THE
ILIAD AND ODYSSEY
OF
HOMER,
TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH BLANK VERSE,
BY W. COWPER,
OF THE INNER TEMPLE, ESQ.
IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.
CONTAINING THE ILIAD.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, NO 72, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.
M DCC XCL.
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

EARL COWPER,

THIS

TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD,

THE INSCRIPTION OF WHICH TO HIMSELF,

THE LATE LAMENTED EARL,

BENEVOLENT TO ALL,

AND ESPECIALLY KIND TO THE AUTHOR,

HAD NOT DISDAINED TO ACCEPT,

IS HUMBLY OFFERED,

AS A SMALL BUT GRATEFUL TRIBUTE,

TO THE MEMORY OF HIS FATHER,

BY HIS LORDSHIP's

AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN,

AND SERVANT,

JUNE 4, 1791.

WILLIAM COWPER.
WHETHER a translation of Homer may be best executed in blank verse or in rhime, 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 verification. I will venture to assert that a just translation of any antient poet in rhime, 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 instrumens. Mr. Pope has surmounted all difficulties in his version of Homer that it was possible to
to surmount in rhime. But he was fettered, and his fetters were his choice. Accustomed always to rhime, 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, I 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 unphilial 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 compas 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
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 lan-
guage, demands no great exertion of ingenuity, but is always easy
to a person exercised in the practice. Witness the multitudes who
rhime, but have no other poetical pretensions. Let it be con-
dered too, how merciful we are apt to be to unclassical and indif-
ferent language for the sake of rhime, 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 com-
bination. 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 syllabi-
bles 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 rhime. And if to these labours we add others
equally requisite, a style in general more elaborate than rhime
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 expense 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 rhime, 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 allot's 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 usher 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
PREFACE.

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. Fuseli. 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. Fuseli, who had a short opportunity to peruse the MSS. while the Iliad was printing. They are marked with his initial.

I have
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 met.
II. 781. For Troas read Thoas.
II. 893. For un-sation'd read un-sation'd.
III. 64. For sone read duft.
IV. 149. Forgot not Pallas read Forgot not; Pallas
IV. 457. For Æsopus read Âsopus.
V. 691. Give the afterism to white as ivory.
VI. 285. For Xwv, in margin, read Zevv.
VI. 313. Give the comma after dfrci to citadel.
VII. 45. For Chief read chyf.
VII. 225. For nev read me.
VIII. 418. Dele colon at the end.
X. 462. For trapann'd read trapann'd.
XI. 397. Comma instead of; at the end.
XI. 511. For valiant read valiant.
XI. 672. For Phaunias read Phaunias.
XI. 835. Wrong'd us oft add.)
XI. 893. For Angeias read Angeias.
XV. 600. For shaft read spear.
XVII. 133. Dele comma after loud.
XVII. 357. For brazen-cheek'd read brazen-cheek'd.
XIX. 454. For cast read left.
XX. 27. For council read counsel.
XXII. 541. For horribly read cruely.
XXII. 575. Dele comma at the end.
XXIII. 46. Dele comma at the end.
XXIII. 87. Dele comma after living.
XXIII. 582. For bad read hab.
XXIV. 202. The afterism is wanting.
XXIV. 383. Dele the comma at the end.

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

ERRATA IN THE ODYSSEY.

Book IV. Line 168. Dele the comma at the end.
IV. 521. Dele comma after station'd.
IV. 784. For Noimou read Noimou.
V. 567. Dele comma after ascending.
VII. 193. For la read left.
VIII. 229. Dele ; and read it with a comma.
IX. 224. Dele comma after Phæbus.
X. 594. For aboe read abode.
XI. 589. Give the comma after here to maintain'st.
XII. 154. For Neræa read Neera.
XII. 380. A comma is wanting at the end.
XVII. 391. For Argos read Argus.
XVIII. 18. For low'ring read lowing.
XX. 261. For So for read Asiar.
XXII. 563. Dele comma at the end.
THE

ILIAD OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.
ARGUMENT
OF THE
FIRST BOOK.

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 passed in Heaven on that occasion.

The English reader will be pleased to observe, that by Achaians, Argives, Danaï, are signified Greeks. Homer himself having found these various appellatives both graceful and convenient, it seemed unreasonable that a Translator of him should be denied the same advantage.
ACHILLES sing, O Goddes! 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)
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?
Latona's son and Jove's. For He, incensed
Against the King, a foul contagion raised
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
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,
The sons of Atreus, higheft 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
And ye return in safety) Take my gifts
And loose my child, in honour of the son
Of Jove, Apollo, archer of the skies.

At once the voice of all was to respect
The priest, and to accept the bounteous price;
But so it pleased not Atreus’ mighty son,
Who with rude threat’nings stern him thence dismis’d.

Beware, old man! that at these hollow barks
I find thee not now ling’ring, or henceforth
Returning, left the garland of thy God
And his bright sceptre should avail thee nought.

I will not loose thy daughter, ’till old age
Steal on her. From her native country far,
In Argos, in my palace, she shall ply
The loom, and shall be partner of my bed.

Move me no more. Be gone; hence while thou may’st.

He spake, the old priest trembled and obey’d.

Forlorn he roamed the ocean’s founding shore,
And, solitary, with much pray’r his King
Bright-hair’d Latona’s son, Phœbus, implored.

God of the silver bow, who with thy power
Encircleth Chrysa, and who reign’st supreme
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,

Grant my petition. With thy shafts avenge
On the Achaian host thy servant’s tears.

* So called on account of his having saved the people of Troas from a plague of mice, sminthos in their language meaning a mouse.

Such
Such prayer he made, and it was heard. The God,
Down from Olympus with his radiant bow
And his full quiver o'er his shoulde flung,
Marched in his anger; shaken as he moved
His rattling arrows told of his approach.
Gloomy he came as night; fat from the ships
Apart, and sent an arrow. Clang'd the cord
* Dread-founding, bounding on the silver bow.
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
The host in council. Juno the white-armed,
moved at the fight of Grecians all around
Dying, imparted to his mind the thought.
The full assembly, therefore, now convened,
Uprose Achilles ardent, and began.

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,
(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
defire he felt to produce an English line, if possible, somewhat resembling in its effect
the famous original one.

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

He spake and fat, 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
Conferr'd by Phoebus 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,
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
O'er all Achaia's host, will be incensed.
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?

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'lt in prayer
Made for the Danaï, and who thy soul
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
Oppress thee; no—not even if thou name Him, Agamemnon, sov'reign o'er us all.

Then was the fear embolden'd, and he spake.

Nor vow nor hecatomb unpaid on us
He charges, but the wrong done to his priest
Whom Agamemnon flighted when he fought
His daughter's freedom, and his gifts refused.

He is the cause. Apollo for his fake
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,
And a whole hecatomb in Chrysea bleed.

Then, not before, the God may be appeased.

He spake and sat; when Atreus' son arose,
The Hero Agamemnon, throned supreme.

Tempests of black resentment overcharged
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 found to me, was ever heard;
Ill tidings are thy joy, and tidings glad
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' fake, our enemy, because
I scorn'd his offer'd ransom of the maid
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
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,
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
    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 Sovereign of the host replied.
    Godlike Achilles, valiant as thou art,
Wouldst 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 meekly down defrauded of my due?
    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
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;
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 un tract able of all mankind;
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! cloathed with impudence as with a cloak,
And full of subtlety, who, thinkest thou—
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,
Or plunder'd of their fruits the golden fields
Of Phthia the deep-foil'd. She lies remote,
And obstacles are num'rous interposed,
Vale-dark'ning mountains, and the dashing sea.
No—* Shameless Wolf! For thy good pleasure fake
We came, and, + Face of flint! t' avenge the wrongs
By Menelaus and thyself sustaine'd,

* Κνῷπα.
+ μυγάνωδής.
On the offending Trojan—service kind,
But loth on thee, regardless of it all.
And now—What now? Thy threat'ning is to seize
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 ransack, half thy booty. The swift march
And furious onset—these I largely reap,
But, distribution made, thy lot exceeds
Mine far; while I, with any pittance pleas'd,
Bear to my ships the little that I win
After long battle, and account it much.
But I am gone, I and my fable barks
(My wiser course) to Phthia, and I judge,
Scorn'd as I am, that thou shalt hardly glean
Without me, more than thou shalt soon confume.

He ceased, and Agamemnon thus replied.
Fly, and fly now; if in thy soul thou feel
Such ardour of desire to go—begone!
I woo thee not to stay; stay not an hour
On my behalf, for I have others here
Who will respect me more, and above all
All-judging Jove. There is not in the host
King or commander whom I hate as thee,
For all thy pleasure is in strife 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!
There rule thy Myrmidons. I need not thee,
Nor heed thy wrath a jot. But this I say,
Sure
Sure as Apollo takes my lovely prize
Chryseis, and I shall return her home
In mine own bark, and with my proper crew,
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 fear above thy pitch, and none shall dare
Attempt, thenceforth, comparison with me.

He ended, and the big disdainful heart
Throbbed 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,
Or to command his stormy spirit down.
So doubted he, and undecided yet
Stood drawing forth his faulchion huge; when lo!
Down sent by Juno, to whom both alike
Were dear, and who alike watched over both,
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
Of haste, incontinent he questioned thus.

Daughter of Jove, why com'st thou? that thyself
May't witness these affronts which I endure
From Agamemnon? Surely as I speak,
This moment, for his arrogance, he dies.

To whom the blue-eyed Deity. From heav'n
Mine errand is, to soothe, 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. Goddes, 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.
Doubtles 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 numerous 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.

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,
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 miffed;
When all shall want him, and thyself the pow'r
To help the Achaians, whatso'er 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,
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 fat. On th' other side
The son of Atreus all impassion'd stood,
When the harmonious orator arose
Neutor, the Pylian oracle, whose lips
Dropp'd eloquence—the honey not so sweet.
Two generations past of mortals born
In Pylus, coëtaneous with himself,
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
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
No disrespect at any time received.
Their equals saw I never; never shall;
Exadius, Coeneus, and the God-like son
Of Ægeus, mighty Theseus; men renown’d
For force superior to the race of man.
Brave Chiefs they were, and with brave foes they fought,
With the rude dwellers on the mountain-heights
The Centaurs, whom with havoc such as fame
Shall never cease to celebrate, they flew.
With these men I comforted erst, what time
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 degenerate race
Now seen on earth, who might with these compare?
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,
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.

Say thou art stronger, and art Goddes-born,
How then? His territory passeth thine,
And he is Lord of thousands more than thou.

Cease, therefore, Agamemnon; calm thy wrath;
And it shall be mine office to entreat
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—

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,
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,

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,
Nor yet with any man; I fcorn 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
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 dissolv'd,) Achilles walked,
(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
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 hoist;
The hoist was purified, as he enjoin'd,
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 stream
Slowly in smoky volumes climbed the skies.
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.

Haste—
Haste—Seek ye both the tent of Peleus' son Achilles. Thence lead hither by the hand Blooming Brīfēis, 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, 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 Brīfēis. 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, 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 apophasis.

D  He
He ended, nor Patroclus disobey'd,
But leading beautiful Brīseis forth
Into their guidance gave her; loth she went
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't, his mother suppliant fought.

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

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 sudden, like a mist, she came,
Sat down before him, stroak'd his face, and said.

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,
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,
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
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 dismission; he, in wrath
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
A Seer, by Phoebus 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
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!
Haste hence to Heav'n, and if thy word or deed
Hath ever gratified the heart of Jove,
With earnest suit pres't him on my behalf.
For I, not seldom, in my father's hall
Have heard thee boasting, how when once the Gods,
With Juno, Neptune, Pallas at their head,
Conspired to bind the Thund'r'er, thou didst loose

D 2

His
His bands, O Goddess! calling to his aid
The Hundred-handed warrior, by the Gods
Briareus, but by men Ægeon named.
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 enterprise abstained.
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, prisoners in the fleet,
That all may find much solace in their King,
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.
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
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
Abiding, let thy wrath against the Greeks

* ἵπτας...
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
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
For fair Briseis' sake, forced from his arms
By force of pow'r. Meantime Ulysses came
To Chrysea with the Hecatomb in charge.
Arrived within the haven ♦ deep, their sails
Furling, they stowed them in the bark below.
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,
And, last, Chrysea. Her Ulysses led
Toward the altar, gave her to the arms
Of her own father, and him thus address'd.

O Chrysea! Agamemnon, King of men,
Hath sent thy daughter home, with whom we bring
An Hecatomb on all our hosts behalf
To Phoebus, 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 (πολυβύθες) 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
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
Encircleth Chrysea, and who reign'st supreme
In Tenedos, and Cilla the divine!
Thou prov'd'st propitious to my first request,
Haft honour'd me, and punish'd sore the Greeks;
Hear yet thy servant's pray'r; take from their hoft
At once the loathsome pestilence away!

So Chryses prayed, whom Phoebus heard well-pleased;
Then prayed the Greecians also, and with meal
Sprinkling the victims, their retracted necks
First pierced, then flay'd them; the disjointed thighs
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
Trained to the task. The thighs with fire consumed,
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.

Their whole task thus accomplish'd, and the board
Set forth, they feasted, and were all sufficed.
When neither hunger more nor thirst remained
Unsatisfied,
Unsatisfied, boys crown'd the beakers high
With wine delicious, and from right to left
Distributing the cups, serv'd ev'ry guest.
Thenceforth the youths of the Achaian race
To song propitiatory gave the day,
Pæans to Phoebus, Archer of the skies,
Chaunting melodious. Pleas'd, Apollo heard.
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,
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.
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 several tents.
But Peleus' noble son, the speed-renown'd
Achilles, he, his well-built bark beside,
Confum'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
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
Reformed,
Resorted, with the Thund’rer at their head,
And Thetis, not unmindful of her son
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.
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.
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
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
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.

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

For...
For gibe and taunt injurious, whose complaint
Sounds daily in the ears of all the Gods,
That I oppress 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
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
Ambrosial-fhook, and the huge mountain reeled.

Their conference 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,
Uprose; none fat 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
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,
Think what thou may'ft, are always barred to me.

To whom the father, thus, of heav'n and earth.
Expect not, Juno, that thou shalt partake
My counsels at all times, which oft in height
And depth, thy comprehension far exceed,
Jove's comfort as thou art. When aught occurs
Meet for thine ear, to none will I impart
Of Gods or men more free than to thyself.
But for my secret thoughts, which I withhold
From all in heav'n beside, them search not thou
With irksome curiosity and vain.

Him answer'd then the Goddes ample-eyed
What word hath passed thy lips, Saturnian Jove,
Thou most severe! I never search thy thoughts,
Nor the serenity of thy profound
Intentions trouble; they are safe from me;
But now there seems a cause. Deeply I dread
Left Thetis, silver-footed daughter fair
Of Ocean's hoary Sov'reign, here arrived
At early dawn to practice on thee, Jove!

I noticed her a suitress at thy knees,
And much misdeem or promise-bound thou stand'st
To Thetis past recall, t' exalt her son,
And Greeks to slaughter thousands at the ships.

To whom the cloud-assembly God, incensed.

Ah subtle! Ever teeming with surmise,
And fathomer of my concealed designs,
Thy toil is vain, or (which is worse for thee)
Shall but estrange thee from mine heart the more.
And be it as thou sayest—I am well pleased
That so it should be. Be advised, desist,
Hold thou thy peace. Else, 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
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

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 fake; yet thus we speed

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.

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.

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; left I see thee whom I love
So dear, with stripes chastized before my face,
Willing, but impotent to give thee aid.

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

E 2
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,"
And dropped, at last, in Lemnos. There half-dead
The Sintians found me, and with succour prompt
And hospitable, entertained me fallen.

So He; then Juno smiled, Goddess white-arm'd,
And smiling still, from his * unwonted hand
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
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.
But when the sun's bright orb had now declined,
Each to his mansion, wherefoever built
By the lame matchless Architect, withdrew.
Jove also, kindler of the fires of heav'n,
His couch ascending as at other times
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.
ARGUMENT

OF THE

SECOND BOOK.

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. Thersites is mutinous, and is chastised 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.

BOOK II.

All night both Gods and Chiefs equestrian slept, But not the Sire of all. He, waking soon, Musèd how to exalt Achilles, and destroy No few in battle at the Grecian fleet. This counsel, at the last, as best he chose 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, entering royal Agamemnon's tent, His ear possèss 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 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.

Him sleeping in his tent he found, immered
In soft repose ambrosial. At his head
The shadow stood, similitude exact
Of Neftor, son of Neleus; sage, with whom
In Agamemnon's thought might none compare.

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.

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 solicitude. He bids thee arm
Thine universal host, for that the time
When the Achaians shall at length possess
Wide Ilion, 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.

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
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 Thunderer yet ordain'd.
Starting he woke, and seeming still to hear
The warning voice divine, with hasty leap
Sprang from his bed, and fat. His fleecy vest
New-woven he put on, and mantle wide;
His sandals fair to his unfullied feet
He braced, and flung his argent-studded sword.
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 flood new day to all in heav'n,
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 Neftor, Pylian King,
The senior Chiefs for high exploits renown'd
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 Neftor. At mine head
The shadow took his stand, and thus he spake.

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

Now
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 solicitude. He bids thee arm
Thine universal host; for that the time
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.
Charge this on thy remembrance. Thus he spake,
Then vanished suddenly, and I awoke.
Haste therefore, let us arm, *if arm we may,
The warlike sons of Greece; but first, myself
Will prove them, recommending instant flight
With all our ships, and ye throughout the host
Dispersed, shall, next, encourage all to stay.

He ceased, and sat; when in the midst arose
Of highest fame for wisdom, Neitor, King
Of sandy Pylus, who them thus bespake.

Friends, Counsellors, and Leaders of the Greeks!
Had any meaner Argive told his dream,
We had pronounced it false, and should the more
Have shrunk from battle; but the dream is his
Who boasts himself our Higheft in command.

Haste, arm we, if we may, the sons of Greece.

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

* Agamemnon seems to entertain some doubts left the army should sorefent his treatment of their favorite Achilles, as to be indisposed to serve him.

Arising,
AriSing, follow'd; and the throng began.
As from the hollow rock bees stream abroad,
And in succession endless seek the fields,
Now cluff'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,
GreeCians of ev'ry tribe, from camp and fleet
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
When down they sat, and murmurs ran around.
Nine heralds cried aloud—will ye restrain
Your clamours, that your heav'n-taught Kings may speak?
Scarce were they settled, and the clang had ceased,
When Agamemnon, sovereign o'er them all,
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,
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)
On that he lean'd, and, rapid, thus began.

* Mercury. † Argus.
Friends, Grecian Heroes, ministers of Mars!
Ye see me here entangled in th' snare
Of unpropitious Jove. He promised once,
And with a nod confirm'd it, that with spoils
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,
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.
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 decades should exceed so far
Their units, that all Troy could not supply
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
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
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
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.

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
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 hoft
All homeward bent, and launching glad the fleet.

Then baffled Fate had the Achaians 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
That the Achaians 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?

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,
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 sable bark, for sorrow whelm'd his soul.

The Athenæan Goddess azure-eyed
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,
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
Detain them of thy soothing speech, e'er yet
All launch their oary barks into the flood.

She ceas'd, whom by her voice Ulysses knew.
Casting his mantle from him, which his friend
Eurybates the Ithacensian caught,
He ran; and in his course meeting the son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, from his hand
The everlafting sceptre quick received,
Which bearing, through Achaia's fleet he pass'd.
What King for ever, or distinguish'd Greek
He found, approaching to his side, in terms
Of gentle fort he stay'd him. Sir, he cried,
It is unseemly that a man renown'd
As thou, should tremble. Go—Refume the feat
Which thou hast left, and bid the people fit.
Thou know'st 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
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 so 'ere he heard
Stretching his throat to swell the general cry,
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 daftard and a drone,
Of none account in council, or in arms.
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 enforcement of the laws,
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
Some broad beach dashes, and the ocean roars.
The hoft all feated, and the benches fill'd,
Thersites only of loquacious tongue
Ungovern'd, clamour'd mutinous; a wretch
Of ut'rance prompt, but in coarse phrase obscene
Deep-learn'd alone, with which to flander Kings.
Might he but set the rabble in a roar,
He cared not with what jeft; of all from Greece
To Ilium sent, his country's chief reproach.
Crofs-eyed he was, and halting moved on legs
Ill-pair'd; his gibbous shoulders o'er his breast
Contracted, pinched it; to a peak his head
Was moulded sharp, and sprinkled thin with hair
Of starving length, flimfy and soft as down.
Achilles and Ulyfles had incurred
Most his aversion; them he never spared;
But now, imperial Agamemnon 'felf
In piercing accents fridulous he charged
With foul reproach. The Greeians with contempt
Listen'd, and indignation, while with voice
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 Greeians, when they take
A city, chufe the lovelieft girls for thee.
Is gold thy wish? More gold? A ransom brought
By some 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?
It was not well, great Sir, that thou shou'dft bring

A plague
A plague on the Achaians, as of late.
But come, my Greecan siflers, soldiers named
Unfitly, of a sex too soft for war,
Come, let us homeward; let him here digest
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
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,
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 flander Kings.
I deem thee most contemptible, the worst
Of Agamemnon's followers to the war;
Presume not then to take the names revered
Of Sov'reigns on thy fordid lips, to asperse.
Their sacred character, and to appoint
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 extremelest 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,
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 Ulysses' head
On these my shoulders more, and may my son
Prove the begotten of another Sire,
If I not strip thee to that hide of thine
As bare as thou wast born, and whip thee hence
Home to thy galley, sniveling like a boy.

He ceas'd, and with his sceptre on the back:
And shoulders smote him. Writhing to and fro,
He wept profuse, while many a bloody whelk
Protuberant beneath the sceptre sprang.
Awe-quell'd he fat, and from his visage mean,
Deep-sighing, wiped the rheums. It was no time
For mirth, yet mirth illumined every face,
And laughing, thus they spake. A thousand acts
Illustrious, both by well-concerted plans
And prudent disposition of the host
Ulysses hath atchieved, but this by far
Transcends his former praise, that he hath quell'd
Such contumelious rhetoric profuse.
The valiant talker shall not soon, we judge,
Take liberties with royal names again.

So spake the multitude. Then, stretching forth
The sceptre, city-spoiler Chief, arose
Ulysses. Him beside, herald in form,
Appeared Minerva. Silence she enjoined
To all, that all Achaia's sons might hear,

Foremost
Foremost and rearmost, and might weigh his words.

He then his counsel, prudent, thus proposed.

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,

Here to abide till Ilion 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

Seems *pleafant. The poor feaman from his wife
One month detain'd, cheerless his ship and sad
Poseffes, 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

Revolving, finds camp'd under Ilion 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 unsuccesful, who can bear?

Be patient, friends! wait only till we learn
If Calchas truly prophecied, 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 moft

A day or two before) that when the ships

Woe-fraught for Priam, and the race of Troy,

* Some for πίσος here read πέδος; 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
Ran chrysal-clear, there we beheld a sign
Wonderful in all eyes. A serpent huge,
Tremendous spectacle! with crimson spots
His back all dappled, by Olympian Jove
Himself protruded, from the altar's foot
Slipp'd into light, and glided to the tree.
There on the top-most 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,
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,
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.

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.
E'en as this serpent in your sight devour'd
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.
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.

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,
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 appal'd. Be firm.
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 general voice, let such
Wither alone. He shall not see his wish
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,

* Nestor is supposed here to glance at Achilles.
(Omen propitious!) thunder'd on the right.
Let no man therefore pant for home, till each
Poffefs a Trojan spouse, and from her lips
Take sweet revenge for Helen's pangs of heart.
Who then? What soldier languishes and sighs
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
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;
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,
To Athenian Pallas, and Apollo!
That I had ten such coadjutors, wife
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
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
The fierce aggressor. Be that breach but heal'd!
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
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
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
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
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
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
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 fixth and last,
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,
When Agamemnon thus his pray'r preferr'd.

Almighty Father! Glorious above all!
Cloud-girt, who dwell'ft 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
His gates with fire; till I shall hew away
His hack'd and riven corset 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
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
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 sear and dry.

The
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.
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 Neitor spake.

Atrides! Agamemnon! King of men!
No longer waste we time in useless 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
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
Gave forth, and at the found the people throng'd.
Then Agamemnon and the Kings of Greece
Dispatchful drew them into order just,
With whom Minerva azure-eyed advanced,
Th' ineffimable Ægis on her arm,
Immortal, unobnoxious to decay.
An hundred braids, close twisted, all of gold,
Each valued at an hundred beeves *, around

* Money stamp'd with the figure of an ox.
Dependent fringed it. She from side to side
Her eyes cærulean rolled, infusing thirst
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
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 Cayster's banks
On wanton plumes, succussive 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 effus'd,
They cover'd the Scamandrian plain; the earth
Rebellion'd to the feet of flocks and men.
They overspread Scamander's grasy 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,
Thick clouds of humming infects on the wing
Swarm all around him, so the Grecians swarm'd
An unfummed multitude o'er all the plain,
Bright-arm'd, high-crested, and athirst for war.
As goat-herds separate their num'rous flocks
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,
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.

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
Stood forth th'em battled 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 brafs,
I might declare, unless th'Olympian nine,
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
Arcesilaüs 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, Grae, and the plains
Of MycalefTus them, and Harma served,
Eleon, Erythrae, Ptecon; Hyle them,
Ilelius and Ocalea, and the strength
Of Medeon; Copæ also in their train
Marched, with Eutresis and the mighty men
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 Gliffæ bred,
And *Hypothebæ, and thy sacred groves
To Neptune, dark Oncheithus. Arne claims
A record next for her illustrious sons,
Vine-bearing Arne. Thou wast also there
Mideia, and thou Niffa; nor be thine
Though laft, Anthedon, a forgotten name.
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
Their chosen youth; them ruled a noble pair,
Sons of Aystoche; the, lovely nymph,
Received by stealth, on Actor's stately roof,
Th' embraces of a God, and bore to Mars
Twins like himself, Ascalaphus the bold,
And bold Ialmenus, expert in arms.

Beneath Epiftropus and Schedius, took
Their destined station on Bœotia's left,
The brave Phocensians; they in forty ships
From Cyparissus came, and from the rocks
Of Python, and from Crissa 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.

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 Opœis 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 Oileus led, not such as he
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 soe'er, for skill
In ushering to its mark the rapid lance.

Elphenor brought (Calchodons' mighty son)
Th' Eubœans to the field. In forty ships
From Histræa 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.

Nor
Nor Athens had withheld her gen'rous sons,
The people of Erectheus. 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
The youth of Athens, and with slaughter'd lambs
Her annual worship celebrate. Them led
Menelethus, whom (sage Nestor's self except,
Thrice school'd in all events of human life)
None rivall'd ever in the just array
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.

The men of Argos and Tyrintha next,
And of Hermione, that stands retired
With Aine, within her spacious bay;
Of Epidaurus, crown'd with purple vines,
And of Trœzena, with th' Achaian youth
Of sea-begirt Ægina, and with thine,
Mafeta, and the dwellers on thy coast,
Wave-worn Eionæ; these all obeyed
The dauntless Hero Diomede, whom served
Sthenelus, son of Capaneus, a Chief
Of deathless fame, his second in command,
And God-like man, Euryalus, the son
Of King Meleus, Talaüs' son, his third.
But Diomede controul'd them all, and him
Twice forty fable ships their leader own'd.

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 brašs,
And conscious of pre-eminence, he stood.
He drew his hoſt from cities far renown’d,
Mycenæ, and Corinthus, feat of wealth,
Ornea, and Cleone bulwark’d strong,
And lovely Araethyria; Sicyon, where
His feat of royal pow’r held at the first
Adrautus; Hyperesia, and the heights
Of Gonoëffa; Αegium, 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.

From hollow Lacedæmon’s glen profound,
From Phare, Sparta, and from Meffa, still
Refounding with the ring-dove’s am’rous moan,
From Brysia, from Augeia, from the rocks
Of Laas, from Amycla, Otilus,
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,
And of her sighs and tears. From rank to rank,
Conſcious of dauntleſs might he passed, and fent
Into all hearts the fervor of his own.

Gerenian Neftor in thrice thirty ships
Had brought his warriors; they from Pylus came,

From
From blythe Arene, and from Thryos, built
Fast by the fords of Alpheus, and from steep
And stately Æpy. Their confined rate pow'rs
Sent Amphigenia, Gyparissa veiled
With broad redundance of funereal shades,
Pteleos and Helos, and of deathless fame
Dorion. In Dorion erft the Muses met,
Threiclan Thamyris, on his return
From Eurytus, Oechalian Chief, and hush'd
His song for ever; for he dared to vaunt
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.

Arcadia's sons, the dwellers at the foot
Of mount Cyliene, where Æpytus sleepe
Intomb'd; a generation bold in fight,
And warriors hand to hand; the valiant men
Of Pheneus, of Orchomenos by flocks
Grazed numberles, of Ripe, Stratia, bleak
Enispe; Mantinea city fair,
Stymphelus and Parrhasia, and the youth
Of Tegea; royal Agapenor these,
Ancaeus' offspring, had in sixty ships
To Troy conducted; num'rous was the crew,
And skilful in arms, which ev'ry vessel brought,
And Agamemnon had with barks himself
Supplied them, for, of inland realms posseffed,
They little heeded maritime employs.
The dwellers in Buprafiun, on the shores
Of pleasant Elis, and in all the land
Myrsinus and th' Hyrminian plain between,
The rock Olenian, and th' Alysian fount;
These all obey'd four Chiefs, and galleys ten
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
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
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.
Twice twenty ships had follow'd Meges forth.
Ulysses led the Cephallenians bold.
From Ithaca, and from the lofty woods
Of Neritus they came, and from the rocks
Of rude Ægilipa. Croclyia these,
And those Zacynthus own'd; nor yet a few
From Samos, from Epirus join'd their aid,
And from the opposite Ionian shore.
Them, wife as Jove himself, Ulysses led
In twelve fair ships, with crimson prows adorn'd.
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;
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
Of Cnossus, of Gortyna walled around,
Of Lyctus, of Lycaëus chalky-white,
Of Phæætus, of Miletus, with the youth
Of Rhytius him obeyed; nor these were all,
But others from her hundred cities Crete
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,
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
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 lufty prime,
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
At Rhodes arriving, in three separate bands
He spread himself abroad. Much was he loved
Of all-commanding Jove, who blest'd him there,
And shower'd abundant riches on them all.

Nireus of Syma, with three vessels came;
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 Greecians call'd to Troy.
But he was heartless and his men were few.

Nisyreus, Cæus, Crapathus, and Cos
Where reign'd Eurypylus, with all the isles
Calydnae named, under two valiant Chiefs
Their troops disposed; Phidippus one, and one,
His brother Antiphus, begotten both
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
Distinguishing'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.

I

And
And give them just array. Close in his ships Achilles, after lo's of the bright-hair'd Briseïs, lay, resentful; her obtained Not without labour hard, and after sack Of Thebes and of Lynceïs, where he flew 

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

Of Pyrrhus, 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 

Protesilaüs 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

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 plain, But younger born, and from Iphiclus sprung Who sprang from Phylacus the rich in flocks. But him Protesilaüs, 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;
For he was fierce in battle, and at Troy
With forty fable-sided ships arrived.

Eleven galleys, Phœæ on the lake,
And Boebe, and Jölchus, and the vale
Of Glaphyræ supplied with crews robust
Under Eumelus; him, Alcestis, praised
For beauty above all her sisters fair,
In Thessaly to King Admetus bore.

Methone, and Olizon's craggy coast,
With Melibœa and Thaumàsia sent
Sev'n ships; their rowers were good archers all,
And ev'ry vessel dipp'd into the wave
Her fifty oars. Them Philoctetes, skilled
To draw with sinewy arm the stubborn bow,
Commanded; but he suffering anguish keen
Inflicted by a serpent's venom'd tooth,
Lay sick in Lemnos; him the Grecians there
Had left fore-wounded, but were destined soon
To call to dear remembrance whom they left.

Meantime, though sorrowing for his sake, his troops
Yet wanted not a Chief; them Medon ruled,
Whom Rhena to the far-famed conqueror bore
Oileus, fruit of their unsaction'd loves.

From Tricca, from Ithome rough and rude
With rocks and glens, and from Oechalia, town
Of Eurytus Oechalian-born, came forth
Their warlike youth by Podalirius led
And by Machaon, healers both expert
Of all disease, and thirty ships were theirs.
The men of Ormenus, and from beside
The fountain Hypereia, from the tops
Of chalky Titan, and Aetheria's band;
Them ruled Eurypylus, Evæmon's son
Illustrious, whom twice twenty ships obeyed.

Orthe, Gyrtone, Oloöfön white,
Argisfa and Helone; they their youth
Gave to controul of Polypœtes, son
Undaunted of Pirithoüs, son of Jove.
Him, to Pirithoüs, (on the self-same day,
When he the Centaurs punish'd, and pursued
Sheer to Æthiæ driv'n from Pelion's heights
The shaggy race) Hippodamia bore.
Nor he alone them led. With him was join'd
Leonteus, dauntless warrior, from the bold
Coronus sprung, who Cænëus call'd his fire.
Twice twenty ships awaited their command.

Guneus from Cyphus twenty and two ships
Led forth; the Enienes him obey'd,
And the robust Percœbi, warriors bold,
And dwellers on Dodona's wintry brow.
To these were join'd, who till the pleasant fields
Where Titarefius winds; the gentle flood
Pours into Peneus all his limpid stores,
But with the silver-eddied Peneus flows
Unmixt as oil; for Stygian is his stream,
And Styx is the inviolable oath.

Last with his forty ships, Tentherdon's son,
The active Prothoüs came. From the green banks
Of Peneus his Magnesians far and near
He gather'd, and from Pelion forest-crown'd.
These were the Princes and the Chiefs of Greece.

Say, Muse, who most in personal desert
Exelled, 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
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
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
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' unharness'd steeds
Cropping the lotus, or at leisure browsed
On celery wild, from wat'ry freshes gleaned.
Beneath the shadow of the sheltering tent
The chariot stood, while they, the charioteers
Roam'd here and there the camp, their warlike lord
Regretting fad, and idle for his fake.
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
Typhoëus stretch'd, the fires of angry Jove
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
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 deliverance, posted was abroad
On Æfyeta'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;
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.
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.

She ceased; her Hector heard intelligent,
And quick dissolved the council. All took arms.
Wide flew the gates; forth rush'd the multitude,
Horsemen and foot, and boist'rous stir arose. 
In front of Ilium, distant on the plain,
Clear all around from all obstruction, stands 
An eminence high-rais'd, by mortal men 
Call'd Batica, but the Gods the tomb 
Have named it of Myrinna swift in fight. 
Troy and her aids there set the battle forth. 

Huge Priameian Héctor, 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, 
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. 

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

Apæfus, Adraitea, Terie steep, 
And Pitueia—them, Amphius clad 
In mail thick-woven, and Adraitus, ruled. 
They were the sons of the Percosian seer 
Merops, expert in the sooth-fayers art 
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 Praetius, in Arisba, city fair,
In Seftus, in Abydus, march'd behind
Princely Hyrtacides; his tawny steeds,
Strong-built and tall, from Selleentes' bank
And from Arisba, had him borne to Troy.

Hippothous and Pikesus, branch of Mars,
Both sons of Lethus the Pelasgian, they,
Forth from Larissa for her fertile soil
Far-famed, the spear-expert Pelasgians brought.

The Thracians (all whom Hellespont includes
Within the banks of his swift-racing tide)
Heroic Acamas and Pirous led.
Euphemus, offspring of Tracezenus son
Of Jove-protected Ceas, was the Chief
Whom the spear-arm'd Ciconian band obey'd.

Paonia's archers follow'd to the field
Pyræchmes; they from Amydon remote
Were drawn, where Axius winds; broad Axius, stream
Diffused delightful over all the vale.

Pylæmenes, a Chief of giant might
From th' Eneti for forest-mules renowned
March'd with his Paphlagonians; dwellers they
In Sesamus and in Cytorus were,
And by the stream Parthenius; Cromna these
Sent forth, and those Ægialus on the lip
And margin of the land, and some, the heights
Of Erythini, rugged and abrupt.

Epiftrophus and Odius from the land
Of Alybe, a region far remote,
Where veins of silver wind, led to the field
The Halizonians. With the Mysians came 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.

Ascanius, lovely youth, and Phorcis, led
The Phrygians from Ascania far remote,
Ardent for battle. The Mæonian race,
(All those who at the foot of Tmolus dwelt)
Methlles and Antiphus, fraternal pair,
Sons of Pylæmenes commanded, both 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 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 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.
The armies meet. Paris throws out a challenge to the Greecian 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.

BOOK III.

NOW marshalled all beneath their several Chiefs,
With deaf'ning fhouts, 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
Take wing, and over Ocean speed away;
Woe to the land of dwarfs! prepared, they fly
For slaughter of the small Pygmaean race.
Not fo the Greeks; they breathing valour came,
But silent all, and all with faithful hearts
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,

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;
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
When Menelaus' saw, such joy he felt
As hunger-pinched 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.
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
Conspicuous, his heart smote him, and his fate
Avoiding, far within the lines he shrank.
As one, who in some woodland height defying
A serpent huge, with sudden start recoils,
His limbs shake under him; with cautious step
He flow 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 Hector eyed, and thus rebuked severe.  
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 incurred this publick shame!  
Well may the Grecians taunt, and, laughing loud,  
Applaud the champion, flow indeed to fight  
And pusillanimous, but wond'rous fair.  
Waft thou as timid, tell me, when with those  
Thy lov'd companions in that famed exploit,  
Thou didst comfort with strangers, and convey  
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'ft thou not to face  
The warlike prince? Now learn how brave a Chief  
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,  
For all thy num'rous mischiefs, thou hadst slept  
Secure beneath a * coverlet of stone.  
Then Godlike Alexander thus replied.  
Oh Hector, true in temper as the axe  
Which in the shipwright's hand the naval plank  
Divides resolutely, doubling all his force,  
Such is thy dauntless spirit, whose reproach  
Perforce I own, nor causeless nor unjust.  

* Λάυνοι  ἵσσο χιτῶνα.
Yet let the gracious gifts uncensured pass
Of golden Venus; man may not reject
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 desper'ate combat, bid the host of Troy
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 posses'd, shall bear them safe away;
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
Advanced athwart push'd back the Trojan van,
And all flood 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.

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 Grecians mail-arm'd,
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 hosts between,
With warlike Menelaus shall in fight
Contend for Helen, and for all her wealth.
Who strongest proves, and conquers, he, of her
And her's posleft, shall bear them safe away,
And oaths of amity shall bind the rest.

He ceased, and all deep silence held, amazed;
When valiant Menelaus thus began.

Hear now me also, on whose aching heart
These woes have heaviest fall’n. At last I hope
Decision near, Trojans and Greeks between,
For ye have suffer’d in my quarrel much,
And much by Paris, author of the war.
Die he who must, and peace be to the rest.
But ye shall hither bring two lambs, one white,
The other black; this to the earth devote,
That, to the sun. We shall ourselves supply
A third for Jove. Then bring ye Priam forth,
Himself to swear the covenant, (for his sons
Are faithless) left the oath of Jove be scorn’d.
Young men are ever of unstable mind;
But when an elder interferes, he views
Future and past together, and insures
The compact, to both parties, uninfringed.

So Menelaus spake; and in all hearts
Awaken’d joyful hope that there should end
War’s long calamities. Alighted each,
And drew his steeds into the lines. The field
Glitter’d with arms put off, and, side by side,
Ranged orderly, while th’ interrupted war
Stood front to front, small interval between.

Then Hector to the city sent in haste
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.

Iris, ambassadress 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 Helicarion. Her she found within.
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.

Haste, dearest nymph! a wond'rous sight 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 paused, and on his shield
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 Goddes into Helen's soul
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
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 Scæan gate.
There Priam, Panthoüs, Clytius, Lampus fat,
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
Which perch'd among the boughs sends forth at noon
Through all the grove his flender 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.
Trojans and Grecians wage, with fair excuse,
Long war for so much beauty. Oh, how like
In feature to the Goddesses above!
Pernicious loveliness! Ah, hence away,
Resistless as thou art and all divine,
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.  

* Not the grashopper, but an insect well known in hot countries, and which in Italy is called Cicála. The grashopper 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
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 belov'd!
Oh that some cruel death had been my choice,
Rather than to abandon, as I did,
All joys domestic, matrimonial bliss,
Brethren, dear daughter, and companions dear,
A wand'rer with thy son. Yet I alas!
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)
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 gallant host
So numerous, of the sons of Greece obey!
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.

L
I march'd
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 encompas'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
Embaflador 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 fat, Ulysses in his air
Had more of state and dignity than he.
In the delivery of a speech addres'd
To the full senate, Menelaus used
Few words, but to the matter, fitly ranged,
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
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 ideot, passion-fisxt.
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.

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.
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
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;
My brothers; born of Leda; sons of Jove;
Caistor 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.
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
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
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
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 spake, and Priam, shudd'ring, bade his train
Prepare his steeds; they sedulous obey'd.
First, Priam mounting, backward stretch'd the reins;
Antenor, next, beside him fat, and through
The Scæan gate they drove into the plain.
Arriving at the hofts of Greece and Troy
They left the chariot, and proceeded both
Into the interval between the hofts.

Then, uprofe Agamemnon, and uprofe
All-wife Ulysses. Next, the heralds came
Conspicuous forward, expediting each
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,
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 stretch'd forth.
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,
Hear ye, and ratify what now we swear!
Should Paris flay the hero amber-hair'd,
My brother Menelaus, Helen's wealth
And Helen's self are his, and all our hoft.

Shall
Shall home return to Greece; but should it chance
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
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,
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 Greecian thus and Trojan spake;

All-glorious Jove, and ye the pow'rs of heaven,
Who so 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
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.
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, mounting, check'd the reins; Antenor next 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; Meantime the people raised their hands on high, And many a Greecian thus, and Trojan pray'd.

Jove, Father, who on Ida seated, seat And rulest all below, glorious in pow'r! Of these two champions, to the drear abodes 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. 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 clasped 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 flung athwart his shoulders, bright embossed, His brazen sword; his mossy buckler broad He took, and to his graceful head his casque Adjusted elegant, which, as he moved, It's bushy crest waved dreadful; last he seized, Well fitted to his grip, his pond'rous spear.

Meantime
Meantime the hero Menelaus made
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
Seized all beholders. On the measured ground
Full near they stood, each brandishing on high
His maffy spear, and each was fiery wroth.

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

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 hospitability with rape repaid.

He said, and brandishing his maffy 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
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
The faulchion at the stroke fell from his hand.

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

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

Jupiter! of all pow'rs by man adored

To me most adverse! Confident I hoped

Revenge for Paris' treason, but my sword

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,

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 Goddes, feeling quick

His peril imminent, snapp'd short the brace

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

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 Goddes, but at once in quest

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 diseased.

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And
And twitch'd her fragrant robe. In form she seem'd
An antient matron, who, while Helen dwelt
In Lacedæmon, her unfullied wool
Dress'd for her, faithfullerst of all her train.
Like her disguis'd the Goddes 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'lt not dream
That he had fought; he rather seems prepared
For dance, or after dance, for soft repose.

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

Ah whence, deceitful deity! thy wish
Now to ensnare me? Would'lt thou lure me, say,
To some fair city of Mœonian name
Or Phrygian, more remote from Sparta still?
Haft 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'ft
Again to cheat me? Go thyself—fit thou
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
Of all my sex in Ilium. Oh! my griefs
Are infinite, and more than I can bear.
To whom, the foam-sprung Goddess thus, incensed.
Ah wretch! provoke not me; left in my wrath
Abandoning thee, I not hate thee less
Than now I fondly love thee, and beget
Such detestation of thee in all hearts,
Greecian and Trojan, that thou die abhor'red.

The Goddess ceas'd. Jove's daughter, Helen, fear'd,
And, in her lucid veil close wrapt around,
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
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 sat before him, and him keen reproach'd.

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.
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!
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 pleasant Lacedaemon o'er the waves
To Cranæ's fair isle, and first enjoy'd
Thy beauty, lov'd I as I love thee now,
Or felt such sweetness of intense desire.

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

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

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

So spake Atrides, and Achaia's host
With loud applause confirm'd the monarch's claim.
ARGUMENT
OF THE
FOURTH BOOK.

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 defends 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.

BOOK 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;
When, sudden, Jove essay'd by piercing speech
Invidious, to enkindle Juno's ire.

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

*A town of that name in Boeotia, 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
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 pref'rence win,
And prove alike acceptable to all,
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 hide by hide
They forging fat calamity to Troy.
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?
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 fore displeased.
Ah shameless! how have Priam and his sons
So much transgress'd against thee, that thou burn'ft
With ceaseless rage to ruin populous Troy?
Go, make thine entrance at her lofty gates,
Priam and all his house, and all his host
Alive devour; Then, haply, thou wilt rest;
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
Some city to destruction, dear to thee,
Oppose me not, but give my fury way
As I give way to thine, not pleased myself,
Yet not unsatisfied, so thou be pleased.
For of all cities of the sons of men,
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 team of fav'ry scent
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,
Mycenae for magnificence renown'd,
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?
Yet were it most unmeet that even I
Should toil in vain; I also boast a birth
Celestial; Saturn deeply wise, thy Sire,
Is also mine; our origin is one.

* Ρεύτες, constant description of Juno, but not susceptible of literal translation.
Thee I acknowledge Sov'reign, yet account
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
Befits and me, whom when the Gods perceive
Disposed to peace, they also shall accord.
Come then.—To yon 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.

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.

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 dismiffes, beaming bright
And breaking into stars, an omen sent
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
The soldier 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
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
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? dart'st thou flip
A shaft at Menelaus? much renown
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
Subdued of thine, placed on his fun'r'al pile.
Come. Shoot at Menelaus, glorious Chief!
But vow to Lycian Phoebus bow-renown'd
An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock,
To fair Zeleia's walls once safe restored.

So Pallas spake, to whom infatuate he
Lif'ning, uncased 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
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.
That bow he strung, then, stooping, planted firm
The nether horn, his comrades bold the while
Screening him close with shields, left ere the prince
Were stricken, Menelaus, brave in arms,
The Greeks with fierce assault shoul’d interpose.
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 Phoebus bow-renown’d
An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock,
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,
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.
Far as a mother wafts the fly aside
That haunts her flumb’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 interpos’d.
The bitter arrow plunged into his belt.
It pierced his broider’d belt, flood 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
That also, and the Hero's skin inscribed.
Quick flowed 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 stowed it lies,
By many a Chief desired, but proves at last
The fately 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.

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

I swore thy death, my brother, when I swore
This truce, and set thee forth, in fight of Grecks
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
In holy confidence. The wrath of Jove
May sleep, but will not always; they shall pay
Dear penalty; their own obnoxious heads

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Shall
Shall be the mulct, their children and their wives.
For this I know, know surely; that a day
Shall come, when Ilium, when the warlike King
Of Ilium and his host shall perish all.
Saturnian Jove high-throned, dwelling in heav’n,
Refentful of this outrage, then shall shake
His storm-clad Ægis over them. He will,
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;
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
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;
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
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 hauberk, and the tough interior quilt,
Work of the armourer, its force repress'd.

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

He ended, and his noble herald, next,
Bespake, 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,
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;
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
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.

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

The
The bravest of Achaia's host around
The Godlike hero pres'd, he strove at once
To draw the arrow from his cincture forth,
But, drawing, bent the barbs. He therefore loosed
His broder'd belt, his hauberk and his quilt,
Work of the armourer, and laying bare
His body where the bitter shaft had plow'd
His flesh, he sucked 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 those Chiefs, the shielded pow'rs of Troy
Gan move toward them, and the Greeks again
Put on their armour, mindful of the fight.
Then hadst thou not great Agamemnon seen
Slumbering, or trembling, or averse from war,
But ardent to begin his glorious task.
His steeds and his bright chariot brass-inlaid
He left; the snorting steeds Eurymedon,
Offspring of Ptolemy Piraides
Detain'd apart; for him he strickt enjoin'd
Attendance near, lest weariness of limbs
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.
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
Lead captive, and their children home to Greece.

So cheer'd he them. But whom he saw supine,

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

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

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.

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.

Thee fighting, feasting, howso'er employed,
I most respect, Idomeneus, of all

The well-horfed Danai; for when the Chiefs

Of Argos, banquetting, their beakers charge

With rosy wine the honourable meed

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
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.

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

He said, whom Agamemnon at his heart
Exulting, pass’d, and in his progress came
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,
To him, who stands remote, pitch-black it seems,
And comes with tempest charged; he at the fight
Shudd’ring, his flock compels into a cave;
So moved the gloomy phalanx, rough with spears,
And dense with shields of youthful warriors bold,

Close-following either Ajax to the fight.

Them also, pleased, 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
Move others, and no less than need from me.
Jove, Pallas, and Apollo! Were but all
Courageous as yourselves, soon Priam’s tow’rs

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

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

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,
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 to employ’d.

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

* 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 solution.
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 wert young again!
To whom the valiant Neftor 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
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
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
Meneftheus, foremost in equestrian fame,
Among his brave Athenians; near to him
Ulysses held his station, and at hand
The Cephalenians stood, hardy and bold.
For rumour none of the approaching fight
Them yet had reach'd, so recent had the stir
Aris'n in either host; they, therefore, watch'd

* Here Neftor 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 Neftor 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  
Them seeing, sudden 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  
'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  
To eat your fav'ry food, and quaff your wine  
Delicious, 'till satiety ensue;  
But here ye could be well content to stand  
Spectators only, while ten Grecian troops  
Should wage before you the wide-wasting war.  

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 now to fight?  
When we of Greece shall in sharp contest clash  
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  
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
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,
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
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
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
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
The host was called together, and the siege
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.
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,
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
Pallas vouchsafed him. Then the spur-arm'd race
Of Cadmus was incensed, and fifty youths
In ambush close expected his return.
Them, Lycophontes obstinate in fight,
Son of Autophonus, and Mæon, son
Of Hæmon, Chief of Godlike stature, led.
Those also Tydeus flew; Mæon except,
(Whom, warned from heav'n, he spared, and sent him home
With tidings of the rest) he flew them all.
Such was Ætolian Tydeus; who begat
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.
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,
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!
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,
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
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,
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 succefive, rank by rank,
And phalanx after phalanx, ev'ry Chief
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 answ’ring all their bleating lambs without,
Such din from Ilium’s wide-spread host arose.
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 infatiate Strife,
Sister and mate of homicidal Mars,
Who small at first, but swift to grow, from earth
Her tow’ring crest lifts gradual to the skies.
She, foe alike to both, the brands dispers’d
Of burning hate between them, and the woes
Enhanced of battle wheresoe’er she pass’d.
And now the battle joined. Shield clash’d with shield,
And spear with spear, conflicting corislets rang,
Boast’d bucklers met, and tumult wild arose.
Then, many a yell was heard, and many a shout
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
The shepherd in the uplands hears the roar; 535
Such.
Such was the thunder of the mingling hofts. And firft, Antilochus a Trojan Chief Slew Echepolus, from Thalyfias fprung, Contending valiant in the van of Troy. 545
Him fmiting on his crefted casque, he drove The brazen lance into his front, and pierced The bones within; night overfpread his eyes, And in fierce battle, like a tow'r, he fell. Him fallen by both feet Calchodons' fon Seized, royal Elephenor, leader brave Of the Abantes, and in hafte to strip His armour, drew him from the fight aside. But short was that attempt. Him fo employ'd Dauntlefs Agenor mark'd, and as he foop'd, 555 In his unshielded flank a pointed spear Implanted deep; he languid funk and died. So Elephenor fell, for whom arose 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 spear of Ajax famed in arms. For him advancing Ajax at the pap Wounded; right through his fhooulder driv'n the point 570 Stood forth behind; he fell, and press'd the dust. So
So in some spacious marsh the poplar falls
Smooth-skinn'd, with boughs unladen sate aloft;
Some chariot-builder with his ax the trunk
Severs, that he may warp it to a wheel
Of shapely form; meantime exposed it lies
To parching airs beside the running stream;
Such Simoisius seemed, Anthemion's son,
Whom noble Ajax slew. But soon at him
Antiphus, son of Priam, bright in arms,
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,
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.
Back fell the Trojans from before the face
Dispersed of great Ulysses. Not in vain
His weapon flew, but on the field outstretched'd
A spurious son of Priam, from the shores
Call'd of Abydus famed for fleetest mares,
Democoon; him, for Leucus' fake 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;
Loud shout the Grecians; these draw off the dead,
Those 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-haired,
Fights not, but sullen 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 Amaryncean's son, Diores, felt
The force of fate, bruised by a rugged rock 615
At his right heel, which Pirus, Thracian Chief,
The son of Imbrus 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 flain, whom with long spears
His
His Thracians * hairy-scalp’d so round about
Encompassed, that though bold and large of limb
Were Thoas, from before them him they thrust
Stagg’ring and reeling in his forced retreat.

They therefore in the dust, th’ Epean Chief
Diores, 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 sheltering safe
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.

* 'Αγίνομοι. They wore only a lock of hair on the crown of the head.
ARGUMENT
OF THE
FIFTH BOOK.

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

BOOK 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 atchieve. Fires on his helmet, and his shield around 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.

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 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 point, innocuous. Then his splendid lance
Tydides hurl'd; nor ineffectual flew
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
His brother plain; 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,
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 plain,
And one by flight preserv'd, through all their host
Felt consternation. Then Minerva seiz'd
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,
So shall we not provoke our father's ire.

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

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

* Hiëist.
Chief of the Halizohnians. He to flight
Turn'd foremost, when the monarch in his spine
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,
Son of Mæonian 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.

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.

But she, shaft-aiming Goddes, 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.

Prone on his loud-resounding arms he fell.

Next, by Meriones Pherclus 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,
Prime source of harm to Troy and to himself,
For Paris built, unskil'd to spell aright
The oracles predictive of the woe.

Pherclus
Pherclus fled; Meriones his flight
Outstripping, deep in his posterior flesh
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
Pherclus sank, and with a shriek expired.

Pedæus, whom, although his spurious son,
Antenor's wife, to gratify her Lord,
Had cherish'd as her own—him Meges flew.
Warlike * Phylides following close his flight,
His keen lance drove into his poll, cut sheer
His tongue within, and through his mouth enforced
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, reverenced as a God.
In vain before Eurypylus he fled;
He, running, with his faulchion lopp'd his arm
Tast 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.

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;
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;
So drove Tityides 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
The ranks dispersing wide, at once he bent
Against Tityides 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
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*
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.

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
Incontinent, and thus the Hero pray'd.

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

* Apollo,
If ever me, propitious, or my fire
Thou haft in furious fight help’d heretofore,
Now aid me also. Bring within the reach
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 prayed, and Pallas heard; she braced his limbs,
She winged him with alacrity divine,
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 same.
I also from thine eye the darkness purge
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.

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
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;
Such seem’d the valiant Diomede incense’d
To fury, mingling with the hoist of Troy.
Aftynoüs and Hypenor first he flew;
One with his brazen lance above the pap
He pierced, and one with his huge faulchion smote
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 seer,
Eurydamas; their hoary father’s dreams
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,
Nor hoped another, worn with many years.
Tydides flew 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
Echemon next, and Chromius felt his hand
Resistless. As a lion on the herd
Leaping, while they the shrubs and bushes browse,
Breaks short the neck of heifer or of steer,
So them, though clinging fast and loth to fall,
Tydides hurl’d together to the ground,
Then stripp’d their splendid armour, and the steeds
Configned and chariot to his soldiers care.
Æneas him discern’d scatt’ring the ranks,
And through the battle and the clash of spears
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't.

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,
Æneas! By his buckler which I know,
And by his helmet's height, consid'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,
Who have eleven chariots in the stands
Left of Lycaon, with fair hangings all
O'ermantled, strong, new finish'd, with their steeds
In pairs beside them, eating winnow'd grain.
Me much Lycaon my old valiant fire

At my departure from his palace gates
Persuaded, that my chariot and my steeds
Ascending, I should so conduct my bands
To battle; counsel wife, and ill-refused!
But anxious, left (the host in Troy so long
Immew'd) my steeds 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,
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
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,
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.
Nay, speak not so. For ere that hour arrive
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
Pursuing or retreating, scour the field.
If after all, Jove purpose still the 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,
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
The son of Tydeus, they will readier draw
Directed by their wonted charioteer.
Else, terrified, and missing thy control,
They may refuse to bear us from the fight,
And Tydeus' son afflicting us, with ease
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
Of Capaneus observed, and turning quick
His speech to Diomede, him thus address'd.

Tydides, Diomede, my heart's delight!
Two warriors of immeasurable force
In battle, ardent to contend with thee,
Come rattling on. Lycaon's offspring one,
Bow-practis'd Pandarus; with whom appears Æneas; he who calls the mighty Chief Anchises' father, and whom Venus bore.
Mount—drive we swift away.—Left borne so far 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; 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. But hear my bidding, and hold fast the word. Should all-wise Pallas grant me my desire To slay them both, drive not my courser's hence, But hook the reins, and seizing quick the pair That draw Æneas, urge them from the pow'rs 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. Anchises, King of men, clandestine them 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.
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
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,
Dismis'd it. Forceful on the shield it struck
Of Diomede, transpierced it, and approach'd
With threat'ning point the hauberky 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
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
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
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
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-talk
Two strongest men of such as now are strong,
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
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
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
From mortal harm by some brave Grecian's spear,
Stole him with eager swiftness from the fight.

Nor then forget brave Sthenelus his charge
Receive'd from Diomede, but his own steeds
Detaining distant from the boist'rous war,
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
He lov'd, Deipylus, his boem friend
Congenial. Him he charged to drive them thence
Into the fleet, then, mounting swift his own,
Lash'd after Diomede; he, fierce in arms,
Pursued the Cyprian Goddesfs, conscious whom,
Not Pallas, not Enyo, wafter dread
Of cities close-beleaguer'd, 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
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 rofy palm.
Blood follow'd, but immortal; ichor pure,
Such as the blest inhabitants of heav'n
May bleed, neptaceous; for the Gods eat not
Man's food, nor flake as he with fable wine
Their thirst, thence bloodless and from death exempt.

She, shrieking, from her arms cast down her son,
And Phoebus, in impenetrable clouds
Him hiding, left the spear of some brave Greek
Should pierce his boem, caught him swift away.
Then shouted brave Tydides after her---

Depart, Jove's daughter! fly the bloody field.
Is't not enough that thou beguil'ft the hearts
Of feeble women? If thou dare intrude
Again into the war, war's very name
Shall make thee shudder, wherefoever heard.

R
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 whirr to livid changed.
They came where Mars far on the left retired
Of battle fat, his horses and his spear
In darkness veiled. Before her brother’s knees
She fell, and with entreaties urgent fought
The succour of his coursers golden-rein’d.

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

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, feat of the Gods
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 training close
Her daughter, sfoak’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 Goddes’s of love-kindling smiles
Venus
Venus thus answer'd; Diomede the proud,
Audacious Diomede; 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,
But of the Grecians with the Gods themselves.

Then thus Dione, Goddess all divine.
My child! how hard doe'er thy sufferings seem,
Endure them patiently. Full many a wrong
From human hands profane the Gods endure,
And many a painful stroke, mankind from ours.
Mars once endured much wrong, when on a time
Him Otus bound and Ephiætes fast,
Sons of Alœus, and full thirteen moons
In brazen thraldom held him. There, at length,
The fierce blood-nourished Mars had pined away,
But that Æriœa, 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
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 mis'ry felt
Of irremediable pain severe.
Nor suffer'd Pluto less, of all the Gods
Gigantic most, by the fame 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 sought

R 2

Dejected,
Dejected, torture-strung, for sore 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!

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
Lives never long; he never, safe escaped
From furious fight, the lispt' carefles hears
Of his own infants Prattling at his knees.
Let therefore Diomede beware, left strong
And valiant as he is, he chance to meet

Some mightier foe than thou, and left his wife,
Daughter of King Adraustus, the discrete
Ægialea, from portentous dreams
Upstarting, call her family to wail

Her first-esposed, Achaia's proudest boast,
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

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
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 finiled the fire of Gods and men,
And calling golden Venus, her bespake.

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

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

Thrice then he sprang impetuous to the deed,
And thrice Apollo with his radiant shield
Repuls'd 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
Equality with Gods; for not the fame
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 flow, and with a filled awe.

Then Phæbus, 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.

Meantime
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,
Greeckians and Trojans on each others breasts
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
That he would even cope with Jove himself?
First, 'Venus' hand he wounded, and affai'd
Impetuous as a God, next, even me.

He ceased, and on the topmost turret fat
Of Pergamus. Then all-destroyer Mars
Ranging the Trojan hoist, rank after rank
Exhorted loud, and in the form assum'd
Of Acamas the Thracian leader bold,
The Godlike sons of Priam thus harangued.

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

He said; then ev'ry heart for battle glow'd;
And thus Sarpedon with rebuke severe
Upbraiding gen'rous Hector, stern began.
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.
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;
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
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!
Left, as with meshes of an ample net,
At one huge draught the Greecians 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
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
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 Greecians, whom the Greecians dense
Expected, unretreating, void of fear.

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 dufty cloud

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.
Hoist toward hoist with full collected force
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 Phoebus of the golden sword; for he
Perceiving Pallas from the field withdrawn,
Patrones of the Greeks, had Mars enjoin'd
To rouse the spirit of the Trojan hoist.

Meantime Apollo from his unctuous shrine
Sent forth restored and with new force inspired
Æneas. He amidst his warriors stood,
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,
Wide-slaught’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, But stedfast stood, like clouds by Jove amass’d On lofty mountains, while the fury sleeps Of Boreas, and of all the stormy winds Shrivl-voiced, that chase the vapours when they blow. So stood the Greeks, expecting from the approach 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 Of men who fear disgrace, than fall in fight, While daftards forfeit life and glory both.

He said, and hurled his spear. He pierced a friend Of brave Æneas, warring in the van, Deicōn son of Pergafus, in Troy Not less esteem’d than Priam’s sons themselves, Such was his fame in foremost fight acquired. Him Agamemnon on his buckler smote, Nor stayed the weapon there, but through his belt His bowels enter’d, and with hideous clang And outcry* of his batter’d arms he fell.

Æneas next two mightiest warriors flew, Sons of Diocles, of a wealthy fire, Whose house magnificent in Phœæ stood,

* Vide Samson to Harapha in the Agonistes. There the word is used in the same sense.
Orsilochus and Crethon. Their descent... 645
From broad-stream'd Alpheus, Pylian flood, they drew.
Alpheus begat Orsilochus, a prince
Of num'rous pow'rs. Orsilochus begat
Warlike Diocles. From Diocles sprang
Twins, Crethon and Orsilochus, alike
Valiant, and skilful in all forms of war.
Their boyish prime scarce past, they, with the Greeks
Embarking, in their fable ships had failed
To steed-famed Ilium; just revenge they fought
For Atreus' sons, but perished first themselves.

As two young lions, in the deep recess
Of some dark forest on the mountain's brow
Late nourished by their dam, forth-issuing, seize
The fatted flocks and kine, both folds and stalls
Wasting rapacious, till, at length, themselves

Deep-wounded perish by the hand of man,
So they, both vanquish'd by Æneas fell,
And like two lofty pines uprooted, lay.
Them fall'n in battle Menelaus saw
With pity moved; radiant in arms he shook
His brazen spear, and strode into the van.
Mars urged him furious on, conceiving hope
Of his death also by Æneas' hand.

But him the son of gen'rous Nestor mark'd
Antilochus, and to the foremost fight
Flew also, fearing lest some dire mischance
The Prince befalling, at one fatal stroke
Should frustrate all the labours of the Greeks.
They, hand to hand, and spear to spear opposed,
Stood threat'ning dreadful onset, when beside The Spartan chief Antilochus appear'd. 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, 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-practisèd Menelaus, with a lance 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 Neftor, dash'd him with a stone. 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 (For in deep sand he fell) stood long erect, 'Till his own coursers spread him in the dust; The son of Neftor seiz'd, and with his scourge Drove them afar into the host of Greece. Them Hector through the ranks espying, flew With clamour loud to meet them; after whom Advanced in phalanx firm the pow'rs of Troy.

* This is a construction of ἀπὸ τις ἀνατολὴ, 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
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,
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
The noble Hector, skilful 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,
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, Menestheus, one,
And one, Anchialus. Them fall'n in fight
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 Paesus was his home,
Where opulent he dwelt, but by his fate
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 plain
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
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.

Thus toiled both hofts 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
Stood, son and grandson of high-thund'ring Jove,
And, haughty, thus Tlepolemus began.

Sarpedon, leader of the Lycian hoft,
Thou trembler! thee what cause could hither urge
A man unskill'd in arms? They falsely speak
Who call thee son of Ægis-bearing Jove,
So far below their might thou fall't 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?
With six ships only, and with followers few,
He for the horse of Laomedon

Lay'd
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 cam'ft
For Ilium's good, but rather, whatso'er
Thy force in fight, to find, subdued by me,
A sure dismission to the gates of hell.

To whom the leader of the Lycian band.
Tlepolemus! He ransack'd sacred Troy,
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
Thy bloody doom from this victorious arm,
And, vanquish'd by my spear, shalt yield thy fame
To me, thy soul to Pluto fled-renown'd.

So spake Sarpedon, and his ashen beam
Tlepolemus upraised. Both hurl'd at once
Their quiv'ring spears. Sarpedon's through the neck
Pass'd of Tlepolemus, and shew'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
He pierced him, but Sarpedon's father, Jove,
Him rescue'd 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
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 Thépólemus. Ulysses fill'd
With earnest thoughts tumultuous them observed,
Danger-defying Chief! Doubtful he stood
Or to pursuè at once the Thund'r'er'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
Renown'd of Jove; therefore his wav'ring mind
Minerva bent against the Lycian band.
Then Coëranus, Alastor, Chromius fell,
Alcander, Halius, Prytanis, and brave
Noémon; nor had these sufficed the Chief
Of Ithaca, but Lycians more had fall'n,
Had not crest-tossing Hèctor huge perceived
The havoc; radiant to the van he flew,
Filling with dread the Grecians; his approach
Sarpedon, son of Jove, joyful beheld,
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
To Lycia, my lov'd spouse or infant child.

He spake; but Hèctor 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
Sacred to Jove, his noble followers placed
The God-like Chief Sarpedon, where his friend
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VOMER'S
ILIA
Book V.

Illustrious Pelagon, the athen spear
Extracted. Sightless, of all thought bereft,
He sank, but soon revived, by breathing airs
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
Waged on the side of Ilium, now retired.

Whom first, whom last flew then the mighty son
Of Priam, Hector, and the brazen Mars!
First God-like Teuthras, an equestrian Chief,
Orestes, Trechus of Ætolian race,
Œnomaüs, Helenus from Œnops' sprung,
And brisk in fight Orestius: rich was he,
And covetous of more in Hyla dwelt
Fast by the lake Cephissus, where abode.
Bœotian Princes num'rous, rich themselves
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
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.

Then Juno, Goddes's dread, from Saturn sprung,

* This, according to Porphyrius as quoted by Clarke, is the true meaning of ειναλομινθες.
Her courfers gold-caparison'd prepared
Impatient, Hebe to the chariot rolled
The brazen wheels, and joined them to the smooth
Steel axle; twice four spokes divided each
Shot from the centre to the verge. The verge
Was gold by fellies of eternal brass
Guarded, a dazzling show! The shining naves
Were silver; silver cords and cords of gold
The feat upbore; two * crescents blazed in front.

The pole was argent all, to which she bound
The golden yoke, and in their place disposed
The breast-bands incorruptible of gold;
But Juno to the yoke, herself, the steeds
Led forth, on fire to reach the dreadful field.

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,
Then arm'd her for the field of woe complete.
She charged her shoulder with the dreadful shield
The shaggy Ägis, border'd thick around
With terrour; there was Discord, Prowef there,
There hot Pursuit, and there the feature grim
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 crescents, were a kind of hook of a semicircular form,
to which the reins were occasionally fastened.
With warlike ornament superb, she fix'd
On her immortal head. Thus armed, she rose
Into the flaming chariot, and her spear
Seized ponderous, huge, with which the Goddes sprung
From an Almighty father, levels ranks
Of Heroes, against whom her anger burns.
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,
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
The Thund'r'er. Juno the white-arm'd her steeds
There stay'd, and thus the Goddes, ere she pass'd,
Question'd the son of Saturn, Jove supreme.
Jove, Father, feest thou, and art not incensed,
These ravages of Mars? Oh what a field,
Drench'd with what Grecian blood! All rashly spilt,
And in despight 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
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-assembler God replied.  
Go! but exhort thou rather to the task:  
Spoil-hunt'reis Athenæan Pallas, him  
Accustom'd to chastise with pain severly.

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.
Far as from his high tower the watchman kens
O'er gloomy ocean, so far at one bound
Advance the shrill-voiced courser of the Gods.
But when at Troy and at the confluent streams
Of Simoës and Scamander they arrived,
There Juno, white-arm'd Goddess, from the yoke
Her steeds releasing, them in gather'd shades
Conceal'd opaque, while Simoës caused to spring
Ambrofia from his bank, whereon they browsed.

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

Oh shame, shame, shame! Argives in form alone,
Beautiful but dishonourable race!
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 sound.

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
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 Goddes 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,
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
Feel'st wearied with the toils of war, or worfe,
Indulgest womanish and heartless fear.
Henceforth thou art not worthy to be deem'd

Son
Son of Oenides, Tydeus famed in arms.

To whom thus valiant Diomede replied.

I know thee well, oh Goddes sprung from Jove!
And therefore willing shall, and plain, reply.
Me neither wearines nor heartles fear
Restraints, but thine injunctions which impres
My mem'ry still, that I should fear to oppose
The blessed Gods in fight, Venus except,
Whom in the battle found thou bad'ft me pierce
With unrelenting spear; therefore myself
Retiring hither, I have hither call'd
The other Argives also, for I know
That Mars, himself in arms, controuls the war.

Him answer'd then the Goddes azure-eyed.
Tydides! Diomede, my heart's delight!
Fear not * this Mars, nor fear thou other pow'r
Immortal, but be confident in me.

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
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
Ascending, sat beside brave Diomede.
Loud groan'd the beechen axle, under weight

* Αἰτία τοῦδε.
Unwonted, for it bore into the fight
An awful Goddes, and the chief of men.
Quick-seizing lash and reins Minerva drove
Direct at Mars. That moment he had slain
Periphas, bravest of Ætolia's sons,
And huge of bulk; Ochæfius was his fire.
Him Mars the slaught'rer had of life bereft
Newly, and Pallas to elude his fight
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.
Full nigh they came, when Mars on fire to flay
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,
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
Loud as nine thousand warriors, or as ten
Joined in close combat. Greecians, Trojans shook
Appall'd alike at the tremendous voice
Of Mars infatiable with deeds of blood.
Such as the dimness is when summer winds
Breathe hot, and sultry mist obscures the sky,
Such brazen Mars to Diomede appear'd

By
By clouds accompanied in his ascent
Into the boundless ether. Reaching soon
Th' Olympian heights, feat of the Gods, he fat
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
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;
There is not in Olympus, save herself,
Who feels not thy control; 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
Of haughty Diomede with madness fill'd
Against th' immortal Gods; first Venus bled;
Her hand he pierced impetuous, then affailed,
As if himself immortal, even me.
But me my feet stole thence, or overwhelm'd
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.
Safe and side-shifting traitor! vex not me
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,
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
That thou shouldst suffer long. Hadst thou been born
Of other parents, thus detestable,
What Deity soe'er had brought thee forth,
Thou shouldst have found long since an humbler sphere.

He ceased, and to the care his son consign'd
Of Paeon; 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,
So soon was Mars by Paeon'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
Ascended Juno throughout Argos known
And mighty Pallas; Mars, the plague of man,
By their successful force from slaughter driv'n.
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 pally from the gate together.

BOOK 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.

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
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.
But Diomede, heroic Chief, the son
Of Teuthras flew, Axylus. Rich was he,
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
He flew, but with him also to the shades
Calesius sent, his friend and charioteer.

Opheltius fell and Dresus, by the hand
Slain of Euryalus, who, next, his arms
On Pedafus and on Æsepus turned
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
The lovely nymph; she twins produced, both whom,
Brave as they were and beautiful, thy * son
Mecysteus! flew, and from their shoulders tore
Their armour. Dauntless Polypoetes flew
Asystus. Ulysses with his spear
Transfixed Pydites, a Percosian Chief,
And Teuccer Aretaön; Neftor's pride
Antilochus, with his bright lance, of life
Bereft Ableerus, and the royal arm
Of Agamemnon, Elatus; he dwelt
Among the hills of lofty Pedafus,
On Satnio's banks, smooth-sliding river pure.
Phylacus fled, whom Leitus as swift

* Euryalus.
Soon smote. Melanthius at the feet expired
Of the renowned Eurypylus, and, flushed
With martial ardour, Menelaus seized
And took alive Adraustus. As it chanced
A thicket his affrighted steeds 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,
Adraustus 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 milkines 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!

U 2
So saying, his brother's mind the Hero turn'd,
Advising him aright; he with his hand
Thrust back Adraustus, and himself, the King,
His bowels pierced. Supine Adraustus fell,
And Agamemnon, with his foot the corse
Impressing firm, pluck'd forth his ashen spear.
Then Neftor, raising high his voice, exclaim'd.

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.

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
To him and to Æneas thus addressed.

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,
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
And roused 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,
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,
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,
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
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
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,
Ceased from all carnage, nor supposed they less
Than that some Deity, the starry skies
Forsaken, help'd their foes, so firm they stood.
But Hector to the Trojans called aloud.

Ye
Ye dauntless Trojans and confed'rate pow'rs
Call'd from afar! now be ye men, my friends,
Now summon all the fury of your might!
I go to charge our senators 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
The fable hide that lined his boffy 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
On furious combat; face to face they stood,
And thus heroic Diomede began.

Most noble Champion! who of human kind
Art thou, whom in the man-ennobling fight
I now encounter first? Paft all thy peers
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.
That war Lycurgus son of Dryas, waged,
And saw not many years. The nurses he
Of brain-disturbing Bacchus down the steep
Pursued of sacred Nyfla; they their wands
Vine-wreath'd cast all away, with an ox-goad
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 blessed pow’rs
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
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.
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
My pedigree, whereof no few have heard,
Know that in Argos, in the very lap
Of Argos, for her steed-grazed meadows famed,
Stands Ephyra; there Sisyphus abode,
Shrewdest of human kind; Sisyphus, named
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
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;
But she prevailed not o'er the virtuous mind
Discrete of whom she wooed; therefore a lie
Framing, she royal Proetus thus bespake.

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

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 shew,
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
He feasted him, and flew 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
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.
Her, confident in signs from heav'n, he flew.
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
The man-resisting Amazons, the King
Another stratagem at his return
Devised against him, placing close-concealed
An ambush for him from the bravest cho's'n
In Lycia; but they saw their homes no more;
Bellerophon the valiant flew them all.
The monarch hence collecting, at the last,
His heav'ly origin, him there detained,
And gave him his own daughter, with the half
Of all his royal dignity and pow'r.
The Lycians also, for his proper use,
Large lot assigned him of their richest soil,
Commodious for the vine, or for the plough.
And now his comfort fair three children bore
To bold Bellerophon; Ifandrus one,
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
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, thirst for blood, his son destroy'd
Ifandrus, warring with the host renown'd
Of Solymae; and in her wrath divine
Diana from her chariot golden-rein'd
Laodamia flew. Myself I boast

X

Sprung
Sprung from Hippolochus; he sent me forth
To fight for Troy, charging me much and oft
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.

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

Thou art my own hereditary friend,
Whole noble Grandire was the guest of mine.
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
Gave him a golden goblet. Coming forth
I 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,
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
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 all who notice us may understand
Our * patrimonial amity and love.

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
In value, for the value small of nine.

But Hector at the Scæan gate and beech
Meantime arrived, to whose approach the wives
And daughters flock'd of Troy, enquiring each
The fate of husband, brother, son, or friend.

He bade them all with solemn pr'y'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,
Contiguous all, where Priam's sons repos'd
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
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? I fear that the Achaians (hateful name!)
Compasst the walls so closely, that thou seek'lt,
Urged by distress, the citadel to lift

* Χιει ραπτοίοι.
Thine hands in pray'r to Jove? But pause awhile,
'Till I shall bring thee wine, that having poured
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.
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 fable wine to Jove,
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
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
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, terror of all our host.
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
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
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
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,
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,
And by appointment public, at that time,
Priestess of Pallas. All with lifted hands
In presence of Minerva wept aloud.
Beauteous Theano on the Goddes's lap
Then spread the robe, and to the daughter fair
Of Jove omnipotent her suit address'd.

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

* δια βίων,
Of Diomede, and give himself to fall
Prone in the dust before the Scæan gate.
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 shew
To Troy, and save our children and our wives.

Such pray’r the priests’s offer’d, and such pray’r
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,
Wide hall, proud dome, and on the heights of Troy.
Near-neighb’ring Hector’s house and Priam’s stood.
There enter’d Hector, Jove-belov’d, a spear
In length eleven cubits in his hand,
Its glitt’ring head bound with a ring of gold.
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
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;
The flames of war have compass’d Troy around,
And thou haft kindled them; who yet thyself
That flackness show’d it which in another feen

Thou
Thou wouldst repent to death. Haste, seek the field
This moment, left, the next, all Ilium blaze.

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 sit,
The cause is sorrow, which I wished to soothe
In secret, not displeasure or revenge.
I tell thee also, that even 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,
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
Accosted mild. My Brother! who in me
Hast found a sister worthy of thy hate,
Auth'rs of all calamity to Troy,
Oh that the winds, the day when I was born,
Had swept me out of sight, whirled me aloft
To some inhospitable mountain-top,
Or plunged 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 choos'n,
One not insensible to public shame.
But this, oh this, nor hath nor will acquire
Hereafter, aught which like discretion shews
HOMER's I L I A D.  Book VI.

Or reason, and shall find his just reward.
But enter; take this feat; for who as thou
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.

Me bid not, Helen, to a feat, howe'er
Thou wish my stay, for thou must not prevail.
The Trojans mis's me, and myself no less
Am anxious to return; but urge in haste
This loit'rer forth; yea, let him urge himself

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

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
Her infant, on a turret's top sublime.
He then, not finding his chast'rf 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
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 μισθος—and which ought, therefore, by no means to be suppressed.

The
The bright-haired matrons of the city seek
To soothe the awful Goddess? Tell me true.
To whom his household's governess discrete.

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
To soothe 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
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 hafty steps the streets
Of lofty Troy, and having traversed all
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.

Eëtion, who in Hypopolacian 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
Hectorides, his infant darling boy,
Beautiful as a star. Him Hector called

Y Scamandrius,
Scamandrius, but *Aftyanax all else
In Ilium named him, for that Hector's arm
Alone was the defence and strength of Troy. 495
The father, silent, eyed his babe, and smiled.
Andromache, meantime, before him flood
With streaming cheeks, hung on his hand, and said.

Thy own great courage will cut short thy days,
My noble Hector! neither pitiest thou 500
Thy helpless infant, or my hapless self,
Whose widowhood is near; for thou wilt fall
Ere long, assailed by the whole host of Greece.
Then let me to the tomb, my best retreat
When thou art slain. For comfort none or joy 505
Can I expect, thy day of life extinct,
But thenceforth, sorrow. 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 consumed,
Arm'd as it was, his body on the pile,
And heap'd his tomb, which the Oreades †
Jove's daughters, have with elms inclosed around.
My seven brothers, glory of our house, 515
All in one day descended to the shades;
For brave Achilles, while they fed their herds
And snowy flocks together, flew them all.
My mother, Queen of the well-wooded realm
Of Hypoplacian Thebes, her hither brought
Among his other spoils, he loos'd again

* The name signifies, 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.
Come! have compassion on us. Go not hence,
But guard this turret, left 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;
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.
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, daftard-like, I should decline the fight.
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,
When Priam, and the people of the old
Spear-practised King shall perish, well I know.
But for no Trojan forrows yet to come
So much I mourn, not e'en for Hecuba,
Nor yet for Priam, nor for all the brave

\* 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
For a task-mistress, and constrained shalt draw
From Hypercia's fount, or from the fount
Mefseës, water at her proud command.
Some Grecian then, seeing thy tears, shall say—
"This was the wife of Hector, who excelled
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
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,
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
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 Villoislon calls it ρυσικον τια χαι μετριον γελαδα—a natural
and moderate laughter.
Hear all ye Gods! as ye have giv'n to me,
So also on my son excelling might
Bespow, with chief authority in Troy.
And be his record this, in time to come,
When he returns from battle. Lo! how far
The son excels the Sire! May every foe
Fall under him, and he come laden home
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
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
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
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.

No sooner at the palace she arrived
Of havoc-spreading Hector, than among
Her num'rous maidens found within, she raised.

A gen'ral
A gen’ral lamentation; with one voice,
In his own house, his whole domestic train
Mourned Hector, yet alive; for none the hope
Conceived of his escape from Grecian hands,
Or to behold their living master more.

Nor Paris, in his stately mansion long
Delay’d, but, arm’d resplendent, travers’d swift
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
Undulates o’er his shoulders, pleased 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,
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.

My hero brother, thou hast surely found
My long delay most irksome. More dispatch
Had pleased thee more, for such was thy command.

To whom the warlike Hector thus replied.
No man, judicious, and in feats of arms
Intelligent, would pour contempt on thee,
(For thou art valiant) weren’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.
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.
ARGUMENT
OF THE
SEVENTH BOOK.

Ajax and Hector engage in single combat. The Grecians fortify their camp.

BOOK 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
Threshing the waves have all their strength consumed,
So them the longing Trojans glad received.

At once each flew a Grecian. Paris flew
Meneothius who in Arna dwelt, the son
Of Areithoüs, club-bearing Chief,
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,
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 Greecians in fierce fight
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,
The son of Jove, Apollo, thus began.

Daughter of Jove supreme! why hast thou left
Olympus, and with such impetuous speed?
Com'dst thou to give the Danaï success
Decisive? For I know that pity none
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,
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
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
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
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 lift to me?
Bid cease the battle. Bid both armies sit.
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.
Before his van striding into the space
Both hosts between, he with his spear transverse
Pressed back the Trojans, and they sat. Down sat
The well-greaved Greeks also at command
Of Agamemnon; and in shape assumed
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.

As when fresh-blowing Zephyrus the flood
Sweeps first, the ocean blackens at the blast,
Such seem'd the plain whereon th'Achaians sat
And Trojans, whom between thus Hector spake.

Ye Trojans, and Achaians brazen-greaved,
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
Troy's lofty tow'rs, or shall yourselves in fight
Fall vanquish'd at your billow-cleaving barks.
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
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,
And he fall vanquished, 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
May grace with rites funereal. On the banks
Of wide-spread Hellepsont ye shall upraise
His tomb, and as they cleave with oary barks
The fable Deep, posterity shall say——
"It is a warrior's tomb; in antient days,
"The Hero died; him warlike Hector flew."
So men shall speak hereafter, and my fame
Who flew him, and my praise, shall never die.

He ceased, and all sat mute. His challenge bold
None dared accept, which yet they blushed to shun,
'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 Greecians dares contend
With Hécætor. Daftards—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.

Then, Menelaus, manifest appear'd
Thy death, approaching by the dreadful hands
Of Hécætor, mightier far in arms than thou,
But that the Chiefs of the Achaian all
Upstarting stay'd thee, and himself the King,
The son of Atreus, on thy better hand
Seizing affectionate, thee thus address'd.

Thou rav'lt, my royal brother! and art seized
With needless frenzy. But, however chas'd,
Restrain thy wrath, nor covet to contend
With Priameian Hécætor, 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
In thy own band; th' Achaian 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,
Should he escape the arduous brunt severe.
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 Neftor thus the Argive host bespake.

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,
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 fat
Cow'ring at foot of Hector, he shall oft
His hands uplift to the immortal Gods,
Praying a swift release into the shades.
Jove! Pallas! Phoebus! 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
We fought of Pheia, where the Jardan 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 Areithous whilom worn;
Brave Areithous, * 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,

* 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,
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
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.
I flew the man in height and bulk all men
Surpassing, and much foil he cover’d flain.
Oh for the vigour of those better days!
Then should not Hector want a champion long,
Whose call to combat, ye, although the prime
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;
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.
Eurypylus; Andræmons' fon the next
Thoas; and laft, Ulysses, glorious Chief.
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
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 fon
Of Atreus, Agamemnon. Then the host
Pray'd all, their hands uplifting, and with eyes
To the wide heav'n's directed, many said—

Eternal fire! chuse Ajax, or the son
Of Tydeus, or the King himself who sways
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,
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.
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
Rejoices also; for I nothing doubt
That noble Hector shall be foil'd by men.
But while I put mine armour on, pray all
In silence to the King Saturnian Jove,
Left, while ye pray, the Trojans over hear.
Or pray aloud, for whom have we to dread?
No man shall my firm standing by his strength
Unsettle, 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.
Jove! glorious father! who from Ida's height
Controule left 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
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
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.
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
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
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.

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
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.
Ajax! heroic leader of the Greeks!
Offspring of Telamon! effay 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
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
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.

So saying, he shook, then hurl'd his maffy 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 flood rooted. Ajax, next,
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 infixed
At his soft flank, ripp'd wide his vest within.
Inclined oblique he 'scaped the dreadful doom.
Then each from other's shield his maffy spear
Recov'ring quick, like lions hunger-pinched'd
Or wild boars irresistible in force,
They fell to close encounter. Priam's son

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
Athwart his neck, and blood was seen to start.
But still, for no such cause, from battle ceas'd
Crest-tossing Hector, but retiring, seiz'd
An huge stone angled sharp and black with age
That on the champain lay. The bull-hide guard
Sev'n-fold of Ajax with that stone he smote
Full on its centre; fang the circling brahs.
Then Ajax far an heavier stone upheaved;
He whirled it, and with might immeasurable
Dismiss'd the mafs, which with a mill-stone weight
Sank through the shield of Hector, and his knees
Disabled; with his shield supine he fell,
But by Apollo rais'd, stood soon again.
And now, with swords they had each other hewn,
Had not the messengers of Gods and men
The heralds wise, 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.
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.
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,
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
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 les
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 say
Hereafter, with foul-wailing rage they fought,
But parted with the gentleness of friends.

So saying, he with its sheath and belt a sword
Presented bright-embois'd, and a bright belt
Purpureal * took from Ajax in return.
Thus separated, one the Greeks 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
Conceiving all at his unhoped escape.
On th' other side, the Greeks brazen-mail'd
To noble Agamemnon introduced
Exulting Ajax, and the King of men
In honour of the conqu'ror flew an ox
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.
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 conqueror's meed, to whom the hero-king
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, gave the chine
Perpetual*, his distinguishing portion due.
The calls of hunger and of thirst at length
Both well sufficed, thus, foremost of them all
The antient Neftor, whose advice had oft
Proved salutary, prudent thus began.

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.
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
The fathers ashes to the children's 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 lufrallibus extis.  
Aen. viii.

It means, the whole.
We will upbuild for more secure defence
Of us and of our fleet, strong towers and tall
Adjoining to the tomb, and ev'ry tower
Shall have its ponderous gate, commodious pass
Affording to the mounted charioteer.
And last, without those towers and at their foot,
Dig we a trench, which compassing around
Our camp, both friends and warriors shall exclude,
And all fierce inroad of the haughty foe.

So counsel'd he, whom ev'ry Chief approved.
In Troy meantime, at Priam's gate beside
The lofty citadel, debate began

Th' assembled senators between, confused,
Clamorous, and with furious heat pursued,
When them Antenor, prudent, thus beispake.

Ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies of Troy,
My counsel hear! Delay not. Instant yield
To the Atridae, 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.

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 couldst have framed far better; but if this
Be thy deliber'rate judgment, then the Gods
Make thy deliber'rate judgment nothing worth.
But I will speak myself. Ye Chiefs of Troy

I tell
I tell you plain. I will not yield my spouse.
But all her treasures to our house convey'd
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 uprose
Dardanian Priam, who them thus address'd.

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
We will dispatch Idaeus to the fleet;
Who shall inform th'Atridæ of this last
Resolve of Paris, author of the war.
Discrete Idaeus also shall propose
A respite (if th'Atridæ so incline)
From war's dread clamour, while we burn the dead.
Then will we claih again, 'till heav'n at length
Shall part us, and the doubtful strife decide.

He ceased, whose voice th'assembly pleased, obey'd.
Then, troop by troop, the army took repast,
And at the dawn Idaeus 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 utt'rance clear them thus address'd.

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.
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 confort of the glorious prince
Brave Menelaus; her (although in Troy
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
Shall part us, and the doubtful strife decide.
So spake Idæus, and all silent sat;
'Till at the last brave Diomede replied.
No. We will none of Paris' treasures now,
Nor even Helen's self. A child may see
Destruction winging swift her course to Troy.
He said. Th' admiring Greeks with loud applaune
All praised the speech of warlike Diomede,
And answer thus the King of men return'd.
Idæus! thou hast witness'd the resolve
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. Laft rites cannot too soon be paid.
Burn them. And let high-thund'ring Jove attefft
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 Ilius. The Dardanians there
And Trojans, all assembled, his return
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
As sudden, 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 earlist rays
In his ascent to heav'n smote on the fields,
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
Had Priam issued; therefore heaping high
The bodies, silent and with sorrowing 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
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,
Achaian, chosen from the rest, the pile
Encompass'd. With a tomb (one tomb for all)
They crown'd the spot adust, and to the tomb
(For safety of their fleet and of themselves)
Strong fortresses added of high wall and tow'r;

With
With solid gates affording egress thence
Commodious to the mounted charioteer;
Deep fosses 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.

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,
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,
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,
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,
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 conference held the Gods; and now the sun
Went down, and, that great work perform'd, the Greeks
From tent to tent slaughter'd the fatted ox
And ate their evening cheer. Meantime arrived
Large fleet with Lemnian wine; Euneus, son
Of Jason and Hypsipyle, that fleet
From Lemnos freighted, and had stow'd on board
A thousand measures from the rest apart
For the Atridae; but the host at large
By traffick were supplied; some barter'd bras,
Others bright steel; some purchased wine with hides,
These with their cattle, with their captives those,
And the whole host prepared a glad regale.
All night the Greccians feasted, and the host
Of Ilium, and all night deep-planing Jove
Portended dire calamities to both,
Thund'ring tremendous!—Pale was ev'ry cheek;
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, sought
Their couches, and partook the gift of sleep.
ARGUMENT
OF THE
EIGHTH BOOK.

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 Greeks. 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 Greek 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, fallies. Teucer performs great exploits, but is disabled by Hector. Juno and Pallas set forth from Olympus in aid of the Greeks, but are stopped by Jupiter, who re-ascends from Ida, and in heaven foretells the distresses which await the Greeks.

Hector takes measures for the security of Troy during the night, and prepares his host for an assault to be made on the Greek camp in the morning.

BOOK 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!
Gods! Goddeffes! Inhabitants of heav'n!
Attend; I make my secret purpose known.
Let neither God nor Goddeffs interpose
My counsel to rescind, but with one heart
Approve it, that it reach, at once, its end.
Whom I shall mark for ever from the rest
Withdrawn, that he may Greeks or Trojans aid,
Disgrace shall find him; shamefully chastized
He shall return to the Olympian heights,
Or I will hurl him deep into the gulphs
Of gloomy Tartarus, where Hell shuts fast
Her iron gates, and spreads her brazen floor,
As far below the shades, as earth from heav'n.
There shall he learn how far I pass in might
All others; which if ye incline to doubt,
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 wisdom, ye shall never draw
To earth from heav'n, toil adverse as ye may.
Yet I, when once I shall be pleas'd to pull,
The earth itself, itself the sea, and you
Will lift with ease together, and will wind
The chain around the spiry summit sharp
Of the Olympian, that all things upheaved
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 silent, for with awful tone he spake;
But at the last Pallas blue-eyed began.

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
From battle, yet such counsel to the Greeks
Suggesting still, as may in part effect
Their safety, left thy wrath consume them all.

To whom with smiles answer'd cloud-gath'r'er Jove.
Fear not, my child! stern as mine accent was,
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
Of gold receiving rose into his seat,
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
Breathing fresh incense; there the Sire of all
Arriving, loos'd his coursers, 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
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,
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
And bucklers on their bosoms brazen-mail'd
Encount'ring, shields in opposition firm
Met bony shields, and * tumult wild arose.

There, many a shout and many a dying groan
Were heard, the flayer and the maim'd aloud
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,
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
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 flood; fear whiten'd ev'ry cheek.
Idomeneus dar'd not himself abide
That shock, nor Agamemnon flood, nor flood
The heroes Ajax, ministers of Mars.
Gerenian Neftor, guardian of the Greeks,

* In the repetition of this expression, the translator follows the original.
Alone fled not, nor he by choice remain'd,  
But by his steed 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,  
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  
Approach'd him, Hector. Then, past hope, had died  
The antient King, but Diomede discern'd  
His peril imminent, and with a voice  
Like thunder, called Ulysses to his aid.  
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!  
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 Diomede, whose summons loud  
Ulysses yet heard not, but, pass'ing, flew  
With headlong haste to the Achaian fleet.  
Then, Diomede, unaided as he was,  
Rush'd ardent to the way-ward, and before  
The steeds of the Neleian sov'reign old  
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
With what rapidity the fleeds 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
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,
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
Eniopeus his charioteer, the son
Of brave Thebæus, managing the steeds.
He fell; his fiery courser, at the found
Startled, recoil'd, and where he fell he died.
Deep sorrow for his charioteer o'erwhelm'd
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
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
To the horse-feet of Diomede; dire fumed
The flaming sulphur, and both horses drove
Under the axle, belly to the ground.
Forth flew the splendid reins from Neïtor's hand,
And thus to Diomede, appal'd, he spake.

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
The mind of Jove, for he is Lord of all.

To him the valiant Diomede replied.
Thou haft well faid, old warrior! but the pang
That wrings my foul, is this. The public ear
In Ilium shall from Hector's lips be told—
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?
Should Hector fo 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.

So say'ng, 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.

Tydides! thee the Danaï swift-horrid
Were wont to grace with a superior feat,
The meæs of honour, and the brimming cup,
But now will mock thee. Thou art woman now.
Go, tim'rous girl! Thou never shalt behold
Me flying, climb our battlements, or lead
Our women captive. I will slay thee first.

He ceas’d. Then Diomede in dread suspense
Thrice purpos’d, turning, to withstand the foe,
And thrice in thunder from the mountain-top
Jove gave the signal of success to Troy,
When Hector thus the Trojans hail’d aloud.

Trojans and Lycians, and close-warring sons
Of Dardanus, oh summon all your might,
Now, now be men! I know that from his heart
Saturnian Jove glory and bright success
For me prepares, but havoc for the Greeks.
Fools! they shall find this wall which they have rais’d
Too weak to check my course, a feeble guard
Contemptible; such also is the trench;
My steeds shall flight it with an easy leap.
But when ye see me in their fleet arrived,
Remember fire. Then bring me flaming brands
That I may burn their galleys, and themselves
Slaughter beside them, struggling in the smoke.

He spake, and thus encouraged next his steeds.
Xanthus! Podargus! and ye gen’rous pair
Æthon and glossy Lampus! now requite
Mine, and the bounty of Andromache,
Far-famed Eetion's daughter; the your bowl
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 Ne stor, bruited to the skies
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,
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.

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
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
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
So they. Meantime, the trench and wall between,
The narrow interval with streeeds was fill’d
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 consum’d, but Juno mov’d the mind
Of Agamemnon, vigilant himself,
To exhortation of Achaia’s hoft.
Through camp and fleet the monarch took his way,
And, his wide robe imperial in his hand,
High on Ulysses’ huge black galley stood,
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, fearlefs of furprise.
Thence, with loud voice, the Grecians thus he hail’d.

Oh flame to Greece! Warriors in fhew alone!
Where is your boast’d prowes? Ye profefs’d
Vain-glorious erft in Lemnos, while ye fed
Plenteously on the flesh of beeeves full-grown,
And crown’d your beakers high, that ye would face
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 foy’reign ever felt

* 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 fos and rampart.

But there are different opinions about the space intended. See Villoiffon.
Thy frowns as I? Whom haft thou shamed as me? Yet I neglected not, through all the course Of our disaff'rous voyage (in the hope That we should vanquish Troy) thy sacred rites, But where I found thine altar, piled it high 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 His tears, and for the monarch's fake 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 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 outstripp'd Tydides, urging forth beyond the foss 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 bofom Diomede transfierced, And with loud clangor of his arms he fell. Then, royal Agamemnon pass'd the trench And Menelaus; either Ajax, then, Clad with fresf prowefs both; them follow'd, next,

* To Jove the source of all oracular information. Idomeneus,
Idomeneus, with his heroic friend
In battle dread as homicidal Mars,
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
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
Retired, and Ajax shielded him again.
Whom then flew Teucer first, illustrious Chief?
Orsilochus, and Opheleides, first,
And Ormenus he flew, then Dætor died,
Chromius and Lycophontes brave in fight
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
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
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,
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.
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
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
Impatient sent at Hector; but it flew
Devious, and brave Gorgythion struck instead.
Him beautiful Callianira, brought
By Priam from Æsylma, nymph of form
Celestial, to the King of Ilium bore.
As in the garden, with the weight surcharged
Of its own fruit, and drench’d by vernal rains
The poppy falls oblique, to he his head
Hung languid, by his helmet’s weight depref’d.
Then Teucer yet an arrow from the nerve
Dispatch’d at Hector, with impatience fired
To pierce him; but again his weapon err’d
Turn’d by Apollo, and the bofom struck
Of Archeptolemus, his rapid steeds

To
To battle urging, Hector's charioteer.

He fell, his fiery couriers 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 plain,
And seeing his own brother nigh at hand,
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.

Teucer had newly fitted to the nerve
An arrow keen select'd 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
The neck and bosom, a most mortal part.
It snap'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
Was Ajax, but, advancing rapid, stalk'd
Around him, and his broad shield interposed,
'Till brave Alafor and Mecisteus, son
Of Echius, friends of Teucer, from the earth
Uprais'd and bore him groaning to the fleet.

And now again fresh force Olympian Jove
Gave to the Trojans; right toward the fons
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
Turns flying, marks him with a stedfast eye,
So Hec航 chafed the Grecians, slaying still
The hindmost of the scatter'd multitude.
But when, at length, both piles and hollow fos's
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 offer'ing to the Gods.
With Gorgon looks, meantime, and eyes of Mars,
Hector impetuous his mane-tossing steeds
From side to side before the rampart drove,
When white-arm'd Juno pitying the Grecians,
In accents wing'd her speech to Pallas turn'd.
Alas, Jove's daughter! shall not we at least
In this extremity of their distress
Care for the Grecians 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.
Whom answer'd thus Pallas, cærulean-eyed.
—And Hec航 had himself long since his life
Refigned and rage together, by the Greeks
Slain under Ilium's walls, but Jove, my fire,
Mad counsels executing and perverse,
Me counterwork's in all that I attempt,
Nor aught remembers how I faved oft-times
His son enjoin'd full many a task severe.
By King Eurystheus; to the Gods he wept,
And me Jove sent in haste to his relief.
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,
And mine he hates; for the 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-waiter prince renown’d.
’Tis well—the day shall come when Jove again
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
(Ourselves 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
Of mighty Saturn, Juno, disapproved,
But busily and with dispatch prepared
The trappings of her courser’s golden-rein’d.
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,
Then arm’d her for the field of woe, complete.
Mounting the fiery chariot, next she seized
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-
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.
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,
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
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

*Clashes with all my counsels from of old.

* \(\text{\textit{E}x\textit{h}l\textit{x}l\textit{a}x}\);—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 Idaean summit soared at once
To the Olympian; at the open gates
Exterior of the mountain many-valled
She stayed 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,
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
A father's anger; but for the offence
Of Juno, he resents 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,
Incorrigible 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,
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
Released, and to ambrosial mangers bound,
Then thrust their chariot to the luminous wall.
They, mingling with the Gods, on golden thrones
Dejected fat, and Jove from Ida borne
Reach'd the Olympian heights, seat of the Gods.
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
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, wherfore sit ye sad?
Not through fatigue by glorious fight incur'd
And slaughter of the Trojans whom ye hate.
Mark now the difference. 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
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.
He ended; Juno and Minerva heard
Low murm'ring deep disgust, and side by side
Devising fat calamity to Troy.
Minerva, through displeasure against Jove,
Nought utter'd, for her bosom boil'd with rage;
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.  

If thou command, we doubtless will abstain  
From battle, yet such counsel to the Greeks  
Suggesting still, as may in part effect  
Their safety, left thy wrath consume them all.  

Then answer, thus, cloud-gath'rer Jove return'd.  
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  
'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  
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,  
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 sunk,  
Drawing night after him o'er all the earth;  
Night, undesired by Troy, but to the Greeks

Thrice
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.
They, there dismounting, listen'd to the words
Of Hector Jove-belov'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.

Trojans, Dardanians, and allies of Troy!
I hoped, this evening, (ev'ry ship confumed,
And all the Grecians flain) to have return'd
To wind-swept Ilium. But the shades of night
Have intervened, and to the night they owe,
In chief, their whole fleets' safety and their own.
Now, therefore, as the night enjoin'd, all take
Needful refreshment. Your high-mettled steeds
Release, lay food before them, and in haste
Drive hither from the city fatted sheep
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
Illume the skies; left 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.
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
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, left in absence of the troops
An ambush enter, and surprize the town.
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
(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
Give them brisk onset. Then shall it appear
If Diomed 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
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 plain
With no few friends around him. Would to heav'n!
I were as sure to evade the blight of age,
And share their honours with the Gods above,
210  H O M E R ' s  I L I A D .  Book VIII.

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.

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
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 fat,
Not disarray'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
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,
In prospect all of Troy; a thousand fires,
Each watch'd by fifty warriors feated near.
The steeds beside the chariots stood, their corn
Chewing, and waiting 'till the golden-thron'd
Aurora should restore the light of day.

* 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.
ARGUMENT
OF THE
NINTH BOOK.

By advice of Neftor, Agamemnon sends Ulysses, Phænix, and Ajax to the tent of Achilles with proposals of reconciliation. They execute their commission, but without effect. Phænix remains with Achilles; Ulysses and Ajax return.

BOOK IX.

So watch’d the Trojan hoft; 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, Boreas and Zephyrus, the fishy Deep Vex sudden, all around, the fable flood High-curl’d, flings forth the salt weed on the shore, Such tempest rent the mind of ev'ry Greek.

Forth talk’d Atrides with heart-riving woe 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

E c 2
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!

In dire perplexity Saturnian Jove
Involves me, cruel; he assured me e'erst,
And solemnly, that I should not return
'Till I had wasted wall-encircled Troy;
But now (ah fraudulent and foul reverse!)
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.
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, overwhelm'd with sorrow, silent fat,
When thus, at last, bold Diomede 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.

Hear patient. Thou hast been thyself the first

* In the original the word is—μελανορ—dark-watered—and it is rendered—
dep—by the best interpreters, because deep waters have a blackish appearance.
Δωρερορ άδρ is properly water that runs with rapidity; water—μετα δοντέως φερομενον.
—See Villoisson.
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
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 persuad'd that the Greeks
Are pusillanimous, as thou hast said?
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
To seek again their native home, fly all;
Myself and Sthenelus will perseverce
'Till Ilium fall, for with the Gods we came.

He ended; all th' admiring sons of Greece
With shouting the warlike Diomede extoll'd,
When thus equestrian Neftor 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
Or to gainsay; yet thou hast fallen short.
What wonder? Thou art young; and were myself
Thy father, thou shouldest be my latest-born.
Yet when thy speech is to the Kings of Greece,
It is well framed and prudent. Now attend!
Myself will speak, who have more years to boast
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
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
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 dis grace
Thy sov'reignty, but shall become thee well.
Thy tents are filled with wine which day by day
Ships bring from Thrace; accommodation large
Haft thou, and num'rous is thy menial train.
Thy many guests assembled, thou shalt hear
Our counsel, and shalt choose the best; great need
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 consent approved.
Forth rush'd the guard well-armed; first went the son
Of Nestor, Thrasymedes, valiant Chief;
Then, sons of Mars, Ascalaphus 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 mischiefs that had already attended his quarrel with Achilles.
And brave Ialmenus; whom follow'd next
Deipyrus, Aphareus, Meriones,
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 feat they chose,
There kindled fires, and each his food prepared.
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 sav'ry feast,
And when nor thirst remain'd nor hunger more
Unfated, Neftor then, arising first,
Whose counsels had been ever wisest deem'd,
Warm for the public inter'est, thus began.
Atrides! glorious sov'reign! King of men!
Thou art my first and last, proem and close,
For thou art mighty, and to thee are giv'n
From Jove the sceptre and the laws in charge,
For the advancement of the general good.
Hence, in peculiar, both to speak and hear
Become thy duty, and the best advice,
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 Greecian none
Shall give thee better; neither is it new,
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
Of the enraged Achilles; not, in truth,
By my advice, who did dissuade thee much;
But thou complying with thy princely wrath,
Haft 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
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 a host, whom Jove
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 soothe him with atonement large
Of gifts inestimable, which by name
I will propound in presence of you all.
Sev'n tripods, never fullied yet with fire;
Of gold ten talents; twenty cauldrons bright;
Twelve couriers, strong, victorious in the race;
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,
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, Briseis, with an oath
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
With gold and brats, ent'ring and choosing first
When we shall share the spoil. Let him beside
Chuse twenty from among the maids of Troy,
Helen except, loveliest of all their sex.
And if, once more, the rich milk-flowing land
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
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
As never father on his child before.
Sev'n fair well-peopled cities, I will give;
Cardamyle and Enope, and rich
In herbage, Hira; Phære stately-built,
And for her depth of pasturage renown'd
Antheia; proud Æpeia's lofty tow'rs,
And Pedafus impurpled dark with vines.
All these are maritime, and on the shore

F f

They
They stand of Pylus, by a race poss'ed
Most rich in flocks and herds, who tributes large,
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,
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 Neftor thus replied.
Atrides! glorious fov'reign! King of men!
No fordid gifts, or to be view'd with scorn,
Giv'lt thou the Prince Achilles. But away!
Send chosen messengers, who shall the son
Of Peleus, instant, in his tent addres.
Myself will chuse them, be it theirs t'obey.
Let Phcenix lead, Jove loves him. Be the next
Huge Ajax; and the wife UlyfTes third.
Of heralds, Odius and Eurybates
Shall them attend. Bring water for our hands;
Give charge that every tongue abtain from speech
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,
All drank, and in such measure as they chose,
Then hasted forth from Agamemnon's tent.
Gerenian Neftor at their side them oft
Book IX.  Homer's Iliad.

Instructed, each admonishing by looks
Significant, and motion of his eyes,
But most Ulysses, to omit no means
By which Achilles likeliest might be won.
Along the margin of the sounding Deep
They pass'd, to Neptune, compasser of earth,
Preferring vows ardent with num'rous pray'rs,
That they might fway with ease the mighty mind
Of fierce Æacides. And now they reach'd
The station where his Myrmidons abode.
Him folacing they found his heart with notes
Struck from his silver-framed harmonious lyre;
Among the spoils he found it when he sack'd
Eëtion's city; with that lyre his cares
He soothing, and glorious heroes were his theme.
Patroclus silent sat, and he alone,
Before him, on Æacides intent,
Expecting still when he should cease to sing.
The messengers advanced (Ulysses first)
Into his presence; at the fight, his harp
Still in his hand, Achilles from his seat
Started astonish'd; nor with less amaze
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.
   So saying, he introduced them, and on seats
Placed them with purple arras overspread,
Then thus be spake 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'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 \( \varepsilon \iota \nu \varepsilon \iota \nu \) —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 \( \kappa \iota \iota \nu \mu \gamma \nu \). Homer's banquets are never stewed or boiled; it cannot therefore signify a kettle. It was probably a kitchen-table, dreffer, or tray, on which the meat was prepared for the spit. Accordingly we find that this very meat was pitted afterward. See Schaufelbergerus.
The consecrated morfet to the fire,
And each, at once, his fav'ry mess assail'd.
When neither edge of hunger now they felt
Nor thirsted longer, Ajax with a nod
Made sign to Phoenix, which Ulysses 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
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
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
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 assist'd, heeds
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 left these his threats
The Gods accomplish, and it be our doom
To perish here, from Argos far remote.

Up,
Up, therefore! if thou canst, and now at last
The weary sons of all Achaia save
From Trojan violence. Regret, but vain,
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 Peleus thee
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.
"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
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 fullied yet with fire;
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.
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.
These will he give, and will with these resign
Her whom he took, Briseis, 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
The Gods vouchsafe to us to overturn
Priam's great city, thou shalt heap thy ships
With gold and brases, entering and choosing first,
When we shall share the spoil; and shalt beside
Chuse twenty from among the maids of Troy,
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,
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
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
In herbage, Hira; Phereæ stately-built,
And for her depth of pasturage renown'd,
Antheia; proud Æpeia's lofty towers,
And Pedafus impurpled dark with vines.
All these are maritime, and on the shore
They stand of Pylus, by a race posies'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 subsides. 365

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 Greecians that shall never die. 370

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 Greecian brave as he.

Then thus Achilles matchless in the race. 375

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
I must with plainness speak my fixed resolve
Unalterable; left I hear from each
The same long murmur'd melancholy tale.
For I abhor the man, not more the gates
Of Hell itself, whose words belie his heart. 380
So shall not mine. My judgment undisguised
Is this; that neither Agamemnon me
Nor all the Greeks shall move; for ceaseless toil
Wins here no thanks; one recompence awaits
The sedentary and the most alert,
The brave and base in equal honour stand,
And drones and heroes fall unwept alike.
I after all my labours, who expos’d
My life continual in the field, have earn’d
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
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
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
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?
Why hath Atrides gather’d such an host,
And led them hither? Was’t not for the fake
Of beauteous Helen? And of all mankind
Can none be found who love their proper wives.
But the Atridae? There is no good man

* 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 Briseis at my heart.
But having dispossessed me of my prize
So foully, let him not essay me now,
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 escape
Yon hostile fires; full many an arduous task
He hath accomplish’d without aid of mine;
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-slaught’ring Hector’s force opposed.
While I the battle waged, present myself
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.
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,
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

Prosper
Prosper my passage) Phthia the deep-soil'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 bras,
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
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
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
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 posses's, or shall yet posses,
All that Orchomenos within her walls,
And all that opulent Egyptian Thebes
Receives, the city with an hundred gates,
Whence twenty thousand chariots rush to war,
And would he give me riches as the sands,

Gg 2

And
And as the dust of earth, no gifts from him
Should soothe 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
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
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 damsels many, daughters of the Chiefs
Who guard our cities; I may chuse of them,
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.
For life, in my account, surpassest 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
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 contrain th' unbodied spirit back.
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
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
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
Some likelier plan, by which both fleet and host
May be preserved; for, my resentment still
Burning, this project is but premature.
Let Phœnix stay with us, and sleep this night
Within my tent, that, if he so incline,
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) still silent all,
'Till Phœnix, aged warrior, at the last
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'ft
That thou art altogether fixt to leave

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,
Unpractised in destructive fight, nor less
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
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
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
The damsel first, that she might loath my fire.
I did so; and my father soon posses'd
With hot suspicion of the fact, let loose
A storm of imprecation, in his rage
Invoking all the Furies to forbid
That ever son of mine should press his knees.
Tartarian * Jove and dread † Persephone
Fulfil'd his curfes; with my pointed spear
I would have pierc'd his heart, but that my wrath

* Pluto.  † Proserpine.
Some Deity affuaged, suggesting 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 slaughtered, 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
Extinguished ever, one, beneath the porch
Of the barr'd hall, and one that from within
The vestibule illum'd 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-foiled, 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 demesnes. 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, Achilles! such I made thee. For with me, Me only, would'nt thou forth to feast abroad, Nor would'nt 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 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, Thus purposing, that since the Gods vouchsafed No son to me, thyself should'nt be my son, Godlike Achilles! who should'nt screen perchance From a foul fate my else unshelter'd age. Achilles! bid thy mighty spirit down.

Thou should'nt 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, 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 compos'd, forms a very striking passage.
Which, though far distant, yet with constant pace
Follow Offence. Offence, robust of limb,
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.
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
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 fame,
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
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 unreproveable and just.
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,  
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,  
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  
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!  
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.  
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.  
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,
(For his own mother had his wrath provoked
Althæa) thenceforth with his wedded wife
He dwelt, fair Cleopatra, close retired.
She was Marpefts's daughter, whom she bore
To Idas, bravest warrior in his day 690
Of all on earth. He fear'd not 'gainst the King
Himself Apollo, for the lovely nymph
Marpefts's fake, his spouse, to bend his bow.
Her, therefore, Idas and Marpefs named
Thenceforth Alcyone, because the fate
Of sad Alcyone Marpefts shared,
And wept like her, by Phæbus 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
To slay her son; nor vain was that request,
But by implacable Erynnis heard

* She had five brothers: Iphiclus, Polyphantes, 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
Resounded. 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 soil
They bade him chuse to his own use a farm
Of fifty measured 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
Smiting importunate, with earnest pray'rs
Assay'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,
The most esteem'd and dearest of his friends,
The same suit urged, yet he persist'd still
Relentless, nor could even they prevail.
But when the battle shook his chamber-doors,
And the Curetes climbing the high tow'rs
Had fired the spacious city, then with tears
The beauteous Cleopatra, and with pray'rs
Assail'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
Matrons with all their children dragg'd away.
That dread recital roused him, and at length
Effuing,
Issuing, he put his radiant armour on.
Thus Meleager, gratifying first
His own resentment, from a fatal day
Saved the Ætolians, who the promised gift
Refused him, and his toils found no reward.
But thou my son be wiser; follow thou
No daemon who would tempt thee to a course
Like his; occasion more propitious far
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 shouldst thou, by no gifts induced, at last
Enter the bloody field, although thou chase
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
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,
Left 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
Reft thou this night, and with the rising morn
We will decide, to stay or to depart.

He
He ceased, and silent, by a nod injoin'd
Patroclus to prepare an easy couch
For Phoenix, anxious to diminish the rest
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 reas'nings shall be none.
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,
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
Secure at home, and the receiver, foot'd
And pacified, represses his revenge.
But thou, resentful of the lofs of one,
One virgin (such obduracy of heart
The Gods have giv'n thee) can't not be appeased.
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,
Beyond them all ambitious of thy love,
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
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
Of crimson war, 'till the illustrious son
Of warlike Priam, Hector, blood-embruied,
Shall in their tents the Myrmidons assail
Themselves, and fire my fleet. At my own ship,
And at my own pavilion, it may chance
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,
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.

Meantime Achilles in th' interior tent,
With beauteous Diomeda by himself
From Lesbos brought, daughter of Phorbas, lay.
Patroclus opposite repos'd, with whom
Slept charming Iphis; her, when he had won
The lofty tow'rs of Scyros, the divine

Achilles
Achilles took, and on his friend bestowed.
   But when those Chiefs at Agamemnon's tent
   Arrived, the Greeks on ev'ry side arose
   With golden cups welcoming their return.
   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?
   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
   Consult by what expedient thou may'st save
   The fleet and people, threaten'ning that himself
   Will at the peep of day launch all his barks,
   And couns'ling, beside, the gen'r al hoft
   To voyage homeward, for that end as yet
   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
   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.
   He
He ended. They astonished at his tone
(For vehement he spake) but silent all.
Long silent fat th' afflicted sons of Greece,
When thus the mighty Diomede began,
Atrides, Agamemnon, King of men!

Thy supplications to the valiant son
Of Peleus, and the offer of thy gifts
Innumerous, had been better far withheld.
He is at all times haughty, and thy suit
Hath but increased his haughtiness of heart
Past bounds; but let him stay, or let him go,
As he shall choose. 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 refreshed your hearts with food and wine,
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.

He ended; all the Kings applauded warm
His counsel, and the dauntless tone admired
Of Diomede. Then, due libation made,
Each fought his tent, and took the gift of sleep.
ARGUMENT

OF THE

TENTH BOOK.

Diomede and Ulysses enter the Trojan host by night, and slay Rhesus.

BOOK X.

All night, the leaders of the host of Greece
Lay funk 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
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.
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,
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
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
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, left the Achaians for his fake
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 raised
His brazen helmet, and with vig'rous hand
Grasping his spear, forth issued to arouse
His brother, mighty sov'reign of the hoist,
And by the Greeians like a God revered—
He found him at his galley's stern, his arms
Assuming radiant; welcome he arrived
To Agamemnon, whom he thus address'd.

Why arm'st thou, brother? Would'st thou urge abroad
Some trufty spy into the Trojan camp?
I fear left none so hardy shall be found
As to adventure, in the dead still night,
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 Greecians and the fleet of Greece
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
As he with ease against the Greeks, although
Nor from a Goddes 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.

But haste, begone, and at their sev'ral ships
Call Ajax and Idomeneus; I go
T' exhort the noble Neftor to arise,
That he may visit, if he so incline,
The chosen band who watch, and his advice
Give them; for him most prompt they will obey,
Whose son, together with Meriones,
Friend of Idomeneus, controuls them all,
Entrusted by our selves with that command.

Him answer'd Menelaus bold in arms.

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
(For many pass'rs interfect the camp)
We mis' each other; summon them aloud
Where thou shalt come; enjoin them to arise;
Call each by his hereditary name,

Honouring
Honouring all. Beware of manners proud,
For we ourselves must labour, at our birth
By Jove ordain'd to suffering and to toil.

So saying, he his brother thence dismiss'd
Instructed duly, and, himself, his steps
Turned to the tent of Neftor. 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 prop'd,
Questioning Agamemnon, thus began.

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?

To whom the son of Atreus, King of men.
Oh Neftor, 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 suits 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 supefsede

All
All thought; my bosom can no longer hold
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, left, haply, overtoiled
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!
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 appeased)
Shall trouble feel, and, haply, more than we.
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
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,
And plainly censure him, that thus he sleeps
And leaves to thee the labour, who himself
Should range the hoft, soliciting the Chiefs
Of ev'ry band, as utmost need requires.

Him
Him answer'd Agamemnon, King of men.
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 sluggisf indolence the cause,
No, nor stupidity, but he observes
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
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 corselet to his breast,
His sandals fair to his unfulfilled 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 Greecian fleet.
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.

Why roam ye thus the camp and fleet alone
In darkness? by what urgent need constrained?
To whom the hoary Pylian thus replied.
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Resent it not, for dread is our distress.
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
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 refted on his shield, and each
Had planted on its nether * point erect

His spear beside him; bright their polish'd heads
As Jove's own light'ning glitter'd from afar.
Himself, the Hero, flept. A wild bull's hide
Was spread beneath him, and on arras tinged
With splendid purple lay his head reclined.

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
The Trojans fit, small interval between?

He ceas'd; then upsprang Diomede 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,
Whò ranging in all parts the camp, might call

* Στυρατηρ—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, controls
Or can abate activity like thine.
To whom Gerenian Neftor in return.
My friend! thou hast well spoken. I have sons,
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 hoft
As hath not oft occurred; the overthrow
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.

Then Diomede a lion's tawny skin
Around him wrapp'd, dependent to his heels,
And, spear in hand, set forth. The Hero call'd
Those two, and led them whither Neftor bade.

They, at the guard arrived, not sleeping found
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
Down from the mountain-top, all sleep forego,
So, fat not on their eyelids gentle sleep
That dreadful night, but constant to the plain
At ev'ry found of Trojan feet they turned.
The old Chief joyful at the fight, in terms
Of kind encouragement them thus address'd.

K k

So
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
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
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
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
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
Extensive as the heav'n's, and fair reward.
From ev'ry leader of the fleet, his gift
Shall be a *fable ewe, and fucking lamb,
Rare acquisition! and at ev'ry board

* Sable, 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.

He ceased, and all faint silent, when at length
The mighty son of Tydeus thus replied.

Me, Neftor, my courageous heart incites
To penetrate into the neighbour host
Of enemies; but went some other Chief
With me, far greater would my comfort prove,
And I should dare the more. Two going forth,
One quicker sees than other, and suggests
Prudent advice; but he who single goes,
Mark whatsoe'er he may, th' occasion less
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 Neftor's son;
Willing, the brother of the Chief of all,
Nor willing less Ulysses to explore
The host of Troy, for he posses'd a heart
Delighted ever with some bold exploit.

Then Agamemnon, King of men, began.

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 def'rence to another's rank,
The more deserving, nor prefer a worse,
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,
Since, then, ye bid me my own partner chuse
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
We shall return; for none is wise as he.

To him Ulysses, hardy Chief, replied.
Tydides! neither praise me much, nor blame,
For these are Grecians in whose ears thou speakest,
And know me well. But let us hence! the night
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 Diomede, who at the fleet had left
His own, the dauntless Thrasymedes gave
His shield and sword two-edg'd, and on his head
Placed, crestless, unadorn'd, his bull-skin casque.
It was a stripling's helmet, such as youths
Scarce yet confirm'd in lusty manhood, wear.

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
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.
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 shrew'd Ulysses' brows.
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.
Ulysses in the favorable sign
Exulted, and Minerva thus invoked.

Oh hear me, daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd!
My present helper in all freights, whose eye
Marks all my ways, oh with peculiar care
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.
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
Beside Afopus, 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
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-pleased.
Their or'ifions ended to the daughter dread
Of mighty Jove, lion-like they advanced
Through shades of night, through carnage, arms and blood.

Nor Hector to his gallant host indulged
Sleep, but convened the leaders; leader none
Or senator of all his host he left
Unsummon'd, and his purpose thus promulged.

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,
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
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,
Rich both in gold and bræs, but in his form
Unfightly; yet the man was swift of foot,
Sole brother of five sitters; he his speech
To Hector and the Trojans thus addres'd.

My spirit, Hector, prompts me, and my mind
Endued with manly vigour, to approach
Yon gallant ships, that I may tidings hear.
But come. For my assurance, lifting high
Thy sceptre, I swear to me, for my reward,
The horses and the brazen chariot bright
Which bear renown'd Achilles o'er the field.
I will not prove an useless spy, nor fall
Below thy best opinion;pais I will
Their army through, 'till I shall reach the ship
Of Agamemnon, where the Chiefs, perchance,
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
I make them thine; enjoy them evermore.

He said, and falsely sware, yet him assured.
Then Dolon, instant, o'er his shoulder slung
His bow elastic, wrapp'd himself around
With a grey wolf-skin, to his head a casque
Adjusted, coated o'er with ferret's felt,
And seizing his sharp javelin, from the host
Turned right toward the fleet, but was ordained
To disappoint his snder, and to bring
No tidings thence. The throng of Trojan steeds
And warriors left, with brisker pace he moved,
When brave Ulysses his approach perceiv'd,
And thus to Diomede his speech addres'd'd.

Tydides!
Tydides! yonder man is from the hoft; 405
Either a spy he comes, or with intent
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,
Left 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 surpafs
Through fallows deep drawing the pond'rous plough)
Both ran toward him. Dolon at the found
Stood; for he hoped some Trojan friends at hand
From Hector sent to bid him back again.

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 chase,
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 Diomede and dread Ulysses him
Chafed constant, intercepting his return.
And now, fast-fleeing to the ships, he soon
Had reach'd the guard, but Pallas with new force

* Commentators here are extremely in the dark, and even Arístarchus 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
Inspired Tydides, left 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.

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 polisht'd weapon swift
O'er-glancing his right shoulder, in the soil
Stood fixt, beyond him. Terrified he stood,
Stamm'ring, and sounding through his lips the clash
Of chattering teeth, with visage deadly wan.
They panting rush'd on him, and both his hands
Seized fast; he wept, and suppliant them bespake.

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
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'lt thou alone
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.

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
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.

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
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
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
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,
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;
*The native Trojans (for they can no less)
Sit sleepless 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.
To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied.
How sleep the strangers, and allies?—apart?
Or with the Trojans mingled?—I would learn.
So spake Ulysses; to whom Dolon thus,
Son of Eumedes. I will all unfold,
And all most truly. By the sea are lodged
The Carians, the Pæonians arm'd with bows,
The Leleges, with the Pelasgian band,
And the Caucones. On the skirts encamp
Of Thymbra, the Mæonians crested high,
The Phrygian horsemen, with the Lycian host,
And the bold troop of Myśia's haughty sons.
But wherefore these enquiries, thus minute?
For if ye wish to penetrate the host,
These who possess the borders of the camp
Farthest removed of all, are Thracian pow'rs
Newly arrived; among them Rhesus sleeps,
Son of Æioneus, their Chief and King.
His steeds I saw, the fairest by these eyes

* "Οὐσαι γὰρ τριῶν πυρὸς τοχαρί—As many as are owners of hearths—that is to
say, all who are householders here, or natives of the city.
Ever beheld, and loftiest; show itself
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!
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
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
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,
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,
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, Propititious, 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, left they should seek the prize Themelves 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, 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, And, seeing, mark'd him out to Diomede. 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 The Thracians, and the steeds shall be my care. He ceased; then, blue-eyed Pallas with fresh force Invigour'd Diomede. From side to side He flew; dread groans arose of dying men Hewn with the sword, and the earth swam with blood. As if he find a flock unguarded, sheep Or goats, the lion rushes on his prey, With such unfsparing force Tydides smote The men of Thrace, 'till he had slaughter'd twelve;
And whom Tydides with his faulchion struck
Laertes' son 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,
He added to the twelve; for at his head
An evil dream that night had flood, the form
Of Diomede, by Pallas' art deviled.
Meantime, the bold Ulysses loosed the steeds,
Which, to each other rein'd, he drove abroad,
Smiting them with his bow, (for of the scourge
He thought not in the chariot-seat secured)
And as he went, his'd, warning Diomede.
But he, projecting still some hardier deed,
Stood doubtful, whether by the pole to draw
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.

Son of bold Tydeus! think on thy return
To yonder fleet, left 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
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,
Kinsman 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 couriers, and his warrior friends
Gasp'd 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 Ulysses, dear to Jove,
The couriers stay'd, and, leaping to the ground,
The son of Tydeus in Ulysses' 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 sound, and thus he said.

Friends! Counsellors! and leaders of the Greeks!
False shall I speak, or true?—but speak I must.
The echoing sound of hoofs alarms my ear.
Oh that Ulysses and brave Diomedes
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.

He
He had not ended, when themselves arrived.

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,
Ulysses! how have ye these steeds acquired?
In yonder hoist? or met ye as ye went
Some God who gave them to you? for they show
A luftre dazzling as the beams of day.
Old as I am, I mingle yet in fight
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
Minerva, Jove's own daughter, love you both.

To whom Ulysses, thus, discrete, replied.
Nelcian Nestor, glory of the Greeks!
A God, so willing, could have giv'n us steeds
Superior, for their bounty knows no bounds.
But, venerable Chief! these which thou see'lt
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
We flew, by Hector and the Chiefs of Troy

* Homer did not here forget himself, though some have altered τεριε σε τινακατατηλοβοιμοιοσιθη. Rhesus for distinction fake is not numbered with his people. See Villoisson in loco.
Sent to inspect the posture of our host.

He said; then, high in exultation, drove
The courgers over the trench, and with him passed
The glad Achaians; at the spacious tent
Of Diomedes 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
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
Anointed, at the well-spread board they fat,
And quaff'd, in honour of Minerva, wine
Delicious, from the brimming beaker drawn.
ARGUMENT
OF THE
ELEVENTH BOOK.

Agamemnon distinguishes himself. He is wounded, and retires. Diomede is wounded by Paris; Ulysses by Socus. Ajax with Menelaus 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. Neftor conveys Machaon from the field. Achilles dispatches Patroclus to the tent of Neftor, and Neftor takes that occasion to exhort Patroclus to engage in battle, cloathed in the armour of Achilles.

BOOK 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
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.
There standing, shrill she sent a cry abroad
Among th' Achaians, such as thirst infused
Of battle ceaseless into ev'ry breast.
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 clasped
His shining greaves with silver studs secured,
Then bound his corselet to his bosom, gift
Of Cynyras long since; for rumour loud
Had Cyprus reached of an Achaian host
Assenting, destined to the shores of Troy,
Wherefore, to gratify the King of men,
He made the splendid ornament his own.
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
Fix'd by Saturnian Jove in show'ry clouds,
A sign to mortal men. He flung his sword
Athwart his shoulders; dazzling bright it shone
With gold embossed, and silver was the sheath
Suspended graceful in a belt of gold.
His maffy 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

* Τρεῖς ἐκάστης.—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 nowhere but in the Venetian Scholium.
With twice ten bosses of resplendent tin.
There, dreadful ornament! the visage dark
Of Gorgon count'd, border'd by Flight and Fear.
The loop was silver, and a serpent form
Cærulean over all its surface twined,
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
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 rais'd to extol the King
Of opulent Mycenæ, roll'd around.
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;
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 dews among them, for he meant

* Quatre-crested. So I have render'd πτερωτοκορυφω, which literally signifies having four cones. The cone was a tube into which the crest was inferted. 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 ἵφαυνα. Jupiter is called ἰππαυνος.
‡ The Translator follows Clarke in this interpretation of a passage to us not very intelligible.

That
That day to send 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
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
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 brats, and on the fight
Flash'd as the lightnings of Jove Ægis-arm'd.
As reapers, toiling opposite, lay bare
Some rich man's furrows, while the fever'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,
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
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
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'r's survey'd
Of Ilium and the fleet of Greece, the flash
Of gleaming arms, the slayer and the plain.

While morning lafted, and the light of day
Encreas'd, so long the weapons on both sides
Flew in thick vollies, and the people fell.
But, what time his repast the woodman spreds
In some umbrageous vale; his finewy arms
Weared 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 Greecians 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 Pondrous bras sustain
That force, but both his helmet and his feull
It shatter'd, and his martial rage repress'd.
The King of men, stripping their corslets, 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,

This
This spurious, genuine that. The bastard drove,
And Antiphus, a warrior high-renown'd,
Fought from the chariot; them Achilles er'd
Feeding their flocks on Ida had surprized
And bound with osiers, but for ransom loosed.
Of these, imperial Agamemnon, first,
Above the pap pierced Isus; 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,
For he had seen them when from Ida's heights
Achilles led them to the Grecian fleet.
As with resifless fangs the lion breaks
The young in pieces of the nimble hind,
Ent'ring her lair, and takes their feeble lives;
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 hoft of Greece.
Next, on Pifandrus, and of dauntless heart
Hippolochus he rush'd; they were the sons
Of brave Antimachus, who with rich gifts
By Paris bought, inflexible witheld
From Menelaus still his lovely bride.
His sons, the monarch, in one chariot borne
Encounter'd; they (for they had loft the reins)
With trepidation and united force
Essay'd to check the ffeeds; astonishment
Seized both; Atrides with a lion's rage
Came
Came on, and from the chariot thus they sued.

Oh spare us! son of Atreus, and accept
Ransom immene. Antimachus our fire
Is rich in various treasure, gold and brars,
And temper'd steel, and, hearing the report
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
Antimachus, who when my brother once
With Godlike Laertiades your town
Enter'd ambassadour, his death advised
In council, and to let him forth no more?
Now rue ye both the baseness of your fire.

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,
And roll'd it like a mortar through the ranks.
He left the plain, 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,
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

* or mos.

Incessant
Incessant slaught'ring, called his *Argives on.
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
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.

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 Greeks. Through the middle plain
Beseide the sepulchre of Ilus, son
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 terrific sent abroad,
And his victorious hands reek'd, red with gore.

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
To death inevitable; her with jaws

* The Greeks at large are indiscriminately called Danai, Argives, and Achaians, in the original. The Phthians in particular—Hellenes. They were the troops of Achilles.
True to their hold he seizes, and her neck
Breaking, embowels her, and laps the blood;
So, Atreus' royal son, the hindmost still
Slaying, and still pursuing, urged them on.
Many lupine, and many prone, the field
Press'd, by the son of Atreus in their flight
Dismounted; for no weapon raged as his.
But now, at last, when he should soon have reach'd
The lofty walls of Ilium, came the Sire
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.
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.
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.
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.
She, standing at his side, him thus bespake.

Oh
Oh son of Priam! as the Gods discrete!
I bring thee counsel from the Sire of all.
While yet thou shalt the son of Atreus see
Fierce warring in the van, and mowing down
The warrior ranks, so long he bids thee pause
From battle, leaving to thy host the task
Of bloody contest furious with the Greeks.
But soon as Atreus' son, by spear or shaft,
Wounded shall climb his chariot, Jove will then
Endue thee with such force, that thou shalt slay
'Till thou have reach'd the ships, and 'till, the sun
Descending, sacred darkness cover all.

So saying, swift-pinion'd Iris disappear'd.
Then Hector from his chariot at a leap
Came down all arm'd, and, shaking his bright spears,
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 host to closer phalanx drew;
The battle was restored, van fronting van
They stood, and Agamemnon into fight
Sprang foremost, panting for superior fame.

Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell!
What Trojan first, or what ally of Troy
Opposed the force of Agamemnon's arm?
Iphidamas, Antenor's valiant son,
Of loftiest stature, who in fertile Thrace
Mother of flocks was nourish'd. Cisseus him
His grandsire, father of Theano prais'd
For loveliest features, in his own abode

N n 2
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 fame course steer'd; but at Percope moor'd,
And marching thence, arrived on foot at Troy.
He first opposed Atrides. They approach'd.
The spear of Agamemnon wander'd wide;
But him Iphidamas on his broad belt
Beneath the corlet struck, and, bearing full
On his spear-beam, enforced it; but ere yet
He pierced the broder'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
Wresting it, with his faulchion keen his neck 290
Smote full, and stretch'd him lifeless at his foot.
So slept Iphidamas among theplain.
Unhappy! from his virgin bride remote,
Associate with the men of Troy in arms
He fell, and left her beauties unenjoy'd.
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 hoft 300
Proceeded, laden with his gorgeous arms.

Coon
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
He cautious stood, and with a spear his arm,
Where thickest flesh’d, below his elbow, pierced;
Till opposite the glitt’ring point appear’d.
A thrilling horror seized the King of men
So wounded; yet though wounded so, from fight
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 sire, aloud
Calling the Trojan leaders to his aid,
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,
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,
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

* Ανέμοσπετος—literally—wind-nourished.
Seize her intense, by Juno's daughters dread
The birth-presiding Ilithyæ deep
Infixed, dispensers of those pangs severe;
So, anguish insupportable subdued
Then, all the might of Atreus' royal son.

Upspringing to his seat, 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 Dānai.

Friends! counsellors and leaders of the Greeks!

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
Lashed to the ships; they not unwilling flew,
Bearing from battle the afflicted King
With foaming chests and bellies grey with dust.

Soon Hecōr, noting his retreat, aloud
 Called on the Trojans and allies of Troy.

Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
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.

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 Hecōr cheer'd his host
Magnanimous against the sons of Greece,
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.

Then whom flew Priameian Hector first,
Whom last, by Jove, that day, with glory crown’d?
Affæus, Dolops, Orus, Agelaüs,
Autonoüs, Hipponoüs, Ælymnus,
Opheltius and Opites first he flew,
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
Upswelt by wand’ring gusts fills all the air,
So Hector swept the Grecians. Then defeat
Past remedy and havoc had ensued,
Then had the routed Grecians, flying, fought
Their ships again, but that Ulysses thus
Summon’d the brave Tydides to his aid.

Whence comes it, Diomede, that we forget
Our wonted courage? Hither, O my friend!
And, fighting at my side, ward off the flame
That must be ours, should Hector seize the fleet.

To whom the valiant Diomede replied.
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 Hero spake, and from his chariot cast
Thymbraeus to the ground pierced through the pap,
While by Ulysses' hand his charioteer
Godlike Molion, fell. The warfare thus
Of both for ever closed, them there they left,
And plunging deep into the warrior-throng
Troubled the multitude. As when two boars
Turn des'prate 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.
Two warriors, next, their chariot and themselves
They took, plebeians brave, sons of the seer
Percosian Merops in prophetic skill
Surpassing all; he both his sons forbade
The mortal field, but disobedient they
Still fought it, for their destiny prevail'd.
Spear-practised 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
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 Paeon, bold
Agastrophus. No steeds at his command
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, shudd'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 encountering brass, the point
Glanced wide, for he had cas'd his youthful brows
In triple brass, Apollo's glorious gift.

Yet with rapidity at such a shock
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 flood, Hector his scatter'd sense
Recover'ring, to his chariot sprang again,
And, driving deep into his host, escaped.
The noble son of Tydeus, spear in hand,
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'ft
Entering the clash of battle, have prevailed,
And he hath rescued thee. But well beware
Our next encounter, for if also me
Some God befriended, thou dy'st. Now will I seek
Another mark, and smite whom next I may.

O o

He
He spake, and of his armour stripp’d the son Spear-famed of Pæon. Meantime Paris, mate
Of beauteous Helen, drew his bow against
Tydides; by a pillar of the tomb
Of Ilus, antient senator revered,
Conceal’d he flood, and while the Hero loos’d
His corset 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.
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
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,
Thy bow and arrows should avail thee nought.
Vain boaster! thou haft 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 daftard and a slave

* In the original—ξιπα ναρθ. 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 archership.
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 con-
tempt equal.

Are
Are ever such. More terrible are mine,
And whom they pierce, though lightly pierced, he dies.
His wife her cheeks rends incomfortable,
His babes are fatherless, his blood the glebe
Incarnadines, and where he bleeds and rots
More birds of prey than women haunt the place.

He ended, and Ulysses, drawing nigh,
Shelter'd Tydides; he behind the Chief
Of Ithaca fat drawing forth the shaft,
But pierced with agonizing pangs the while.
Then, climbing to his chariot-feat, he bade
Sthenelus haften 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,
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.
Yet why these doubts? for know I not of old
That only dauntards 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
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

O o 2
The bright tuilk whetting in his crooked jaws;  
They press him on all sides, and from beneath  
Loud gnashings hear, yet, firm, his threats defy;  
Like them the Trojans on all sides assailed  
Ulysses dear to Jove. First with his spear

He sprang impetuous on a valiant chief,  
Whose shoulder with a downright point he pierced,  
Deiopites; Thoon next he flew,  
And Ennomus, and from his courser's backs  
Alighting quick, Cher找个mas; beneath

His bossy shield the gliding weapon pass'd  
Right through his navel; on the plain he fell  
Expiring, and with both hands clench'd the dust.  
Them slain he left, and Charops wounded next,  
Brother of Socus, gen'rous Chief, and son

Of Hippafus; brave Socus to the aid  
Of Charops flew, and, godlike, thus began.  
Illustrious chief, Ulysses! strong to toil  
And rich in artifice! Or boast to-day  
Two sons of Hippafus, brave warriors both,  
Of armour and of life bereft by thee,  
Or to my vengeful spear resign thy own!

So saying, Ulysses' oval disk he smote.  
Through his bright disk the stormy weapon flew,  
Transpierced his twitted mail, and from his side  
Drove all the skin, but to his nobler parts  
Found entrance none, by Pallas turn'd aflat.  
Ulysses, conscious of his life untouch'd,  
Retired a step from Socus, and replied.
Ah hapless youth! thy fate is on the wing;
Me thou haft forced indeed to ceafe 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 soul to Pluto steed-renown'd.

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.

Ah Socus, son of Hippasus, a chief
Of fame equfrian! 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'rous maw
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 bofty shield.
The weapon drawn, forth sprang the blood, and left
His spirit faint. Then Ilium's dauntlefs sons,
Seeing Ulysses' blood, exhorted glad
Each other, and, with force united, all
Pree'd on him. He, retiring; summon'd loud
His followers. Thrice, loud as a mortal may,
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
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,
Adust 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 faft; 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, flew
Doryclus, from the loins of Priam sprung,
But spurious. Pandocus he wounded next,
Then wounded Pyrasus, and after him
Pylartes and Lysander. 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,
And, turbid, shoots much foil into the sea,
So, glorious Ajax troubled wide the field,
Horfe and man slaught'ring, whereof Hectôr yet
Heard not; for on the left of all the war
He fought beside Scamander, where around
Huge Neftor, and Idomeneus the brave,
Moit deaths were dealt, and loudeft roar'd the fight.
There Hectôr toil'd, feats wonderful of spear
And horfemanship atchieving, and the lines
Of many a phalanx defolating wide.
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 distingûish'd force,
Pierc'd his right shoulder. For his fake alarm'd,
The valour-breathing Greecians fear'd, left he
In that disast'rous field should also fall.
At once, Idomeneus of Crete approach'd
The noble Neftor, and him thus bespake.

Arisë, Neleian Neftor! Pride of Greece!
Ascend thy chariot, and, Machaon placed
Befide thee, bear him, inftant, to the fleet.
For one, so skill'd in med'cine, and to free
Th' inherent barb, is worth a multitude.

He
He said, nor the Gerenian hero old
Aught hesitated, but into his seat
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.

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
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 moft
Of horse and foot conflicting furious, there
Rages, and infinite the shouts arise.

He said, and with shrill-founding 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
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,

* This interpretation of—μενοι δὲ ἔπειτα ἔμπορος—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 shunn'd
The encounter of the Telamonian Chief.

But the eternal father throned on high
With fear fill'd Ajax; panic-fix't he stood,
His sev'n-fold shield behind his shoulder cast,
And hemm'd by numbers, with an eye a'kant,
Watchful retreated. As a beast of prey
Retiring, turns and looks, so he his face
Turn'd oft, retiring slow, and step by step.
As when the watch-dogs and assembled swains
Have driv'n a tawny lion from the stalls,
Then, interdicting him his wish'd repair,
Watch all the night, he, famish'd, yet again
Comes furious on, but speeds not, kept aloof
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,
His brave heart trembling for the fleet of Greece.
As when (the boys o'erpow'r'd) a sluggisht as,
On whose tough sides they have spent many a staff,
Enteres the harvest, and the spiry ears
Crops persevering; with their rods the boys
Still ply him hard, but all their puny might
Scarce drives him forth when he hath browsed 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,
With desp'rate force the Trojan phalanx dense
Facing, repulsed them, and by turns he fled,  
But still forbade all inroad on the fleet.  
Trojans and Greeks between, alone, he stood  
A bulwark. Spears from daring hands dismissed  
Some, piercing his broad shield, there planted stoad,  
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  
Flew to his side, his glitt'ring lance dismissed,  
And Apisaon, son of Phansias, struck  
Under the midriff; through his liver pass'd  
The ruthless point, and, falling, he expired.  
Forth sprang Eurypylus to seize the spoil;  
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.  
Terrified at the stroke, the wounded Chief  
To his own band retired, but, as he went,  
With echoing voice call'd on the Danai—  

Friends! Counsellors, and leaders of the Greeks!  
'Turn ye and stand, and from his dreadful lot  
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  
With sloping bucklers, and with spears erect,
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
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.
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.
    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.
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
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.
    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 sweat-imbued in the cool air
They ventilated, facing full the breeze,
Then on soft couches in the tent repos'd.
Meantime, their bevrage Hecamede mix'd,
The old King's bright-haired captive, whom he brought
From Tenedos, what time Achilles sack'd
The city, daughter of the noble Chief
Arsinoüs, and selected from the rest
For Neftor, as the honourable meed
Of counsels always eminently wise.
She, first, before them placed a table bright,
With feet cærulean; thirst-provoking sauce
She brought them also in a brazen tray,
Garlick and honey new, and sacred meal.
Beside them, next, she placed a noble cup
Of labour exquisite, which from his home
The antient King had brought with golden studs
Embellish'd; it presented to the grasp
Four ears; two golden turtles, perch'd on each,
Seem'd feeding, and two * turtles form'd the base.
That cup once fill'd, all others must have toil'd
To move it from the board, but it was light
In Neftor's hand; he lifted it with ease.
The graceful virgin in that cup a draught

* I have interpreted the very ambiguous words ἰ δ Украины περικλέες ἄπειρο according to Atheneus as quoted by Clarke, and his interpretation of them is confirmed by the Scholium in the Venetian edition of the Iliad, lately published by Villiolion.

Mix'd
Mix'd for them, Pramnian wine and fav’ry cheese
Of goat’s milk, grated with a brazen rasp,
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.

Him seeing, Neptor 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
For me, nor may thy courtesy prevail.
He is irascible, and to be fear’d
Who bade me ask what Chieftain thou haft brought
From battle, wounded; but untold I learn;
I see Machaon, and shall now report
As I have seen; oh antient King revered!
Thou know’st Achilles fiery, and propenfe
Blame to impute even where blame is none.

To whom the brave Gerenian thus reply’d
Why feels Achilles for the wounded Greeks
Such deep concern? He little knows the height
To which our forrows 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,
And *Agamemnon suffer by the spear;

* It would have suited the dignity of Agamemnon’s rank to have mentioned his wound first; but Neptor making this recital to the friend of Achilles nares him slightly, and without any addition.
Eurypylus 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 soe'er to give them aid  
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  
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 slew,  
Brave offspring of Hypirochus; he dwelt  
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,  
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  
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  
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 * fack'd
Our city, and our mightieft ilain. Ourselves
The gallant sons of Neleus, were in all
Twelve youths, of whom myself alone survived;
The rest all perih'd; whence, presumptuous grown,
The brazen-mail'd Epeans wrong'd us oft.
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
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
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
Throughout the city, came th' Epeans arm'd,
Their whole vast multitude both horse and foot
On the third day; came also clad in bracs

* It is said that the Thebans having war with the people of Orchomenos, the Pylians affisted the latter, for which cause Hercules destroyed their city.—See Scholiwm per Villoisfon.
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 Thryoësia, 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
Herself to victory. There is a stream
Which at Arena falls into the sea,
Named Minucius; 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 flew
A bull to sacred Alpheus, with a bull
To Neptune, and an heifer of the herd 880
To Pallas; then, all marshall’d as they were,
From van to rear our legions took repast,
And at the river’s side slept on their arms.

Already
Already the Epean host had round
Begirt the city, bent to lay it waste,
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,
I first a warrior flew, Mulius the brave,
And seized his courser. 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.
Him, rushing on me, with my brazen lance
I smote, and in the dust he fell; I leap’d
Into his seat, and drove into the van.
A panic seiz’d th’ Epeans when they saw
The leader of their horse o’erthrown, a Chief
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.
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
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

Q q

To
To the Buprasian fields laden with corn,
To the Olenian rock, and to a town
In fair Colona situate, and named
Aleia. There it was that Pallas turn'd
Our people homeward; there I left the last
Of all the plain, and he was slain by me.
Then drove th' Achaians from Buprasium home
Their couriers fleet, and Jove, of Gods above,
Received most praise, Nestor of men below.
Such once was I. But brave Achilles shews
His virtues close, an unimparted store;
Yet even he shall weep, when all the host,
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
Meneotius gave thee. We were present there,
Ulysses and myself, both in the house,
And heard it all; for to the house we came
Of Peleus in our journey through the land
Of fertile Greece, gathering her states to war.
We found thy noble fire Meneotius there,
Thee and Achilles; antient Peleus stood
To Jove the Thund'rer offering 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
Attended both, Ulysses and myself
Stood in the vestibule; Achilles flew
Toward us, introduced us by the hand,
And, feating us, such lib'ral portion gave
To each, as hospitality requires.
Our thirst, at length, and hunger both sufficed,
I, foremost speaking, ask'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 aspire
To highest praise, and always to excell.
But thee, thy fire Mencetius thus advised.
" My son! Achilles boasts the nobler birth,
" But Thou art elder; He in strength excells
" Thee far; Thou, therefore, with discretion rule
" His inexperience; thy advice impart
" With gentleness; instruction wise suggest
" Wisely, and thou shalt find him apt to learn."
So thee thy father taught, but, as it seems,
In vain; yet even now essay to move
Warlike Achilles; if the Gods so please,
Who knows but that thy reasons may prevail
To roufe his valiant heart? men rarely scorn
The earnest interceffion of a friend.
But if some prophecy alarm his fears,
And from his Goddes mother he have aught
Received, who may have learnt the fame from Jove,
Thee let him fend at least, and order forth
With thee the Myrmidons; a dawn of hope
Shall thence, it may be, on our host arise.
And let him fend thee to the battle clad
In his own radiant armour; Troy, deceived
By such resemblance, shall abtain perchance.
HOMER'S ILLIAD. Book XI.

From conflict, and the weary Greeks enjoy
Short respite; it is all that war allows.
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 Neætor, and his mind bent to his words.
Back to Æacides through all the camp
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
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 composed.
Him seeing, Mencetiades 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?
But tell me, Hero! say, Eurypylus!
Have the Achaians pow'r still to withstand?
Th' enormous force of Hecætor, or is this
The moment when his spear must pierce us all?

To whom Eurypylus, discrete, replied.
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
To me some succour; lead me to my ship;
Cut forth the arrow from my thigh; the gore
With warm ablation cleanse, and on the wound
Smooth unguents spread, the same as by report
Achilles taught thee; taught, himself, their use
By Chiron, Centaur, juifest 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
Maintains sharp conflict with the sons of Troy.
To whom Memoeius' gallant fon replied.
Hero! Eurypylus! how shall we act
In this perplexity? what course pursue?
I feek the brave Achilles, to whose ear
I bear a message from the antient Chief
Gerenian Neftor, 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
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,
He cleansed the gore, and with a bitter root
Bruised small between his palms, sprinkled the wound.
At once, the anodyne his pains affuaged,
The wound was dried within, and the blood ceas'd.
The Trojans assail the ramparts, and Hector forces the gates.

BOOK XII.

So was Mencetius' valiant son employ'd
Healing Eurypylus. The Greeks, meantime,
And Trojans with tumultuous fury fought.
Nor was the foils ordain'd long time to exclude
The host of Troy, nor yet the rampart built
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
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 maffy structure stood; but when the best
And bravest of the Trojan host were slain,
And of the Greecian 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 Grecians with their ships, at length, return’d,
Then Neptune, with Apollo leagued, devis’d
Its ruin; every river that descends
From the Æolic heights into the sea
They brought against it, gath’ring all their force,
Rhesus, Carebas, Rhodius, the wide-branch’d
Heptaporus, Æsepus, Granicus,
Scamander’s sacred current, and thy stream
Simoës, whose banks with helmets and with shields
Were strew’d, and Chiefs of origin divine;
All these with refluent course Apollo drove
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
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
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
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.  
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,
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
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 flight
To leap that gulph, nor easy the attempt
To pass it through; steep were the banks profound
On both sides, and with maffy piles acute
Thick-planted, interdicting all assault.
No courser to the rapid chariot braced
Had enter'd there with ease; yet strong desires
Possess'd the infantry of that emprize,
And thus Polydamas the ear address'd
Of dauntless Hector, standing at his side.

Hector, and ye the leaders of our host,
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 stakes, and the Achaian wall

Meets
Meets us beyond. No chariot may descend
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,
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 fos, I judge that not a man,
'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 fos, while we on foot,
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
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.
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
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
Configur'd and chariot to inferior care.

Paris, Alcathous, 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 Asius; from Arisba came

Asius Hyrtacides, to battle drawn
From the Selleis' banks by martial steeds
Hair'd fiery-red and of the noblest size.
The fourth, Anchifæs' mighty son controul'd,
Æneas; under him Antenor's sons,
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
Afteropæus; 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
Against the Greccians; 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 confederate pow'rs,
The counsel of the accomplish'd Prince pursu'd,
Polydamas, one Chief alone except,
Asius Hyrtacides. He scorn'd to leave
His charioteer and courser at the trench,
And drove toward the fleet. Ah, madly brave!
His evil hour was come; he was ordain'd
With horse and chariot and triumphant shout
To enter wind-swept Ilium never more.
Deucalion's offspring, first, into the shades
Dismiss'd him; by Idomeneus he died.
Leftward he drove furious, along the road
By which the steeds and chariots of the Greeks
Return'd from battle; in that track he flew,
Nor found the portals by the maffy bar
Secur'd, but open for reception safe
Of fugitives, and to a guard consign'd.
Thither he drove direct, and in his rear
His band shrill-shouting follow'd, for they judg'd
The Greeks no longer able to withstand
Their foes, but sure to perish in the camp.
Vain hope! for in the gate two Chiefs they found
Lapithæ-born, courageous offspring each
Of dauntless father; Polypoetes, this,
Sprung from Pirithöüs; that, the warrior bold
Leonteus, terrible as gore-tainted Mars.
These two, defenders of the lofty gates,
Stood firm before them. As when two tall oaks
On the high mountains day by day endure
Rough wind and rain, by deep-descending roots
Of hugest growth fast-founded in the soil; 
So they, sustaine'd by conscious valour, saw,
170
Unmov'd, high tow'ring Asius on his way,
Nor fear'd him ought, nor shrank from his approach.
Right on toward the barrier, lifting high
Their season'd bucklers and with clamour loud
The band advanced, King Asius at their head,
With whom Iæmenus, expert in arms,
Orestes, Thoön, Acamas the son
Of Asius, and Oenomæus, 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 fallying, before the gates they fought
Like forest-boars, which hearing in the hills
185
The crash of hounds and huntmen 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
195
Of stones precipitated from the tow'rs;
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,
And boasty shields rattled, by such a storm
Affail'd of millstone masses from above.
Then Afius, son of Hyrtacus, a groan
Indignant utter'd; on both thighs he smote
With disappointment furious, and exclaim'd,

Jupiter! even thou art false become,
And altogether such. Full sure I deem'd
That not a Greecian Hero should abide
One moment force invincible as ours,
And lo! as wasps * ring-straked, or bees that build
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.

So Afius 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, unleas to pow'r divine.
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 leas the Gods themselves,
Patrons of Greece, all sorrow'd at the fight.

* 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
Damasus; his resplendent point the brass
Sufficed not to withstand; ent'ring, it crush'd
The bone within, and mingling all his brain
With his own blood, his onset fierce repref'sd.
Pylon and Ormenus he next subdued.
Meantime Leonteus, branch of Mars, his spear
Hurl'd at Hippomachus, whom through his belt
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. Æmenus and Menon next
He flew, with brave Orestes, whom he heap'd,
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)
Befide the foss, pondering the event.
For, while they press'd to pass, they spied a bird
Sublime in air, an eagle. Right between
Both hoists he soar'd (the Trojan on his left)
A serpent bearing in his pounces clutch'd
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
Between the hosts, 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.

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
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,
Then, as the eagle soar'd both hosts 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 cyry, or could give it to his young,
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
Slain by the Grecians in their fleet's defence.
An augur skil'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 couldst have framed far better; but if this
Be thy deliber'rate judgement, then the Gods
Make thy deliber'rate judgement nothing worth,
Who bidst me disregard the Thund'rer's firm
Assurance to myself announced, and make
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,
Sov'reign of heav'n and earth. Omens abound,
But the best omen is our country's cause.
Wherefore should fiery war thy soul alarm?
For were we slaughtered, one and all, around
The fleet of Greece, thou need'st not fear to die,
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 diest.

So saying he led them, who with deaf'ning roar
Follow'd him. Then, from the Idaean 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
In signs from Jove, and in their proper force,

Alluding to the message delivered to him from Jupiter by Iris.  
Affay'd
Aflay'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.
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
Exhorting all, with mildnefs fome, and fome
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!
And ye the laft and leaft! (for fuch 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 presf the foe;
Exhort each other, and e'en now perchance
Olympian Jove, by whom the lightnings burn,
Shall grant us to repulfe them, and to chafe
The routed Trojans to their gates again.

So they vociferating to the Greeks,
Stirr'd them to battle. As the feath'ry fnows
Fall frequent, on fome wint'ry day, when Jove
Hath ris'n to ilied them on the race of man,
And fhow his arrowy fhores; he lulls the winds,
Then shakes them down continual, cov'ring thick
Mountain tops, promontories, flow'ry meads,

And
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,
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
To burst the gates, and break the maify bar,
Had not all-seeing Jove Sarpedon mov'd
His son, against the Greeks, furious as falls
The lion on some horned herd of beeves.
At once his polished buckler he advanced
With leafy brass o'erlaid; for with smooth brass
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
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;
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;
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 seat of honour ours,
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 pleasant fields
And spacious vineyards, where the Xanthus winds?
Distinguish'd thus in Lycia, we are call'd
To firmness here, and to encounter bold
The burning battle, that our fair report
Among the Lycians may be blazon'd thus—
No daftards are the potentates who rule
The bright-arm'd Lycians; on the fatted flock
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
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
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
Their numerous Lycian host both led direct.

Menestheus,
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
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
To reach their ears, such was the deaf'ning din
Upsent to Heaven, 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.
To Ajax therefore he at once dispatch'd
An herald, and Thoëtes thus injoin'd.

My noble friend Thoëtes! with all speed
Call either Ajax; bid them hither both;
Far better so; for havoc is at hand.
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,
And Teucer with his death-dispen'ring bow.

He spake, nor was Thoëtes 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.
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.
The Lycian leaders, ever in assault
Tempestuous, bend their force toward the tow'r
His station. But if also here ye find
Laborious conflict pressling you severe,
At least let Telamonian Ajax come,
And Teucer with his death-dispenfing 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
( 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,
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 Meneftheus, and the wall
Ent'ring, they found their friends all sharply tried.

Black as a storm the senators renown'd
And leaders of the Lycian host affai'd
Buttress and tow'r, while opposite the Greeks
Withstood them, and the battle-shout began.

First, Ajax son of Telamon, a friend
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 transfixed it, and his onset fierce repress'd; for with a backward leap Glaucus withdrew. 475 Sudden and silent, cautious left the Greeks seeing him wounded should insult his pain. Grief seiz'd, at sight of his retiring friend, Sarpedon, who forgat not yet the fight, But piercing with his lance Alcmaeon, son of Thestor, suddenly revuls'd the beam, Which following, Alcmaeon 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,
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
Arduous, through the breach made by myself
To win a passage to the ships, alone.
Follow me all—Moist lab' rer's, most dispatch *

So he; at whose sharp reprimand abash'd
Th' imbattled host to closer conflict mov'd,
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,
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
Their right in some small portion of the foil,
So they, divided by the barrier, struck
With hostile rage the bull-hide bucklers round,

* πλέων ἢ τε ἔργον ἡμῖν.—This is evidently proverbial, for which reason I have given it that air in the translation.

And
And the light targets on each other's breast. Then many a wound the ruthless weapons made. 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 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 poised nice, Hard-earning slender pittance for her babes, Such was the poise in which the battle hung, 'Till Jove himself superior fame, at length, To Priaméian Hector gave, who sprang First through the wall. In lofty sounds that reach'd Their utmost ranks, he call'd on all his host, Now press them, now ye Trojans steed-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 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 (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; to light The
The son of Saturn made it in his hand,
As in one hand with ease the shepherd bears
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
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
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.
Him entering with a leap the gates, no force
Whate'er of opposition had repress'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;
Part climb'd the wall, part pour'd into the gate;
The Grecians to their hollow galleys flew
Scatter'd, and tumult infinite arose.
ARGUMENT
OF THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK.

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 Aeus. Deiphobus assails Idomeneus, but, his spear glancing over him, kills Hypsenor. Idomeneus slays Alcathous, son-in-law of Anchises. Deiphobus and Idomeneus respectively summon their friends to their assistance, and a contest ensues for the body of Alcathous.

BOOK 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 Mytian race, and where abide
On milk sustain'd, and blest with length of days,
The Hippemolgi, justest of mankind.

No
No longer now on Troy his eyes he turn’d, 10
For expectation none within his breast
Survived, that God or Goddes 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 sitting from the deeps upris’n, he mourn’d
The vanquish’d Greecians, and resentment fierce
Conceived and wrath against all-ruling Jove.
Arising sudden, 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’ abyss,
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
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 couriers to the Greecian fleet
Convey'd him swift. There is a spacious cave
Deep in the bottom of the flood, the rocks
Of Imbrus rude and Tenedos between;
There Neptune, shaker of the shores, his steeds
Station'd secure; he loosed them from the yoke,
Gave them ambrosial 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 Greecian host.
The Trojans, tempest-like or like a flame,
Now, following Priameian Hector, all
Came furious on and shouting to the skies.
Their hope was to possèss the fleet, and leave
Not an Achaian of the host unslain.
But earth-encircler Neptune from the gulph
Emerging, in the form and with the voice
Loud-toned of Calchas, roused the Argive ranks
To battle—and his exhortation first
To either Ajax turn'd, themselves prepared.
Ye heroes Ajax! your accustom'd force
Exert, oh! think not of disastrous flight,
And ye shall save the people. Nought I fear
Fatal elsewhere, although Troy's haughty sons
Have pass'd the barrier with so fierce a throng
Tumultuous; for the Greecians brazen-greaved
Will check them there. Here only I expect
And with much dread some dire event forebode,
Where Hector, terrible as fire, and loud
Vaunting his glorious origin from Jove,

Leads
Leads on the Trojans. Oh that from on high
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.

So Neptune spake, compaifer 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 ffoops a falcon from the point
Of some rude rock sublime, when he would chase
A fowl of other wing along the meads,
So start'd Neptune thence, and disappear'd.
Him, as he went, swift Oiliades
First recognized, and, instant, thus his speech
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
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.
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.

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,
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
Entering 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,
Meriones, and his compeer renown'd,
Antilochus; all these in accents wing'd
With fierce alacrity the God addres'd.

Oh shame ye Greeks! vig'rous as ye are
And in life's prime, to your exertions moft
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 fight
Tremendous, deem'd impossible by me,
The Trojans at our ships! the daftard race
Fled once like fleetest hinds the destined prey
Of lynxes, leopards, wolves; feeble and flight
And
And of a nature indisposed to war
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
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
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
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 incensed at you. My friends beware!
Your tardiness will prove ere long the cause
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.

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.  
For there the flow'r of all expected firm  
Bold Hector and his host; spear crowded spear,  
* Shield, helmet, man, pres'td helmet, man and shield;  
The hairy crests of their resplendent casques  
Kifs'd close at ev'ry nod, so wedged they stood;  
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  
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,  
So after many a threat that he would pass  
Easily through the Grecian camp and fleet  
And slay to the sea brink, when Hector once  
Had fall'n on those firm ranks, standing, he bore  
Vehement on them; but by many a spear  
Urged and bright faulchion, soon, reeling, retired,  
And cal'd vocif'rous on the hoist of Troy.  
Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons  
Of Dardanus, oh stand! not long the Greeks  
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,
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
Dismiss’d; nor err’d; his bull-hide targe he struck
But ineffectual; where the hollow wood
Receives th’inferted brass, the quiv’ring beam
Snapp’d; then, Deiphobus his shield afar
Advanced before him, trembling at a spear
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
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
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
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,
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 assailed;
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 Aetolian race,
Amphimachus; he, founding, smote the plain,
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
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
* Both bodies, which the Grecians dragg'd away.
Stichius and Menestheus, leaders both
Of the Athenians, to the hoist of Greece
Bore off Amphimachus, and, fierce in arms
Th' Ajaces, Imbrius. As two lions bear

* The bodies of Imbrius and Amphimachus.
Through thick entanglement of boughs and brakes
A goat snatch'd newly from the peafants' dogs,
Upholding high their prey above the ground,
So either Ajax terrible in fight,
Upholding Imbrius high, his brazen arms
Tore off, and Oiliades his head
From his smooth neck diffev'ring in revenge
For flain Amphimachus, through all the host
Sent it with swift rotation like a globe,
'Till in the duft at Hector's feet it fell. 255

Then anger fill'd the heart of Ocean's King,
His *grandfon flain 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
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.
Him therefore, meeting him on his return,
Neptune bespake, but with the borrow'd voice
Of Thoas, offspring of Andraemon, King
In Pleuro and in lofty Calydon,
And honour'd by th'Ætolians as a God.

Oh counsellor of Crete! our threats denounced
Againft 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!
Thoas! no Greecian is this day in fault;
For we are all intelligent in arms,
None yields by fear oppreft'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.
But, Thoas! (for thine heart was ever firm
In battle, and thyfelf art wont to roufe
Whom thou observ'd remifs) now also fight
As erft, and urge each leader of the hoft.

Him anfwer'd, then, the Sov'reign of the Deep.
Return that Greecian never from the shores
Of Troy, Idomeneus! but may the dogs
Feaft on him, who fhall this day intermit
Through wilful negligence his force in fight!
But haffe, take arms and come; we muft exert
All diligence, that, being only two,
We yet may yield some service. Union much
Emboldens ev'n the weakeft, and our might
Hath oft been proved on warriors of renown.

So Neptune fpake, and, turning, fought again
The toilfome 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,
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.
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 inflict?
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
Left in thy tent, I seek one; for I broke
The spear, e’en 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,
Within my tent, leaning against the wall,
Stand twenty spears and one, forged all in Troy,
Which from the plain I took; for distant fight
Me suits not; therefore in my tent have I
Both spears and boffy shields, with brazen casques
And corselets 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
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
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
Plainly appear; the daftard changes hue
And shifts from place to place, nor can he calm
The fears that shake his trembling limbs, but fits
Low-crouching on his hams, while in his breast
Quick palpitates his death-foreboding heart,
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.
For shouldst thou, toiling in the fight, by spear
Or faulchion 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 did'st rush into the clam'rous van.
But haste—we may not longer loiter here
As children prating, left some sharp rebuke
Reward us. Enter quick, and from within
My tent provide thee with a noble spear.

Then, swift as Mars, Meriones produced
A brazen spear of those within the tent
Referv'd, and kindling with heroic fire
Follow'd Idomeneus. As gory Mars
By Terrour 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 Phlegyans, 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
Meriones his fellow-chief bespoke.

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
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,
Nor less in stationary fight approved.
Bent as he is on battle, they will talk
And urge to proof sufficiently the force
Of Priameian Hector; burn his rage
How fierce foever, he shall find it hard,
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
To no mere mortal by the common gift
Sustained of Ceres, and whose flesh the spear
Can penetrate, or rocky fragment bruise;
In standing fight Ajax would not retire

Even
Even before that breaker of the ranks
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,
As he enjoined. 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
To the assault combined. Then soon arose
Sharp contest on the left of all the fleet.
As when thrill winds blow vehement, what time
Dust deepest spreads the ways, by warring blasts
Upborne a fable cloud stands in the air,
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,
And shields resplendent 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
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 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'r'er burn'd on their behalf.
Alike from one great origin divine
Sprang they, but Jove was elder, and surpafs'd
In various knowledge; therefore when he roused
Their courage, Neptune travers'd still the ranks
Clandestine, and in human form disguifed.
Thus, these Immortal Two, straining the cord
Indiffoluble of all-wafting war,
Alternate measured with it either hoft,
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
Cabeus. He Priam's fair daughter woo'd
Cassandra, but no nuptial gift vouchsafed*
To offer, save a founding promise proud
To chafe, himself, however resolute
The Greecian hoft, and to deliver Troy.
To him affenting, 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
Well-aim’d dismiffing, 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.

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.
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
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,
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 finite Idomeneus, who with his lance
Him reaching first, pierced him beneath the chin
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
Clenching, before his chariot and his steeds
Extended, Asius lay. His charioteer
(All recollection lost) at panic-stunn'd,
Nor dared for safety turn his steeds to flight.
Him bold Antilochus right through the waist
Transpierced; his mail sufficed not, but the spear
Implanted in his midmost bowels stood.
Down from his feat magnificent he fell
Panting, and young Antilochus the steeds
Drove captive thence into the host of Greece.
Then came Deiphobus by sorrow urged
For Asius, 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
Of hides and brass 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 Hypsenor, son
Of Hippasus; he fell incontinent,
And measureless exulting in his fall
Deiphobus with mighty voice exclam'd.

Not unavenged lies Asius; though he seek
Hell's iron portals, yet shall he rejoice,
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,
Antilochus, who yet his breathless friend
Left not, but, haughting, fenced him with his shield,
And brave Alcaeus, with Echides son
Of Echides, 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
Either to plunge some Trojan in the shades,
Or fall himself, guarding the fleet of Greece.
Then slew he brave Alcathoüs the son
Of Æsýeta, and the son-in-law
Of old Anchises, who to him had given
The eldést-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
All her coëval; 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 fettring his proportion'd limbs.
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

* Hypsekor.

† This seems to be the meaning of ἐν ὑβρίστῃ, an expression similar to that of Demosthenes in a parallel case—ἐν ὑβρίστῃ ἔστη. See Schaufelburgerus.

Erewhile
Erewhile his bosom's faithful guard; shrill rang
The shiver'd brats; 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.

What thinks Deiphobus? seems it to thee
Vain boast, 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.

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 resented evermore his worth
By * Priam recompensed with cold neglect.
Approaching him, in accents wing'd he said.

* He is said to have been jealous of him on account of his great popularity, and to have discon tentenced him, fearing a conspiracy in his favour to the prejudice of his own family. See Villoisson.
Æneas! Trojan Chief! If e'er thou lov'dst
Thy sister's husband, duty calls thee now
To prove it. Haste—defend with me the dead 570
Alcathoüs, 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
May seize a nursering 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 brightly 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 Ascalaphus his eyes 585
Fast'ning, on Apheræus, 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 possessest 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 aids Æneas call’d, with eyes toward
Paris, Deiphobus, Agenor, turn’d,
His fellow-warriors bold; them follow’d all
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
Arm’d with long spears they rush’d; on ev’ry breast
Dread rang the brazen corselet, each his foe
Assailing opposite; but two, the rest
Surpassing far, terrible both as Mars,
Æneas and Idomeneus, alike
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.
Not so the Cretan; at his waist he pierced
Oenomaüs, his hollow corselet clave,
And in his midmost bowels drench’d the spear;
Down fell the Chief, and dying, clenched the dust.
Instant, his massy spear the King of Crete
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
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,
But yet again erroneous, for he pierced
Ascalaphus 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
Tempestuous yet received, that his own son
In bloody fight had fall'n, for on the heights
Olympian over-arch'd with clouds of gold.
He fat, where fat the other Pow'r's divine,
Pris'ners together of the will of Jove.
Meantime, for slain Ascalaphus arose
Conflict severe; Deiphobus his casque
Resplendent feized, but swift as fiery Mars
Assailing him, Meriones his arm
Pierced with a spear, and from his idle hand
Fallen, the casque sonorous struck the ground.
Again, as darts the vulture on his prey,
Meriones assailing him, the lance
Pluck'd from his arm, and to his band retired.
Then, casting his fraternal arms around
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.
Still raged the war, and infinite arose
The clamour. Aphareus, Caletor's son,
Turning to face Æneas, in his throat
Instant the Hero’s pointed lance received.
With head reeled, and bearing to the ground 669
Buckler and helmet with him, in dark shades
Of soul-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 Neftor’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 level’d at a foe
Far-distant, at a foe, now, near at hand. 680
Nor he, thus occupied, unseen escaped
By Asius’ 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 seer’d stake, and part fell at his feet.

Then
Then Adamas, for his own life alarm’d,
Retired, but as he went, Meriones
Him reaching with his lance, the flame between 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 peafants held
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
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 sightless shades of death him wrapp’d around.
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,
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 corselet, but the reed
Glanced wide. As vetches or as swarthy beans
Leap from the van and fly athwart the floor
By sharp winds driv’n, and by the winnower’s force,
So from the corllet 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
Faste’n’d it to his bow; shunning a stroke
More fatal, Helenus into his band
Retired, his arm dependent at his side,
And trailing, as he went, the ashen beam;
There, bold Agenor from his hand the lance
Drew forth, then folded it with softeft wool
Around, sling-wool, and borrow’d from the sling
Which his attendant into battle, bore.
Then sprang Pifander on the glorious Chief
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.
Pifander with his spear struck full the shield
Of glorious Menelaus, but his force
Resifted 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
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,
And both Chiefs struck together. He the crest
That crown’d the shaggy casque of Atreus’ son
Y y 2  
Hew’d
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,
And his eyes both fell bloody at his feet.
Convolved 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,
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,
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 treasuries also, and ye now are bent
To burn Achaia's gallant fleet with fire
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'd
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,
Though fought with keener appetite by most
Than bloody war; but Troy still covets blood.

So
So spake the royal Chief, and to his friends
Pisander's gory spoils confining, flew
To mingle in the foremost fight again.

Him, next, Harpalion, offspring of the King
Pyliemenes assai'd; to Troy he came
Following his fire, but never thence return'd.
He, from small distance, smote the central boso
Of Menelaus' buckler with his lance,
But wanting pow'r to pierce it, with an eye
Of cautious circumspection, left perchance
Some spear should reach him, to his band retired.
But him retiring with a brazen shaft
Meriones pursued; swift flew the dart
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,
And with his fable 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.

Him flain 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
Of Polyides the footsayer, 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 rever'd fire,
Had prophesied that he should either die
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
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
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
Compact, still persevered. The galleys there
Of Ajax and Proteus stood
Updrawn above the hoary Deep; the wall
Was there of humblest structure, and the steeds
And warriors there conflicted furious moat.

Th'Epeans there and *Ilionians robed-
Prolix, the Phthians, Locrians, and the bold
Eceotians check'd the terrible assault

* The Ilionians were a distinct people from the Ionians, and according to the Scho-
lum, separated from them by a pillar bearing on opposite sides the name of each.
See Barnes. See also Villoison.

† The people of Achilles were properly called the Phthiotae; whereas the Phthians
belonged to Proteus and Philoctetes. See Eustathius, as quoted by Clarke.
Of Hector, noble Chief, ardent as flame,
Yet not repulsed him. Chos'n Athenians form'd
The van, by Peteos' son, Meneatheus 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,
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 Iphiclus sprang
Podarces;) these, all station'd in the front
Of Phthias' hardy sons, together strove
With the Boetians for the fleet's defence.
Ajax the swift swerved never from the side
Of Ajax son of Telamon a step,
But as in some deep fallow two black steers
Labour combined, dragging the ponderous plow,
The briny sweat around their rooted horns
Oozes profuse; they, parted as they toil
Along the furrow, by the yoke alone,
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 overlabour'd, eas'd him of his shield.
Not so attended by his Locrians fought
Oileus' valiant son; pitch'd battle them
Suited not, unprovided with bright casques
Of hairy crest, with ashen spears, and shields
Of ample orb; for, trusting in the bow
And twisted fling 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
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
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?
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
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
Environ thee; the Trojans, since they pass'd
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,
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
Infatiable 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
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
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,
Of battle roam’d, seeking from rank to rank
Afius Hyrtaeides, with Afius’ son
Adamas, and Deiphobus, and the might
Of Helenus, his royal brother bold.
Them neither altogether free from hurt
He found, nor living all. Beneath the sterns
Of the Achaian ships some slaughter’d lay

* Achilles.

Z z

By
By Grecian hands; some stricken by the spear
Within the rampart, fat, some by the sword.
But leftward of the woeful field he found,
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
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.

To whom the Godlike Paris thus replied.
Since, Hector! thou art pleased 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.
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 haft enquired
Are slain, Deiphobus alone except
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
To face like danger; what we can, we will,
The best and most determined can no more.

So
So saying, the Hero footh'd his brother's mind.
Then moved they both toward the hottest war
Together, where Polydamas the brave,
Phalces, Cebriones, Orthæus fought,
Palmys and Polyphœtes, godlike Chief,
And Morys and Ascanius, gallant sons
Both of Hippotion. They at Troy arrived
From fair Ascania the preceding morn,
*In recompence for aid by Priam lent
Erewhile to Phrygia, and, by Jove impell'd,
Now waged the furious battle side by side.
The march of these at once, was as the sound
Of mighty winds from deep-hung thunder-clouds
Descending; clamorous the blast and wild
With ocean mingles; many a billow, then,
Upridg'd rides turbulent the founding flood,
Foam-crested, billow after billow driv'n,
So moved the hoft of Troy, rank after rank
Behind their Chiefs, all dazzling-bright in arms.
Before them Priameian Hector strode
Fierce as gore-tainted Mars, and his broad shield
Advancing came, heavy with hides, and thick-
Plated with bræfs; his helmet on his brows
Refulgent shook, and in its turn he tried
The force of ev'ry phalanx, if perchance
Behind his broad shield pacing he might shake
Their fiëdfast order; but he bore not down

* This, according to Eustathius, is the import of ἀμαθίς. 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
Our fleet with fire; but even we have hearts
Prepared to guard it, and your populous Troy,
By us dismanted and to pillage giv'n,
Shall perish sooner far. Know this thyself
Also; the hour is nigh when thou shalt ask
In pray'r to Jove and all the Gods of heav'n,
That speed more rapid than the falcon's flight
May wing thy courfers, while, exciting denfe
The dufty 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
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 univerfal woe
Fraught for the Grecians, among whom thyself
Shalt also perish if thou dare abide
My maffy spear, which shall thy pamper'd flesh
Disfigure, and amid the barks of Greece
Falling, thou shalt the vultures with thy bulk

Enormous
Enormous fatiate, and the dogs of Troy.

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.

Upwent the double roar into the heights
Ethereal, and among the beams of Jove.
ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

Agamemnon and the other wounded Chiefs taking Neftor 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 Greccians.

BOOK XIV.

Nor was that cry by Neftor 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
Grows louder; sitting 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 bræs
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
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,
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
The sovereign, 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 corsets rang.

The royal Chiefs ascending from the fleet,
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,
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
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 Neftor met them; heavy were their hearts,
And at the fight of Him still more alarm'd,
Whom royal Agamemnon thus bespake.

Neleian Neftor, glory of the Greeks!
What moved thee to forfake yon bloody field,
And urged thee hither? Cause I see of fear,
Left 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.

Alas! alas! th' Achaians brazen-greaved
All, like Achilles, have deserted me
Resentful, and decline their fleet's defence.

To whom Gerenian Neftor thus replied.
Those threats are verified; nor Jove himself
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 sustaine'd
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,
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 Neftor! if beneath our very sterns
The battle rage, if neither trench nor wall
Constructed with such labour, and supposed
Of strength to guard impregnable secure
Our navy and ourselves, avail us aught,
It is because almighty Jove hath will'd
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
Our foes to glory, and depresses us.
Haste therefore all, and act as I advise.
Our ships—all those that neareft skirt the Deep,
Launch we into the sacred flood, and moor
With anchors safely, 'till o'ershadowing night
(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.

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 different host,
Some daftard race, not ours; whom Jove ordains
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! left some other hear; it is a word
Which
Which no man qualified by years mature
To speak discreetly, no man bearing rule
O'er such a people as confes thy sway,
Should suffer to contaminate his lips.
I from my soul condemn thee, and condemn
Thy counsel, who persuad'lt 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
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!

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
That, young or old, some other may advice
More prudent give, and he shall please me well.

Then thus the gallant Diomede replied.
That man is near, and may ye but be found
Tractable, our enquiry shall be short.
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 fons
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.
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
Adraughtus, occupied a mansion rich
In all abundance; many a field possess'd
Of wheat, well-planted gardens, num'rous flocks,
And was expert in spearmanship esteem'd
Past all the Grecians. I esteemed it right
That ye should hear these things, for they are true.
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
Of spears and arrows, left, 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 spoke, whom all approv'd, and forth they went,
Imperial Agamemnon at their head.

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.
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.

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 irrefistible
Infusing into ev'ry Greecian heart,
And thirst of battle not to be assuaged.

But Juno of the golden throne flood forth
On the Olympian summit, viewing thence
The field, where clear distinguishing the God
Of ocean, her own brother, sole engaged
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
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
His eyes, to elude his vigilance, secure.
She sought 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
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
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
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
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
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 suit,
Or wilt thou thwart me, angry that I aid
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

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.

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

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

They have from conjugal embrace abstin'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,

Thus answer'd. Thy request, who in the arms

Of Jove repos'd 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.
It was an ambush of sweet snares, replete
With love, desire, soft intercourse of hearts,
And music of resistless whisper’d sounds
That from the wisest steal their best resolves;
She placed it in her hands and thus she said.

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.
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
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,

Sleep, over all, both Gods and men, supreme!
If ever thou haft 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.

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.

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
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
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,
And separating him from all his friends
Brought'ft him to pop'lous 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,
But Night, resis'tless 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 displeased, and spared me through a fear
To violate the peaceful sway of Night.
And thou would'st 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't thou the Thund'r'er as intent to serve
The Trojans, and as jealous in their cause
As erst for Hercules, his genuine son?
Come then, and I will blest thee with a bride;
One of the younger Graces shall be thine,
Pafithea, day by day till thy desire.

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
Who compass Saturn in the nether realms
May witnes; that thou giv'ft me for a bride
The younger Grace whom thou haft named, divine
Pafithea, day by day till my desire.

He said, nor beauteous Juno not complied,
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
And Imbrus, city of Thrace, and in dark clouds
Mantled, with gliding eafe 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
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 fat
Secure by its expanded boughs, the bird
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
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 haft thou left
Th’ Olympian summit, and haft here arrived
With neither steed nor chariot in thy train?

To whom majestic Juno thus replied
Dissimbling. To the green earth’s end 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
Sustained and cherish’d me; to them I haste
Their feuds innumerable to compose,
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
From the Olympian summit I arrive,
Left journeying remote to the abode
Of Ocean, and with no consent of thine

Entreated
Entreated first, I should, perchance, offend.

To whom the cloud-assembly God replied.

Juno! thy journey thither may be made
Hereafter. Let us turn to dalliance now.
For never Goddess pour'd, nor woman yet
So full a tide of love into my breast;
I never lov'd Ixion's comfort thus
Who bore Pirithoüs, wife as we in heav'n;
Nor sweet Acrisian Danæ, from whom
Sprang Perseus, noblest of the race of man;
Nor Phœnix' daughter fair *, of whom were born
Minos unmatch'd but by the pow'rs above,
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
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!
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?
Never could I, arising, seek again
Thy mansion, so unseemly were the deed.
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
The solid portal; thither let us hie,
And there repose, since such thy pleasure seems.

To whom the cloud-assembl'ing Deity.
Fear thou not, Juno, left the eye of Man
Or of a God discern us; at my word
A golden cloud shall fold us so around,
That not the sun himself shall through that veil
Discover aught, though keeneft-eyed of all.

So spake the son of Saturn, and his spouse
Fast lock'd within his arms. Beneath them earth
With sudden herbage teemed; at once upsprang
The crocus soft, the lotus bathed in dew,
And the crisp hyacinth with cluft'ring bells;
Thick was their growth, and high above the ground
Upbore them. On that flow'ry couch they lay,
Investered 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.

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,
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
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
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,
Resentful; but of him small need, I judge,
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;
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.

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
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 Him may none contend
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
Supporting firm, and one, the pow'rs of Troy;
A sea-flood dash'd the galleys, and the hofts
Join'd clamorous. Not so the billows roar
The shores among, when Boreas' roughest blast
Sweeps landward from the main the tow'ring surge;
Not so, devouring fire among the trees
That clothe the mountain, when the sheeted flames
Ascend the wood; wrap the forest in a blaze;
Nor howl the winds through leafy boughs of oaks
Upgrown aloft, (though loudest there they rave)
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
And falchion 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.
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  
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  
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.  
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,  
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  
Bore thence, 'till where his fiery coursers 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,  
They lay'd him on the bank, and on his face  
Poured water he, reviving, upward gazed,
And seated on his hams black blood disgorged
Coagulate, but soon relapsing, fell
Supine, his eyes with pitchy darkness veil'd,
And all his pow'rs still torpid by the blow.

Then, seeing Hector borne away, the Greeks
Rush'd fiercer on, all mindful of the fight,
And far before the rest, Ajax the swift,
The Oilean Chief, with pointed spear
On Satnius springing, pierced him. Him a nymph
A Naiad, bore to Enops, while his herd
Feeding, on Satnio's graz'ly verge he stray'd.
But Oiliades the spear-renown'd
Approaching, pierced his flank; supine he fell,
And fiery contest for the dead arose.
In vengeance of his fall, spear-shaking Chief
The son of Panthus into fight advanced
Polydamas, who Prothoenor pierced
Offspring of Areilocus, and urged
Through his right shoulder sheer the stormy lance.
He, prostrate, clench'd the dust, and with loud voice
Polydamas exulted at his fall.

Yon spear, methinks, hurl'd from the warlike hand
Of Panthus' noble son, flew not in vain,
But some Greek hath it, purposing, I judge,
To lean on it in his descent to Hell.

So he, whose vaunt the Greeks indignant heard,
But most indignant, Ajax, offspring bold
Of Telamon, to whom he neareft fell.
He, quick, at the retiring conqu'erer cast
His radiant spear; Polydamas the stroke
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
Unite, both tendons he dißlever'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
My question well. His life whom I have slain
Makes it not compensation for the loss
Of Prothoenor's life? To me he seems
Nor base himself, nor yet of base descent,
But brother of Antenor steed-renown'd,
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
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,
But ye shall perish also; mark the man—
How found 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
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
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
His spouse had borne, Ilioneus except.
Him close beneath the brow to his eye-roots
Piercing, he push'd the pupil from its feat,
And through his eye and through his poll the spear
Urged furious. He down-sitting on the earth
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 infixed
Still in his eye; then like a poppy's head
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
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.

He said; fear whiten'd ev'ry Trojan cheek,
And ev'ry Trojan eye with carnest look

Enquired
Enquired a refuge from impending fate.

Say now, ye Muses, blest inhabitants
Of the Olympian realms! what Grecian first
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 Mysian band.
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
Prothoüs and Periphetes, and the prince
Of Sparta, Menelaus, in his flank
Pierced Hyperenor; on his entrails prey'd
The hungry steer, and, through the gaping wound
Expell'd, his spirit flew; night veil'd his eyes.
But Ajax Oiliades the swift
Slew most; him none could equal in pursuit
Of tremblers scatter'd by the frown of Jove.
ARGUMENT
OF THE
FIFTEENTH BOOK.

Jove, awakening 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.

BOOK XV.

BUT when the flying Trojans had o'erpassed
Both stakes and trench, and numerous 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, bruised by a blow
From not the feeblest of the sons of Greece.
Touch'd with compassion at that sight, the Sire
Of Gods and men, frowning terrific, fix'd
His eyes on Juno, and her thus bespake.
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. 
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 
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, 
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 
To populous Cos. Thence I deliver'd him, 
And after numerous woes severe, he reach'd 
The shores of fruitful Argos, faved 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 antient 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'st be taught
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.

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,
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
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,
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.
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
Renounce the fight, and seek his proper home.
Apollo's part shall be to rouse again
Hector to battle, to inspire his soul
Affresh with courage, and all mem'ry thence
To banish of the pangs which now he feels.
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
Shall glorious Hector slay; but many a youth
Shall perish by Patroclus first, with whom,
My noble son Sarpedon. Peleus' son,
Refentful of Patroclus' death, shall slay
Hector, and I will urge ceaseless, myself,
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,
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 clasped my knees, begging revenge
And glory for her city-spoiler son.

He ended; nor his spouse white-arm'd refused
Obedience, but from the Idaean heights
Departing, to the Olympian summit soar'd.

Swift
Swift as the trav'lers thought, who, many a land
Travers'd, deliberates on his future course
Uncertain, and his mind sends ev'ry way,
So swift updarted 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
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 reascend?
Thou seem'lt dismay'd; hath Saturn's son, thy spouse,
Driv'n thee affrighted to the skies again?
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,
And how untraceable. 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,
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
Diffented, thus, indignant them address't.

Alas! how vain against the Thund'rer's will
Our anger, and the hope to supercede

His
His purpose, by persuasion or by force!
He solitary fits, all unconcern'd
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 send him. Mars, I ween,
Already hath his share; the warrior God
Hath loft Ascalaphus, of all mankind
His most belov'd, and whom he calls his own.

She spake, and with expanded palms his thighs
Smiting, thus, sorrowful, the God exclaim'd.

Inhabitants of the Olympian heights!
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
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
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.

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?
How? hear'st thou not the Goddes, the report
Of white-arm'd Juno from Olympian Jove
Return'd this moment? or preferr'st 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 count'less mis'ries to us all?
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
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.

So saying, Minerva on his throne replaced
The fiery Mars. Then, summoning abroad
Apollo from within the hall of Jove,
With Iris, swift embassador of heav'n,
Them in wing'd accents Juno thus bespake.

Jove bids you hence with undelaying speed
To Ida; in his presence once arriv'd,
See that ye execute his whole command.

*To tempest—κυθαιμεν—Milton uses tempest as a verb. Speaking of the fishes,
he says

Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean.
So saying, the awful Goddess to her throne
Return'd and fat. They, cleaving swift the air,
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.

He, nought displeased 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.
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,
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 terror of all heav'n beside.

He spake, nor storm-wing'd Iris disobey'd,
But down from the Idaean 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
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.
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 slight, he faith,
The danger of comparison with Him,
Although the terror 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
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
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.
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.
Let him not seek to terrify with force
Me like a daftard; let him rather chide
His own-begotten; with big-sounding words
His sons and daughters govern, who perforce
Obey his voice, and shrink at his commands.

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
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,
And with resentment my whole heart and mind
Possess'd, 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,
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 Ilion in despight
Of me, of Pallas, Goddess of the spoils,
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 quench'd.

So saying, the Shaker of the shores forsook
The Grecian hoff, and plunged into the Deep,
Miss'd by Achaia's heroes. Then, the cloud—
Assembling God thus to Apollo spake,

Hence, my Apollo! to the Trojan Chief

Hector; for earth-encircling 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,
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 thaggy Ægis, and with force
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 Hellespont, and to their ships again;
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 Idaean heights,
Swift as the swiftest of the fowls of air,
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,
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 hoft
Apart? what new disater hath befall'n?
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
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 laft.

Then answer thus the Archer God return'd.
Courage this moment! such an helper Jove
From Ida sends thee at thy side to war
Continual, Phoebus 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
Their rapid steeds full on the Greecan fleet;
I, marching at their head, will smooth, myself,
The way before them, and will turn again
To flight the Heroes of the hoft of Greece.

He said, and with new strength the Chief inspired.
As some stall'd horse high-pamper'd, snapping short
His cord, beats under-foot the foun ding foil,
Accustom'd in smooth-fliding streams to lave
Exulting; high he bears his head, his mane
Wantons around his shoulders; pleas'd, he eyes
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.

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 rous'd, a lion grim
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.

Then, Thoas them, Andromon's son, address'd,
Foremost of the Ætolians, at the spear
Skilful, in stationery combat bold,
And when the sons of Greece held in dispute
The prize of eloquence, excell'd by few.

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.

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.

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 encountering him with lifted spears,
We may attempt to give his rage a check.
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
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
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,
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 dismissed, the spears
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 soil.
Long as the God unagitated held

* Τρωίς ὁ πρῶτος ἔσταξε. 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
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,
So fled the heartless Greeks, for Phœbus sent
Terrors among them, but renown conferr'd
And triumph proud on Hector and his hoft.
Then, in that foul disorder of the field,
Man singled man. Arcesilæus died
By Hector's arm, and Stichius; one, a *Chief
Of the Boeotians brazen-mail'd, and one,
Meneitheus' faithful follower to the fight.
Æneas Medon and Iâfus flew.
Medon was spurious offspring of divine
Oileus Ajax' father, and abode
In Phylace; for he had slain a Chief
Brother of Eriopis the espoused
Of brave Oileus; but Iâfus led
A phalanx of Athenians, and the son
Of Sphclus, son of Bucolus was deem'd.
Pierced by Polydams Mecisteus fell.
Polites, in the van of battle, flew
Echion, and Agenor Clonius;

* Arcesilæus.

But
But Paris, while Deiochus to flight
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 fos,
Fled ev'ry way, and through necessity
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
Brother on him, or sister, 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,
All lash'd their steeds, and menacing, advanced.
Before them with his feet Apollo push'd
The banks into the fos, bridging the gulph
With pass commodious, both in length and breadth
A lance's flight, for proof of vigour hurl'd.

There, phalanx after phalanx, they their host
Pour'd dense along, while Phoebus 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,
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
Stood fast, with mutual exhortation each
His friend encouraging, and all the Gods
With lifted hands soliciting aloud.
But, more than all, Gerenian Neftor pray'd
Fervent, Achaia's guardian, and with arms
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 haft gracious heard,
Olympian King! and promis'd what he fought,
Now, in remembrance of it, give us help
In this disaftrous day, nor thus permit
Their Trojan foes to tread the Greecians down!
   So Neftor pray'd, and Jove thunder'd aloud
Responsive to the old Neleían'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,
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,
With spears of double edge, those, from the decks
Of many a fable bark, with naval poles

Long,
Long, pond'rous, shod with steel; for ev'ry ship
Had such, for conflict maritime prepared.
While yet the battle raged only without
The wall, and from the ships apart, so long
Patroclus quiet in the tent and calm
Sat of Eurypylus, his gen'rous friend
Consoled with sweet converse, and his wound
Sprinkling with drugs affusive of his pains.
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 uttring, with open palms
His thighs he smote, and, sorrowful, exclaim'd.

Eurypylus! although thy need be great,
No longer may I now sit at thy side,
Such contest hath aris'n; thy servant's voice
Must soothe thee now, for I will to the tent
Hast of Achilles, and exhort him forth;
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,
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,
So stretch'd on them the cord of battle lay.
Others at other ships the conflict waged,
But Hector to the ship advanced direct
Of glorious Ajax; for one ship they strove;
Nor Hector, him dislodging thence, could fire
The fleet, nor Ajax from the fleet repulse
Hector, conducted thither by the Gods.
Then, noble Ajax with a spear the breast
Pierced of Caelestor son of Clytius, arm’d
With fire to burn his bark; founding he fell,
And from his loosen’d grasp down dropp’d the brand.
But Hector seeing his own kinsman fall’n
Beneath the fable bark, with mighty voice
Call’d on the hosts of Lycia and of Troy.
Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
Of Dardanus, within this narrow pass
Stand firm, retreat not, but redeem the son
Of Clytius, left the Grecians of his arms
Despoil him slain in battle at the ships.
So saying, at Ajax his bright spear he cast.
Him pierced he not, but Lycophron the son
Of Maetor, 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
Supine he fell, and in the dust expired.
Then, shudd’ring, Ajax to his brother spake.
Alas, my Teucer! we have lost our friend;
Maetorides is slain, whom we received
An inmate from Cytheræ, and with love
And reverence even filial, entertain’d;
By Hector pierced, he dies. Where are thy shafts
Death-wing’d, and bow, by gift from Phoebus thine?
He
He said, whom Teucer hearing, instant ran
With bow and well-stored quiver to his side,
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
The Trojans and their Chief, where stormy moost
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,
And down he fell; his startled couriers shook
Their trappings, and the empty chariot rang.
That found alarm'd Polydamas; he turn'd,
And flying to their heads, consign'd them o'er
To Protiaö'n's son, Aftynoüs,
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
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
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 brazen 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’st 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 bras,
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
The Greecians, but propitious smiles on us. Therefore stand fast, and whoever gall'd
By arrow or by shaft, dies—Let him die;
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 Greecians from the shores of Troy.

So saying, he animated each. Meantime,
Ajax his fellow-warriors thus addres'd.
Shame on you all! Now Greecians 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
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
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 confute the time
Hour after hour in ling'ring conflict vain
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 Phocesian pow'rs
And son of Perimedes; Ajax slew,
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 fought
Viewing indignant on the conqu’ror sprang,
But, starting wide, Polydamas escaped,
Saved by Apollo, and his spear transpierced
The breast of Cræsmus; on his founding shield
Prostrate he fell, and Meges stripp’d his arms.
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 corselet thick
With plates of scaly brass his life secured.
That corselet 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,
Euphetes. Many a time had it preserved
Unharm’d the fire, and now it savel 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
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
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,
Illustrious Hicetaon's son, reproved.
Ere yet the enemies of Troy arrived
He in Percote fed his wand'ring beeves,
But when the Danaï with all their fleet
Came thither, then returning, he outshone
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? Seeft not the Greeks
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.

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
Each to incur the censure of the rest.
Of men so minded more survive than die,
While daftards forfeit life and glory both.

So moved he them, themselves already bent
To chace the Trojans; yet his word they bore
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
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
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,
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,
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
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,
So fled the son of Nestor, after whom
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
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 Greekian heart he tamed, and took
Their glory from them, strength'ning Ilium's host.
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
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
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
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
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.
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,
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 beeves 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
And scatters all the reit, * 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 flew

* * 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
The Mycenaean Periphetes, son
Of Copreus custom'd messenger of King
Eurystyheus 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
In wisdom of the Mycenaean 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,
And dreadful rang the helmet on his brows.
Him Hector quick noticing, to his side
Hafted, and, planting in his breast a spear,
Slew him before the phalanx of his friends.
But they, although their fellow-warriors fate
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;
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.
But earnest more than all, guardian of all,
Gerenian Neflor 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 undiscriminating 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 embossed 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;
So Ajax o'er the decks of num'rous ships 830
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
Lost 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
Deted; 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,
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 confume the fleet with fire, and leave
Achaia's heroes lifeless on the field.
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 fame ship
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 ponderous swords
And with long lances double-edg'd they sought.
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 soak'd all the sable 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;
The ships are ours which, in the Gods' despight
Steer'd hither, such calamities to us
Have caused, 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
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 Greecians. Even Ajax could endure,
Whelm'd under weapons numberless, that storm
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 hoist of Greece.

Friends! Greecian 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?
Not so. No tow'rd city is at hand,
None that presents us with a safe retreat
While others occupy our station here,
But from the shores of Argos far remote
Our camp is, where the Trojans arm'd complete
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
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.
ARGUMENT
OF THE
SIXTEENTH BOOK.

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.

BOOK 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.
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
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 ἔροτεν is warranted by the Scholiast, who paraphrases it thus.

μετὰ δυνατὸς ἔροτεν.

Iliad per Vill.

Bring'ʃt
Bring'ft thou to me or to my people aught
Afflictive? Hast thou mournful tidings learn'd
From Phthia, trusted to thine ear alone?
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.
Or weep'ft 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-sorrowing, thou didst reply,
Patroclus! oh Achilles, Peleus' son!
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.
Diomede, warlike son of Tydeus, bleeds,
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,
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?
Ah ruthless! neither Peleus thee begat,
Nor Thetis bore, but rugged rocks sublime,
And roaring billows blue gave birth to thee,
Who bear'st a mind that knows not to relent.
But, if some prophecy alarm thy fears,
If from thy Goddess-mother thou have aught
Received, and with authority of Jove,
Me fend at least, me quickly, and with me
The Myrmidon. A dawn of cheerful hope
Shall thence, it may be, on the Greeks arise.
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 vigorous, by our shouts alone
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.
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;
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 flings my soul.
The virgin chosen for me by the sons
Of Greece, my just reward, by my own spear
Obtain'd, when I Eëtion's city took,
Her, Agamemnon, leader of the host.
From my possession wrung, as I had been
Some alien wretch, unhonour'd and unknown.
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
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 priz'd now in narrow space.
Because the Trojans meet not in the field
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.
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
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
From fire the only hope of our return.
But hear the sum of all; mark well my word;

* πείραγονται. 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
Briseïs mine, with many a gift beside.

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.

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
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 Greeician, but that we, from death
Ourselves escaping, might survive to spread
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
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.

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?

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,
And the bright point thrill-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
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,

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.

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
With silver bright-embofs'd, and his broad shield
Ponderous; on his noble head his casque
He settled elegant, whose lofty crest
Waved dreadful o'er his brows, and last he seized
Well fitted to his gripe two sturdy spears.

Of all Achilles' arms his spear alone
He took not; that huge beam, of bulk and length
Enormous, none, AEacides except,
In all Achaia's host had pow'r to wield.

It was that Pelian ash which from the top
Of Pelion hewn that it might prove the death
Of heroes, Chiron had to Peleus giv'n.

He bade Automedon his courser's bind
Speedily to the yoke, for him he loved

Next to Achilles most, as worthiest found
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 Bailey. Them the harpy bore
Podarge, while in meadows green she fed

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.

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-slain, with bloody jaws
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
Assembling 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
Commanded, when to Ilium's coast he steer'd,
Were fifty; fifty rowers fat 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,
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
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,
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,
All-bounteous Mercury clandestine there
Embraced her; who a noble son produced
Eudorus, swift to run, and bold in fight.
No sooner Ilithya, arbitrefs
Of pangs puerperal, had giv’n him birth,
And he beheld the beaming sun, than her
Echechleus, Actor’s mighty son, enrich’d
With countless dower, and led her to his home;
While antient Phylas, cherishing her boy
With fond affection, reared him as his own.
The third brave troop warlike Pifander 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
The fourth band led to battle, and the fifth
Laërceus’ offspring, bold Alcimédon.
Thus, all his bands beneath their proper Chiefs
Marshall’d, Achilles gave them strict command—
Myrmidons! all that vengeance now inflict,
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
Suckled, who hold’st thy people here in camp
Thus long imprison’d. Unrelenting Chief!
E’en let us hence in our sea-iskimming barks
To Phthia, since thou can’st not be appeased—
Thus in full council have ye spoken oft.
Now, therefore, since a day of glorious toil
At last appears, such as ye have desired,
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.

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,

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

Of all the Myrmidons. Achilles, then,

Retiring to his tent, displaced the lid

Of a capacious chest magnificent

By silver-footed Thetis flow'd on board

His bark, and fill'd with tunics, mantles warm,

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

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

Uplifted pray'd, of Jove not unobserv'd.
Pelasgian, Dodonæan Jove supreme,
Dwelling remote, who on Dodona's heights
Snow-clad reign'st Sov'reign, by thy seers around
Compass'd, the Selli, prophets vow-constrain'd
To unwash'd feet and slumbers on the ground!
Plain I behold my former pray'r perform'd,
Myself exalted, and the Greeks abased.
Now also grant me, Jove, this my desire!
Here, in my fleet, I shall myself abide,
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
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,
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
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 Chefs,
And anxious still that conflict to behold
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 forfake  
Their home by the way-side, provoked by boys  
Disturbing inconsiderate their abode,  
Not without nuisance sore to all who pass,  
For if, thenceforth, some traveller unaware  
Annoy them, issuing one and all they swarm  
Around him, fearless in their broods' defence,  
So issued from their fleet the Myrmidons  
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;  
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  
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 Greeians, and the navy rang.  
Then, soon as Ilium's host the valiant son  
Saw of Menœtius 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  
Look'd every way for refuge from his fate.  

Patroclus
Patroclus first, where thickest throng he saw
Gather'd tumultuous around the bark
Of brave Proteuás, hurl'd direct
At the whole multitude his glitt'ring spear.
He smote Pyreæmus; he his horseman band
Pœonian led from Amydon, and from
Broad-flowing Axius. In his shoulder stood
The spear, and with loud groans fupine he fell.
At once fled all his followers, on all sides
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,
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
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
Ceased not, nor fled the Trojans in all parts
Alike, but still resisted, from the ships
Retiring through necessity alone.
Then, in that scatter'd warfare, ev'ry Chief
Slew one. While Arœilochus his back
Turn'd on Patroclus, sudden with a lance
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 flanting shield  
Unguarded, struck and stretch'd him at his feet.  
*Phylides, meeting with preventive spear  
The furious onset of Amphilochus, 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.  
The two Neptoridæ 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,  
The flain, impetuous on the conqu'ror flew;  
But godlike Thrasymedes wounded first  
Maris, ere he Antilochus; he pierced  
His upper arm, and with the lance's point  
Rent off and strip't the muscles to the bone.  
Sounding he fell, and darkness veil'd his eyes.  
They thus, two brothers by two brothers flain,  
Went down to Erebus, associates both  
Of brave Sarpedon, and spear-practis'd sons  
Of Amisodarus; of him who fed  
Chimæra†, monster, by whom many died.

* Meges.  
† Brother of Antilochus.

† àµαξ—µακεδον— 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 àµαξ and µακεδον— Doric ὡδος— longitudo.

In this uncertainty I thought myself free to translate it as I have, by the word—monster.

31 Ajax
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;
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.
He smote Peneleus on the crested casque,
But snapp’d his faulchion; him Peneleus smote
Beneath his ear; the whole blade ent’ring fank
Into his neck, and Lycon with his head
Depending by the skin alone, expired.
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
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
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 οὗτος λυκα here mean the σπονδυλεία, or vertebrae of the neck.—See Villoison.

Hath
Hath left to roam at large the mountains wild;
They, seeing, snatch them from beside the dams,
And rend incontinent the feeble prey,
So swift the Danaï the host affail'd
Of Ilium; they, into tumultuous flight
Together driv'n, all hope, all courage lost.

Huge Ajax ceaseless fought his spear to cast
At Hector brazen-mail'd, who, not untaught
The warrior's art, with bull-hide buckler stout
Shelt'ring his ample shoulders, while he mark'd
The hiss of flying shafts and crash of spears.
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'r'er spreads a sable storm
O'er æther, late serene, the cloud that wrapp'd
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 courser's fleet indeed
Of Hector, Him bore safe with all his arms
Right through, but in the foss entangled soul
He left his host, and struggling to escape.
Then many a chariot-whirling fled, the pole
Broken at its extremity, forsook
His driver, while Patroclus with the shout
Of battle calling his Achaians on,
Destruction purposed 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
Whirl'd off at stretch the chariots to the town.
He, wherefo'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.
Right o'er the hollow foss the courser 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.

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;
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,
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,
But in the midway space between the ships
The river and the lofty Trojan wall
Pursued them ardent, flaught'ring whom he reach'd,
And vengeance took for many a Grecian slain.

Firft
First then, with glitt'ring spear the breast he pierced
Of Pronous, 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-feat magnificent
Low-cow'ring fat, a fear-distracted form,
And from his palfied 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
And splendid hook draws forth a sea-fish huge,
So him wide-gaping from his feat he drew
At his spear-point, then hhook him to the ground
Prone on his face, where gasping he expired.
At Eryalus, next, advancing swift
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 surronded, prone he fell.
Epaltes, Erymas, Amphoterus,
Echius, Tlepolemus Damafor'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
By Mencetiades, with fharp rebuke

*'Αμιτροχίτων is a word, according to Clarke, descriptive of their peculiar habit. Their corflet, and the mail worn under it, were of a piece, and put on together. To them therefore the cinéture 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
Who thus afflicts the Trojan host, of life
Bereaving num'rous of their warriors bold.

He spake, 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
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.

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
His death by valiant Mencetiades.

To whom his awful spouse, displeased, replied.
How spake the terrible Saturnian Jove?
Wouldst thou again from pangs of death exempt
A mortal man, destined long since to die?
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.
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 Mencetiades in conflict dire,
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
(The dead man’s portion) rearing to his name.

She said, from whom the Sire of Gods and men
Disdained not, but on the earth distill’d
A sanguine shew’r in honour of a son
Dear to him, whom Patroclus on the field
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.
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
In long loud moanings sorrowful expired.
Wide started the immortal pair; the yoke
Creak’d, and entanglement of reins ensnued
To both, their fellow slaughter’d at their side.
That mischief soon Automedon redress’d.
He rose, and from beside his sturdy thigh

Drawing
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...

Again his radiant spear Sarpedon hurl'd
But miss'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
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,
So fell Sarpedon stretch'd his steeds before
And gnash'd his teeth and clutch'd the bloody dust.
And as a lion slays a tawny bull
Leader magnanimous of all the herd;
Beneath the lion's jaws groaning he dies;
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
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 hoist of Lycia, roufe
Our Chiefs to combat for Sarpedon slain,
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 Achaeans of my glorious arms
Despoil me in full prospect of the fleet.

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,

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
That all pow'r fail'd him to protect the dead.
Compresing his own arm he stoo'd, 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 τεχνὶ ἀγῶνι be with propriety interpreted—in certamine de navibus—as Clarke and Mme Dacier are inclined to render it. *Juvenum in certamine, seems equally an improbable sense of it. Euftathius, 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. ἀγῶν in the 23d 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—τεχνὶ ἀγῶνι—that is, in the neighbourhood of the ships, and in full prospect of them.

The Translator affumes not to himself the honour of this judicious remark. It belongs to Mr. Fuseli.
Had pierced him from it in the fleet's defence. 620
Then, thus, to Phoebus, 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'st in ev'ry place alike the pray'r
Of the afflicted heart, and such is mine;

Behold my wound; it fills my useless 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
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!

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

Vouchsafed to him by Phoebus, 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
Of Panthus, brave Polydamas, with whom
Æneas also, and approaching last
To Hec tor brazen-mail'd him thus bespake.

Now
Now, Hector! now, thou hast indeed resign'd
All care of thy allies, who, for thy sake,
Loft both to friends and country, on these plains
Perish, unaided and unmiss'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.
Him brazen Mars hath by the spear subdued
Of Mencetiae. But stand ye firm!
Let indignation fire you, O my friends!
Left, stripping him of his resplendent arms,
The Myrmidons with foul dishonour shame
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,
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
Enraged for slain Sarpedon, Hector came.
Meantime, *flout-hearted Chief, Patroclus roused
The Grecians, and exhorting first (themselves
Already prompt) th'Ajaces, thus began.

Heroic pair! now make it all your joy
To chace the Trojan host, and such to prove
As erst, or even bolder, if ye may.

* Λασιον Κρ.

3 K 2

The
The Chief lies breathless who ascended first
Our wall, Sarpedon. Let us bear him hence,
Strip and dishonour him, and in the blood Of his protectors drench the ruthless spear.

So Menoetiaudes 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, 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 The Trojans from their place and order shock’d The bright-eyed Grecians, slaying not the least Nor worst among the Myrmidons, the brave Epigean, from renown’d Agacles sprung.

He, erst, in populous Budeum ruled, 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. Him seizing fast the body, with a stone Illustrious Hector smote full on the front, And his whole scull within the ponderous casque Split sheer; he prostrate on the body fell In shades of soul-divorcing death involved. Patroclus, grieving for his slaughtered 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'st
Resentful of thy fellow-warriors fall.
At Stheneläus an huge stone he cast
Son of Ithæmenes, whom on the neck
He smote and burst the tendons; then the van
Of Ilium's hoft, with Hector, all retired.
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
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 sudden, with his lance
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
Forgot their force, but resolute advanced.
Then, by Meriones a Trojan died
Of noble rank, Laogonus, the son
Undaunted of Onetor great in Troy,
Priest of Idaean Jove. The ear and jaw
Between, he pierced him with a mortal force;
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;
But, warn'd of its approach, Meriones
Bowed low his head, shunning 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 flow degrees its fury flept.

Indignant then Æneas thus exclam'd.

Meriones! I sent thee such a spear
As, reaching thee, should have for ever marr'd
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
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.

* ἵπποιδα ἀμβλατόν. A similar expression occurs in Book XIII. 158. There we read ἵπποιδα προσπάδεων. Which is explained by the Scholast in Villoislon 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 ἀμφιβάτον ἀσπίδα, 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, ἀρχαγή, 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 glory in that moment thou resign'st
To me, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown'd.

He said, but him Patroclus sharp reproved.

Why speaks Meriones, although in fight
Approv'd, thus proudly? Nay, my gallant friend!
The Trojans will not for reproach of ours
Renounce the body. Blood must first be spilt.

Tongues in debate, but hands in war decide;
Deeds therefore now, not wordy vaunts, we need.

So saying he led the way, whom follow'd close
Godlike Meriones. As from the depth
Of some lone wood that cloaths the mountain's side
The fellers at their toil are heard remote,
So, from the face of Ilium's ample plain
Reverberated, was the din of bras
And of tough targets heard by faulchions huge
Hard-smitten, and by spears of double-edge.

None then, no, not the quickest to discern
Had known divine Sarpedon, from his head
To his foot-sole with mingled blood and dust
Polluted, and o'erwhelmed with weapons. They

Around the body swarmed. As hovel-flies

In spring-time buzz around the brimming pails
With milk bedew'd, so they around the dead.

Nor Jove averted once his glorious eyes
From that dread contest, but with watchful note
Mark'd all, the future death in battle deep

Pondering of Patroclus, whether Him
Hector should even now slay on divine
Sarpedon, and despoil him of his arms,
Or he should still that arduous strife prolong.
This council gain'd as eligible most
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, slaying numerous by the way.
First then, with fears unmanly he posses'd
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
Their sovereign through his heart, and heap'd with dead;
For numerous, while Saturnian Jove the fight
Held in suspense, had on his body fall'n.
At once the Greeks of his dazzling arms
Def poil'd Sarpedon, which the Myrmidons
By order of Mencetius' valiant son
Bore thence into the fleet. Meantime his will
The Thunderer to Apollo thus express'd.

Phœbus, my son, delay not; from beneath
Yon hill of weapons drawn cleanse from his blood
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;
For hence to Lycia's opulent abodes

* „İδα τάλαντα—Voluntatem Jovis cui cedendum.—So it is interpreted in the Scholium MSS. Lipsiensis. Vide Schaufelbergerus.
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.

He ceas'd; nor was Apollo low to hear His father's will, but from th' Idaean heights Descending swift into the dreadful field, Godlike Sarpedon's body from beneath The hill of weapons drew, which, borne remote, 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.

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 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 To battle, as he now this Chief impell'd.

Who, then, Patroclus! first, who last by thee Fell slain, what time thyself waft call'd to die? Adraustus first, then Perimus he flew, Offspring of Megas; then Autonoüs, Echeclus, Melanippus and Epistor,
Pylartes, Mulius, Elafus. All these
He flew, and from the field chafed all beside.
Then, doubtless, had Achaia's sons prevail'd
To take proud-gated Troy, such havoc made
He with his spear, but that the son of Jove
Apollo, on a tower's conspicuous height
Station'd, devoted him for Ilium's fake.
Thrice on a buttress of the lofty wall
Patroclus mounted, and him thrice the God
With hands immortal his resplendent shield
Smiting, struck down again; but when he rush'd
A fourth time, daemon-like, to the assault,
The King of radiant shafts him, stern, rebuked.
Patroclus, warrior of renown, retire!
The fates ordain not that imperial Troy
Stoop to thy spear, nor to the spear itself
Of Peleus' son, though mightier far than thou.
He said, and Mencetiades the wrath
Of shaft-arm'd Phoebus shunning, far retired.
But in the Scæan gate Hector his steeds
Detain'd, uncertain whether thence to drive
Amid the warring multitude again,
Or, loud commandment issuing, to collect
His host within the walls. Him musing long
Apollo, clad in semblance of a Chief
Youthful and valiant, join'd. Asius he seem'd
Equestrian Hector's uncle, brother born
Of Hecuba the queen, and Dymas' son,
Who on the Sangar's banks in Phrygia dwelt.
Apollo, so disguis'd, him thus bespake.

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 transcende'st me,
Then, not unpunish'd long, should'st thou retire;
But haste, and with thy couriers solid-hoof'd
Seek out Patroclus, him perchance to slay
Should Phoebus have decreed that glory thine.

So saying, Apollo join'd the host again.
Then noble Hector bade his charioteer
Valiant Cebriones his couriers 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.
But Hector, leaving all beside unslain,
Furious impell'd his couriers 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,
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
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.

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!
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.
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.
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
Two lions wage, contending for a deer
New-flain, both hunger-pinched and haughty both.
So for Cebriones, alike in arms
Expert, brave Hector and Patroclus strive—
To pierce each other with the ruthless spear.
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,
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.

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 loft
Of fable dust, with his huge trunk huge space
O'erspread, nor steeds nor chariots heeded more.

While yet the sun ascending climb'd the heav'n s,
Their darts flew equal, and the people fell;
But when he westward journey'd, by a change
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 hoist.

Thrice, like another Mars, he sprang with shouts
Tremendous, and nine warriors thrice he flew.
But when the fourth time, daemon-like, he rush'd
Against them, then, oh then, too manifest
The consummation of thy days approach'd
Patroclus! whom Apollo terrors-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
Expanded on the spine and shoulders broad

Smote
Smote him; his eyes swam dizzy at the stroke. Then Phoebus 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 Desilement gather'd gross of dust and blood Then first; 'till then, impossible; for how Should dust the tresses of that helmet flame With which Achilles fighting fenced his head Illustrious, and his graceful brows divine? But Jove now made it Hector's; he awhile Bore it, himself to swift perdition doom'd. His spear brass-mounted, ponderous, huge and long, Fell shiver'd from his grasp. His shield that swept His ancle, with its belt dropp'd from his arm, And Phoebus 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 Between the shoulders; Panthus' son was he, Euphorbus, famous for equestrian skill, For spearman'ship, and in the rapid race Past all of equal age. He twenty men (Although a learner yet of martial feats, 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 hafty from the wound His ashen beam, he ran into the crowd, 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  
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  
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 Mencætiades the valiant slay'r  
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,  
Their day of liberty for ever set.  
Fool! for their fakes the feet of Hector's steeds  
Fly into battle, and myself excell,  
For their fakes, all our bravest at the spear,  
That I may turn from them that evil hour  
Necesstitous. 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.  
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 corselet. 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 Phoebus 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 dismisl'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 haft 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
His glitt'ring weapon from the wound, nor stay'd,
But, lance in hand, the godlike charioteer
Pursued of swift Æacides, on fire
To slay Ætomedon; but him the steeds
Immortal, rapid, by the Gods conferr'd
(A glorious gift) on Peleus, snatch'd away.
ARGUMENT
OF THE
SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

Sharp contest ensues around the body of Patroclus. Hec tor 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.

BOOK 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
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
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!
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, left my spear affail
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
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,
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,
If thou oppose me. I command thee, go—
Mix with the multitude; withstand not me,
Left evil overtake thee. To be taught
By suff'ring's only, is the part of fools.
   He said, but him sway'd not, who thus replied.
Now, even now, Atrides! thou shalt rue
My brother's blood which thou hast shed, and mak'ft
His death thy boast. Thou hast his blooming bride
Widow'd, and thou hast fill'd his parents hearts
With anguish of unutterable woe;
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 uneslay’d
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
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.
His locks, which even the Graces might have own’d,
Blood-suff’d, 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,
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,
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 seiz’d the beest
And fairest of the herd, with savage fangs
First breaks her neck, then laps the bloody paunch

Torn
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
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
Of the Ciconians, Mentes, 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'ft
The horses of Æacides the brave,
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
Of dead Patroclus, hath a Trojan slain
Of higheil 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
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
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,
And leave Patroclus for my glory slain,
I fear left the Achaians at that sight
Incensed, reproach me, and if, urged by shame,
I fight with Hector and his host, alone,
Left, hemm’d around by multitudes, I fall;
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.

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
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.
He then, retiring flow 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 flow he quits the prey,
So Menelaus with flow steps forsook Patroclus,
Patroclus, and arrived in front, at length,
Of his own phalanx, stood, with sharpen'd eyes
Seeking vaft Ajax, fon of Telamon.
Him leftward, soon, of all the field he mark'd
Encouraging aloud his band, whose hearts
With terrours irrefistible himself
Phoebus had fill'd. He ran, and at his side
Standing, incontinent him thus bespake.

My gallant Ajax, haste—come quickly—strive
With me to rescue for Achilles' fake
His friend, though bare, for Hecitor 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.

Hecitor 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.

Then Hecitor, 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
Slain Mencetiades, 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,
So, guarding slain Patroclus, Ajax lour'd.

On
On th' other side, with tender grief oppress'd
Unspeakable, brave Menelaus stood.
But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian band,
Son of Hippolochus, in bitter terms
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,
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.
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
Thou fear'dst 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
Intrepid, such as in the breast resides
Of lab'rous 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,
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
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.
Why, Glauclus! 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,
In which thou tellst me that I fear to stand
Against vast Ajax. Know that I from fight
Shrink not, nor yet from sound of prancing steeds;
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
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
I not compel some Grecian to renounce
Patroclus, ev’n the boldest of them all.

He ceas’d, and to his host exclam’d aloud.
Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
Of Dardanus, oh be ye men, my friends!
Now summon all your fortitude, while I

3 N

Put
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
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,
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.

Him, therefore, soon as cloud-assembl'r 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,
Who all excells, terroir of Ilium's host.
His friend, though bold yet gentle, thou haft slain,
And haft the brows and bosom of the dead
Unseemly bared; yet, bright success awhile
I give thee; so compensating thy lot,
From whom Andromache shall ne'er receive
Those glorious arms, for thou shalt ne'er return.

So spake the Thund'r'er, and his fable brows
Shaking, confirm'd the word. But Hector found
The armour apt, the God of war his soul
With fury fill'd, he felt his limbs afresh
Invigorated,
Invigorated, and with loudeft shouts
Return’d to his illustrious allies.
To them he seem’d, clad in thofe radiant arms,
Himfelf Achilles; rank by rank he pafs’d
Through all the hoft, exhorting ev’ry Chief,
Afteropæus, Mefthles, Phorcys, Medon,
Thersilochus, Deifenor, augur Ennomus,
Chromius, Hippothoûs; all these he roused
To battle, and in accents wing’d began.

Hear me, ye myriads, neighbours and allies!
For not through fond defire 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
And little-ones againft the hoft 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 fake.
Turn then direc’t againft them, and his life
Save each, or lose; it is the course of war.
Him who fhall drag, though dead, Patroclus home
Into the hoft of Troy, and fhall repulfé
Ajax, I will reward with half the spoils,
And half fhall be my own; glory and praife
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 wreft
From Ajax fon of Telamon, the dead.
Vain hope! he many a lifelefs Trojan heap’d

3 N 2
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 escape
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 ceas'd, 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 the battle on the part of Greece.  
The Trojans firft, with Hector at their head,  
Wedg'd in close phalanx, rush'd to the assault.  

As when within some rapid river's mouth  
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,  
And over all their glitt'ring helmets Jove  
Darkness diffused, 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.  
The host of Troy firft shook the Grecian host;  
The body left, they fled; yet of them all,  
The Trojan pow'rs, determined as they were,  
Slew none, but dragg'd the body. Neither stood  
The Greeks long time aloof, soon as repulsed  
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  
That in the mountains bursting through the brakes,  
The swains disperse 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 Be-o-ofin. 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 case the close imbattled ranks, who fought
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
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
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
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 Larissa, never to requite
Their kind solicitudes who gave him birth,
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
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.

But Ajax at his waist wounded the son
Of Phœnops, valiant Phorcys, while he stood
Guarding Hippothōús; through his hollow mail
Enforced the weapon drank his inmost life,
And in his palm, supine, he clenched the duft.

Then, Hector with the foremoast Chiefs of Troy
Fell back; the Argives sent a shout to heav'n,
And dragging Phorcys and Hippothōús thence
Stripp'd both. In that bright moment Ilium's hoft
Fear-quell'd before Achaia's warlike sons
Had Troy re-enter'd, and the hoft 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
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?
As I have others seen, warriors who would,
Men fill'd with might and valour, firm themselves
And Chiefs of multitudes disdaining fear.
But Jove to us the vict'ry far more
Than to the Greecians wills; therefore the fault
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
And of her brave confederates! Shame it were
Should we re-enter Ilion, driv’n to flight
By daftard fear before the host of Greece.
A God assured me even now, that Jove,
Supreme in battle, gives his aid to Troy.
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
Of Lycomedes, brave Leocritus,
Son of Arisbas. Lycomedes saw
Compassionate his death, and drawing nigh
First stood, then hurling his resplendent lance
Right through the liver Apisaon pierced
Offspring of Hippasus, his chest beneath,
And, lifeless, instant, on the field he fell.
He from Paeonia the deep-foil’d to Troy
Came forth, Aetopœus sole except,
Bravest of all Paeonia’s band in arms.
Aetopœus 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

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.
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,
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
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
His fervour; there at distance due they fought
And paused by turns, and fhunn'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.
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
For * watchful only to prevent the flight
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,
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
Disposed, 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
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 hofts to battle, nor herself
Pallas, however angry, had beheld
That conflict with disdain, Jove to such length
Protracted on that day the bloody toil
Of steeds and men for Mencetiades.
Nor knew divine Achilles or had aught
Heard of Patroclus slain, for from the ships

* The proper meaning of ἔπιστεωμένος—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
Or even aided, should prevail to lay
Troy waste, he nought supposed; by Thetis warn'd
In secret conf'rence oft, he better knew
Jove's purpose; yet not even she had borne
Those dreadful tidings to his ear, the loss
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, Greeks! should we seek by flight
Our galleys now; yawn earth our feet beneath
And here engulf 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.
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
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 desart air.
Meantime the horses of Æacides
From fight withdrawn, soon as they understood
Their
Their charioteer fall'n in the dust beneath
The arm of homicidal Hector, wept.
Them oft with hafty lash Diores' son
Automedon impatient smote, full oft
He stroak'd them gently, and as oft he * chode,
Yet neither to the fleet ranged on the shore
Of spacious Hellepont would they return,
Nor with the Greecians seek the fight, but stood
As a sepulchral pillar stands, unmoved
Between their traces; to the earth they hung
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
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.
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
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.

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,

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 whomsoe'er he follow'd, none he saw,

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
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
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 Diores. Who of all our host
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
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,
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
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
Of old Anchises, but with targets firm
Of seasoned 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
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
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
Shall limit know, or pause, 'till flaying us,
He shall himself the coursers 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
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.
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!

He said, and brandishing his manly spear
Dissmiss'd it at Aretus; full he smote
His ample shield, nor stay'd the pointed bra's,
But penetrating sheer the disk, his belt
Pierced also, and stood planted in his waists.

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

* 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
Hurl'd at Automedon, who of its flight
Forewarn'd, his body bowing prone, the stroke
Eluded, and the spear piercing the foil
Behind him, shook to its superior end,
'Till, spent by slow degrees, its fury slept.
And now, with hand to hilt, for closer war
Both stood prepared, when through the multitude
Advancing at their fellow-warriors call
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,
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 Menœtiaides.
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
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
Exhibits
Exhibits bright his bow, a sign ordain’d
Of war, or numbing frost which all the works
Suspends of man and saddens all the flocks,
So she, all mantled with a radiant cloud
Entering Achaia’s hoff, 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 hoft.

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.
Then drew Apollo near to Hector's side,
And in the form of Phœnops, Aius' son,
Of all the foreign guests at Hector's board
His fav'rite most, the hero thus address'd.

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?

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 brars. Then, lifting high
His tass'd aegis radiant, Jove with storms
Envelop'd Ida; flash'd his lightnings, roar'd
His thunders, and the mountain shook throughout.
Troy's hoft he prosper'd, and the Greeks dispersed.

First fled Peneleus, the Boeotian Chief,
Whom facing firm the foe Polydamas
Struck
Struck on the shoulder’s summit with a lance
Hurl’d nigh at hand, which slant inscribed the bone.
* Leítus also, son of the renown’d
Alestryon, pierced by Héctor in the wrist,
Disabled left the fight; trembling he fled
And peering narrowly around, nor hoped
To lift a spear against the Trojans more.
Héctor, pursuing Leítus, the point
Encounter’d of the brave Idomeneus
Full on his chest; but in his mail the lance
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-feat; but him the erring spear
Attain’d not, piercing Cœranus instead
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 hoft
Had yielded now, but that with rapid haste
Cœranus drove to his relief, from him
The fate averting which himself incurr’d

* Leítus was another Chief of the Boeotians.
† Διρρη ἔγεισατο.—Yet we learn soon after that he fought on foot. But the
Scholiast explains the expression thus—ἑτοι τῷ Διρρῃ ἔγεισατο. The fact was
that Idomeneus had left the camp on foot, and was on foot when Héctor 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 Villoisfôn.
Victim of Hector's homicidal aim.
Him Hector smiting between ear and jaw
Push'd from their pockets with the lance's point
His firm-set teeth, and fever'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,
And briefly thus Idomeneus address'd:

Now drive, and cease not, to the fleet of Greece,
Thyself see'lt victory no longer ours.

He said; Idomeneus whom, now, dismay
Seized also, with his lash plying severe
The coursers 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.

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;
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
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 Greecian now to carry swift
The tidings to Achilles' ear, untaught,
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
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
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 Neftor, whom exhort to fly
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
Weared 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 Scholiaft. The original expression is ambiguous, and may signify, either, that we shall perish in the fleet ourselves, or that Hecstor will soon be in the midst of it. Vide Villoisffon in loco.
By spears from daring hands dismiss'd, but more
By flash of torches which, though fierce, he dreads,
'Till, at the dawn, fallen he stalks away;
So from Patroclus Menelaus went,
Heroic Chief! reluctant; for he fear'd
Left the Achaians should resign the dead,
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
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
Turn'd thence, the field exploring with an eye
Sharp as the eagle's of all fowls beneath
The azure heav'n, for keenest sight renown'd,
Whom, though he soar sublime, the leveret
By broadest leaves conceal'd 'capes not, but swift
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 Neftor's son, if still he lived.
Him, soon, encouraging his band to fight,
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'ft, I judge,
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. Hast thou, therefore, to the fleet,
Inform Achilles; bid him haste to save,
If 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
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
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
Of their beloved Antilochus, his aid,
But leaving them to Thrasymedes' care,
He flew to Mencetiades again,
And the Ajaces, thus, instant bespake.

He goes. I have dispatch'd him to the fleet
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 How best to save Patroclus, and to escape Ourselves unscathed 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 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 Of much sharp conflict, side by side, sustain’d.

He ended; they, enfold ing 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, 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, hungring for the prey, 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 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
Moleft them more in conflict for the dead.

Thus they, laborious, forth from battle bore
Ptroclus 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,
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,
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
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
Repref'd the Trojans; but the Trojans them
Attended still, of whom Aeneas 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,
So they shrill-clamouring toward the fleet,
Hailed before Æneas and the might
Of Hector, nor the battle heeded more.
Much radiant armour round about the fos
Fell of the flying Grecians, or within
Lay scatter'd, and no pause of war they found.
ARGUMENT
OF THE
EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

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.

BOOK 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. 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 left the Gods my anxious thoughts Accomplish and my mother's words, who erst Hath warn'd me, that the bravest and the best Of all my Myrmidons, while yet I live, Slain under Troy, must view the sun no more. Brave Menoechades is, doubtless, slain. Unhappy friend! I bade thee oft, our barks 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 Neftor; and with tears his cheeks
Bedewing copious, his sad message told.

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 corpse, and Hector hath his arms.

Then clouds of sorrow fell on Peleus' son,
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
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.
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
Left Peleus' son should perish self-destroy'd.
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.
Cymodoce, Thalia, Glaucia came,
Nisaea, Spio, Thoa, and with eyes

Proclamant
Protuberant beauteous Halia; came with these
Cymothœ, and Aëtæa, and the nymph
Of marshes, Limnorea, nor delay'd
Agave, nor Amphithœ the swift,
Iœa, Doto, Melita, nor thence
Was absent Proto or Dynamene,
Callianira, Doris, Panope,
Pherusæ or Amphinome, or fair
Dexamene, or Galatea prais'd
For matchless form divine; Nemertes pure
Came also, with Apheues chrystal-bright,
Callianassa, Mæra, Clymene,
Janeira and Janassa, sister pair,
And Orithya, and with azure locks
Luxuriant, Amathea; 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.

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
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
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
Aflift him; yet I go, that I may see
My darling son, and from his lips be taught
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.
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 Goddes'-mother press'd between her palms
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,
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 fulfills; but thence, what joy to me,
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
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
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
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.

Then answer, thus, indignant he return'd.
Death feize 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
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,
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,
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
Irrevocable, howsoe'er distrest'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,
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
Restless of Juno vanquish'd even Him.
I also, if a destiny like his
Await me, shall, like him, find repst in death;
But glory calls me now; now will I make
Some Trojan wife or Dardan with both hands
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'lt,
Yet thwart me not, for I am fixt to go.

Whom Thetis answer'd, Goddess of the Deep.
Thou hast well said, my son! it is no blame
To sate from threaten'd death our suff'reng friends.
But thy magnificent and dazzling arms
Are now in Trojan hands; them Hector wears
Exulting, but ordain'd not long t' exult,
So habit'd; 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,
By Vulcan forged himself, the King of fire.

She said, and turning from her son aside,
The sisterhood of Ocean thus address'd.

Plunge ye again into the briny Deep,
And to the hoary Sov'reign of the floods
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 excelling beauty for my son.

She said; they plunged into the waves again,
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
Home to their galleys station'd on the banks
Of Hellespont. 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
Came on, by Priameian Hector led
Rapid as fire. Thrice, noble Hector seized
His ankles from behind, ardent to drag
Patroclus, calling to his host the while.
But thrice, the two Ajaces, clothed with might,
Shock'd and repulsed 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
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
Unseen by Jove and by the Pow'rs of heav'n,
From Juno, to Achilles brought command
That he should shew himself. Full near the drew,
And in wing'd accents thus the Chief address'd.

Hero! most terrible of men, arise!
Protect Patroclus, for whose sake the war
Stands at the fleet of Greece. Mutual prevails
The slaughter, these the dead defending, those
Refolute hence to drag him to the gates
Of wind-swept Ilium. But beyond them all
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
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!

Then, thus, the swift ambassadress of heav'n.
By Juno sent I come, comfort of Jove.

Nor
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
Her Aegis 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 close of eve
Which flash against the clouds, kindled in hope
Of aid from neighbour maritime allies,
So from Achilles' head light flash'd to heav'n.
Issuing through the wall, beside the foss
He stood, but mix'd not with Achaia's host,
Obedient to his mother's wise command.
He stood and shouted; Pallas also rais'd
A dreadful shout, and tumult infinite
Excited throughout all the host of Troy.
Clear as the trumpet's note when it proclaims
A num'rous host approaching to invest
Some city close around, so clear the voice
Rang of Æacides, and tumult-toss'd
Was ev'ry soul that heard the brazen tone.
With swift recoil the long-maned couriers thrust
The chariots back, all boding woe at hand,
And ev'ry charioteer astonish'd saw
Fires, that fail'd not, illuminating the brows
Of Peleus' son, by Pallas kindled there.
Thrice, o'er the trench Achilles sent his voice
Sonorous, and confusion at the found
Thrice seized the Trojans, and their famed allies.
Twelve, in that moment, of their noblest died
By their own spears and chariots, and with joy
The Greecians from beneath an hill of darts
Dragging Patroclus, placed him on his bier.
Around him throng'd his fellow-warriors bold,
All weeping, after whom Achilles went
Fast-weeping also at the doleful sight
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
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 ceasd
From the all-wafting labours of the war.
On th’ other side, the Trojans, from the fight
Retiring, los’d their steeds, but ere they took
Thought of refreshment, in full council met.
It was a council at which no man fat,
Or dared; all stood; such terror 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
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.

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
We found the Greeks less formidable foes,
And I rejoiced, myself, spending the night
Beside
Beside their oary barks, for that I hoped
To seize them; but I now tremble at thought
Of Peleus' rapid son again in arms.

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.

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 lingering here,
None shall mistake him then; happy the man
Who soonest, then, shall 'scape to sacred Troy!
Then, dogs shall make and vultures on our flesh
Plenteous repast. Oh spare mine ears the tale!
But if, though troubled, ye can yet receive
My counsel, thus assembled we will keep
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,
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
With all the utmost valour that he boasts
To force a pass; dogs shall devour him first.

To
To whom brave Hector louring, and in wrath.
Polydamas, I like not thy advice
Who bidd’st us in our city skulk, again
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 stowed
With gold and brars; but all our houses now
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 Mæonia’s lovely land.
But since the son of wily Saturn old
Hath giv’n me glory now, and to inclose
The Greecians 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.
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
Left his possessions perish, let him cast
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
Have ris’n indeed to conflict for the ships,

* Καταθηκομερῆως.

The
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
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
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
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
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.

How vain, alas! my word spoken that day
At random, when to sooth the Hero's fears
Mencetius, then our guest, I promis'd him
His noble son at Opoëis again,
Living and laden with the spoils of Troy!
But Jove performs not all the thoughts of man,
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.
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 flew thee, to my tent.
I also will finite off, before thy pile,
The heads of twelve illustrious sons of Troy,
Refentful 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,
Whom we, at price of labour hard, ourselves
With mafly 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
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.

Soon as the water in the singing brases
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
From head to feet with linen texture light,
And with a wide unfullied mantle, last.
All night the Myrmidons around the swift
Achilles stood, deploring loud his friend,
And Jove his spouse and sister thus bespake.

So then, Imperial Juno! not in vain
Thou haft the swift Achilles fought to rouse
Again to battle; the Achaians, sure,
Are thy own children, thou haft borne them all.

To whom the awful Goddess ample-eyed.
What word hath pass'd thy lips Jove moft severe?
A man, though mortal merely, and to me
Inferior in device, might have atchieved
That labour easily. Can I who boast
Myself the Chief of Goddesses, and such
Not by birth only, but as thine espoused,
Who art thyself Sov'reign of all the Gods,
Can I with anger burn against the house
Of Priam, and want means of just revenge?

Thus they in heav'n their mutual conference held.

Meantime, the silver-footed Thetis reach'd
The starr'd abode eternal, brazen-wall'd
Of Vulcan, by the builder lame himself
Upraeard, a wonder ev'n in eyes divine.
She found him sweating, at his bellows huge
Toiling industrious; tripods bright he form'd
Twenty at once, his palace-wall to grace
Ranged in harmonious order. Under each
Two golden wheels he set, on which (a fight
Marvellous!) into council they should roll
Self-moving, and to his house, self-moving, return.

Thus
Thus far the work was finish'd, but not yet
Their ears of exquisite design afflixt,
For them he stood fashoning, and prepared
The rivets. While he thus his matchless skill
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' hand, and thus enquired.

Why, Thetis! worthy of all reverence
And of all love, com'ft 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 seat
Led her with argent studs border'd around
And foot-stool'd sumptuously; then, calling forth
Her spouse, the glorious artist, thus she said.

Ha!te, Vulcan! Thetis wants thee; linger not.
To whom the artist of the skies replied.

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 sight;
Then had I been indeed forlorn, had not
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
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 
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 
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;

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.

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.

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 
And of all reverence, haft thou arrived, 

Unfrequent
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.
Oh Vulcan! Is there on Olympus' heights
A Goddefs with such load of sorrow oppres'd
As, in peculiar, Jove assigns to me?
Me only, of all ocean-nymps, he made
Spouse to a man, Peleus Æacides,
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
A son illustrious, valiant, and the chief
Of heroes; he, like a luxuriant plant
* Upran to manhood, while his lofty growth
I nourish'd as the husbandman his vine
Set in a fruitful field, and being grown
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
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, resumed, and grief

* Ἀνδραμ. Devour'd
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.
He, indisposed 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,
And, on that self-same day had Ilium fallen,
But that Apollo, to advance the fame
Of Hector, flew Mencetius' noble son
Full-flush'd with vict'ry. Therefore at thy knees
Suppliant I fall, imploring from thine art
A shield and helmet, greaves of shapely form
With clasps secured, and corselet for my son.
For those, once his, his faithful friend hath loft
Slain by the Trojans, and Achilles lies,
Himself, extended mournful on the ground.

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
Illustrious, such as each particular man
Of thousands, seeing them, shall with 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
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
He cast into the forge, then, setting 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 masy and broad
Of labour exquisite, for which he form'd
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.

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
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.

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

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.
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,
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 fat
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
Decisive should pronounce the best award.
The other city by two glitt'ring hofts
Invested stood, and a dispute arose
Between the hofts, whether to burn the town
And lay all waste, or to divide the spoil.
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.
They fell; at their head Pallas and Mars
Both golden and in golden veils attired
Advanced, proportion each showing divine,
Large, prominent, and such as Gods besem'd.
Not such the people, but of humbler size.

Arriving at the spot for ambush choos'n,
A river's side, where cattle of each kind
Drank, down they fat, all arm'd in dazzling brats.
Apart from all the rest fat also down
Two spies, both looking for the flocks and herds.

Soon they appear'd, and at their side were seen
Two shepherd swains, each playing on his pipe
Careless, and of the danger nought apprized.
Swift ran the spies, perceiving their approach,
And intercepting suddenly the herds
And flocks of silver fleece, flew also those
Who fed them. The besiegers, at that time
In council, by the found alarm'd, their steeds
Mounted, and hafted, instant, to the place;
Then, standing on the river's brink they fought
And push'd each other with the brazen lance.
There Discord raged, there Tumult, and the force
Of ruthless Destiny; she now a Chief
Seized newly wounded, and now captive held
Another yet unhurt, and now a third
Dragg'd breathless through the battle by his feet,
And all her garb was dappled thick with blood.
Like living men they traversed and they strove
And dragg'd by turns the bodies of the slain.

3 T
He also graved on it a fallow field
Rich, spacious, and well-till'd. Flowers 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
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!

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 handfuls, there, they bound the sheaves.
Three binders of the sheaves their fultry 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
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.

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 trench he colour'd fable, and around
Fenced it with tin. One only path it show'd
By which the gath'rors when they stripp'd the vines
Pas's'd and repas's'd. There, youths and maidens blithe
In frails of wicker bore the luscious fruit,
While, in the midst, a boy on his shrill harp
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
Part gold, part tin. They, lowing, from the stalls
Rush'd forth to pasture by a river-side
Rapid, sonorous, fringed with whis'ring reeds.
Four golden herds'men drove the kine a-field
By nine swift dogs attended. Dreadful sprang
Two lions forth, and of the foremost herd
Seized fast a bull. Him bellowing they dragg'd,
While dogs and peasants all flew to his aid.
The lions tore the hide of the huge prey
And lapp'd his entrails and his blood. Meantime
The herds'men, 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
Spacious, and sprinkled o'er with silver sheep
Numerous, and stalls and huts and shepherds' tents.

To these the glorious Artift added next
With various skill delineated exact
A lab'rynth for the dance, such as of old
In Crete's broad ieland Dædalus composed
For bright-hair'd Ariadne. There the youths
And youth-alluring maidens, hand in hand,
Danced jocund, ev'ry maiden neat-attired
In finest linen, and the youths in veils
Well-woven, glossy as the glaze of oil.
These all wore garlands, and bright faulchions, those,
Of burnish'd gold in silver trappings hung:
They, with well-tutor'd step, now, nimbly ran
The circle, swift, as when, before his wheel
Seated, the potter twirls it with both hands
For trial of its speed, now, crossing quick
They pass'd at once into each other's place.
On either side spectators num'rous stood
Delighted, and two tumblers roll'd themselves
Between the dancers, singing as they roll'd.

Last, with the might of Ocean's boundless flood
He fill'd the border of the wond'rous shield.
When, thus, the maffy shield magnificent
He had accomplish'd, for the hero next
He forged, more ardent than the blaze of fire,
A corslet; then, a pond'rous helmet bright
Well-fitted to his brows, crested with gold,
And with laborious art divine adorn'd.
He also made him greaves of molten tin.
The armour finish'd, bearing in his hand
The whole, he set it down at Thetis' feet.
She, like a falcon, from the snowy top
Stoop'd of Olympus, bearing to the earth
The dazzling wonder fresh from Vulcan's hand.
ARGUMENT

OF THE

NINETEENTH BOOK.

Achilles is reconciled to Agamemnon, and, cloathed in new armour forged by Vulcan, leads out the Myrmidons to battle.

BOOK XIX.

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
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
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.
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
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
Like his, surpassing far all pow'r of man.
Now, therefore, I will arm. But anxious fears
Trouble me, left intrusive flies, meantime,
Breed worms within the spear-inflicted wounds
Of Menechiades, and fill with taint
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 flain
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
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
Of nectar, antidotes against decay.

And now forth went Achilles by the side
Of Ocean, calling with a dreadful shout
To
To council all the Heroes of the host.
Then, even they who in the fleet before
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.
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 feat; whom follow’d last
The King of men, by Coon in the field
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
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
Lyrneus, and by conquest made her mine!
Then had not many a Grecian, lifeless now,
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
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 I may learn, meeting them in the field,
If still the Trojans purpose at our fleet
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 Greecians brazen-greaved
Rejoiced that Peleus' mighty son had cast
His wrath aside. Then, not into the midst
Proceeding, but at his own feat, upstood
King Agamemnon, and them thus bespake.

Friends! Greecian Heroes! Ministers of Mars!
Arise who may to speak, he claims your ear.
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, beft utterance, both are vain.
I shall address Achilles. Hear my speech
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.
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,
By whom all suffer, challenges from all
Rev'rence and fear. Delicate are her feet
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,
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.
Hear all! both Gods and Goddefes, attend!
That I may make my purpose known. This day
Birth-pang-dispenfing Ilithya brings
An Hero forth to light, who, sprung from those
That sprang from me, his empire shall extend
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
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 f wor e, to his own grief and wrong.
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,
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!
I bring thee tidings. The great prince, ordain'd
To rule the Argive race, this day is born,
Euryltheus, son of Sthenelus, the son
Of Perseus; therefore he derives from thee,
Nor shall the throne of Argos shame his birth.

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
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
Unworthy, at Euryltheus' 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
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 hatt

Rouse
Rouse also. Not a promise yesternight
Was made thee by Ulysses in thy tent
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'ring are indeed sincere.

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
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, wafting wide
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
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
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
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,
Nor wearinesse perceives 'till all retire.

Come then—dismis the people with command
That each prepare replenishment. Meantime
Let Agamemnon, King of men, his gifts
In presence here of the assembled Greeks
Produce, that all may view them, and that thou
May'it 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,
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'ft want no part of just amends.
Thou too, Atrides, shalt hereafter prove
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
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
Moit truly. Let Achilles, though of pause
Impatient, suffer yet a short delay
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
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.

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
My bosom now, shall somewhat less be felt.
Our friends, by Priameian Hector slain,
Now strewed the field mangled, for him hath Jove
Exalted high, and giv'n him great renown.
But haste, now take refreshment; though, in truth,
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
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  
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  
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,  
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  
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,  
Have need of sustenance, that we may bear  
The lengthen'd conflict with recruited might,  
Cased in enduring brass.—Ye all have heard  
Your call to battle; let none lingering stand  
In expectation of a farther call,  
Which if it found, 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,
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
The seven promised tripods from the tent,
Twice ten bright cauldrons, twelve high-mettled steeds,
Sev’n lovely captives skil’d alike in arts
Domestic, of unblemish’d beauty rare,
And laft, Briseis with the blooming cheeks.

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
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 briskly forelock of the boar,

A previous off’ring. Next, with lifted hands
To Jove he pray’d, while, all around, the Greeks
Sat lift’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
Best and supreme; Earth next, and next the Sun!
And laft, who under earth the guilt avenge
Of oaths sworn falsely, let the Furies hear!

For
For no respect of amorous desire
Or other purpose, have I lay'd mine hand
On fair Briseis, 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!

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.

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,
But that the slaughter of our numerous 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
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.
But when Briseis, 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.

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!
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.
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 wouldst make me bride
Of Peleus' godlike son, that thy own ship
Should waft me hence to Phthia, and that thyself
Wouldst furnish forth among the Myrmidons
Our nuptial feast. Therefore thy death I mourn.
Ceaseless, for thou waft ever kind to me.

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
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
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 Phoenix, hoary warrior, in his tent
Abiding still, with cheerful converse kind
Essay'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.

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
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
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,
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, shouldst have wafted o'er the waves
My son from Scyros to his native home,
That thou mightst 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 stress 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 faileth.

Go, then—instill 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 Grecians 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, do frequent shone
Issuing from the fleet the dazzling casques,
Bois'd bucklers, hauberks strong, and ashen spears.
Upwent the flash to heav'n; wide all around
The champain laugh'd with beamy bras illum'd,
And tramplings of the warriors on all sides
Refounded, amidst whom Achilles arm'd.
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
Studded with silver, then his corilet bright
Braced to his bosom, his huge sword of bras
Athwart his shoulder flung, and his broad shield
Uplifted cast, luminous as the moon.
Such as to mariners a fire appears,
Kindled by shepherds on the distant top
Of some lone hill; they, driv'n by stormy winds,
Reluctant roam far off the filthy Deep,
Such from Achilles' burning shield divine
A luftre struck the skies; starlike it shone,
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
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
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 caparisons; they thrust the bits
Into their mouths, and to the chariot feat
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
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,
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,
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!
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
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
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
Suppres'd his ut'trance, and indignant, thus,
Achilles, swiftest of the swift, replied.

Why, Xanthus, prophesieft 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
Cease I from feats of arms, 'till Ilium's host
Shall have received, at length, their fill of war.

He said, and with a shout drove forth to battle.
ARGUMENT

OF THE

TWENTIETH BOOK.

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.

BOOK XX:

The Greechans, 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 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 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 fat, With ingenuity divine contrived By Vulcan for the mighty Sire of all. Thus they within the Thund'rer's palace fat

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,
And ask'd, incontinent, the mind of Jove.

King of the lightnings! wherefore haft thou call'd
The Gods to council? Haft thou aught at heart
Important to the hosts of Greece and Troy?
For on the battle's fiery edge they stand.

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,
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
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 left he anticipate the will
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
Neptune, the Greccian fleet, with whom were join'd
Mercury, teacher of all useful arts,
And Vulcan, rolling on all sides his eyes
Tremendous, but on disproportion'd legs,
Not without labour hard, halting uncouth.
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
Exulted, seeing, after tedious pause,
Achilles in the field, and terror shook
The knees of ev'ry Trojan, at the sight
Of swift Achilles like another Mars
Panting for blood, and bright in arms again.
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
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.

Thus the Immortals, ever-blest, impell'd
Both hosts to battle, and dire inroad caused
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;
Through all her base and to her topmost peak
Ida spring-fed the agitation felt

Reeling,
Reeling, all Ilium and the fleet of Greece.
Upstarted from his throne, appall’d, the King
Of Erebus, and with a cry his fears
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 found
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
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.
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.
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
Assuming, thus the Trojan Chief address’d.
Æneas!
Æneas! Trojan leader! where are now
Thy vaunts, which, banqueting erewhile among
Our princes, o'er thy brimming cups thou mad'rt,
That thou would'rt fight, thyself, with Peleus' son?

To whom Æneas answer thus return'd.
Offspring of Priam! why enjoin'rt thou me
Not so inclined, that arduous task, to cope
With the unmatch'd Achilles? I have proved
His force already, when he chafed me down
From Ida with his spear, what time he made
Seizure of all our cattle, and destroy'd
Pedafus and Lyrnessus; but I escap'd
Unilain, by Jove himself empow'r'd to fly.
Else had I fallen by Achilles' hand,
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 opposed;
For one, at last, of the Immortals stands
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
Me, though he boast a panoply of bras.

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
Drew from a Goddess of inferior note.
Thy mother is from Jove; the offspring, his,
Less noble of the hoary Ocean old.
Go, therefore, and thy conqu'ring spear uplift
Against him, nor let aught his founding'words
Appall thee, or his threats turn thee away.

So saying, with martial force the Chief he fill'd,
Who through the foremost combatants advanced
Radiant in arms. Nor pass'd Anchises' son
Unseen of Juno, through the crowded ranks
Seeking Achilles, but the Pow'rs of heav'n
Convened by her command, she thus address'd.

Neptune, and thou, Minerva! with mature
Deliberation, ponder the event.
Yon Chief, Æneas, dazzling bright in arms,
Goes to withstand Achilles, and he goes
Sent by Apollo; in despipt of whom
Be it our task to give him quick repulse,
Or, of ourselves, let some propitious Pow'r
Strengthen Achilles with a mind exempt
From terror, and with force invincible.
So shall he know that of the Gods above
The mightiest are his friends, with whom compared
The favourers of Ilium in time past,
Who stood her guardians in the bloody strife,
Are empty boasters all, and nothing worth.
For therefore came we down, that we may share
This fight, and that Achilles suffer nought
Fatal to-day, though suffer all he must
Hereafter, with his thread of life entwined
By Destiny, 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.

To whom replied the Shaker of the shores.
Juno! thy hot impatience needs control;
It ill befits thee. No desire I feel
To force into contention with ourselves
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
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,
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,
What time the monster of the Deep pursued
The Hero from the sea-bank o'er the plain.
There Neptune sat, and his confederate Gods,
Their shoulders with impenetrable clouds
O'ermantled, while the city-spoiler Mars
Sat with Apollo opposite on the hill
Callicolone, with their aids divine.
So, Gods to Gods in opposite aspect
Sat ruminating, and alike the work
All fearing to begin of arduous war,
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
Surpafling far, into the midst advanced
Impatient for the fight, Anchis’ son
Æneas, and Achilles, glorious Chief!
Æneas first, under his pond’rous casque
Nodding and menacing, advanced; before
His brealt 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;
He, viewing with disdain the foremost, spalks
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,
‘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,
Thus spake the Hero matchless in the race.
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
His throne hereafter in Troy famed-renown'd?
But shouldn't 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.
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
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 Lyrnessus safe arrived,
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'dst,
Now also. Back into thy host again;
Hence, I command thee, nor oppose in fight
My force, left evil find thee. To be taught
By suff'ring only is the part of fools.

To whom Æneas answer thus return'd.
Pelides! hope not, as I were a boy,
With words to scare me. I have also taunts

At
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
Was ne'er thy lot, nor have I thine beheld.
Thee 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
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)
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.
Dardanus was the father of a son,
King Eriphthonius, wealthiest of mankind.
Three thousand mares of his the marish grazed,
Each suckling with delight her tender foal.
Boreas, enamour'd of no few of these,
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,
And when they wanton'd on the boundless Deep,
They
They skimm'd the green wave's frothy ridge, secure.
From Eriöthonius sprang Tros, King of Troy,
And Tros was father of three famous sons,
Ilus, Affaracus, and Ganymede

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.
Ilus begat Laomedeon, and he
Five sons, Tithonus, Priam, Clytius,
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 Héctor's fire.

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
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
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
Affaire each other, as the practice is
Of women, who with heart-devouring strife
On fire, start forth into the public way
To mock each other, ut'tring, 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;  
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.  
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,  
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  
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  
Of his broad shield, where thinnest lay the brass,

* Some commentators, supposing the golden plate the outermost as the most ornamental, 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 Scholiaist in Villoislon, 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 croucht terrified, and his shield
Thrust farther from him; but the rapid beam
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
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.
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
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.
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, left if by Achilles' arm
This Hero perish, Jove himself be wroth;

For
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.
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.
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
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
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 Peleus' son, and from the shield, himself,
Of brave Æneas the bright-pointed ash
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
Of Neptune, and alighted in the rear
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
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.
But when Achilles shall have once fill'd
His destiny, in battle flain, 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
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
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 reck not. Let him go. So gladly escap'd
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,
Calling the Grecians after him.—Ye sons

Of
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,
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.
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,
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
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.
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.

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 clothed with might,
Achilles sprang to battle. First, he flew
The valiant Chief Iphition, whom a band
Num'rous obey'd. Otrynteus was his Sire.
Him to Otrynteus, city-waster Chief,
A Naiad under snowy Tmolus bore
In fruitful Hydra. Right into his front
As he advanced, Achilles drove his spear,
And rived his scull; with thundering 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 470
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
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 475
The shatter'd bone into his inmost brain,
And his fierce onset at a stroke repress'd.
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
Dragg'd round the *Heliconian King, who views
That victim with delight. So, with loud moans
The noble warrior sigh'd his soul away.
Then, spear in hand, against the godlike son
Of Priam, Polydorus, he advanced.
Not yet his father had to him indulged
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,
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
Met, and the double hauberk interposed.
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.
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 worshipped on Helicon, a mountain of Boeotia, or from Helice, an island of Achaia, where he had a temple.
No longer to remain aloof; flame-like
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
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,
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.
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.

He said, and, brandishing it, hurl'd his spear,
Which Pallas, breathing softly, wafted back
From the renown'd Achilles, and it fell
Successless at illustrious Hector's feet.
Then, all on fire to slay him, with a shout
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,
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 Phoebus, without previous suit to whom
Thou ventur’dst 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.

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,
’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 flew,
The other with his faulchion at a blow.

Tros too, Alcaeus’ son—He suppliant clasped
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
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 clasped importunate, and he
Faft by the liver gash’d him with his sword.
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 braſs, and at a thrust
Sent it, next moment, through his ear beyond.
Then, through the forehead of Agenor’s fon
Echechlus, 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 wrift he urged
The brazen point; he all defencelesſ flood,
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.
From him to Rhigmus, Pireus’ noble fon,
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
Of Areithous his charioteer,
He thruſt him from his feat; 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,
While, blown around, the flames roll to all sides,
So, on all sides, terrible as a God,
Achilles drove the death-devoted hoft
Of Ílium, and the champain ran with blood.
As when the peasant his yoked steers employs
To tread his barley, the broad-fronted pair
With pond'rous hoofs trample it out with ease,
So, by magnanimous Achilles driv'n,
His coursers solid-hoof'd stamp'd as they ran
The shields, at once, and bodies of the slain;
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.
ARGUMENT

OF THE

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

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.

BOOK XXI.

But when they came, at length, where Xanthus winds His stream vortiginous from Jove derived, There, separating Ilium's hoft, he drove Part o'er the plain to Troy in the same road By which the Greecians had so lately fled 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 With dashing found into his dizzy stream, And all his banks re-echoed loud the roar. They, struggling, shrick'd in silver eddies whirl'd.

As
As when, by violence of fire expell'd,
Locusts uplifted on the wing escape
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.
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
Of warriors smitten by the sword, and all
The waters as they ran redd'en'd with blood.
As smaller fishes, flying the pursuit
Of some huge dolphin, terrified, the creeks
And secret hollows of a haven fill,
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 select'd whom to death he doom'd,
In vengeance for his lov'd Patroclus slain.
Them stupefy'd 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.
Then, ardent still for blood, rushing again
Toward the stream, Dardanian Priam's son
He met, Lycaon, as he climb'd the bank.

Him
Him erst by night, in his own father's field
Finding him, he had led captive away.
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
His price, and, at great cost, Eetion
The guest of Jason, thence redeeming him,
Sent him to fair Arisba; but he escap'd
Thence also, and regain'd his father's house.
Eleven days, at his return, he gave
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
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
The valiant Trojans whom myself have slain
Shall rise from Erebus, for he is here,
The self-same warrior whom I lately fold
At Lemnos, free, and in the field again.
The hoary Deep is prison strong enough
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.

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
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
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.
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 send me in yon field surpris'd
For sale to sacred Lemnos, far remote,
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 arrived
Once more in Troy, and now my ruthless lot
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 Laothoe from Alta sprung;
From Alta, whom the Leleges obey
On Satnio's banks in lofty Pedasus.
His daughter to his other num'rous wives
King Priam added, and two sons she bore
Only to be deprived by thee of both.
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.

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.

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 fold.

But now, of all the Trojans whom the Gods
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?

And look on me—see'ft 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
I perish, whensoe'er 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 fat, but swift Achilles with his sword
'Twixt neck and key-bone smote him, and his blade
Of double edge fank all into the wound.
He prone extended on the champain lay
Bedewing with his fable blood the glebe,
'Till, by the foot, Achilles cast him far
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,
But swift Scamander on his giddy tide
Shall bear thee to the bosom of the sea.
There, many a fish shall through the chrysal flood
Ascending to the rippled surface, 'find
Lycaon's pamper'd flesh delicious fare.

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,
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 Scamander means devis'd, thenceforth, to check Achilles, and avert the doom of Troy.

Meantime the son of Peleus, his huge spear Graaping, affil'd Asteropæus son Of Pelegon, on fire to take his life. Fair Periboea, daughter eldest-born Of Acesflamenus, 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 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 interposed, they faced Each other, when Achilles thus began.

Who art and whence, who darest 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 My derivation? From the land I come Of mellow-foil'd Pœonia far remote, Chief leader of Pœonia's hoist spear-arm'd; This day hath also the eleventh ris'n Since I at Troy arrived. For my descent, It is from Axius river wide-diffus'd, 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

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

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 Pceonian Peleus' son

Hurl'd forth his weapon with unsparing force

But vain; he struck the floping river-bank,

And mid-length deep flood 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;

Thrice with full force he shook the beam, and thrice,

Although reluctant, left it; at his fourth

Last effort, bending it he sought to break

The ashen spear-beam of Æacides,

But perish'd by his keen-edg'd faulchion first;

For on the belly at his navel's side

He smote him; to the ground effus'd fell all

His bowels, death's dim shadows veil'd his eyes,

Achilles ardent on his bosom fix'd

His foot, def spoil'd him, and exulting cried.

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,
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—
He may not fight against Saturnian Jove.
Therefore, not kingly Acheloïus,
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
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,
Afteropæus left stretch'd on the sands,
Where, while the clear wave dash'd him, eels his flanks
And rav'ning fishes num'rous nibbled bare.
The horsed Pceonians, next, he fierce affai'd,
Who, seeing their brave Chief slain by the sword
And forceful arm of Peleus' son, beside
The eddy-whirling stream fled all dispers'd.
Thersilochus and Mydon then he fled,
Thraíus, Astypylus and Opheleites,
Ænius and Mnesus; nor had these sufficed
Achilles, but Pceonians more had fall'n,
Had not the angry River from within
His circling gulphs in semblance of a man
Call'd to him, interrupting thus his rage.

Oh
Oh both in courage and injurious deeds
Unmatch'd, Achilles! whom themselves the Gods
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
No longer down into the sacred Deep;
All vanish where thou com'ft. But Oh desist
Dread Chief! Amazement fills me at thy deeds.
To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.
River divine! hereafter be it so.
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
Affair'd the Trojans; then the circling flood
To Phoebus thus his loud complaint address'd.
Ah son of Jove, God of the silver bow!
The mandate of the son of Saturn ill
Haft thou perform'd, who, earnest, bade thee aid
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
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
Of bulls, he cast aground, but deep within
His oozy gulps the living safe conceal'd.
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 seized and branch
Luxuriant, but it fell torn from the root
And drew the whole bank after it; immersed
It damm'd the current with its ample boughs,
And join'd as with a bridge the distant shores.
Upsprang Achilles from the gulph and turn'd
His feet, now wing'd for flight, into the plain
Astonish'd; but the God, not so appeased.
Arose against him with a * darker curl,
That he might quell him and deliver Troy.
Back flew Achilles with a bound, the length
Of a spear's cast, for such a spring he own'd
As bears the black-plumed eagle on her prey
Strongest and swiftest of the fowls of air.
Like Her he sprang, and dreadful on his chest
Clang'd his bright armour. Then, with course oblique
He fled his fierce pursuer, but the flood,
Fly where he might, came thundering in his rear.
As when the peasant with his spade a rill
Conducts from some pure fountain through his grove
Or garden, clearing the obstructed course,
The pebbles, as it runs, all ring beneath,
And, as the slope still deepens, swifter still

* 'Ἀροξελαίνην.—The beauty and force of this word are wonderful; I have in vain endeavoured to do it justice.
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, effay'd
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
Wafting the soil, the stream his force subdued.
Then, looking to the skies, aloud he mourn'd.

Eternal Sire! forfaken by the Gods
I sink, none deigns to save me from the flood,
From which once savor, I would no death decline.
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 Phoebus' shafts
Swift-wing'd, beneath the battlements of Troy,
I would that Hector, noblest of his race,
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 abhor'd
Whelm'd in deep waters like a swine-herd's boy
Drown'd in wet weather while he fords a brook.

So spake Achilles; then, in human form,
Minerva stood and Neptune at his side;
Each seiz'd his hand confirming him, and thus
The mighty Shaker of the shores began.

Achilles! mod'rate thy dismay, fear nought.
In us behold, in Pallas and in me,
Effectual aids, and with consent of Jove;  
For to be vanquished 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  
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.  

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.  

He leap'd, he waded, and the current stemm'd  
Right onward, by the flood in vain opposed,  
With such might Pallas fill'd him. Nor his rage  
Scamander aught repref's'd, but still the more  
Incensed against Achilles, curl'd aloft  
His waters, and on Simoës 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.  

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  
With projects that might more befit a God.  

But
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 foal,
Sands heaping o'er him and around him sands
Infinite, that no Greek shall find his bones
For ever, in my bottom deep immerced.
There shall his tomb be piled, nor other earth,
At his last rites, his friends shall need for Him.

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.

Shriek'd Juno at that fight, terrified left
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.
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
The banks of Xanthus, fire his trees and Him
Seize also. Let him by no specious guile
Of flatt'ry sooth thee, or by threats appall,
Nor flack thy furious fires 'till with a shout
I give command, then bid them cease to blaze.
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
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.
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,
All languish'd while the Artift of the skies
Breathed on them; even Xanthus loft, 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.
Cease, cease. I reck 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
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 sature the roots.—
See Villoislon.  
† Ἀμπολάδην.

4 C 2
On all sides, while the dry wood flames beneath,
So Xanthus bubbled and his pleasant flood
Hiss’d in the fire, nor could he longer flow
But check’d his current, with hot flames annoy’d.
By Vulcan raised: 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
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
Of Greece shall set all Ilion 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.

Then Vulcan his tremendous fires repress’d,
And down into his gulpy channel rush’d:
The refluent flood; for, when the force was once
Subdued of Xanthus, Juno interposed,
Although incensed, herself to quell the strife.

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 heavens
Sang them together with a trumpet’s voice.

Jove liff’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
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'lt not, how, urged by thee, the son
Of Tydeus, Diomede, 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.

So saying, her shield he smote tassell'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,
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.
The goddess 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'lt thou cope with me?
Now feel the furies of thy mother's ire.
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
Recov'ring flow, Venus conducted thence
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 holt of heav'n.
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,
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!
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. Phoebus! wherefore stand
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
Alike and knowledge thine surpass so far,
It suits not. Oh stupidity! how gross
Art thou and senseless! Are no traces left
In thy remembrance of our num'rous wrongs
Sustain'd at Ilium, when, of all the Gods
Ourselves alone, by Jove's commandment, served
For stipulated hire, a year complete,
Our task-master the proud Laomedon?
Myself a bulwark'd town, spacious, secure
Against assault, and beautiful as strong
Built for the Trojans, and thine office was
To feed for King Laomedon his herds
Among the groves of Ida many-valed.
But when the gladsome hours the season brought
Of payment, then the unjust King of Troy
Dismiss'd us of our whole reward amerced
By violence, and added threats beside.
Thee into distant isles, bound hand and foot,
To fell he threaten'd, and to amputate
The ears of both; we, therefore, hafted thence
Refenting deep our promis'd hire withheld.
Aid'ft thou for this the Trojans? Can'ft thou lefs
Than seek, with us, to exterminate the whole
Perfidious race, wives, children, husbands, all?
To whom the King of radiant shafts Apollo.
Me, Neptune, thou wouldst deem, thyself, unwise
Contending for the sake of mortal men
With thee; a wretched race, who like the leaves
Now flourish rank, by fruits of earth sustain'd,
Now sapless fall. Here, therefore, us between
Let all strife cease, 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 reproved.

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
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 comfort of the Thund'r'er, fired
With wrath, reprov'd the Archers of heav'n.

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 lioness to womankind,
Killing them at thy pleasure? Ah beware—
Far easier is it, on the mountain-heights
To slay wild beasts and chafe the roving hind,
Than to conflict with mightier than ourselves.

But, if thou wish a lesson on that theme,
Approach—Thou shalt be taught with good effect
How far my force in combat pafTes 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,
And, smiling, imote 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
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.
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
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.

Daughter belov'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 comfort fair
My sorrow caused, from whom dispute and strife
Perpetual, threaten the Immortal Pow'rs.

Thus they in heav'n mutual confer'd. Meantime
Apollo into sacred Troy return'd
Mindful to guard her bulwarks, left the Greeks
Too soon for Fate should desolate the town.
The other Gods, some angry, some elate
With victory, the Olympian heights regain'd,
And fat beside the Thund'rer. But the son
Of Peleus—He both Trojans flew and steeds.
As when in volumes flow smoke climbs the skies
From some great city which the Gods have fired
Vindicitive, sorrow thence to many ensues.
With mischief, and to all labour severe,
So caused Achilles labour, on that day,
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 loft. Descending from the tow'r
With mournful cries and hasting to the wall
He thus enjoin'd the keepers of the gates.

Hold wide the portals 'till the flying hoist
Re-enter, for himself is nigh, himself
Achilles drives them home. Now, woe to Troy!
But soon as safe within the walls received
They breathe again, shut fast the pond'rous gates
At once, left that destroyer also pass.

He said; they, shooting back the bars, threw wide
The gates and saved the people, whom to aid
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,
Ilion, the city of lofty gates, had fall'n
Won
Won by the Grecians, had not Phoebus roused
Antenor’s valiant son, the noble Chief
Agenor; him with dauntless might he fill’d,
And shielding him against the stroke of fate
Beside him stood himself, by the broad beech
Cover’d and wrapt in clouds. Agenor, then,
Seeing the city-wafting hero nigh
Achilles, stood, but standing, felt his mind
Troubled with doubts; he groan’d, and thus he mused.

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
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
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
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
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 transfixed, the fight
Still tries, and combats des'pair'd 'till she fall,
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
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' fake
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
Tremendous rang, but quick recoil'd and vain
The weapon, weak against that guard divine.
Then sprang Achilles in his turn to affail
Godlike Agenor, but Apollo took
That glory from him, snatching wrapt in clouds
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 pursu'd.
While Him Apollo thus lured to the chase
Wide
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
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.
ARGUMENT
OF THE
TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.

Achilles slays Hector.

BOOK 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,
And Hector, by his adverse fate ensnared,
Still flood exposed before the Scæan gate.
Then spoke Apollo thus to Peleus’ son.

Wherefore, thyself mortal, pursu’st thou me
Immortal? oh Achilles! blind with rage,
Thou know’st not yet, that thou pursu’st a God.
Unmindful of thy proper task, to press
The flying Trojans, thou haft hither turn’d
Devious, and they are all now safe in Troy;
Yet hope not me to slay; I cannot die.

To whom Achilles swiftest of the swift,
Indignant. Oh, of all the Pow’rs above
To me most adverse, Archer of the skies!
Thou haft beguiled me, leading me away

From
From Ilium far, whence intercepted, elfe,
No few had at this moment gnaw'd the glebe.
Thou haft defrauded me of great renown,
And, safe thyfelf, haft rescued them with eafe.
Ah—had I pow'r, I would requite thee well.

So faying, incenfed he turned toward the town
His rapid course, like fome victorious feed
That whirls, at ftrech, a chariot to the goal.
Such feem'd Achilles, courfing light the field.

Him, first, the antient King of Troy perceived
Scouring the plain, refplendent as the star
Autumnal, of all fars in dead of night
Confcipuous moft, and named Orion's dog;
Brightefl it fhines, but ominous, and dire
Difeafe portends to miserable man;
So beam'd Achilles' armour as he flew.

Loud wail'd the hoary King; with lifted hands
His head he fmore, and, ut'ring doleful cries
Of fupplication, fued to his own fon.
He, fixt before the gate, defirous ftood
Of combat with Achilles, when his Sire
With arms outftretch'd toward him, thus began.

My Hector! wait not, oh my fon! th' approach
Of this dread Chief, alone, left premature
Thou die, this moment by Achilles flain,
For he is ftrongefl far. Oh that the Gods
Him lov'd as I! then, foon fhou'd vultures rend
And dogs his carcafe, and my grief fhould ceafe.
He hath unchilded me of many a fon,
All valiant youths, whom he hath flain or fold

To
To distant isles, and, even now, I miss
Two sons, whom since the shutting of the gates
I find not, Polydorus and Lycaon,
My children by Laothoe the fair.
If they survive pris'ners in yonder camp,
I will redeem them with the gold and brails
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
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
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
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 faulchion of some Greek hath laid me low.
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 marlike youth in battle slain,
And when he lies torn by the pointed steel,
His death becomes him well; he is secure,
Though dead, from shame, whatever next befalls.
But when the silver locks and silver beard
Of an old man flain by the sword, from dogs
Receive dishonour, of all ills that wait
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,
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 tooth'd, oh now, my son!
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
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 flood,
Expecting vast Achilles now at hand.
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,
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
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
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
Achilles, or that, by Achilles slain,
I died not nobly in defence of Troy.
But shall I thus? Lay down my boffy shiel’d,
Put off my helmet, and my spear recline
Against the city wall, then go myself
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
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?
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.
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
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.
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.
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
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 τιν πολυλογαν τη αναλυψις ιχθυσατο.
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.
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
For cold, or snow, or chrysal-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,
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
For sacrifice, or for the hide of fuch,
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
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
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
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?

Whom answer'd thus Pallas cærulean-eyed.
Dread Sov'reign of the storms! 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.

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.

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
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
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.

* 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 Hec'tor his impending fate
Eluded, had not Phoebus, at his laft,
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, forbad the people to dismiss
A dart at Hec'tor, left a meaner hand
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

For Hec'tor, balancing the doom of both.
Grasping it in the midst, he rais'd the beam.
Down went the fatal day of Hec'tor, down
To Ades, and Apollo left his side.

Then blue-eyed Pallas hasting to the son
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.
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,
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
Approaching of Deiphobus, his ear
In accents, as of pity, thus addres'd.
Ah brother! thou art overtak'd, around
The walls of Troy by swift Achilles driv'n;
But stand, that we may chase him in his turn.

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 haft not fear'd, seeing me, for my sake
To quit the town, where others rest content.
To whom the Goddes, thus, cærul ean-eyed.
Brother! our parents with much earnest suit
Clasping my knees, and all my friends implored me
To stay in Troy (such fear hath seiz'd on all)
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.  
So saying, the wily Goddes led the way.  
They soon, approaching each the other, flood  
Opposite, and huge Hector thus began.  

Pelides! I will fly thee now no more.  
Thrice I have compass'd Priam's spacious walls  
A fugitive, and have not dared abide  
Thy onset, but my heart now bids me stand  
Dauntless, and I will fly, or will be slain.  
But come. We will attest the Gods; for they  
Are fittest both to witness and to guard  
Our covenant. If Jove to me vouchsafe  
The hard-carn'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.  

To whom Achilles, louring dark, replied.  
Hector! my bitt'rest 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  
Each other by a law not to be changed,  
So cannot amity subsist between  
Thee and myself; nor league make I with thee  
Or compaßt, 'till thy blood in battle shed  
Or mine, shall gratify the fiery Mars.  

Roufe
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
In thy unsparing fury flain by thee.

He said, and, brandishing the Pelian ash,
Dismis'd it; but illustrious Hec tor warn'd,
Couch'd low, and, overflying him, it pierced
The foil beyond, whence Pallas plucking it
Unseen, restore'd it to Achilles' hand,
And Hec tor 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,
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 tranfpucre me there.
Meantime avoid my glitt'ring spear, but oh
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
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,
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.

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 deliverers, chose this lot for me, And now it finds me. But I will not fall

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 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 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 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.

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;
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 unimpaired, but in the dust he fell,
And the exulting conqueror exclaim'd.

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,
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,
And by thy *knees, oh let not Greekian 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
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
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
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.

Then, dying, warlike Hector thus replied.
Full well I knew before, how suit of mine
Should speed preferr’d to thee. Thy heart is steel.
But oh, while yet thou liv’st, think, left the Gods
Requite thee on that day, when pierced thyself
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 fought, mourning in her descent
Youth’s prime and vigour lost, disast’rous 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
His brazen spear, placed it apart, then stripp’d
His arms gore-štain’d. Meantime the other sons
Of the Achaians, gath’ring faft around,
The bulk admired, and the proportion just
Of Hector, neither stood a Grecian there
Who pierced him not, and thus the soldier 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
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,
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 undeeplored,
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.

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 rever’d.

* The lines of which these three are a translation, are supposed by some to have been designed for the ἔπαινος, or song of victory sung by the whole army.
He said; then purposing dishonour foul
To noble Hector, both his feet he bored
From heel to ancle, and, inferring thongs,
Them tied behind his chariot, but his head
Left unsustain'd to trail along the ground.

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,

For Jove had given 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
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.

His people scarce detain'd the antient King
Grief-stung, 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.

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;
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
(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!

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,
My glory waft 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.

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,
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.
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,
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.
Some mischief, sure, o'er Priam's sons impends.
Far be such tidings from me! but I fear
Horribly, left Achilles, cutting off
My dauntless Hector from the gates alone,
Enforce him to the field, and quell perhaps
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
And frantic air abroad, by her two maids
Attend'd; 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 Ilion, dragg'd
So horribly toward the fleet of Greece,
O'erwhelm'd with sudden darkness at the view
Fell backward, with a fight heard all around.
Far distant flew dispersed her head-attire,
Twist, frontlet, diadem, and ev'n the veil
By
By golden Venus giv'n her on the day
When Hector led her from Eetion'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
Fast held her *loathing life; but she, her breath
At length and sense recover'd, 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,
And I in Hypoplacian Thebes wood-crown'd
Beneath Eetion'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
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.
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,
And equal playmate in one day deprived,
To sad looks doom'd, and never-ceasing tears.

* It is an observation of the Scholiasts, 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 ἄντικαρθον ἀπολήσθαν.
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,
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, limiting him, reproachful cries—
Away—Thy father is no guest of ours—
Then, weeping, to his widow'd mother comes
Aṣṭyanax, 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, flept ever on the softest bed,
Warm in his nurse's arms, fed to his fill
With delicacies, and his heart at rest.
But now, Aṣṭyanax (so named in Troy
For thy sake, guardian of her gates and tow'rs)
His father lost, must many a pang endure.
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
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.
So, weeping, she; to whom the multitude
Of Trojan dames responsive sigh'd around.
ARGUMENT
OF THE
TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.

The body of Patroclus is burned, and the funeral games ensue.

BOOK XXIII.

Such mourning was in Troy; meantime the Greeks
Their galleys and the shores of Hellepont
Regaining, each to his own ship retired.
But not the Myrmidons; Achilles them
Close rank'd in martial order still detain'd,
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
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,
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
His homicidal hands, Achilles thus
The shade of his Patroclus, hied, bespoke.

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
Hector dragg'd hither to be torn by dogs
Piecemeal, and would before thy fun'ral pile
The necks disflever of twelve Trojan youths
Of noblest rank, resentful of thy death.

He said, and meditating foul disgrace
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 fat
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 saginated boar bright-tusk'd,
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
With difficulty, such his anger was,
And deep resentment of his slayer'd friend.
Soon then as Agamemnon's tent they reach'd,
The Sov'reign bade his heralds kindle fire

Around
Book XXIII.  Homer's Iliad.  597

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
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
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
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,
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
Amidst his Myrmidons, where space he found
With blood unslain'd beside the dashing wave.
There, soon as sleep, deliverer of the mind,
Wrapp'd him around (for much his noble limbs

With
With chase of Hec tor round the battlements
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, ho'ring o'er his head, the form address'd.

Sleep'lt thou, Achilles! of thy friend become
Heedless? Him living, thou didst not neglect
Whom thou negleceft dead. Give me a tomb
Instant, that I may pass the infernal gates.
For now, the shades and spirits of the dead
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;
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
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
Menoeceus 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 tenderness
Received and cherish'd me, and call'd me thine)
So, let one vase inclose, at last, our bones,
The golden vase, thy Goddess mother's gift.

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.

Ah, lov'd and honour'd! wherefore hast thou come?
Why thus enjoin'd me? I will all perform
With diligence that thou hast now desired.
But nearer stand, that we may mutual clasp
Each other, though but with a short embrace,

And sad satiety of grief enjoy.

He said, and stretch'd his arms toward the shade,
But him seiz'd not; shrill-clamouring and light
As smoke, the spirit pass'd into the earth.
Amazed, upspring Achilles, clasp'd aloud
His palms together, and thus, sad, exclaim'd.

Ah then, ye Gods! there doubtless are below
The soul and semblance both, but empty forms;
For all night long, mourning, disconsolate,
The soul of my Patroclus, hapless friend!

Hath hover'd o'er me, giving me in charge
His last requests, just image of himself.

So saying, he call'd anew their sorrow forth,
And rosy-palm'd Aurora found them all
Mourning afresh the pitiable dead.

Then royal Agamemnon call'd abroad
Mules and mule-drivers from the tents in haste
To gather wood. Uprose a valiant man,
Friend of the virtuous Chief Idomeneus,

Meriones,
Meriones, who led them to the task.

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
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,
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
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
Achilles issu'd to his warriors bold,
That all should gird their armour, and the steeds
Join to their chariots; undelaying each
Complied, and in bright arms soon array'd.
Then mounted combatants and charioteers.

First, moved the chariots, next, the infantry
Proceeded num'rous, amid whom his friends,
Bearing the body of Patroclus, went.
They polled their heads, and cover'd him with hair
Show'd
Show'rd over all his body, while behind
Noble Achilles march'd the Hero's head
Sustaining sorrowful, for to the realms
Of Ades a distinguishing friend he sent.

And now, arriving on the ground erewhile
Mark'd by Achilles, setting down the dead,
They heap'd the fuel quick, a lofty pile.
But Peleus' son, on other thoughts intent,
Retiring from the fun'r'al pile, shore off
His amber ringlets, whose exub'rant growth
Sacred to Sperchius he had kept unshorn,
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,
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'lt unperform'd. Since, therefore, never more
I see my native home, the Hero these
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
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
Satiate ourselves hereafter; but, the host
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,
He scatter'd instant to their several 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
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
Administering, and Peleus' son the fat
Taking from ev'ry victim, overspread
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,
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 slaying, (for his heart
Teem'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!

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 deßine to the dogs.

So threaten’d he; but Him no dogs devour’d;

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
A veil of fable clouds from heav’n to earth,
O’ershadowing broad the space where Hector lay,
Left parching funs intense should stiffen him.

But the pile kindled not. Then, Peleus’ son
Seeking a place apart, two winds in pray’r
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.

Iris, his supplications hearing, swift
Convey’d them to the winds; they, in the hall
Banquetting of the heavy-blowing West,
Sat frequent. Iris, sudden at the gate
Appear’d; they, at the sight upstarting all,
Invited each the Goddes to himself.

But
But she refused a seat and thus she spake.
    I sit not here. Borne over Ocean's stream
Again, to Æthiopia's land I go
Where hecatombs are offer'd to the Gods,
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
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
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
From golden beakers fill'd, Achilles stood
With large libations soaking 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
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.
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
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 fir and din
Of Agamemnon's train. He sat erect,
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
Of Menætiades, 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.

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
The Greecians 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
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.

Desining, next, the compass of the tomb
They mark'd its boundary with stones, then fill'd
The wide enclosure haftily with earth,
And, having heap'd it to its height, return'd.

But all the people, by Achilles still
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.

First, to the chariot-drivers he proposed
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
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
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.
† Φίλαμος—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,
Atrides, and ye Chiefs of all the hoft!
Thefe prizes, in the circus placed, attend
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.
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
As they have loft, who many a time hath cleansed
Their manes with water of the chryftal brook,
And made them fleek, himfelf, with limpid oil.
Him, therefore, mourning, motionless they ftand
With hair dishevell'd, ftreaming to the ground.
But ye, whoever of the hoft profeft
Superior skill, and glory in your steeds
And well-built chariots, for the strife prepare!

So fpoke Pelides, and the charioteers,
For fpeed renown'd, arose. Long ere the reft
Eumelus, King of men, Admetus' fon
Arose, accomplifh'd in equeftrian arts.
Next, Tydeus' fon, brave Diomede, arose;
He yoked the Trojan courfers by himself
In battle from Æneas won, what time
Apollo faved their master. Third, upftood
The fon of Atreus with the golden locks,
Who to his chariot Agamemnon's mare

Swift
Swift Æthe and his own Podargus join'd.
Her Echepolus from Anchises sprung
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.
Her wing'd with ardour, Menelaus yoked.
Antilochus, arising fourth, his steeds
Bright-maned prepared, son of the valiant King
Of Pylus, Neftor Neleïades.
Of Pylian breed were they, and thus his fire,
With kind intent approaching to his side,
Advised him, of himself not uninformed.

Antilochus! Thou art, I know, belov'd
By Jove and Neptune both, from whom, though young,
Thou hast received knowledge of ev'ry art
Equestrian, and hast little need to learn.
Thou know'ft already how to trim the goal
With nicest skill, yet wondrous flow of foot
Thy coursers are, whence evil may ensue.
But though their steeds be swifter, I account
Thee wife, 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
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
Trufts only, wanders here and wanders there
Unsteady, while his couriers loosely rein'd
Roam wide the field; not so the charioteer
Of found intelligence; he though he drive
Inferior steeds, looks ever to the goal
Which close he clips, not ignorant to check
His couriers at the first, but with tight rein
Ruling his own, and watching those before.

Now mark; I will describe so plain the goal
That thou shalt know it surely. A dry ftump
Extant above the ground an ell in height
Stands yonder; either oak it is, or pine
More likely, which the weather least impairs.
Two ftones, both white, flank it on either hand.
The way is narrow there, but smooth the course
On both fides. It is either, as I think,
A monument of one long fince deceas'd,
Or was, perchance, in antient days design'd,
As now by Peleus' mighty fon, a goal.
That mark in view, thy steeds and chariot push
Near to it as thou may'ft; then, in thy feat
Inclining gently to the left, prick fmart
Thy right-hand horse challenging him aloud,
And give him rein; but let thy left-hand horse
Bear on the goal fo closely, that the nave
* And felly of thy wheel may feem to meet.
Yet fear to strike the stone, left foul disgrace

* This could not happen unlefs the felly of the wheel were nearly horizontal to the eye of the fpeculator, in which cafe the chariot muft be infallibly overturned.—There is an obfcurity in the passage which none of the commentators explain. The Scholiasts, 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 jeste.
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,
Although Arion in thy rear he drove
Adraustus' rapid horse of race divine,
Or those, Troy's boast, bred by Laomedon.

So Neætor spake, inculcating with care
On his son's mind these lessons in the art,
And to his place retiring, sat again.
Meriones his couriers 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
Of Neætor's son Antiloachus, 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 Diomede

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.

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

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; crest
The drivers stood; emulous, ev'ry heart
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
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,
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.
Then had Tydides pass'd him, or had made
Decision dubious, but Apollo strik'd,
† Refentful, from his hand the glitt'ring scourge.
Fast roll'd the tears indignant down his cheeks,
For he beheld the mares with double speed
Flying, and, of the spur deprived, his own
Retarded steeds continual thrown behind.
But not unnoticed by Minerva pass'd

* Eumelus.
† Refentful of the attack made on him by Diomede in the fifth book.
The art by Phoebus practis'd to impede
The son of Tydeus, whom with winged haste
Following, she gave to him his scourge again,
And with new force his lagging steeds inspired.
Eumelus, next, the angry Gods swift
Pursuing, snapt his yoke; wide flew the mares
Asunder, and the pole fell to the ground.
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 choke'd his voice.
Then, far outstripping all, Tydides push'd
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.

Away—now stretch ye forward to the goal.
I bid you not to an unequal strife
With those of Diomed, for Pallas them
Quickens that he may conquer, and the Chief
So far advanced makes competition vain.
But reach the son of Atreus, fly to reach
His steeds, incontinent; ah, be not shamed
For ever, foil'd by Æthe, by a mare!
Why fall ye thus behind, my noblest steeds?
I tell you both, and ye shall prove me true,
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—
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 Neftor's son
Now saw the hollow freight mark'd by his Sire.
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,
Antilochus. Then Menelaus fear'd,
And with loud voice the son of Neftor 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
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
By some broad-shoulder'd youth for trial hurl'd:
Of manhood flies, so far Antilochus
Shot forward, but the courfers fell behind
Of Atreus' son, who now abated much.
By choice his driving, left, the steeds of both
Justling, 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
Like thee for love of mischief. Go, extoll'd
For wisdom falsely by the sons of Greece.
Yet, trust me, not without an oath, the prize
Thus fouly fought shall even now be thine.

He said, and to his courser call'd aloud.

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
The Greecians, 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,
And hearing, though remote, the driver's voice
Chiding his steeds, knew it, and knew beside
The leader horse distinguishing'd by his hue,
Cheestnut throughout, save that his forehead bore
A splendid blazon white, round as the moon.

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 desery at hand
A different 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
From side to side the whole broad plain of Troy.
Either the charioteer had flipp’d the reins,
Or rounded not successfully the goal
Through want of guidance. Thrown, as it should seem,
Forth from his feat, he hath his chariot maim’d,
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,
The Hero Tydeus’ son, brave Diomede.

But Ajax Oiliades the swift
Him sharp reproved. Why art thou always giv’n
To prate, Idomeneus? thou seest the mares,
Remote indeed, but postling to the goal.
Thou art not youngest of the Argives here
So much, nor from beneath thy brows look forth
Quick-sighted more than ours, thine eyes abroad,
Yet still thou pratest, although silence more
Should suit thee, among wiser far than thou.
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 rudeneses, though in all beside thou fall
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'st learn.

He said; then sudden from his seat upsprang

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

From bitter speech offensive, and such terms
As ill become you, Ye would feel, yourselves,
Resentment, should another act as ye.

Survey the course, peaceable, from your seats;
The charioteers, by competition wing'd,
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

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.

He stood in the mid-circus; there the sweat
Rain'd under them from neck and chest profuse,
And Diomede from his resplendent feat
Leaping, reclined his scourge against the yoke.

Nor was his friend brave Sthenelus remiss,
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, Neoptor's son, whom yet
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 foxy sweeps
That close attends him o'er the spacious plain,
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 encresing speed the mare
Bright-maned of Agamemnon, Æthe, ran;
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
Of King Idomeneus, a lance's flight,
For lowest 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
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
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 Neftor ris'n,
Antilochus, who pleaded thus his right.

Achilles! acting as thou hast proposed,
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
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 courfers; hindmost of us all arrived.
But if thou pity him, and deem it good,
Thou hast much gold, much brafs, and many sheep
In thy pavilion; thou hast maidens fair,
And courfers also. Of thy proper stores
Hereafter give to him a richer prize
Than this, or give it now, so shall the Greeks
Applaud thee; but this mare yield I to none;
Stand forth the Greecian who desires to win
That recompence, and let him fight with me.

He ended, and Achilles, godlike Chief,
Smiled on him, gratulating his success,
Whom much he lov'd; then, ardent, thus replied.

Antilochus! if thou wouldst wish me give
Eumelus of my own, ev'n so I will.
I will present to him my corflet bright
Won from Afteropæus, edg'd around
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.
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.

Antilochus! oh heretofore discrete!
What hast thou done? Thou hast dishonour'd foul
My skill, and wrong'd my courser, throwing thine,
Although inferior far, by fraud before them.
Ye Chiefs and Senators of Argos' host!
Impartial judge between us, left, 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.
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
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.
Oh royal Menelaus! patient bear
The fault of one thy junior far, in years
Alike unequal and in worth to thee.
Thou know'st how rash is youth, and how propens
To pass the bounds by decency prescribed,
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
Defervedly 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.
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.

Antilochus! exasperate though I were,
Now, such no longer, I relinquish glad
All strife with thee, for that at other times
Thou never inconsiderate wast or light,
Although by youthful heat mis-led to day.
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,
On my behalf; I, therefore, yield, subdued
By thy entreaties, and the mare, though mine,
Will also give thee, that these Grecians all
May
May know me neither proud nor hard to appease.

So saying, the mare he to Noëmon gave,

Friend of Antilochus, and, well-content,
The polish’d cauldron for his prize receiv’d.
The fourth awarded lot (for he had fourth
Arrived) Meriones asserted next,
The golden talents; but the phial still
Left unappropriated Achilles bore
Across the circus in his hand, a gift
To antient Neftor, whom he thus bespake.

Thou also, oh my father! this accept,
Which, in remembrance of the fun’ral rites
Of my Patroclus, keep, for him thou feest
Among the Greeks no more. Receive a prize,
Thine by gratuity; for thou shalt wield
The cætus, wrestle, at the spear contend,
Or in the foot-race (fallen as thou art
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 loft)
No longer, darted from the shoulder, spring
At once to battle. Ah that I could grow
Young yet again, could feel again such force.
Athletic, as when in Buprasium erit
The Epeans with sepulchral pomp entomb’d
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
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
Alone surpass'd me, being two for one,
And jealous both left 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,
*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 outshine the best.
But go. The fun'ral of thy friend with games
Proceed to celebrate; I accept thy gift
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!

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 proposed, not lightly to be won,
The boxer's prize. He tether'd down a mule,
Untamed and hard to tame, but strong to toil,

* The repetition follows the Original.
And
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!
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.

He spake, and at his word a Greek arose
Big, bold, and skilful in the boxer's art,
Epeús, son of Panopeus; his hand
He on the mule imposed, and thus he said.

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.
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.

He ended, and his speech found no reply.
One godlike Chief alone, Euryalus,
Son of the King Mecistæus, who, himself,
Sprang from Talaion, opposite arose.
He, on the death of Oedipus, at Thebes Contending in the games held at his tomb, Had overcome the whole Cadmean race. Him Diomede spear-famed for fight prepared, 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. Then, lifting high their brawny arms, and fists Mingling with fists, to furious fight they fell; Dire was the craft of jaws, and the sweat stream'd From ev'ry limb. Epeús fierce advanced, And while Euryalus with cautious eye Watch'd his advantage, past'd him on the cheek. He stood no longer, but, his shapely limbs, Unequal to his weight, finking, he fell. As by the rising North-wind driv'n ashore An huge fish flounces on the weedy beach, Which soon the fable flood covers again, So, beaten down, he bounded. But Epeús, Heroic Chief, uprais'd him by his hand, And his own comrades from the circus forth Led him, step dragging after step, the blood 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.

* παρανεπελ.  
+ With which they bound on the caelus.  

Still
Still other prizes, then, Achilles placed
In view of all, the sturdy wrestler’s meed.
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
Of arts domestic, valued at four beeves.
He rose erect, and to the Greeks he cried.

Ari’s ye, now, who shall this prize dispute.
So spake the son of Peleus; then arose
Huge Telamonian Ajax, and up stood
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 artift, proof against all winds.

Their backs, tugg’d vehemently, * creak’d, the sweat
Trickled, and on their flanks and shoulers, red
The whelks arose; they bearing still in mind
The tripod, ceas’d not struggling for the prize.
Nor could Ulysses from his station move
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!
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

* τετράγωνον.—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 Villoisson.
Chopp’d him; the limbs of Ajax at the stroke
Disabled fank; he fell supine, and bore
Ulysses close adhering to his chest
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
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.

Strive not together more; ceafe 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
The dust, put on their tunics. Then again
Achilles other prizes yet proposed,
The rapid runner’s meed. First, he produced
A silver goblet of fix measures; earth
Own’d not its like for elegance of form.
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 Jafon’s son, Euneüs, in exchange

* I have given what seems to me the most probable interpretation, and such a one
as to any person who has ever witnec’d a wrestling-match, will, I presume, appear
intelligible.  
† King of Lemnos.

For
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 fatt'd ox receive
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
Swift Ajax Oiliades; upspring
The shrewd Ulysses next, and after him
Brave Neftor's son Antilochus, with whom
None vied in speed of all the youths of Greece.
They stood prepared. Achilles show'd the goal.
At once all started. Oiliades
Led swift the course, and closely at his heels
Ulysses ran. Near as some cinctor'd maid
Industrious, holds the distaff to her breast,
While to and fro with practis'd finger neat
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
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.
Oh Goddess hear, prosper me in the race!
Such was his pray'r, with which Minerva pleased,
Freshe'n'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
Sliding, he fell; for where the dung of beeves
Slain by Achilles for his friend, had spread
The soil, there * Pallas tripp'd him. Ordure foul
His mouth, and ordure foul his nostrils fill'd.
Then brave Ulysses, first arriving, feized
The cup, and Ajax took his prize, the ox.
He grasp'd his horn, and sput'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.
Loud laugh'd the Greeians. Then, the remnant prize
Antilochus receiving, smil'd and said.
Ye need not, fellow-warriors, to be taught
That now, as ever, the immortal Gods
Honour on seniorty bestow.
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.
So saying, the merit of superior speed
To Peleus' son he gave, who thus replied.
Antilochus! thy praise of me shall prove
Nor vain nor unproductive to thyself,

* That is to say, Ulysses; who from the first intending it, had run close behind him.
For the half-talent doubled shall be thine.

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.

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
Of his antagonist, and shall draw his blood,
To Him this silver-studded faulchion bright
I give; the blade is Thracian, and of late
Afteropæus wore it, whom I slew.

These other arms shall be their common meed,
And I will banquet both within my tent.

He said; then Telamonian Ajax huge
Arose, and opposite the son arose
Of warlike Tydeus, Diomede the brave.

Apart from all the people each put on
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
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
Of Ajax, bade them, ceasing, share the prize.
But the huge faulchion with its sheath and belt—
Achilles them on Diomedebelow'd.
The Hero, next, an iron clod produced
Rough from the forge, and wont to task the might
Of King Eetion; but, when him he flew,
Pelides, glorious Chief, with other spoils
From Thebes convey'd it in his fleet to Troy.
He stood cre'd, and to the Greeks he cried.
Come forth who also shall this prize dispute!
How far foe'er remote the winner's fields,
This lump shall serve his wants five circling years;
His shepherd shall not, or his plower, need
In quest of iron seek the distant town,
But hence he shall himself their wants supply.

Then Polypætes brave in sight arose,
Arose Leonteus also, godlike Chief,
With Ajax son of Telamon. Each took
His station, and Epeüs seized the clod.
He swung, he cast it, and the Grecians laugh'd.
Leonteus, branch of Mars, quoited it next.
Huge Telamonian Ajax with strong arm
Dismisse'd it third, and overpitch'd them both.
But when brave Polypætes seized the mass,
Far as the vig'rous herdsman flings his staff
That twirling flies his num'rous beeves between,
So far his cast outmeasur'd all beside,
And the hoist shouted. Then the friends arose
Of Polypætes valiant Chief, and bore

His
His pond'rous acquisition to the ships.

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 caerulean-prow'd, to which
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,
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
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) mis'sd the dove, but struck the cord
That tied her, at small distance from the knot,
And with his arrow fever'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
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 the pinion; through her and beyond her pas’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, but, soon expiring, dropp’d and fell remote. Amazement seizes 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
A ponderous spear and cauldron yet unfired, embossed 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 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; 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 the cauldron, next, his own illustrious prize.
ARGUMENT
OF THE
TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK.

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.

BOOK 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
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
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

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 Menoetius
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
Cov'ring, preserved him, although dragg'd, un torn.

While he, indulging thus his wrath, disgraced
Brave Hector, the Immortals, at that fight
With pity moved, exhorted Mercury
The watchful Argus to steal him thence.

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
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,
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

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
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,
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
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, flays
Illustrious Hector first, then drags his corse
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
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
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 nourisht, and on my lap
Fondled, and in due time to Peleus gave
In marriage, to a Chief belov'd in heav'n
Peculiarly; ye were yourselves, ye Gods!
Partakers of the nuptial feast, and thou
Waft present also with thine harp in hand,
Thou comrade of the vile! thou faithles ever!

Then anfwer 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
Most favour'd by the Gods, and him no lefs
I also loved, for punctual were his gifts
To us; mine altar never miffed from him
Libation, or the stem of sacrifice,
The meed allotted to us from of old.
But steal him not, since by Achilles' eye
Unseen ye cannot, who both day and night
Watches him, as a mother tends her fon.
But call ye Thetis hither, I would give
The Goddess counfel, that, at Priam's hands
Accepting gifts, Achilles loose the dead.

* This is the fene preferred by the Scholiasf, 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 sudden down she rush'd,
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
Encompaß'd; she, amid them all, the fate
Wept of her noble son ordain'd to death
At fertile Troy, from Phthia far remote.
Then, Iris, drawing near, her thus addresst'd.

Arise, O Thetis! Jove, the author dread
Of everlast'ing counsels, calls for thee.
To whom the Goddes 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.

So saying, the Goddes 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
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 consoledatory 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.

Goddes of ocean, Thetis! thou hast fought
Olympus, bearing in thy bosom grief
Never to be assuaged, as well I know.
Yet shalt thou learn, afflicted as thou art,
Why I have summon'd thee. Nine days the Gods,
Concerning Hécetor's body and thy own
Brave city-spoiler son, have held dispute,
And some have urged oft-times the Argicide
Keen-fighted Mercury, to steal the dead.
But I forbad it for Achilles' sake,
Whom I exalt, the better to insure
Thy rev'rence and thy friendship evermore.
Hasten, therefore, seek 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,
Unransom'd Hécetor; 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
Achilles, for redemption of his son.

So spake 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
To and fro, occupied around a sheep
New-slaughter'd, large, and of exuberant fleece.
She, fitting close beside him, softly stroak'd
His cheek, and thus, affectionate, began.

How long, my son! sorrowing and mourning here,
Wilt thou confume 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.

Mark me—I come a lieger sent from Jove.
The Gods, he faith, resent it, but himself
More deeply than the rest, that thou detain'lt
Amid thy fleet, through fury of revenge,
Unransom'd Hector. Be advis'd, accept
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 fat
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
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
May company the senor 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, so safe a guard and sure
We give him; Mercury shall be his guide
Into Achilles' presence in his tent.
Nor will himself Achilles slay him there,
Or ev'n permit his death, but will forbid
All violence; for he is not unwise
Nor heedles, no—nor wilful to offend,
But will his suppliant with much grace receive.

He ceas'd; then Iris tempest-wing'd arose,
Jove's messenger, and, at the gates arrived
Of Priam, woe and wailing found within.

Around their father, in the hall, his sons
Their robes with tears water'd, while them amidst
The hoary King fat mantled, muffled close,
And on his venerable head and neck
Much dust was spread, which, rolling on the earth,
He had show'r'd on them with unsparing hands.
The palace echoed to his daughters cries,
And to the cries of matrons calling fresh
Into remembrance many a valiant Chief
Now stretch'd in dust, by Argive hands destroy'd.

The messenger of Jove at Priam's side

* Jupiter justifies him against Apollo's charge, affirming him to be free from those mental defects which chiefly betray men into sin—folly—improvidence, and per-

verbs.
Standing, with whisper'd accents low his ear
Saluted, but he trembled at the sound.

Courage, Dardanian Priam! fear thou nought;
To thee no prophet's of ill, I come;
But with kind purpose: Jove's ambassadours
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 off'ring large
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
Back into Ilium, whom Achilles slew.
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.
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.

So spake the swift ambassadours, 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,
A treasury of wonders, into which
The Queen he summon'd, whom he thus bespake.

Hecuba! the ambaffadress of Jove
Hath come, who bids me to the Grecian fleet,
Bearing fuch presents thither as may footh
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.

Then wept the Queen aloud, and thus replied.
Ah! whither is thy wisdom fled, for which
Both strangers once, and Trojans honour'd thee?
How canft thou wish to penetrate alone
The Grecian fleet, and to appear before
His face, by whom fo many valiant fons
Of thine have fall'n? Thou haft an iron heart!
For fhoould that favage man and faithlefs once
Seize and discover thee, no pity expect
Or rev'rence at his hands. Come—let us weep
Together, here fequefter'd; for the thread
Spun for him by his deitiny severe
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,
How I could tear him with my teeth! His deeds,
Disgraceful to my fon, then fhoould not want
Retaliation; for he flew not him
Skulking, but standing boldly for the wives,
The daughters fair, and citizens of Troy,
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,

For thou shalt not prevail. Had mortal man
Enjoin'd me this attempt, prophet, or priest,
Or soothsayer, I had pronounced him false,
And fear'd it but the more. But, since I saw
The Goddess with these eyes, and heard, myself,
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.

So saying, he open'd wide the elegant lids
Of num'rous chefts, whence mantles twelve he took
Of texture beautiful; twelve single cloaks;
As many carpets, with as many robes,
To which he added veils, an equal store.

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 ambassador in Thrace;
A noble gift, which yet the hoary King
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 Scholiaft observes, φίλησφόρος, 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
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
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
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,
Hippothous 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!
Oh altogether wretched! in all Troy
No man had sons to boast valiant as mine,
And I have lost them all. Meftor is gone
The godlike, Troilus the fteed-renown'd,
And Hector, who with other men compared
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
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 awe'd, his sons
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
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.

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 Myiains erst
Conferr'd on Priam; to the chariot, last,
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

* ξαροιμανθησαν ἄριστον. † 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 left they should dangle.

Girding
* Girding themselves, to go; wise 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 Idaean Jove cloud-girt,
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,
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 ζυμνόσβν to read—ζυμνύσβν.

With
With ewer charged and laver, flood prepared.
He laved his hands; then, taking from the Queen
The goblet, in his middle area flood
Pouring libation with his eyes upturn'd
Heav'n-ward devout, and thus his pray'r preferr'd.

Jove, great and glorious above all, who rul'st,
On Ida's summit seated, all below!
Grant me arriv'd within Achilles' tent
Kindness to meet and pity, and oh fend
Thy messenger or ere I go, the bird
Thy fav'rite moft, furpassing all in strength,
At my right hand, which feeing, I shall tend
With better hope toward the fleet of Greece.

He ended, at whose pray'r, incontinent,
Jove sent his eagle, sureft of all signs,
The black-plumed bird voracious, *Morphnos named,
And *Percnos. Wide as the well-guarded door
Of some rich potentate his vanns he spread
On either side; they saw him on the right,
Skimming the tow'rs of Troy; glad they beheld
That omen, and all felt their hearts consoled.

Delay'd not then the hoary King, but quick
Ascending to his feat, his courfers urged
Through vestibule and sounding porch abroad.
The four-wheel'd litter led, drawn by the mules
Which fage Idæus managed, behind whom
Went Priam, plying with the scourge his steeds
Continual through the town, while all his friends,
Following their Sov'reign with dejected hearts,

* The words both signify—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
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
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

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
All eyes, and theirs who sleep opens again.
Arm'd with that rod, forth flew the Argicide.
At Ilium and the Hellepontic shores
Arriving sudden, a King's son he seem'd,
Now cloathing first his ruddy cheek with down,
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 twilight dimm'd the fields. Idaeus first
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 And his compassion suppliant efly.

Terrour and consternation at that found
The mind of Priam felt; erect the hair
Briftled his limbs, and with amaze he stood Motionles$. But the God, meantime, approach'd,
And, seizing antient Priam's hand, enquired.

Whither, my father! in the dewy night
Driv'lt thou thy mules and steeds, while others sleep?
And fear'lt thou not the fiery host of Greece,
Thy foes implacable, so nigh at hand?
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
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 resembeft so my Sire.

Whom answer'd godlike Priam, hoar with age.

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

4 O
So
So admirable, and in mind discrete
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'lt thou away
Into some foreign country, for the sake
Of safer custody, this precious charge?
Or, urged by fear, forfake ye all alike
Troy's sacred tow'rs? since he whom thou haft loft,
Thy noble son, was of excelling worth
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 haft the fate
So well of my unhappy son rehears'd?

To whom the herald Mercury replied.
Thy questions, venerable Sire! proposed
Concerning noble Hector, are design'd
To prove me. Him, not seldom, with these eyes
In man-ennobling fight I have beheld
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,
Incensed against the ruler of our host,
Achilles suffer'd not to share the fight.

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; fiv sons he hath,
Beside myself the seventh, and, (the lots cast Among us all,) mine sent me to the wars. That I have left the ships, seeking the plain, The cause is this; the Greeks, at break of day, Will compass, arm’d, the city, for they loath To sit inactive, neither can the Chiefs
Restrain the hot impatience of the host.

Then godlike Priam answer thus return’d. If of the band thou be of Peleus’ son, Achilles, tell me undisguised the truth. My son, subsists he still, or hath thy Chief Limb after limb given him to his dogs?

Him answer’d then the herald of the skies. Oh venerable Sir! him neither dogs Have eaten yet, nor fowls, but at the ships His body, and within Achilles’ tent Neglected lies. Twelve days he so 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 pitiable, oft as day Reddens the East, yet safe from blemish still His corse remains. Thou wouldst, thyself, admire, Seeing how fresh the dew-drops, as he lies, Rest on him, and his blood is cleansed away That not a stain is left. Even his wounds (For many a wound they gave him) all are closed, Such care the blessed Gods have of thy son, 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

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—

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 disposed
To try my virtue; but it shall not fail.

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

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 seat

Upspringing, seiz'd at once the lash and reins,

And with fresh vigour mules and steeds inspired.

Arriving at the fos for 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,

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,
Then spread with shaggy mowings of the mead
Its lofty roof, and with a spacious court
Surrounded it, all fenced with driven flakes;
One bar alone of pine secured the door,
Which ask'd three Grecians with united force
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,
Gave entrance to himself and to his gifts
For Peleus' son design'd, and from the seat
Alighting, thus his speech to Priam turn'd.

Oh antient Priam! an immortal God
Attends thee; I am Hermes, by command
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,
Embrace his knees, and by his father both
And by his Goddef's mother due 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,
Leaving Idaeus; 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 sitting found apart
His fellow-warriors, of whom two alone
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
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,
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!
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.
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,
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
Born of my concubines. A num'rous house!
But fiery Mars hath thinn'd it. One I had,
One, more than all my sons 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,
Ransom inestimable to thy tent.

Rev'rence the Gods, Achilles! recollect
Thy father; for his sake compassion shew
To me more pitiable still, who draw
Home to my lips (humiliation yet
Unseen on earth) his hand who flew my son.

So saying, he waken'd in his soul regret
Of his own Sire; softly he placed his hand
On Priam's hand, and push'd him gently away.
Remembrance melted both. Rolling before
Achilles' feet, Priam his son deplored
Wide-slaught'ring Hector, and Achilles wept
By turns his father, and by turns his friend
Patroclus; sounds of sorrow fill'd the tent.
But when, at length satiate, Achilles felt
His heart from grief, and all his frame relieved,
Upstarting from his seat, with pity moved
Of Priam's silver locks and silver beard,
He rais'd the antient father by his hand,
Whom in wing'd accents kind he thus bespake.

Wretched indeed! ah what muft thou have felt!
How haft thou dared to seek alone the fleet
Of the Achaians, and his face by whom
So many of thy valiant sons have fall'n?

Thou
Thou hast an heart of iron, terrour-proof.
Come—sit beSide me—LET us, if we may,
Great mourners both, bid sorrow sleep awhile.
There is no profit of our fights 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
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 chequer'd with good and ill
Alternate; but to whom he gives unmixt
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
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
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.
Thee also, antient Priam, we have heard
Reported, once possessor of such wealth
As neither Leibos, seat of Macar, owns,
Nor Eastern Phrygia, nor yet all the ports
Of Hellespont, but thou didst pass them all.
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;
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.
Loose him; and loose him now, that with these eyes
I may behold my son; accept a price
Magnificent, which mayst thou long enjoy;
And, since my life was precious in thy fight,
May'st thou revisit safe thy native shore!

To whom Achilles, louring, and in fit wrath,
Urg'd 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.

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.

* Mortified to see his generosity, after so much kindness shown to Priam, still distrusted, 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 maffy, should not easily unbar.
Thou, therefore, vex me not in my distressed,
Left I abhor to see thee in my tent,
And, borne beyond all limits, set at nought
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,
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
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,
Left haply Priam, noticing his son,
Through stres of grief should give resentment scope,
And irritate by some affront himself
To slay him, in despite of Jove's commands.
They, therefore, laving and anointing first
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. Patroclus!
Patroclus! should the tidings reach thine ear,
Although in Ades, that I have released
The noble Hector at his father's suit,
Refert it not; no fordid gifts have paid
His ransom-price, which thou shalt also share.

So saying, Achilles to his tent return'd,
And on the splendid couch whence he had rish
Again reclined, opposite to the seat
Of Priam, whom the Hero thus bespake.

Priam! at thy request thy son is loos'd,
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-haired Niobe her food
Forgot not, though of children twelve bereft,
Of daughters six, and of six blooming sons.
Apollo these struck from his silver bow,
And those shaft-arm'd Diana, both incensed
That oft Latona's children and her own
Numb'ring, she scorn'd the Goddess who had borne
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,
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
On Acheloüs' banks, although to stone
Transform'd, she broods her heav'n-inflicted woes.
Come, then, my venerable guest! take we
Refreshment also; once arrived in Troy
With thy dear son, thou'lt have time to weep.
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
Administering, first scored the viands well,
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
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
Not less in admiration of his looks
Benign, and of his gentle converse wise,
Gazed on Dardanian Priam; and, at length,
(The eyes of each gratified to the full)
The antient King thus to Achilles spake.

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,
Have
Have roll'd me in the ashes of my courts.
But I have now both ta'fed food, and giv'n
Wine to my lips, untafted 'till with thee.

So he, and at his word Achilles bade
His train beneath his portico prepare
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.

My aged guest belov'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
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
Of noble Hector, for so long I mean
Myself to rest, and keep the hoft at home?

Then thus the antient King godlike replied.
If thou indeed be willing that we give
Burial to noble Hector, by an act
So gen'r'rous, O Achilles! me thou shalt

* * Επεξεργασία. Clarke renders the word in this place, falsō metā ludens, and Euftathius 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.
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 flept
And Priam, prudent both, but Peleus' son
In the interior tent, and at his side
Briseis, 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 seiz'd not, but deep he mused
How likeliest from amid the Grecian fleet
He might deliver by the guard unseen
The King of Ilium; at his head he stood
In vision, and the senior thus bespake.

Ah heedles! and secure! haft thou no dread
Of mischief, antient King, that thus by foes
Thou sleep'st surrounded, lull'd by the consent
And suff'rance of Achilles? Thou haft giv'n 855

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, shoul'd they know thee here. 860

He ended; at the found alarm'd upspring
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,
Deep-eddied Xanthus, progeny of Jove,
Mercury the Olympian summit fought,
And saffron-veited 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,
Borne on his chariot-seat 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
It's \( \text{ILIAD} \).

Bob\( x \) XXIV.

She spake. Then neither male nor female more
In Troy remain'd, such sorrow seized on all.
Iffuing from the city-gate, they met
Priam conducting, sad, the body home,
And, foremost of them all, the mother flew
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;
Had not their Sov'reign from his chariot-feat
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.

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 chant
The strain funereal; they with many a groan
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.

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
Precipitated
Precipitated shall this city fall,  
Since thou hast perished, 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,  
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  
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  
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,  
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  
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  

Achilles
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,
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
Of Phoebus 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
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,
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
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 επε των νυμπιοι πρασφατοι ει γη φεταν.—See Villoislon.
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.

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
Close ambush of the Greeks; Achilles' self
Gave me, at my dismission 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
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, arofe,
Then bearing noble Hector forth, with tears
Shed copious, on the summit of the pile
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.

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
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 o'erfuld.
Lastly, short time allowing to the task,
They heap'd his tomb, while, posted on all sides,
Suspicous 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.

Such burial the illustrious Hector found.

* 'Ος ἕγ' αμφιπον ταφον Ἐκτόρος ἰπποδραμοι.

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 com-
pany 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 style of great antiquity.

END OF THE ILLIAD.