of all fight;
 Then had I been indeed forlorn, had not 490

Eurynome the daughter of the Deep
 And Thetis in their laps receiv'd me fall'n.
 Nine years with them residing, for their use
 I form'd nice trinkets, clasps, rings, pipes and chains,
 While loud around our hollow cavern roar'd 495
 The surge of the vast Deep, nor God nor man,

Save Thetis and Eurynome, my life's
 Preservers, knew where I was kept conceal'd.
 Since, therefore, she is come, I cannot less
 Than recompense to Thetis amber-hair'd 500
 With readiness the boon of life preserved.
 Haste, then, and hospitably spread the board
 For her regale, while with my best dispatch
 I lay my bellows and my tools aside.

He spake, and vast in bulk and hot with toil 505
 Rose limping from beside his anvil-stock
 Upborne with pain on legs tortuous and weak.
 First, from the forge dislodg'd he thrust apart
 His bellows, and his tools collecting all
 Bestow'd them, careful, in a silver chest, 510

Then, all around with a wet sponge he wiped
 His visage, and his arms and brawny neck
 Purified, and his shaggy breast from smutch;
 Last, putting on his vest, he took in hand
 His sturdy staff, and shuffled through the door. 515

Beside the King of fire two golden forms
 Majestic moved, that served him in the place
 Of handmaids; young they seem'd, and seem'd alive,
 Nor want they intellect, or speech, or force,
 Or prompt dexterity by the Gods inspired. 520

These his supporters were, and at his side
 Attended diligent, while He, with gait
 Uncouth, approaching Thetis where she sat
 On a bright throne, seized fast her hand and said.

Why, Thetis! worthy as thou art of love 525
 And of all reverence, hast thou arrived,

Unfrequent here? Speak—tell me thy desire,
Nor doubt my services, if thou demand
Things possible, and possible to me.

Then Thetis, weeping plenteously, replied. 530

Oh Vulcan! Is there on Olympus' heights
A Goddess with such load of sorrow oppress'd
As, in peculiar, Jove assigns to me?

Me only, of all ocean-nymphs, he made
Spouse to a man, Peleus Æacides, 535

Whose bed, although reluctant and perforce,
I yet endured to share. He now, the prey
Of cheerless age, decrepid lies, and Jove
Still other woes heaps on my wretched head.

He gave me to bring forth, gave me to rear 540

A son illustrious, valiant, and the chief
Of heroes; he, like a luxuriant plant

* Upran to manhood, while his lusty growth

I nourish'd as the husbandman his vine
Set in a fruitful field, and being grown 545

I sent him early in his gallant fleet

Embark'd, to combat with the sons of Troy;

But him from fight return'd I shall receive,

Beneath the roof of Peleus, never more,

And while he lives and on the sun his eyes 550

Opens, affliction is his certain doom,

Nor aid resides or remedy in me.

The virgin, his own portion of the spoils,

Allotted to him by the Grecians—Her

Atrides, King of men, resum'd, and grief 555

* Ἀνδραγαθία.

Devour'd Achilles' spirit for her sake.
 Meantime, the Trojans shutting close within
 Their camp the Grecians, have forbidden them
 All egress, and the senators of Greece
 Have fought with splendid gifts to sooth my son. 560
 He, indispos'd to rescue them himself
 From ruin, sent, instead, Patroclus forth
 Clad in his own resplendent armour, Chief
 Of the whole host of Myrmidons. Before
 The Scæan gate from morn to eve they fought, 565
 And, on that self-same day had Ilium fallen,
 But that Apollo, to advance the fame
 Of Hector, slew Menœtius' noble son
 Full-flush'd with vict'ry. Therefore at thy knees
 Suppliant I fall, imploring from thine art 570
 A shield and helmet, greaves of shapely form
 With clasps secured, and corslet for my son.
 For those, once his, his faithful friend hath lost
 Slain by the Trojans, and Achilles lies,
 Himself, extended mournful on the ground. 575

Her answer'd then the artist of the skies.
 Courage! Perplex not with these cares thy soul.
 I would that when his fatal hour shall come,
 I could as sure secrete him from the stroke
 Of destiny, as he shall soon have arms 580
 Illustrious, such as each particular man
 Of thousands, seeing them, shall wish his own.

He said, and to his bellows quick repair'd,
 Which turning to the fire he bade them heave,
 Full twenty bellows working all at once 585

Breathed

Breathed on the furnace, blowing easy and free
 The managed winds, now forcible, as best
 Suited dispatch, now gentle, if the will
 Of Vulcan and his labour so required.

Impenetrable brass, tin, silver, gold 590

He cast into the forge, then, settling firm
 His ponderous anvil on the block, one hand
 With his huge hammer fill'd, one with the tongs.

He fashion'd first a shield massy and broad
 Of labour exquisite, for which he form'd 595

A triple border beauteous, dazzling bright,
 And loop'd it with a silver brace behind.

The shield itself with five strong folds he forged,
 And with devices multiform the disk

Capacious charged, toiling with skill divine. 600

There he described the earth, the heav'n, the sea,
 The sun that rests not, and the moon full-orb'd.

There also, all the stars which round about
 As with a radiant frontlet bind the skies,

The Pleiads and the Hyads, and the might 605

Of huge Orion, with Him Urfa call'd,
 Known also by his popular name, the Wain,

That spins around the pole looking toward
 Orion, only star of these denied

To flake his beams in Ocean's briny baths. 610

Two splendid cities also there he form'd
 Such as men build. In one were to be seen

Rites matrimonial solemnized with pomp
 Of sumptuous banquets; from their chambers forth

Leading the brides they usher'd them along 615

With

With torches through the streets, and sweet was heard
 The voice around of Hymenæal song.
 Here, striplings danced in circles to the sound
 Of pipe and harp, while in the portals stood
 Women, admiring, all, the gallant show. 620
 Elsewhere was to be seen in council met
 The close-throng'd multitude. There strife arose.
 Two citizens contended for a mulct
 The price of blood. This man affirm'd the fine
 All paid, haranguing vehement the crowd, 625
 That man denied that he had aught received,
 And to the judges each made his appeal
 Eager for their award. Meantime the people
 As favour sway'd them, clamour'd loud for each.
 The heralds quell'd the tumult; rev'rend sat 630
 On polish'd stones the Elders in a ring,
 Each with an herald's sceptre in his hand,
 Which holding they arose, and all in turn
 Gave sentence. In the midst two talents lay
 Of gold, his destined recompense whose voice 635
 Decisive should pronounce the best award.
 The other city by two glitt'ring hosts
 Invested stood, and a dispute arose
 Between the hosts, whether to burn the town
 And lay all waste, or to divide the spoil. 640
 Meantime, the citizens, still undismay'd,
 Surrender'd not the town, but taking arms
 Secretly, set the ambush in array,
 And on the walls their wives and children kept
 Vigilant guard, with all the antient men. 645
 They

They fallied; at their head Pallas and Mars
 Both golden and in golden vests attired
 Advanced, proportion each showing divine,
 Large, prominent, and such as Gods befeem'd.
 Not fuch the people, but of humbler fize. 650
 Arriving at the fpot for ambush chos'n,
 A river's fide, where cattle of each kind
 Drank, down they fat, all arm'd in dazzling brafs.
 'Apart from all the reft fat alfo down
 Two fpies, both looking for the flocks and herds. 655
 Soon they appear'd, and at their fide were feen
 Two fhepherd fwains, each playing on his pipe
 Carelefs, and of the danger nought apprized.
 Swift ran the fpies, perceiving their approach,
 And intercepting fuddenly the herds 660
 And flocks of filver fleece, flew alfo thofe
 Who fed them. The befiegers, at that time
 In council, by the found alarm'd, their fteeds
 Mounted, and hafted, infant, to the place;
 Then, ftanding on the river's brink they fought 665
 And push'd each other with the brazen lance.
 There Difcord raged, there Tumult, and the force
 Of ruthlefs Deftiny; fhe now a Chief
 Seized newly wounded, and now captive held
 Another yet unhurt, and now a third 670
 Dragg'd breathlefs through the battle by his feet,
 And all her garb was dappled thick with blood.
 Like living men they traversed and they ftrove
 And dragg'd by turns the bodies of the flain.

He also graved on it a fallow field 675
 Rich, spacious, and well-till'd. Plowers not few,
 There driving to and fro their sturdy teams,
 Labour'd the land; and oft as in their course
 They came to the field's bourn, so oft a man
 Met them, who in their hands a goblet placed 680
 Charged with delicious wine. They, turning, wrought
 Each his own furrow, and impatient seem'd
 To reach the border of the tilth, which black
 Appear'd behind them as a glebe new-turn'd,
 Though golden. Sight to be admir'd by all! 685

There too he form'd the likeness of a field
 Crowded with corn, in which the reapers toil'd
 Each with a sharp-tooth'd sickle in his hand.
 Along the furrow here, the harvest fell
 In frequent handfulls, there, they bound the sheaves. 690
 Three binders of the sheaves their sultry task
 All plied industrious, and behind them boys
 Attended, filling with the corn their arms
 And off'ring still their bundles to be bound.
 Amid them, staff in hand, the master stood 695
 Silent exulting, while beneath an oak
 Apart, his heralds busily prepared
 The banquet, dressing a well-thriven ox
 New-slain, and the attendant maidens mix'd
 Large supper for the hinds of whitest flour. 700

There also, laden with its fruit he form'd
 A vineyard all of gold; purple he made
 The clusters, and the vines supported stood
 By poles of silver set in even rows.

The

The trench he colour'd fable, and around
 Fenced it with tin. One only path it show'd 705
 By which the gath'ers when they stripp'd the vines
 Pass'd and repass'd. There, youths and maidens blithe
 In frails of wicker bore the luscious fruit,
 While, in the midit, a boy on his shrill harp 710
 Harmonious play'd, still as he struck the chord
 Carolling to it with a slender voice.

They smote the ground together, and with song
 And sprightly reed came dancing on behind.

There too an herd he fashion'd of tall beeves 715
 Part gold, part tin. They, lowing, from the stalls
 Rush'd forth to pasture by a river-side
 Rapid, sonorous, fringed with whisp'ring reeds.
 Four golden herdsmen drove the kine a-field
 By nine swift dogs attended. Dreadful sprang 720
 Two lions forth, and of the foremost herd
 Seized fast a bull. Him bellowing they dragg'd,
 While dogs and peafants all flew to his aid.

The lions tore the hide of the huge prey
 And lapp'd his entrails and his blood. Meantime 725
 The herdsmen, troubling them in vain, their hounds
 Encouraged; but no tooth for lions' flesh
 Found they, and, therefore, stood aside and bark'd.

There also, the illustrious smith divine
 Amidst a pleasant grove a pasture form'd 730
 Spacious, and sprinkled o'er with silver sheep
 Num'rous, and stalls and huts and shepherds' tents.

To these the glorious Artist added next
 With various skill delineated exact

A lab'rynth for the dance, fuch as of old 735
 In Crete's broad ifland Dædalus compofed
 For bright-hair'd Ariadne. There the youths
 And youth-alluring maidens, hand in hand,
 Danced jocund, ev'ry maiden neat-attired
 In fineft linen, and the youths in vefts 740
 Well-woven, gloffy as the glaze of oil.
 Thefe all wore garlands, and bright faulchions, thofe,
 Of burnifh'd gold in filver trappings hung:—
 They, with well-tutor'd ftep, now, nimbly ran
 The circle, fwift, as when, before his wheel 745
 Seated, the potter twirls it with both hands
 For trial of its fpeed, now, croffing quick
 They pafs'd at once into each other's place.
 On either fide fpectators num'rous flood
 Delighted, and two tumblers roll'd themfelves 750
 Between the dancers, finging as they roll'd.
 Laft, with the might of Ocean's boundlefs flood
 He fill'd the border of the wond'rous fhield.
 When, thus, the mafly fhield magnificent
 He had accomplifh'd, for the hero next 755
 He forged, more ardent than the blaze of fire,
 A corflet; then, a pond'rous helmet bright
 Well-fitted to his brows, crefted with gold,
 And with laborious art divine adorn'd.
 He alfo made him greaves of molten tin. 760
 The armour finifh'd, bearing in his hand
 The whole, he fet it down at Thetis' feet.
 She, like a falcon, from the fnowy top
 Stoop'd of Olympus, bearing to the earth
 The dazzling wonder fresh from Vulcan's hand. 765

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

N I N E T E E N T H B O O K.

Achilles is reconciled to Agamemnon, and, clothed in new armour forged by Vulcan, leads out the Myrmidons to battle.

B O O K X I X.

NOW rose the morn in saffron vest attired
From Ocean, with new day for Gods and men,
When Thetis at the fleet of Greece arrived,
Bearing that gift divine. She found her son
All tears, and close enfolding in his arms 5
Patroclus, while his Myrmidons around
Wept also; she amid them, graceful, stood,
And, seizing fast his hand, him thus bespake.

Although our loss be great, yet, oh my son!
Leave we Patroclus lying on the bier 10
To which the Gods ordain'd him from the first.
Receive from Vulcan's hands these glorious arms,
Such as no mortal shoulders ever bore.

So saying, she placed the armour on the ground
Before him, and the whole bright treasure rang. 15
A tremor shook the Myrmidons; none dared
Look on it, but all fled. Not so himself.
In Him fresh vengeance kindled at the view,

And,

And, while he gazed, a splendour as of fire
 Flash'd from his eyes. Delighted, in his hand 20
 He held the glorious bounty of the God,
 And, wond'ring at those strokes of art divine,
 His eager speech thus to his mother turn'd.

The God, my mother! hath bestow'd in truth
 Such armour on me as demanded skill 25
 Like his, surpassing far all pow'r of man.
 Now, therefore, I will arm. But anxious fears
 Trouble me, lest intrusive flies, meantime,
 Breed worms within the spear-inflicted wounds
 Of Menœtiades, and fill with taint 30
 Of putrefaction his whole breathless form.

But him the silver-footed Goddess fair
 Thus answer'd. Oh, my son! chafe from thy mind
 All such concern. I will, myself, essay
 To drive the noisome swarms which on the slain 35
 In battle feed voracious. Should he lie
 The year complete, his flesh shall yet be found
 Untainted, and, it may be, fragrant too.
 But thou, the Heroes of Achaia's host
 Convening, in their ears thy wrath renounce 40
 Against the King of men, then, instant, arm
 For battle, and put on thy glorious might.

So saying, the Goddess raised his courage high.
 Then, through the nostrils of the dead she pour'd
 Ambrosia, and the ruddy juice divine 45
 Of nectar, antidotes against decay.

And now forth went Achilles by the side
 Of Ocean, calling with a dreadful shout

To council all the Heroes of the host.
 Then, even they who in the fleet before 50
 Constant abode, helmsmen and those who held
 In stewardship the food and public stores,
 All flock'd to council, for that now at length
 After long abstinence from dread exploits
 Of war, Achilles had once more appear'd. 55
 Two went together, halting on the spear,
 (For still they felt the anguish of their wounds)
 Noble Ulysses and brave Diomede,
 And took an early seat; whom follow'd last
 The King of men, by Coon in the field 60
 Of furious battle wounded with a lance.
 The Grecians all assembled, in the midst
 Upstood the swift Achilles, and began.
 Atrides! we had doubtless better sped
 Both thou and I, thus doing, when at first 65
 With cruel rage we burn'd, a girl the cause.
 I would that Dian's shaft had in the fleet
 Slain her, that self-same day when I destroy'd
 Lyrnessus, and by conquest made her mine!
 Then had not many a Grecian, lifeless now, 70
 Clench'd with his teeth the ground, victim, alas!
 Of my revenge; whence triumph hath accrued
 To Hector and his host, while ours have cause
 For long remembrance of our mutual strife.
 But evils past let pass, yielding perforce 75
 To sad necessity. My wrath shall cease
 Now; I resign it; it hath burn'd too long.
 Thou, therefore, summon forth the host to fight,

That

That I may learn, meeting them in the field,
 If still the Trojans purpose at our fleet 80
 To watch us this night also. But I judge
 That driven by my spear to rapid flight,
 They shall escape with weary * limbs at least.

He ended, and the Grecians brazen-greaved
 Rejoiced that Peleus' mighty son had cast 85
 His wrath aside. Then, not into the midst
 Proceeding, but at his own feat, upstood
 King Agamemnon, and them thus bespake.

Friends! Grecian Heroes! Ministers of Mars!
 Arise who may to speak, he claims your ear. 90
 All interruption wrongs him, and distracts,
 Howe'er expert the speaker. Who can hear
 Amid the roar of tumult, or who speak?
 The clearest voice, best utterance, both are vain.
 I shall address Achilles. Hear my speech 95
 Ye Argives, and with understanding mark.
 I hear not now the voice of your † reproach
 First; ye have oft condemn'd me. Yet the blame
 Rests not with me; Jove, Destiny, and she
 Who roams the shades, Erynnis, caused th' offence. 100
 She fill'd my soul with fury on that day
 In council, when I seized Achilles' prize.
 For what could I? All things obey the Gods.
 Ate, pernicious Pow'r, daughter of Jove,

* *ἄσπετος* *ποδῶν*.—Shall be glad to bend their knee, i. e. to fit and adore themselves.

† *ἅπαντα*.—He seems to intend the reproaches founded in his ear from all quarters, and which he had repeatedly heard before.

By whom all suffer, challenges from all
Rev'rence and fear. Delicate are her feet

105

Which scorn the ground, and over human heads
She glides, injurious to the race of man,
Of Two who strive, at least entangling One.

She injured, on a day, dread Jove himself
Most excellent of all in earth or heav'n,

110

When Juno, although female, him deceived,
What time Alcmena should have brought to light
In bulwark'd Thebes, the force of Hercules.

Then Jove, among the gods glorying, spake.

115

Hear all! both Gods and Goddeffes, attend!

That I may make my purpose known. This day
Birth-pang-dispensing Ilithya brings

An Hero forth to light, who, sprung from those
That sprang from me, his empire shall extend

120

Over all kingdoms bord'ring on his own.

To whom, designing fraud, Juno replied.

Thou wilt be found false, and this word of thine
Shall want performance. But Olympian Jove!

Swear now th' inviolable oath, that He

125

Who shall, this day, fall from between the feet
Of woman, drawing his descent from thee,
Shall rule all kingdoms bord'ring on his own.

She said, and Jove, suspecting nought her wiles,
The great oath swore, to his own grief and wrong.

130

At once from the Olympian summit flew

Juno, and to Achaian Argos borne,

There fought the noble * wife of Sthenelus,

* By some called Antibia, by others, Nicippe.

Offspring of Perseus. Pregnant with a son
 Six months, she now the seventh saw at hand, 135
 But him the Goddess premature produced,
 And check'd Alcmena's pangs already due.
 Then, joyful to have so prevail'd, she bore
 Herself the tidings to Saturnian Jove.

Lord of the candent lightnings! Sire of all! 140
 I bring thee tidings. The great prince, ordain'd
 To rule the Argive race, this day is born,
 Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus, the son
 Of Perseus; therefore he derives from thee,
 Nor shall the throne of Argos shame his birth. 145

She spake; then anguish stung the heart of Jove
 Deeply, and seizing by her glossy locks
 The Goddess Ate, in his wrath he swore
 That never to the starry skies again
 And the Olympian heights he would permit 150
 The universal mischief to return.

Then, whirling her around, he cast her down
 To earth. She, mingling with all works of men,
 Caused many a pang to Jove, who saw his son
 Laborious tasks servile, and of his birth 155
 Unworthy, at Eurystheus' will enjoin'd.

So when the Hero Hector at our ships
 Slew us, I then regretted my offence
 Which Ate first impell'd me to commit.
 But since, infatuated by the Gods 160
 I err'd, behold me ready to appease
 With gifts of price immense whom I have wrong'd.
 Thou, then, arise to battle, and the host

Rouse also. Not a promise yesternight
 Was made thee by Ulysses in thy tent 165
 On my behalf, but shall be well perform'd.
 Or if it please thee, though impatient, wait
 Short season, and my train shall bring the gifts
 Ev'n now; that thou may'st understand and know
 That my peace-off'rings are indeed sincere. 170

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.
 Atrides! Agamemnon! passing all
 In glory! King of men! recompense just
 By gifts to make me, or to make me none,
 That rests with thee. But let us to the fight 175
 Incontinent. It is no time to play
 The game of rhet'ric, and to waste the hours
 In speeches. Much remains yet unperform'd.
 Achilles must go forth. He must be seen
 Once more in front of battle, wasting wide 180
 With brazen spear the crowded ranks of Troy.
 Mark Him—and as He fights, fight also ye.

To whom Ulysses ever-wise replied.
 Nay—Urge not, valiant as thou art thyself,
 Achaia's sons up to the battlements 185
 Of Ilium, by repast yet unrefresh'd,
 Godlike Achilles!—For when phalanx once
 Shall clash with phalanx, and the Gods with rage
 Both hosts inspire, the contest shall not then
 Prove short. Bid rather the Achaians take 190
 Both food and wine, for they are strength and might.
 To stand all day 'till sunset to a foe
 Opposed in battle, fasting, were a task

Might foil the best; for though his will be prompt
 To combat, yet the pow'r must by degrees 195
 Forsake him; thirst and hunger he must feel,
 And his limbs failing him at ev'ry step.
 But he who hath his vigour to the full
 Fed with due nourishment, although he fight
 All day, yet feels his courage unimpair'd, 200
 Nor weariness perceives 'till all retire.
 Come then—dismiss the people with command
 That each prepare replenishment. Meantime
 Let Agamemnon, King of men, his gifts
 In presence here of the assembled Greeks 205
 Produce, that all may view them, and that thou
 May'st feel thine own heart gladden'd at the sight.
 Let the King also, standing in the midst,
 Swear to thee, that he renders back the maid
 A virgin still, and strange to his embrace, 210
 And let thy own composure prove, the while,
 That thou art satisfied. Last, let him spread
 A princely banquet for thee in his tent,
 That thou may'st want no part of just amends.
 Thou too, Atrides, shalt hereafter prove 215
 More just to others; for himself, a King,
 Stoops not too low, soothing whom he hath wrong'd.
 Him Agamemnon answer'd, King of men.
 Thou hast arranged wisely the whole concern,
 O Laertiades, and I have heard 220
 Thy speech, both words and method, with delight.
 Willing I am, yea more, I wish to swear
 As thou hast said, for by the Gods I can

Most

Most truly. Let Achilles, though of pause
Impatient, suffer yet a short delay 225

With all assembled here, 'till from my tent
The gifts arrive, and oaths of peace be sworn.
To thee I give it in peculiar charge

That chusing forth the most illustrious youths
Of all Achaia, thou produce the gifts 230

From my own ship, all those which yesternight
We promised, nor the women leave behind.

And let Talthybius throughout all the camp
Of the Achaians, instant, seek a boar

For sacrifice to Jove and to the Sun. 235

Then thus Achilles matchless in the race.

Atrides! most illustrious! King of men!

Expedience bids us to these cares attend

Hereafter, when some pause, perchance, of fight
Shall happen, and the martial rage which fires 240

My bosom now, shall somewhat less be felt.

Our friends, by Priameian Hector slain,

Now strew the field mangled, for him hath Jove

Exalted high, and giv'n him great renown.

But haste, now take refreshment; though, in truth, 245

Might I direct, the host should by all means

Unfed to battle, and at set of sun

All sup together, this affront revenged.

But as for me, no drop shall pass my lips

Or morsel, whose companion lies with feet 250

Turn'd to the vestibule, pierced by the spear,

And compass'd by my weeping train around.

No want of food feel I. My wishes call

For carnage, blood, and agonies and groans.

But Him, excelling in all wisdom, thus 255

Ulysses answer'd. Oh Achilles! son

Of Peleus! bravest far of all our host!

Me, in no scanty measure, thou excell'st

Wielding the spear, and thee in prudence, I

Not less. For I am elder, and have learn'd 260

What thou hast yet to learn. Bid then thine heart

Endure with patience to be taught by me.

Men, satiate soon with battle, loath the field

On which the most abundant harvest falls,

Reap'd by the sword; and when the hand of Jove, 265

Dispenser of the great events of war,

Turns once the scale, then, farewell ev'ry hope

Of more than scanty gleanings. Shall the Greeks

Abstain from sustenance for all who die?

That were indeed severe, since day by day 270

No few expire, and respite could be none.

The dead, die who so may, should be inhumed.

This, duty bids, but bids us also deem

One day sufficient for our sighs and tears.

Ourselves, all we who still survive the war, 275

Have need of sustenance, that we may bear

The lengthen'd conflict with recruited might,

Cas'd in enduring bras.—Ye all have heard

Your call to battle; let none ling'ring stand

In expectation of a farther call, 280

Which if it sound, shall thunder prove to him

Who lurks among the ships. No. Rush we all

Together forth, for contest sharp, prepared,

And

And persevering with the host of Troy.

So saying, the sons of Nestor, glorious Chief, 285

He chose, with Meges Phyleus' noble son,

'Thoas, Meriones, and Melanippus

And Lycomedes. These, together, fought

The tent of Agamemnon, King of men.

They asked, and they received. Soon they produced 290

The seven promised tripods from the tent,

Twice ten bright cauldrons, twelve high-mettled steeds,

Sev'n lovely captives skill'd alike in arts

Domestic, of unblemish'd beauty rare,

And last, Brisëis with the blooming cheeks. 295

Before them went Ulysses, bearing weighed

Ten golden talents, whom the chosen Greeks

Attended laden with the remnant gifts.

Full in the midst they placed them. Then arose

King Agamemnon, and Talthybius 300

The herald, clear in utterance as a God,

Beside him stood, holding the victim boar.

Atrides, drawing forth his dagger bright,

Appendant ever to his sword's huge sheath,

Sever'd the bristly forelock of the boar, 305

A previous off'ring. Next, with lifted hands

To Jove he pray'd, while, all around, the Greeks

Sat list'ning silent to the Sov'reign's voice.

He look'd to the wide heav'n, and thus he pray'd.

First, Jove be witness! of all Pow'rs above 310

Best and supreme; Earth next, and next the Sun!

And last, who under earth the guilt avenge

Of oaths sworn falsely, let the Furies hear!

For no respect of amorous desire
 Or other purpose, have I lay'd mine hand 315
 On fair Brisëis, but within my tent
 Untouch'd, immaculate she hath remain'd.
 And if I falsely swear, then may the Gods
 The many woes with which they mark the crime
 Of men forsworn, pour also down on me! 320

So saying, he pierced the victim in his throat,
 And, whirling him around, Talthybius, next,
 Cast him into the ocean, fishes food.
 Then, in the centre of Achaia's sons
 Uprose Achilles, and thus spake again. 325

Jove! Father! dire calamities, effects
 Of thy appointment, fall on human-kind.
 Never had Agamemnon in my breast
 Such anger kindled, never had he seized,
 Blinded by wrath, and torn my prize away, 330
 But that the slaughter of our num'rous friends
 Which thence ensued, thou hadst, thyself, ordain'd.
 Now go, ye Grecians, eat, and then to battle.

So saying, Achilles suddenly dissolved
 The hasty council, and all flew dispersed 335
 To their own ships. Then took the Myrmidons
 Those splendid gifts which in the tent they lodged
 Of swift Achilles, and the damsels led
 Each to a seat, while others of his train
 Drove forth the steeds to pasture with his herd. 340
 But when Brisëis, bright as Venus, saw
 Patroclus lying mangled by the spear,
 Enfolding him around, she shriek'd and tore

Her

Her bosom, her smooth neck and beauteous cheeks.

Then thus, divinely fair, with tears she said. 345

Ah my Patroclus! dearest friend of all

To hapless me, departing from this tent

I left thee living, and now, gen'rous Chief!

Restored to it again, here find thee dead.

How rapid in succession are my woes! 350

I saw, myself, the valiant prince to whom

My parents had betroth'd me, slain before

Our city walls; and my three brothers, sons

Of my own mother, whom with long regret

I mourn, fell also in that dreadful field. 355

But when the swift Achilles flew the prince

Design'd my spouse, and the fair city sack'd

Of noble Mynes, thou by ev'ry art

Of tender friendship didst forbid my tears,

Promising oft that thou would'st make me bride 360

Of Peleus' godlike son, that thy own ship

Should waft me hence to Phthia, and that thyself

Would'st furnish forth among the Myrmidons

Our nuptial feast. Therefore thy death I mourn

Ceaseless, for thou wast ever kind to me. 365

She spake, and all her fellow-captives heav'd

Responsive sighs, deploring each, in show,

The dead Patroclus, but, in truth, herself.

Then the Achaian Chiefs gather'd around

Achilles, wooing him to eat, but He 370

Groan'd, and still resolute, their suit refused—

If I have here a friend on whom by pray'rs

I may prevail, I pray that ye desist,

Nor longer press me, mourner as I am,
 To eat or drink, for 'till the sun go down 375
 I am inflexible, and *will* abstain.

So saying, the other princes he dismiss'd
 Impatient, but the sons of Atreus both,
 Ulysses, Nestor, and Idomeneus,

With Phœnix, hoary warrior, in his tent 380
 Abiding still, with cheerful converse kind
 Effay'd to sooth him, whose afflicted soul
 All soothing scorn'd 'till he should once again
 Rush on the rav'ning edge of bloody war.

Then, mindful of his friend, groaning he said. 385

Time was, unhappiest, dearest of my friends!
 When even thou, with diligent dispatch,
 Thyself, hast spread a table in my tent,
 The hour of battle drawing nigh between
 The Greeks and warlike Trojans. But there lies 390

Thy body now, gored by the ruthless steel,
 And for thy sake I neither eat nor drink,
 Though dearth be none, conscious that other woe
 Surpassing this I can have none to fear.

No, not if tidings of my father's death 395
 Should reach me, who, this moment, weeps, perhaps,
 In Phthia tears of tenderest regret

For such a son; while I, remote from home,
 Fight for detested Helen under Troy.
 Nor even were *He* dead, whom, if he live, 400

I rear in Scyros, my own darling son,
 My Neoptolemus of form divine.
 For still this hope I cherish'd in my breast

'Till

'Till now, that, of us two, myself alone
 Should fall at Ilium, and that thou, restored
 To Phthia, should'st have wafted over the waves
 My son from Scyros to his native home,
 That thou might'st show him all his heritage,
 My train of menials, and my fair abode.
 For either dead already I account
 Peleus, or doubt not that his residue
 Of miserable life shall soon be spent,
 Through strefs of age and expectation sad
 That tidings of my death shall, next, arrive.

So spake Achilles weeping, around whom
 The Chiefs all sigh'd, each with remembrance pain'd
 Of some loved object left at home. Meantime
 Jove, with compassion moved, their sorrow saw,
 And in wing'd accents thus to Pallas spake.

Daughter! thou hast abandon'd, as it seems,
 Yon virtuous Chief for ever; shall no care
 Thy mind engage of brave Achilles more?
 Before his gallant fleet mourning he sits
 His friend, disconsolate; the other Greeks
 Eat and are satisfied; he only fasts.
 Go, then—infil nectar into his breast,
 And sweets ambrosial, that he hunger not.

So saying, he urged Minerva prompt before.
 In form a shrill-voiced harpy of long wing
 Through æther down she darted, while the Greeks
 In all their camp for instant battle arm'd.
 Ambrosial sweets and nectar she instill'd
 Into his breast, lest he should suffer loss

Of strength through abstinence, then soar'd again
 To her great Sire's unperishing abode. 435
 And now the Greecians from their gallant fleet
 All pour'd themselves abroad. As when thick snow
 From Jove descends, driv'n by impetuous gusts
 Of the cloud-scatt'ring North, so frequent shone
 Issuing from the fleet the dazzling casques, 440
 Bos'd bucklers, hauberks strong, and ashen spears.
 Upwent the flash to heav'n; wide all around
 The champain laugh'd with beamy bras illumed,
 And tramlings of the warriors on all sides
 Refounded, amidst whom Achilles arm'd. 445
 He gnash'd his teeth, fire glimmer'd in his eyes,
 Anguish intolerable wrung his heart
 And fury against Troy, while he put on
 His glorious arms, the labour of a God.
 First, to his legs his polish'd greaves he clasp'd 450
 Studded with silver, then his corslet bright
 Braced to his bosom, his huge sword of bras
 Athwart his shoulder slung, and his broad shield
 Uplifted cast, luminous as the moon.
 Such as to mariners a fire appears, 455
 Kindled by shepherds on the distant top
 Of some lone hill; they, driv'n by stormy winds,
 Reluctant roam far off the fishy Deep,
 Such from Achilles' burning shield divine
 A lustre struck the skies; starlike it shone, 460
 And shook its curling crest of bushy gold,
 By Vulcan taught to wave profuse around.
 So clad, godlike Achilles trial made

If his arms fitted him, and gave free scope
 To his proportion'd limbs; buoyant they proved 465
 As wings, and high upbore his airy tread.

He drew his father's spear forth from its case,
 Heavy and huge and long. That spear, of all
 Achaia's sons, none else had pow'r to wield;
 Achilles only could the Pelian spear 470

Brandish, by Chiron for his father hewn
 From Pelion's top for slaughter of the brave.
 His courfers, then, Automedon prepared
 And Alcimus, adjusting diligent
 The fair caparifons; they thrust the bits 475

Into their mouths, and to the chariot seat
 Extended and made fast the reins behind.
 The splendid scourge commodious to the grasp
 Seizing, at once Automedon upsprang
 Into his place; behind him, arm'd complete 480
 Achilles mounted, as the orient sun
 All dazzling, and with awful tone his speech
 Directed to the courfers of his Sire.

Xanthus, and Balius of Podarges' blood
 Illustrious! see ye that, the battle done, 485
 Ye bring whom now ye bear back to the host
 Of the Achaians in far other fort,
 Nor leave him, as ye left Patroclus, dead.

Him then his steed unconquer'd in the race,
 Xanthus, thus answer'd from beneath his yoke, 490
 But, hanging low his head, and with his mane
 Dishevell'd all, and streaming to the ground.
 Him Juno vocal made, Goddess white-arm'd.

And

And doubtless so we will. This day at least
 We bear thee safe from battle, stormy Chief! 495
 But thee the hour of thy destruction swift
 Approaches, hasten'd by no fault of ours,
 But by the force of fate and pow'r divine.
 For not through sloth or tardiness on us
 Aught chargeable, have Ilium's sons thine arms 500
 Stript from Patroclus' shoulders, but a God
 Matchless in battle, offspring of bright-hair'd
 Latona, him contending in the van
 Slew, for the glory of the Chief of Troy.
 We, Zephyrus himself, though by report 505
 Swiftest of all the winds of heav'n, in speed
 Could equal, but the Fates thee also doom
 By human hands to fall, and hands divine.

The interposing Furies at that word
 Suppress'd his utterance, and indignant, thus, 510
 Achilles, swiftest of the swift, replied.

Why, Xanthus, prophesiest thou my death?
 It ill beseems thee. I already know
 That from my parents far remote my doom
 Appoints me here to die; yet not the more 515
 Cease I from feats of arms, 'till Ilium's host
 Shall have received, at length, their filij of war.

He said, and with a shout drove forth to battle.

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

T W E N T I E T H B O O K.

By permission of Jupiter the Gods descend into the battle, and range themselves on either side respectively. Neptune rescues Æneas from death by the hand of Achilles, from whom Apollo, soon after, rescues Hector. Achilles slays many Trojans.

B O O K XX:

THE Grecians, thus, before their lofty ships
Stood arm'd around Achilles, glorious Chief
Infatiable with war, and opposite
The Trojans on the rising-ground appear'd.
Meantime, Jove order'd Themis, from the head 5
Of the deep-fork'd Olympian to convene
The Gods in council. She to ev'ry part
Proceeding, bade them to the courts of Jove.
Nor of the Floods was any absent thence
Oceanus except, or of the nymphs 10
Who haunt the pleasant groves, or dwell beside
Stream-feeding fountains, or in meadows green.
Within the courts of cloud-assembler Jove
Arrived, on pillar'd thrones radiant they sat,
With ingenuity divine contrived 15
By Vulcan for the mighty Sire of all.
Thus they within the Thund'rer's palace sat
Assembled;

Assembled; nor was Neptune slow to hear
 The voice of Themis, but (the billows left)
 Came also; in the midst his seat he took, 20
 And ask'd, incontinent, the mind of Jove.

King of the lightnings! wherefore hast thou call'd
 The Gods to council? Hast thou aught at heart
 Important to the hosts of Greece and Troy?
 For on the battle's fiery edge they stand. 25

To whom replied Jove, Sov'reign of the storms,
 Thou know'st my council, Shaker of the shores!
 And wherefore ye are call'd. Although ordain'd
 So soon to die, they interest me still.
 Myself, here seated on Olympus' top, 30

With contemplation will my mind indulge
 Of yon great spectacle; but ye, the rest,
 Descend into the field, Trojan or Greek
 Each to assist, as each shall most incline.
 For should Achilles in the field no foe 35
 Find save the Trojans, quickly should they fly
 Before the rapid force of Peleus' son.

They trembled ever at his look, and since
 Such fury for his friend hath fired his heart,
 I fear lest he anticipate the will 40
 Of Fate, and Ilium perish premature.

So spake the son of Saturn kindling war
 Inevitable, and the Gods to fight
 Gan move with minds discordant. Juno fought
 And Pallas, with the earth-encircling Pow'r 45
 Neptune, the Grecian fleet, with whom were join'd
 Mercury, teacher of all useful arts,

And

And Vulcan, rolling on all sides his eyes
 Tremendous, but on disproportion'd legs,
 Not without labour hard, halting uncouth. 50
 Mars, warrior-God, on Ilium's part appear'd
 With Phœbus never-shorn, Dian shaft-arm'd,
 Xanthus, Latona, and the Queen of smiles,
 Venus. So long as the Immortal Gods
 Mix'd not with either host, Achaia's sons 55
 Exulted, seeing, after tedious pause,
 Achilles in the field, and terrour shook
 The knees of ev'ry Trojan, at the sight
 Of swift Achilles like another Mars
 Panting for blood, and bright in arms again. 60
 But when the Olympian Pow'rs had enter'd once
 The multitude, then Discord, at whose voice
 The million maddens, vehement arose;
 Then, Pallas at the trench without the wall
 By turns stood shouting, and by turns a shout 65
 Sent terrible along the founding shore,
 While, gloomy as a tempest, opposite,
 Mars from the lofty citadel of Troy
 Now yell'd aloud, now running o'er the hill
 Callicolone, on the Simois' side. 70

Thus the Immortals, ever-blest, impell'd
 Both hosts to battle, and dire inroad caus'd
 Of strife among them. Sudden from on high
 The Sire of Gods and men thunder'd; meantime,
 Neptune the earth and the high mountains shook; 75
 Through all her base and to her topmost peak
 Ida spring-fed the agitation felt

Reeling, all Ilium and the fleet of Greece.
 Upstart'd from his throne, appall'd, the King
 Of Erebus, and with a cry his fears 80
 Through hell proclaim'd, left Neptune, o'er his head
 Shatt'ring the vaulted earth, should wide disclose
 To mortal and immortal eyes his realm
 Terrible, squalid, to the Gods themselves
 A dreaded spectacle; with such a sound 85
 The Pow'rs eternal into battle rush'd.
 Oppos'd to Neptune, King of the vast Deep,
 Apollo stood with his wing'd arrows arm'd;
 Pallas to Mars; Diana shaft-expert,
 Sister of Phœbus, in her golden bow 90
 Rejoicing, with whose shouts the forests ring,
 To Juno; Mercury, for useful arts
 Famed, to Latona; and to Vulcan's force
 The eddied river broad by mortal men
 Scamander call'd, but Xanthus by the Gods. 95
 So Gods encounter'd Gods. But most desire
 Achilles felt, breaking the ranks, to rush
 On Priameian Hector, with whose blood
 Chiefly his fury prompted him to fate
 The indefatigable God of war. 100
 But, the encourager of Ilium's host
 Apollo, urged Æneas to assail
 The son of Peleus, with heroic might
 Inspiring his bold heart. He feign'd the voice
 Of Priam's son Lycaon, and his form 105
 Assuming, thus the Trojan Chief address'd.

Æneas!

Æneas! Trojan leader! where are now
 Thy vaunts, which, banquetting erewhile among
 Our princes, o'er thy brimming cups thou mad'st,
 That thou would'st fight, thyself, with Peleus' son? 110

To whom Æneas answer thus return'd.
 Offspring of Priam! why enjoin'st thou me
 Not so inclined, that arduous task, to cope
 With the unmatched Achilles? I have proved
 His force already, when he chased me down 115

From Ida with his spear, what time he made
 Seizure of all our cattle, and destroy'd
 Pedasus and Lyrnessus; but I 'scaped
 Unflain, by Jove himself empow'r'd to fly.
 Else had I fallen by Achilles' hand, 120

And by the hand of Pallas, who his steps
 Conducted, and exhorted him to slay
 Us and the Leleges. Vain, therefore, proves
 All mortal force to Peleus' son oppos'd;
 For one, at least, of the Immortals stands 125

Ever beside him, guardian of his life,
 And, of himself, he hath an arm that sends
 His rapid spear unerring to the mark.
 Yet, would the Gods more equal sway the scales
 Of battle, not with ease should he subdue 130
 Me, though he boast a panoply of brass.

Him, then, Apollo answer'd, son of Jove.
 Hero! prefer to the Immortal Gods
 Thy pray'r, for thee men rumour Venus' son,
 Daughter of Jove, and Peleus' son his birth 135
 Drew from a Goddess of inferior note.

Thy mother is from Jove; the offspring, his,
 Lefs noble of the hoary Ocean old.

Go, therefore, and thy conqu'ring fpear uplift
 Againft him, nor let aught his founding words 140
 Appall thee, or his threats turn thee away.

So faying, with martial force the Chief he fill'd,
 Who through the foremoft combatants advanced
 Radiant in arms. Nor pafs'd Anchifes' fon
 Unfeen of Juno, through the crowded ranks 145
 Seeking Achilles, but the Pow'rs of heav'n
 Convened by her command, fhe thus addrefs'd.

Neptune, and thou, Minerva! with mature
 Deliberation, ponder the event.

Yon Chief, Æneas, dazzling bright in arms, 150
 Goes to withftand Achilles, and he goes
 Sent by Apollo; in defpight of whom
 Be it our task to give him quick repulfe,
 Or, of ourfelves, let fome propitious Pow'r
 Strengthen Achilles with a mind exempt 155
 From terrour, and with force invincible.

So fhall he know that of the Gods above
 The mightieft are his friends, with whom compared
 The favourers of Ilium in time paff,
 Who ftood her guardians in the bloody ftrife, 160
 Are empty boafers all, and nothing worth.

For therefore came we down, that we may fhare
 This fight, and that Achilles fuffer nought
 Fatal to-day, though fuffer all he muft
 Hereafter, with his thread of life entwined 165
 By Deftiny, the day when he was born.

But

But should Achilles unapprized remain
 Of such advantage by a voice divine,
 When he shall meet some Deity in the field,
 Fear then will seize him, for celestial forms
 Unveil'd are terrible to mortal eyes. 170

To whom replied the Shaker of the shores.
 Juno! thy hot impatience needs controul;
 It ill befits thee. No desire I feel
 To force into contention with ourselves 175
 Gods, our inferiors. No. Let us, retired
 To yonder hill, distant from all resort,
 There sit, while these the battle wage alone.
 But if Apollo, or if Mars the fight 180
 Ent'ring, begin, themselves, to interfere
 Against Achilles, then will we at once
 To battle also; and, I much misdeem,
 Or glad they shall be soon to mix again
 Among the Gods on the Olympian heights, 185
 By strong coercion of our arms subdued.

So saying, the God of Ocean azure-hair'd
 Moved foremost to the lofty mound earth-built
 Of noble Hercules, by Pallas raised
 And by the Trojans for his safe escape, 190
 What time the monster of the Deep pursued
 The Hero from the sea-bank o'er the plain.
 There Neptune sat, and his confed'rate Gods,
 Their shoulders with impenetrable clouds
 O'ermantled, while the city-spoiler Mars 195
 Sat with Apollo opposite on the hill
 Callicolone, with their aids divine.

So,

So, Gods to Gods in opposite aspect
 Sat ruminating, and alike the work
 All fearing to begin of arduous war, 200
 While from his feat sublime Jove urged them on.
 The champain all was fill'd, and with the blaze
 Illumin'd wide of men and steeds brafs-arm'd,
 And the incumber'd earth jarr'd under foot
 Of the encount'ring hofts. Then, two, the rest 205
 Surpassing far, into the midst advanced
 Impatient for the fight, Anchises' son
 Æneas, and Achilles, glorious Chief!
 Æneas first, under his pond'rous casque
 Nodding and menacing, advanced; before 210
 His breast he held the well-conducted orb
 Of his broad shield, and shook his brazen spear.
 On th' other side, Achilles to the fight
 Flew like a rav'ning lion, on whose death
 Resolved the peasants from all quarters meet; 215
 He, viewing with disdain the foremost, stalks
 Right on, but smitten by some dauntless youth
 Writhes himself, and discloses his huge fangs
 Hung with white foam; then, growling for revenge,
 Lashes himself to battle with his tail, 220
 'Till with a burning eye and a bold heart
 He springs to slaughter, or himself is slain;
 So, by his valour and his noble mind
 Impell'd, renown'd Achilles moved toward
 Æneas, and, small interval between, 225
 Thus spake the Hero matchless in the race.

Why

Why stand'st thou here, Æneas! thy own band
 Left at such distance? Is it that thine heart
 Glows with ambition to contend with me
 In hope of Priam's honours, and to fill 230
 His throne hereafter in Troy steed-renown'd?
 But should'st thou slay me, not for that exploit
 Would Priam such large recompense bestow,
 For he hath sons, and hath, beside, a mind
 And disposition not so lightly changed. 235
 Or have the Trojans of their richest soil
 For vineyard apt or plow assign'd thee part
 If thou shalt slay me? Difficult, I hope,
 At least, thou shalt experience that emprise.
 For, as I think, I have already chafed 240
 Thee with my spear. Forgettest thou the day
 When, finding thee alone, I drove thee down
 Headlong from Ida, and, thy cattle left
 Afar, thou didst not dare in all thy flight
 Turn once, 'till at Lyrneffus safe arrived, 245
 Which city by Jove's aid and by the aid
 Of Pallas I destroy'd, and captive led
 Their women? Thee, indeed, the Gods preserved,
 But they shall not preserve thee, as thou dream'st,
 Now also. Back into thy host again; 250
 Hence, I command thee, nor oppose in fight
 My force, lest evil find thee. To be taught
 By suff'rings only is the part of fools.

To whom Æneas answer thus return'd.
 Pelides! hope not, as I were a boy, 255
 With words to scare me. I have also taunts

At my command, and could be sharp as thou.
 By such report as from the lips of men
 We oft have heard, each other's birth we know
 And parents; but my parents to behold 260
 Was ne'er thy lot, nor have I thine beheld.
 Three men proclaim from noble Peleus sprung
 And Thetis, bright-hair'd Goddess of the Deep;
 I boast myself of lovely Venus born
 To brave Anchises, and his son this day 265
 In battle slain thy Sire shall mourn, or mine;
 For I expect not that we shall depart
 Like children, satisfied with words alone.
 But if it please thee more at large to learn
 My lineage (thousands can attest it true) 270
 Know this. Jove, Sov'reign of the storms, begat
 Dardanus, and ere yet the sacred walls
 Of Ilium rose, the glory of this plain,
 He built Dardania; for at Ida's foot
 Dwelt our progenitors in antient days. 275
 Dardanus was the father of a son,
 King Eriethonius, wealthiest of mankind.
 Three thousand mares of his the marsh grazed,
 Each suckling with delight her tender foal.
 Boreas, enamour'd of no few of these, 280
 The pasture sought, and cover'd them in form
 Of a steed azure-maned. They, pregnant thence,
 Twelve foals produced, and all so light of foot,
 That when they wanton'd in the fruitful field
 They swept, and snapp'd it not, the golden ear, 285
 And when they wanton'd on the boundless Deep,

They

They skim'd the green wave's frothy ridge, secure.
 From Eriethonius sprang Tros, King of Troy,
 And Tros was father of three famous sons,
 Ilius, Affaracus, and Ganymede 290
 Loveliest of human-kind, whom for his charms
 The Gods caught up to heav'n, there to abide
 With the Immortals, cup-bearer of Jove.
 Ilius begat Laomedon, and he
 Five sons, Tithonus, Priam, Clytius, 295
 Lampus, and Hicetaon, branch of Mars.
 Affaracus a son begat, by name
 Capys, and Capys in due time his son
 Warlike Anchifes, and Anchifes me.
 But Priam is the noble Hector's sire. 300
 Such is my lineage, and such blood I boast;
 But valour is from Jove; He, as he wills,
 Encreases or reduces it in man,
 For He is Lord of all. Therefore enough—
 Too long like children we have stood, the time 305
 Consuming here, while battle roars around.
 Reproach is cheap. Easily might we cast
 Gibes at each other, 'till a ship that asks
 An hundred oars should sink beneath the load.
 The tongue of man is voluble, hath words 310
 For ev'ry theme, nor wants wide field and long,
 And as he speaks so shall he hear again.
 But we—why should we wrangle, and with taunts
 Affail each other, as the practice is
 Of women, who with heart-devouring strife 315
 On fire, start forth into the public way

To mock each other, utt'ring, as may chance,
 Much truth, much falsehood, as their anger bids ?
 The ardour of my courage will not slack
 For all thy speeches ; we must combat first ; 320
 Now, therefore, without more delay, begin,
 That we may taste each other's force in arms.

So spake Æneas, and his brazen lance
 Hurl'd with full force against the dreadful shield.
 Loud roar'd its ample concave at the blow. 325
 Not unalarm'd Pelides his broad disk
 Thrust farther from him, deeming that the force
 Of such an arm should pierce his guard with ease.
 Vain fear ! he recollected not that arms
 Glorious as his, gifts of th' Immortal Gods, 330
 Yield not so quickly to the force of man.
 The stormy spear by brave Æneas sent,
 No passage found ; the golden plate divine
 Repress'd its vehemence ; two folds it pierced,
 But three were still behind, for with five folds 335
 Vulcan had fortified it ; two were brass ;
 The two interior, tin ; the midmost, gold ;
 And at the golden one the weapon stood*.
 Achilles, next, hurl'd his long-shadow'd spear,
 And struck Æneas on the utmost verge 340
 Of his broad shield, where thinnest lay the brass,

* Some commentators, supposing the golden plate the outermost as the most ornamented, have perplexed themselves much with this passage, for how, say they, could two folds be pierced and the spear be stopped by the gold, if the gold lay on the surface ? But to avoid the difficulty, we need only suppose that the gold was inserted between the two plates of brass and the two of tin, Vulcan, in this particular, having attended less to ornament than to security.

See the Scholiast in Villoison, who argues at large in favour of this opinion.

And thinnest the ox-hide. The Pelian ash
 Started right through the buckler, and it rang.
 Æneas crouch'd terrified, and his shield
 Thrust farther from him; but the rapid beam 345
 Bursting both borders of the ample disk,
 Glanced o'er his back, and plunged into the foil.
 He 'scaped it, and he stood; but, as he stood,
 With horror infinite the weapon saw
 Planted so near him. Then, Achilles drew 350
 His faulchion keen, and with a deaf'ning shout
 Sprang on him; but Æneas seized a stone
 Heavy and huge, a weight to overcharge
 Two men (such men as are accounted strong
 Now) but He wielded it with ease, alone. 355
 Then had Æneas, as Achilles came
 Impetuous on, smitten, although in vain,
 His helmet or his shield, and Peleus' son
 Had with his faulchion him stretch'd at his feet,
 But that the God of Ocean quick perceived 360
 His peril, and th' Immortals thus bespake.

I pity brave Æneas, who shall soon,
 Slain by Achilles, see the realms below,
 By smooth suggestions of Apollo lured
 To danger, such as He can ne'er avert. 365
 But wherefore should the Chief, guiltless himself,
 Die for the fault of others? at no time
 His gifts have fail'd, grateful to all in heav'n.
 Come, therefore, and let us from death ourselves
 Rescue him, lest if by Achilles' arm 370
 This Hero perish, Jove himself be wroth;

For he is destin'd to survive, left all
 The house of Dardanus (whom Jove beyond
 All others loved, his sons of woman born)
 Fail with Æneas, and be found no more. 375

Saturnian Jove hath hated now longtime
 The family of Priam, and henceforth
 Æneas and his son, and his sons' sons,
 Shall sway the sceptre o'er the race of Troy.

To whom, majestic thus the spouse of Jove. 380
 Neptune! deliberate thyself, and chuse
 Whether to save Æneas, or to leave
 The Hero victim of Achilles' ire.

For Pallas and myself oftimes have sworn
 In full assembly of the Gods, to aid 385
 Troy never, never to avert the day
 Of her distress, not even when the flames
 Kindled by the heroic sons of Greece,
 Shall climb with fury to her topmost tow'rs.

She spake; then Neptune, instant, thro' the throng 390
 Of battle flying, and the clash of spears,
 Came where Achilles and Æneas fought.

At once with shadows dim he blurr'd the fight
 Of Pelcus' son, and from the shield, himself,
 Of brave Æneas the bright-pointed ash 395
 Retracting, placed it at Achilles' feet.

Then, lifting high Æneas from the ground,
 He heav'd him far remote; o'er many a rank
 Of Heroes and of bounding steeds he flew,
 Launch'd into air from the expanded palm 400
 Of Neptune, and alighted in the rear

Of

Of all the battle where the Caucons stood.
 Neptune approach'd him there, and at his side
 Standing, in accents wing'd, him thus bespake.

What God, Æneas! tempted thee to cope 405
 Thus inconsiderately with the son
 Of Peleus, both more excellent in fight
 Than thou, and more the fav'rite of the skies?
 From him retire hereafter, or expect
 A premature descent into the shades. 410
 But when Achilles shall have once fulfill'd
 His destiny, in battle slain, then fight
 Fearless, for thou canst fall by none beside.

So saying, he left the well-admonish'd Chief,
 And from Achilles' eyes scatter'd the gloom 415
 Shed o'er them by himself. The Hero saw
 Clearly, and with his noble heart, incensed
 By disappointment, thus conferring, said.

Gods! I behold a prodigy. My spear
 Lies at my foot, and He at whom I cast 420
 The weapon with such deadly force, is gone!
 Æneas therefore, as it seems, himself
 Interests the Immortal Gods, although
 I deem'd his boast of their protection vain.
 I reckon not. Let him go. So gladly 'scaped 425
 From slaughter now, he shall not soon again
 Feel an ambition to contend with me.

Now will I rouse the Danaï, and prove
 The force in fight of many a Trojan more.

He said, and sprang to battle with loud voice, 430
 Calling the Grecians after him.—Ye sons

Of the Achaians! stand not now aloof,
 My noble friends! but foot to foot let each
 Fall on courageous, and desire the fight.
 The task were difficult for me alone, 435
 Brave as I boast myself, to chase a foe
 So num'rous, and to combat with them all.
 Not Mars himself, immortal though he be,
 Nor Pallas, could with all the ranks contend
 Of this vast multitude, and drive the whole. 440
 With hands, with feet, with spirit and with might,
 All that I can I will; right through I go,
 And not a Trojan who shall chance within
 Spear's reach of me, shall, as I judge, rejoice.

Thus he the Greeks exhorted. Opposite, 445
 Meantime, illustrious Hector to his host
 Vociferated, his design to oppose
 Achilles publishing in ev'ry ear.

Fear not, ye valiant men of Troy! fear not
 The son of Peleus. In a war of words 450
 I could, myself, cope even with the Gods;
 But not with spears; there they excell us all.
 Nor shall Achilles full performance give
 To all his vaunts, but, if he some fulfill,
 Shall others leave mutilate in the midst. 455
 I will encounter him, though his hands be fire,
 Though fire his hands, and his heart hammer'd steel.

So spake he them exhorting. At his word
 Uprose the Trojan spears, thick intermixt
 The battle join'd, and clamour loud began. 460
 Then thus, approaching Hector, Phœbus spake.

Henceforth,

Henceforth, advance not Hector ! in the front
 Seeking Achilles, but retired within
 The stormy multitude his coming wait,
 Left his spear reach thee, or his glitt'ring sword. 465

He said, and Hector far into his host
 Withdrew, admonish'd by the voice divine.
 Then, shouting terrible, and cloath'd with might,
 Achilles sprang to battle. First, he flew
 The valiant Chief Iphition, whom a band 470
 Num'rous obey'd. Otrynteus was his Sire.

Him to Otrynteus, city-waster Chief,
 A Naiad under snowy Tmolus bore
 In fruitful Hyda. Right into his front
 As he advanced, Achilles drove his spear, 475
 And rived his scull; with thund'ring sound he fell,
 And thus the conqu'ror gloried in his fall.

Ah Otryntides ! thou art slain. Here lies
 The terrible in arms, who born beside
 The broad Gygæan lake, where Hyllus flows 480
 And Hermus, call'd the fertile soil his own.

Thus gloried he. Meantime the shades of death
 Cover'd Iphition, and Achaian wheels
 And horses ground his body in the van.
 Demoleon next, Antenor's son, a brave 485
 Defender of the walls of Troy, he flew.
 Into his temples through his brazen casque
 He thrust the Pelian ash, nor could the brass
 Such force resist, but the huge weapon drove
 The shatter'd bone into his inmost brain, 490
 And his fierce onset at a stroke repress'd.

Hippodamas

Hippodamas his weapon next received
 Within his spine, while with a leap he left
 His steeds and fled. He, panting forth his life,
 Moan'd like a bull, by consecrated youths 495
 Dragg'd round the * Heliconian King, who views
 That victim with delight. So, with loud moans
 The noble warrior figh'd his soul away.
 Then, spear in hand, against the godlike son
 Of Priam, Polydorus, he advanced. 500
 Not yet his father had to him indulg'd
 A warrior's place, for that of all his sons
 He was the youngest-born, his hoary Sire's
 Chief darling, and in speed surpass'd them all.
 Then also, in the vanity of youth, 505
 For show of nimbleness, he started oft
 Into the vaward, 'till at last he fell.
 Him gliding swiftly by, swifter than he
 Achilles with a javelin reach'd; he struck
 His belt behind him, where the golden clasps 510
 Met, and the double hauberk interpos'd.
 The point transpierced his bowels, and sprang through
 His navel; screaming, on his knees he fell,
 Death-shadows dimm'd his eyes, and with both hands,
 Stooping, he press'd his gather'd bowels back. 515
 But noble Hector, soon as he beheld
 His brother Polydorus to the earth
 Inclined, and with his bowels in his hands,
 Sightless well-nigh with anguish could endure

* Neptune. So called, either because he was worshipp'd on Helicon, a mountain of Beotia, or from Helice, an island of Achaia, where he had a temple.

No longer to remain aloof; flame-like 520
 He burst abroad, and shaking his sharp spear,
 Advanced to meet Achilles, whose approach
 Seeing, Achilles bounded with delight,
 And thus, exulting, to himself he said.

Ah! he approaches, who hath stung my soul 525
 Deepest, the slayer of whom most I loved!
 Behold, we meet! Caution is at an end,
 And timid skulking in the walks of war.

He ceas'd, and with a brow knit into frowns,
 Call'd to illustrious Hector. Haste, approach, 530
 That I may quick dispatch thee to the shades.

Whom answer'd warlike Hector nought appall'd.
 Pelides! hope not, as I were a boy,
 With words to scare me. I have also taunts
 At my command, and can be sharp as thou. 535
 I know thee valiant, and myself I know
 Inferior far; yet, whether thou shalt slay
 Me, or, inferior as I am, be slain
 By me, is at the pleasure of the Gods,
 For I wield also not a pointless beam. 540

He said, and, brandishing it, hurl'd his spear,
 Which Pallas, breathing softly, wafted back
 From the renown'd Achilles, and it fell
 Successful at illustrious Hector's feet.
 Then, all on fire to slay him, with a shout 545
 That rent the air Achilles rapid flew
 Toward him; but him wrapt in clouds opaque
 Apollo caught with ease divine away.
 Thrice, swift Achilles sprang to the assault

Impetuous, thrice the pitchy cloud he smote, 550
 And at his fourth assault, godlike in act,
 And terrible in utterance, thus exclaim'd.

Dog! thou art safe, and hast escaped again;
 But narrowly, and by the aid once more
 Of Phœbus, without previous suit to whom 555
 Thou ventur'st never where the javelin sings.
 But when we next encounter, then expect,
 If one of all in heav'n aid also me,
 To close thy proud career. Meantime I seek
 Some other, and assail e'en whom I may. 560

So saying, he pierced the neck of Dryops through,
 And at his feet he fell. Him there he left,
 And turning on a valiant warrior huge,
 Philetor's son, Demuchus, in the knee
 Pierced, and detain'd him by the planted spear, 565
 'Till with his sword he smote him, and he died.
 Laogonus and Dardanus he next
 Assaulted, sons of Bias; to the ground
 Dismounting both, one with his spear he slew,
 The other with his falchion at a blow. 570

Tros too, Alastor's son—He suppliant clasp'd
 Achilles' knees, and for his pity sued,
 Pleading equality of years, in hope
 That he would spare, and send him thence alive.
 Ah dreamer! ignorant how much in vain 575
 That suit he urged; for not of milky mind,
 Or placable in temper was the Chief
 To whom he sued, but fiery. With both hands
 His knees he clasp'd importunate, and he

Fast

Fast by the liver gash'd him with his sword. 580
 His liver falling forth, with fable blood
 His bosom fill'd, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
 Then, drawing close to Mulius, in his ear
 He fet the pointed brags, and at a thrust
 Sent it, next moment, through his ear beyond. 585
 Then, through the forehead of Agenor's son
 Echeclus, his huge-hafted blade he drove,
 And death and fate for ever veil'd his eyes.
 Next, where the tendons of the elbow meet,
 Striking Deucalion, through his wrist he urged 590
 The brazen point; he all defenceless stood,
 Expecting death; down came Achilles' blade
 Full on his neck; away went head and casque
 Together; from his spine the marrow sprang,
 And at his length outstretch'd he press'd the plain. 595
 From him to Rhigmus, Pireus' noble son,
 He flew, a warrior from the fields of Thrace.
 Him through the loins he pierced, and with the beam
 Fixt in his bowels, to the earth he fell;
 Then piercing, as he turn'd to flight, the spine 600
 Of Areithöus his charioteer,
 He thrust him from his seat; wild with dismay
 Back flew the fiery coursers at his fall.
 As a devouring fire within the glens
 Of some dry mountain ravages the trees, 605
 While, blown around, the flames roll to all sides,
 So, on all sides, terrible as a God,
 Achilles drove the death-devoted host
 Of Ilium, and the champain ran with blood.

As when the peasant his yoked steers employs 610
To tread his barley, the broad-fronted pair
With pond'rous hoofs trample it out with ease,
So, by magnanimous Achilles driv'n,
His courfers solid-hoof'd stamp'd as they ran
The shields, at once, and bodies of the slain; 615
Blood spatter'd all his axle, and with blood
From the horse-hoofs and from the fellied wheels
His chariot redden'd, while himself, athirst
For glory, his unconquerable hands
Defiled with mingled carnage, sweat and dust. 620

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

T W E N T Y - F I R S T B O O K.

Achilles having separated the Trojans, and driven one part of them to the city and the other into the Scamander, takes twelve young men alive, his intended victims to the manes of Patroclus. The river overflowing his banks with purpose to overwhelm him, is opposed by Vulcan, and gladly relinquishes the attempt. The battle of the Gods ensues. Apollo, in the form of Agenor, decoys Achilles from the town, which in the mean time the Trojans enter and shut the gates against him.

B O O K XXI.

BUT when they came, at length, where Xanthus winds
His stream vortiginous from Jove derived,
There, separating Ilium's host, he drove
Part o'er the plain to Troy in the same road
By which the Grecians had so lately fled 5
The fury of illustrious Hector's arm.
That way they fled pouring themselves along
Flood-like, and Juno, to retard them, threw
Darkness as night before them. Other part,
Push'd down the sides of Xanthus, headlong plunged 10
With dashing sound into his dizzy stream,
And all his banks re-echoed loud the roar.
They, struggling, shriek'd in silver eddies whirl'd.

As when, by violence of fire expell'd,
 Locusts uplifted on the wing escape 15
 To some broad river, swift the sudden blaze
 Pursues them, they, astonish'd, strew the flood,
 So, by Achilles driv'n, a mingled throng
 Of horses and of warriors overspread
 Xanthus, and glutted all his founding course. 20
 He, chief of heroes, leaving on the bank
 His spear against a tamarisk reclined
 Plunged like a God, with faulchion arm'd alone,
 But fill'd with thoughts of havoc. On all sides
 Down came his edge; groans follow'd dread to hear 25
 Of warriors smitten by the sword, and all
 The waters as they ran redden'd with blood.
 As smaller fishes, flying the pursuit
 Of some huge dolphin, terrified, the creeks
 And secret hollows of a haven fill, 30
 For none of all that he can seize he spares,
 So lurk'd the trembling Trojans in the caves
 Of Xanthus' awful flood. But He (his hands
 Wearied at length with slaughter) from the rest
 Twelve youths selected whom to death he doom'd, 35
 In vengeance for his lov'd Patroclus slain.
 Them stupified with dread like fawns he drove
 Forth from the river, manacling their hands
 Behind them fast with their own tunic-strings,
 And gave them to his warrior train in charge. 40
 Then, ardent still for blood, rushing again
 Toward the stream, Dardanian Priam's son
 He met, Lycaon, as he climb'd the bank.

Him erst by night, in his own father's field
 Finding him, he had led captive away. 45
 Lycaon was employ'd cutting green shoots
 Of the wild-fig for chariot-rings, when lo!
 Terrible, unforeseen, Achilles came.
 He seized and sent him in a ship afar
 To Lemnos; there the son of Jason pay'd 50
 His price, and, at great cost, Eetion
 The guest of Jason, thence redeeming him,
 Sent him to fair Arisba; but he 'scaped
 Thence also, and regain'd his father's house.
 Eleven days, at his return, he gave 55
 To recreation joyous with his friends,
 And on the twelfth his fate cast him again
 Into Achilles' hands, who to the shades
 Now doom'd him, howsoever loth to go.
 Soon as Achilles swiftest of the swift 60
 Him naked saw (for neither spear had he
 Nor shield nor helmet, but, when he emerged,
 Weary and faint had cast them all away)
 Indignant to his mighty self he said.
 Gods! I behold a miracle! Ere long 65
 The valiant Trojans whom myself have slain
 Shall rise from Erebus, for he is here,
 The self-same warrior whom I lately sold
 At Lemnos, free, and in the field again.
 The hoary Deep is prison strong enough 70
 For most, but not for him. Now shall he taste
 The point of this my spear, that I may learn
 By sure experience, whether hell itself

That holds the strongest fast, can him detain,
Or whether he shall thence also escape. 75

While musing thus he stood, stunn'd with dismay
The youth approach'd, eager to clasp his knees,
For vehement he felt the dread of death
Working within him; with his Pelian ash
Uplifted high noble Achilles stood 80

Ardent to smite him; he with body bent
Ran under it, and to his knees adhered;
The weapon, missing him, implanted stood
Close at his back, when, seizing with one hand
Achilles' knees, he with the other grasp'd 85
The dreadful beam, resolute through despair,
And in wing'd accents suppliant thus began.

Oh spare me! pity me! Behold I clasp
Thy knees, Achilles! Ah, illustrious Chief!
Reject not with disdain a suppliant's pray'r. 90

I am thy guest also, at thy own board
Have eaten bread, and did partake the gift
Of Ceres with thee on the very day
When thou didst fend me in yon field surpris'd
For sale to sacred Lemnos, far remote, 95

And for my price receiv'dst an hundred beeves.
Loose me, and I will yield thee now that sum
Thrice told. Alas! this morn is but the twelfth
Since, after num'rous hardships, I arriv'd
Once more in Troy, and now my ruthless lot 100
Hath given me into thy hands again.

Jove cannot less than hate me, who hath twice
Made me thy pris'ner, and my doom was death,

Death

Death in my prime, the day when I was born
 Son of Laothœ from Alta sprung, 105
 From Alta, whom the Leleges obey
 On Satnio's banks in lofty Pedafus.

His daughter to his other num'rous wives
 King Priam added, and two fons she bore
 Only to be deprived by thee of both. 110

My brother hath already died, in front
 Of Ilium's infantry, by thy bright spear,
 The godlike Polydorus; and like doom
 Shall now be mine, for I despair to escape
 Thine hands, to which the Gods yield me again. 115

But hear and mark me well. My birth was not
 From the same womb as Hector's, who hath slain
 Thy valiant friend for clemency renown'd.

Such supplication the illustrious son
 Of Priam made, but answer harsh received. 120

Fool! speak'st of ransom? Name it not to me.
 For 'till my friend his miserable fate
 Accomplish'd, I was somewhat giv'n to spare,
 And num'rous, whom I seized alive, I sold.
 But now, of all the Trojans whom the Gods 125
 Deliver to me, none shall death escape,

'Specially of the house of Priam, none.
 Die, therefore, even thou, my friend! What mean
 Thy tears unreasonably shed and vain?

Died not Patroclus, braver far than thou? 130

And look on me—see'st not to what an height
 My stature tow'rs, and what a bulk I boast?

A King begat me, and a Goddess bore.

What then! A death by violence awaits
 Me also, and at morn, or eve, or noon 135
 I perish, whensoever the destin'd spear
 Shall reach me, or the arrow from the nerve.

He ceas'd, and where the suppliant kneel'd, he died.
 Quitting the spear, with both hands spread abroad
 He sat, but swift Achilles with his sword 140
 'Twixt neck and key-bone smote him, and his blade
 Of double edge sank all into the wound.
 He prone extended on the champain lay
 Bedewing with his sable blood the glebe,
 'Till, by the foot, Achilles cast him far 145
 Into the stream, and, as he floated down,
 Thus in wing'd accents, glorying, exclaim'd.

Lie there, and feed the fishes, which shall lick
 Thy blood secure. Thy mother ne'er shall place
 Thee on thy bier, nor on thy body weep, 150
 But swift Scamander on his giddy tide
 Shall bear thee to the bosom of the sea.
 There, many a fish shall through the chrystal flood
 Ascending to the rippled surface, find
 Lycaon's pamper'd flesh delicious fare. 155
 Die Trojans! 'till we reach your city, you
 Fleeing, and slaught'ring, I. This pleasant stream
 Of dimpling silver which ye worship oft
 With victim bulls, and fate with living steeds
 His rapid whirlpools, shall avail you nought, 160
 But ye shall die, die terribly, 'till all
 Shall have requited me with just amends
 For my Patroclus, and for other Greeks

Slain

Slain at the ships while I declined the war.

He ended, at whose words still more incensed 165
Scamander means devised, thenceforth, to check
Achilles, and avert the doom of Troy.

Meantime the son of Peleus, his huge spear
Grasping, assail'd Asteropæus son
Of Pelegon, on fire to take his life. 170

Fair Peribœa, daughter eldest-born
Of Aceffamenus, his father bore
To broad-stream'd Axius, who had clasp'd the nymph
In his embrace. On him Achilles sprang.

He, newly risen from the river, stood 175

Arm'd with two lances opposite, for him
Xanthus embolden'd, at the deaths incensed

Of many a youth whom, mercy none vouchsafed,
Achilles had in all his current slain.

And now, small distance interpos'd, they faced 180
Each other, when Achilles thus began.

Who art and whence, who dar'st encounter me?
Hapless the fires whose sons my force defy.

To whom the noble son of Pelegon.
Pelides, mighty Chief! Why hast thou ask'd 185

My derivation? From the land I come
Of mellow-foil'd Pœonia far remote,

Chief leader of Pœonia's host spear-arm'd;
This day hath also the eleventh ris'n

Since I at Troy arrived. For my descent, 190
It is from Axius river wide-diffused,

From Axius, fairest stream that waters earth,
Sire of bold Pelegon whom men report

My fire. Let this suffice. Now fight, Achilles!

So spake he threat'ning, and Achilles rais'd 195

Dauntless the Pelian ash. At once two spears
The hero bold, Asteropæus threw,

With both hands apt for battle. One his shield
Struck but pierced not, impeded by the gold,

Gift of a God; the other as it flew 200

Grazed his right elbow; sprang the fable blood;
But, overflying him, the spear in earth

Stood planted deep, still hung'ring for the prey.

Then, full at the Pœonian Peleus' son

Hurl'd forth his weapon with unsparing force 205

But vain; he struck the sloping river-bank,

And mid-length deep stood plunged the ashen beam.

Then, with his faulchion drawn, Achilles flew

To smite him; he in vain, meantime, essay'd

To pluck the rooted spear forth from the bank; 210

Thrice with full force he shook the beam, and thrice,

Although reluctant, left it; at his fourth

Last effort, bending it he fought to break

The ashen spear-beam of Æacides,

But perish'd by his keen-edg'd faulchion first; 215

For on the belly at his navel's side

He smote him; to the ground effused fell all

His bowels, death's dim shadows veil'd his eyes,

Achilles ardent on his bosom fix'd

His foot, despoil'd him, and exulting cried. 220

Lie there; though River-sprung thou find'st it hard
To cope with sons of Jove omnipotent.

Thou said'st, a mighty River is my fire—

But

But my descent from mightier Jove I boast ;
 My father, whom the Myrmidons obey, 225
 Is son of Æacus, and he, of Jove.

As Jove all streams excels that seek the sea,
 So, Jove's descendents nobler are than theirs.
 Behold a River at thy side—Let Him
 Afford thee, if he can, some succour—No— 230
 He may not fight against Saturnian Jove.

Therefore, not kingly Achelöius,
 Nor yet the strength of Ocean's vast profound,
 Although from Him all rivers and all seas
 All fountains and all wells proceed, may boast 235
 Comparison with Jove, but even He
 Astonish'd trembles at his fiery bolt,
 And his dread thunders rattling in the sky.

He said, and, drawing from the bank his spear,
 Asteropæus left stretch'd on the sands, 240
 Where, while the clear wave dash'd him, eels his flanks
 And rav'ning fishes num'rous nibbled bare.

The horsed Pœonians, next, he fierce assail'd,
 Who, seeing their brave Chief slain by the sword
 And forceful arm of Peleus' son, beside 245
 The eddy-whirling stream fled all dispersed.

Thersilochus and Mydon then he slew,
 Thraſius, Aſtypylus and Ophelſtes,
 Ænius and Mneſus ; nor had these sufficed
 Achilles, but Pœonians more had fall'n, 250

Had not the angry River from within
 His circling gulphs in semblance of a man
 Call'd to him, interrupting thus his rage.

Oh both in courage and injurious deeds
 Unmatch'd, Achilles! whom themselves the Gods 255
 Cease not to aid, if Saturn's son have doom'd
 All Ilium's race to perish by thine arm,
 Expel them, first, from me, ere thou atchieve
 That dread exploit; for, cumber'd as I am
 With bodies, I can pour my pleasant stream 260
 No longer down into the sacred Deep;
 All vanish where thou com'st. But Oh desist
 Dread Chief! Amazement fills me at thy deeds.

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.
 River divine! hereafter be it so. 265
 But not from slaughter of this faithless host
 I cease, 'till I shall shut them fast in Troy
 And trial make of Hector, if his arm
 In single fight shall strongest prove, or mine.

He said, and like a God, furious, again 270
 Assail'd the Trojans; then the circling flood
 To Phœbus thus his loud complaint address'd.

Ah son of Jove, God of the silver bow!
 The mandate of the son of Saturn ill
 Hast thou perform'd, who, earnest, bade thee aid 275
 The Trojans, 'till (the sun sunk in the West)
 Night's shadow dim should veil the fruitful field.

He ended, and Achilles spear-renown'd
 Plunged from the bank into the middle stream.
 Then, turbulent, the River all his tide 280
 Stirr'd from the bottom, landward heaving off
 The num'rous bodies that his current choak'd
 Slain by Achilles; them, as with the roar

Of bulls, he cast aground, but deep within
 His oozy gulphs the living fafe conceal'd. 285
 Terrible all around Achilles stood
 The curling wave, then, falling on his shield
 Dash'd him, nor found his footsteps where to rest.
 An elm of maffy trunk he feized and branch
 Luxuriant, but it fell torn from the root 290
 And drew the whole bank after it; immerfed
 It damm'd the current with its ample boughs,
 And join'd as with a bridge the diftant fhores.
 Uprang Achilles from the gulph and turn'd
 His feet, now wing'd for flight, into the plain 295
 Astonish'd; but the God, not fo appeafed,
 Arofe againft him with a * darker curl,
 That he might quell him and deliver Troy.
 Back flew Achilles with a bound, the length
 Of a fpear's caft, for fuch a fpring he own'd 300
 As bears the black-plumed eagle on her prey
 Strongeft and fwifteft of the fowls of air.
 Like Her he fprang, and dreadful on his cheft
 Clang'd his bright armour. Then, with courfe oblique
 He fled his fierce purfuer, but the flood, 305
 Fly where he might, came thund'ring in his rear.
 As when the peafant with his fpade a rill
 Conducts from fome pure fountain through his grove
 Or garden, clearing the obftructed courfe,
 The pebbles, as it runs, all ring beneath, 310
 And, as the flope ftill deepens, fwifter ftill

* *Ἀχροκελαινιῶν*.—The beauty and force of this word are wonderful; I have in vain endeavoured to do it juftice.

It runs, and, murmuring, outstrips the guide,
 So Him though swift the River always reach'd
 Still swifter; who can cope with pow'r divine?
 Oft as the noble Chief, turning, essay'd 315
 Resistance, and to learn if all the Gods
 Alike rush'd after him, so oft the flood,
 Jove's offspring, laved his shoulders. Upward then
 He sprang distress'd, but with a sidelong sweep
 Affailing him, and from beneath his steps 320
 Waiting the foil, the stream his force subdued.
 Then, looking to the skies, aloud he mourn'd.
 Eternal Sire! forsaken by the Gods
 I sink, none deigns to save me from the flood,
 From which once saved, I would no death decline. 325
 Yet blame I none of all the Pow'rs of heav'n
 As Thetis; she with falsehood sooth'd my soul,
 She promis'd me a death by Phœbus' shafts
 Swift-wing'd, beneath the battlements of Troy.
 I would that Hector, noblest of his race, 330
 Had slain me, I had then bravely expired
 And a brave man had stripp'd me of my arms.
 But Fate now dooms me to a death abhorr'd
 Whelm'd in deep waters like a swine-herd's boy
 Drown'd in wet weather while he fords a brook. 335
 So spake Achilles; then, in human form,
 Minerva stood and Neptune at his side;
 Each seized his hand confirming him, and thus
 The mighty Shaker of the shores began.
 Achilles! mod'rate thy dismay, fear nought. 340
 In us behold, in Pallas and in me,

Effectual aids, and with consent of Jove;
 For to be vanquish'd by a river's force
 Is not thy doom. This foe shall soon be quell'd;
 Thine eyes shall see it. Let our counsel rule 345
 Thy deed, and all is well. Cease not from war
 'Till fast within proud Ilium's walls her host
 Again be prison'd, all who shall escape;
 Then (Hector slain) to the Achaian fleet
 Return; we make the glorious vict'ry thine. 350

So they, and both departing fought the skies,
 Then, animated by the voice divine,
 He moved toward the plain now all o'erspread
 By the vast flood on which the bodies swam
 And shields of many a youth in battle slain. 355
 He leap'd, he waded, and the current stemm'd
 Right onward, by the flood in vain oppos'd,
 With such might Pallas fill'd him. Nor his rage
 Scamander aught repress'd, but still the more
 Incens'd against Achilles, curl'd aloft 360
 His waters, and on Simois call'd aloud.

Brother! oh let us with united force
 Check, if we may, this warrior; he shall else
 Soon lay the lofty tow'rs of Priam low,
 Whose host, appall'd, defend them now no more. 365
 Haste—succour me—Thy channel fill with streams
 From all thy fountains; call thy torrents down;
 Lift high the waters; mingle trees and stones
 With uproar wild, that we may quell the force
 Of this dread Chief triumphant now, and fill'd 370
 With projects that might more besem a God.

But vain shall be his strength, his beauty nought
 Shall profit him or his resplendent arms,
 For I will bury them in slime and ooze,
 And I will overwhelm himself with foil, 375
 Sands heaping o'er him and around him sands
 Infinite, that no Greek shall find his bones
 For ever, in my bottom deep immerfed.
 There shall his tomb be piled, nor other earth,
 At his last rites, his friends shall need for Him. 380

He said, and lifting high his angry tide
 Vortiginous, against Achilles hurl'd,
 Roaring, the foam, the bodies, and the blood;
 Then all his fable waves divine again
 Accumulating, bore him swift along. 385
 Shriek'd Juno at that fight, terrified lest
 Achilles in the whirling deluge sunk
 Should perish, and to Vulcan quick exclaim'd.

Vulcan, my son, arise; for we account
 Xanthus well able to contend with thee. 390
 Give instant succour; show forth all thy fires.
 Myself will haste to call the rapid South
 And Zephyrus, that tempests from the sea
 Blowing, thou may'st both arms and dead consume
 With hideous conflagration. Burn along 395
 The banks of Xanthus, fire his trees and Him
 Seize also. Let him by no specious guile
 Of flatt'ry footh thee, or by threats appall,
 Nor slack thy furious fires 'till with a shout
 I give command, then bid them cease to blaze. 400
 She

She spake, and Vulcan at her word his fires
 Shot dreadful forth; first, kindling on the field,
 He burn'd the bodies strew'd num'rous around
 Slain by Achilles; arid grew the earth
 And the flood ceas'd. As when a sprightly breeze 405
 Autumnal blowing from the North, at once
 Dries the new-water'd garden, * gladd'ning him
 Who tills the soil, so was the champain dried;
 The dead consumed, against the River, next,
 He turn'd the fierceness of his glitt'ring fires. 410
 Willows and tamarisks and elms he burn'd,
 Burn'd lotus, rushes, reeds; all plants and herbs
 That clothed profuse the margin of his flood.
 His eels and fishes, whether wont to dwell
 In gulphs beneath, or tumble in the stream, 415
 All languish'd while the Artist of the skies
 Breathed on them; even Xanthus lost, himself,
 All force, and, suppliant, Vulcan thus address'd.

Oh Vulcan! none in heav'n itself may cope
 With thee. I yield to thy consuming fires. 420
 Cease, cease. I reckon not if Achilles drive
 Her citizens, this moment, forth from Troy,
 For what are war and war's concerns to me?

So spake he scorch'd, and all his waters boil'd.
 As some huge cauldron hisses, urged by force 425
 Of circling fires and fill'd with melted lard,
 The unctuous fluid † overbubbling streams

* The reason given in the Scholium is, that the surface being hardened by the wind the moisture remains unexhaled from beneath, and has time to saturate the roots.—

See Villoiffon.

† Ἀμφοράδην.

On all sides, while the dry wood flames beneath,
 So Xanthus bubbled and his pleasant flood
 His'd in the fire, nor could he longer flow 430
 But check'd his current, with hot steams annoy'd.
 By Vulcan rais'd: His supplication, then,
 Importunate to Juno thus he turn'd.

Ah Juno! why affails thy son my streams,
 Hostile to me alone? Of all who aid 435
 The Trojans I am surely least to blame,
 Yet even I desist if thou command;
 And let thy son cease also; for I swear
 That never will I from the Trojans turn
 Their evil day, not even when the host 440
 Of Greece shall set all Ilium in a blaze.

He said, and by his oath pacified, thus
 The white-arm'd Deity to Vulcan spake.

Peace, glorious son! we may not in behalf
 Of mortal man thus longer vex a God. 445

Then Vulcan his tremendous fires repress'd,
 And down into his gulphy channel rush'd
 The refluent flood; for, when the force was once
 Subdued of Xanthus, Juno interpos'd,
 Although incens'd, herself to quell the strife. 450

But contest vehement the other Gods
 Now waged, each breathing discord; loud they rush'd
 And fierce to battle, while the boundless earth
 Quaked under them, and, all around, the heav'ns
 Sang them together with a trumpet's voice. 455
 Jove list'ning, on the Olympian summit sat
 Well-pleas'd, and, in his heart laughing for joy,

Beheld

Beheld the Pow'rs of heav'n in battle join'd.
 Not long aloof they stood. Shield-piercer Mars
 His brazen spear grasp'd, and began the fight 460
 Rushing on Pallas, whom he thus reproach'd.

Wasp! front of impudence, and past all bounds
 Audacious! Why impellest thou the Gods
 To fight? Thy own proud spirit is the cause.
 Remember't not, how, urged by thee, the son 465
 Of Tydeus, Diomedes, myself assail'd,
 When thou, the radiant spear with thy own hand
 Guiding, didst rend my body? Now, I ween,
 The hour is come in which I shall exact
 Vengeance for all thy malice shown to me. 470

So saying, her shield he smote tassel'd around
 Terrific, proof against the bolts of Jove;
 That shield gore-tainted Mars with fury smote.
 But she, retiring, with strong grasp upheav'd
 A rugged stone, black, pond'rous, from the plain, 475
 A land-mark fixt by men of antient times,
 Which hurling at the neck of stormy Mars
 She smote him. Down he fell. Sev'n acres, stretch'd,
 He overspread, his ringlets in the dust
 Polluted lay, and dreadful rang his arms. 480
 The goddesses laugh'd, and thus in accents wing'd
 With exultation, as he lay, exclaim'd.

Fool! Art thou still to learn how far my force
 Surpasses thine, and dar'st thou cope with me?
 Now feel the furies of thy mother's ire 485
 Who hates thee for thy treach'ry to the Greeks,
 And for thy succour giv'n to faithless Troy.

She

She said, and turn'd from Mars her glorious eyes.
 But him deep-groaning and his torpid pow'rs
 Recovering flow, Venus conducted thence 490
 Daughter of Jove, whom soon as Juno mark'd,
 In accents wing'd to Pallas thus she spake.

Daughter invincible of glorious Jove!
 Haste—follow her—Ah shameless! how she leads
 Gore-tainted Mars through all the host of heav'n. 495

So she, whom Pallas with delight obey'd;
 To Venus swift she flew, and on the breast
 With such force smote her that of sense bereft
 The fainting Goddess fell. There Venus lay
 And Mars extended on the fruitful glebe, 500
 And Pallas thus in accents wing'd exclaim'd.

I would that all who on the part of Troy
 Oppose in fight Achaia's valiant sons,
 Were firm and bold as Venus in defence
 Of Mars, for whom she dared my pow'r defy! 505
 So had dissention (Ilium overthrown
 And desolated) ceas'd long since in heav'n.

So Pallas, and approving Juno smiled.
 Then the imperial Shaker of the shores
 Thus to Apollo. Phœbus! wherefore stand 510
We thus aloof? Since others have begun,
 Begin we also; shame it were to both
 Should we, no combat waged, ascend again
 Olympus and the brass-built hall of Jove.
 Begin, for thou art younger; me, whose years 515
 Alike and knowledge thine surpass so far,
 It suits not. Oh stupidity! how gross

Art thou and fenefels ! Are no traces left
 In thy remembrance of our num'rous wrongs
 Sustain'd at Ilium, when, of all the Gods 520
 Ourselves alone, by Jove's commandment, served
 For stipulated hire, a year complete,
 Our talk-master the proud Laomedon ?
 Myself a bulwark'd town, spacious, secure
 Against assault, and beautiful as strong 525
 Built for the Trojans, and thine office was
 To feed for King Laomedon his herds
 Among the groves of Ida many-valled.
 But when the gladfome hours the feafon brought
 Of payment, then the unjust King of Troy 530
 Difmifs'd us of our whole reward amerced •
 By violence, and added threats befide.
 Thee into diftant ifles, bound hand and foot,
 To fell he threaten'd, and to amputate
 The ears of both ; we, therefore, hafted thence 535
 Refenting deep our promis'd hire withheld.
 Aid'ft thou for this the Trojans ? Can'ft thou lefs
 Than feek, with us, to exterminate the whole
 Perfidious race, wives, children, husbands, all ?
 To whom the King of radiant shafts Apollo. 540
 Me, Neptune, thou wouldft deem, thyfelf, unwife
 Contending for the fake of mortal men
 With thee ; a wretched race, who like the leaves
 Now flourish rank, by fruits of earth fustain'd,
 Now faplefs fall. Here, therefore, us between 545
 Let all ftrife ceafe, far better left to Them.

He

He said, and turn'd away, fearing to lift
His hand against the brother of his fire.

But him Diana of the woods with sharp
Rebuke, his huntress sister, thus reprov'd. 550

Fly'st thou, Apollo! and to Neptune yield'st
An unearn'd vict'ry, the prize of fame

Resigning patient and with no dispute?

Fool! wherefore bearest thou the bow in vain?

Ah, let me never in my father's courts 555

Hear thee among the Immortals vaunting more

That thou would'st Neptune's self confront in arms.

So she, to whom Apollo nought replied.

But thus the consort of the Thund'rer, fired

With wrath, reprov'd the Archerefs of heav'n. 560

How hast thou dared, impudent, to oppose
My will? Bow-practis'd as thou art, the task

To match my force were difficult to thee.

Is it, because by ordinance of Jove

Thou art a lionsess to womankind, 565

Killing them at thy pleasure? Ah beware—

Far easier is it, on the mountain-heights

To slay wild beasts and chase the roving hind,

Than to conflict with mightier than ourselves.

But, if thou wish a lesson on that theme, 570

Approach—Thou shalt be taught with good effect

How far my force in combat passes thine.

She said, and with her left hand seizing both

Diana's wrists, snatch'd suddenly the bow

Suspended on her shoulder with the right, 575

And, smiling, smote her with it on the ears.

She,

She, writhing oft and struggling, to the ground
Shook forth her rapid shafts, then, weeping, fled
As to her cavern in some hollow rock

The dove, not destined to his talons, flies 580
The hawk's pursuit, and left her arms behind.

Then, messenger of heav'n, the Argicide
Address'd Latona. Combat none with thee,

Latona, will I wage. Unsafe it were
To cope in battle with a spouse of Jove. 585

Go, therefore, loudly as thou wilt, proclaim
To all the Gods that thou hast vanquish'd me.

Collecting, then, the bow and arrows fall'n
In wild disorder on the dusty plain,
Latona with the sacred charge withdrew 590

Following her daughter; she, in the abode
Brafs-built arriving of Olympian Jove,
Sat on his knees, weeping till all her robe
Ambrosial shook. The mighty Father smiled,
And to his bosom straining her, enquired. 595

Daughter lov'd! who, which of all the Gods
Hath rais'd his hand, presumptuous, against Thee,
As if convicted of some open wrong?

To whom the clear-voiced Huntress crescent-crown'd.
My Father! Juno, thy own consort fair 600
My sorrow caused, from whom dispute and strife
Perpetual, threaten the Immortal Pow'rs.

Thus they in heav'n mutual conferr'd. Meantime
Apollo into sacred Troy return'd
Mindful to guard her bulwarks, lest the Greeks 605
Too soon for Fate should desolate the town.

The other Gods, some angry, some elate
 With victory, the Olympian heights regain'd,
 And sat beside the Thund'rer. But the son
 Of Peleus—He both Trojans slew and steeds. 610

As when in volumes flow smoke climbs the skies
 From some great city which the Gods have fired
 Vindictive, sorrow thence to many ensues
 With mischief, and to all labour severe,
 So caus'd Achilles labour, on that day, 615
 Severe, and mischief to the men of Troy.

But ancient Priam from a sacred tow'r
 Stood looking forth, whence soon he noticed vast
 Achilles, before whom the Trojans fled
 All courage lost. Descending from the tow'r 620
 With mournful cries and hastening to the wall
 He thus enjoin'd the keepers of the gates.

Hold wide the portals 'till the flying host
 Re-enter, for himself is nigh, himself
 Achilles drives them home. Now, woe to Troy! 625
 But soon as safe within the walls received
 They breathe again, shut fast the ponderous gates
 At once, lest that destroyer also pass.

He said; they, shooting back the bars, threw wide
 The gates and sav'd the people, whom to aid 630
 Apollo also sprang into the field.

They, parch'd with drought and whiten'd all with dust
 Flew right toward the town, while, spear in hand,
 Achilles press'd them, vengeance in his heart
 And all on fire for glory. Then, full sure, 635
 Ilium, the city of lofty gates, had fall'n

Won by the Grecians, had not Phœbus roused
 Antenor's valiant son, the noble Chief
 Agenor; him with dauntless might he fill'd,
 And shielding him against the stroke of fate 640
 Beside him stood himself, by the broad beech
 Cover'd and wrapt in clouds. Agenor, then,
 Seeing the city-waster hero nigh
 Achilles, stood, but standing, felt his mind
 Troubled with doubts; he groan'd, and thus he mus'd. 645

Alas! if following the tumultuous flight
 Of these, I shun Achilles, swifter far
 He soon will lop my ignominious head.
 But if, these leaving to be thus dispersed
 Before him, from the city-wall I fly 650
 Across the plain of Troy into the groves
 Of Ida, and in Ida's thickets lurk,
 I may, at evening, to the town return
 Bathed and refresh'd. But whither tend my thoughts?
 Should he my flight into the plain observe 655
 And swift pursuing seize me, then, farewell
 All hope to 'scape a miserable death,
 For he hath strength passing the strength of man.
 How then—shall I withstand him here before
 The city? He hath also flesh to steel 660
 Pervious, within it but a single life,
 And men report him mortal, howsoe'er
 Saturnian Jove lift him to glory now.

So saying, he turn'd and stood, his dauntless heart
 Beating for battle. As the pard springs forth 665
 To meet the hunter from her gloomy lair,

Nor, hearing loud the hounds, fears or retires,
 But whether from afar or nigh at hand
 He pierce her first, although transfixt, the fight
 Still tries, and combats desp'rate 'till she fall, 670
 So, brave Antenor's son fled not, or shrank,
 'Till he had proved Achilles, but his breast
 O'ershadowing with his buckler, and his spear
 Aiming well-poised against him, loud exclaim'd.

Renown'd Achilles! Thou art high in hope 675
 Doubtless, that thou shalt this day overthrow
 The city of the glorious sons of Troy.
 Fool! ye must labour yet ere she be won,
 For num'rous are her citizens and bold,
 And we will guard her for our parents' sake 680
 Our wives and little ones. But here thou diest
 Terrible Chief and dauntless as thou art.

He said, and with full force hurling his lance
 Smote, and err'd not, his greave beneath the knee.
 The glitt'ring tin, forged newly, at the stroke 685
 Tremendous rang, but quick recoil'd and vain
 The weapon, weak against that guard divine.
 Then sprang Achilles in his turn to assail
 Godlike Agenor, but Apollo took
 That glory from him, snatching wrapt in clouds 690
 Agenor thence, whom calm he sent away.

Then Phœbus from pursuit of Ilium's host
 By art averted Peleus' son; the form
 Assuming of Agenor, swift he fled
 Before him, and Achilles swift pursued. 695
 While Him Apollo thus lured to the chase

Wide o'er the fruitful plain, inclining still
Toward Scamander's dizzy stream his course
Nor flying far before, but with false hope
Always beguiling him, the scatter'd host 700
Meantime, in joyful throngs, regain'd the town.
They fill'd and shut it fast, nor dared to wait
Each other in the field, or to enquire
Who liv'd and who had fall'n, but all, whom flight
Had rescued, like a flood pour'd into Troy. 705

A R G U M E N T
O F T H E
T W E N T Y - S E C O N D B O O K.

Achilles slays Hector.

B O O K XXII.

THUS they, throughout all Troy, like hunted fawns
Dispers'd, their trickling limbs at leisure cool'd,
And, drinking, flaked their fiery thirst, reclined
Against the battlements. Meantime, the Greeks
Sloping their shields, approach'd the walls of Troy, 5
And Hector, by his adverse fate ensnared,
Still stood exposed before the Scæan gate.
Then spake Apollo thus to Peleus' son.

Wherefore, thyself mortal, pursu'ft thou me
Immortal? oh Achilles! blind with rage, 10
Thou know'ft not yet, that thou pursu'ft a God.
Unmindful of thy proper task, to press
The flying Trojans, thou hast hither turn'd
Devious, and they are all now safe in Troy;
Yet hope not me to slay; I cannot die. 15

To whom Achilles swiftest of the swift,
Indignant. Oh, of all the Pow'rs above
To me most adverse, Archer of the skies!
Thou hast beguiled me, leading me away

From

From Ilium far, whence intercepted, else, 20
 No few had at this moment gnaw'd the glebe.
 Thou hast defrauded me of great renown,
 And, safe thyself, hast rescued *them* with ease.
 Ah—had I pow'r, I would requite thee well.

So saying, incens'd he turned toward the town 25
 His rapid course, like some victorious steed
 That whirls, at stretch, a chariot to the goal.
 Such seem'd Achilles, coursing light the field.

Him, first, the antient King of Troy perceived
 Scouring the plain, resplendent as the star 30
 Autumnal, of all stars in dead of night
 Conspicuous most, and named Orion's dog;
 Brightest it shines, but ominous, and dire
 Disease portends to miserable man;
 So beam'd Achilles' armour as he flew. 35

Loud wail'd the hoary King; with lifted hands
 His head he smote, and, utt'ring doleful cries
 Of supplication, sued to his own son.
 He, fixt before the gate, desirous stood
 Of combat with Achilles, when his Sire 40
 With arms outstretch'd toward him, thus began.

My Hector! wait not, oh my son! th' approach
 Of this dread Chief, alone, left premature
 Thou die, this moment by Achilles slain,
 For he is strongest far. Oh that the Gods 45
 Him lov'd as I! then, soon should vultures rend
 And dogs his carcase, and my grief should cease.
 He hath unchilded me of many a son,
 All valiant youths, whom he hath slain or sold

To distant isles, and, even now, I miss 50
 Two sons, whom since the shutting of the gates
 I find not, Polydorus and Lycaon,
 My children by Laothœe the fair.
 If they survive pris'ners in yonder camp,
 I will redeem them with the gold and brass 55
 By noble Altes to his daughter giv'n,
 Large store, and still reserved. But should they both,
 Already slain, have journey'd to the shades,
 We, then, from whom they sprang have cause to mourn
 And mourn them long, but shorter shall the grief 60
 Of Ilium prove, if thou escape and live.
 Come then, my son! enter the city-gate
 That thou may'st save us all, nor in thy bloom
 Of life cut off, enhance Achilles' fame.
 Commis'rate also thy unhappy Sire 65
 Ere yet distracted, whom Saturnian Jove
 Ordains to a sad death, and ere I die
 To woes innumerable; to behold
 Sons slaughter'd, daughters ravish'd, torn and stripp'd
 The matrimonial chamber, infants dash'd 70
 Against the ground in dire hostility,
 And matrons dragg'd by ruthless Grecian hands.
 Me, haply, last of all, dogs shall devour
 In my own vestibule, when once the spear
 Or falchion of some Greck hath laid me low. 75
 The very dogs fed at my table-side,
 My portal-guards, drinking their master's blood
 To drunkenness, shall wallow in my courts.
 Fair falls the warlike youth in battle slain,

And

And when he lies torn by the pointed steel, 80
 His death becomes him well; he is secure,
 Though dead, from flame, whatever next befalls.
 But when the silver locks and silver beard
 Of an old man slain by the sword, from dogs
 Receive dishonour, of all ills that wait 85
 On miserable man, that sure is worst.

So spake the antient King, and his grey hairs
 Pluck'd with both hands, but Hector firm endured.
 On the other side all tears his mother flood,
 And lamentation; with one hand she bared, 90
 And with the other hand produced her breast,
 Then in wing'd accents, weeping, him bespake.

My Hector! rev'rence This, and pity me.
 If ever, drawing forth this breast, thy griefs
 Of infancy I-footh'd, oh now, my son! 95
 Acknowledge it, and from within the walls
 Repulse this enemy; stand not abroad
 To cope with *Him*, for he is savage-fierce,
 And should he slay thee, neither shall myself
 Who bore thee, nor thy noble spouse weep o'er 100
 Thy body, but, where we can never come,
 Dogs shall devour it in the fleet of Greece.

So they with pray'rs importun'd, and with tears
 Their son, but him sway'd not; unmoved he stood,
 Expecting vast Achilles now at hand. 105
 As some fell serpent in his cave expects
 The traveller's approach, batten'd with herbs
 Of baneful juice to fury, forth he looks
 Hideous, and lies coil'd all around his den.

So Hector, fill'd with confidence untamed, 110
 Fled not, but placing his bright shield against
 A buttress, with his noble heart conferr'd.

Alas for me! should I repass the gate,
 Polydamas would be the first to heap
 Reproaches on me, for he bade me lead 115
 The Trojans back this last calamitous night
 In which Achilles rose to arms again.

But I refused, although to have complied,
 Had proved more profitable far; since then
 By rash resolves of mine I have destroy'd 120
 The people, how can I escape the blame
 Of all in Troy? The meanest there will say—

By his self-will he hath destroy'd us all.
 So shall they speak, and then shall I regret
 That I return'd ere I had slain in fight 125
 Achilles, or that, by Achilles slain,
 I died not nobly in defence of Troy.

But shall I thus? Lay down my bossy shield,
 Put off my helmet, and my spear recline
 Against the city wall, then go myself 130

To meet the brave Achilles, and at once
 Promise him Helen, for whose sake we strive,
 With all the wealth that Paris in his fleet
 Brought home, to be restored to Atreus' sons,
 And to distribute to the Greeks at large 135

All hidden treasures of the town, an oath
 Taking beside from ev'ry senator,
 That he will nought conceal, but will produce
 And share in just equality what stores

Soever our fair city still includes? 140

Ah airy speculations, questions vain!

I may not sue to Him; compassion none

Will he vouchsafe me, or my suit respect,

But, seeing me unarm'd, will fate at once

His rage, and womanlike I shall be slain. 145

It is no time from oak or hollow rock

With Him to parley, as a nymph and swain,

* A nymph and swain soft parley mutual hold,

But rather to engage in combat fierce

Incontinent; so shall we soonest learn 150

Whom Jove will make victorious, Him or me.

Thus pondering he stood; meantime approach'd

Achilles, terrible as fiery Mars,

Crest-tossing God, and brandish'd as he came

O'er his right shoulder high the Pelian spear. 155

Like lightning, or like flame, or like the sun

Ascending beam'd his armour. At that sight

Trembled the Trojan Chief, nor dared expect

His nearer step, but flying left the gates

Far distant, and Achilles swift pursued. 160

As in the mountains, fleetest fowl of air,

The hawk darts eager at the dove; she scuds

Aflant, he, screaming, springs and springs again

To seize her, all impatient for the prey,

So flew Achilles constant to the track 165

Of Hector, who with dreadful haste beneath

* The repetition follows the Original, and the Scholiast is of opinion that Homer uses it here that he may express more emphatically the length to which such conferences are apt to proceed.—*Δια την πολυλογίαν τη ἀναληψει ἔχρησαστο.*

The Trojan bulwarks plied his agile limbs.
 Passing the prospect-mount where high in air
 The * wild-fig waved, they rush'd along the road,
 Declining never from the wall of Troy. 170
 And now they reach'd the running riv'lets clear,
 Where from Scamander's dizzy flood arise
 Two fountains, tepid one, from which a smoke
 Issues voluminous as from a fire,
 The other, ev'n in summer heats, like hail 175
 For cold, or snow, or chrystal-stream frost-bound.
 Beside them may be seen the broad canals
 Of marble scoop'd, in which the wives of Troy
 And all her daughters fair were wont to lave
 Their costly raiment, while the land had rest, 180
 And ere the warlike sons of Greece arrived.
 By these they ran, one fleeing, one in chase.
 Valiant was he who fled, but valiant far
 Beyond him He who urged the swift pursuit ;
 Nor ran they for a vulgar prize, a beast 185
 For sacrifice, or for the hide of such,
 The swift foot-racer's customary meed,
 But for the noble Hector's life they ran.
 As when two steeds, oft conquerors, trim the goal
 For some illustrious prize, a tripod bright 190
 Or beauteous virgin, at a fun'ral game,
 So they with nimble feet the city thrice
 Of Priam compass'd. All the Gods look'd on,
 And thus the Sire of Gods and men began.

* It grew near to the tomb of Ilus.

Ah—I behold a warrior dear to me 195

Around the walls of Ilium driv'n, and grieve

For Hector, who the thighs of fatted bulls

On yonder heights of Ida many-valed

Burn'd oft to me, and in the heights of Troy.

But Him Achilles, glorious Chief, around 200

The city-walls of Priam now pursues.

Consider this, ye Gods! weigh the event.

Shall we from death save Hector, or, at length,

Leave him, although in battle high-renown'd,

To perish by the might of Peleus' son? 205

Whom answer'd thus Pallas cærulean-eyed.

Dread Sov'reign of the forms! what hast thou said?

Would'st thou deliver from the stroke of fate

A mortal man death-destin'd from of old?

Do it; but small thy praise shall be in heav'n. 210

Then answer thus cloud-gath'rer Jove return'd.

Fear not, Tritonia, daughter dear! that word

Spake not my purpose; me thou shalt perceive

Always to thee indulgent. What thou wilt

That execute, and use thou no delay. 215

So roused he Pallas of herself prepared,

And from the heights Olympian down she flew.

With unremitting speed Achilles still

Urged Hector. As among the mountain-heights

The hound pursues, roused newly from her lair 220

The flying fawn through many a vale and grove;

And though she trembling skulk the shrubs beneath,

Tracks her continual, 'till he find the prey,

So 'scaped not Hector, Peleus' rapid son.

Oft as toward the Dardan gates he sprang 225
 Direct, and to the bulwarks firm of Troy,
 Hoping some aid by volleys from the wall,
 So oft, outstripping him, Achilles thence
 Enforced him to the field, who, as he might,
 Still ever stretch'd toward the walls again. 230
 * As, in a dream, pursuit hesitates oft,
 This hath no pow'r to fly, that to pursue,
 So these—One fled, and one pursued in vain.
 How, then, had Hector his impending fate
 Eluded, had not Phœbus, at his last, 235
 Last effort meeting him, his strength restored,
 And wing'd for flight his agile limbs anew?
 The son of Peleus, as he ran, his brows
 Shaking, forbade the people to dismiss
 A dart at Hector, lest a meaner hand 240
 Piercing him, should usurp the foremost praise.
 But when the fourth time to those rivulets
 They came, then lifting high his golden scales,
 Two lots the everlasting Father placed
 Within them, for Achilles one, and one 245
 For Hector, balancing the doom of both.
 Grasping it in the midst, he rais'd the beam.
 Down went the fatal day of Hector, down
 To Ades, and Apollo left his side.
 Then blue-eyed Pallas hastening to the son 250
 Of Peleus, in wing'd accents him address'd.

* The numbers in the original are so constructed as to express the painful struggle that characterizes such a dream.

Now, dear to Jove, Achilles famed in arms!
 I hope that, fierce in combat though he be,
 We shall, at last, slay Hector, and return
 Crown'd with great glory to the fleet of Greece. 255
 No fear of his deliv'rance now remains,
 Not even should the King of radiant shafts
 Apollo toil in supplication, roll'd
 * And roll'd again before the Thund'rer's feet.
 But stand, recover breath; myself, the while, 260
 Shall urge him to oppose thee face to face.

So Pallas spake, whom joyful he obey'd,
 And on his spear brass-pointed lean'd. But she,
 (Achilles left) to noble Hector pass'd,
 And in the form, and with the voice loud-toned 265
 Approaching of Deiphobus, his ear
 In accents, as of pity, thus address'd.

Ah brother! thou art overtask'd, around
 The walls of Troy by swift Achilles driv'n;
 But stand, that we may chase him in his turn. 270

To whom crest-tossing Hector huge replied.
 Deiphobus! of all my father's sons
 Brought forth by Hecuba, I ever loved
 Thee most, but more than ever love thee now,
 Who hast not fear'd, seeing me, for my sake 275
 To quit the town, where others rest content.

To whom the Goddess, thus, cærulean-eyed.
 Brother! our parents with much earnest suit
 Clasping my knees, and all my friends implored me
 To stay in Troy (such fear hath seized on all) 280

* προπροκλινδόμενος.

But grief for thee prey'd on my inmost soul.

Come—fight we bravely—spare we now our spears

No longer; now for proof if Peleus' son

Slaying us both, shall bear into the fleet

Our arms gore-stain'd, or perish slain by thee. 285

So saying, the wily Goddess led the way.

They soon, approaching each the other, stood

Opposite, and huge Hector thus began.

Pelides! I will fly thee now no more.

Thrice I have compass'd Priam's spacious walls 290

A fugitive, and have not dared abide

Thy onset, but my heart now bids me stand

Dauntless, and I will slay, or will be slain.

But come. We will attest the Gods; for they

Are fittest both to witness and to guard 295

Our covenant. If Jove to me vouchsafe

The hard-earn'd vict'ry, and to take thy life,

I will not with dishonour foul insult

Thy body, but, thine armour stripp'd, will give

Thee to thy friends, as thou shalt me to mine. 300

To whom Achilles, louring dark, replied.

Hector! my bitterest foe! speak not to me

Of covenants; as concord can be none

Lions and men between, nor wolves and lambs

Can be unanimous, but hate perforce 305

Each other by a law not to be changed,

So cannot amity subsist between

Thee and myself; nor league make I with thee

Or compact, till thy blood in battle shed

Or mine, shall gratify the fiery Mars. 310

Rouse all thy virtue; thou hast utmost need
 Of valour now, and of address in arms.
 Escape me more thou canst not; Pallas' hand
 By mine subdues thee; now will I avenge
 At once the agonies of ev'ry Greek 315
 In thy unsparing fury slain by thee.

He said, and, brandishing the Pelian ash,
 Dismiss'd it; but illustrious Hector warn'd,
 Couch'd low, and, overflying him, it pierced
 The foil beyond, whence Pallas plucking it 320
 Unseen, restor'd it to Achilles' hand,
 And Hector to his godlike foe replied.

Godlike Achilles! thou hast err'd, nor know'st
 At all my doom from Jove, as thou pretend'st,
 But seek'st, by subtlety and wind of words, 325
 All empty sounds, to rob me of my might.
 Yet stand I firm. Think not to pierce my back.
 Behold my bosom! if the Gods permit,
 Meet me advancing, and transpierce me there.
 Meantime avoid my glitt'ring spear, but oh 330
 May'st thou receive it all! since lighter far
 To Ilium should the toils of battle prove,
 Wert thou once slain, the fiercest of her foes.

He said, and hurling his long spear with aim
 Unerring, smote the centre of the shield 335
 Of Peleus' son, but his spear glanced away.
 He, angry to have sent it forth in vain,
 (For he had other none) with eyes downcast
 Stood motionless awhile, then with loud voice
 Sought from Deiphobus, white-shielded Chief, 340

A second; but Deiphobus was gone.

Then Hector understood his doom, and said.

Ah, it is plain; this is mine hour to die.

I thought Deiphobus at hand, but me

Pallas beguiled, and he is still in Troy.

345

A bitter death threatens me, it is nigh,

And there is no escape; Jove, and Jove's son

Apollo, from the first, although awhile

My prompt deliv'ers, chose this lot for me,

And now it finds me. But I will not fall

350

Inglorious; I will act some great exploit

That shall be celebrated ages hence.

So saying, his keen faulchion from his side

He drew, well-temper'd, ponderous, and rush'd

At once to combat. As the eagle darts

355

Right downward through a fullen cloud to seize

Weak lamb or tim'rous hare, so, brandishing

His splendid faulchion, Hector rush'd to fight.

Achilles, opposite, with fellest ire

Full-fraught came on; his shield with various art

360

Celestial form'd, o'erspread his ample chest,

And on his radiant casque terrific waved

The bushy gold of his resplendent crest,

By Vulcan spun, and pour'd profuse around.

Bright as, among the stars, the star of all

365

Most radiant, Hesperus, at midnight moves,

So, in the right-hand of Achilles beam'd

His brandish'd spear, while, meditating woe

To Hector, he explored his noble form,

Seeking where he was vulnerable most.

370

But

But ev'ry part, his dazzling armour torn
 From brave Patroclus' body, well secured,
 Save where the circling key-bone from the neck
 Disjoins the shoulder; there his throat appear'd,
 Whence injured life with swiftest flight escapes; 375
 Achilles, plunging in that part his spear,
 Impell'd it through the yielding flesh beyond.
 The ashen beam his pow'r of utterance left
 Still unimpair'd, but in the dust he fell,
 And the exulting conqueror exclaim'd. 380

But Hector! thou hadst once far other hopes,
 And, stripping slain Patroclus, thought'st thee safe,
 Nor car'dst for absent me. Fond dream and vain!
 I was not distant far; in yonder fleet
 He left one able to avenge his death, 385
 And he hath slain thee. Thee the dogs shall rend
 Dishonorably, and the fowls of air,
 But all Achaia's host shall him entomb.

To whom the Trojan Chief languid replied.
 By thy own life, by theirs who gave thee birth, 390
 And by thy * knees, oh let not Grecian dogs
 Rend and devour me, but in gold accept
 And brass a ransom at my father's hands,
 And at my mother's, an illustrious price;
 Send home my body, grant me burial rites 395
 Among the daughters and the sons of Troy.

To whom with aspect stern Achilles thus.
 Dog! neither knees nor parents name to me.

* The knees of the conqueror were a kind of sanctuary to which the vanquished fled for refuge.

I would my fierceness of revenge were such,
 That I could carve and eat thee, to whose arms 400
 Such griefs I owe; so true it is and sure,
 That none shall save thy carcase from the dogs.
 No, trust me, would thy parents bring me weigh'd
 Ten—twenty ransoms, and engage on oath
 To add still more; would thy Dardanian Sire 405
 Priam, redeem thee with thy weight in gold,
 Not even at that price would I consent
 That she who bare should place thee on thy bier
 With lamentation; dogs and rav'ning fowls
 Shall rend thy body while a scrap remains. 410

Then, dying, warlike Hector thus replied.
 Full well I knew before, how fuit of mine
 Should speed prefer'd to thee. Thy heart is steel.
 But oh, while yet thou liv'st, think, lest the Gods
 Requite thee on that day, when pierced thyself 415
 By Paris and Apollo, thou shalt fall,
 Brave as thou art, before the Scæan gate.

He ceas'd, and death involved him dark around.
 His spirit from his limbs dismiss'd the house
 Of Ades sought, mourning in her descent 420
 Youth's prime and vigour lost, disastrous doom!
 But Him though dead, Achilles thus bespake.

Die thou. My death shall find me at what hour
 Jove gives commandment, and the Gods above.

He spake, and from the dead drawing away 425
 His brazen spear, placed it apart, then stripp'd
 His arms gore-stain'd. Meantime the other sons
 Of the Achaians, gath'ring fast around,

The

The bulk admired, and the proportion just
 Of Hector, neither stood a Grecian there 430
 Who pierced him not, and thus the foldier spake.

Ye Gods ! how far more patient of the touch
 Is Hector now, than when he fired the fleet !

Thus would they speak, then give him each a stab.
 And now, the body stripp'd, their noble Chief 435
 The swift Achilles standing in the midst,
 The Grecians in wing'd accents thus address'd.

Friends, Chiefs and Senators of Argos' host !
 Since, by the will of heav'n, this man is slain
 Who harm'd us more than all our foes beside, 440
 Effay we next the city, so to learn

The Trojan purpose, whether (Hector slain)
 They will forsake the citadel, or still
 Defend it, even though of Him deprived.
 But wherefore speak I thus ? still undeplored, 445
 Unburied in my fleet Patroclus lies ;

Him never, while, alive myself, I mix
 With living men and move, will I forget.
 In Ades, haply, they forget the dead,
 Yet will not I Patroclus, even there. 450

Now chaunting pæans, ye Achaian youths !
 Return we to the fleet with this our prize ;
 * We have atchieved great glory, we have slain
 Illustrious Hector, him whom Ilium prais'd
 In all her gates, and as a God revered. 455

* The lines of which these three are a translation, are supposed by some to have been designed for the *Επιμνιον*, or song of victory sung by the whole army.

He did; then purposing dishonour foul
 To noble Hector, both his feet he bored
 From heel to ankle, and, inserting thongs,
 Them tied behind his chariot, but his head
 Left unsustain'd to trail along the ground. 460

Ascending next, the armour at his side
 He placed, then lash'd the steeds; they willing flew.
 Thick dust around the body dragg'd arose,
 His sable locks all swept the plain, and all
 His head, so graceful once, now track'd the dust, 465
 For Jove had giv'n it into hostile hands

That they might shame it in his native soil.
 Thus, whelm'd in dust, it went. The mother Queen
 Her son beholding, pluck'd her hair away,
 Cast far aside her lucid veil, and fill'd 470

With shrieks the air. His father wept aloud,
 And, all around, long long complaints were heard
 And lamentations in the streets of Troy,
 Not fewer or less piercing, than if flames
 Had wrapt all Ilium to her topmost tow'rs. 475

His people scarce detain'd the antient King
 Grief-strung, and resolute to issue forth
 Through the Dardanian gates; to all he kneel'd
 In turn, then roll'd himself in dust, and each
 By name solicited to give him way. 480

Stand off, my fellow mourners! I would pass
 The gates, would seek, alone, the Grecian fleet.
 I go to supplicate the bloody man,
 Yon ravager; he may respect, perchance,
 My years, may feel some pity of my age; 485

For

For, such as I am, his own father is,
 Peleus, who rear'd him for a curse to Troy,
 But chiefly rear'd him to myself a curse,
 So num'rous have my sons in prime of youth
 Fall'n by his hand, all whom I less deplore 490
 (Though mourning all) than one; my agonies
 For Hector, soon shall send me to the shades.

Oh had he but within these arms expired,
 The hapless Queen who bore him, and myself
 Had wept him, then, 'till sorrow could no more! 495

So spake he weeping, and the citizens
 All sigh'd around; next, Hecuba began
 Amid the women, thus, her sad complaint.

Ah wherefore, oh my son! wretch that I am,
 Breathe I forlorn of thee? Thou, night and day, 500
 My glory wast in Ilium, thee her sons
 And daughters, both, hail'd as their guardian God,
 Conscious of benefits from thee received,
 Whose life prolong'd should have advanced them all
 To high renown. Vain boast! thou art no more. 505

So mourn'd the Queen. But fair Andromache
 Nought yet had heard, nor knew by sure report
 Hector's delay without the city-gates.

She in a closet of her palace sat,
 A twofold web weaving magnificent, 510

With sprinkled flow'rs inwrought of various hues,
 And to her maidens had commandment giv'n
 Through all her house, that compassing with fire
 An ample tripod, they should warm a bath
 For noble Hector from the fight return'd. 515

Tendernefs

Tenderness ill-inform'd! she little knew
 That in the field, from such refreshments far,
 Pallas had slain him by Achilles' hand.
 She heard a cry of sorrow from the tow'r;
 Her limbs shook under her, her shuttle fell, 520
 And to her bright-hair'd train, alarm'd, she cried.

Attend me two of you, that I may learn
 What hath befallen. I have heard the voice
 Of the Queen-mother, my rebounding heart
 Choaks me, and I seem fetter'd by a frost. 525
 Some mischief, sure, o'er Priam's sons impends.
 Far be such tidings from me! but I fear
 Horribly, lest Achilles, cutting off
 My dauntless Hector from the gates alone,
 Enforce him to the field, and quell perhaps 530
 The might, this moment, of that dreadful arm
 His hindrance long; for Hector ne'er was wont
 To seek his safety in the ranks, but flew
 First into battle, yielding place to none.

So saying, she rush'd with palpitating heart 535
 And frantic air abroad, by her two maids
 Attended; soon arriving at the tow'r,
 And at the throng of men, awhile she stood,
 Down looking wistful from the city-wall,
 And, seeing him in front of Ilium, dragg'd 540
 So horribly toward the fleet of Greece,
 O'erwhelm'd with sudden darkness at the view
 Fell backward, with a sigh heard all around.
 Far distant flew dispersed her head-attire,
 Swift, frontlet, diadem, and ev'n the veil 545

By

By golden Venus giv'n her on the day
 When Hector led her from Eëtion's house
 Enrich'd with nuptial presents to his home.
 Around her throng'd her sisters of the house
 Of Priam, num'rous, who within their arms 550
 Fast held her * loathing life; but she, her breath
 At length and sense recov'ring, her complaint
 Broken with sighs amid them thus began.

Hector! I am undone; we both were born
 To mis'ry, thou in Priam's house in Troy, 555
 And I in Hypoplacian Thebes wood-crown'd
 Beneath Eëtion's roof. He, doom'd himself
 To sorrow, me more sorrowfully doom'd,
 Sustain'd in helpless infancy, whom oh
 That he had ne'er begotten! thou descend'ft 560
 To Pluto's subterraneous dwelling drear,
 Leaving myself destitute, and thy boy,
 Fruit of our hapless loves, an infant yet,
 Never to be hereafter thy delight,
 Nor love of thine to share or kindness more. 565
 For should he safe survive this cruel war
 With the Achaians, penury and toil
 Must be his lot, since strangers will remove
 At will his landmarks, and possess his fields.
 Thee lost, he loses all, of father, both, 570
 And equal playmate in one day deprived,
 To sad looks doom'd, and never-ceasing tears.

* It is an observation of the Scholiast, that two more affecting spectacles cannot be imagined, than Priam struggling to escape into the field, and Andromache to cast herself from the wall; for so he understands ἀποζωόντι ἀποπέσει.

He seeks, necessitous, his father's friends,
 One by his mantle pulls, one by his vest,
 Whose utmost pity yields to his parch'd lips, 575
 A thirst-provoking drop, and grudges more;
 Some happier child, as yet untaught to mourn
 A parent's loss, shoves rudely from the board
 My son, and, smiting him, reproachful cries—
 Away—Thy father is no guest of ours— 580
 Then, weeping, to his widow'd mother comes
 Aftyanax, who on his father's lap
 Ate marrow only, once, and fat of lambs,
 And when sleep took him, and his crying fit
 Had ceas'd, slept ever on the softest bed, 585
 Warm in his nurse's arms, fed to his fill
 With delicacies, and his heart at rest.
 But now, Aftyanax (so named in Troy
 For thy sake, guardian of her gates and tow'rs)
 His father lost, must many a pang endure. 590
 And as for thee, cast naked forth among
 Yon galleys, where no parent's eye of thine
 Shall find thee, when the dogs have torn thee once
 'Till they are fated, worms shall eat thee next.
 Meantime, thy graceful raiment rich, prepared 595
 By our own maidens, in thy palace lies;
 But I will burn it, burn it all, because
 Useless to thee, who never, so adorn'd,
 Shalt slumber more; yet ev'ry eye in Troy
 Shall see, how glorious once was thy attire. 600
 So, weeping, she; to whom the multitude
 Of Trojan dames responsive sigh'd around.

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

T W E N T Y - T H I R D B O O K.

The body of Patroclus is burned, and the funeral games ensue.

B O O K XXIII.

SUCH mourning was in Troy; meantime the Greeks
Their galleys and the shores of Hellespont
Regaining, each to his own ship retired.

But not the Myrmidons; Achilles them
Close rank'd in martial order still detain'd, 5
And thus his fellow-warriors brave address'd.

Ye swift-horsed Myrmidons, associates dear!
Release not from your chariots yet your steeds
Firm-hoof'd, but, steeds and chariots driving near,
Bewail Patroclus, as the rites demand 10
Of burial; then, satiate with grief and tears,
We will release our steeds, and take repast.

He ended, and, himself leading the way,
His num'rous band all mourn'd at once the dead.
Around the body thrice their glossy steeds, 15
Mourning, they drove, while Thetis in their hearts
The thirst of sorrow kindled; they with tears
The sands bedew'd, with tears their radiant arms,
Such deep regret of one so brave they felt.

Then, placing on the bosom of his friend 20
 His homicidal hands, Achilles thus
 The shade of his Patroclus, sad, bespake.

Hail, oh Patroclus, ev'n in Ades hail!
 For I will now accomplish to the full
 My promise pledged to thee, that I would give 25
 Hector dragg'd hither to be torn by dogs
 Piecemeal, and would before thy fun'ral pile
 The necks differ of twelve Trojan youths
 Of noblest rank, resentful of thy death.

He said, and meditating foul disgrace 30
 To noble Hector, stretch'd him prone in dust
 Beside the bier of Menœtiades.

Then all the Myrmidons their radiant arms
 Put off, and their shrill-neighing steeds releas'd.
 A num'rous band beside the bark they sat 35
 Of swift Æacides, who furnish'd forth
 Himself a feast funereal for them all.

Many a white ox under the ruthless steel
 Lay bleeding, many a sheep and blatant goat,
 With many a faginated boar bright-tusk'd, 40
 Amid fierce flames Vulcanian stretch'd to roast.
 Copious the blood ran all around the dead.

And now the Kings of Greece conducted thence
 To Agamemnon's tent the royal son
 Of Peleus, loth to go, and won at last 45
 With difficulty, such his anger was,
 And deep resentment of his slaughter'd friend.
 Soon then as Agamemnon's tent they reach'd,
 The Sov'reign bade his heralds kindle fire

Around

Around an ample vase, with purpose kind 50
 Moving Achilles from his limbs to cleanse
 The stains of battle; but he firm refused
 That suit, and bound refusal with an oath—

No; by the Highest and the best of all,
 By Jove I will not. Never may it be 55

That brazen bath approach this head of mine,
 'Till I shall first Patroclus' body give
 To his last fires, 'till I shall pile his tomb,
 And sheer my locks in honour of my friend;
 For, like to this, no second woe shall ere 60

My heart invade, while vital breath I draw.
 But, all unwelcome as it is, repast

Now calls us. Agamemnon, King of men!
 Give thou command that at the dawn they bring
 Wood hither, such large portion as beseems 65
 The dead, descending to the shades, to share,
 That hungry flames consuming out of sight
 His body soon, the host may war again.

He spake; they, hearing, readily obey'd.
 Then, each his food preparing with dispatch, 70

They ate, nor wanted any of the guests
 Due portion, and, their appetite sufficed
 To food and wine, all to their tents repair'd
 Seeking repose; but on the sands beside

The billowy deep Achilles groaning lay 75
 Amidst his Myrmidons, where space he found
 With blood unstain'd beside the dashing wave.

There, soon as sleep, deliv'rer of the mind,
 Wrapp'd him around (for much his noble limbs

With chase of Hector round the battlements 80
 Of wind-swept Ilium wearied were and spent)
 The soul came to him of his hapless friend,
 In bulk resembling, in expressive eyes
 And voice Patroclus, and so clad as he.
 Him, hovering o'er his head, the form address'd. 85
 Sleep'st thou, Achilles! of thy friend become
 Heedless? Him living, thou didst not neglect
 Whom thou neglectest dead. Give me a tomb
 Instant, that I may pass the infernal gates.
 For now, the shades and spirits of the dead 90
 Drive me afar, denying me my wish
 To mingle with them on the farther shore,
 And in wide-portal'd Ades sole I roam.
 Give me thine hand, I pray thee, for the earth
 I visit never more, once burnt with fire; 95
 We never shall again close council hold
 As we were wont, for me my fate severe,
 Mine even from my birth, hath deep absorb'd.
 And oh Achilles, semblance of the Gods!
 Thou too predestin'd art beneath the wall 100
 To perish of the high-born Trojan race.
 But hear my last injunction! ah, my friend!
 My bones sepulchre not from thine apart,
 But as, together we were nourish'd both
 Beneath thy roof, (what time from Opoëis 105
 Menœtius led me to thy father's house,
 Although a child, yet fugitive for blood,
 Which, in a quarrel at the dice, I spilt,
 Killing my playmate by a casual blow,

The offspring of Amphidamas, when, like
 A father, Peleus with all tendernefs
 Received and cherish'd me, and call'd me thine)
 So, let one vafe inclofe, at laft, our bones,
 The golden vafe, thy Goddefs mother's gift.

To whom Achilles, matchlefs in the race. 115
 Ah, lov'd and honour'd ! wherefore haft thou come ?
 Why thus enjoind me ? I will all perform
 With diligence that thou haft now defired.
 But nearer ftand, that we may mutual clasp
 Each other, though but with a fhort embrace, 120
 And fad fatiety of grief enjoy.

He faid, and ftretch'd his arms toward the fhade,
 But him feized not ; fhriU-clamouring and light
 As fmoke, the fpirit pafs'd into the earth.
 Amazed, upfprang Achilles, clafh'd aloud 125
 His palms together, and thus, fad, exclaim'd.

Ah then, ye Gods ! there doubtlefs are below
 The foul and femblance both, but empty forms ;
 For all night long, mourning, difconfolate,
 The foul of my Patroclus, haplefs friend ! 130
 Hath hover'd o'er me, giving me in charge
 His laft requests, juft image of himfelf.

So faying, he call'd anew their forrow forth,
 And rofy-palm'd Aurora found them all
 Mourning afrefh the pitiable dead. 135
 Then royal Agamemnon call'd abroad
 Mules and mule-drivers from the tents in hafte
 To gather wood. Uprofe a valiant man,
 Friend of the virtuous Chief Idomeneus,

Meriones, who led them to the task. 140
 They, bearing each in hand his sharpen'd ax
 And twisted cord, thence journey'd forth, the mules
 Driving before them; much uneven space
 They measur'd, hill and dale, right onward now,
 And now circuitous; but at the groves 145
 Arrived, at length, of Ida fountain-fed,
 Their keen-edg'd axes to the tow'ring oaks
 Dispatchful they applied; down fell the trees
 With crash sonorous. Splitting, next, the trunks,
 They bound them on the mules; they, with firm hoofs
 The hill-side stamping, through the thickets rush'd, 151
 Desirous of the plain. Each man his log
 (For so the armour-bearer of the King
 Of Crete, Meriones, had them enjoin'd)
 Bore after them, and each his burthen cast 155
 Down on the beach regular, where a tomb
 Of ample size Achilles for his friend
 Patroclus had, and for himself, design'd.
 Much fuel thrown together, side by side
 There down they sat, and his command at once 160
 Achilles issued to his warriors bold,
 That all should gird their armour, and the steeds
 Join to their chariots; undelaying each
 Complied, and in bright arms stood soon array'd.
 Then mounted combatants and charioteers. 165
 First, moved the chariots, next, the infantry
 Proceeded numerous, amid whom his friends,
 Bearing the body of Patroclus, went.
 They polled their heads, and cover'd him with hair

Show'rd

Show'r'd over all his body, while behind
 Noble Achilles march'd the Hero's head
 Sustaining sorrowful, for to the realms
 Of Ades a distinguish'd friend he sent. 170

And now, arriving on the ground erewhile
 Mark'd by Achilles, setting down the dead, 175
 They heap'd the fuel quick, a lofty pile.
 But Peleus' son, on other thoughts intent,
 Retiring from the fun'ral pile, shone off
 His amber ringlets, whose exub'rant growth
 Sacred to Sperchius he had kept unshorn, 180
 And looking o'er the gloomy Deep, he said.

Sperchius! in vain Peleus my father vow'd
 That, hence returning to my native land,
 These ringlets shorn I should present to thee
 With a whole hecatomb, and should, beside, 185
 Rams offer fifty at thy fountain head
 In thy own field, at thy own fragrant shrine.
 So vow'd the hoary Chief, whose wishes thou
 Leav'st unperform'd. Since, therefore, never more
 I see my native home, the Hero these 190
 Patroclus takes down with him to the shades.

He said, and filling with his hair the hand
 Of his dead friend, the sorrows of his train
 Waken'd afresh. And now the lamp of day
 * West'ring apace, had left them still in tears, 195
 Had not Achilles suddenly address'd
 King Agamemnon, standing at his side.

* West'ring wheel. MILTON.

Atrides! (for Achaia's sons thy word
 Will readiest execute) we may with grief
 Sate ourselves hereafter; but, the host 200
 Dispersing from the pile, now give command
 That they prepare repast; * ourselves, to whom
 These labours in peculiar appertain
 Will finish them; but bid the Chiefs abide.

Which when imperial Agamemnon heard, 205
 He scatter'd instant to their sev'ral ships
 The people; but the burial-dressers thence
 Went not; they, still abiding, heap'd the pile.
 An hundred feet of breadth from side to side
 They gave to it, and on the summit placed 210
 With sorrowing hearts the body of the dead.
 Many a fat sheep, with many an ox full-horn'd
 They flay'd before the pile, busy their task
 Administring, and Peleus' son the fat
 Taking from ev'ry victim, overspread 215
 Complete the body with it of his friend
 Patroclus, and the flay'd beasts heap'd around.
 Then, placing flagons on the pile, replete
 With oil and honey, he inclined their mouths
 Toward the bier, and flew and added, next, 220
 Deep-groaning and in haste, four martial steeds.
 Nine dogs the Hero at his table fed,
 Of which beheading two, their carcases
 He added also. Last, twelve gallant sons
 Of noble Trojans flaying, (for his heart 225
 Teen'd with great vengeance) he applied the force

* Himself and the Myrmidons.

Of hungry flames that should devour the whole,
Then, mourning loud, by name his friend invoked.

Rejoice, Patroclus! even in the shades.

Behold my promise to thee all fulfill'd! 230

Twelve gallant sons of Trojans fam'd in arms,
Together with thyself, are all become
Food for these fires; but fire shall never feed
On Hector; him I destine to the dogs.

So threaten'd he; but Him no dogs devour'd; 235

Them, day and night, Jove's daughter Venus chafed
Afar, and smooth'd the Hero o'er with oils
Of rosy scent ambrosial, left his corse,
Behind Achilles' chariot dragg'd along
So rudely, should be torn, and Phœbus hung 240
A veil of fable clouds from heav'n to earth,
O'ershadowing broad the space where Hector lay,
Left parching suns intense should stiffen him.

But the pile kindled not. Then, Peleus' son
Seeking a place apart, two winds in pray'r 245

Boreas invoked and Zephyrus, to each
Vowing large sacrifice. With earnest suit
(Libation pouring from a golden cup)
Their coming he implored, that so the flames
Kindling, incontinent might burn the dead. 250

Iris, his supplications hearing, swift
Convey'd them to the winds; they, in the hall
Banqueting of the heavy-blowing West,
Sat frequent. Iris, sudden at the gate
Appear'd; they, at the sight upstarting all, 255
Invited each the Goddess to himself.

But she refused a feat and thus she spake.

I fit not here. Borne over Ocean's stream
 Again, to Æthiopia's land I go
 Where hecatombs are offer'd to the Gods, 260
 Which, with the rest, I also wish to share.
 But Peleus' son, earnest, the aid implores
 Of Boreas and of Zephyrus the loud,
 Vowing large sacrifice if ye will fan
 Briskly the pile on which Patroclus lies 265
 By all Achaia's warriors deep deplored.

She said, and went. Then suddenly arose
 The winds, and, roaring, swept the clouds along.
 First, on the sea they blew; big rose the waves
 Beneath the blast. At fruitful Troy arrived 270
 Vehement on the pile they fell, and dread
 On all sides soon a crackling blaze ensued.
 All night, together blowing shrill, they drove
 The sheeted flames wide from the fun'ral pile,
 And all night long, a goblet in his hand 275
 From golden beakers fill'd, Achilles stood
 With large libations foaking deep the soil,
 And calling on the spirit of his friend.
 As some fond father mourns, burning the bones
 Of his own son, who, dying on the eve 280
 Of his glad nuptials, hath his parents left
 O'erwhelm'd with inconsolable distress,
 So mourn'd Achilles, his companions' bones
 Burning, and pacing to and fro the field
 Beside the pile with many a sigh profound. 285
 But when the star, day's harbinger, arose,

Soon

Soon after whom, in saffron vest attired
 The morn her beams diffuses o'er the sea,
 The pile, then wasted, ceased to flame, and then
 Back flew the winds over the Thracian deep 290
 Rolling the flood before them as they pass'd.
 And now Pelides lying down apart
 From the funereal pile, slept, but not long,
 Though weary; waken'd by the stir and din
 Of Agamemnon's train. He sat erect, 295
 And thus the leaders of the host address'd.

Atrides, and ye potentates who rule
 The whole Achaian host! first quench the pile
 Throughout with gen'rous wine, where'er the fire
 Hath seized it. We will then the bones collect 300
 Of Menœtiades, which shall with ease
 Be known, though many bones lie scatter'd near,
 Since in the middle pile Patroclus lay,
 But wide apart and on its verge we burn'd
 The steeds and Trojans, a promiscuous heap. 305
 Them so collected in a golden vase
 We will dispose, lined with a double caul,
 'Till I shall, also, to my home below.
 I wish not now a tomb of amplest bounds
 But such as may suffice, which yet in height 310
 The Grecians and in breadth shall much augment
 Hereafter, who, survivors of my fate,
 Shall still remain in the Achaian fleet.

So spake Pelides, and the Chiefs complied.
 Where'er the pile had blazed, with gen'rous wine 315
 They quench'd it, and the hills of ashes sank.

Then,

Then, weeping, to a golden vase, with lard
 Twice lined, they gave their gentle comrade's bones
 Fire-bleach'd, and lodging safely in his tent
 The relics, overspread them with a veil. 320
 Designing, next, the compass of the tomb
 They mark'd its boundary with stones, then fill'd
 The wide enclosure hastily with earth,
 And, having heap'd it to its height, return'd.
 But all the people, by Achilles still 325
 Detain'd, there sitting, form'd a spacious ring,
 And he the destined prizes from his fleet
 Produced, capacious cauldrons, tripods bright,
 Steeds, mules, tall oxen, women at the breast
 Close-cinctur'd elegant, and *unwrought iron. 330
 First, to the chariot-drivers he propos'd
 A noble prize; a beauteous maiden vers'd
 In arts domestic, with a tripod ear'd,
 Of twenty and two measures. These he made
 The conquerors meed. The second should a mare 335
 Obtain, unbroken yet, six years her age,
 Pregnant, and bearing in her womb a mule.
 A cauldron of four measures, never smirch'd
 By smoke or flame, but fresh as from the forge
 The third awaited; to the fourth he gave 340
 Two golden talents, and, unfullied yet
 By use, a twin-ear'd † phial to the fifth.
 He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.

* Such it appears to have been in the sequel.

† Φ.άλλε—a vessel, as Athenæus describes it, made for the purpose of warming water. It was formed of brass, and expanded somewhat in the shape of a broad leaf.

Atrides, and ye Chiefs of all the host!
 These prizes, in the circus placed, attend 345
 The charioteers. Held we the present games
 In honour of some other Grecian dead,
 I would myself bear hence the foremost prize;
 For ye are all witnesses well-inform'd
 Of the superior virtue of my steeds. 350
 They are immortal; Neptune on my fire
 Peleus conferr'd them, and my fire on me.
 But neither I this contest share myself,
 Nor shall my steeds; for they would miss the force
 And guidance of a charioteer so kind 355
 As they have lost, who many a time hath cleansed
 Their manes with water of the chrystal brook,
 And made them sleek, himself, with limpid oil.
 Him, therefore, mourning, motionless they stand
 With hair dishevell'd, streaming to the ground. 360
 But ye, whoever of the host profess
 Superior skill, and glory in your steeds
 And well-built chariots, for the strife prepare!
 So spake Pelides, and the charioteers,
 For speed renown'd, arose. Long ere the rest 365
 Eumelus, King of men, Admetus' son
 Arose, accomplish'd in equestrian arts.
 Next, Tydeus' son, brave Diomedes, arose;
 He yoked the Trojan coursers by himself
 In battle from Æneas won, what time 370
 Apollo fav'd their master. Third, upstood
 The son of Atreus with the golden locks,
 Who to his chariot Agamemnon's mare

Swift Æthe and his own Podargus join'd.
 Her Echepolus from Anchises sprung 375
 To Agamemnon gave; she was the price
 At which he purchased leave to dwell at home
 Excused attendance on the King at Troy,
 For, by the gift of Jove, he had acquired
 Great riches, and in wide-spread Sicyon dwelt. 380
 Her wing'd with ardour, Menelaus yoked.
 Antilochus, arising fourth, his steeds
 Bright-maned prepared, son of the valiant King
 Of Pylus, Nestor Neleïades.
 Of Pylian breed were they, and thus his fire, 385
 With kind intent approaching to his side,
 Advised him, of himself not uninform'd.
 Antilochus! Thou art, I know, belov'd
 By Jove and Neptune both, from whom, though young,
 Thou hast received knowledge of ev'ry art 390
 Equestrian, and hast little need to learn.
 Thou know'it already how to trim the goal
 With nicest skill, yet wond'rous flow of foot
 Thy courfers are, whence evil may ensue.
 But though their steeds be swifter, I account 395
 Thee wise, at least, as they. Now is the time
 For counsel, furnish now thy mind with all
 Precaution, that the prize escape thee not.
 The feller of huge trees by skill prevails
 More than by strength; by skill the pilot guides 400
 His flying bark rock'd by tempestuous winds,
 And more by skill than speed the race is won.
 But He who in his chariot and his steeds

Trusts only, wanders here and wanders there
 Unsteady, while his courfers loosely rein'd 405
 Roam wide the field; not so the charioteer
 Of sound intelligence; he though he drive
 Inferior steeds, looks ever to the goal
 Which close he clips, not ignorant to check
 His courfers at the first, but with tight rein 410
 Ruling his own, and watching those before.
 Now mark; I will describe so plain the goal
 That thou shalt know it surely. A dry stump
 Extant above the ground an ell in height
 Stands yonder; either oak it is, or pine 415
 More likely, which the weather least impairs.
 Two stones, both white, flank it on either hand.
 The way is narrow there, but smooth the course
 On both sides. It is either, as I think,
 A monument of one long since deceas'd, 420
 Or was, perchance, in antient days design'd,
 As now by Peleus' mighty son, a goal.
 That mark in view, thy steeds and chariot push
 Near to it as thou may'st; then, in thy feat
 Inclining gently to the left, prick smart 425
 Thy right-hand horse challenging him aloud,
 And give him rein; but let thy left-hand horse
 Bear on the goal so closely, that the nave
 * And felly of thy wheel may seem to meet.
 Yet fear to strike the stone, lest foul disgrace 430

* This could not happen unless the felly of the wheel were nearly horizontal to the eye of the spectator, in which case the chariot must be infallibly overturned.—There is an obscurity in the passage which none of the commentators explain. The Scholiast, as quoted by Clarke, attempts an explanation, but, I think, not successfully.

Of broken chariot and of crippled steeds
 Enfue, and thou become the public jest.
 My boy belov'd! use caution; for if once
 Thou turn the goal at speed, no man thenceforth
 Shall reach, or if he reach, shall pass thee by, 435
 Although Arion in thy rear he drove
 Adraftus' rapid horse of race divine,
 Or those, Troy's boast, bred by Laomedon.

So Nestor spake, inculcating with care
 On his son's mind these lessons in the art, 440
 And to his place retiring, sat again.

Meriones his courfers glossy-maned
 Made ready last. Then to his chariot-seat
 Each mounted, and the lots were thrown; himself
 Achilles shook them. First, forth leap'd the lot 445

Of Nestor's son Antilochus, after whom
 The King Eumelus took his destin'd place.
 The third was Menelaus spear-renown'd;
 Meriones the fourth; and last of all
 Bravest of all, heroic Diomedes 450

The son of Tydeus took his lot to drive.
 So ranged they stood; Achilles show'd the goal
 Far on the champain, nigh to which he placed
 The godlike Phœnix servant of his fire,
 To mark the race and make a true report. 455

All rais'd the lash at once, and with the reins
 At once all smote their steeds, urging them on
 Vociferous; they, sudden, left the fleet
 Far, far behind them, scouring swift the plain.
 Dark, like a stormy cloud, uprose the dust 460

Their

Their chests beneath, and scatter'd in the wind
 Their manes all floated; now the chariots swept
 The low declivity unseen, and now
 Emerging started into view; erect
 The drivers stood; emulous, ev'ry heart 465
 Beat double; each encouraged loud his steeds;
 They, flying, fill'd with dust the darken'd air.
 But when returning to the hoary deep
 They ran their last career, then each display'd
 Brightest his charioteership, and the race 470
 Lay stretch'd, at once, into its utmost speed.
 Then, soon the mares of *Pheretiades
 Pass'd all, but Diomede behind him came,
 Borne by his unemasculated steeds
 Of Trojan pedigree; they not remote, 475
 But close pursued him; and at ev'ry pace
 Seem'd ent'ring, both, the chariot at their head;
 For blowing warm into Eumelus' neck
 Behind, and on his shoulders broad, they went,
 And their chins rested on him as they flew. 480
 Then had Tydides pass'd him, or had made
 Decision dubious, but Apollo struck,
 † Resentful, from his hand the glitt'ring scourge.
 Fast roll'd the tears indignant down his cheeks,
 For he beheld the mares with double speed 485
 Flying, and, of the spur deprived, his own
 Retarded steeds continual thrown behind.
 But not unnoticed by Minerva pass'd

* Eumelus.
fifth book.

† Resentful of the attack made on him by Diomede in the

The art by Phœbus practis'd to impede
 The son of Tydeus, whom with winged haste 490
 Following, she gave to him his scourge again,
 And with new force his lagging steeds inspired.
 Eumelus, next, the angry Goddess, swift
 Pursuing, snapt his yoke; wide flew the mares
 Afunder, and the pole fell to the ground. 495
 Himself, roll'd from his seat, fast by the wheel
 With lacerated elbows, nostrils, mouth,
 And batter'd brows lay prone; sorrow his eyes
 Deluged, and disappointment choak'd his voice.
 Then, far outstripping all, Tydides push'd 500
 His steeds beyond, which Pallas fill'd with pow'r,
 That she might make the glorious prize his own.
 Him follow'd Menelaus amber-hair'd,
 The son of Atreus, and his father's steeds
 Encouraging, thus spake Antilochus. 505

Away—now stretch ye forward to the goal.

I bid you not to an unequal strife
 With those of Diomedes, for Pallas them
 Quickens that he may conquer, and the Chief
 So far advanced makes competition vain. 510
 But reach the son of Atreus, fly to reach
 His steeds, incontinent; ah, be not shamed
 For ever, foil'd by Æthè, by a mare!
 Why fall ye thus behind, my noblest steeds?
 I tell you both, and ye shall prove me true, 515
 No favour shall ye find at Nestor's hands,
 My valiant Sire, but he will thrust his spear
 Right through you, should we lose, for sloth of yours,

Or by your negligence, the nobler prize.
 Haste then—pursue him—reach the royal Chief— 520
 And how to pass him in yon narrow way
 Shall be my care, and not my care in vain.

He ended; they, awhile, awed by his voice,
 With more exertion ran, and Nestor's son
 Now saw the hollow freight mark'd by his Sire. 525
 It was a chasm abrupt, where winter-floods,
 Wearing the foil, had gullied deep the way.
 Thither Atrides, anxious to avoid
 A clash of chariots drove, and thither drove
 Also, but somewhat devious from his track, 530
 Antilochus. Then Menelaus fear'd,
 And with loud voice the son of Nestor hail'd.

Antilochus, at what a madman's rate
 Driv'st thou! stop—check thy steeds—the way is here
 Too freight, but widening soon, will give thee scope 535
 To pass me by; beware, lest chariot close
 To chariot driv'n, thou maim thyself and me.

He said; but still more rapid and the scourge
 Plying continual, as he had not heard,
 Antilochus came on. Far as the quoit 540
 By some broad-shoulder'd youth for trial hurl'd
 Of manhood flies, so far Antilochus
 Shot forward, but the couriers fell behind
 Of Atreus' son, who now abated much
 By choice his driving, left, the steeds of both 545
 Jostling, should overturn with sudden shock
 Both chariots, and themselves in dust be roll'd,
 Through hot ambition of the foremost prize.

Him then the Hero golden-hair'd reproved.

Antilochus! the man lives not on earth 550

Like thee for love of mischief. Go, extoll'd

For wisdom falsely by the fons of Greece.

Yet, trust me, not without an oath, the prize

Thus foully fought shall even now be thine.

He said, and to his courfers call'd aloud. 555

Ah be not tardy; stand not sorrow-check'd;

Their feet will fail them sooner far than yours,

For years have pass'd since they had youth to boast.

So He; and springing at his voice, his steeds

Regain'd apace the vantage lost. Meantime 560

The Grecians, in full circus seated, mark'd

The steeds; they flying, fill'd with dust the air.

Then, ere the rest, Idomeneus discern'd

The foremost pair; for, on a rising ground

Exalted, he without the circus sat, 565

And hearing, though remote, the driver's voice

Chiding his steeds, knew it, and knew beside

The leader horse distinguish'd by his hue,

Chestnut throughout, save that his forehead bore

A splendid blazon white, round as the moon. 570

He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.

Friends! Chiefs and senators of Argos' host!

Discern I sole the steeds, or also ye?

The horses, foremost now, to me appear

Other than erst, and I descry at hand 575

A diff'rent charioteer; the mares of late

Victorious, somewhere distant in the race

Are hurt; I plainly saw them at the first

Turning

Turning the goal, but see them now no more;
 And yet with eyes inquisitive I range 580
 From side to side the whole broad plain of Troy.
 Either the charioteer had slipp'd the reins,
 Or rounded not successfully the goal
 Through want of guidance. Thrown, as it should seem,
 Forth from his seat, he hath his chariot maim'd, 585
 And his ungovern'd steeds have roam'd away.
 Arise and look ye forth yourselves, for I
 With doubtful ken behold him; yet the man
 Seems, in my view, Ætolian by descent,
 A Chief of prime renown in Argos' host, 590
 The Hero Tydeus' son, brave Diomede.

But Ajax Oiliades the swift
 Him sharp reproved. Why art thou always giv'n
 To prate, Idomeneus? thou feest the mares,
 Remote indeed, but posting to the goal. 595
 Thou art not youngest of the Argives here
 So much, nor from beneath thy brows look forth
 Quick-fighted more than ours, thine eyes abroad,
 Yet still thou pratest, although silence more
 Should suit thee, among wiser far than thou. 600
 The mares which led, lead still, and he who drives
 Eumelus is, the same who drove before.

To whom the Cretan Chief, angry, replied.
 Ajax! whom none in wrangling can excell
 Or rudeness, though in all beside thou fall 605
 Below the Argives, being boorish-rough,
 Come now—a tripod let us wager each,
 Or cauldron, and let Agamemnon judge

Whose horses lead, that, losing, thou may'it learn.
 He said; then sudden from his seat upsprang 610
 Swift Ajax Oiliades, prepared
 For harsh retort, nor had the contest ceas'd
 Between them, but had grown from ill to worse,
 Had not himself, Achilles, interposed.
 Ajax—Idomeneus—abstain ye both 615
 From bitter speech offensive, and such terms
 As ill become you. Ye would feel, yourselves,
 Repentment, should another act as ye.
 Survey the course, peaceable, from your seats;
 The charioteers, by competition wing'd, 620
 Will soon themselves arrive, then shall ye know
 Distinctly, both who follows and who leads.

He scarce had said, when nigh at hand appear'd
 Tydides, lashing, as he came, his steeds
 Continual; they with hoofs uplifted high 625
 Their yet remaining ground shorten'd apace,
 Sprinkling with dusty drops at ev'ry stroke
 Their charioteer, while close upon their heels
 Radiant with tin and gold the chariot ran,
 Scarce tracking light the dust, so swift they flew. 630
 He stood in the mid-circus; there the sweat
 Rain'd under them from neck and chest profuse,
 And Diomedes from his resplendent seat
 Leaping, reclined his scourge against the yoke.
 Nor was his friend brave Sthenelus remiss, 635
 But, seizing with alacrity the prize,
 Consign'd the tripod and the virgin, first,
 To his own band in charge; then, loos'd the steeds.

Next came, by stratagem, not speed advanced
 To that distinction, Nestor's son, whom yet 640
 The Hero Menelaus close pursued.

Near as the wheel runs to a courser's heels,
 Drawing his master at full speed; his tail
 With its extremest hairs the felly sweeps
 That close attends him o'er the spacious plain, 645

So near had Menelaus now approach'd
 Antilochus; for though at first he fell
 A full quoit's cast behind, he soon retrieved
 That loss, with such encreasing speed the mare
 Bright-maned of Agamemnon, Æthe, ran; 650
 She, had the course few paces more to both
 Afforded, should have clearly shot beyond
 Antilochus, nor dubious left the prize.

But noble Menelaus threw behind
 Meriones, companion in the field 655
 Of King Idomeneus, a lance's flight,
 For slowest were his steeds, and he, to rule
 The chariot in the race, least skill'd of all.

Last came Eumelus drawing to the goal,
 Himself, his splendid chariot, and his mares 660
 Driving before him. Peleus' rapid son
 Beheld him with compassion, and, amid
 The Argives, in wing'd accents thus he spake.

Here comes the most expert, driving his steeds
 Before him. Just it were that he received 665
 The second prize; Tydides claims the first.

He said, and all applauded the award.
 Then had Achilles to Eumelus giv'n

The mare (for such the pleasure seem'd of all)
 Had not the son of mighty Nestor ris'n, 670
 Antilochus, who pleaded thus his right.

Achilles! acting as thou hast propos'd,
 Thou shalt offend me much, for thou shalt take
 The prize from me, because the Gods, his steeds
 And chariot-yoke disabling, render'd vain 675
 His efforts, and no failure of his own.

It was his duty to have fought the Gods
 In pray'r, then had he not, following on foot
 His coursers, hindmost of us all arrived.
 But if thou pity him, and deem it good, 680

Thou hast much gold, much brass, and many sheep
 In thy pavilion; thou hast maidens fair,
 And coursers also. Of thy proper stores
 Hereafter give to him a richer prize
 Than this, or give it now, so shall the Greeks 685
 Applaud thee; but this mare yield I to none;
 Stand forth the Grecian who desires to win
 That recompense, and let him fight with me.

He ended, and Achilles, godlike Chief,
 Smiled on him, gratulating his success, 690
 Whom much he lov'd; then, ardent, thus replied.

Antilochus! if thou would'st wish me give
 Eumelus of my own, ev'n so I will.
 I will present to him my corslet bright
 Won from Asteropæus, edg'd around 695
 With glitt'ring tin; a precious gift, and rare.

So saying, he bade Automedon his friend
 Produce it from the tent; he at his word

Departing,

Departing, to Achilles brought the spoil,
 Which at his hands Eumelus glad received. 700
 Then, stung with grief, and with resentment fired
 Immeasurable, Menelaus rose
 To charge Antilochus. His herald gave
 The sceptre to his hand, and (silence bidden
 To all) the godlike Hero thus began. 705

Antilochus! oh heretofore discrete!
 What hast thou done? Thou hast dishonour'd foul
 My skill, and wrong'd my courfers, throwing thine,
 Although inferior far, by fraud before them.
 Ye Chiefs and Senators of Argos' host! 710
 Impartial judge between us, lest, of these,
 Some say hereafter, Menelaus bore
 Antilochus by falsehood down, and led
 The mare away, because, although his steeds
 Were worse, his arm was mightier, and prevail'd. 715
 Yet hold—myself will judge, and will to all
 Contentment give, for I will judge aright.
 Hither, Antilochus, illustrious youth!
 And, as the law prescribes, standing before
 Thy steeds and chariot, holding too the scourge 720
 With which thou drov'st, lay hand on both thy steeds,
 And swear by Neptune, circler of the earth,
 That neither wilfully, nor yet by fraud
 Thou didst impede my chariot in its course.
 Then, prudent, thus Antilochus replied. 725

Oh royal Menelaus! patient bear
 The fault of one thy junior far, in years
 Alike unequal and in worth to thee.

Thou know'it how rash is youth, and how propense
 To pass the bounds by decency prescribed, 730
 Quick, but not wise. Lay, then, thy wrath aside;
 The mare now giv'n me I will myself
 Deliver to thee, and if thou require
 A larger recompense, will rather yield
 A larger much than from thy favour fall 735
 Deservedly for ever, mighty Prince!
 And sin so heinously against the Gods.

So saying, the son of valiant Nestor led
 The mare, himself, to Menelaus' hand,
 Who with heart-fresh'ning joy the prize receiv'd. 740
 As on the ears of growing corn the dews
 Fall grateful, while the spiry grain erect
 Bristles the fields, so, Menelaus, felt
 Thy inmost soul a soothing pleasure sweet!
 Then answer thus the Hero quick return'd. 745

Antilochus! exasp'rate though I were,
 Now, such no longer, I relinquish glad
 All strife with thee, for that at other times
 Thou never inconfid'rate wast or light,
 Although by youthful heat mis-led to day. 750
 Yet safer is it not to over-reach
 Superiors, for no other Grecian here
 Had my extreme displeasure calm'd so soon;
 But thou hast suffer'd much, and much hast toil'd,
 As thy good father and thy brother have, 755
 On my behalf; I, therefore, yield, subdued
 By thy entreaties, and the mare, though mine,
 Will also give thee, that these Grecians all

May know me neither proud nor hard to appease.

So saying, the mare he to Noëmon gave, 760

Friend of Antilochus, and, well-content,

The polish'd cauldron for *bis* prize receiv'd.

The fourth awarded lot (for he had fourth

Arrived) Meriones asserted next,

The golden talents; but the phial still 765

Left unappropriated Achilles bore

Across the circus in his hand, a gift

To antient Nestor, whom he thus bespake.

Thou also, oh my father! this accept,

Which, in remembrance of the fun'ral rites 770

Of my Patroclus, keep, for him thou see'st

Among the Greeks no more. Receive a prize,

Thine by gratuity; for thou shalt wield

The cæstus, wrestle, at the spear contend,

Or in the foot-race (fallen as thou art 775

Into the wane of life) never again.

He said, and placed it in his hands. He, glad,

Receiving it, in accents wing'd replied.

True, oh my son! is all which thou hast spoken.

These limbs, these hands, young friend! (their vigour lost)

No longer, darted from the shoulder, spring 781

At once to battle. Ah that I could grow

Young yet again, could feel again such force.

Athletic, as when in Buprasium erst

The Epeans with sepulchral pomp entomb'd 785

King Amarynceus, where his sons ordain'd

Funereal games in honour of their Sire!

Epean none or even Pylian there

Could

Could cope with me, or yet Ætolian bold.
 Boxing, I vanquish'd Clytomedes, son 790
 Of Enops; wrestling, the Pleuronian Chief
 Ancæus; in the foot-race Iphiclus,
 Though a fleet runner, and I over-pitch'd
 Phyleus and Polydorus at the spear.
 The sons of Actor in the chariot-race 795
 Alone surpass'd me, being two for one,
 And jealous both lest I should also win
 That prize, for to the victor charioteer
 They had assign'd the noblest prize of all.
 They were twin-brothers, and one ruled the steeds, 800
 *The steeds one ruled, the other lash'd them on.
 Such once was I; but now, these sports I leave
 To younger; me submission most befits
 To with'ring age, who then outshone the best.
 But go. The funeral of thy friend with games
 Proceed to celebrate; I accept thy gift 805
 With pleasure; and my heart is also glad
 That thou art mindful evermore of one
 Who loves thee, and such honour in the fight
 Yield'st me of all the Greeks, as is my due.
 May the Gods bless thee for it more and more! 810
 He spake, and Peleus' son, when he had heard
 At large his commendation from the lips
 Of Nestor, through th' assembled Greeks return'd.
 He next propos'd, not lightly to be won,
 The boxer's prize. He tether'd down a mule, 815
 Untamed and hard to tame, but strong to toil,

* The repetition follows the Original.

And in her prime of vigour, in the midst ;
 A goblet to the vanquish'd he assign'd,
 Then stood erect, and to the Greeks exclaim'd.

Atridæ ! and ye Argives brazen-greaved !

820

I call for two bold combatants expert
 To wage fierce strife for these, with lifted fists
 Smiting each other. He, who by the aid
 Of Phœbus shall o'ercome, and whom the Greeks
 Shall all pronounce victorious, leads the mule
 Hence to his tent ; the vanquish'd takes the cup.

825

He spake, and at his word a Greek arose
 Big, bold, and skilful in the boxer's art,
 Epeüs, son of Panopeus ; his hand
 He on the mule imposed, and thus he said.

830

Approach the man ambitious of the cup !
 For no Achaian here shall with his fist
 Me foiling, win the mule. I boast myself
 To all superior. May it not suffice
 That I to no pre-eminence pretend
 In battle ? To attain to foremost praise
 Alike in ev'ry art is not for one.

835

But this I promise, and will well perform—
 My blows shall lay him open, split him, crush
 His bones to splinters, and let all his friends,
 Attendant on him, wait to bear him hence,
 Vanquish'd by my superior force in fight.

840

He ended, and his speech found no reply.
 One godlike Chief alone, Euryalus,
 Son of the King Mecisteus, who, himself,
 Sprang from Talaion, opposite arose.

845

He,

He, on the death of Oedipus, at Thebes
 Contending in the games held at his tomb,
 Had overcome the whole Cadmean race.
 Him Diomedes spear-famed for fight prepared, 850
 Giving him all encouragement, for much
 He wish'd him victory. First then he * threw
 His cincture to him; next, he gave him † thongs
 Cut from the hide of a wild buffalo.
 Both girt around, into the midst they moved. 855
 Then, lifting high their brawny arms, and fists
 Mingling with fists, to furious fight they fell;
 Dire was the crash of jaws, and the sweat stream'd
 From ev'ry limb. Epeus fierce advanced,
 And while Euryalus with cautious eye 860
 Watch'd his advantage, pain'd him on the cheek.
 He stood no longer, but, his shapely limbs,
 Unequal to his weight, sinking, he fell.
 As by the rising North-wind driv'n ashore
 An huge fish flounces on the weedy beach, 865
 Which soon the sable flood covers again,
 So, beaten down, he bounded. But Epeus,
 Heroic Chief, uprais'd him by his hand,
 And his own comrades from the circus forth
 Led him, step dragging after step, the blood 870
 Ejecting grumous, and at ev'ry pace
 Rolling his head languid from side to side.
 They placed him all unconscious on a seat
 In his own band, then fetch'd his prize, the cup.

* παραδέξασθαι.

† With which they bound on the caesus.

Still other prizes, then, Achilles placed
In view of all, the sturdy wrestler's meed. 875

A large hearth-tripod, valued by the Greeks
At twice six beeves, should pay the victor's toil;
But for the vanquish'd, in the midst he set
A damsel in variety expert 880
Of arts domestic, valued at four beeves.

He rose erect, and to the Greeks he cried.
Arise ye, now, who shall this prize dispute.
So spake the son of Peleus; then arose
Huge Telamonian Ajax, and upstood 885
Ulysses also, in all wiles adept.

Both girt around, into the midst they moved.
With vig'rous gripe each lock'd the other fast,
Like rafters, standing, of some mansion built
By a prime artist, proof against all winds. 890

Their backs, tugg'd vehemently, * creak'd, the sweat
Trickled, and on their flanks and shoulders, red
The wheelks arose; they bearing still in mind
The tripod, ceased not struggling for the prize.

Nor could Ulysses from his station move 895
And cast down Ajax, nor could Ajax him
Unfettle, fixt so firm Ulysses stood.

But when, long time expectant, all the Greeks
Grew weary, then, huge Ajax him bespake.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd! 900
Lift, or be lifted, and let Jove decide.

He said, and heav'd Ulysses. Then, his wiles
Forgat not He, but on the ham behind

* *καταγρη.*—It is a circumstance on which the Scholiast observes that it denotes in a wrestler the greatest possible bodily strength and firmness of position.—See Villoison.

Chopp'd him; the limbs of Ajax at the stroke
 Disabled sank; he fell supine, and bore
 Ulysses close adhering to his chest
 905

Down with him. Wonder rivetted all eyes.

Then brave Ulysses from the ground awhile

Him lifted in his turn, but ere he stood,

* Inserting his own knee the knees between
 910

Of Ajax, threw him. To the earth they fell

Both, and with dust defiled lay side by side.

And now, arising to a third essay,

They should have wrestled yet again, had not

Achilles, interfering, them restrain'd.
 915

Strive not together more; cease to exhaust

Each other's force; ye both have earn'd the prize.

Depart alike requited, and give place

To other Grecians who shall next contend.

He spake; they glad complied, and wiping off
 920

The dust, put on their tunics. Then again

Achilles other prizes yet propos'd,

The rapid runner's meed. First, he produced

A silver goblet of six measures; earth

Own'd not its like for elegance of form,
 925

Skillful Sidonian artists had around

Embellish'd it, and o'er the fable Deep

Phœnician merchants into Lemnos' port

Had borne it, and the boon to † Thoas giv'n;

But Jason's son, Euneüs, in exchange
 930

* I have given what seems to me the most probable interpretation, and such a one as to any person who has ever witness'd a wrestling-match, will, I presume, appear intelligible.

† King of Lemnos.

For Priam's son Lycaon, to the hand
Had pass'd it of Patroclus famed in arms.

Achilles this, in honour of his friend,
Set forth, the swiftest runner's recompense.

The second should a fatted ox receive 935

Of largest size, and he assign'd of gold

A just half-talent to the worst and last.

He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.

Now stand ye forth who shall this prize dispute.

He said, and at his word instant arose 940

Swift Ajax Oiliades; upsprang

The shrewd Ulysses next, and after him

Brave Nestor's son Antilochus, with whom

None vied in speed of all the youths of Greece.

They stood prepared. Achilles show'd the goal. 945

At once all started. Oiliades

Led swift the course, and closely at his heels

Ulysses ran. Near as some cinctur'd maid

Industrious, holds the distaff to her breast,

While to and fro with practis'd finger neat 950

She tends the flax, drawing it to a thread,

So near Ulysses follow'd him, and press'd

His footsteps, ere the dust fill'd them again,

Pouring his breath into his neck behind,

And never slack'ning pace. His ardent thirst 955

Of victory with universal shouts

All seconded, and, eager, bade him On.

And now, the contest short'ning to a close,

Ulysses his request silent and brief

To azure-eyed Minerva thus preferr'd. 960

Oh Goddess hear, prosper me in the race!
 Such was his pray'r, with which Minerva pleased,
 Freshen'd his limbs, and made him light to run.
 And now, when in one moment they should both
 Have darted on the prize, then, Ajax' foot 965
 Sliding, he fell; for where the dung of bees
 Slain by Achilles for his friend, had spread
 The foil, there * Pallas tripp'd him. Ordure foul
 His mouth, and ordure foul his nostrils fill'd.
 Then brave Ulysses, first arriving, seized 970
 The cup, and Ajax took his prize, the ox.
 He grasp'd his horn, and sputt'ring as he stood
 The ordure forth, the Argives thus bespake.

Ah—Pallas tripp'd my footsteps; she attends
 Ulysses ever with a mother's care. 975

Loud laugh'd the Grecians. Then, the remnant prize
 Antilochus receiving, smiled and said.

Ye need not, fellow-warriors, to be taught
 That now, as ever, the immortal Gods
 Honour on seniority bestow. 980

Ajax is elder, yet not much, than I.
 But Laertiades was born in times
 Long past, a Chief coeval with our Sires,
 Not young, but vigorous; and, of the Greeks,
 Achilles may alone with Him contend. 985

So saying, the merit of superior speed
 To Pelus' son he gave, who thus replied.

Antilochus! thy praise of me shall prove
 Nor vain nor unproductive to thyself,

* This is to say, Ulysses; who from the first intending it, had run close behind him.

For the half-talent doubled shall be thine. 990

He spake, and, doubling it, the talent placed
 Whole in his hand. He glad the gift received.
 Achilles, then, Sarpedon's arms produced,
 Stripp'd from him by Patroclus, his long spear,
 Helmet and shield, which in the midst he placed. 995
 He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.

I call for two brave warriors arm'd, to prove
 Each other's skill with weapons keen, this prize
 Disputing, next, in presence of us all.
 Who first shall through his armour reach the skin 1000
 Of his antagonist, and shall draw his blood,
 To Him this silver-studded faulchion bright
 I give; the blade is Thracian, and of late
 Asteropæus wore it, whom I flew.

These other arms shall be their common meed, 1005
 And I will banquet both within my tent.

He said; then Telamonian Ajax huge
 Arose, and opposite the son arose
 Of warlike Tydeus, Diomedes the brave.
 Apart from all the people each put on 1010
 His arms, then moved into the middle space,
 Louring terrific, and on fire to fight.

The host look'd on amazed. Approaching each
 The other, thrice they sprang to the assault,
 And thrice struck hand to hand. Ajax the shield 1015
 Pierced of his adversary, but the flesh
 Attain'd not, baffled by his mail within.

Then Tydeus' son, sheer o'er the ample disk
 Of Ajax, thrust a lance home to his neck,

And the Achaians for the life appall'd 1020
 Of Ajax, bade them, ceasing, share the prize.
 But the huge faulchion with its sheath and belt—
 Achilles them on Diomede bestow'd.

The Hero, next, an iron clod produced
 Rough from the forge, and wont to task the might 1025
 Of King Ection; but, when him he flew,
 Pelides, glorious Chief, with other spoils
 From Thebes convey'd it in his fleet to Troy.
 He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.

Come forth who also shall this prize dispute! 1030
 How far foe'er remote the winner's fields,
 This lump shall serve his wants five circling years;
 His shepherd shall not, or his plow, need
 In quest of iron seek the distant town,
 But hence he shall himself their wants supply. 1035

Then Polypoetes brave in fight arose,
 Arose Leonteus also, godlike Chief,
 With Ajax son of Telamon. Each took
 His station, and Epeus seized the clod.
 He swung, he cast it, and the Grecians laugh'd. 1040
 Leonteus, branch of Mars, quoited it next.
 Huge Telamonian Ajax with strong arm
 Dismiss'd it third, and overpitch'd them both.
 But when brave Polypoetes seized the mass,
 Far as the vig'rous herdsman flings his staff 1045
 That twirling flies his num'rous beeves between,
 So far his cast outmeasur'd all beside,
 And the host shouted. Then the friends arose
 Of Polypoetes valiant Chief, and bore

His pond'rous acquisition to the ships. 1050

The archers prize Achilles next proposed,
 Ten double and ten single axes, form'd
 Of steel convertible to arrow-points.
 He fix'd, far distant on the sands, the mast
 Of a brave bark cærulean-prow'd, to which 1055
 With small cord fasten'd by the foot he tied
 A tim'rous dove, their mark at which to aim.

* Who strikes the dove, he conquers, and shall bear
 These double axes all into his tent,
 But who the cord alone, missing the bird, 1060
 Successful less, he wins the single blades.

The might of royal Teucer then arose,
 And, fellow-warrior of the King of Crete,
 Valiant Meriones. A brazen casque
 Received the lots; they shook them, and the lot 1065
 Fell first to Teucer. He, at once, a shaft
 Sent smartly forth, but vow'd not to the † King
 An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock.
 He therefore (for Apollo greater praise
 Denied him) miss'd the dove, but struck the cord 1070
 That tied her, at small distance from the knot,
 And with his arrow sever'd it. Upsprang
 The bird into the air, and to the ground
 Depending fell the cord. Shouts rent the skies.
 Then, all in haste, Meriones the bow 1075
 Caught from his hand holding a shaft the while
 Already aim'd, and to Apollo vow'd
 An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock.

* The transition from narrative to dramatic follows the Original.

† Apollo; frequently by Homer called the King without any addition.

He eyed the dove aloft, under a cloud,
 And, while she wheel'd around, struck her beneath 1080
 The pinion; through her and beyond her pass'd
 The arrow, and, returning, pierced the foil
 Fast by the foot of brave Meriones.

She, perching on the mast again, her head
 Reclined, and hung her wide-unfolded wing, 1085
 But, soon expiring, dropp'd and fell remote.
 Amazement seized the people. To his tent
 Meriones the ten best axes bore,
 And Teucer the inferior ten to his.

Then, last, Achilles in the circus placed 1090
 A pond'rous spear and cauldron yet unfired,
 Emboss'd with flow'rs around, its worth an ox.
 Upstood the spear-expert; Atrides first,
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon, King of men,
 And next, brave fellow-warrior of the King 1095
 Of Crete, Meriones; when thus his speech
 Achilles to the royal Chief address'd.

Atrides! (for we know thy skill and force
 Matchless; that none can hurl the spear as thou)
 This prize is thine, order it to thy ship; 1100
 And if it please thee, as I would it might,
 Let brave Meriones the spear receive.

He said; nor Agamemnon not complied,
 But to Meriones the brazen spear
 Presenting, to Talthybius gave in charge 1105
 The cauldron, next, his own illustrious prize.

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

T W E N T Y - F O U R T H B O O K.

Priam, by command of Jupiter, and under conduct of Mercury, seeks Achilles in his tent, who admonished previously by Thetis, consents to accept ransom for the body of Hector. Hector is mourned, and the manner of his funeral, circumstantially described, concludes the poem.

B O O K XXIV.

THE games all closed, the people went dispers'd
Each to his ship; they, mindful of repast,
And to enjoy repose; but other thoughts
Achilles' mind employ'd; he still deplored
With tears his lov'd Patroclus, nor the force 5
Felt of all-conqu'ring sleep, but turn'd and turn'd
Restless from side to side, mourning the loss
Of such a friend, so manly, and so brave.
Their fellowship in toil; their hardships oft
Sustain'd in fight laborious, or o'ercome 10
With difficulty on the perilous Deep—
Remembrance busily retracing themes
Like these, drew down his cheeks continual tears.
Now on his side he lay, now lay supine,
Now prone; then starting from his couch, he roam'd 15
4 M Forlorn

Forlorn the beach, nor did the rising morn
 On seas and shores escape his watchful eye,
 But joining to his chariot his swift steeds,
 He fasten'd Hector to be dragg'd behind.

Around the tomb of Menœtiades 20
 Him thrice he dragg'd; then rested in his tent,
 Leaving him at his length stretch'd in the dust.
 Meantime Apollo, with compassion touch'd
 Ev'n of the lifeless Hector, from all taint
 Saved him, and with the golden ægis broad 25
 Covering, preserv'd him, although dragg'd, untorn.

While he, indulging thus his wrath, disgraced
 Brave Hector, the Immortals, at that fight
 With pity moved, exhorted Mercury
 The watchful Argicide, to steal him thence. 30
 That counsel pleas'd the rest, but neither pleas'd
 Juno, nor Neptune, nor the blue-eyed maid.
 They still, as at the first, held fast their hate
 Of sacred Troy, detested Priam still,
 And still his people, mindful of the crime 35
 Of Paris, who when to his rural hut
 They came, those Goddesses affronting, praise
 And admiration gave to Her alone
 Who with vile lusts his preference repaid.
 But when the twelfth ensuing morn arose, 40
 Apollo, then, the Immortals thus address'd.

Ye Gods, your dealings now injurious seem
 And cruel: Was not Hector wont to burn
 Thighs of fat goats and bullocks at your shrines?
 Whom now, though dead, ye cannot yet endure 45
To

To rescue, that Andromache once more
 Might view him, his own mother, his own son,
 His father and the people, who would soon
 Yield him his just demand, a fun'ral fire.
 But, oh ye Gods! your pleasure is alone 50
 To please Achilles, that pernicious Chief,
 Who neither right regards, nor owns a mind
 That can relent, but as the lion, urged
 By his own dauntless heart and savage force,
 Invades without remorse the rights of man, 55
 That he may banquet on his herds and flocks,
 So Peleus' son all pity from his breast
 Hath driv'n, and shame*, man's blessing or his curse*.
 For whosoever hath a loss sustain'd
 Still dearer, whether of his brother born 60
 From the same womb, or even of his son,
 When he hath once bewail'd him, weeps no more,
 For fate itself gives man a patient mind.
 Yet Peleus' son, not so contented, slays
 Illustrious Hector first, then drags his corse 65
 In cruel triumph at his chariot-wheels
 Around Patroclus' tomb; but neither well
 He acts, nor honorably to himself,
 Who may, perchance, brave though he be, incur
 Our anger, while to gratify revenge 70
 He pours dishonour thus on senseless clay.
 To whom, incensed, Juno white-arm'd replied.
 And be it so; stand fast this word of thine,

* His blessing, if he is properly influenced by it: his curse in its consequences if he is deaf to its dictates.

God of the Silver bow! if ye account
 Only such honour to Achilles due 75
 As Hector claims; but Hector was by birth
 Mere man, and suckled at a woman's breast.
 Not such Achilles; him a Goddess bore,
 Whom I myself nourish'd, and on my lap
 Fondled, and in due time to Peleus gave 80
 In marriage, to a Chief belov'd in heav'n
 Peculiarly; ye were yourselves, ye Gods!
 Partakers of the nuptial feast, and thou
 Wast present also with thine harp in hand,
 Thou comrade of the vile! thou faithless ever! 85
 Then answer thus cloud-gath'rer Jove return'd.
 Juno, forbear. Indulge not always wrath
 Against the Gods. They shall not share alike,
 And in the same proportion our regards.
 Yet even Hector was the man in Troy 90
 Most favour'd by the Gods, and him no less
 I also loved, for punctual were his gifts
 To us; mine altar never missed from him
 Libation, or the steam of sacrifice,
 The meed allotted to us from of old. 95
 But steal him not, since by Achilles' eye
 Unseen ye cannot, who both day and night
 * Watches him, as a mother tends her son.
 But call ye Thetis hither, I would give
 The Goddess counsel, that, at Priam's hands 100
 Accepting gifts, Achilles loose the dead.

* This is the sense preferred by the Scholiast, for it is not true that Thetis was always present with Achilles, as is proved by the passage immediately ensuing.

He ceas'd. Then Iris tempest-wing'd arose.
 Samos between, and Imbrus rock-begirt,
 She plung'd into the gloomy flood; loud groan'd
 The briny pool, while fudden down she rush'd, 105
 As sinks the * bull's horn with its leaden weight,
 Death bearing to the rav'ners of the Deep.
 Within her vaulted cave Thetis she found
 By ev'ry nymph of Ocean round about
 Encompas'd; she, amid them all, the fate 110
 Wept of her noble son ordain'd to death
 At fertile Troy, from Phthia far remote.
 Then, Iris, drawing near, her thus address'd.
 Arise, O Thetis! Jove, the author dread
 Of everlasting counsels, calls for thee. 115
 To whom the Goddess of the Silver feet.
 Why calls the mighty Thund'rer me? I fear,
 Oppress'd with countless sorrows as I am,
 To mingle with the Gods.—Yet I obey—
 No word of his can prove an empty sound. 120
 So saying, the Goddess took her fable veil,
 (Eye ne'er beheld a darker) and began
 Her progress, by the storm-wing'd Iris led.
 On either hand the billows open'd wide
 A pass before them; they, ascending soon 125
 The shore, updarted swift into the skies.
 They found loud-voiced Saturnian Jove around
 Environ'd by the ever blest Gods
 Convened in full assembly; she beside

* The angler's custom was, in those days, to guard his line above the hook from the fishes bite, by passing it through a pipe of horn.

Her Father Jove (Pallas retiring) sat. 130

Then, Juno, with consolatory speech,
Presented to her hand a golden cup,
Of which she drank, then gave it back again,
And thus the Sire of Gods and men began.

Goddeſs of ocean, Thetis! thou haſt fought 135

Olympus, bearing in thy boſom grief
Never to be affuaged, as well I know.

Yet ſhalt thou learn, afflicted as thou art,
Why I have ſummon'd thee. Nine days the Gods,
Concerning Hector's body and thy own 140

Brave city-ſpoiler ſon, have held diſpute,
And ſome have urged oft-times the Argicide
Keen-fighted Mercury, to ſteal the dead.

But I forbade it for Achilles' ſake,
Whom I exalt, the better to inſure 145

Thy reverence and thy friendship evermore.

Haste, therefore, ſeck thy ſon, and tell him thus.

The Gods reſent it, ſay (but moſt of all
Myſelf am angry) that he ſtill detains

Amid his fleet, through fury of revenge, 150

Unransom'd Hector; ſo ſhall he, at length,

Through fear of me, perchance, releaſe the ſlain.

Myſelf to gen'rous Priam will, the while,

Send Iris, who ſhall bid him to the fleet

Of Greece, ſuch ranſom bearing as may ſooth 155

Achilles, for redemption of his ſon.

So ſpoke the God, nor Thetis not complied.

Deſcending ſwift from the Olympian heights

She reach'd Achilles' tent. Him there ſhe found

Groaning

Groaning disconsolate, while others ran 160
 To and fro, occupied around a sheep
 New-slaughter'd, large, and of exub'rant fleece.
 She, fitting close beside him, softly stroak'd
 His cheek, and thus, affectionate, began.

How long, my son! sorrowing and mourning here, 165
 Wilt thou consume thy soul, nor give one thought
 Either to food or love? Yet love is good,
 And woman grief's best cure; for length of days
 Is not thy doom, but, even now, thy death
 And ruthless destiny are on the wing. 170

Mark me—I come a lieger sent from Jove.
 The Gods, he saith, repent it, but himself
 More deeply than the rest, that thou detain'st
 Amid thy fleet, through fury of revenge,
 Unransom'd Hector. Be advis'd, accept 175
 Ransom, and to his friends resign the dead.

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.
 Come then the ransomer, and take him hence;
 If Jove himself command it,—Be it so.

So they, among the ships, conferring sat 180
 On various themes, the Goddess and her son;
 Meantime Saturnian Jove commanded down
 His swift embassador to sacred Troy.

Hence, rapid Iris! leave the Olympian heights,
 And, finding noble Priam, bid him haste 185
 Into Achaia's fleet, bearing such gifts
 As may assuage Achilles, and prevail
 To liberate the body of his son.

Alone, he must; no Trojan of them all

May company the fenior thither, fave 190
 An antient herald to direct his mules
 And his wheel'd litter, and to bring the dead
 Back into Ilium, whom Achilles flew.
 Let neither fear of death nor other fear
 Trouble him aught, fo fafe a guard and fure 195
 We give him ; Mercury fhall be his guide
 Into Achilles' prefence in his tent.
 Nor will himfelf Achilles flay him there,
 Or ev'n permit his death, but will forbid
 All violence ; for he is not unwife 200
 Nor heedlefs, no—nor wilful to offend,
 But will his fuppliant with much grace receive.
 He ceas'd ; then Iris tempeft-wing'd arofe,
 Jove's meffenger, and, at the gates arrived
 Of Priam, woe and wailing found within. 205
 Around their father, in the hall, his fons
 Their robes with tears water'd, while them amidft
 The hoary King fat mantled, muffled clofe,
 And on his venerable head and neck
 Much duft was fpread, which, rolling on the earth, 210
 He had fhow'r'd on them with unfparing hands.
 The palace echoed to his daughters cries,
 And to the cries of matrons calling frefh
 Into remembrance many a valiant Chief
 Now ftretch'd in duft, by Argive hands deftroy'd. 215
 The meffenger of Jove at Priam's fide

* Jupiter juftifies him againft Apollo's charge, affirming him to be free from thofe mental defects which chiefly betray men into fin—folly—improvidence, and perverfenefs.

Standing, with whisper'd accents low his ear
Saluted, but he trembled at the sound.

Courage, Dardanian Priam! fear thou nought;
To thee no prophets of ill, I come; 220

But with kind purpose: Jove's ambassadors
Am I, who though remote, yet entertains
Much pity, and much tender care for thee.

Olympian Jove commands thee to redeem
The noble Hector, with an offering large 225
Of gifts that may Achilles' wrath appease.

Alone, thou must; no Trojan of them all
Hath leave to attend thy journey thither, save
An antient herald to direct thy mules
And thy wheel'd litter, and to bring the dead 230
Back into Ilium, whom Achilles flew.

Let neither fear of death nor other fear
Trouble thee aught, so safe a guard and sure
He gives thee; Mercury shall be thy guide
E'en to Achilles' presence in his tent. 235

Nor will himself Achilles slay thee there,
Or ev'n permit thy death, but will forbid
All violence; for he is not unwise
Nor heedless, no—nor wilful to offend,
But will his suppliant with much grace receive. 240

So spake the swift ambassadors, and went.
Then, calling to his sons, he bade them bring
His litter forth, and bind the coffer on,
While to his fragrant chamber he repair'd
Himself, with cedar lined and lofty-roof'd, 245
A treasury of wonders, into which

The Queen he fummon'd, whom he thus befpoke.

Hecuba! the ambaffadrefs of Jove
Hath come, who bids me to the Grecian fleet,
Bearing fuch presents thither as may footh 250
Achilles, for redemption of my fon.

But fay, what feems this enterprize to thee?
Myfelf am much inclined to it, I feel
My courage prompting me amain toward
The fleet, and into the Achaian camp. 255

Then wept the Queen aloud, and thus replied.
Ah! whither is thy wifdom fled, for which
Both ftrangers once, and Trojans honour'd *thee*?
How canft thou wifh to penetrate alone
The Grecian fleet, and to appear before 260

His face, by whom fo many valiant fons
Of thine have fall'n? Thou haft an iron heart!
For fould that favage man and faithlefs once
Seize and difcover thee, no pity expect
Or rev'rence at his hands. Come—let us weep 265
Together, here fequefter'd; for the thread
Spun for him by his deftiny fevere

When he was born, ordain'd our fon remote
From us his parents to be food for hounds
In that Chief's tent. Oh! clinging to his fide, 270
How I could tear him with my teeth! His deeds,
Disgraceful to my fon, then fould not want
Retaliation; for he flew not him

Skulking, but ftanding boldly for the wives,
The daughters fair, and citizens of Troy, 275
Guiltlefs

* Guiltless of flight, and of the wish to fly.

Whom Godlike Priam answer'd, antient King.

Impede me not who willing am to go,

Nor be, thyself, a bird of ominous note

To terrify me under my own roof, 280

For thou shalt not prevail. Had mortal man

Enjoin'd me this attempt, prophet, or priest,

Or soothfayer, I had pronounced him false,

And fear'd it but the more. But, since I saw

The Goddess with these eyes, and heard, myself, 285

The voice divine, I go; that word shall stand;

And, if my doom be in the fleet of Greece

To perish, be it so; Achilles' arm

Shall give me speedy death, and I shall die

Folding my son, and satisfied with tears. 290

So saying, he open'd wide the elegant lids

Of num'rous chests, whence mantles twelve he took

Of texture beautiful; twelve single cloaks;

As many carpets, with as many robes,

To which he added vests, an equal store. 295

He also took ten talents forth of gold,

All weigh'd, two splendid tripods, cauldrons four,

And after these a cup of matchless worth

Giv'n to him when ambaffador in Thrace;

A noble gift, which yet the hoary King 300

Spared not, such fervour of desire he felt

To loose his son. Then from his portico,

With angry taunts he drove the gather'd crowds.

* But, at first, he did fly. It is therefore spoken, as the Scholiast observes, *φιλοσπυγῆς*, and must be understood as the language of strong maternal affection.

Away! away! ye dregs of earth, away!
 Ye shame of human kind! Have ye no griefs 305
 At home, that ye come hither troubling *me*?
 Deem ye it little that Saturnian Jove
 Afflicts me thus, and of my very best,
 Best boy deprives me? Ah! ye shall be taught
 Yourselves that loss, far easier to be slain 310
 By the Achaians now, since he is dead.
 But I, ere yet the city I behold
 Taken and pillaged, with these aged eyes,
 Shall find safe hiding in the shades below.

He said, and chafed them with his staff; they left 315
 In haste the doors, by the old King expell'd.
 Then, chiding them aloud, his sons he call'd,
 Helenus, Paris, noble Agathon,
 Pammon, Antiphonus, and bold in fight
 Polites, Dios of illustrious fame, 320
 Hippothoüs and Deiphobus—all nine
 He call'd, thus issuing, angry, his commands.

Quick! quick! ye slothful in your father's cause,
 Ye worthless brood! would that in Hector's stead
 Ye all had perish'd in the fleet of Greece! 325
 Oh altogether wretched! in all Troy
 No man had sons to boast valiant as mine,
 And I have lost them all. Mestor is gone
 The godlike, Troilus the steed-renown'd,
 And Hector, who with other men compared 330
 Seem'd a Divinity, whom none had deem'd
 From mortal man deriv'd, but from a God.
 These Mars hath taken, and hath left me none

But

But scandals of my house, void of all truth,
 Dancers, * exact step-measurers, a band 335
 Of public robbers, thieves of kids and lambs.
 Will ye not bring my litter to the gate
 This moment, and with all this package quick
 Charge it, that we may hence without delay ?
 He said, and by his chiding aw'd, his sons 340
 Drew forth the royal litter, neat, new-built,
 And following swift the draught, on which they bound
 The coffer ; next, they lower'd from the wall
 The sculptured boxen yoke with its two rings † ;
 And with the yoke its furniture, in length 345
 Nine cubits ; this to the extremest end
 Adjusting of the pole, they cast the ring
 Over the ring-bolt ; then, thrice through the yoke
 They drew the brace on both sides, made it fast
 With even knots, and ‡ tuck'd the dangling ends. 350
 Producing, next, the glorious ransom-price
 Of Hector's body, on the litter's floor
 They heap'd it all, then yoked the sturdy mules,
 A gift illustrious by the Mysians erst
 Conferr'd on Priam ; to the chariot, last, 355
 They led forth Priam's steeds, which the old King
 (In person serving them) with freshest corn
 Constant supplied ; meantime, himself within
 The palace, and his herald, were employed

* χοροῖτυπιῆσιν ἄριστοι.

† Through which the reins were pass'd.

‡ The yoke being flat at bottom, and the pole round, there would of course be a small aperture between the band and the pole on both sides, through which, according to the Scholium in Villoison, they thrust the ends of the tackle lest they should dangle.

* Girding themselves, to go; wife each and good. 360
 And now came mournful Hecuba, with wine
 Delicious charged, which in a golden cup
 She brought, that not without libation due
 First made, they might depart. Before the steeds
 Her steps she stay'd, and Priam thus address'd. 365

Take this, and to the Sire of all perform
 Libation, praying him a safe return
 From hostile hands, since thou art urged to seek
 The Grecian camp, though not by my desire.
 Pray also to Idæan Jove cloud-girt, 370
 Who oversees all Ilium, that he send
 His messenger or ere thou go, the bird
 His fav'rite most, surpassing all in strength,
 At thy right-hand; him seeing, thou shalt tend
 With better hope toward the fleet of Greece. 375
 But should loud-thund'ring Jove his lieger swift
 Withhold, from me far be it to advise
 This journey, howsoe'er thou wish to go.

To whom the godlike Priam thus replied.
 This exhortation will I not refuse, 380
 O Queen! for, lifting to the Gods his hands
 In pray'r for their compassion, none can err.

So saying, he bade the maiden o'er the rest,
 Chief in authority, pour on his hands
 Pure water, for the maiden at his side 385

* The text here is extremely intricate; as it stands now, the sons are, first, said to yoke the horses, then Priam and Idæus are said to do it, and in the palace too. I have therefore adopted an alteration suggested by Clarke, who with very little violence to the copy, proposes instead of ζευγύσθην to read—ζωνύσθην.

With ewer charged and laver, flood prepared.
 He laved his hands; then, taking from the Queen
 The goblet, in his middle area stood
 Pouring libation with his eyes upturn'd
 Heav'n-ward devout, and thus his pray'r preferr'd. 390

Jove, great and glorious above all, who rul'ft,
 On Ida's fummit feated, all below!
 Grant me arriv'd within Achilles' tent
 Kindness to meet and pity, and oh fend
 Thy meffenger or ere I go, the bird 395
 Thy fav'rite moft, furpaffing all in ftrength,
 At my right hand, which feeing, I fhall tend
 With better hope toward the fleet of Greece.

He ended, at whose pray'r, incontinent,
 Jove fend his eagle, fureft of all figns, 400
 The black-plumed bird voracious, * Morphnos named,
 And * Percnos. Wide as the well-guarded door
 Of fome rich potentate his vanns he fpread
 On either fide; they faw him on the right,
 Skimming the tow'rs of Troy; glad they beheld 405
 That omen, and all felt their hearts confoled.

Delay'd not then the hoary King, but quick
 Afcending to his feat, his courfers urged
 Through vestibule and founding porch abroad.
 The four-wheel'd litter led, drawn by the mules 410
 Which fage Idæus managed, behind whom
 Went Priam, plying with the fcourge his fteeds
 Continual through the town, while all his friends,
 Following their Sov'reign with dejected hearts,

* The words both fignify—fable.

Lamented him as going to his death. 415
 But when from Ilium's gate into the plain
 They had descended, then the sons-in-law
 Of Priam, and his sons, to Troy return'd.
 Nor they, now traversing the plain, the note
 Escaped of Jove the Thund'rer; he beheld 420
 Compassionate the venerable King,
 And thus his own son Mercury bespake.

Mercury! (for above all others thou
 Delightest to associate with mankind
 Familiar, whom thou wilt winning with ease 425
 To converse free) go thou, and so conduct
 Priam into the Grecian camp, that none
 Of all the num'rous Danaï may see
 Or mark him, 'till he reach Achilles' tent.

He spake, nor the embassador of heav'n 430
 The Argicide delay'd, but bound in haste
 His undecaying sandals to his feet,
 Golden, divine, which waft him o'er the floods
 Swift as the wind, and o'er the boundless earth.
 He took his rod with which he charms to sleep 435
 All eyes, and theirs who sleep opens again.
 Arm'd with that rod, forth flew the Argicide.
 At Ilium and the Hellespontic shores
 Arriving sudden, a King's son he seem'd,
 Now cloathing first his ruddy cheek with down, 440
 Which is youth's loveliest season; so disguised,
 His progress he began. They now (the tomb
 Magnificent of Ilus past) beside
 The river stay'd their mules and steeds to drink,

For

For twilight dimm'd the fields. Idæus first 445
Perceiv'd him near, and Priam thus bespake.

Think, son of Dardanus! for we have need
Of our best thought. I see a warrior. Now,
Now we shall die; I know it. Turn we quick
Our steeds to flight; or let us clasp his knees 450
And his compassion suppliant essay.

Terrour and consternation at that sound
The mind of Priam felt; erect the hair
Bristled his limbs, and with amaze he stood
Motionless. But the God, meantime, approach'd, 455
And, seizing antient Priam's hand, enquired.

Whither, my father! in the dewy night
Driv'st thou thy mules and steeds, while others sleep?
And fear'st thou not the fiery host of Greece,
Thy foes implacable, so nigh at hand? 460
Of whom should any, through the shadow dun
Of flitting night, discern thee bearing forth
So rich a charge, then what wouldst thou expect?
Thou art not young thyself, nor with the aid
Of this thine antient servant, strong enough 465
Force to repulse, should any threaten force.

But injury fear none or harm from me;
I rather much from harm by other hands
Would save thee, thou resemblest so my Sire.

Whom answer'd godlike Priam, hoar with age. 470
My son! well spoken. Thou hast judg'd aright.
Yet even me some Deity protects
Thus far; to whom I owe it that I meet
So seasonably one like thee, in form

So admirable, and in mind discrete 475

As thou art beautiful. Blest parents, thine!

To whom the messenger of heav'n again,
The Argicide. Oh antient and revered!

Thou hast well spoken all. Yet this declare,
And with sincerity; bear't thou away 480

Into some foreign country, for the sake
Of safer custody, this precious charge?

Or, urged by fear, forsake ye all alike

Troy's sacred tow'rs? since he whom thou hast lost,
Thy noble son, was of excelling worth 485

In arms, and nought inferior to the Greeks.

Then thus the godlike Priam, hoary King.

But tell me first, who *Thou* art, and from whom
Descended, loveliest youth! who hast the fate

So well of my unhappy son rehears'd? 490

To whom the herald Mercury replied.

Thy questions, venerable Sire! propos'd
Concerning noble Hector, are design'd

To prove me. Him, not seldom, with these eyes
In man-ennobling fight I have beheld 495

Most active; saw him when he thinn'd the Greeks

With his sharp spear, and drove them to the ships.

Amazed we stood to notice him; for us,

Incens'd against the ruler of our host,
Achilles suffer'd not to share the fight. 500

I serve Achilles; the same gallant bark

Brought us, and of the Myrmidons am I,

Son of Polyctor; wealthy is my Sire,

And such in years as thou; six sons he hath,

Beside

Befide myfelf the fev'nth, and, (the lots caft
Among us all,) mine fent me to the wars. 505

That I have left the fhips, feeking the plain,
The caufe is this; the Greeks, at break of day,
Will compafs, arm'd, the city, for they loath
To fit inactive, neither can the Chiefs 510
Refrain the hot impatience of the hoft.

Then godlike Priam answer thus return'd.
If of the band thou be of Peleus' fon,
Achilles, tell me undisguifed the truth.
My fon, fubfifts he ftill, or hath thy Chief 515
Limb after limb given him to his dogs?

Him answer'd then the herald of the fkyes.
Oh venerable Sir! him neither dogs
Have eaten yet, nor fowls, but at the fhips
His body, and within Achilles' tent 520
Neglected lies. Twelve days he fo hath lain;
Yet neither worm, which diets on the brave
In battle fall'n, hath eaten him, or taint
Invaded. He around Patroclus' tomb
Drags him indeed pitilefs, oft as day 525
Reddens the Eaft, yet fafe from blemifh ftill
His corfe remains. Thou would'ft, thyfelf, admire,
Seeing how fresh the dew-drops, as he lies,
Reft on him, and his blood is cleanfed away
That not a ftain is left. Even his wounds 530
(For many a wound they gave him) all are clofed,
Such care the bleffed Gods have of thy fon,
Dead as he is, whom living much they loved.

So he; then, glad, the antient King replied.
 Good is it, oh my son! to yield the Gods 535
 Their just demands. My boy, while yet he liv'd,
 Liv'd not unmindful of the worship due
 To the Olympian pow'rs, who, therefore, him
 Remember, even in the bands of death.
 Come then—this beauteous cup take at my hand— 540
 Be thou my guard, and, if the Gods permit,
 My guide, 'till to Achilles' tent I come.

Whom answer'd then the messenger of heav'n.
 Sir! thou perceiv'st me young, and art dispos'd
 To try my virtue; but it shall not fail. 545
 'Thou bidd'st me at thine hand a gift accept,
 Whereof Achilles knows not; but I fear
 Achilles, and on no account should dare
 Defraud him, lest some evil find me next.
 But Thee I would with pleasure hence conduct 550
 Even to glorious Argos, over sea
 Or over land, nor any, through contempt
 Of such a guard, should dare to do thee wrong.

So Mercury, and to the chariot feat
 Upspringing, seiz'd at once the lash and reins, 555
 And with fresh vigour mules and steeds inspired.
 Arriving at the fofs and tow'rs, they found
 The guard preparing now their evening cheer,
 All whom the Argicide with sudden sleep
 Oppress'd, then oped the gates, thrust back the bars, 560
 And introduced, with all his litter-load
 Of costly gifts, the venerable King.
 But when they reach'd the tent for Peleus' son

Rais'd

Rais'd by the Myrmidons (with trunks of pine
 They built it, lopping smooth the boughs away, 565
 Then spread with shaggy mowings of the mead
 Its lofty roof, and with a spacious court
 Surrounded it, all fenced with driven stakes;
 One bar alone of pine secured the door,
 Which ask'd three Grecians with united force 570
 To thrust it to its place, and three again
 To thrust it back, although Achilles oft
 Would heave it to the door himself alone)
 Then Hermes, benefactor of mankind,
 That bar displacing for the King of Troy, 575
 Gave entrance to himself and to his gifts
 For Peleus' son design'd, and from the feat
 Alighting, thus his speech to Priam turn'd.

Oh antient Priam! an immortal God
 Attends thee; I am Hermes, by command 580
 Of Jove my father thy appointed guide.
 But I return. I will not, ent'ring here,
 Stand in Achilles' fight; immortal Pow'rs
 May not so unreservedly indulge
 Creatures of mortal kind. But enter thou, 585
 Embrace his knees, and by his father both
 And by his Goddess mother sue to him,
 And by his son, that his whole heart may melt.

So Hermes spake, and to the skies again
 Ascended. Then leap'd Priam to the ground, 590
 Leaving Idæus; he, the mules and steeds
 Watch'd, while the antient King into the tent
 Proceeded of Achilles dear to Jove.

Him there he found, and fitting found apart
 His fellow-warriors, of whom two alone 595
 Served at his side, Alcimus, branch of Mars,
 And brave Automedon; he had himself
 Supp'd newly, and the board stood unremoved.
 Unseen of all huge Priam enter'd, stood
 Near to Achilles, clasp'd his knees, and kiss'd 600
 Those terrible and homicidal hands
 That had destroy'd so many of his sons.
 As when a fugitive for blood the house
 Of some Chief enters in a foreign land,
 All gaze, astonish'd at the sudden guest, 605
 So gazed Achilles seeing Priam there,
 And so stood all astonish'd, each his eyes
 In silence fast'ning on his fellow's face.
 But Priam kneel'd, and suppliant thus began.
 Think, oh Achilles, semblance of the Gods! 610
 On thy own father full of days like me,
 And trembling on the gloomy verge of life.
 Some neighbour Chief, it may be, even now
 Oppresses him, and there is none at hand,
 No friend to succour him in his distress. 615
 Yet, doubtless, hearing that Achilles lives,
 He still rejoices, hoping, day by day,
 That one day he shall see the face again
 Of his own son from distant Troy return'd.
 But me no comfort cheers, whose bravest sons, 620
 So late the flow'r of Ilium, all are slain.
 When Greece came hither, I had fifty sons;
 Nineteen were children of one bed, the rest

Born of my concubines. A num'rous house!
 But fiery Mars hath thinn'd it. One I had, 625
 One, more than all my fons the strength of Troy,
 Whom standing for his country thou hast slain—
 Hector—His body to redeem I come
 Into Achaia's fleet, bringing, myself,
 Ranfom inestimable to thy tent. 630

Rev'rence the Gods, Achilles! recollect
 Thy father; for his sake compaffion show
 To me more pitiable ftill, who draw
 Home to my lips (humiliation yet
 Unfeen on earth) his hand who flew my fon. 635

So faying, he waken'd in his foul regret
 Of his own Sire; foftly he placed his hand
 On Priam's hand, and push'd him gently away.
 Remembrance melted both. Rolling before
 Achilles' feet, Priam his fon deplored 640
 Wide-flaught'ring Hector, and Achilles wept
 By turns his father, and by turns his friend
 Patroclus; founds of forrow fill'd the tent.
 But when, at length fatiate, Achilles felt
 His heart from grief, and all his frame relieved, 645
 Upftarting from his feat, with pity moved
 Of Priam's filver locks and filver beard,
 He raifed the antient father by his hand,
 Whom in wing'd accents kind he thus befpoke.

Wretched indeed! ah what muft thou have felt! 650
 How haft thou dared to feek alone the fleet
 Of the Achaians, and his face by whom
 So many of thy valiant fons have fall'n?

Thou

Thou hast an heart of iron, terrour-proof.
 Come—fit beside me—Let us, if we may, 655
 Great mourners both, bid sorrow sleep awhile.
 There is no profit of our sighs and tears;
 For thus, exempt from care themselves, the Gods
 Ordain man's miserable race to mourn.
 Fast by the threshold of Jove's courts are placed 660
 Two casks, one stored with evil, one with good,
 From which the God dispenses as he wills.
 For whom the glorious Thund'rer mingles both,
 He leads a life checquer'd with good and ill
 Alternate; but to whom he gives unmixt 665
 The bitter cup, he makes that man a curse,
 His name becomes a by-word of reproach,
 His strength is hunger-bitten, and he walks
 The blessed earth, unblest, go where he may.
 So was my father Peleus at his birth 670
 Nobly endow'd, with plenty and with wealth
 Distinguish'd by the Gods past all mankind,
 Lord of the Myrmidons, and, though a man,
 Yet match'd from heav'n with an immortal bride.
 But even Him the Gods afflict, a son 675
 Refusing him, who might possess his throne
 Hereafter; for myself, his only heir,
 Pass as a dream, and while I live, instead
 Of solacing his age, here sit, before
 Your distant walls, the scourge of thee and thine. 680
 Thee also, antient Priam, we have heard
 Reported, once possessor of such wealth
 As neither Lesbos, seat of Macar, owns,

Nor Eastern Phrygia, nor yet all the ports
Of Hellespont, but thou didst pass them all 685
In riches, and in number of thy sons.

But since the Pow'rs of heav'n brought on thy land
This fatal war, battle and deeds of death
Always surround the city where thou reign'st.
Cease, therefore, from unprofitable tears, 690
Which, ere they raise thy son to life again,
Shall, doubtless, find fresh cause for which to flow.

To whom the antient King godlike replied.
Hero, forbear. No feat is here for me,
While Hector lies unburied in your camp. 695
Loose him; and loose him now, that with these eyes
I may behold my son; accept a price
Magnificent, which may't thou long enjoy,
And, since my life was precious in thy fight,
May't thou revisit safe thy native shore! 700

To whom Achilles, lou'ring, and in*wrath;
Urgè me no longer, at a time like this,
With that harsh note; I am already inclined
To loose him. Thetis, my own mother came
Herself on that same errand, sent from Jove. 705
Priam! I understand thee well. I know
That, by some God conducted, thou hast reach'd
Achaia's fleet; for, without aid divine,
No mortal, even in his prime of youth,
Had dared the attempt; guards vigilant as ours 710

* Mortified to see his generosity, after so much kindness shown to Priam, still distrustful, and that the impatience of the old King threatened to deprive him of all opportunity to do gracefully what he could not be expected to do willingly.

He should not easily elude, such gates,
 So massy, should not easily unbar.
 Thou, therefore, vex me not in my distress,
 Lest I abhor to see thee in my tent,
 And, borne beyond all limits, set at nought 715
 Thee, and thy pray'r, and the command of Jove.
 He said; the old King trembled, and obey'd.
 Then sprang Pelides like a lion forth,
 Not sole, but with his two attendant friends
 Alcimus and Automedon the brave, 720
 For them (Patroclus slain) he honour'd most
 Of all the Myrmidons. They from the yoke
 Released both steeds and mules, then introduced
 And placed the herald of the hoary King.
 They lighten'd next the litter of its charge 725
 Inestimable, leaving yet behind
 Two mantles and a vest, that, not unveil'd,
 The body might be borne back into Troy.
 Then, calling forth his women, them he bade
 Lave and anoint the body, but apart, 730
 Lest haply Priam, noticing his son,
 Through stress of grief should give repentment scope,
 And irritate by some affront himself
 To slay him, in despite of Jove's commands.
 They, therefore, laving and anointing first 735
 The body, cover'd it with cloak and vest;
 Then, Peleus' son disposed it on the bier,
 Lifting it from the ground, and his two friends
 Together heaved it to the Royal wain.
 Achilles, last, groaning, his friend invoked. 740

Patroclus!

Patroclus! should the tidings reach thine ear,
 Although in Ades, that I have releas'd
 The noble Hector at his father's suit,
 Repent it not; no fordid gifts have paid
 His ransom-price, which thou shalt also share. 745

So saying, Achilles to his tent return'd,
 And on the splendid couch whence he had ris'n
 Again reclined, opposite to the seat
 Of Priam, whom the Hero thus bespake.

Priam! at thy request thy son is loos'd, 750
 And lying on his bier; at dawn of day
 Thou shalt both see him and convey him hence
 Thyself to Troy. But take we now repast;
 For even bright-hair'd Niobe her food
 Forgat not, though of children twelve bereft, 755
 Of daughters six, and of six blooming sons.

Apollo these struck from his silver bow,
 And those shaft-arm'd Diana, both incens'd
 That oft Latona's children and her own
 Numb'ring, she scorn'd the Goddesses who had borne 760
 Two only, while herself had twelve to boast.

Vain boast! those two sufficed to slay them all.
 Nine days they welter'd in their blood, no man
 Was found to bury them, for Jove had changed
 To stone the people; but themselves, at last, 765
 The Pow'rs of heav'n entomb'd them on the tenth.

Yet even she, once satisfied with tears,
 Remember'd food; and now, the rocks among
 And pathless solitudes of Sipylus,
 The rumour'd cradle of the nymphs who dance 770

On Acheloüs' banks, although to stone
 Transform'd, the broods her heav'n-inflicted woes!
 Come, then, my venerable guest! take we
 Refreshment also; once arrived in Troy
 With thy dear son, thou shalt have time to weep 775
 Sufficient, nor without most weighty cause.

So spake Achilles, and, upstarting, flew
 A sheep white-fleeced, which his attendants flay'd,
 And busily and with much skill their task
 Administring, first scored the viands well, 780
 Then pierced them with the spits, and when the roast
 Was finish'd, drew them from the spits again.
 And now, Automedon dispensed around
 The polish'd board bread in neat baskets piled,
 Which done, Achilles portion'd out to each 785
 His share, and all assail'd the ready feast.
 But when nor hunger more nor thirst they felt,
 Dardanian Priam, wond'ring' at his bulk
 And beauty, (for he seem'd some God from heav'n)
 Gazed on Achilles, while Achilles held 790
 Not less in admiration of his looks
 Benign, and of his gentle converse wife,
 Gazed on Dardanian Priam, and, at length,
 (The eyes of each gratified to the full)
 The antient King thus to Achilles spake. 795

Hero! dismiss us now each to our bed,
 That there at ease reclined, we may enjoy
 Sweet sleep; for never have these eyelids closed
 Since Hector fell and died, but without cease
 I mourn, and nourishing unnumber'd woes, 800

Have

Have roll'd me in the ashes of my courts.
 But I have now both tasted food, and giv'n
 Wine to my lips, untasted 'till with thee.

So he, and at his word Achilles bade
 His train beneath his portico prepare 805
 With all dispatch two couches, purple rugs
 And arras, and warm mantles over all.

Forth went the women bearing lights, and spread
 A couch for each, when * feigning needful fear,
 Achilles thus his speech to Priam turn'd. 810

My aged guest below'd! sleep thou without;
 Left some Achaian Chief (for such are wont
 Oftimes, here fitting, to consult with me)
 Hither repair; of whom should any chance
 To spie thee through the gloom, he would at once 815
 Convey the tale to Agamemnon's ear,

Whence hindrance might arise, and the release
 Haply of Hector's body be delay'd.
 But answer me with truth. How many days
 Would'st thou assign to the funereal rites 820
 Of noble Hector, for so long I mean
 Myself to rest, and keep the host at home?

Then thus the antient King godlike replied.
 If thou indeed be willing that we give
 Burial to noble Hector, by an act 825
 So gen'rous, O Achilles! me thou shalt

* Ἐπιερτομίαν. Clarke renders the word in this place, *falso metu ludens*, and Eustathius says that Achilles suggested such cause of fear to Priam, to excuse his lodging him in an exterior part of the tent. The general import of the Greek word is sarcastic, but here it signifies rather—to intimidate. See also Dacier.

Much gratify ; for we are shut, thou know'st,
 In Ilium close, and fuel must procure
 From Ida's side remote ; fear, too, hath seized
 On all our people. Therefore thus I say. 830

Nine days we wish to mourn him in the house ;
 To his interment we would give the tenth,
 And to the public banquet ; the eleventh
 Shall see us build his tomb ; and on the twelfth
 (If war we must) we will to war again. 835

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.
 So be it, antient Priam ! I will curb
 Twelve days the rage of war, at thy desire.

He spake, and at his wrist the right-hand grasp'd
 Of the old Sov'reign, to dispel his fear. 840

Then in the vestibule the herald slept
 And Priam, prudent both, but Peleus' son
 In the interior tent, and at his side
 Brisëis, with transcendent beauty adorn'd.

Now all, all night, by gentle sleep subdued, 845
 Both Gods and chariot-ruling warriors lay,
 But not the benefactor of mankind,
 Hermes ; him sleep seized not, but deep he mused
 How likeliest from amid the Grecian fleet
 He might deliver by the guard unseen 850
 The King of Ilium ; at his head he stood
 In vision, and the senior thus bespake.

Ah heedless and secure ! hast thou no dread
 Of mischief, antient King, that thus by foes
 Thou sleep'st surrounded, lull'd by the consent 855
 And suffrance of Achilles ? Thou hast giv'n

Much

Much for redemption of thy darling son,
 But thrice that sum thy sons who still survive
 Must give to Agamemnon and the Greeks
 For *thy* redemption, should they know thee here. 860

He ended; at the sound alarm'd upsprang
 The King, and roused his herald. Hermes yoked
 Himself both mules and steeds, and through the camp
 Drove them incontinent, by all unseen.

Soon as the windings of the stream they reach'd, 865
 Deep-eddied Xanthus, progeny of Jove,
 Mercury the Olympian summit fought,
 And saffron-vested morn o'erspread the earth.
 They, loud lamenting, to the city drove
 Their steeds; the mules close follow'd with the dead. 870

Nor warrior yet, nor cinctured matron knew
 Of all in Ilium aught of their approach,
 Cassandra sole except. She, beautiful
 As golden Venus, mounted on the height
 Of Pergamus, her father first discern'd, 875
 Borne on his chariot-feat erect, and knew
 The herald heard so oft in echoing Troy;
 Him also on his bier outstretch'd she mark'd,
 Whom the mules drew. Then, shrieking, thro' the streets
 She ran of Troy, and loud proclaim'd the fight. 880

Ye sons of Ilium and ye daughters haste,
 Haste all to look on Hector, if ye e'er
 With joy beheld him, while he yet survived,
 From fight returning; for all Ilium erst
 In him, and all her citizens rejoiced. 885

She

She spake. Then neither male nor female more
 In Troy remain'd, such sorrow seized on all.
 Issuing from the city-gate, they met
 Priam conducting, sad, the body home,
 And, foremost of them all, the mother flew 890
 And wife of Hector to the bier, on which
 Their torn-off tresses with unsparing hands
 They show'd, while all the people wept around.
 All day, and to the going down of day
 They thus had mourn'd the dead before the gates, 895
 Had not their Sov'reign from his chariot-seat
 Thus spoken to the multitude around.

Fall back on either side, and let the mules
 Pass on; the body in my palace once
 Deposited, ye then may weep your fill. 900

He said; they, op'ning, gave the litter way.
 Arrived within the royal house, they stretch'd
 The breathless Hector on a sumptuous bed,
 And fingers placed beside him, who should chaunt
 The strain funereal; they with many a groan 905
 The dirge began, and still, at ev'ry close,
 The female train with many a groan replied.
 Then, in the midst, Andromache white-arm'd
 Between her palms the dreadful Hector's head
 Pressing, her lamentation thus began. 910

My Hero! thou hast fall'n in prime of life,
 Me leaving here desolate, and the fruit
 Of our ill-fated loves, an helpless child,
 Whom grown to manhood I despair to see.
 For ere that day arrive, down from her height 915

Precipitated

Precipitated shall this city fall,
 Since thou hast perish'd, once her sure defence,
 Faithful protector of her spotless wives,
 And all their little ones. Those wives shall soon
 In Grecian barks capacious hence be borne, 920
 And I among the rest. But thee, my child!
 Either thy fate shall with thy mother send
 Captive into a land where thou shalt serve
 In fordid drudgery some cruel lord,
 Or haply some Achaian here, thy hand 925
 Seizing, shall hurl thee from a turret-top
 To a sad death, avenging brother, son,
 Or father by the hands of Hector slain;
 For He made many a Grecian bite the ground.
 Thy father, boy, bore never into fight 930
 A milky mind, and for that self-same cause
 Is now bewail'd in ev'ry house of Troy.
 Sorrow unutterable thou hast caused
 Thy parents, Hector! but to me hast left
 Largest bequest of misery, to whom, 935
 Dying, thou neither didst thy arms extend
 Forth from thy bed, nor gav'st me precious word
 To be remember'd day and night with tears.
 So spake she weeping, whom her maidens all
 With sighs accompanied, and her complaint 940
 Mingled with sobs Hecuba next began.
 Ah Hector! dearest to thy mother's heart
 Of all her sons, much must the Gods have lov'd
 Thee living, whom, though dead, they thus preserve.
 What son soever of our house beside 945

Achilles took, over the barren Deep
 To Samos, Imbrus, or to Lemnos girt
 With rocks inhospitable, him he fold;
 But thee, by his dread spear of life deprived,
 He dragg'd and dragg'd around Patroclus' tomb, 950
 As if to raise again his friend to life
 Whom thou hadst vanquish'd; yet he rais'd him not.
 But as for thee, thou liest here with dew
 Besprinkled, fresh as a young * plant, and more
 Resemblest some fair youth by gentle shafts 955
 Of Phœbus pierced, than one in battle slain.

So spake the Queen, exciting in all hearts
 Sorrow immeasurable, after whom
 Thus Helen, third, her lamentation pour'd.

Ah, dearer far than all my brothers else 960
 Of Priam's house! for being Paris' spouse,
 Who brought me (would I had first died) to Troy,
 I call thy brothers mine; since forth I came
 From Sparta, it is now the twentieth year,
 Yet never heard I once hard speech from thee, 965
 Or taunt morose, but if it ever chanced,
 That of thy father's house female or male
 Blamed me, and even if herself the Queen,
 (For in the King, whate'er befell, I found
 Always a father) thou hast interposed 970
 Thy gentle temper and thy gentle speech
 To sooth them; therefore, with the same sad drops
 Thy fate, oh Hector! and my own I weep;

* This, according to the Scholiast, is a probable sense of προσφατος.—He derives it
 απο των νεωσι πιφασμενων εκ γης φεταν.—See Villoison.

For other friend within the ample bounds
 Of Ilium have I none, nor hope to hear
 Kind word again, with horror view'd by all. 975

So Helen spake weeping, to whom with groans
 The countless multitude replied, and thus
 Their antient Sov'reign next his people charged.

Ye Trojans, now bring fuel home, nor fear 980
 Close ambush of the Greeks; Achilles' self
 Gave me, at my dismissal from his fleet,
 Assurance, that from hostile force secure
 We shall remain, 'till the twelfth dawn arise.

All, then, their mules and oxen to the wains 985
 Join'd speedily, and under Ilium's walls
 Assembled num'rous; nine whole days they toil'd,
 Bringing much fuel home, and when the tenth
 Bright morn, with light for human kind, arose,
 Then bearing noble Hector forth, with tears
 Shed copious, on the summit of the pile 990
 They placed him, and the fuel fired beneath.

But when Aurora, daughter of the Dawn,
 Redden'd the East, then, thronging forth, all Troy
 Encompass'd noble Hector's pile around. 995
 The whole vast multitude convened, with wine
 They quench'd the pile throughout, leaving no part
 Unvisited, on which the fire had seized.

His brothers, next, collected, and his friends,
 His white bones, mourning, and with tears profuse 1000
 Wat'ring their cheeks; then in a golden urn
 They placed them, which with mantles soft they veil'd
 Mæonian-hued, and, delving, buried it,

And

And overspread with stones the spot adust.

Lastly, short time allowing to the task, 1005

They heap'd his tomb, while, posted on all sides,

Suspicious of assault, spies watch'd the Greeks.

The tomb once heap'd, assembling all again

Within the palace, they a banquet shared

Magnificent, by godlike Priam giv'n. 1010

* Such burial the illustrious Hector found.

* 'Ως δὲ γ' ἀμφιεπον ταφὸν Ἑκτορος ἵπποδαμοιο.

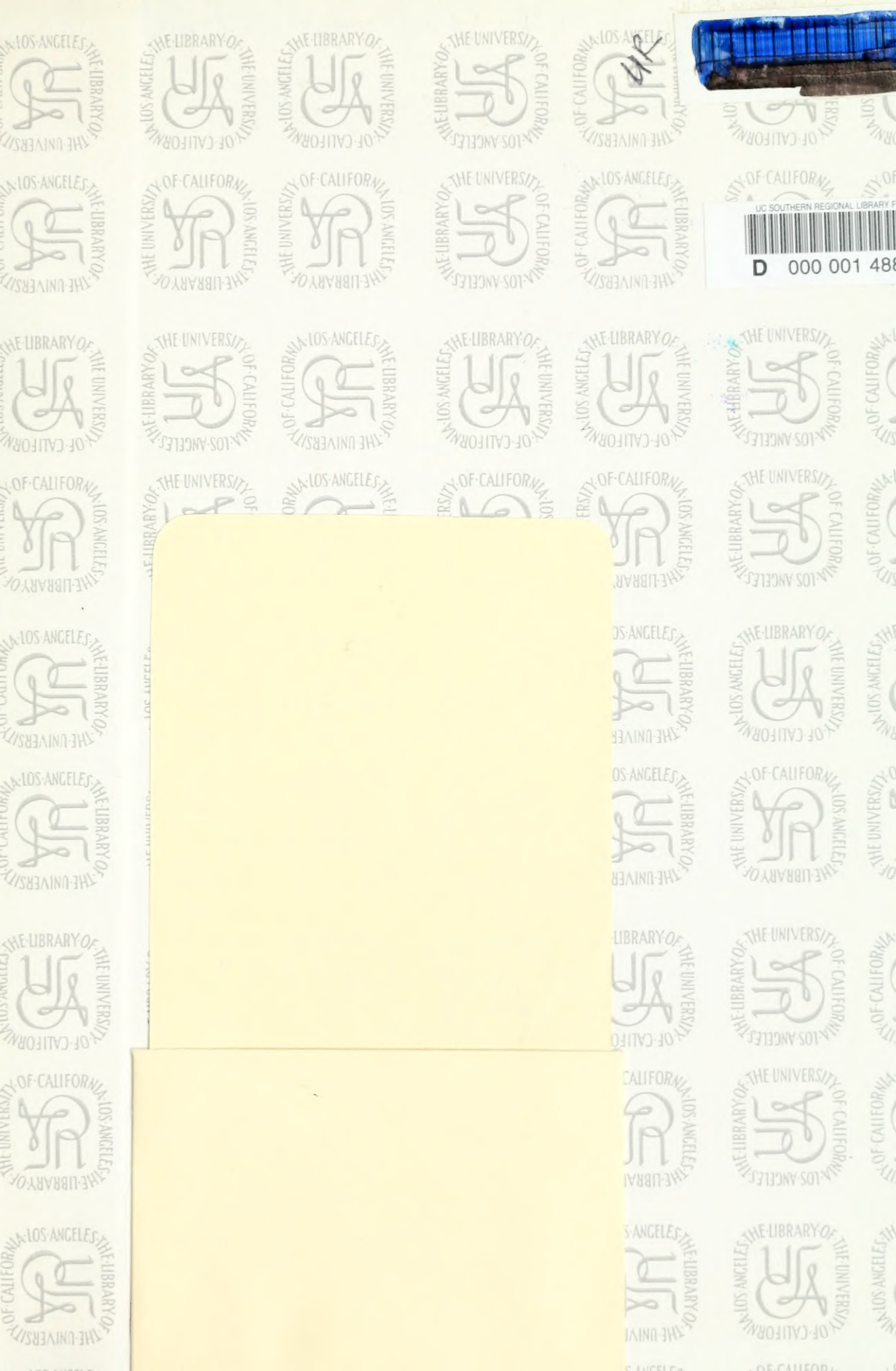
I cannot take my leave of this noble poem, without expressing how much I am struck with this plain conclusion of it. It is like the exit of a great man out of company whom he has entertained magnificently; neither pompous nor familiar; not contemptuous, yet without much ceremony. I recollect nothing, among the works of mere man, that exemplifies so strongly the true stile of great antiquity.

END OF THE ILLIAD.



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