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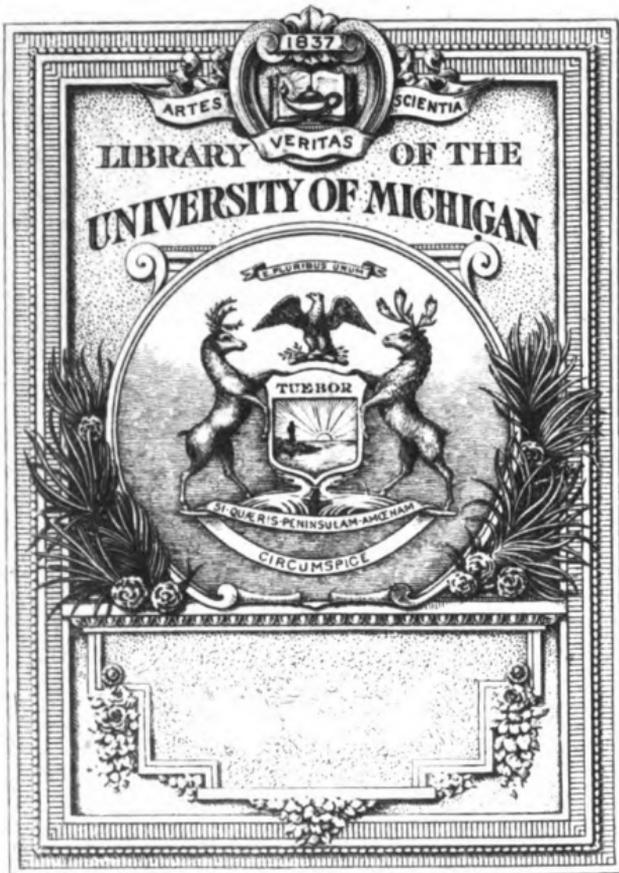
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*The Works of William Cowper, Esq., Comprising
His Poems, Correspondence and Translations. ...*

William Cowper, Robert Southey



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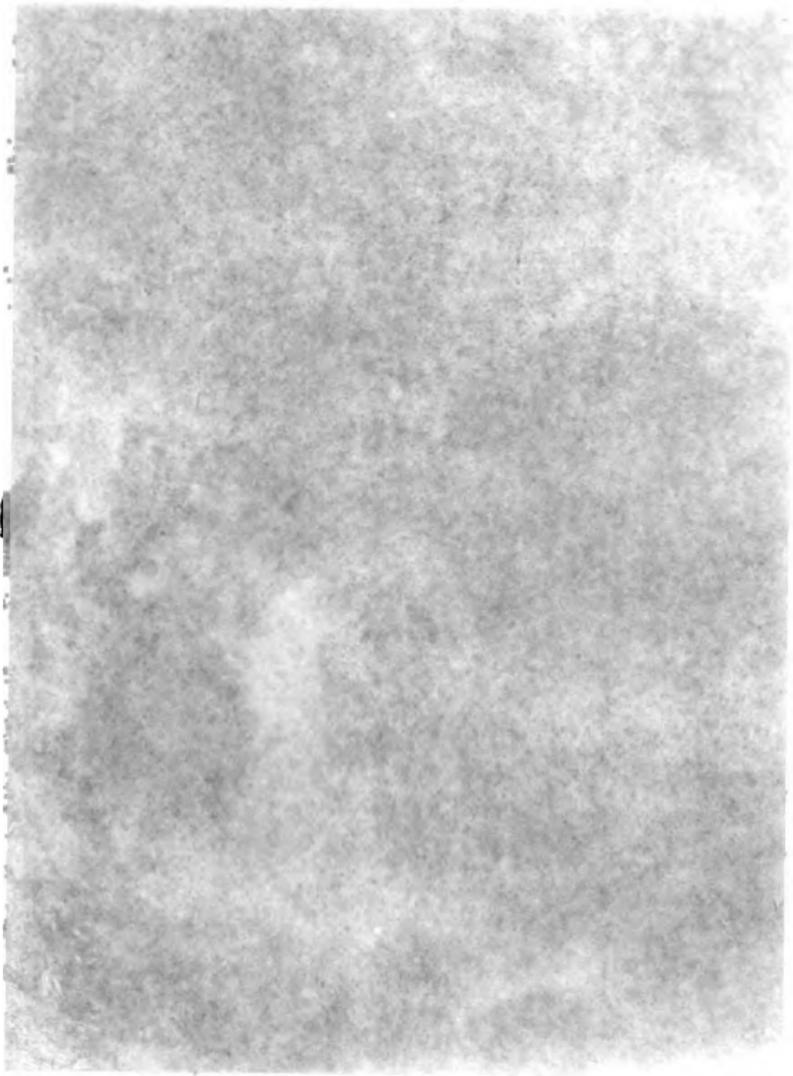




W. Harvey.

J. Stocker.

Both Paris and my most detested self
To be the burthen of an endless song? *Book VI. Part 161.*



THE LIFE AND WORKS
 OF
WILLIAM COWPER,

BY
 ROBERT SOUTHBY, ESQ, LL.D.

VOL. XI.



W. H. & C.

LONDON.

TO BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

"Look out those English leaders on the tower,
 Whom you as Heron on the asp calls away;
 In secret's part, and whil'st part, are bound'd."

1797.



THE
WORKS
OF
WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.
COMPRISING
'HIS POEMS,
CORRESPONDENCE, AND TRANSLATIONS.

WITH
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
BY THE EDITOR,
ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. LL. D.
POET LAUREATE, ETC.

—
VOL. XI.

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1837.



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THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH BLANK VERSE,
BY WILLIAM COWPER,
OF THE INNER TEMPLE, ESQ.

VOL. I.

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,

WILLIAM COWPER.

June 4, 1791.

Grad. 2
quadrant
Hallway
3-28-28
16800

P R E F A C E.

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

I have no contest with my predecessor. None is supposeable between performers on different instruments. Mr. Pope has surmounted all difficulties in his version of HOMER that it was possible to surmount in rhyme. But he was fettered, and his fetters were

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

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

That he has sometimes altogether suppressed the sense of his author, and has not seldom intermingled his own ideas with it, is a remark which, on this occasion, nothing but necessity should have extorted from me. But we differ sometimes so widely in our matter, that unless this remark, invidious as it seems, be premised, I know not how to obviate a suspicion, on the one hand, of careless oversight, or of factitious embellishment on the other. On this head, therefore, the English reader is to be admonished, that the matter found in me, whether he like it or not, is found also in HOMER, 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 Ancient 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, if such of my readers as are able, and will take the pains to compare me in this respect with Homer, shall judge that I have in any measure attained a point so difficult.

As to energy and harmony, two grand requisites in a translation of this most energetic and most harmo-

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

I have no fear of judges familiar with original Homer. They need not be told that a translation of him is an arduous enterprize, and as such, entitled to some favour. From these, therefore, I shall expect, and shall not be disappointed, considerable candour and allowance. Especially *they* will be candid, and I believe that there are many such, who have occasionally tried their own strength in this *bow of Ulysses*. They have not found it supple and pliable, and with me are perhaps ready to acknowledge that they could not always even approach with it the mark of their ambition. But I would willingly, were it possible, obviate uncandid criticism, because to answer it is lost labour, and to receive it in silence has the appearance of stately reserve, and self-importance.

To those, therefore, who shall be inclined to tell me hereafter that my diction is often plain and unelevated, I reply beforehand that I know it,—that it

would be absurd were it otherwise, and that Homer himself stands in the same predicament. In fact, it is one of his numberless excellencies, and a point in which his judgement 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 judgement 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 wilful 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. Milton, whose ear and taste were exquisite, has exemplified in his *Paradise Lost* the effect of this practice frequently.

Having mentioned Milton, I cannot but add an observation on the similitude of his manner to that of Homer. It is such, that no person familiar with both, can read either without being reminded of the other; and it is in those breaks and pauses, to which the

numbers of the English poet are so much indebted both for their dignity and variety, that he chiefly copies the Grecian. But these are graces to which rhyme is not competent; so broken, it loses all its music; of which any person may convince himself by reading a page only of any of our poets anterior to Denham, Waller, and Dryden. A translator of Homer, therefore, seems directed by Homer himself to the use of blank verse, as to that alone in which he can be rendered with any tolerable representation of his manner in this particular. A remark which I am naturally led to make by a desire to conciliate, if possible, some, who, rather unreasonably partial to rhyme, demand it on all occasions, and seem persuaded that poetry in our language is a vain attempt without it. Verse, that claims to be verse in right of its metre only, they judge to be such rather by courtesy than by kind, on an apprehension that it costs the writer little trouble, that he has only to give his lines their prescribed number of syllables, and, so far as the mechanical part is concerned, all is well. Were this true, they would have reason on their side, for the author is certainly best entitled to applause who succeeds against the greatest difficulty, and in verse that calls for the most artificial management in its construction. But the case is not as they suppose. To rhyme, in our language, demands no great exertion of ingenuity, but is always easy to a person exercised in the practice. Witness the multitudes who rhyme, but have no other poetical pretensions. Let it be considered too, how merciful we are apt to be to unclassical and indifferent language for the sake of rhyme, and we shall soon see that the labour lies principally on

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

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

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

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

HOMER never allots less than a whole line to the introduction of a speaker. No, not even when the speech itself is no longer than the line that leads it. A practice to which, since he never departs from it, he must have been determined by some cogent reason.

He probably deemed it a formality necessary to the majesty of his narration. In this article, therefore, I have scrupulously adhered to my pattern, considering these introductory lines as heralds in a procession ; important persons, because employed to 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 judgement 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 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 judgement, 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 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 acknowledgements 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 reason¹.

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.

¹ 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. .

P R E F A C E

P R E P A R E D B Y M R . C O W P E R ,

F O R A

S E C O N D E D I T I O N .

Soon after my publication of this work, I began to prepare it for a second edition, by an accurate revisal of the first. It seemed to me, that here and there, perhaps, a slight alteration might satisfy the demands of some, whom I was desirous to please; and I comforted myself with the reflection, that if I still failed to conciliate all, I should yet have no cause to account myself in a singular degree unfortunate. To please an unqualified judge, an author must sacrifice too much; and the attempt to please an uncandid one were altogether hopeless. In one or other of these classes may be ranged all such objectors, as would deprive blank verse of one of its principal advantages, the variety of its pauses; together with all such as deny the good effect, on the whole, of a line, now and then, less harmonious than its fellows.

With respect to the pauses, it has been affirmed with an unaccountable rashness, that Homer himself has given me an example of verse without them. Had this been true, it would by no means have concluded

against the use of them in an English version of Homer ; because, in one language, and in one species of metre, that may be musical, which in another would be found disgusting. But the assertion is totally unfounded. The pauses in Homer's verse are so frequent and various, that to name another poet, if pauses are a fault, more faulty than He, were, perhaps, impossible. It may even be questioned, if a single passage of ten lines flowing with uninterrupted smoothness could be singled out from all the thousands that he has left us. He frequently pauses at the first word of the line, when it consists of three or more syllables ; not seldom when of two ; and sometimes even when of one only. In this practice he was followed, as was observed in my Preface to the first Edition, by the Author of the *Paradise Lost*. An example inimitable indeed, but which no writer of English heroic verse without rhyme can neglect with impunity.

Similar to this is the objection which proscribes absolutely the occasional use of a line irregularly constructed. When Horace censured Lucilius for his lines *incomposito pede currentes*, he did not mean to say, that he was chargeable with such in some instances, or even in many, for then the censure would have been equally applicable to himself ; but he designed by that expression to characterize all his writings. The censure therefore was just ; Lucilius wrote at a time when the Roman verse had not yet received its polish, and instead of introducing artfully his rugged lines, and to serve a particular purpose, had probably seldom, and never but by accident, composed a smooth one. Such has been the versification of the earliest poets in every

country. Children lisp, at first, and stammer; but, in time, their speech becomes fluent, and, if they are well taught, harmonious.

Homer himself is not invariably regular in the construction of his verse. Had he been so, Eustathius, an excellent critic and warm admirer of Homer, had never affirmed, that some of his lines want a head, some a tail, and others a middle. Some begin with a word that is neither Dactyl nor Spondee, some conclude with a Dactyl, and in the intermediate part he sometimes deviates equally from the established custom. I confess that instances of this sort are rare; but they are surely, though few, sufficient to warrant a sparing use of similar license in the present day.

Unwilling, however, to seem obstinate, in both these particulars, I conformed myself in some measure to these objections, though unconvinced myself of their propriety. Several of the rudest and most unshapely lines I composed anew; and several of the pauses least in use I displaced for the sake of an easier enunciation.—And this was the state of the work after the revisal given it about seven years since.

Between that revisal and the present a considerable time intervened, and the effect of long discontinuance was, that I became more dissatisfied with it myself, than the most difficult to be pleased of all my judges. Not for the sake of a few uneven lines or unwonted pauses, but for reasons far more substantial. The diction seemed to me in many passages either not sufficiently elevated, or deficient in the grace of ease, and in others I found the sense of the original either not adequately expressed or misapprehended. Many

elisions still remained unsoftened; the compound epithets I found not always happily combined, and the same sometimes too frequently repeated.

There is no end of passages in Homer, which must creep unless they are lifted; yet in such, all embellishment is out of the question. The hero puts on his clothes, or refreshes himself with food and wine, or he yokes his steed, takes a journey, and in the evening preparation is made for his repose. To give relief to subjects prosaic as these without seeming unseasonably tumid is extremely difficult. Mr. Pope much abridges some of them, and others he omits; but neither of these liberties was compatible with the nature of my undertaking. These, therefore, and many similar to these, have been new-modelled; somewhat to their advantage I hope, but not even now entirely to my satisfaction. The lines have a more natural movement, the pauses are fewer and less stately, the expression as easy as I could make it without meanness, and these were all the improvements that I could give them.

The elisions, I believe, are all cured, with only one exception. An alternative proposes itself to a modern versifier, from which there is no escape, which occurs perpetually, and which, choose as he may, presents him always with an evil. I mean in the instance of the particle (*the*). When this particle precedes a vowel, shall he melt it into the substantive, or leave the *hiatus* open? Both practices are offensive to a delicate ear. The particle absorbed occasions harshness, and the open vowel a vacuity equally inconvenient. Sometimes, therefore, to leave it open, and

sometimes to ingraft it into its adjunct seems most adviseable; this course Mr. Pope has taken, whose authority recommended it to me; though of the two evils I have most frequently chosen the elision as the least.

Compound epithets have obtained so long in the poetical language of our country, that I employed them without fear or scruple. To have abstained from them in a blank verse translation of Homer, who abounds with them, and from whom our poets probably first adopted them, would have been strange indeed. But though the genius of our language favours the formation of such words almost as much as that of the Greek, it happens sometimes, that a Grecian compound either cannot be rendered in English at all, or, at best, but awkwardly. For this reason, and because I found that some readers much disliked them, I have expunged many; retaining, according to my best judgement, the most eligible only, and making less frequent the repetitions even of these.

I know not that I can add any thing material on the subject of this last revisal, unless it be proper to give the reason why the *Iliad*, though greatly altered, has undergone much fewer alterations than the *Odyssey*. The true reason I believe is this. The *Iliad* demanded my utmost possible exertions; it seemed to meet me like an ascent almost perpendicular, which could not be surmounted at less cost than of all the labour that I could bestow on it. The *Odyssey* on the contrary seemed to resemble an open and level country, through which I might travel at my ease. The latter, therefore, betrayed me into some negligence, which, though

little conscious of it at the time, on an accurate search, I found had left many disagreeable effects behind it.

I now leave the work to its fate. Another may labour hereafter in an attempt of the same kind with more success ; but more industriously, I believe, none ever will.

P R E F A C E

BY

J. JOHNSON, LL. B.

CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

I HAVE no other pretensions to the honourable name of Editor on this occasion, than as a faithful transcriber of the Manuscript, and a diligent corrector of the Press, which are, doubtless, two of the very humblest employments in that most extensive province. I have wanted the ability to attempt any thing higher; and, fortunately for the Reader, I have also wanted the presumption. What, however, I can do, I will. Instead of critical remark, I will furnish him with anecdote. He shall trace from beginning to end the progress of the following Work; and in proportion as I have the happiness to engage his attention, I shall merit the name of a fortunate Editor.

It was in the darkest season of a most calamitous depression of his spirits, that I was summoned to the house of my inestimable friend the Translator, in the month of January, 1794. He had happily completed a revisal of his Homer, and was thinking of the Preface to his new Edition, when all his satisfaction in

the one, and whatever he had projected for the other, in a moment vanished from his mind. He had fallen into a deplorable illness; and though the foremost wish of my heart was to lessen the intenseness of his misery, I was utterly unable to afford him any aid.

I had however a pleasing though a melancholy opportunity of tracing his recent footsteps in the Field of Troy, and in the Palace of Ithaca. He had materially altered both the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; and, so far as my ability allowed me to judge, they were each of them greatly improved. He had also, at the request of his bookseller, interspersed the two Poems with copious Notes; for the most part translations of the ancient Scholia, and gleaned, at the cost of many valuable hours, from the pages of Barnes, Clarke, and Villoisson. It has been a constant subject of regret to the admirers of "The Task," that the exercise of such marvellous, original powers, should have been so long suspended by the drudgery of Translation; and, in this view, their quarrel with the illustrious Greek will be, doubtless, extended to his Commentators¹.

¹ Very few signatures had at this time been affixed to the Notes; but I afterward compared them with the Greek, note by note, and endeavoured to supply the defect; more especially in the last three Volumes, where the Reader will be pleased to observe that all the notes without signatures are Mr. Cowper's, and that those marked B. C. V. are respectively found in the Editions of Homer by Barnes, Clarke, and Villoisson. But the employment was so little to the taste and inclination of the Poet, that he never afterward revised them, or added to their number more than these which follow:—In the *Odyssey*, Vol. I. Book xi., the note 32.—Vol. II. Book xv., the note 13.—The note 10, Book xvi., of that volume, and the note 14, Boox xix., of the same.

During two long years from this most anxious period, the Translation continued as it was; and though, in the hope of its being able to divert his melancholy, I had attempted more than once to introduce it to its Author, I was every time painfully obliged to desist. But in the summer of ninety-six, when he had resided with me in Norfolk twelve miserable months, the introduction, long wished for, took place. To my inexpressible astonishment and joy, I surprised him, one morning, with the Iliad in his hand; and with an excess of delight, which I am still more unable to describe, I the next day discovered that he had been writing.—Were I to mention one of the happiest moments of my life, it might be that which introduced me to the following lines:—

Mistaken meanings corrected,
admonente G. Wakefield.

B. xxiiij.

L. 429.

that the nave

Of thy neat wheel seem e'en to grind upon it.

L. 865. As when (the North wind freshening) near the bank
Up springs a fish in air, then falls again
And disappears beneath the sable flood,
So at the stroke, he bounded.

L. 1018. Thenceforth Tydides o'er his ample shield
Aim'd and still ain'd to pierce him in the neck.

Or better thus—

Tydides, in return, with spear high-poised
O'er the broad shield, aim'd ever at his neck,

Or best of all—

Then Tydeus' son, with spear high-poised above
The ample shield, stood aiming at his neck.

He had written these lines with a pencil, on a leaf at the end of his Iliad; and when I reflected on the cause which had given them birth, I could not but admire its disproportion to the effect. What the voice of persuasion had failed in for a year, accident had silently accomplished in a single day. The circumstance I allude to was this: I received a copy of the Iliad and Odyssey of Pope, then recently published by the Editor above-mentioned, with illustrative and critical notes of his own. As it commended Mr. Cowper's Translation in the Preface, and occasionally pointed out its merits in the Notes, I was careful to place it in his way; though it was more from a habit of experiment which I had contracted, than from well-grounded hopes of success. But what a fortunate circumstance was the arrival of this Work! and by what name worthy of its influence shall I call it? In the mouth of an indifferent person it might be Chance; but in mine, whom it rendered so peculiarly happy, common gratitude requires, that it should be Providence.

As I watched him with an indescribable interest in his progress, I had the satisfaction to find, that, after a few mornings given to promiscuous correction, and to frequent perusal of the above-mentioned Notes, he was evidently settling on the sixteenth Book. This he went regularly through, and the fruits of an application so happily resumed were, one day with another, about sixty new lines. But with the end of the sixteenth Book he had closed the corrections of the year. An excursion to the Coast, which immediately followed, though it promised an accession of strength to the body, could not fail to interfere with the pursuits of

the mind. It was therefore with much less surprise than regret, that I saw him relinquish the "*Tale of Troy Divine.*"

Such was the prelude to the Last Revisal, which, in the month of January, ninety-seven, Mr. Cowper was persuaded to undertake; and to a faithful copy, as I trust, of which, I have at this time the honour to conduct the Reader. But it may not be amiss to observe, that with regard to the earlier Books of the Iliad, it was less a revisal of the altered text, than of the text as it stands in the first Edition. For though the interleaved copy was always at hand, and in the multitude of its altered places could hardly fail to offer some things worthy to be preserved, but which the ravages of illness and the lapse of time might have utterly effaced from his mind, I could not often persuade the Translator to consult it. I was therefore induced, in the course of transcribing, to compare the two Revisals as I went along, and to plead for the continuance of the first correction, when it forcibly struck me as better than the last. This, however, but seldom occurred; and the practice, at length, was completely left off, by his consenting to receive into the number of the Books which were daily laid open before him, the interleaved Copy to which I allude.

At the end of the first six Books of the Iliad, the arrival of Spring brought the usual interruptions of exercise and air, which increased as the Summer advanced to a degree so unfavourable to the progress of Homer, that in the requisite attention to their salutary claims, the Revisal was, at one time, altogether at a stand. Only four Books were added in the course of

nine months; but opportunity returning as the Winter set in, there were added, in less than seven weeks, four more: and thus ended the year ninety-seven.

As the Spring that succeeded was a happier Spring, so it led to a happier Summer. We had no longer air and exercise alone, but exercise and Homer hand in hand. He even followed us thrice to the Sea; and whether our walks were

“ on the margin of the land,
O'er the green summit of the” cliffs, “ whose base
Beats back the roaring surge,”
“ or on the shore
Of the untillable and barren Deep,”

they were always within hearing of his magic Song. About the middle of this busy summer, the revival of the Iliad was brought to a close; and on the very next day, the 24th of July, the correction of the Odyssey commenced,—a morning rendered memorable by a kind and unexpected visit from the Patroness of that Work, the Dowager Lady Spencer!

It is not my intention to detain the Reader with a progressive account of the Odyssey revised, as circumstantial as that of the Iliad, because it went on smoothly from beginning to end, and was finished in less than eight months.

I cannot deliver these Volumes to the Public without feeling emotions of gratitude towards Heaven, in recollecting how often this corrected Work has appeared to me an instrument of divine mercy, to mitigate the sufferings of my excellent Relation. Its progress in our private hours was singularly medicinal to his mind: may its presentment to the Public prove

not less conducive to the honour of the departed Author, who has every claim to my veneration! As a copious Life of the Poet is already in the Press, from the pen of his intimate friend Mr. Hayley, it is unnecessary for me to enter on such extensive commendation of his character, as my own intimacy with him might suggest; but I hope the Reader will kindly allow me the privilege of indulging, in some degree, the feelings of my heart, by applying to Him, in the close of this Preface, an expressive verse (borrowed from Homer) which He inscribed Himself, with some little variation, on a Bust of his Grecian Favourite.

Ὡς τε πατήρ ὦ παιδί, καὶ ἔποτε λήσομαι αὐτῶ.

Loved as his Son, in him I early found
A Father, such as I will ne'er forget.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is incumbent upon the present Editor to state the reasons which have induced him, between two editions of Cowper's Homer, differing so materially from each other that they might almost be deemed different versions, to prefer the first.

Whoever has perused the translator's letters must have perceived that he had considered with no ordinary care the scheme of his versification, and that when he resolved upon altering it in a second edition, it was in deference to the opinion of others.

It seems to the Editor that Cowper's own judgment is entitled to more respect than that of any, or all his critics; and that the version which he composed when his faculties were most active and his spirits least subject to depression,—indeed in the happiest part of his life,—ought not to be superseded by a revisal, or rather reconstruction, which was undertaken three years before his death,—not like the first translation as “a pleasant work, an innocent luxury,” the cheerful and delightful occupation of hope and ardour and ambition,—but as “a hopeless employment,” a task

to which he gave "all his miserable days, and often many hours of the night," seeking to beguile the sense of utter wretchedness, by altering as if for the sake of alteration.

The Editor has been confirmed in this opinion by the concurrence of every person with whom he has communicated on the subject. Among others he takes the liberty of mentioning Mr. Cary, whose authority upon such a question is of especial weight, the Translator of Dante being the only one of our countrymen who has ever executed a translation of equal magnitude and not less difficulty, with the same perfect fidelity and admirable skill.

In support of this determination, the case of Tasso may be cited as curiously in point. The great Italian poet altered his Jerusalem like Cowper, against his own judgement, in submission to his critics: he made the alteration in the latter years of his life, and in a diseased state of mind; and he proceeded upon the same prescribed rule of smoothing down his versification, and removing all the elisions. The consequence has been that the reconstructed poem is utterly neglected, and has rarely, if ever, been reprinted, except in the two great editions of his collected works; while the original poem has been and continues to be in such demand, that the most diligent bibliographer might vainly attempt to enumerate all the editions through which it has passed.

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THE
ILIAD OF HOMER,
TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.

C. S.—11.

B

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 assigned. 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 Brisëis, 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 Grecians. 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.

THE I L I A D.

BOOK I,

ACHILLES sing, O Goddess! Peleus' son;
His wrath pernicious, who ten thousand woes
Caused to Achaia's host, sent many a soul
Illustrious into Ades premature,
And Heroes gave (so stood the will of Jove) 5
To dogs and to all ravening 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 power divine?
Latona's son and Jove's. For He, incensed 11
Against the King, a foul contagion raised
In all the host, and multitudes destroy'd,
For that the son of Atreus had his priest
Dishonoured, Chryses. To the fleet he came 15
Bearing rich ransom glorious to redeem
His daughter, and his hands charged with the wreath
And golden sceptre of the God shaft-arm'd.

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

Ye gallant Chiefs, and ye their gallant host,
(So may the Gods who in Olympus dwell

Give Priam's treasures to you for a spoil
 And ye return in safety,) take my gifts 25
 And 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, 30
 Who with rude threatenings stern him thence dismiss'd.

Beware, old man! that at these hollow barks
 I find thee not now lingering, or henceforth
 Returning, lest the garland of thy God
 And his bright sceptre should avail thee nought. 35
 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. 41
 Forlorn he roamed the ocean's sounding shore,
 And, solitary, with much prayer his King
 Bright-hair'd Latona's son, Phœbus, implored.

God of the silver bow, who with thy power 45
 Encirclest Chrysa, and who reign'st supreme
 In Tenedos and Cilla the divine,
 Sminthian¹ Apollo! If I e'er adorned
 Thy beauteous fane, or on thy altar burn'd
 The fat acceptable of bulls or goats, 50
 Grant my petition. With thy shafts avenge
 On the Achaian host thy servant's tears.

¹ 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 prayer he made, and it was heard. The God,
 Down from Olympus with his radiant bow
 And his full quiver o'er his shoulder slung, 55
 Marched in his anger; shaken as he moved
 His rattling arrows told of his approach.
 Gloomy he came as night; sat from the ships
 Apart, and sent an arrow. Clang'd the cord
²Dread-sounding, bounding on the silver bow. 60
 Mules first and dogs he struck, but at themselves
 Dispatching soon his bitter arrows keen,
 Smote them. Death-piles on all sides always blazed.
 Nine days throughout the camp his arrows flew;
 The tenth, Achilles from all parts convened 65
 The host in council. Juno the white-armed,
 Moved at the sight of Grecians all around
 Dying, imparted to his mind the thought.
 The full assembly, therefore, now convened,
 Uprose Achilles ardent, and began. 70

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

² For this singular line the Translator begs to apologize, by pleading the strong desire he felt to produce an English line, if possible, somewhat resembling in its effect the famous original one.

Δεινή δὲ κλαγγὴ γενετ' ἀργυρεῖοιο βιῖοιο.

Of lambs or goats unbleinish'd, he may yet 80
Be won to spare us, and avert the plague.

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

Jove-loved Achilles! Would'st thou learn from me
What cause hath moved Apollo to this wrath, 90
The shaft-arm'd King? I shall divulge the cause.
But thou, swear first and covenant on thy part
That speaking, acting, thou wilt stand prepared
To give me succour; for I judge amiss,
Or he who rules the Argives, the supreme 95
O'er all Achaia's host, will be 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. 101
What thou hast learn'd in secret from the God,
That speak, and boldly. By the son of Jove,
Apollo, whom thou, Calchas, seek'st in prayer
Made for the Danaï, and who thy soul 105
Fills with futurity, in all the host
The Grecian lives not, who while I shall breathe,
And see the light of day, shall in this camp
Oppress thee; no, not even if thou name
Him, Agamemnon, sovereign o'er us all. 110

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

Nor vow nor hecatomb unpaid on us
 He charges, but the wrong done to his priest
 Whom Agamemnon slighted when he sought
 His daughter's freedom, and his gifts refused. 115
 He is the cause. Apollo for his sake
 Afflicts and will afflict us, neither end
 Nor intermission of his heavy scourge
 Granting, 'till unredeem'd, no price required,
 The black-eyed maid be'to her father sent, 120
 And a whole hecatomb in Chrysa bleed.
 Then, not before, the God may be appeased.

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

Prophet of mischief! from whose tongue no note
 Of grateful sound to me, was ever heard ;
 Ill tidings are thy joy, and tidings glad 130
 Thou tell'st not, or thy words come not to pass.
 And now among the Danaï thy dreams
 Divulging, thou pretend'st the Archer-God
 For his priest's sake, our enemy, because
 I scorn'd his offer'd ransom of the maid 135
 Chryseïs, more desirous far to bear
 Her to my home, for that she charms me more
 Than Clytemnestra, my own first espoused,
 With whom, in disposition, feature, form,
 Accomplishments, she may be well compared. 140
 Yet, being such, I will return her hence
 If that she go be best. Perish myself,—
 But let the people of my charge be saved !

Prepare ye, therefore, a reward for me,
 And seek it instant. It were much unmeet 145
 That I alone of all the Argive host
 Should want due recompense, whose former prize
 Is elsewhere destined, as ye all perceive.

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.
 Atrides, glorious above all in rank, 150
 And as intent on gain as thou art great,
 Whence shall the Grecians give a prize to thee?
 The general stock is poor; the spoil of towns
 Which we have taken, hath already passed
 In distribution, and it were unjust 155
 To gather it from all the Greeks again.

But send thou back this Virgin to her God,
 And when Jove's favour shall have given us Troy,
 A threefold, fourfold share shall then be thine.

To whom the Sovereign of the host replied. 160
 Godlike Achilles, valiant as thou art,
 Would'st thou be subtle too? But me no fraud
 Shall overreach, or art persuade, of thine.
 Would'st thou, that thou be recompensed, and I
 Sit meekly down defrauded of my due? 165

And did'st thou bid me yield her? Let the bold
 Achaians give me competent amends,
 Such as may please me, and it shall be well.
 Else, if they give me none, I will command
 Thy prize, the prize of Ajax, or the prize 170
 It may be of Ulysses to my tent,
 And let the loser chafe. But this concern
 Shall be adjusted at convenient time.

Come,—Launch we now into the sacred deep
 A bark with lusty rowers well supplied; 175

Then put on board Chrysëis, and with her
 The sacrifice required. Go also one
 High in authority, some counsellor,
 Idomeneus, or Ajax, or thyself,
 Thou most untractable of all mankind; 180
 And seek by rites of sacrifice and prayer
 To appease Apollo on our host's behalf.

Achilles eyed him with a frown, and spake.
 Ah! cloathed with impudence as with a cloak,
 And full of subtlety, who, thinkest thou— 185
 What Grecian here will serve thee, or for thee
 Wage covert war, or open? Me thou know'st,
 Troy never wronged; I came not to avenge
 Harm done to me; no Trojan ever drove
 My pastures, steeds or oxen took of mine, 190
 Or plunder'd of their fruits the golden fields
 Of Phthia the deep-soil'd. She lies remote,
 And obstacles are numerous interposed,
 Vale-darkening mountains, and the dashing sea.
 No, ³ Shameless Wolf! For thy good pleasure sake 195
 We came, and, ⁴ Face of flint! to avenge the wrongs
 By Menelaus and thyself sustain'd,
 On the offending Trojan—service kind,
 But lost on thee, regardless of it all.
 And now—What now? Thy threatening is to seize
 Thyself, the just requital of my toils, 201
 My prize hard-earn'd, by common suffrage mine.
 I never gain, what Trojan town soe'er
 We ransack, half thy booty. The swift march
 And furious onset,—these I largely reap, 205
 But, distribution made, thy lot exceeds

³ Κυρῶπα.⁴ μέγαναιδής.

Mine far ; while I, with any pittance pleased,
 Bear to my ships the little that I win
 After long battle, and account it much.
 But I am gone, I and my sable barks 210
 (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 consume.

He ceased, and Agamemnon thus replied.
 Fly, and fly now ; if in thy soul thou feel 215
 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 220
 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 Heaven.
 Go, get ye back to Phthia, thou and thine ! 225
 There rule thy Myrmidons. I need not thee,
 Nor heed thy wrath a jot. But this I say,
 Sure as Apollo takes my lovely prize
 Chryseïs, and I shall return her home
 In mine own bark, and with my proper crew, 230
 So sure the fair Briseïs shall be mine.

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

He ended, and the big disdainful heart
 Throbb'd of Achilles ; racking doubt ensued
 And sore perplex'd him, whether forcing wide

A passage through them, with his blade unsheathed
 To lay Atrides breathless at his foot, 240
 Or to command his stormy spirit down.
 So doubted he, and undecided yet
 Stood drawing forth his falchion huge; when lo!
 Down sent by Juno, to whom both alike
 Were dear, and who alike watched over both, 245
 Pallas descended. At his back she stood
 To none apparent, save himself alone,
 And seized his golden locks. Startled, he turned,
 And instant knew Minerva. Flashed her eyes
 Terrific; whom with accents on the wing 250
 Of haste, incontinent he questioned thus.

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

To whom the blue-eyed Deity. From heaven
 Mine errand is, to sooth, if thou wilt hear,
 Thine anger. Juno the white-arm'd, alike
 To him and thee propitious, bade me down:
 Restrain thy wrath. Draw not thy falchion forth.
 Retort, and sharply, and let that suffice. 261
 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. Goddess, 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 heaven well-pleas'd return'd,
 And in the mansion of Jove Ægis⁶-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 stedfastness of face
 Dog unabashed, and yet at heart a deer !
 Thou never, when the troops have taken arms, 280
 Hast dared to take thine also ; never thou
 Associate with Achaia's Chiefs, to form
 The secret ambush. No. The sound of war
 Is as the voice of destiny to thee.

Doubtless the course is safer far, to range 285
 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. 291

By this same sceptre, which shall never bud,
 Nor boughs bring forth as once, which having left
 Its stock on the high mountains, at what time
 The woodman's axe lopped off its foliage green, 295
 And stript it's bark, shall never grow again ;
 Which now the judges of Achaia bear,
 Who under Jove, stand guardians of the laws,
 By this I swear (mark thou the sacred oath)
 Time shall be, when Achilles shall be missed ; 300

⁶ The shield of Jupiter, made by Vulcan, and so called from its covering, which was the skin of the goat that suckled him.

When all shall want him, and thyself the power
 To help the Achaians, whatsoever thy will ;
 When Hector at your heels shall mow you down ;
 The Hero-slaughtering Hector ! Then thy soul,
 Vexation-stung, shall tear thee with remorse, 305
 That thou hast scorn'd, as he were nothing worth,
 A Chief, the soul and bulwark of your cause.

So saying, he cast his sceptre on the ground
 Studded with gold, and sat. On the other side
 The son of Atreus all impassion'd stood, 310
 When the harmonious orator arose
 Nestor, the Pylian oracle, whose lips
 Dropped eloquence—the honey not so sweet.
 Two generations past of mortals born
 In Pylus, coëtaneous with himself, 315
 He govern'd now the third—amid them all
 He stood, and thus, benevolent, began.

Ah ! what calamity hath fall'n on Greece !
 Now Priam and his sons may well exult,
 Now all in Ilium shall have joy of heart 320
 Abundant, hearing of this broil, the prime
 Of Greece between, in council and in arms.
 But be persuaded ; ye are younger both
 Than I, and I was conversant of old
 With Princes your superiors, yet from them 325
 No disrespect at any time received.
 Their equals saw I never ; never shall ;
 Exadius, Cœneus, and the God-like son
 Of Ægeus, mighty Theseus ; men renown'd
 For force superior to the race of man. 330
 Brave Chiefs they were, and with brave foes they fought,
 With the rude dwellers on the mountain-heights

The Centaurs, whom with havock such as fame
Shall never cease to celebrate, they slew.
With these men I consorted erst, what time 335
From Pylus, though a land from theirs remote,
They called me forth, and such as was my strength,
With all that strength I served them. Who is he ?
What Prince or Chief of the degenerate race
Now seen on earth who might with these compare ?
Yet even these would listen and conform 341
To my advice in consultation given,
Which hear ye also ; for compliance proves
Oft times the safer and the manlier course.
Thou, Agamemnon ! valiant as thou art, 345
Seize not the maid, his portion from the Greeks,
But leave her his ; nor thou, Achilles, strive
With our imperial Chief ; for never King
Had equal honour at the hands of Jove
With Agamemnon, or was throned so high. 350
Say thou art stronger, and art Goddess-born,
How then ? His territory passes thine,
And he is Lord of thousands more than thou.
Cease, therefore, Agamemnon ; calm thy wrath ;
And it shall be mine office to entreat 355
Achilles also to a calm, whose might
The chief munition is of all our host.

To whom the sovereign of the Greeks replied,
The son of Atreus. Thou hast spoken well,
Old Chief, and wisely. But this wrangler here— 360
Nought will suffice him but the highest place ;
He must controul us all, reign over all,
Dictate to all ; but he shall find at least
One here, disposed to question his commands.

If the eternal Gods have made him brave, 365
Derives he thence a privilege to rail ?

Whom thus Achilles interrupted fierce.

Could I be found so abject as to take
The measure of my doings at thy lips,
Well might they call me coward through the camp, 370
A vassal, and a fellow of no worth.

Give law to others. Think not to controul
Me, subject to thy proud commands no more.

Hear yet again ! And weigh what thou shalt hear.
I will not strive with thee in such a cause, 375

Nor yet with any man ; I scorn to fight
For her, whom having given, ye take away.

But I have other precious things on board ;
Of those take none away without my leave.

Or if it please thee, put me to the proof 380
Before this whole assembly, and my spear
Shall stream that moment, purpled with thy blood.

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

But Agamemnon order'd forth a bark,
A swift one, manned with twice ten lusty rowers ;
He sent on board the Hecatomb : he placed 390
Chryseis with the blooming cheeks, himself,
And to Ulysses gave the freight in charge.

So all embarked, and plow'd their watery way.
Atrides, next, bade purify the host ;
The host was purified, as he'enjoin'd, 395
And the ablution cast into the sea.

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

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

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

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

Ye heralds, messengers of Gods and men, 420
 Hail, and draw near ! I bid you welcome both.
 I blame not you ; the fault is his alone
 Who sends you to conduct the damsel hence
 Brisëis. Go Patroclus, generous 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 havoc⁶—Oh, his thoughts
 Are madness all ; intelligence or skill 430
 Forecast or retrospect, how best the camp
 May be secured from inroad, none hath he.

He ended, nor Patroclus disobey'd,
 But leading beautiful Briseïs forth
 Into their guidance gave her ; loth she went 435
 From whom she loved, and looking oft behind.
 Then wept Achilles, and apart from all,
 With eyes directed to the gloomy Deep
 And arms outstretch'd, his mother suppliant sought.

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

So prayed he weeping, whom his mother heard
 Within the gulfs of Ocean where she sat
 Beside her ancient sire. From the gray flood
 Ascending sudden, like a mist, she came,
 Sat down before him, stroaked his face, and said. 450

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

To whom Achilles, sighing deep, replied.
 Why tell thee woes to thee already known ?
 At Thebes, Eëtion's city we arrived, 455
 Smote, sack'd it, and brought all the spoil away.
 Just distribution made among the Greeks,
 The son of Atreus for his lot received

⁶ The original is here abrupt, and expresses the precipitancy of the speaker by a most beautiful aposiopesis.

Blooming Chryseïs. Her, Apollo's priest
 Old Chryses followed to Achaia's camp, 460
 That he might loose his daughter. Ransom rich
 He brought, and in his hands the hallow'd wreath
 And golden sceptre of the Archer God
 Apollo, bore ; to the whole Grecian host,
 But chiefly to the foremost in command 465
 He sued, the sons of Atreus ; then, the rest
 All recommended reverence of the Seer,
 And prompt acceptance of his costly gifts.
 But Agamemnon might not so be pleased,
 Who gave him rude dismissal ; he in wrath 470
 Returning, prayed, whose prayer Apollo heard,
 For much he loved him. A pestiferous shaft
 He instant shot into the Grecian host,
 And heap'd the people died. His arrows swept
 The whole wide camp of Greece, 'till at the last 475
 A Seer, by Phœbus taught, explain'd the cause.
 I first advised propitiation. Rage
 Fired Agamemnon. Rising, he denounced
 Vengeance, and hath fulfilled it. She, in truth,
 Is gone to Chrysa, and with her we send 480
 Propitiation also to the King
 Shaft-arm'd Apollo. But my beauteous prize
 Brisëis, mine by the award of all,
 His Heralds, at this moment, lead away.
 But thou, wherein thou canst, aid thy own son ! 485
 Haste hence to Heaven, and if thy word or deed
 Hath ever gratified the heart of Jove,
 With earnest suit press him on my behalf.
 For I, not seldom, in my father's hall
 Have heard thee boasting, how when once the Gods, 490

With Juno, Neptune, Pallas at their head,
 Conspired to bind the Thunderer, thou did'st loose
 His bands, O Goddess ! calling to his aid
 The Hundred-handed warrior, by the Gods
 Briareus, but by men Ægeon named. 495

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

Now, therefore, of these things reminding Jove,
 Embrace his knees ; entreat him that he give
 The host of Troy his succour, and shut fast
 The routed Grecians, prisoners in the fleet,
 That all may find much solace⁷ in their King, 505
 And that the mighty sovereign o'er them all,
 Their Agamemnon, may himself be taught
 His rashness, who hath thus dishonour'd foul
 The life itself, and bulwark of his cause.

To him, with streaming eyes, Thetis replied. 510
 Born as thou wast to sorrow, ah, my son !
 Why have I rear'd thee ! Would that without tears,
 Or cause for tears (transient as is thy life,
 A little span) thy days might pass at Troy !
 But short and sorrowful the fates ordain 515
 Thy life, peculiar trouble must be thine,
 Whom, therefore, oh that I had never borne !
 But seeking the Olympian hill snow-crown'd,
 I will myself plead for thee in the ear
 Of Jove, the Thunderer. Meantime at thy fleet 520
 Abiding, let thy wrath against the Greeks

⁷ ἐπαύρωνται.

Still burn, and altogether cease from war.
 For to the banks of the Oceanus⁸,
 Where Æthiopia holds a feast to Jove,
 He journey'd yesterday, with whom the Gods 525
 Went also, and the twelfth day brings them home.
 Then will I to his brazen-floor'd abode,
 That I may clasp his knees, and much misdeem
 Of my endeavour, or my prayer shall speed.

So saying, she went; but him she left enraged 530
 For fair Brisëis sake, forced from his arms
 By stress of power. Meantime Ulysses came
 To Chrysa with the Hecatomb in charge.
 Arrived within the haven⁹ deep, their sails
 Furling, they stowed them in the bark below. 535
 Then by its tackle lowering swift the mast
 Into its crutch, they briskly push'd to land,
 Heaved anchors out, and moor'd the vessel fast.
 Forth came the mariners, and trod the beach;
 Forth came the victims of Apollo next, 540
 And, last, Chryseïs. Her Ulysses led
 Toward the altar, gave her to the arms
 Of her own father, and him thus address'd.

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

⁸ A name by which we are frequently to understand the Nile in Homer.

⁹ The original word (*πολυβενθής*) seems to express variety of soundings, an idea probably not to be conveyed in an English epithet.

So saying, he gave her to him, who with joy
 Received his daughter. Then, before the shrine 550
 Magnificent in order due they ranged
 The noble Hecatomb. Each laved his hands
 And took the salted meal, and Chryses made
 His fervent prayer with hands upraised on high.

God of the silver bow, who with thy power 555
 Encirclest Chrysa, and who reign'st supreme
 In Tenedos, and Cilla the divine !
 Thou prov'dst propitious to my first request,
 Hast honour'd me, and punish'd sore the Greeks ;
 Hear yet thy servant's prayer ; take from their host 560
 At once the loathsome pestilence away !

So Chryses prayed, whom Phœbus heard well-pleas'd ;
 Then prayed the Grecians also, and with meal
 Sprinkling the victims, their retracted necks
 First pierced, then flay'd them ; the disjointed thighs
 They, next, invested with the double cawl, 566
 Which with crude slices thin they overspread.
 The priest burned incence, and libation poured
 Large on the hissing brands, while, him beside,
 Busy with spit and prong, stood many a youth 570
 Trained to the task. The thighs with fire consumed,
 They gave to each his portion of the maw,
 Then slashed the remnant, pierced it with the spits,
 And managing with culinary skill
 The roast, withdrew it from the spits again. 575
 Their whole task thus accomplish'd, and the board
 Set forth, they feasted, and were all sufficed.
 When neither hunger more nor thirst remained
 Unsatisfied, boys crown'd the beakers high
 With wine delicious, and from right to left 580

Distributing the cups, served every guest.
 Thenceforth the youths of the Achaian race
 To song propitiatory gave the day,
 Pæans to Phœbus, Archer of the skies,
 Chaunting melodious. Pleased, Apollo heard. 585
 But, when, the sun descending, darkness fell,
 They on the beach beside their hawsers slept;
 And, when the day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd
 Aurora look'd abroad, then back they steer'd
 To the vast camp. Fair wind, and blowing fresh, 590
 Apollo sent them; quick they rear'd the mast,
 Then spread the unsullied canvass to the gale,
 And the wind filled it. Roared the sable flood
 Around the bark, that ever as she went
 Dash'd wide the brine, and scudded swift away. 595
 Thus reaching soon the spacious camp of Greece,
 Their galley they updrew sheer o'er the sands
 From the rude surge remote, then propp'd her sides
 With scantlings long, and sought their several tents.
 But Peleus' noble son, the speed-renown'd 600
 Achilles, he, his well-built bark beside,
 Consumed his hours, nor would in council more,
 Where wise men win distinction, or in fight
 Appear, to sorrow and heart-withering woe
 Abandon'd; though for battle, ardent, still 605
 He panted, and the shout-resounding field.
 But when the twelfth fair morrow streak'd the East,
 Then all the everlasting Gods to Heaven
 Resorted, with the Thunderer at their head,
 And Thetis, not unmindful of her son 610
 From the salt flood emerged, seeking betimes
 Olympus and the boundless fields of heaven.

High, on the topmost eminence sublime
 Of the deep-fork'd Olympian she perceived
 The Thunderer seated, from the Gods apart. 615
 She sat before him, clasped with her left hand
 His knees, her right beneath his chin she placed,
 And thus the King, Saturnian Jove, implored.

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

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

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

To whom the cloud-assembler at the last
 Spake, deep-distress'd. Hard task and full of strife
 Thou hast enjoined me; Juno will not spare
 For gibe and taunt injurious, whose complaint
 Sounds daily in the ears of all the Gods, 640
 That I assist the Trojans; but depart,
 Lest 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 expels 645
 At once from heavenly minds. Nought, so confirmed,
 May, after, be reversed or render'd vain.

He ceased, and under his dark brows the nod
 Vouchsafed of confirmation. All around
 The Sovereign's everlasting head his curls 650
 Ambrosial shook, 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, 655
 Uprose; none sat expectant till he came,
 But all advanced to meet the Eternal Sire.
 So on his throne he sat. Nor Juno him
 Not understood; she, watchful, had observed,
 In consultation close with Jove engaged 660
 Thetis, bright-footed daughter of the deep,
 And keen the son of Saturn thus reproved.

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

To whom the father, thus, of heaven and earth.
 Expect not, Juno, that thou shalt partake
 My counsels at all times, which oft in height
 And depth, thy comprehension far exceed, 670
 Jove's consort 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 heaven beside, them search not thou 675
 With irksome curiosity and vain.

Him answer'd then the Goddess 'ample-eyed.
 What word hath passed thy lips, Saturnian Jove,
 Thou most severe! I never search thy thoughts,
 Nor the serenity of thy profound 680

Intentions trouble; they are safe from me:
 But now there seems a cause. Deeply I dread
 Lest Thetis, silver-footed daughter fair
 Of Ocean's hoary Sovereign, here arrived
 At early dawn to practise on thee, Jove! 685

I noticed her a suitress at thy knees,
 And much misdeem or promise-bound thou stand'st
 To Thetis past recall, to exalt her son,
 And Greeks to slaughter thousands at the ships.

To whom the cloud-assembler God, incensed. 690

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 695

That so it should be. Be advised, desist,
 Hold thou thy peace. Else, if my glorious hands
 Once reach thee, the Olympian Powers combined
 To rescue thee, shall interfere in vain.

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

But through the courts of Jove the heavenly Powers
 All felt displeasure; when to them arose
 Vulcan, illustrious artist, who with speech
 Conciliatory interposed to sooth 705
 His white-arm'd mother Juno, Goddess dread.

Hard doom is ours, and not to be endured,
 If feast and merriment must pause in heaven.

While ye such clatnour raise tumultuous here
 For man's unworthy sake : yet thus we speed 710
 Ever, when evil overpoises good.

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

For the Olympian Thunderer 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
 Cheer thee, nor thee alone, but all in heaven. 720

So Vulcan, and, upstarting, placed a cup
 Full-charged between his mother's hands, and said,
 My mother, be advised, and, though aggrieved,
 Yet patient ; lest I see thee whom I love
 So dear, with stripes chastised before my face, 725
 Willing, but impotent to give thee aid.

Who can resist the Thunderer ? Me, when once
 I flew to save thee, by the foot he seized
 And hurl'd me through the portal of the skies.
 " From morn to eve I fell, a summer's day," 730

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 ¹⁰ 735
 Received the goblet. He from right to left

¹⁰ 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 administered either by Hebe or Ganymede.

Rich nectar from the beaker drawn, alert
Distributed to all the powers divine.
Heaven rang with laughter inextinguishable
Peal after peal, such pleasure all conceived 740
At sight of Vulcan in his new employ.

So spent they in festivity the day,
And all were cheered; nor was Apollo's harp
Silent, nor did the Muses spare to add
Responsive melody of vocal sweets. 745

But when the sun's bright orb had now declined,
Each to his mansion, wheresoever built
By the lame matchless Architect, withdrew.
Jove also, kindler of the fires of heaven,
His couch ascending as at other times 750
When gentle sleep approach'd him, slept serene,
With golden-sceptred Juno at his side.

THE ILIAD.



BOOK II.



THE ILIAD.



BOOK II.

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.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK II.

ALL night both Gods and Chiefs equestrian slept,
But not the Sire of all. 'He, waking soon,
Mused how to exalt Achilles, and destroy
No few in battle at the Grecian fleet.
This counsel, at the last, as best he chose 5
And likeliest; to dispatch an evil Dream
To Agamemnon's tent, and to his side
The phantom summoning, him thus addressed.
Haste, evil Dream! Fly to the Grecian fleet,
And, entering royal Agamemnon's tent, 10
His ear possess thou thus, omitting nought
Of all that I enjoin thee. Bid him arm
His universal host, for that the time
When the Achaians shall at length possess
Wide Ilium, hath arrived. The Gods above 15
No 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, sought. 20
Him sleeping in his tent he found, immersed
In soft repose ambrosial. At his head
The shadow stood, similitude exact

Of Nestor, son of Neleus ; sage, with whom
 In Agamemnon's thought might none compare. 25
 His form assumed, the sacred Dream began.

O son of Atreus the renown'd in arms
 And in the race ! Sleep'st thou ? It ill behoves
 To sleep all night the man of high employ,
 And charged, as thou art, with a people's care. 30
 Now, therefore, mark me well, who, sent from Jove,
 Inform thee, that although so far remote,
 He yet compassionates and thinks on thee
 With kind solicitude. He bids thee arm.

Thine universal host, for that the time 35
 When the Achaians shall at length possess
 Wide Ilium, hath arrived. The Gods above
 No longer dwell at variance. The requests
 Of Juno have prevail'd. Now, woe to Troy
 From Jove himself ! Her fate is on the wing. 40
 Awaking from thy dewy slumbers, hold
 In firm remembrance all that thou hast heard.

So spake the Dream, and vanishing, him left
 In false hopes occupied and musings vain.
 Full sure he thought, ignorant of the plan 45
 By 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 50
 The warning voice divine, with hasty leap
 Sprang from his bed, and sat. His fleecy vest
 New-woven he put on, and mantle wide ;
 His sandals fair to his unsullied feet
 He braced, and slung his argent-studded sword. 55

Then, incorruptible for evermore
 The sceptre of his sires he took, with which
 He issued forth into the camp of Greece.

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

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

Oh son of Atreus the renown'd in arms
 And in the race, sleep'st thou? It ill behoves
 To sleep all night the man of high employ,
 And charged as thou art with a people's care. 75
 Now, 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 80
 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. 85
 Charge this on thy remembrance. Thus he spake,

s. c.—11.

D

Then vanished suddenly, and I awoke.

Haste therefore, let us arm, if arm we may¹,
 The warlike sons of Greece ; but first, myself
 Will prove them, recommending instant flight 90
 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, Nestor, King
 Of sandy Pylus, who them thus bespake. 95

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 highest in command. 100
 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,
 Arising, follow'd ; and the throng began.
 As from the hollow rock bees stream abroad, 105
 And in succession endless seek the fields,
 Now clustering, and now scattered far and near,
 In spring-time, among all the new-blown flowers,
 So they to council swarm'd, troop after troop,
 Grecians of every tribe, from camp and fleet 110
 Assembling orderly o'er all the plain
 Beside the shore of Ocean. In the midst
 A kindling rumour, messenger of Jove,
 Impell'd them, and they went. Loud was the din
 Of the assembling thousands ; groan'd the earth 115

¹ Agamemnon seems to entertain some doubts lest the army should so resent his treatment of their favourite Achilles, as to be indisposed to serve him.

When down they sat, and murmurs ran around.
 Nine heralds cried aloud—Will ye restrain
 Your clamours, that your heaven-taught Kings may
 speak ?

Scarce were they settled, and the clang had ceased,
 When Agamemnon, sovereign o'er them all, 120
 Sceptre in hand, arose. (That sceptre erst
 Vulcan with labour forged and to the hand
 Consign'd it of the King, Saturnian Jove ;
 Jove to the vanquisher² of Ino's³ guard,
 And he to Pelops ; Pelops in his turn, 125
 To royal Atreus ; Atreus at his death
 Bequeath'd it to Thyestes rich in flocks,
 And rich Thyestes left it to be borne
 By Agamemnon, symbol of his right
 To empire over Argos and her isles) 130
 On that he lean'd, and, rapid, thus began.

Friends, Grecian Heroes, ministers of Mars !
 Ye see me here entangled in the snares
 Of unpropitious Jove. He promised once,
 And with a nod confirm'd it, that with spoils 135
 Of Ilium laden, we should hence return ;
 But now, devising ill, he sends me shamed,
 And with diminished numbers, home to Greece.
 So stands his sovereign pleasure, who hath laid
 The bulwarks of full many a city low, 140
 And more shall level, matchless in his might.
 That such a numerous host of Greeks as we,
 Warring with fewer than ourselves, should find
 No fruit of all our toil, (and none appears)
 Will make us vile with ages yet to come. 145

² Mercury.³ Argus.

For should we now strike truce, till Greece and Troy
 Might number each her own, and were the Greeks
 Distributed in bands, ten Greeks in each,
 Our banded decads should exceed so far
 Their units, that all Troy could not supply 150
 For every ten, a man, to fill us wine ;
 So far the Achaians, in my thought, surpass
 The native Trojans. But in Troy are those
 Who baffle much my purpose ; aids derived
 From other states, spear-arm'd auxiliars, firm 155
 In the defence of Ilium's lofty towers.
 Nine years have passed us over, nine long years ;
 Our ships are rotted, and our tackle marr'd,
 And all our wives and little-ones at home
 Sit watching our return, while this attempt 160
 Hangs still in doubt, for which that home we left.
 Accept ye then my counsel. Fly we swift
 With all our fleet back to our native land,
 Hopeless of Troy, not yet to be subdued.

So spake the King, whom all the concourse heard 165
 With minds in tumult toss'd ; all, save the few,
 Partners of his intent. Commotion shook
 The whole assembly, such as heaves the flood
 Of the Icarian Deep, when South and East
 Burst forth together from the clouds of Jove. 170
 And as when vehement the West-wind falls
 On standing corn mature, the loaded ears
 Innumerable bow before the gale,
 So was the council shaken. With a shout
 All flew toward the ships ; upraised, the dust 175
 Stood o'er them ; universal was the cry,
 " Now clear the passages, strike down the props,

Set every vessel free, launch, and away !”
 Heaven rang with exclamation of the host
 All homeward bent, and launching glad the fleet. 180
 Then baffled Fate had the 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 185
 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 numerous perish'd from their home remote ? 190
 Haste ! Seek the mail-arm'd multitude, by force
 Detain them of thy soothing speech, ere yet
 All launch their oary barks into the flood.

She spake, nor did Minerva not comply,
 But darting swift from the Olympian heights, 195
 Reach'd soon Achæia'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 200
 Beside him stood, and thus the Chief bespake.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !
 Why seek ye, thus precipitate, your ships ?
 Intend ye flight ? And is it thus at last,
 That the Achaians on the billows borne, 205
 Shall seek again their country, leaving here,
 To be the vaunt of Ilium and her King,
 Helen of Argos, in whose cause the Greeks
 Have numerous perish'd from their home remote ?

Delay not. Rush into the throng ; by force 210
 Detain them of thy soothing speech, ere yet
 All launch their oary barks into the flood.

She ceased, whom by her voice Ulysses knew,
 Casting his mantle from him, which his friend
 Eurybates the Ithacensian caught, 215

He ran ; and in his course meeting the son
 Of Atreus, Agamemnon, from his hand
 The everlasting sceptre quick received,
 Which bearing, through Achaia's fleet he pass'd.
 What King soever, or distinguish'd Greek 220

He found, approaching to his side, in terms
 Of gentle sort he stay'd him. Sir, he cried,
 It is unseemly that a man renown'd
 As thou, should tremble. Go—Resume the seat
 Which thou hast left, and bid the people sit. 225

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,
 Lest in resentment of this hasty course 230
 Irregular, he let his anger loose.

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

But what plebeian base soe'er he heard
 Stretching his throat to swell the general cry, 235
 He lay'd the sceptre smartly on his back,
 With reprimand severe. Fellow, he said,

Sit still ; hear others ; thy superiors hear.
 For who art thou ? A dastard and a drone,
 Of none account in council, or in arms. 240
 By no means may we all alike bear sway

At Ilium; such plurality of Kings
 Were evil. One suffices. One, to whom
 The son of politic Saturn hath assign'd
 The sceptre, and inforcement of the laws, 245
 That he may rule us as a monarch ought.

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

The host all seated, and the benches fill'd,
 Thersites only of loquacious tongue
 Ungovern'd, clamour'd mutinous; a wretch
 Of utterance prompt, but in coarse phrase obscene 255
 Deep learn'd alone, with which to slander Kings.
 Might he but set the rabble in a roar,

He cared not with what jest; of all from Greece
 To Ilium sent, his country's chief reproach.
 Cross-eyed he was, and halting moved on legs 260
 Ill-pair'd; his gibbous shoulders o'er his breast
 Contracted, pinch'd it; to a peak his head
 Was moulded sharp, and sprinkled thin with hair
 Of starveling length, flimsy and soft as down.

Achilles and Ulysses had incurr'd 265
 Most his aversion; them he never spared;
 But now, imperial Agamemnon 'self
 In piercing accents stridulous he charged
 With foul reproach. The Grecians with contempt
 Listen'd, and indignation, while with voice 270
 At highest pitch, he thus the monarch mock'd.

What would'st thou now? Whereof is thy complaint
 Now, Agamemnon? Thou hast fill'd thy tents

With treasure, and the Grecians, when they take
A city, chuse the loveliest girls for thee. 275

Is gold thy wish? More gold? A ransom brought
By some chief Trojan for his son's release
Whom I, or other valiant Greek may bind?
Or would'st thou yet a virgin, one, by right
Another's claim, but made by force thine own? 280
It was not well, great Sir, that thou shouldst bring
A plague on the Achaians, as of late.

But come, my Grecian sisters, soldiers named
Unfitly, of a sex too soft for war,
Come, let us homeward: let him here digest 285
What he shall gorge, alone; that he may learn
If our assistance profit him or not.

For when he shamed Achilles, he disgraced
A Chief far worthier than himself, whose prize
He now withholds. But tush,—Achilles lacks 290
Himself the spirit of a man; no gall
Hath he within him, or his hand long since
Had stopp'd that mouth⁴, that it should scoff no more.

Thus, mocking royal Agamemnon, spake
Thersités. Instant starting to his side, 295
Noble Ulysses with indignant brows
Survey'd him, and him thus reprov'd severe.

Thersites! Railer!—peace. Think not thyself,
Although thus eloquent, alone exempt
From obligation not to slander Kings. 300
I deem thee most contemptible, the worst
Of Agamemnon's followers to the war;

⁴ The extremest provocation is implied in this expression, which Thersites quotes exactly as he had heard it from the lips of Achilles.

Presume not then to take the names revered
 Of Sovereigns on thy sordid lips, to asperse
 Their sacred character, and to appoint 305
 The Greeks a time when they shall voyage home.
 How soon, how late, with what success at last
 We shall return, we know not : but because
 Achaia's heroes numerous spoils allot
 To Agamemnon, Leader of the host, 310
 Thou therefore from thy seat revilest the King.
 But mark me. If I find thee, as even now,
 Raving and foaming at the lips again,
 May never man behold Ulysses' head
 On these my shoulders more, and may my son 315
 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 ceased, and with his sceptre on the back 320
 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 sat, and from his visage mean,
 Deep-sighing, wiped the rheums. It was no time 325
 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 achieved, but this by far 330
 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 336
 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 and rearmost, and might weigh his words. 340
 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 pledged, 345
 Here to abide till Ilium wall'd to heaven
 Should vanquish'd sink, and all her wealth be ours.
 No—now, like widow'd women, or weak boys,
 They whimper to each other, wishing home.
 And home, I grant, to the afflicted soul 350
 Seems pleasant⁵. The poor seaman from his wife
 One month detain'd, cheerless his ship and sad
 Possesses, by the force of wintry blasts,
 And by the billows of the troubled deep
 Fast lock'd in port. But us the ninth long year 355
 Revolving, finds camp'd under Ilium still.
 I therefore blame not, if they mourn beside
 Their sable barks, the Grecians. Yet the shame
 That must attend us after absence long
 Returning unsuccessful, who can bear? 360
 Be patient, friends! wait only till we learn
 If Calchas truly prophecied, or not;
 For well we know, and I to all appeal,
 Whom Fate hath not already snatch'd away,

⁵ Some for *πόνος* here read *πόθος*; which reading I have adopted for the sake both of perspicuity and connexion.

(It seems but yesterday, or at the most 365
 A day or two before,) that when the ships
 Woe-fraught for Priam, and the race of Troy,
 At Aulis met, and we beside the fount
 With perfect hecatombs the Gods adored
 Beneath the plane-tree, from whose root a stream 370
 Ran crystal-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 375
 Slipp'd into light, and glided to the tree.
 There on the topmost bough, close-cover'd sat
 With foliage broad, eight sparrows, younglings all,
 Then newly feather'd, with their dam, the ninth.
 The little ones lamenting shrill he gorged, 380
 While, wheeling o'er his head, with screams the dam
 Bewail'd her darling brood. Her also, next,
 Hovering and clamouring, he by the wing
 Within his spiry folds drew, and devoured.
 All eaten thus, the nestlings and the dam, 385
 The God who sent him, signalized him too,
 For him Saturnian Jove transform'd to stone.
 We wondering stood, to see that strange portent
 Intrude itself into our holy rites,
 When Calchas, instant, thus the sign explain'd. 390
 Why stand ye, Greeks, astonish'd? Ye behold
 A prodigy by Jove himself produced,
 An omen, whose accomplishment indeed
 Is distant, but whose fame shall never die.
 E'en as this serpent in your sight devour'd 395
 Eight youngling sparrows, with their dam, the ninth,

So we nine years must war on yonder plain,
And 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 400
Till Priam's spacious city be your prize.

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

Then Nestor the Gerenian, warrior old,
Arising, spake ; and, by the Gods, he said,
Ye more resemble children inexperienced
In war, than disciplined and prudent men.
Where now are all your promises and vows, 410
Councils, libations, right-hand covenants ?
Burn them, since all our occupation here
Is to debate and wrangle, whereof end
Or fruit though long we wait, shall none be found.
But, Sovereign, be not thou appall'd. Be firm. 415
Relax not aught of thine accustomed sway,
But set the battle forth as thou art wont.
And if there be a Grecian, here and there,
One⁶, adverse to the general voice, let such
Wither alone. He shall not see his wish 420
Gratified, neither will we hence return
To Argos, ere events shall yet have proved
Jove's promise false or true. For when we climb'd
Our gallant barks full-charged with Ilium's fate,
Saturnian Jove omnipotent, that day, 425
(Omen propitious !) thunder'd on the right.
Let no man therefore pant for home, till each

⁶ Nestor is supposed here to glance at Achilles.

Possess a Trojan spouse, and from her lips
Take sweet revenge for Helen's pangs of heart.
Who then? What soldier languishes and sighs 430
To leave us? Let him dare to lay his hand
On his own vessel, and he dies the first.
But hear, O King! I shall suggest a course
Not trivial. Agamemnon! sort the Greeks
By districts and by tribes, that tribe may tribe 435
Support, and each his fellow. This performed,
And with consent of all, thou shalt discern
With ease what Chief, what private man deserts,
And who performs his part. The base, the brave,
Such disposition made, shall both appear; 440
And thou shalt also know, if heaven or we,
The Gods, or our supineness, succour Troy.

To whom Atrides, King of men, replied.
Old Chief! Thou passest all Achaia's sons
In consultation; would to Jove our Sire, 445
To Athenæan Pallas, and Apollo!
That I had ten such coadjutors, wise
As thou art, and the royal city soon
Of Priam, with her wealth, should all be ours.
But me the son of Saturn, Jove supreme 450
Himself afflicts, who in contentious broils
Involves me, and in altercation vain.
Thence all that wordy tempest for a girl
Achilles and myself between, and I
The fierce aggressor. Be that breach but heal'd! 455
And Troy's reprieve thenceforth is at an end.
Go—take refreshment now that we may march
Forth to our enemies. Let each whet well
His spear, brace well his shield, well feed his brisk

High-mettled horses, well survey and search 460
 His chariot on all sides, that no defect
 Disgrace his bright habiliments of war.
 So will we give the day from morn to eve
 To dreadful battle. Pause there shall be none
 Till night divide us. Every buckler's thong 465
 Shall sweat on the toil'd bosom, every hand
 That shakes the spear shall ache, and every steed
 Shall smoke that whirls the chariot o'er the plain.
 Woe then to whom I shall discover here
 Loitering among the tents ; let him escape 470
 My vengeance if he can. The vultures' maw
 Shall have his carcase, and the dogs his bones.
 He spake ; whom all applauded with a shout
 Loud as against some headland cliff the waves
 Roll'd by the stormy South o'er rocks that shoot 475
 Afar into the deep, which in all winds
 The flood still overspreads, blow whence they may.
 Arising, forth they rush'd, among the ships
 All scatter'd ; smoke from every tent arose,
 The host their food preparing ; next, his God 480
 Each man invoked (of the Immortals him
 Whom he preferr'd) with sacrifice and prayer
 For safe escape from danger and from death.
 But Agamemnon to Saturnian Jove
 Omnipotent, an ox of the fifth year 485
 Full-flesh'd devoted, and the Princes call'd
 Noblest of all the Grecians to his feast.
 First, Nestor with Idomeneus the King,
 Then either Ajax, and the son he call'd
 Of Tydeus, with Ulysses sixth and last, 490
 Jove's peer in wisdom. Menelaus went,

Heroic Chief! unbidden, for he knew
 His brother's mind with weight of care oppress'd.
 The ox encircling, and their hands with meal
 Of consecration fill'd, the assembly stood, 495
 When Agamemnon thus his prayer preferred.

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

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

They then, the triturerated barley grain,
 First duly sprinkling, the sharp steel infix'd
 Deep in the victim's neck reversed, then stripp'd 510
 The carcase, and divided at their joint
 The thighs, which in the double cawl involved
 They spread with slices crude, and burn'd with fire
 Ascending fierce from billets sere and dry.
 The spitted entrails next they o'er the coals 515
 Suspended held. The thighs with fire consumed,
 They gave to each his portion of the maw,
 Then slash'd the remnant, pierced it with the spits,
 And managing with culinary skill
 The roast, withdrew it from the spits again. 520
 Thus, all their task accomplish'd, and the board
 Set forth, they feasted, and were all sufficed.
 When neither hunger more nor thirst remain'd
 Unsatisfied, Gerenian Nestor spake.

Atrides! Agamemnon! King of men! 525
 No longer waste we time in useless words,
 Nor to a distant hour postpone the work
 To which heaven calls thee. Send thine heralds forth.
 Who shall convene the Achaians at the fleet,
 That we, the Chiefs assembled here, may range, 530
 Together, the imbattled multitude,
 And edge their spirits for immediate fight.

He spake, nor Agamemnon not complied.
 At once he bade his clear-voiced heralds call
 The Greeks to battle. They the summons loud 535
 Gave forth, and at the sound the people throng'd.
 Then Agamemnon and the Kings of Greece
 Dispatchful drew them into order just,
 With whom Minerva azure-eyed advanced,
 The inestimable Ægis on her arm, 540
 Immortal, unobnoxious to decay.
 An hundred braids, close twisted, all of gold,
 Each valued at an hundred beeves⁷, around
 Dependent fringed it. She from side to side
 Her eyes cærulean rolled, infusing thirst 545
 Of battle endless into every breast.

War won them now, war sweeter now to each
 Than gales to waft them over ocean home.
 As when devouring flames some forest seize
 On the high mountains, splendid from afar 550
 The blaze appears, so, moving on the plain,
 The steel-clad host innumerable flash'd to heaven.
 And as a multitude of fowls in flocks
 Assembled various, geese, or cranes, or swans
 Lithe-neck'd, long hovering o'er Cayster's banks 555
 On wanton plumes, successive on the mead

⁷ Money stamped with the figure of an ox.

Alight at last, and with a clang so loud
 That all the hollow vale of Asius rings ;
 In number such from ships and tents effused,
 They cover'd the Scamandrian plain ; the earth 560
 Rebellow'd to the feet of steeds and men.
 They overspread Scamander's grassy vale,
 Myriads, as leaves, or as the flowers of spring.
 As in the hovel where the peasant milks
 His kine in spring-time, when his pails are fil'd, 565
 Thick clouds of humming insects on the wing
 Swarm all around him, so the Grecians swarm'd
 An unsumm'd multitude o'er all the plain,
 Bright arm'd, high crested, and athirst for war.
 As goat-herds separate their numerous flocks 570
 With ease, though fed promiscuous, with like ease
 Their leaders them on every side reduced
 To martial order glorious ; among whom
 Stood Agamemnon "with an eye like Jove's,
 To threaten or command," like Mars in girth, 575
 And with the port of Neptune. As the bull
 Conspicuous among all the herd appears,
 For He surpasses all, such Jove ordain'd
 That day the son of Atreus, in the midst
 Of Heroes, eminent above them all. 580

Tell me, (for ye are heavenly, and beheld
 A scene, whereof the faint report alone
 Hath reached our ears, remote and ill-informed,)
 Tell me, ye Muses, under whom, beneath
 What Chiefs of royal or of humbler note 585
 Stood forth the embattled Greeks? The host at large ;
They were a multitude in number more
 Then with ten tongues, and with ten mouths, each mouth

Made vocal with a trumpet's throat of brass,
 I might declare, unless the Olympian nine, 590
 Jove's daughters, would the chronicle themselves
 Indite, of all assembled, under Troy.
 I will rehearse the Captains and their fleets.

Bœotia's sturdy sons Peneleus led,
 And Leitus, whose partners in command 595
 Arcesilaus and Prothoenor came,
 And Clonius. Them the dwellers on the rocks
 Of Aulis followed, with the hardy clans
 Of Hyrie, Schoenos, Scholos, and the hills
 Of Eteon; Thespia, Græa, and the plains 600
 Of Mycalessus them, and Harma served,
 Eleon, Erythræ, Peteon; Hyle them,
 Ilesius and Ocalea, and the strength
 Of Medeon; Copæ also in their train
 Marched, with Eutresis and the mighty men 605
 Of Thisbe famed for doves; nor pass unnamed
 Whom Coronæa, and the grassy land
 Of Haliartus added to the war,
 Nor whom Platæa, nor whom Glissa bred,
 And Hypothebæ⁸, and thy sacred groves 610
 To Neptune, dark Onchestus. Arne claims
 A record next for her illustrious sons,
 Vine-bearing Arne. Thou wast also there
 Mideia, and thou Nissa; nor be thine
 Though last, Anthedon, a forgotten name. 615
 These in Bœotia's fair and gallant fleet
 Of fifty ships, each bearing o'er the waves
 Thrice forty warriors, had arrived at Troy.

⁸ Some say Thebes the less, others, the suburbs of Thebes the greater. It is certain that Thebes itself sent none.

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

Beneath Epistrophus 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 ;
 From Anemoria, Daulis, Panopeus,
 And from Hyampolis, and from the banks
 Of the Cephissus, sacred stream, and from
 Lilæa, seated at its fountain-head. 635

Next from beyond Eubœa's happy isle
 In forty ships conveyed, stood forth well armed
 The Locrians ; dwellers in Augeia some
 The pleasant, some of Opoëis possessed,
 Some of Calliarus ; these Scarpha sent,
 And Cynus those ; from Bessa 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. 645

Elphenor brought (Calchodon's mighty son) 650
 The Eubœans to the field. In forty ships

From Histriæa for her vintage famed,
 From Chalcis, from Iretria, from the gates
 Of maritime Cerinthus, from the heights
 Of Dios rock-built citadel sublime, 655
 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. 660

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

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

The men of Argos and Tyrintha next,
 And of Hermione, that stands retired
 With Asine, within her spacious bay;
 Of Epidaurus, crown'd with purple vines,
 And of Trœzena, with the Achaian youth 680
 Of sea-begirt Ægina, and with thine,
 Maseta, and the dwellers on thy coast,
 Wave-worn Eionæ; these all obeyed
 The dauntless Hero Diomede, whom served

Sthenelus, son of Capaneus, a Chief 685
 Of deathless fame, his second in command,
 And Godlike man, Euryalus, the son
 Of King Mecisteus, Talaiüs' son, his third.
 But Diomedè controll'd them all, and him
 Twice forty sable ships their leader own'd. 690

Came Agamemnon with a hundred ships,
 Exulting in his powers; more numerous they,
 And more illustrious far than other Chief
 Could boast, whoever. Clad in burnish'd brass,
 And conscious of pre-eminence, he stood. 695

He drew his host from cities far renown'd,
 Mycenæ, and Corinthus, seat of wealth,
 Orneia, and Cleonæ bulwark'd strong,
 And lovely Aræthyria; Sicyon, where
 His seat of royal power held at the first 700
 Adrastus: Hyperesia, and the heights
 Of Gonoëssa; Ægium, with the towns
 That sprinkle all that far-extended coast,
 Pellene also and wide Helice

With all their shores, were number'd in his train. 705

From hollow Lacedæmon's glen profound,
 From Phare, Sparta, and from Messa, still
 Resounding with the ring-dove's amorous moan,
 From Brysia, from Augeia, from the rocks
 Of Laas, from Amycla, Otilus, 710

And from the towers of Helos, at whose foot
 The surf of Ocean falls, came sixty barks
 With Menelaus. From the monarch's host
 The royal brother ranged his own apart,
 And panted for revenge of Helen's wrongs, 715
 And of her sighs and tears. From rank to rank,

Conscious of dauntless might he pass'd, and sent
 Into all hearts the fervour of his own.

Gerenian Nestor in thrice thirty ships
 Had brought his warriors ; they from Pylus came, 720
 From blythe Arene, and from Thryos, built
 Fast by the fords of Alpheus, and from steep
 And stately Æpy. Their confederate powers
 Sent Amphigenia, Cyparissa veiled
 With broad redundance of funereal shades, 725
 Pteleos and Helos, and of deathless fame
 Dorion. In Dorion erst the Muses met
 Threïcian Thamyris, on his return
 From Eurytus, Oechalian Chief, and hush'd
 His song for ever ; for he dared to vaunt 730
 That he would pass in song even themselves
 The Muses, daughters of Jove Ægis-arm'd.
 They, therefore, by his boast incensed, the bard
 Struck blind, and from his memory dash'd severe
 All traces of his once celestial strains. 735

Arcadia's sons, the dwellers at the foot
 Of mount Cyllene, where Æpytus sleeps
 Intomb'd ; a generation bold in fight,
 And warriors hand to hand ; the valiant men
 Of Pheneus, of Ôrchomenos by flocks 740
 Grazed numberless, of Ripe, Stratia, bleak
 Enispe ; Mantinea city fair,
 Stymphelus and Parrhasia, and the youth
 Of Tegea ; royal Agapenor these,
 Ancæus' offspring, had in sixty ships 745
 To Troy conducted ; numerous was the crew,
 And skilled in arms, which every vessel brought,
 And Agamemnon had with barks himself

Supplied them, for, of inland realms possessed,
They little heeded maritime employs. 750

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

Dulichium, and her sister sacred isles
The Echinades, whose opposite aspect 765
Looks toward Elis o'er the curling waves,
Sent forth their powers with Meges at their head,
Brave son of Phyleus, warrior dear to Jove.
Phyleus in wrath, his father's house renounced,
And to Dulichium wandering, there abode. 770
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. Crocylia these, 775
And those Zacynthus own'd; nor yet a few
From Samos, from Epirus join'd their aid,
And from the opposite Ionian shore.
Them, wise as Jove himself, Ulysses led
In twelve fair ships, with crimson prows adorn'd. 780
From forty ships, Thoas, Andræmon's son,

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

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

Nine ships Tlepolemus, Herculean-born,
 For courage famed and for superior size, 800
 Fill'd with his haughty Rhodians. They, in tribes
 Divided, dwelt distinct. Jelyssus these,
 Those Lindus, and the rest the shining soil
 Of white Camirus occupied. Him bore
 To Hercules, (what time he led the nymph 805
 From Ephyre, and from Sellea's banks,
 After full many a city laid in dust,)
 Astyocheia. In his father's house
 Magnificent, Tlepolemus spear-famed
 Had scarce up-grown to manhood's lusty prime, 810
 When he his father's hoary uncle slew
 Lycimnius, branch of Mars. Then built he ships,
 And, pushing forth to sea, fled from the threats
 Of the whole house of Hercules. Huge toil

And many woes he suffer'd, till at length 815
 At Rhodes arriving, in three separate bands
 He spread himself abroad. Much was he loved
 Of all-commanding Jove, who bless'd him there,
 And shower'd abundant riches on them all.

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

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

The warriors of Pelasgian Argos next,
 Of Alus, and Alope, and who held
 Trechina, Phthia, and for women fair 835
 Distinguish'd, Hellas; known by various names
 Hellenes, Myrmidons, Achæans, them
 In fifty ships embark'd, Achilles ruled.
 But these were deaf to the hoarse-throated war,
 For there was none to draw their battle forth, 840
 And give them just array. Close in his ships
 Achilles, after loss of the bright-hair'd
 Brisëis, lay, resentful; her obtained
 Not without labour hard, and after sack
 Of Thebes and of Lyrnessus, where he slew 845
 Two mighty Chiefs, sons of Evenus both,
 Epistrophus and Mynes, her he mourn'd,

And for her sake self-prison'd in his fleet
And idle lay, though soon to rise again.

From Phylace, and from the flowery fields 850

Of Pyrrhasus, a land to Ceres given

By consecration, and from Iton green,

Mother of flocks ; from Antron by the sea,

And from the grassy meads of Pteleus, came

A people, whom while yet he lived, the brave 855

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 860

Foremost by far, a Dardan struck him dead.

Nor had his troops, though filled with deep regret,

No leader ; them Podarces led, a Chief

Like Mars in battle, brother of the slain,

But younger born, and from Iphiclus sprung 865

Who sprang from Phylacus the rich in flocks.

But him Protesilaüs, as in years,

So also in desert of arms excell'd

Heroic, whom his host, although they saw

Podarces at their head, still justly mourn'd ; 870

For he was fierce in battle, and at Troy

With forty sable-sided ships arrived.

Eleven galleys, Pheræ on the lake,

And Boebe, and Iölchus, and the vale

Of Glaphyræ supplied with crews robust 875

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 Thaumasia sent 880

Seven ships ; their rowers were good archers all,
 And every vessel dipped into the wave
 Her fifty oars. Them Philoctetes, skill'd
 To draw with sinewy arm the stubborn bow,
 Commanded ; but he suffering anguish keen 885
 Inflicted by a serpent's venom'd tooth,
 Lay sick in Lemnos ; him the Grecians there
 Had left sore-wounded, but were destined soon
 To call to dear remembrance whom they left.
 Meantime, though sorrowing for his sake, his troops 890
 Yet wanted not a Chief ; them Medon ruled,
 Whom Rhena to the far-famed conqueror bore
 Oileus, fruit of their unsanction'd loves.

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

The men of Ormenus, and from beside 900
 The fountain Hypereia, from the tops
 Of chalky Titan, and Asteria's band ;
 Them ruled Eurypylus, Evæmon's son
 Illustrious, whom twice twenty ships obeyed.

Orthe, Gyrtone, Oloösson white, 905
 Argissa and Helone ; they their youth
 Gave to control of Polypætes, son
 Undaunted of Pirithoüs, son of Jove.
 Him, to Pirithoüs, (on the self-same day,
 When he the Centaurs punish'd and pursued 910
 Sheer to Æthicæ driven 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 Cæneus call'd his sire. 915
 Twice twenty ships awaited their command.

Guneus from Cyphus twenty and two ships
 Led forth; the Ænienes him obey'd,
 And the robust Perœbi, warriors bold,
 And dwellers on Dodona's wintry brow. 920
 To these were join'd who till the pleasant fields
 Where Titaesius 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, 925
 And Styx is the inviolable oath.

Last with his forty ships, Tenthredon'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. 930

These were the princes and the Chiefs of Greece.
 Say, Muse, who most in personal desert
 Excell'd, and whose were the most warlike steeds
 And of the noblest strain. Their hue, their age,
 Their height the same, swift as the winds of heaven 935
 And passing far all others, were the mares
 Which drew Eumelus; on Pierian hills
 The heavenly Archer of the silver bow,
 Apollo, bred them. But of men, the chief
 Was Telamonian Ajax, while wrath-bound 940
 Achilles lay; for he was worthier far,
 And more illustrious were the steeds which bore
 The noble son of Peleus; but revenge
 On Agamemnon leader of the host
 Was all his thought, while in his gallant ships 945
 Sharp-keel'd to cut the foaming flood, he lay.

Meantime, along the margin of the deep
 His soldiers hurled the disk, or bent the bow,
 Or to its mark dispatch'd the quivering lance.
 Beside the chariots stood the unharness'd steeds 950
 Cropping the lotus, or at leisure browsed
 On celery wild, from watery 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 955
 Regretting sad, and idle for his sake.

As if a fire had burnt along the ground, [neath ;
 Such seem'd their march ; earth groan'd their steps be-
 As when in Arimi, where fame reports
 Typhoëus stretch'd, the fires of angry Jove 960
 Down darted, lash the ground, so groan'd the earth
 Beneath them, for they traversed swift the plain.

And now from Jove, with heavy tidings charged,
 Wind-footed Iris to the Trojans came.
 It was the time of council, when the throng 965
 At Priam's gate assembled, young and old :
 Them, standing nigh, the messenger of heaven
 Accosted with the voice of Priam's son,
 Polites. He, confiding in his speed
 For sure deliverance, posted was abroad 970
 On Æsyeta's tomb, intent to watch
 When the Achaian host should leave the fleet.
 The Goddess in his form thus them address'd.

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

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

She ceased ; her Hector heard intelligent,
 And quick dissolved the council. All took arms.
 Wide flew the gates ; forth rush'd the multitude,
 Horsemen and foot, and boisterous stir arose.
 In front of Ilium, distant on the plain, 990
 Clear all around from all obstruction, stands
 An eminence high-raised, by mortal men
 Call'd Batiea, but the Gods the tomb
 Have named it of Myrinna swift in fight.
 Troy and her aids there set the battle forth. 995

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

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

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

• Apæsus, Adrastea, Terie steep, 1011
 And Pitueia—they, Amphius clad

In mail thick-woven, and Adrastus, ruled.
 They were the sons of the Percosian seer
 Merops, expert in the sooth-sayers' art 1015
 Above all other; he his sons forbad
 The bloody fight, but disobedient they
 Still sought it, for their destiny prevailed.

The warriors of Percote, and who dwelt
 In Practius, in Arisba, city fair, 1020
 In Sestus, 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 Pilæus, branch of Mars, 1025
 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) 1030
 Heroic Acamas and Pirous led.

Euphemus, offspring of Træzenus, son
 Of Jove-protected Ceas, was the Chief
 Whom the spear-arm'd Ciconian band obey'd.

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

Pylæmenes, a Chief of giant might
 From the Eneti for forest-mules renowned 1040
 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 1045
Of Erythini, rugged and abrupt.

Epistrophus 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 1050
Chromis their Chief, and Ennomus; him skill'd
In augury, but skill'd 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 1055
The Phrygians from Ascania far remote,
Ardent for battle. The Mœonian race,
(All those who at the foot of Tmolus dwelt,)
Mesthles and Antiphus, fraternal pair,
Sons of Pylæmenes commanded, both 1060
Of the Gygæan lake in Lydia born.

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

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

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

THE ILIAD.



BOOK III.

s. C.—11.

F

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

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

THE I L I A D.

BOOK III.

Now marshall'd all beneath their several chiefs,
With deafening shouts, and with the clang of arms,
The host of Troy advanced. Such clang is heard
Along the skies, when from incessant showers
Escaping, and from winter's cold, the cranes 5
Take wing, and over Ocean speed away ;
Woe to the land of dwarfs ! prepared, they fly
For slaughter of the small Pygmæan race.
Not so the Greeks ; they breathing valour came,
But silent all, and all with faithful hearts 10
On succour mutual to the last, resolved.
As when the south wind wraps the mountain top
In mist the shepherd's dread, but to the thief
Than night itself more welcome, and the eye
Is bounded in its ken to a stone's cast, 15
Such from beneath their footsteps dun and dense
Uprose the dust, for swift they cross the plain.
When, host to host opposed, full nigh they stood,
Then Alexander¹ in the Trojan van
Advanced was seen, all beauteous as a God ; 20
His leopard's skin, his falchion and his bow,

¹ Paris, frequently named Alexander in the original.

Hung from his shoulder ; bright with heads of brass
 He shook two spears, and challenged to the fight
 The bravest Argives there, defying all.

Him, striding haughtily his host before 25

When Menelaus saw, such joy he felt
 As hunger-pinch'd the lion feels, by chance
 Conducted to some carcase huge, wild goat,
 Or antler'd stag ; huntsmen and baying hounds
 Disturb not *him*, he gorges in their sight. 30

So Menelaus at the view rejoiced
 Of lovely Alexander, for he hoped
 His punishment at hand. At once, all armed,
 Down from his chariot to the ground he leap'd.

When Godlike Paris him in front beheld 35
 Conspicuous, his heart smote him, and his fate
 Avoiding, far within the lines he shrank.

As one, who in some woodland height descrying
 A serpent huge, with sudden start recoils,
 His limbs shake under him ; with cautious step 40
 He slow retires ; fear blanches cold his cheeks ;
 So beauteous Alexander at the sight
 Of Atreus' son dishearten'd sore, the ranks
 Of haughty Trojans enter'd deep again :
 Him Hector eyed, and thus rebuked severe. 45

Curst Paris ! Fair deceiver ! Woman-mad !
 I would to all in heaven that thou hadst died
 Unborn, at least unmated ! happier far
 Than here to have incurr'd this public shame !
 Well may the Grecians taunt, and laughing loud, 50
 Applaud the champion, slow indeed to fight
 And pusillanimous, but wonderous fair.
 Wast thou as timid, tell me, when with those

Thy loved companions in that famed exploit,
 Thou didst consort with strangers, and convey 65
 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! Darest thou not to face
 The warlike prince? Now learn how brave a Chief 60
 Thou hast defrauded of his blooming spouse.
 Thy lyre, thy locks, thy person, specious gifts
 Of partial Venus, will avail thee nought,
 Once mixt by Menelaus with the dust.
 But we are base ourselves, or long ago, 65
 For all thy numerous mischiefs, thou hadst slept
 Secure beneath a coverlet² of stone

Then Godlike Alexander thus replied.
 Oh Hector, true in temper as the axe
 Which in the shipwright's hand the naval plank 70
 Divides resistless, doubling all his force,
 Such is thy dauntless spirit, whose reproach
 Perforce I own, nor causeless nor unjust.
 Yet let the gracious gifts uncensured pass
 Of golden Venus; man may not reject 75
 The glorious bounty by the Gods bestow'd,
 Nor follows their beneficence our choice.
 But if thy pleasure be that I engage
 With Menelaus in decision fierce
 Of desperate combat, bid the host of Troy 80
 And bid the Grecians sit; then face to face
 Commit us, in the vacant field between,
 To fight for Helen and for all her wealth.

² Λίβνον ἔσσο χιτῶνα.

Who strongest proves, and conquers, he, of her
 And her's possess'd, shall bear them safe away ; 85
 While ye (peace sworn and firm accord) shall dwell
 At Troy, and these to Argos shall return
 And to Achaia praised for women fair.

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

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

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

Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye Greeks mail-arm'd, 100
 While I shall publish in your ears the words
 Of Alexander, author of our strife.
 Trojans, he bids, and Grecians on the field
 Their arms dispose ; while he, the hosts between,
 With warlike Menelaus shall in fight 105
 Contend for Helen, and for all her wealth.

Who strongest proves, and conquers, he, of her
 And her's possest, shall bear them safe away,
 And oaths of amity shall bind the rest

He ceased, and all deep silence held, amazed ; 110
 When valiant Menelaus thus began.

Hear now me also, on whose aching heart
 These woes have heaviest fallen. At last I hope
 Decision near, Trojans and Greeks between,
 For ye have suffer'd in my quarrel much, 115

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 120
 A third for Jove. Then bring ye Priam forth,
 Himself to swear the covenant, (for his sons
 Are faithless) lest the oath of Jove be scorn'd.
 Young men are ever of unstable mind ;
 But when an elder interferes, he views 125
 Future and past together, and insures
 The compact, to both parties, unfringed.
 So Menelaus spake ; and in all hearts
 Awaken'd joyful hope that there should end
 War's long calamities. Alighted each, 130
 And drew his steeds into the lines. The field
 Glitter'd with arms put off, and side by side,
 Ranged orderly, while the interrupted war
 Stood front to front, small interval between.
 Then Hector to the city sent in haste 135
 Two heralds for the lambs, and to invite
 Priam ; while Agamemnon, royal Chief,
 Talthybius to the Grecian fleet dismiss'd
 For a third lamb to Jove ; nor he the voice
 Of noble Agamemnon disobey'd. 140
 Iris, ambassadress of heaven, the while,
 To Helen came. Laodice she seem'd,
 Loveliest of all the daughters of the house
 Of Priam, wedded to Antenor's son,
 King Helicaon. Her she found within. 145
 An ample web magnificent she wove,
 Inwrought with numerous conflicts for her sake
 Beneath the hands of Mars endured by Greeks

Mail-arm'd, and Trojans of equestrian fame.
 Swift Iris, at her side, her thus address'd. 150
 Haste, dearest nymph! a wonderous 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, sit
 Silent; the war hath paused, and on his shield 155
 Each leans, his long spear planted at his side.
 Paris and Menelaus, warrior bold,
 With quivering lances shall contend for thee,
 And thou art his who conquers; his for ever.
 So saying, the Goddess into Helen's soul 160
 Sweetest desire infused to see again
 Her former Lord, her parents, and her home.
 At once o'ermantled with her snowy veil
 She started forth, and as she went, let fall
 A tender tear; not unaccompanied 165
 She went, but by two maidens of her train
 Attended, Æthra, Pittheus' daughter fair,
 And soft-eyed Clymene. Their hasty steps
 Convey'd them quickly to the Scæan gate.
 There Priam, Panthoüs, Clytius, Lampus sat, 170
 Thymoetes, Hicetaon, branch of Mars,
 Antenor and Ucalegon the wise,
 All, elders of the people; warriors erst,
 But idle now through age, yet of a voice
 Still indefatigable as the fly's³ 175
 Which perch'd among the boughs sends forth at noon
 Through all the grove his slender ditty sweet.

³ Not the grasshopper, but an insect well known in hot countries, and which in Italy is called Cicála. The Grasshopper rests on the ground, but the favourite abode of the Cicála is in the trees and hedges.

Such sat those Trojan leaders on the tower,
 Who, soon as Helen on the steps they saw,
 In accents quick, but whisper'd, thus remark'd. 180

Trojans and Grecians wage, with fair excuse,
 Long war for so much beauty. Oh, how like
 In feature to the Goddesses above !
 Pernicious loveliness ! Ah, hence away,
 Resistless as thou art and all divine, 185
 Nor leave a curse to us, and to our sons.

So they among themselves ; but Priam call'd
 Fair Helen to his side. My daughter dear !
 Come, sit beside me. Thou shalt hence discern
 Thy former Lord, thy kindred and thy friends. 190
 I charge no blame on thee. The Gods have caused,
 Not thou, this lamentable war to Troy.
 Name to me yon Achaian Chief for bulk
 Conspicuous, and for port. Taller indeed
 I may perceive than he ; but with these eyes 195
 Saw never yet such dignity, and grace.
 Declare his name. Some royal Chief he seems.

To whom thus Helen, loveliest of her sex.
 My other Sire ! by me for ever held
 In reverence, and with filial fear beloved ! 200
 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 wanderer with thy son. Yet I alas ! 205
 Died not, and therefore now, live but to weep.
 But I resolve thee. Thou behold'st the son
 Of Atreus, Agamemnon, mighty king,
 In arms heroic, gracious in the throne,

And, (though it shame me now to call him such,) 210
By nuptial ties a brother once to me.

Then him the ancient 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! 215
To vine-famed Phrygia, in my days of youth,
I-journey'd; many Phrygians there I saw,
Brave horsemen, and expert; they were the powers
Of Otreus and of Mygdon, Godlike Chief,
And on the banks of Sangar's stream encamp'd. 220
I march'd among them, chosen in that war
Ally of Phrygia, and it was her day
Of conflict with the man-defying race,
The Amazons; yet multitudes like these
Thy bright-eyed Greeks, I saw not even there. 225

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

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

Then answer thus, Antenor sage return'd.
Princess thou hast described him: hither once 240
The noble Ithacan, on thy behalf

Ambassador 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 the assembled counsellors of Troy,
 Then Menelaus his advantage show'd,
 Who by the shoulders overtopp'd his friend. 250
 But when both sat, Ulysses in his air
 Had more of state and dignity than he.
 In the delivery of a speech address'd
 To the full senate, Menelaus used
 Few words, but to the matter, fitly ranged, 255
 And with much sweetness utter'd ; for in loose
 And idle play of ostentatious terms
 He dealt not, though he were the younger man.
 But when the wise Ulysses from his seat
 Had once arisen, he would his downcast eyes 260
 So rivet on the earth, and with a hand
 That seem'd untutor'd in its use, so hold
 His sceptre, swaying it to neither side,
 That hadst thou seen him, thou hadst thought him, sure,
 Some chafed and angry idiot, passion-fixt. 265
 Yet, when at length, the clear and mellow base
 Of his deep voice brake forth, and he let fall
 His chosen words like flakes of feather'd snow,
 None then might match Ulysses ; leisure, then,
 Found none to wonder at his noble form. 270
 The third of whom the venerable king
 Enquired, was Ajax.—Yon Achaian tall,
 Whose head and shoulders tower above the rest,
 And of such bulk prodigious—who is he ?

Him answer'd Helen, loveliest of her sex. 275
 A bulwark of the Greeks. In him thou seest
 Gigantic Ajax. Opposite appear
 The Cretans, and among the Chiefs of Crete
 Stands, like a God, Idomeneus. Him oft
 From Crete arrived, was Menelaus wont 280
 To entertain ; and others now I see,
 Achaians, whom I could recall to mind,
 And give to each his name ; but two brave youths
 I yet discern not ; for equestrian skill
 One famed, and one a boxer never foiled ; 285
 My brothers ; born of Leda ; sons of Jove ;
 Castor and Pollux. Either they abide
 In lovely Sparta still, or if they came,
 Decline the fight, by my disgrace abash'd,
 And the reproaches which have fallen on me. 290
 She said ; but they already slept inhumed
 In Lacedemon, in their native soil.
 And now the heralds, through the streets of Troy
 Charged with the lambs, and with a goat-skin filled
 With heart-exhilarating wine prepared 295
 For that divine solemnity, return'd.
 Idæus in his hand a beaker bore
 Resplendent, with its fellow cups of gold,
 And thus he summon'd ancient Priam forth.
 Son of Laomedon, arise. The Chiefs 300
 Call thee, the Chiefs of Ilium and of Greece.
 Descend into the plain. We strike a truce,
 And need thine oath to bind it. Paris fights
 With warlike Menelaus for his spouse ;
 Their spears decide the strife. The conqueror wins
 Helen and all her treasures. We, thenceforth, 305
 (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, shuddering, bade his train 310
Prepare his steeds ; they sedulous obey'd.
First, Priam mounting, backward stretch'd the reins ;
Antenor, next, beside him sat, and through
The Scæan gate they drove into the plain.
Arriving at the hosts of Greece and Troy 315
They left the chariot, and proceeded both
Into the interval between the hosts.

Then uprose Agamemnon, and uprose
All-wise Ulysses. Next, the heralds came
Conspicuous forward, expediting each 320
The ceremonial ; they the beaker fill'd
With wine, and to the hands of all the kings
Minister'd water. Agamemnon then
Drawing his dagger which he ever bore
Appendant to his heavy falchion's sheath, 325
Cut off the forelocks of the lambs, of which
The heralds gave to every Grecian Chief
A portion, and to all the Chiefs of Troy.
Then Agamemnon raised his hands, and pray'd.

Jove, Father, who from Ida stretchest forth 330
Thine arm omnipotent, o'erruling all,
And thou, all-seeing and all-hearing sun,
Ye rivers, and thou conscious earth, and ye
Who under earth on human kind avenge
Severe, the guilt of violated oaths, 335
Hear ye, and ratify what now we swear !
Should Paris slay the hero amber-hair'd,
My brother Menelaus, Helen's wealth
And Helen's self are his, and all our host

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

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

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

So they : but them Jove heard not. Then arose
 Priam, the son of Dardanus, and said, 361

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

So spake the godlike monarch, and disposed
 Within the royal chariot all the lambs ;
 Then, mounting, check'd the reins ; Antenor next 370
 Ascended, and to Ilium both return'd.

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

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

So spake the hosts ; then Hector shook the lots,
 Majestic Chief, turning his face aside. 385
 Forth sprang the lot of Paris. They in ranks
 Sat all, where stood the fiery steeds of each,
 And where his radiant arms lay on the field.
 Illustrious Alexander his bright arms
 Put on, fair Helen's paramour. He clasp'd 390
 His polish'd greaves with silver studs secured ;
 His brother's corslet to his breast he bound,
 Lycaon's, apt to his own shape and size,
 And slung athwart his shoulders, bright emboss'd,
 His brazen sword ; his massy buckler broad 395
 He took, and to his graceful head his casque
 Adjusted elegant, which, as he moved,
 Its bushy crest waved dreadful ; last he seized,
 Well fitted to his gripe, his ponderous spear.
 Meantime the hero Menelaus made 400
 Like preparation, and his arms put on.

When thus, from all the multitude apart,
 Both combatants had arm'd, with eyes that flash'd
 Defiance, to the middle space they strode,

Trojans and Greeks between. Astonishment 405
 Seized all beholders. On the measured ground
 Full near they stood, each brandishing on high
 His massy spear, and each was fiery wroth.

First, Alexander his long-shadow'd spear
 Sent forth, and on his smooth shield's surface struck
 The son of Atreus, but the brazen guard 411
 Pierced not, for at the disk, with blunted point
 Reflex, his ineffectual weapon stay'd.
 Then Menelaus to the fight advanced
 Impetuous, after prayer offer'd to Jove. 415

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

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

Then Menelaus drawing his bright blade,
 Swung it aloft, and on the hairy crest
 Smote him; but shiver'd into fragments small
 The falchion at the stroke fell from his hand. 430
 Vexation fill'd him; to the spacious heavens
 He look'd, and with a voice of woe exclaim'd—

Jupiter! of all powers by man adored
 To me most adverse! Confident I hoped
 Revenge for Paris' treason, but my sword 435
 Is shiver'd, and I sped my spear in vain.

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

Seized fast; then, turning, drew him by that hold
 Toward the Grecian host. The broider'd band
 That underbraced his helmet at the chin, 440
 Strain'd to his smooth neck with a ceaseless force,
 Choak'd him; and now had Menelaus won
 Deathless renown, dragging him off the field,
 But Venus, foam-sprung Goddess, feeling quick
 His peril imminent, snapp'd short the brace 445
 Though stubborn, by a slaughter'd⁴ ox supplied,
 And the void helmet follow'd as he pull'd.
 That prize the Hero, whirling it aloft,
 Threw to his Greeks, who caught it and secured,
 Then with vindictive strides he rush'd again 450
 On Paris, spear in hand; but him involved
 In mist opaque Venus with ease divine
 Snatch'd thence, and in his chamber placed him, fill'd
 With scents odorous, spirit-soothing sweets.
 Nor stay'd the Goddess, but at once in quest 455
 Of Helen went; her on a lofty tower
 She found, where many a damsel stood of Troy,
 Aud twitch'd her fragrant robe. In form she seem'd
 An ancient matron, who, while Helen dwelt
 In Lacedæmon, her unsullied wool 460
 Dress'd for her, faithfulest of all her train.
 Like her disguised the Goddess thus began.

Haste—Paris calls thee—on his sculptured couch,
 (Sparkling alike his looks and his attire,)
 He waits thy wish'd return. Thou would'st not dream
 That he had fought; he rather seems prepared 466
 For dance, or after dance, for soft repose.

⁴ Because the hide of a beast that dies in health is tougher and fitter for use than of another that dies diseased.

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

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

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

The Goddess ceased. Jove's daughter, Helen, fear'd,
 And, in her lucid veil close wrapt around, 495
 Silent retired, of all those Trojan dames
 Unseen, and Venus led, herself, the way.
 Soon then as Alexander's fair abode
 They reach'd, her maidens quick their tasks resumed,

And she to her own chamber lofty-roof'd
 Ascended, loveliest of her sex. A seat
 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. 505

Thou hast escaped.—Ah would that thou had'st died
 By that heroic arm, mine husband's erst!
 Thou once didst vaunt thee in address and strength
 Superior. Go then—challenge yet again
 The warlike Menelaus forth to fight. 510

But hold. The hero of the amber locks
 Provoke no more so rashly, lest the point
 Of his victorious spear soon stretch thee dead.

She ended, to whom Paris thus replied.
 Ah Helen, wound me not with taunt severe! 515

Me, Menelaus, by Minerva's aid,
 Hath vanquish'd now, who may hereafter, him.
 We also have our Gods. But let us love.
 For never since the day when thee I bore
 From pleasant Lacedæmon o'er the waves 520
 To Cranæ's fair isle, and first enjoy'd
 Thy beauty, loved I as I love thee now,
 Or felt such sweetness of intense desire.

He spake, and sought his bed, whom follow'd soon
 Jove's daughter, reconciled to his embrace. 525

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 530
 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 535
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. 540

THE ILIAD.



BOOK IV.

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 descends for that purpose, and in the form of Laodocus, a son of Priam, exhorts Pandarus to shoot at Menelaus, and succeeds. Menelaus is wounded, and Agamemnon having consigned him to the care of Machaon, goes forth to perform the duties of commander in chief, in the encouragement of his host to battle. The battle begins.

THE ILIAD.

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; 5
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 Alalcomene¹; yet they 10
Sequester'd sit, look on, and are amused.
Not so smile-loving Venus; she, beside
Her champion station'd, saves him from his fate,
And at this moment, by her aid, he lives.
But now, since victory hath proved the lot 15
Of warlike Menelaus, weigh ye well
The matter; shall we yet the ruinous strife
Prolong between the nations, or consent
To give them peace? should peace your preference win,
And prove alike acceptable to all, 20

¹ A town of that name in Bœotia, where Pallas was particularly worshipped.

Stand Ilium, and let Menelaus bear
Helen of Argos back to Greece again.

He ended; Juno and Minerva heard,
Low-murmuring deep disgust; for side by side
They forging sat calamity to Troy. 25

Minerva through displeasure against Jove
Nought utter'd, for with rage her bosom boil'd;
But Juno check'd not hers, who thus replied.

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

Then her the Thunderer answer'd sore displeas'd.
Ah shameless! how have Priam and his sons 36
So much transgress'd against thee, that thou burn'st
With ceaseless rage to ruin populous Troy?

Go, make thine entrance at her lofty gates,
Priam and all his house, and all his host 40
Alive devour; then, haply, thou wilt rest;

Do even as thou wilt, that this dispute
Live not between us a consuming fire
For ever. But attend; mark well the word.
When I shall also doom in future time 45

Some city to destruction, dear to thee,
Oppose me not, but give my fury way
As I give way to thine, not pleas'd myself,
Yet not unsatisfied, so thou be pleas'd.
For of all cities of the sons of men, 50
And which the sun and stars from heaven behold,
Me sacred Troy most pleases, Priam me

Most, and the people of the warrior King.
 Nor without cause. They feed mine altar well;
 Libation there, and steam of savoury scent 55
 Fail not, the tribute which by lot is ours.

Him answer'd, then, the Goddess ample-eyed²,
 Majestic Juno: Three fair cities me,
 Of all the earth, most interest and engage,
 Mycenæ for magnificence renown'd, 60

Argos, and Sparta. Them, when next thy wrath
 Shall be inflamed against them, lay thou waste;
 I will not interpose on their behalf;
 Thou shalt not hear me murmur; what avail
 Complaint or force against thy matchless arm? 65

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

Thee I acknowledge Sovereign, yet account 70
 Myself entitled by a twofold claim
 To veneration both from Gods and men,
 The daughter of Jove's sire, and spouse of Jove.

Concession mutual therefore both thyself
 Befits and me, whom when the Gods perceive 75
 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. 80

So Juno; nor the sire of all refused,
 But in wing'd accents thus to Pallas spake.

² Βοῶπις, constant description of Juno, but not susceptible of literal translation.

Begone ; swift fly to yonder field ; incite
 The Trojans first to violate their oath
 By some fresh insult on the exulting Greeks. 85

The Goddess heard, and what she wish'd, enjoin'd,
 Down-darted swift from the Olympian heights,
 In form a meteor, such as from his hand
 Not seldom Jove dismisses, beaming bright
 And breaking into stars, an omen sent 90
 To mariners, or to some numerous host.

Such Pallas seem'd, and swift descending, dropp'd
 Full in the midst between them. They with awe
 That sign portentous and with wonder view'd,
 Achaians both and Trojans, and his next 95
 The 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 100
 Of old Antenor, throughout all the ranks
 Sought godlike Pandarus. Ere long she found
 The valiant son illustrious of Lycaon,
 Standing encompass'd by his dauntless troops,
 Broad-shielded warriors, from Æsepus' stream 105
 His followers ; to his side the Goddess came,
 And in wing'd accents ardent him bespake.

Brave offspring of Lycaon, is there hope
 That thou wilt hear my counsel ? darest thou slip
 A shaft at Menelaus ? much renown 110
 Thou shalt and thanks from all the Trojans win,
 But most of all, from Paris, prince of Troy.
 From him illustrious gifts thou shalt receive
 Doubtless, when Menelaus he shall see

The martial son of Atreus by a shaft 115
 Subdued of thine, placed on his funeral pile.
 Come. Shoot at Menelaus, glorious Chief!
 But vow to Lycian Phœbus bow-renown'd
 An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock,
 To fair Zeleia's walls once safe restored. 120

So Pallas spake, to whom infatuate he
 Listening, 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 125
 He wounded with an arrow to his breast
 Dispatch'd, and on the rock supine he fell.
 Each horn had from his head tall growth attain'd,
 Full sixteen palms; them shaven smooth the smith
 Had aptly join'd, and tipt their points with gold. 130
 That bow he strung, then, stooping, planted firm
 The nether horn, his comrades bold the while
 Screening him close with shields, lest ere the prince
 Were stricken, Menelaus, brave in arms,
 The Greeks with fierce assault should interpose. 135
 He raised his quiver's lid; he chose a dart
 Unflown, full-fledged, and barb'd with pangs of death.
 He lodged in haste the arrow on the string,
 And vow'd to Lycian Phœbus bow-renown'd
 An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock, 140
 To fair Zeleia's 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 curv'd to a wide arch, 145

He twang'd it. Whizz'd the bowstring, and the reed
Leap'd off, impatient for the distant throng.

Thee, Menelaus, then the blessed Gods
Forgot not ; Pallas huntress of the spoil,
Thy guardian then, baffled the cruel dart. 150

Far as a mother wafts the fly aside
That haunts her slumbering babe, so far she drove
Its course aslant, directing it herself
Against the golden clasps that join'd his belt ;
For there the doubled hauberk interposed. 155

The bitter arrow plunged into his belt.
It pierced his broider'd belt, stood fixt within
His twisted hauberk, nor the interior quilt,
Though penetrable least to arrow-points
And his best guard, withheld it, but it pass'd 160
That also, and the Hero's skin inscribed.
Quick flowed a sable current from the wound.

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

Shudder'd King Agamemnon when he saw
The blood fast trickling from the wound, nor less
Shudder'd himself the bleeding warrior bold.
But neck and barb observing from the flesh
Extant, he gather'd heart, and lived again. 175
Then royal Agamemnon, 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 sight of Greeks 180
 And Trojans, our sole champion ; for the foe
 Hath trodden underfoot his sacred oath,
 And stained it with thy blood. But not in vain,
 The truce was ratified, the blood of lambs
 Poured forth, libation made, and right hands join'd 185
 In holy confidence. The wrath of Jove
 May sleep, but will not always ; they shall pay
 Dear penalty ; their own obnoxious heads
 Shall be the mulct, their children and their wives.
 For this I know, know surely ; that a day 190
 Shall come, when Ilium, when the warlike King
 Of Ilium and his host shall perish all.
 Saturnian Jove high-throned, dwelling in heaven,
 Resentful of this outrage, then shall shake
 His storm-clad Ægis over them. He will ; 195
 I speak no fable. Time shall prove me true.
 But, oh my Menelaus, dire distress
 Awaits me, if thy close of life be come,
 And thou must die. Then ignominy foul
 Shall hunt me back to Argos long-desired ; 200
 For then all here will recollect their home,
 And, hope abandoning, will Helen yield
 To be the boast of Priam, and of Troy.
 So shall our toils be vain, and while thy bones
 Shall waste these clods beneath, Troy's haughty sons
 The tomb of Menelaus glory-crown'd 205
 Insulting barbarous, shall scoff at me.
 So may Atrides, shall they say, perform

His anger still as he performed it here,
 Whither he led an unsuccessful host, 210
 Whence he hath sail'd 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 gulfs !

But him, the hero of the golden locks 215
 Thus cheer'd. My brother, fear not, nor infect
 With fear the Grecians ; the sharp-pointed reed
 Hath touch'd no vital part. The broider'd zone,
 The hauberk, and the tough interior quilt,
 Work of the armourer, its force repress'd. 220

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

He ended, and his noble herald, next, 225
 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, 230
 A dexterous one, hath stricken with a shaft
 To his own glory, and to our distress.

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

Haste, Asclepiades ! The king of men 240

Calls thee. Delay not. Thou must visit quick
 Brave Menelaus, Atreus' son, for him
 Some archer, either Lycian or of Troy,
 A dexterous one, hath stricken with a shaft
 To his own glory, and to our distress. 245

So saying, he roused Machaon, who his course
 Through the wide host began. Arriving soon
 Where wounded Menelaus stood, while all
 The bravest of Achaia's host around
 The Godlike hero press'd, he strove at once 250
 To draw the arrow from his cincture forth,
 But, drawing, bent the barbs. He therefore loosed
 His broider'd belt, his hauberk and his quilt,
 Work of the armourer, and laying bare
 His body where the bitter shaft had plow'd 255
 His flesh, he suck'd the wound, then spread it o'er
 With drugs of balmy power, given on a time
 For friendship's sake by Chiron to his sire.

While Menelaus thus the cares engross'd
 Of all those Chiefs, the shielded powers of Troy 260
 'Gan move toward them, and the Greeks again
 Put on their armour, mindful of the fight.
 Then hadst thou not great Agamemnon seen
 Slumbering, or trembling, or averse from war,
 But ardent to begin his glorious task. 265
 His steeds, and his bright chariot brass-inlaid
 He left; the snorting steeds Eurymedon,
 Offspring of Ptolemy Piraides
 Detain'd apart; for him he strict enjoin'd
 Attendance near, lest weariness of limbs 270
 Should seize him marshalling his numerous host.
 So forth he went, and through the files on foot

Proceeding, where the warrior Greeks he saw
Alert, he roused them by his words the more.

Argives ! abate no spark of all your fire. 275

Jove will not prosper traitors. Them who first
Transgress'd the truce the vultures shall devour,
But we (their city taken) shall their wives
Lead captive, and their children home to Greece.

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

Oh Greeks ! The shame of Argos ! Arrow-doom'd !
Blush ye not ? Wherefore stand ye thus aghast,
Like fawns which wearied after scouring wide 285
The champaign, gaze and pant, and can no more ?
Senseless like them ye stand, nor seek the fight.

Is it your purpose patient here to wait
Till Troy invade your vessels on the shore
Of the grey deep, that ye may trial make 290
Of Jove, if he will prove, himself, your shield ?

Thus, in discharge of his high office, pass'd
Atrides through the ranks, and now arrived
Where, hardy Chief ! Idomeneus in front
Of his bold Cretans stood, stout as a boar. 295

The van he occupied, while in the rear
Meriones harangued the most remote.
Them so prepared the King of men beheld
With joyful heart, and thus in courteous terms
Instant the brave Idomeneus address'd. 300

Thee fighting, feasting, howsoe'er employed,
I most respect, Idomeneus, of all
The well-horsed Danäi ; for when the Chiefs
Of Argos, banquetting, their beakers charge

With rosy wine the honourable meed 305
 Of valour, thou alone of all the Greeks
 Drink'st not by measure. No—thy goblet stands
 Replenish'd still, and like myself thou know'st
 No rule or bound, save what thy choice prescribes.
 March. Seek the foe. Fight now as heretofore. 310

To whom Idomeneus of Crete replied.
 Atrides ! all the friendship and the love
 Which I have promised will I well perform.
 Go ; animate the rest, Chief after Chief
 Of the Achaians, that the fight begin. 315
 For Troy hath scatter'd to the winds all faith,
 All conscience, and for such her treachery foul
 Shall have large recompence of death and woe.

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

As when the goat-herd on some rocky point
 Advanced, a cloud sees wafted o'er the deep
 By western gales, and rolling slow along, 325
 To him, who stands remote, pitch-black it seems,
 And comes with tempest charged ; he at the sight
 Shuddering, his flock compels into a cave ;
 So moved the gloomy phalanx, rough with spears,
 And dense with shields of youthful warriors bold, 330
 Close-following either Ajax to the fight.

Them also, 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 335

Move others, and no lesson need from me.
 Jove, Pallas, and Apollo ! were but all
 Courageous as yourselves, soon Priam's towers
 Should totter, and his Ilium storm'd and sack'd
 By our victorious bands, stoop to the dust. 340

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

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

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

Or fall behind it, weakening whom he leaves.
³ And if, dismounted from his own, he climb
 Another's chariot, let him not affect
 Perverse the reins, but let him stand, his spear
 Advancing firm, far better so employ'd. 360

³ 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 mischiefs 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.

Such was the discipline, in ancient times,
Of our forefathers ; by these rules they fought
Successful, and lay'd many a city low.

So counsell'd them the venerable Chief
Long time expert in arms ; him also saw 365
King Agamemnon with delight, and said,

Old Chief ! ah how I wish that thy firm heart
Were but supported by as firm a knee !
But time unhinges all. Oh that some youth
Had thine old age, and thou wast young again ! 370
To whom the valiant Nestor thus replied.

Atrides, I could also ardent wish
That I were now robust as when I struck
Brave Ereuthalion⁴ breathless to the ground !
But never all their gifts the Gods confer 375
On man at once ; if then I had the force
Of youth, I suffer now the effects of age.
Yet ancient as I am, I will be seen
Still mingling with the charioteers, still prompt
To give them counsel ; for to counsel youth 380
Is the old warrior's province. Let the green
In years, my juniors, unimpaired by time,
Push with the lance, for they have strength to boast.

So he, whom Agamemnon joyful heard,
And passing thence, the son of Peteos found 385
Menestheus, foremost in equestrian fame,
Among the brave Athenians ; near to him

⁴ Here Nestor only mentions the name of Ereuthalion, knowing the present to be an improper time for story-telling ; in the seventh book he relates his fight and victory at length. This passage may serve to confute those who charge Nestor with indiscriminate loquacity,

Ulysses held his station, and at hand
 The Cephalenians stood, hardy and bold ;
 For rumour none of the approaching fight 390
 Them yet had reach'd, so recent had the stir
 Arisen in either host ; they, therefore, watch'd
 Till the example of some other band
 Marching, should prompt them to begin the fight.
 But Agamemnon, thus, the King of men 395
 Them seeing, 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 400
 'Till others move ? I might expect from you
 More readiness to meet the burning war,
 Whom foremost I invite of all to share
 The banquet, when the Princes feast with me.
 There ye are prompt ; ye find it pleasant there 405
 To eat your savoury 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. 410

To whom Ulysses, with resentful tone
 Dark-frowning, thus replied. What words are these
 Which have escaped thy lips ; and for what cause,
 Atrides, hast thou call'd me slow to fight ?
 When we of Greece shall in sharp contest clash 415
 With yon steed-tamer Trojans, mark me then ;
 Then thou shalt see (if the concerns of war
 So nearly touch thee, and thou so incline)
 The father of Telemachus, engaged

Among the foremost Trojans. But thy speech 420
Was light as is the wind, and rashly made.

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

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Short reprimand and exhortation short 425
Suffice for thee, nor did I purpose more.
For I have known thee long, that thou art one
Of kindest nature, and so much my friend
That we have both one heart. Go therefore thou,
Lead on, and if a word have fallen amiss, 430
We will hereafter mend it, and may heaven
Obliterate in thine heart it's whole effect!

He ceased, and ranging still along the line,
The son of Tydeus, Diomede, perceived,
Heroic Chief, by chariots all around 435
Environ'd, and by steeds, at side of whom
Stood Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus.
Him also, Agamemnon, King of men,
In accents of asperity reprov'd.

Ah, son of Tydeus, Chief of dauntless heart 440
And of equestrian fame! why standest thou
Appall'd, and peering through the walks of war?
So did not Tydeus. In the foremost fight
His favourite station was, as they affirm
Who witness'd his exploits; I never saw 445
Or met him, but by popular report
He was the bravest warrior of his day.
Yet came he once, but not in hostile sort,
To fair Mycenæ, by the Godlike prince
Attended, Polynices, at what time 450
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. 455
 So forth they went, and on the reedy banks
 Arriving of Asopus, there thy sire
 By designation of the Greeks was sent
 Ambassador, and enter'd Thebes. He found
 In Eteocles' palace numerous guests, 460
 The sons of Cadmus feasting, among whom,
 Although a solitary stranger, stood
 Thy father without fear, and challenged forth
 Their best to cope with him in manly games.
 Them Tydeus vanquish'd easily, such aid 465
 Pallas vouchsafed him. Then the spur-arm'd race
 Of Cadmus was incensed, and fifty youths
 In ambush close expected his return.
 Them, Lycophontes obstinate in fight,
 Son of Autophonus, and Mæon, son 470
 Of Hæmon, Chief of Godlike stature, led.
 Those also Tydeus slew; Mæon except,
 (Whom, warned from heaven, he spared, and sent him
 home
 With tidings of the rest,) he slew them all.
 Such was Ætolian Tydeus; who begat 475
 A son in speech his better, not in arms.
 He ended, and his sovereign's awful voice
 Tydides reverencing, nought replied;
 But thus the son of glorious Capaneus.
 Atrides, conscious of the truth, speak truth. 480
 We with our sires compared, superior praise
 Claim justly. We, confiding in the aid

Of Jove, and in propitious signs from heaven,
 Led to the city consecrate to Mars
 Our little host, inferior far to theirs, 485
 And took seven-gated Thebes, under whose walls
 Our fathers by their own imprudence fell.
 Their glory, then, match never more with ours.

He spake, whom with a frowning brow the brave
 Tydides, answer'd. Sthenelus, my friend ! 490
 I give thee counsel. Mark it. Hold thy peace.
 If Agamemnon, who hath charge of all,
 Excite his well-appointed host to war,
 He hath no blame from me. For should the Greeks
 (Her people vanquish'd) win imperial Troy, 495
 The glory shall be his ; or, if his host
 O'erpower'd in battle perish, his the shame.
 Come, therefore ; be it ours to rouse at once
 To action all the fury of our might.

He said, and from his chariot to the plain 500
 Leap'd ardent ; rang the armour on the breast
 Of the advancing Chief ; the boldest heart
 Had felt emotion, startled at the sound.

As when the waves by Zephyrus up-heaved
 Crowd fast toward some sounding shore, at first, 505
 On the broad bosom of the deep their heads
 They curl on high, then breaking on the land
 Thunder, and o'er the rocks that breast the flood
 Borne turgid, scatter far the showery spray ;
 So moved the Greeks successive, rank by rank, 510
 And phalanx after phalanx, every 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 answering all their bleating lambs without,
 Such din from Ilium's wide-spread host arose. 520
 Nor was their shout, nor was their accent one,
 But mingled languages were heard of men
 From various climes. These Mars to battle roused,
 Those Pallas azure-eyed; nor Terror thence
 Nor Flight was absent, nor insatiate Strife, 525
 Sister and mate of homicidal Mars,
 Who small at first, but swift to grow, from earth
 Her towering crest lifts gradual to the skies.
 She, foe alike to both, the brands dispersed
 Of burning hate between them, and the woes 530
 Enhanced of battle wheresoe'er she pass'd.
 And now the battle join'd. Shield clash'd with shield,
 And spear with spear, conflicting corslets rang,
 Boss'd bucklers met, and tumult wild arose.
 Then, many a yell was heard, and many a shout 535
 Loud intermix'd, the slayer o'er the maim'd
 Exulting, and the field was drench'd with blood.
 As when two winter torrents rolling down
 The mountains, shoot their floods through gulleys huge
 Into one gulf below, station'd remote 540
 The shepherd in the uplands hears the roar;
 Such was the thunder of the mingling hosts.
 And first, Antilochus a Trojan Chief
 Slew Echepolus, from Thalysias sprung,
 Contending valiant in the van of Troy. 545
 Him smiting on his crested casque, he drove

The brazen lance into his front, and pierced
 The bones within ; night overspread his eyes,
 And in fierce battle, like a tower, he fell.
 Him fallen by both feet Calchodon's son 550
 Seized, royal Elephenor, leader brave
 Of the Abantes, and in haste to strip
 His armour, drew him from the fight aside.
 But short was that attempt. Him so employ'd
 Dauntless Agenor mark'd, and as he stoop'd, 555
 In his unshielded flank a pointed spear
 Implanted deep ; he languid sunk 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 Simöisius slew,
 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 569
 Wounded ; right through his shoulder driven the point
 Stood forth behind ; he fell, and press'd the dust.
 So in some spacious marsh the poplar falls
 Smooth-skin'd, with boughs unladen save aloft ;
 Some chariot-builder with his axe the trunk
 Severs, that he may warp it to a wheel 575
 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, 580
 Hurl'd through the multitude his pointed spear.
 He erred from Ajax, but he pierced the groin
 Of Leucus, valiant warrior of the band
 Led by Ulysses. He the body dragg'd
 Apart, but fell beside it, and let fall, 585
 Breathless himself, the burthen from his hand.
 Then burn'd Ulysses' wrath for Leucus slain,
 And through the foremost combatants, array'd
 In dazzling arms, he rush'd. Full near he stood,
 And, looking keen around him, hurl'd a lance. 590
 Back fell the Trojans from before the face
 Dispersed of great Ulysses. Not in vain
 His weapon flew, but on the field outstretch'd
 A spurious son of Priam, from the shores
 Call'd of Abydus famed for fleetest mares, 595
 Democoon; him, for Leucus' sake enraged,
 Ulysses through both temples with his spear
 Transpierced. The night of death hung on his eyes,
 And sounding on his batter'd arms he fell.
 Then Hector and the van of Troy retired; 600
 Loud shout the Grecians; these draw off the dead,
 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-hair'd,
 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 Amarynceus' son, Diore, felt
 The force of fate, bruised by a rugged rock 615
 At his right heel, which Pirus, Thracian Chief,
 The son of Imbrasus 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,
 Above the pap, Ætolian Thoas pierced, 626
 And in his lungs set fast the quivering spear.
 Then Thoas swift approach'd, pluck'd from the wound
 His stormy spear, and with his falchion bright
 Gashing his middle belly, stretch'd him dead. 630
 Yet stripp'd he not the slain, whom with long spears
 His Thracians hairy-scalp'd⁵ so round about
 Encompassed, that though bold and large of limb
 Were Thoas, from before them him they thrust
 Staggering and reeling in his forced retreat. 635

They therefore in the dust, the Epean Chief
 Diore, and the Thracian, Pirus lay
 Stretch'd side by side, with numerous slain around.

Then had Minerva led through all that field

⁵ Ἀκρόκομοι. They wore only a lock of hair on the crown of the head.

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

THE ILIAD.



BOOK V.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

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

THE I L I A D.

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 achieve.
Fires on his helmet, and his shield around 5
She kindled, bright and steady as the star
Autumnal, which in Ocean newly bathed
Assumes fresh beauty; with such glorious beams
His head encircling and his shoulders broad,
She urged him forth into the thickest fight. 10

There lived a man in Troy, Dares his name,
The priest of Vulcan; rich he was and good,
The father of two sons, Idæus this,
That, Phegeus call'd; accomplish'd warriors both.
These, issuing from their phalanx, push'd direct 15
Their steeds at Diomede, who fought on foot.
When now small interval was left between,
First Phegeus his long-shadow'd spear dismiss'd;
But over Diomedes' left shoulder pass'd
The point, innocuous. Then his splendid lance 20
Tydides hurl'd; nor ineffectual flew
The weapon from his hand, but Phegeus pierced
His paps between, and freed him to the ground.

At once, his sumptuous chariot left, down leap'd
 Idæus wanting courage to defend 25
 His brother slain; nor had he scaped himself
 His louring fate, but Vulcan, to preserve
 His ancient priest from unmixt sorrow, snatch'd
 The fugitive in darkness wrapt, away.
 Then brave Tydides, driving off the steeds, 30
 Consign'd them to his fellow-warriors' care,
 That they might lead them down into the fleet.

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

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

She said, and from the fight conducted forth
 The impetuous Deity, whom on the side
 She seated of Scamander deep-embank'd¹.

And now the host of Troy to flight inclined 45
 Before the Grecians, and the Chiefs of Greece
 Each slew a warrior. Agememnon first
 Gigantic Odius from his chariot hurl'd,
 Chief of the Halizonians. He to flight
 Turn'd foremost, when the monarch in his spine 50
 Between the shoulder-bones his spear infixt,
 And urged it through his breast. Sounding he fell,
 And loud his batter'd armour rang around.

By brave Idomeneus a Lydian died,

¹ Ἠϊόεντι.

Phæstus, from fruitful Tarne sent to Troy, 55
 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. 60

But Menelaus, son of Atreus slew
 With his bright spear Scamandrius, Stropius' son,
 A skilful hunter ; for Diana him,
 Herself, the slaughter of all savage kinds
 Had taught, on mountain or in forest bred. 65
 But she, shaft-aiming Goddess, in that hour
 Avail'd him not, nor his own matchless skill ;
 For Menelaus, Atreus son spear-famed,
 Him flying wounded in the spine between
 His shoulders, and the spear urged through his breast.
 Prone on his loud-resounding arms he fell. 71

Next, by Meriones Phereclus died,
 Son of Harmonides. All arts that ask
 A well-instructed hand his sire had learn'd,
 For Pallas dearly loved him. He the fleet, 75
 Prime source of harm to Troy and to himself,
 For Paris built, unskill'd to spell aright
 The oracles predictive of the woe.
 Phereclus fled ; Meriones his flight
 Outstripping, deep in his posterior flesh 80
 A spear infix'd ; sliding beneath the bone
 It grazed his bladder as it pass'd, and stood
 Protruded far before. Low on his knees
 Phereclus sank, and with a shriek expired.

Pedæus, whom, although his spurious son, 85
 Antenor's wife, to gratify her Lord,

Had cherish'd as her own—him Meges slew.
 Warlike Phylides² following close his flight,
 His keen lance drove into his poll, cut sheer
 His tongue within, and through his mouth enforced 90
 The glittering point. He, prostrate in the dust,
 The cold steel press'd between his teeth and died.

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

Thus strenuous they the toilsome battle waged.
 But where Tydides fought, whether in aid
 Of Ilium's host, or on the part of Greece,
 Might none discern. For as a winter-flood
 Impetuous, mounds and bridges sweeps away; 105
 The buttress'd bridge checks not its sudden force,
 The firm inclosure of vine-planted fields
 Luxuriant, falls before it, finish'd works
 Of youthful hinds, once pleasant to the eye,
 Now levell'd, after ceaseless rain from Jove; 110
 So drove Tydides into sudden flight
 The Trojans; phalanx after phalanx fled
 Before the terror of his single arm.

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

² Meges, son of Phyleus.

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

Rush on, ye Trojans, spur your coursers hard.
 Our fiercest foe is wounded, and I deem
 His death not distant far, if me the King³ 125
 Jove's son, indeed, from Lycia sent to Troy.

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

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

He spake ; at once the son of Capaneus
 Descending, by its barb the bitter shaft
 Drew forth ; blood spouted through his twisted mail
 Incontinent, and thus the Hero pray'd. 136

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

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

Now Diomede, be bold ! Fight now with Troy.
 To thee, thy father's spirit I impart
 Fearless ; shield-shaking Tydeus felt the same.

³ Apollo.

I also from thine eye the darkness purge 150
 Which dimm'd thy sight before, that thou may'st know
 Both Gods and men ; should, therefore other God
 Approach to try thee, fight not with the powers
 Immortal ; but if foam-born Venus come,
 Her spare not. Wound her with thy glittering spear.

So spake the blue-eyed Deity, and went. 156
 Then with the champions in the van again
 Tydides mingled ; hot before, he fights
 With threefold fury now, nor less enraged
 Than some gaunt lion whom o'erleaping light 160
 The fold, a shepherd hath but gall'd, not kill'd,
 Him irritating more ; thenceforth the swain
 Lurks unresisting ; flies the abandon'd flock ;
 Heaps slain on heaps he leaves, and with a bound
 Surmounting all impediment, escapes ; 165
 Such seem'd the valiant Diomede incensed
 To fury, mingling with the host of Troy.

Astynöis and Hypenor first he slew ;
 One with his brazen lance above the pap
 He pierced, and one with his huge falchion smote 170
 Fast by the key-bone⁴, from the neck and spine
 His parted shoulder driving at a blow.

Them leaving, Polyides next he sought
 And Abas, sons of a dream-dealing seer,
 Eurydamas ; their hoary father's dreams 175
 Or not interpreted, or kept concealed,
 Them saved not, for by Diomede they died.
 Xanthus and Thöon he encounter'd next,
 Both sons of Phænops, sons of his old age,
 Who other heir had none of all his wealth, 180
 Nor hoped another, worn with many years.

⁴ Or collar-bone.

Tydides slew them both ; nor aught remain'd
 To the old man but sorrow for his sons
 For ever lost, and strangers were his heirs.
 Two sons of Priam in one chariot borne 185
 Echemon next, and Chromius felt his hand
 Resistless. As a lion on the herd
 Leaping, while they the shrubs and bushes browze,
 Breaks short the neck of heifer or of steer,
 So them, though clinging fast and loth to fall, 190
 Tydides hurl'd together to the ground,
 Then stripp'd their splendid armour, and the steeds
 Consigned and chariot to his soldiers' care.

Æneas him discern'd scattering the ranks,
 And through the battle and the clash of spears 195
 Went seeking Godlike Pandarus ; ere long
 Finding Lycaon's martial son renown'd,
 He stood before him, and him thus address'd.

Thy bow, thy feather'd shafts, and glorious name
 Where are they, Pandarus? whom none of Troy 200
 Could equal, whom of Lycia, none excel.
 Come. Lift thine hands to Jove, and at yon Chief
 Dispatch an arrow, who afflicts the host
 Of Ilium thus, conquering where'er he flies,
 And who hath slaughter'd numerous brave in arms.
 But him some Deity I rather deem 206
 Avenging on us his neglected rites,
 And who can stand before an angry God?

Him answer'd then Lycaon's son renown'd.
 Brave leader of the Trojans brazen-mail'd, 210
 Æneas ! By his buckler which I know,
 And by his helmet's height, considering 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 heaven
 His fury thus prevails, but at his side
 Some God, in clouds enveloped, turns away
 From him the arrow to a devious course.
 Already, at his shoulder's hollow mail 220
 My shaft hath pierced him through, and him I deem'd
 Dismiss'd full sure to Pluto ere his time ;
 But he survives ; whom therefore I at last
 Perforce conclude some angry Deity.
 Steeds have I none or chariot to ascend, 225
 Who have eleven chariots in the stands
 Left of Lycaon, with fair hangings all
 O'ermantled, strong, new finish'd, with their steeds
 In pairs beside them, eating winnow'd grain.
 Me much Lycaon my old valiant sire 230
 At my departure from his palace gates
 Persuaded, that my chariot and my steeds
 Ascending, I should so conduct my bands
 To battle ; counsel wise, and ill-refused !
 But anxious, lest, (the host in Troy so long 235
 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, 240
 First Menelaus, and Tydides next ;
 From each I drew the blood, true, genuine blood,
 Yet have but more incensed them. In an hour
 Unfortunate, I therefore took my bow
 Down from the wall that day, when for the sake 245
 Of noble Hector, to these pleasant plains
 I came, a leader on the part of Troy.

But should I once return, and with these eyes
 Again behold my native land, my sire,
 My wife, my stately mansion, may the hand, 250
 That moment, of some adversary there
 Shorten me by the head, if I not snap
 This bow with which I charged myself in vain,
 And burn the unprofitable tool to dust.

To whom Æneas, Trojan Chief, replied. 255
 Nay, speak not so. For ere that hour arrive
 We will, with chariot and with horse, in arms
 Encounter him, and put his strength to proof.
 Delay not, mount my chariot. Thou shalt see
 With what rapidity the steeds of Troy 260
 Pursuing or retreating, scour the field.
 If after all, Jove purpose still to exalt
 The son of Tydeus, these shall bear us safe
 Back to the city. Come then. Let us on.
 The lash take thou, and the resplendent reins, 265
 While I alight for battle, or thyself
 Receive them, and the steeds shall be my care.

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

So saying, they mounted both, and furious drove
 Against Tydides. Them the noble son 280

Of Capaneus observed, and turning quick
His speech to Diomede, him thus address'd.

Tydides, Diomede, my heart's delight !
Two warriors of immeasurable force
In battle, ardent to contend with thee, 285
Come rattling on. Lycaon's offspring one,
Bow-practised Pandarus ; with whom appears
Æneas ; he who calls the mighty Chief
Anchises father, and whom Venus bore.
Mount—drive we swift away,—lest borne so far 290
Beyond the foremost battle, thou be slain.

To whom, dark-frowning, Diomede replied.
Speak not of flight to me, who am disposed
To no such course. I am ashamed to fly
Or tremble, and my strength is still entire ; 295
I cannot mount. No. Rather thus, on foot,
I will advance against them. Fear and dread
Are not for me ; Pallas forbids the thought.
One falls, be sure ; swift as they are, the steeds
That whirl them on, shall never rescue both. 300
But hear my bidding, and hold fast the word.
Should all-wise Pallas grant me my desire
To slay them both, drive not my coursers hence,
But hook the reins, and seizing quick the pair
That draw Æneas, urge them from the powers 305
Of Troy away into the host of Greece.
For they are sprung from those which Jove to Tros
In compensation gave for Ganymede ;
The Sun himself sees not their like below.
Anchises, King of men, clandestine them 310
Obtain'd, his mares submitting to the steeds
Of King Laomedon. Six brought him foals ;
Four to himself reserving, in his stalls

He fed them sleek, and two he gave his son :
 These, might we win them, were a noble prize. 315

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

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

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

He said and threw. Pallas the spear herself 335
 Directed ; at his eye fast by the nose
 Deep-entering, through his ivory teeth it pass'd,
 At its extremity divided sheer
 His tongue, and started through his chin below.
 He headlong fell, and with his dazzling arms 340
 Smote full the plain. Back flew the fiery steeds
 With swift recoil, and where he fell he died.

Then sprang Æneas forth with spear and shield,
 That none might drag the body ; lion-like
 He stalk'd around it, oval shield and spear 345
 Advancing firm, and with incessant cries

Terrific, death denouncing on his foes.
 But Diomede with hollow grasp a stone
 Enormous seized, a weight to overtask
 Two strongest men of such as now are strong, 350
 Yet He, alone, wielded the rock with ease.
 Full on the hip he smote him, where the thigh
 Rolls in its cavity, the socket named.
 He crush'd the socket, lacerated wide
 Both tendons, and with that rough-angled mass 355
 Flay'd all his flesh. The Hero on his knees
 Sank, on his ample palm his weight upbore
 Labouring, and darkness overspread his eyes.

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

Nor then forgat brave Sthenelus his charge
 Received from Diomede, but his own steeds
 Detaining distant from the boisterous war, 370
 Stretch'd tight the reins, and hook'd them fast behind.
 The coursers of Æneas next he seized
 Ardent, and them into the host of Greece
 Driving remote, consign'd them to his care,
 Whom far above all others his compeers 375
 He loved, Deipylus, his bosom 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 Goddess, conscious whom, 380
 Not Pallas, not Enyo, waster 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 385
 Through all the warring multitude he reach'd,
 With his protruded spear her gentle hand
 He wounded, piercing through her thin attire
 Ambrosial, by themselves the Graces wrought,
 Her inside wrist, fast by the rosy palm. 390
 Blood follow'd, but immortal; ichor pure,
 Such as the blest inhabitants of heaven
 May bleed, nectareous; for the Gods eat not
 Man's food, nor slake as he with sable wine
 Their thirst, thence bloodless and from death exempt.
 She, shrieking, from her arms cast down her son, 396
 And Phœbus, in impenetrable clouds
 Him hiding, lest the spear of some brave Greek
 Should pierce his bosom, caught him swift away.
 Then shouted brave Tydides after her— 400
 Depart, Jove's daughter! fly the bloody field.
 Is't not enough that thou beguilest the hearts
 Of feeble women? If thou dare intrude
 Again into the war, war's very name
 Shall make thee shudder, wheresoever heard. 405
 He said, and Venus with excess of pain
 Bewilder'd went; but Iris tempest-wing'd
 Forth led her through the multitude, oppress'd
 With anguish, her white wrist to livid changed.
 They came where Mars far on the left retired 410
 Of battle sat, his horses and his spear

In darkness veil'd. Before her brother's knees
 She fell, and with entreaties urgent sought
 The succour of his coursers golden-rein'd.

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

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

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

Her then the Goddess of love-kindling smiles 435
 Venus thus answer'd; Diomedes the proud,
 Audacious Diomedes; he gave the wound,
 For that I stole Æneas from the fight
 My son, of all mankind my most beloved;
 Nor is it now the war of Greece with Troy, 440
 But of the Grecians with the Gods themselves.

Then thus Dione, Goddess all divine.
 My child! how hard soe'er thy sufferings seem

Endure them patiently. Full many a wrong
 From human hands profane the Gods endure, 445
 And many a painful stroke, mankind from ours.
 Mars once endured much wrong, when on a time
 Him Otus bound and Ephialtes fast,
 Sons of Alöeus, and full thirteen moons
 In brazen thralldom held him. There, at length, 450
 The fierce blood-nourished Mars had pined away,
 But that Eëribœa, loveliest nymph,
 His step-mother, in happy hour disclosed
 To Mercury the story of his wrongs ;
 He stole the prisoner forth, but with his woes 455
 Already worn, languid and fetter-gall'd.
 Nor Juno less endured, when erst the bold
 Son of Amphytrion with tridental shaft
 Her bosom pierced ; she then the misery felt
 Of irremediable pain severe. 460
 Nor suffer'd Pluto less, of all the Gods
 Gigantic most, by the same son of Jove
 Alcides, at the portals of the dead
 Transfix'd and fill'd with anguish ; he the house
 Of Jove and the Olympian summit sought 465
 Dejected, torture-stung, for sore the shaft
 Oppress'd him, into his huge shoulder driven.
 But Pæon him not liable to death
 With unction smooth of salutiferous balms
 Heal'd soon. Presumptuous, sacrilegious man ! 470
 Careless what dire enormities he wrought,
 Who bent his bow against the powers of heaven !
 But blue-eyed Pallas instigated him
 By whom thou bleed'st. Infatuate ! he forgets
 That whoso turns against the Gods his arms 475

Lives never long ; he never, safe escaped
 From furious fight, the lisp'd caresses hears
 Of his own infants prattling at his knees.
 Let therefore Diomede beware, lest strong
 And valiant as he is, he chance to meet 480
 Some mightier foe than thou, and lest his wife,
 Daughter of King Adrastus, the discrete
 Ægialea, from portentous dreams
 Upstarting, call her family to wail
 Her first-espoused, Achaia's proudest boast, 485
 Diomede, whom she must behold no more.

She said, and from her wrist with both hands wiped
 The trickling ichor ; the effectual touch
 Divine chased all her pains, and she was heal'd.
 Them Juno mark'd and Pallas, and with speech 490
 Sarcastic pointed at Saturnian Jove
 To vex him, blue-eyed Pallas thus began.

Eternal father ! may I speak my thought,
 And not incense thee, Jove ? I can but judge
 That Venus, while she coax'd some Grecian fair 495
 To accompany the Trojans whom she loves
 With such extravagance, hath heedless stroaked
 Her golden clasps, and scratch'd her lily hand.

So she ; then smiled the sire of Gods and men,
 And calling golden Venus, her bespake. 500

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 heaven. But Diomede the while 505
 Sprang on Æneas, conscious of the God
 Whose hand o'ershadow'd him, yet even him

Regarding lightly ; for he burn'd to slay
 Æneas, and to seize his glorious arms.
 Thrice then he sprang impetuous to the deed, 510
 And thrice Apollo with his radiant shield
 Repulsed him. But when ardent as a God
 The fourth time he advanced, with thundering voice
 Him thus the Archer of the skies rebuked.

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

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

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

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

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

He ceased, and on the topmost turret sat

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

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

He said; then every heart for battle glow'd;
 And thus Sarpedon with rebuke severe
 Upbraiding generous Hector, stern began. 555

Where is thy courage, Hector? for thou once
 Hadst courage. Is it fled? In other days
 Thy boast hath been that without native troops
 Or foreign aids, thy kindred and thyself
 Alone, were guard sufficient for the town. 560

But none of all thy kindred now appears;
 I can discover none; they stand aloof
 Quaking, as dogs that hear the lion's roar.
 We bear the stress, who are but Troy's allies;
 Myself am such, and from afar I came; 565

For Lycia lies far distant on the banks
 Of the deep-eddied Xanthus. There a wife
 I left and infant son, both dear to me,
 With plenteous wealth, the wish of all who want.
 Yet urge I still my Lycians, and am prompt 570
 Myself to fight, although possessing here

Nought that the Greeks can carry or drive hence.
 But there stand'st thou, neither employ'd thyself,
 Nor moving others to an active part
 For all their dearest pledges. Oh beware! 575
 Lest, as with meshes of an ample net,
 At one huge draught the Grecians sweep you all,
 And desolate at once your populous Troy!
 By day, by night, thoughts such as these should still
 Thy conduct influence, and from Chief to Chief 580
 Of the allies should send thee, praying each
 To make firm stand, all bickerings put away.

So spake Sarpedon, and his reprimand
 Stung Hector; instant to the ground he leap'd
 All arm'd, and shaking his bright spears his host 585
 Ranged in all quarters animating loud
 His legions, and rekindling horrid war.
 Then, rolling back, the powers of Troy opposed
 Once more the Grecians, whom the Grecians dense
 Expected, unretreating, void of fear. 590

As flies the chaff wide scatter'd by the wind
 O'er all the consecrated floor, what time
 Ripe Ceres with brisk airs her golden grain
 Ventilates, whitening with its husk the ground;
 So grew the Achaians white, a dusty cloud 595
 Descending on their arms, which steeds with steeds
 Again to battle mingling, with their hoofs
 Up-stamp'd into the brazen vault of heaven;
 For now the charioteers turn'd all to fight.
 Host toward host with full collected force 600
 They moved direct. Then Mars through all the field
 Took wide his range, and overhung the war
 With night, in aid of Troy, at the command

Of Phœbus of the golden sword ; for he
 Perceiving Pallas from the field withdrawn, 605
 Patroness of the Greeks, had Mars enjoin'd
 To rouse the spirit of the Trojan host.

Meantime Apollo from his unctuous shrine
 Sent forth restored and with new force inspired
 Æneas. He amidst his warriors stood, 610
 Who him with joy beheld still living, heal'd,
 And all his strength possessing unimpair'd.
 Yet no man ask'd him aught. No leisure now
 For question was ; far other thoughts had they ;
 Such toils the archer of the silver bow, 615
 Wide-slaughtering 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 fear'd nothing, or the shouts of Troy, 620
 But steadfast stood, like clouds by Jove amass'd
 On lofty mountains, while the fury sleeps
 Of Boreas, and of all the stormy winds
 Shrill-voiced, that chase the vapours when they blow.
 So stood the Greeks, expecting firm the approach 625
 Of Ilium's powers, and neither fled nor fear'd.

Then Agamemnon the embattled host
 On all sides ranging, cheer'd them. Now, he cried,
 Be steadfast, fellow warriors, now be men !
 Hold fast a sense of honour. More escape 630
 Of men who fear disgrace, than fall in fight,
 While dastards forfeit life and glory both.

He said, and hurl'd his spear. He pierced a friend
 Of brave Æneas, warring in the van,
 Deicöon son of Pergasus, in Troy 635

Not less esteem'd than Priam's sons themselves,
 Such was his fame in foremost fight acquired.
 Him Agamemnon on his buckler smote,
 Nor stayed the weapon there, but through his belt
 His bowels enter'd, and with hideous clang 640
 And outcry^s of his batter'd arms he fell.

Æneas next two mightiest warriors slew,
 Sons of Diocles, of a wealthy sire,
 Whose house magnificent in Phæræ stood,
 Orsilochus and Crethon. Their descent 645
 From broad-stream'd Alpheus, Pylian flood, they drew.
 Alpheus begat Orsilochus, a prince
 Of numerous powers. Orsilochus begat
 Warlike Diocles. From Diocles sprang
 Twins, Crethon and Orsilochus, alike 650
 Valiant, and skilful in all forms of war.
 Their boyish prime scarce past, they, with the Greeks
 Embarking, in their sable ships had sail'd
 To steed-famed Ilium; just revenge they sought
 For Atreus' sons, but perished first themselves. 655

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 660
 Deep-wounded perish by the hand of man,
 So they, both vanquish'd by Æneas, fell,
 And like two lofty pines uprooted, lay.
 Them fallen in battle Menelaus saw
 With pity moved; radiant in arms he shook 665
 His brazen spear, and strode into the van.

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

Mars urged him furious on, conceiving hope
Of his death also by Æneas' hand.

But him the son of generous Nestor mark'd
Antilochus, and to the foremost fight 670

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 threatening dreadful onset, when beside 675
The Spartan chief Antilochus appear'd.

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

Next, fierce as Mars, Pylæmenes they slew,
Prince of the shielded band magnanimous
Of Paphlagonia. Him Atrides kill'd
Spear-practised Menelaus, with a lance 685

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

The slack reins, white as ivory⁶, 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 pitch'd
Panting, and on his shoulders in the sand 695
(For in deep sand he fell) stood long erect,
Till his own coursers spread him in the dust ;

⁶ This is a construction of λευκ'ελεφαντι, given by some of the best commentators, and that seems the most probable.

The son of Nestor seized, and with his scourge
Drove them afar into the host of Greece.

Them Hector through the ranks espying, flew 700
With clamour loud to meet them ; after whom
Advanced in phalanx firm the powers of Troy.
Mars led them, with Enyo terror-clad ;
She by the maddening tumult of the fight
Attended, he, with his enormous spear 705
In both hands brandish'd, stalking now in front
Of Hector, and now following his steps.

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

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

He ended ; and the Trojans now approach'd.
Then two bold warriors in one chariot borne,
By valiant Hector died, Menesthes, one,
And one, Anchialus. Them fallen in fight 725
Ajax the vast, touch'd with compassion saw ;
Within small space he stood, his glittering spear
Dismiss'd, and pierced Amphius. Son was he
Of Selagus, and Pæsus was his home,
Where opulent he dwelt, but by his fate 730

Was led to fight for Priam and his sons.
 Him Telamonian Ajax through his belt
 Wounded, and in his nether bowels deep
 Fix'd his long-shadow'd spear. Sounding he fell.
 Illustrious Ajax running to the slain 735
 Prepared to strip his arms, but him a shower
 Of glittering weapons keen from Trojan hands
 Assail'd, and numerous his broad shield received.
 He, on the body planting firm his heel,
 Forth drew the polish'd spear, but his bright arms 740
 Took not, by darts thick-flying sore annoy'd.
 Nor fear'd he little lest 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. Staggering he retired. 745

Thus toil'd both hosts in that laborious field.
 And now his ruthless destiny impell'd
 Tlepolemus, Alcides' son, a Chief
 Dauntless and huge, against a Godlike foe
 Sarpedon. They approaching, face to face 750
 Stood, son and grandson of high-thundering Jove,
 And, haughty, thus Tlepolemus began.

Sarpedon, leader of the Lycian host,
 Thou trembler! thee what cause could hither urge
 A man unskill'd in arms? They falsely speak 755
 Who call thee son of Ægis-bearing Jove,
 So far below their might thou fall'st who sprang
 From Jove in days of old. What says report
 Of Hercules, (for him I boast my sire,)
 All-daring hero with a lion's heart? 760
 With six ships only, and with followers few,
 He for the horses of Laomedon
 Lay'd Troy in dust, and widow'd all her streets.

But thou art base, and thy diminish'd powers
 Perish around thee ; think not that thou camest 765
 For Ilium's good, but rather, whatsoe'er
 Thy force in fight, to find, subdued by me,
 A sure dismissal to the gates of hell.

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

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

His noble friends conducted from the field
 The godlike Lycian, trailing as he went
 The pendent spear, none thinking to extract 790
 For his relief the weapon from his thigh,
 Through eagerness of haste to bear him thence.
 On the other side, the Grecians brazen-mail'd
 Bore off Tlepolemus. Ulysses fill'd
 With earnest thoughts tumultuous them observed, 795
 Danger-defying Chief ! Doubtful he stood

Or to pursue at once the Thunderer's son
 Sarpedon, or to take more Lycian lives.
 But not for brave Ulysses had his fate
 That praise reserved, that he should slay the son 800
 Renown'd of Jove; therefore his wavering mind
 Minerva bent against the Lycian band.
 Then Cœranus, Alastor, Chromius fell,
 Alcander, Halius, Prytanis, and brave
 Noëmon; nor had these sufficed the Chief 805
 Of Ithaca, but Lycians more had fallen,
 Had not crest-tossing Hector huge perceived
 The havoc; radiant to the van he flew,
 Filling with dread the Grecians; his approach
 Sarpedon, son of Jove, joyful beheld, 810
 And piteous thus address'd him as he came.

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

He spake; but Hector unreplying pass'd
 Impetuous, ardent to repulse the Greeks
 That moment, and to drench his sword in blood.
 Then, under shelter of a spreading beech 820
 Sacred to Jove, his noble followers placed
 The godlike Chief Sarpedon, where his friend
 Illustrious Pelagon, the ashen spear
 Extracted. Sightless, of all thought bereft,
 He sank, but soon revived, by breathing airs 825
 Refresh'd, that fann'd him gently from the North.

Meantime the Argives, although press'd alike
 By Mars himself and Hector brazen-arm'd,
 Neither to flight inclined, nor yet advanced

To battle, but inform'd that Mars the fight 830
Waged on the side of Ilium, slow retired.

Whom first, whom last slew then the mighty son
Of Priam, Hector, and the brazen Mars!
First godlike Teuthras, an equestrian Chief,
Orestes, Trechus of Ætolian race, 835

Ænomæus, Helenus from Ænops' sprung,
And brisk⁷ in fight Oresbius; rich was he,
And covetous of more in Hyla dwelt
Fast by the lake Cephissus, where abode
Bœotian Princes numerous, rich themselves 840
And rulers of a people wealth-renown'd.
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 given in vain 845
To Menelaus, if we suffer Mars
To ravage longer uncontroul'd. The time
Urges, and need appears that we ourselves
Now call to mind the fury of our might.

She spake; nor blue-eyed Pallas not complied. 850
Then Juno, Goddess dread, from Saturn sprung,
Her coursers gold-caparison'd prepared
Impatient. Hebe to the chariot roll'd
The brazen wheels, and joined them to the smooth
Steel axle; twice four spokes divided each 855
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

⁷ This, according to Porphyrius as quoted by Clarke, is the true meaning of *αιολομιτρης*.

The seat upbore ; two crescents ⁸ blazed in front. 860
 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. 865
 Meantime, Minerva, progeny of Jove,
 On the adamantine floor of his abode
 Let fall profuse her variegated robe,
 Labour of her own hands. She first put on
 The corslet of the cloud-assembler God, 870
 Then arm'd her for the field of woe complete.
 She charged her shoulder with the dreadful shield
 The shaggy Ægis, border'd thick around
 With terror ; there was Discord, Prowess there,
 There hot Pursuit, and there the feature grim 875
 Of Gorgon, dire Deformity, a sign
 Oft borne portentous on the arm of Jove.
 Her golden helm, whose concave had sufficed
 The legions of an hundred cities, rough
 With warlike ornament superb, she fix'd 880
 On her immortal head. Thus arm'd, she rose
 Into the flaming chariot, and her spear
 Seized ponderous, huge, with which the Goddess sprung
 From an Almighty father, levels ranks
 Of heroes, against whom her anger burns. 885
 Juno with lifted lash urged quick the steeds ;
 At her approach, spontaneous roar'd the wide-
 Unfolding gates of heaven ; the heavenly gates

⁸ These which I have called crescents, were a kind of hook of a semicircular form, to which the reins were occasionally fastened.

Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge
 Of the Olympian summit appertains, 890
 And of the boundless ether, back to roll,
 And to replace the cloudy barrier dense.
 Spurr'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds ;
 Apart from all, and seated on the point
 Superior of the cloven mount, they found 895
 The Thunderer. Juno the white-arm'd her steeds
 There stay'd, and thus the Goddess, ere she pass'd,
 Question'd the son of Saturn, Jove supreme.

Jove, Father, seest thou, and art not incensed,
 These ravages of Mars? Oh what a field, 900
 Drench'd with what Grecian blood! All rashly spilt,
 And in despite of me. Venus, the while,
 Sits, and the Archer of the silver bow
 Delighted, and have urged, themselves, to this
 The frantic Mars within no bounds confined 905
 Of law or order. But, eternal sire!
 Shall I offend thee chasing 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 910
 Spoil-huntress Athenæan Pallas, him
 Accustom'd to chastise with pain severe.

He spake, nor white-arm'd Juno not obey'd.
 She lash'd her steeds; they readily their flight
 Began, the earth and starry vault between. 915
 Far as from his high tower the watchman kens
 O'er gloomy ocean, so far at one bound
 Advance the shrill-voiced coursers of the Gods.
 But when at Troy and at the confluent streams
 Of Simois and Scamander they arrived, 920
 There Juno, white-arm'd Goddess, from the yoke

Her steeds releasing, them in gather'd shades
 Conceal'd opaque, while Simoïs caused to spring
 Ambrosia from his bank, whereon they browsed.

Swift as her pinions waft the dove away 925
 They sought the Grecians, 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, 930
 And in the form of Stentor for his voice
 Of brass renown'd, audible as the roar
 Of fifty throats, the Grecians thus harangued.

Oh shame, shame, shame ! Argives in form alone,
 Beautiful but dishonourable race ! 935
 While yet divine Achilles ranged the field,
 No Trojan stepp'd from yon Dardanian gates
 Abroad ; all trembled at his stormy spear ;
 But now they venture forth, now at your ships
 Defy you, from their city far remote. 940

She ceased, and all caught courage from the sound.
 But Athenæan Pallas eager sought
 The son of Tydeus ; at his chariot side
 She found the Chief cooling his fiery wound
 Received from Pandarus ; for him the sweat 945
 Beneath the broad band of his oval shield
 Exhausted, and his arm fail'd him fatigued ;
 He therefore raised the band and wiped the blood
 Coagulate ; when o'er his chariot yoke
 Her arm the Goddess threw, and thus began. 950

Tydeus, in truth, begat a son himself
 Not much resembling. Tydeus was of size
 Diminutive, but had a warrior's heart.
 When him I once commanded to abstain

From furious fight (what time he enter'd Thebes 955
 Ambassador, and the Cadmeans found
 Feasting, himself the sole Achaian there)
 And bade him quietly partake the feast,
 He, fired with wonted ardour, challenged forth
 To proof of manhood the Cadmean youth, 960
 Whom easily, through my effectual aid,
 In contests of each kind he overcame.
 But thou, whom I encircle with my power,
 Guard vigilant, and even bid thee forth
 To combat with the Trojans, thou, thy limbs 965
 Feelst wearied with the toils of war, or worse,
 Indulgest womanish and heartless fear.
 Henceforth thou art not worthy to be deem'd
 Son of Oenides, Tydeus famed in arms.

To whom thus valiant Diomede replied. 970
 I know thee well, oh Goddess sprung from Jove!
 And therefore willing shall, and plain, reply.
 Me neither weariness nor heartless fear
 Restrains, but thine injunctions which impress
 My memory, still, that I should fear to oppose 975
 The blessed Gods in fight, Venus except,
 Whom in the battle found thou badest me pierce
 With unrelenting spear; therefore myself
 Retiring hither, I have hither call'd
 The other Argives also, for I know 980
 That Mars, himself in arms, controuls the war.

Him answer'd then the Goddess azure-eyed.
 Tydides! Diomede, my heart's delight!
 Fear not this Mars⁹, nor fear thou other power
 Immortal, but be confident in me. 985
 Arise. Drive forth. Seek Mars; him only seek;

⁹ Ἄρεα τονδε.

Him hand to hand engage ; this fiery Mars
 Respect not aught, base implement of wrong
 And mischief, shifting still from side to side.
 He promised Juno lately and myself 990
 That he would fight for Greece, yet now forgets
 His promise, and gives all his aid to Troy.

So saying, she backward by his hand withdrew
 The son of Capaneus, who to the ground
 Leap'd instant ; she, impatient to his place 995
 Ascending, sat beside brave Diomede.

Loud groan'd the beechen axle, under weight
 Unwonted, for it bore into the fight
 An awful Goddess, and the chief of men.
 Quick-seizing lash and reins Minerva drove 1000

• Direct at Mars. That moment he had slain
 Periphas, bravest of Ætolia's sons,
 And huge of bulk ; Ochesius was his sire.
 Him Mars the slaughterer had of life bereft
 Newly, and Pallas to elude his sight 1005
 The helmet fixed of Ades on her head.

Soon as gore-tainted Mars the approach perceived
 Of Diomede, he left the giant length
 Of Periphas extended where he died,
 And flew to cope with Tydeus' valiant son. 1010

Full nigh they came, when Mars on fire to slay
 The hero, foremost with his brazen lance
 Assail'd him, hurling o'er his horses' heads.
 But Athenæan Pallas in her hand
 The flying weapon caught and turn'd it wide, 1015

Baffling his aim. Then Diomede on him
 Rush'd furious in his turn, and Pallas plunged
 The bright spear deep into his cinctured waist.
 Dire was the wound, and plucking back the spear

She tore him. Bellow'd brazen-throated Mars 1020
 Loud as nine thousand warriors, or as ten
 Join'd in close combat. Grecians, Trojans shook
 Appall'd alike at the tremendous voice
 Of Mars insatiable with deeds of blood.
 Such as the dimness is when summer winds 1025
 Breathe hot, and sultry mist obscures the sky,
 Such brazen Mars to Diomede appear'd
 By clouds accompanied in his ascent
 Into the boundless ether. Reaching soon
 The Olympian heights, seat of the Gods, he sat 1030
 Beside Saturnian Jove; woe fill'd his heart;
 He show'd fast-streaming from the wound his blood
 Immortal, and impatient thus complain'd.

Jove, Father! Seest thou these outrageous acts
 Unmoved with anger? Such are day by day 1035
 The dreadful mischiefs by the Gods contrived
 Against each other, for the sake of man.
 Thou art thyself the cause. Thou hast produced
 A foolish daughter petulant, addict
 To evil only and injurious deeds; 1040
 There is not in Olympus, save herself,
 Who feels not thy 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 1045
 Of haughty Diomede with madness fill'd
 Against the immortal Gods; first Venus bled;
 Her hand he pierced impetuous, then assail'd,
 As if himself immortal, even me.
 But me my feet stole thence, or overwhelm'd 1050
 Beneath yon heaps of carcases impure,

What had I not sustain'd? And if at last
I lived, had halted crippled by the sword.

To whom with dark displeasure Jove replied.
Base and side-shifting traitor ! vex not me 1055
Here sitting querulous ; of all who dwell
On the Olympian heights, thee most I hate
Contentious, whose delight is war alone.
Thou hast thy mother's moods, the very spleen
Of Juno, uncontrollable as she, .. 1060
Whom even I, reprove her as I may,
Scarce rule by mere commands ; I therefore judge
Thy sufferings a contrivance all her own.
But soft. Thou art my son whom I begat,
And Juno bare thee. I cannot endure 1065
That thou shouldst suffer long. Hadst thou been born
Of other parents thus detestable,
What Deity 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 1070
Of Pæon ; he with drugs of lenient powers,
Soon heal'd whom immortality secured
From dissolution. As the juice from figs
Express'd what fluid was in milk before
Coagulates, stirr'd rapidly around, 1075
So soon was Mars by Pæon's skill restored.
Him Hebe bathed, and with divine attire
Graceful adorn'd ; when at the side of Jove
Again his glorious seat sublime he took.

Meantime to the abode of Jove supreme 1080
Ascended Juno throughout Argos known
And mighty Pallas ; Mars the plague of man,
By their successful force from slaughter driven.

THE ILIAD.



BOOK VI.

S. C.—11.

L.

ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

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 sally from the gate together.

THE I L I A D.

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
Prevail'd alternate, on the champain spread
The Xanthus and the Simoïs between. 5

First Telamonian Ajax, bulwark firm
Of the Achaians, broke the Trojan ranks,
And kindled for the Greeks a gleam of hope,
Slaying the bravest of the Thracian band,
Huge Acamas, Eusorus' son ; him first 10
Full on the shaggy crest he smote, and urged
The spear into his forehead ; through his scull
The bright point pass'd, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
But Diomede, heroic Chief, the son
Of Teuthras slew, Axylus. Rich was he, 15
And in Arisba, (where he dwelt beside
The public road, and at his open door
Made welcome all,) respected and beloved.
But of his numerous guests none interposed
To avert his woeful doom ; nor him alone 20
He slew, 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 Pedasus and on Æsèpus turned 25
 Brethren and twins. Them Abarbarea bore,
 A Naiad, to Bucolion, son renown'd
 Of King Laomedon, his eldest born,
 But by his mother, at his birth, conceal'd.
 Bucolion pasturing his flocks, embraced 30
 The lovely nymph ; she twins produced, both whom,
 Brave as they were and beautiful, thy son ¹
 Mecisteus ! slew, and from their shoulders tore
 Their armour. Dauntless Polypœtes slew
 Astyalus. Ulysses with his spear 35
 Transfix'd Pydites, a Percosian Chief,
 And Teucer Aretaön ; Nestor's pride
 Antilochus, with his bright lance, of life
 Bereft Ablerus, and the royal arm
 Of Agamemnon, Elatus ; he dwelt 40
 Among the hills of lofty Pedasus,
 On Satnio's banks, smooth-sliding river pure.
 Phylacus fled, whom Leitus as swift
 Soon smote. Melanthius at the feet expired
 Of the renowned Eurypylus, and, flush'd 45
 With martial ardour, Menelaus seized
 And took alive Adrastus. As it chanced
 A thicket his affrighted steeds detain'd
 Their feet entangling ; they with restive force
 At its extremity snapp'd short the pole, 50
 And to the city, whither others fled,
 Fled also. From his chariot headlong hurl'd,
 Adrastus press'd the plain fast by his wheel.

¹ Euryalus.

Flew Menelaus, and his quivering spear
Shook over him; he, life imploring, clasp'd 55
Importunate his knees, and thus exclaim'd.

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 60
Till he have gratified thine utmost wish,
Inform'd that I am captive in your fleet.

He said, and Menelaus by his words
Vanquish'd, him soon had to the fleet dismiss'd
Given to his train in charge, but swift and stern 65
Approaching, Agamemnon interposed.—

Now, brother, whence this milkiness of mind,
These scruples about blood? Thy Trojan friends
Have doubtless much obliged thee. Die the race!
May none escape us! Neither he who flies, 70
Nor even the infant in his mother's womb
Unconscious. Perish universal Troy
Unpitied, till her place be found no more!

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

Friends, Heroes, Grecians, ministers of Mars!
Let none, desirous of the spoil, his time
Devote to plunder now; now slay your foes,
And strip them when the field shall be your own.

He said, and all took courage at his word. 85

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

Hector, and thou, Æneas, since on you
 The Lycians chiefly and ourselves depend,
 For that in difficult emprize ye show
 Most courage; give best counsel; stand yourselves, 95
 And, visiting all quarters, cause to stand
 Before the city-gates our scatter'd troops,
 Ere yet the fugitives within the arms
 Be slaughter'd of their wives, the scorn of Greece.

When thus ye shall have rallied every band 100
 And roused their courage, weary though we be,
 Yet since necessity commands, even here
 Will we give battle to the host of Greece.
 But, Hector! to the city thou depart;
 There charge our mother, that she go direct, 105
 With the assembled matrons, to the fane
 Of Pallas in the citadel of Troy.

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

Twelve heifers of the year yet never touch'd
 With puncture of the goad, let her alike
 Devote to her, if she will pity Troy, 115
 Our wives and little ones, and will avert
 The son of Tydeus from these sacred towers,

That dreadful Chief, terror of all our host,
 Bravest, in my account, of all the Greeks.
 For never yet Achilles hath himself 120
 So taught our people fear, although esteem'd
 Son of a Goddess. But this warrior's rage
 Is boundless, and his strength past all compare.

So Helenus; nor Hector not complied.
 Down from his chariot instant to the ground 125
 All arm'd he leap'd, and, shaking his sharp spears,
 Through every 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 130
 Than that some Deity, the starry skies
 Forsaken, help'd their foes, so firm they stood.
 But Hector to the Trojans call'd aloud.
 Ye dauntless Trojans and confederate powers
 Call'd from afar! now be ye men, my friends, 135
 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 140
 The sable hide that lined his bossy shield
 Smote on his neck and on his ankle-bone.

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

Most noble Champion! who of human kind
 Art thou, whom in the man-ennobling fight

I now encounter first? Past all thy peers 150
 I must esteem thee valiant, who hast dared
 To meet my coming, and my spear defy.
 Ah! they are sons of miserable sires
 Who dare my might; but if a God from heaven
 Thou come, behold! I fight not with the Gods. 155
 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 Nyssa; they their wands
 Vine-wreathed cast all away, with an ox-goad 160
 Chastised by fell Lycurgus. Bacchus plunged
 Meantime dismay'd into the Deep, where him
 Trembling, and at the Hero's haughty threats
 Confounded, Thetis in her bosom hid.
 Thus by Lycurgus were the blessed powers 165
 Of heaven offended, and Saturnian Jove
 Of sight bereaved him, who not long that loss
 Survived, for he was curst by all above.
 I, therefore, wage no contest with the Gods;
 But if thou be of men, and feed on bread 170
 Of earthly growth, draw nigh, that with a stroke
 Well-aim'd, I may at once cut short thy days.
 To whom the illustrious Lycian Chief replied.
 Why asks brave Diomede of my descent?
 For, as the leaves, such is the race of man. 175
 The wind shakes down the leaves, the budding grove
 Soon teems with others, and in spring they grow.
 So pass mankind. One generation meets
 Its destined period, and a new succeeds.
 But since thou seem'st desirous to be taught 180
 My pedigree, whereof no few have heard,

Know that in Argos, in the very lap
 Of Argos, for her steed-grazed meadows famed,
 Stands Ephyra; there Sisyphus abode,
 Shrewdest of human kind; Sisyphus, named 185
 Æolides. Himself a son begat,
 Glaucus, and he Bellerophon, to whom
 The Gods both manly force and beauty gave.
 Him Prætus, (for in Argos at that time
 Prætus was sovereign, to whose sceptre Jove 190
 Had subjected the land,) plotting his death,
 Contrived to banish from his native home.
 For fair Anteia, wife of Prætus, mad
 Through love of young Bellerophon, him oft
 In secret to illicit joys enticed; 195
 But she prevail'd not o'er the virtuous mind
 Discrete of whom she wooed; therefore a lie
 Framing, she royal Prætus thus bespake.
 Die thou, or slay Bellerophon, who sought
 Of late to force me to his lewd embrace. 200
 So saying, the anger of the King she roused.
 Slay him himself he would not, for his heart
 Forbad the deed; him therefore he dismiss'd
 To Lycia, charged with tales of dire import
 Written in tablets, which he bade him show, 205
 That he might perish, to Anteia's sire.
 To Lycia then, conducted by the Gods,
 He went, and on the shores of Xanthus found
 Free entertainment noble at the hands
 Of Lycia's potent King. Nine days complete 210
 He feasted him, and slew each day an ox.
 But when the tenth day's ruddy morn appear'd,
 He asked him then his errand, and to see

Those written tablets from his son-in-law.
 The letters seen, he bade him, first, destroy 215
 Chimæra, deem'd invincible, divine
 In nature, alien from the race of man,
 Lion in front, but dragon all behind,
 And in the midst a she-goat breathing forth
 Profuse the violence of flaming fire. 220
 Her, confident in signs from heaven, he slew.
 Next, with the men of Solymæ he fought,
 Brave warriors far-renown'd, with whom he waged,
 In his account, the fiercest of his wars.
 And lastly, when in battle he had slain 225
 The man-resisting Amazons, the king
 Another stratagem at his return
 Devised against him, placing close-conceal'd
 An ambush for him from the bravest chosen
 In Lycia ; but they saw their homes no more ; 230
 Bellerophon the valiant slew them all.
 The monarch hence collecting, at the last,
 His heavenly origin, him there detain'd,
 And gave him his own daughter, with the half
 Of all his royal dignity and power. 235
 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 consort fair three children bore
 To bold Bellerophon ; Isandrus one, 240
 And one, Hippolochus ; his youngest born
 Laodamia was for beauty such
 That she became a concubine of Jove.
 She bore Sarpedon of heroic note.
 But when Bellerophon, at last, himself 245

Had anger'd all the Gods, feeding on grief
 He roam'd alone the Aleian field, exiled
 By choice, from every cheerful haunt of man.
 Mars, thirsty still for blood, his son destroy'd
 Isandrus, warring with the host renown'd 250
 Of Solymæ; and in her wrath divine
 Diana from her chariot golden-rein'd
 Laodamia slew. Myself I boast
 Sprung from Hippolochus; he sent me forth
 To fight for Troy, charging me much and oft 255
 That I should outstrip always all mankind
 In worth and valour, nor the house disgrace
 Of my forefathers, heroes without peer
 In Ephyra, and in Lycia's wide domain.
 Such is my lineage; such the blood I boast. 260
 He ceased. Then valiant Diomede rejoiced.
 He pitch'd his spear, and to the Lycian Prince
 In terms of peace and amity replied.
 Thou art my own hereditary friend,
 Whose noble Grandsire was the guest of mine. 265
 For Oeneus, on a time, full twenty days,
 Regaled Bellerophon, and pledges fair
 Of hospitality they interchanged.
 Oeneus a belt radiant with purple gave
 To brave Bellerophon, who in return 270
 Gave him a golden goblet. Coming forth
 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, 275
 Thine host am I in Argos, and thou mine
 In Lycia, should I chance to sojourn there.

We will not clash. Trojans or aids of Troy
 No few the Gods shall furnish to my spear,
 Whom I may slaughter ; and no want of Greeks 280
 On whom to prove thy prowess, thou shalt find.
 But it were well that an exchange ensued
 Between us ; take mine armour, give me thine,
 That all who notice us may understand
 Our patrimonial³ amity and love. 285

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

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

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

³ *ἑλίνοι πατριῶν.*

Loveliest of all her children, as she went
 Met Hector. On his hand she hung and said :
 Why leavest thou, O my son ! the dangerous field ?
 I fear that the Achaians (hateful name !) 311
 Compass the walls so closely, that thou seek'st
 Urged by distress the citadel, to lift
 Thine hands in prayer to Jove ? But pause awhile
 Till I shall bring thee wine, that having pour'd 315
 Libation rich to Jove and to the powers
 Immortal, thou may'st drink and be refresh'd.
 For wine is mighty to renew the strength
 Of weary man, and weary thou must be
 Thyself, thus long defending us and ours. 320
 To whom her son majestic thus replied.
 My mother, whom I reverence ! cheering wine
 Bring none to me, lest I forget my might.
 I fear, beside, with unwash'd hands to pour
 Libation forth of sable wine to Jove, 325
 And dare on none account, thus blood-defiled,
 Approach the tempest-stirring God in prayer.
 Thou, therefore, gathering all our matrons, seek
 The fane of Pallas, huntress of the spoil,
 Bearing sweet incense ; but from the attire 330
 Treasured within thy chamber, first select
 The amplest robe, most exquisitely wrought,
 And which thou prizest most,—then spread the gift
 On Athenæan Pallas' lap divine.
 Twelve heifers also of the year, untouch'd 335
 With puncture of the goad, promise to slay
 In sacrifice, if she will pity Troy,
 Our wives and little ones, and will avert
 The son of Tydeus from these sacred towers,

That dreadful Chief, terror of all our host. 340
 Go then, my mother, seek the hallowed 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 swallow him, whom Jove hath made a curse 345
 To Troy, to Priam, and to all his house ;
 Methinks, to see him plunged into the shades
 For ever, were a cure for all my woes.

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

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

Goddess¹⁰ of Goddesses, our city's shield,
 Adored Minerva, hear! oh! break the lance
 Of Diomede, and give himself to fall
 Prone in the dust before the Scaean gate. 375
 So will we offer to thee at thy shrine,
 This day twelve heifers of the year, untouch'd
 By yoke or goad, if thou wilt pity show
 To Troy, and save our children and our wives.

Such prayer the priestess offer'd, and such prayer 380
 All present; whom Minerva heard averse.
 But Hector to the palace sped meantime
 Of Alexander, which himself had built,
 Aided by every architect of name
 Illustrious then in Troy. Chamber it had, 385
 Wide hall, proud dome, and on the heights of Troy
 Near-neighbouring Hector's house and Priam's stood.
 There enter'd Hector, Jove-beloved, a spear
 Its length eleven cubits in his hand,
 Its glittering head bound with a ring of gold. 390
 He found within his chamber whom he sought,
 Polishing with exactest care his arms
 Resplendent, shield and hauberk fingering o'er
 With curious touch, and tampering with his bow.
 Helen of Argos with her female train 395
 Sat occupied, the while, to each in turn
 Some splendid task assigning. Hector fix'd
 His eyes on Paris, and him stern rebuked.

Thy sullen humours, Paris, are ill-timed.
 The people perish at our lofty walls; 400
 The flames of war have compass'd Troy around

³ δῖα θεάων.

And thou hast kindled them ; who yet thyself,
 That slackness show'st which in another seen
 Thou would'st resent to death. Haste, seek the field
 This moment, lest, the next, all Ilium blaze. 405

To whom thus Paris graceful as a God.
 Since, Hector, thou hast charged me with a fault,
 And not unjustly, I will answer make,
 And give thou special heed. That here I sit,
 The cause is sorrow, which I wish'd to sooth 410
 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, 415
 That course prefer. Wait, therefore, thou awhile,
 'Till I shall dress me for the fight, or go
 Thou first, and I will overtake thee soon.

He ceased, to whom brave Hector answer none
 Return'd, when Helen him with lenient speech 420
 Accosted mild. My brother ! who in me
 Hast found a sister worthy of thy hate,
 Authoress of all calamity to Troy,
 Oh that the winds, the day when I was born,
 Had swept me out of sight, whirl'd me aloft 425
 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 chosen, 430
 One not insensible to public shame.
 But this, oh this, nor hath nor will acquire
 Hereafter, aught which like discretion shews

Or reason, and shall find his just reward.
 But enter ; take this seat ; for who as thou 435
 Labours, or who hath cause like thee to rue
 The crime, my brother, for which Heaven hath doom'd
 Both Paris and my most detested self
 To be the burthens of an endless song ?

To whom the warlike Hector huge⁴ replied. 440
 Me bid not, Helen, to a seat, howe'er
 Thou wish my stay, for thou must not prevail.
 The Trojans miss me, and myself no less
 Am anxious to return. But urge in haste
 This loiterer forth ; yea, let him urge himself 445
 To overtake me ere I quit the town.
 For I must home in haste, that I may see
 My loved Andromache, my infant boy,
 And my domestics, ignorant if e'er
 I shall behold them more, or if my fate 450
 Ordain me now to fall by Grecian hands.

So spake the dauntless hero, and withdrew.
 But reaching soon his own well-built abode
 He found not fair Andromache ; she stood
 Lamenting Hector, with the nurse who bore 455
 Her infant, on a turret's top sublime.
 He then, not finding his chaste spouse within,
 Thus from the portal, of her train enquired.

Tell me, ye maidens, whither went from home
 Andromache the fair ? Went she to see 460
 Her female kindred of my father's house,
 Or to Minerva's temple, where convened

⁴ The bulk of his heroes is a circumstance of which Homer frequently reminds us by the use of the word μέγας—and which ought, therefore, by no means to be suppressed.

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

To whom his household's governess discrete. 465

Since, Hector, truth is thy demand, receive
True answer. Neither went she forth to see
Her female kindred of thy father's house,
Nor to Minerva's temple, where convened
The bright-haired matrons of the city seek 470

To sooth the awful Goddess; but she went
Hence to the tower of Troy: for she had heard
That the Achaians had prevail'd, and driven
The Trojans to the walls; she, therefore, wild
With grief, flew thither, and the nurse her steps 475
Attended, with thy infant in her arms.

So spake the prudent governess; whose words
When Hector heard, issuing from his door
He backward trod with hasty steps the streets
Of lofty Troy, and having traversed all 480

The spacious city, when he now approach'd
The Scæan gate, whence he must seek the field,
There, hasting home again his noble wife
Met him, Andromache the rich-endow'd
Fair daughter of Eëtion famed in arms. 485

Eëtion, who in Hypoplacian Thebes
Umbrageous dwelt, Cilicia's mighty lord,—
His daughter valiant Hector had espoused.
There she encounter'd him, and with herself
The nurse came also, bearing in her arms 490
Hectorides, his infant darling boy,
Beautiful as a star. Him Hector called
Scamandrios, but Astyanax⁵ all else

⁵ The name signifies, the *Chief of the city*.

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 stood,
 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, assail'd 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 slew my father ; yet his gorgeous arms 510
 Stripp'd not through reverence of him, but consumed,
 Arm'd as it was, his body on the pile,
 And heap'd his tomb, which the Oreades⁶,
 Jove's daughters, had 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, slew them all.
 My mother, Queen of the well-wooded realm
 Of Hypoplacian Thebes, her hither brought 520
 Among his other spoils, he loosed again
 At an inestimable ransom-price,
 But by Diana⁷ pierced, she died at home.

⁶ Mountain nymphs.

⁷ Sudden deaths were ascribed either to Diana or Apollo.

Yet Hector—oh my husband! I in thee
 Find parents, brothers, all that I have lost. 525
 Come! have compassion on us. Go not hence,
 But guard this turret, lest of me thou make
 A widow, and an orphan of thy boy.
 The city walls are easiest of ascent
 At yonder fig-tree; station there thy powers; 530
 For whether by a prophet warn'd, 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 assail'd the town. 535
 To whom the leader of the host of Troy.
 These cares, Andromache, which thee engage,
 All touch me also; but I dread to incur
 The scorn of male and female tongues in Troy,
 If, dastard-like, I should decline the fight. 540
 Nor feel I such a wish. No. I have learn'd
 To be courageous ever, in the van
 Among the flower of Ilium to assert
 My glorious father's honour, and my own.
 For that the day shall come when sacred Troy, 545
 When Priam, and the people of the old
 Spear-practised King shall perish, well I know.
 But for no Trojan sorrows yet to come
 So much I mourn, not e'en for Hecuba,
 Nor yet for Priam, nor for all the brave 550
 Of my own brothers who shall kiss the dust,
 As for thyself, when some Achaian Chief
 Shall have convey'd thee weeping hence, thy sun
 Of peace and liberty for ever set.
 Then shalt thou toil in Argos at the loom 555

For a task-mistress, and constrain'd shalt draw
 From Hypereïa's fount, or from the fount
 Messeïs, water at her proud command.
 Some Grecian then, seeing thy tears, shall say—
 " This was the wife of Hector, who excell'd 560
 All Troy in fight when Ilium was besieged."
 Such he shall speak thee, and thy heart, the while,
 Shall bleed afresh through want of such a friend
 To stand between captivity and thee.
 But may I rest beneath my hill of earth 565
 Or ere that day arrive! I would not live
 To hear thy cries, and see thee torn away.

So saying, illustrious Hector stretch'd his arms
 Forth to his son, but with a scream, the child
 Fell back into the bosom of his nurse, 570
 His father's aspect dreading, whose bright arms
 He had attentive mark'd and shaggy crest
 Playing tremendous o'er his helmet's height.
 His father and his gentle mother laugh'd^s,
 And noble Hector lifting from his head 575
 His dazzling helmet, placed it on the ground,
 Then kiss'd his boy and dandled him, and thus
 In earnest prayer the heavenly powers implored.

Hear all ye Gods! as ye have given to me,
 So also on my son excelling might 580
 Bestow, with chief authority in Troy.
 And be his record this, in time to come,
 When he returns from battle. Lo! how far
 The son excels the sire! May every foe
 Fall under him, and he come laden home 585
 With spoils blood-stain'd to his dear mother's joy.

^s The Scholiast in Villoissson calls it φυσικον τινα και μετριον γελωτα a natural and moderate laughter.

He said, and gave his infant to the arms
 Of his Andromache, who him received
 Into her fragrant bosom, bitter tears
 With sweet smiles mingling ; he with pity moved 590
 That sight observed, soft touch'd her cheek, and said,
 Mourn not, my loved Andromache, for me
 Too much ; no man shall send me to the shades
 Of Tartarus, ere mine allotted hour,
 Nor lives he who can overpass the date 595
 By heaven assign'd him, be he base or brave.
 Go then, and occupy content at home
 The woman's province ; ply the distaff, spin
 And weave, and task thy maidens. War belongs
 To man ; to all men ; and of all who first 600
 Drew vital breath in Ilium, most to me.

He ceased, and from the ground his helmet raised
 Hair-crested ; his Andromache, at once
 Obedient, to her home repair'd, but oft
 Turn'd as she went, and, turning, wept afresh. 605
 No sooner at the palace she arrived
 Of havoc-spreading Hector, than among
 Her numerous maidens found within, she raised
 A general lamentation ; with one voice,
 In his own house, his whole domestic train 610
 Mourn'd 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, traversed swift 615
 The city, all alacrity and joy.
 As some stall'd horse high-fed, his stable-cord
 Snapt short, beats under foot the sounding plain,
 Accustomed in smooth-sliding streams to lave

Exulting ; high he bears his head, his mane 620
 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, 625
 All dazzling as the sun, descended, flush'd
 With martial pride, and bounding in his course.
 At once he came where noble Hector stood
 Now turning, after conference with his spouse,
 When godlike Alexander thus began. 630

My hero brother, thou hast surely found
 My long delay most irksome. More dispatch
 Had pleased thee more, for such was thy command.
 To whom the warlike Hector thus replied.

No man, judicious, and in feat of arms 635
 Intelligent, would pour contempt on thee,
 (For thou art valiant,) wert thou not remiss
 And wilful negligent ; and when I hear
 The very men who labour in thy cause
 Reviling thee, I make thy shame my own. 640
 But let us on. All such complaints shall cease
 Hereafter, and thy faults be touch'd no more,
 Let Jove but once afford us riddance clear
 Of these Achaians, and to quaff the cup
 Of liberty, before the living Gods. 645

THE ILIAD.



BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

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

THE I L I A D.

BOOK VII.

So saying, illustrious Hector through the gates
To battle rush'd, with Paris at his side,
And both were bent on deeds of high renown.
As when the Gods vouchsafe propitious gales
To longing mariners, who with smooth oars 5
Threshing the waves have all their strength consumed,
So them the longing Trojans glad received.

At once each slew a Grecian. Paris slew
Menesthus who in Arna dwelt, the son
Of Areithoüs, club-bearing chief, 10
And of Philomedusa radiant-eyed.
But Hector wounded with his glittering spear
Eioneus ; he pierced his neck beneath

His brazen morion's verge, and dead he fell.
Then Glaucus, leader of the Lycian host, 15
Son of Hippolochus, in furious fight
Iphinoüs son of Dexias assail'd,

Mounting his rapid mares, and with his lance
His shoulder pierced ; unhorsed he fell and died.

Such slaughter of the Grecians in fierce fight 20
Minerva noting, from the Olympian hills
Flew down to sacred Ilium ; whose approach
Marking from Pergamus Apollo flew
To meet her, ardent on the part of Troy.

Beneath the beech they join'd, when first the King, 25
The son of Jove, Apollo, thus began.

Daughter of Jove supreme ! why hast thou left
Olympus, and with such impetuous speed ?
Comest thou to give the Danaï success
Decisive ? For I know that pity none 30
Thou feel'st for Trojans, perish as they may.
But if advice of mine can influence thee
To that which shall be best, let us compose
This day the furious fight, which shall again
Hereafter rage, till Ilium be destroy'd. 35
Since such is Juno's pleasure and thy own.

Him answer'd then Pallas cærulean-eyed.
Celestial archer ! be it so. I came
Myself so purposing into the field
From the Olympian heights. But by what means 40
Wilt thou induce the warriors to a pause ?

To whom the King, the son of Jove, replied.
The courage of equestrian Hector bold
Let us excite, that he may challenge forth
To single conflict terrible some chief 45
Achaian. The Achaians brazen-mail'd
Indignant, will supply a champion soon
To combat with the noble Chief of Troy.

So spake Apollo, and his counsel pleased
Minerva ; which when Helenus the seer, 50
Priam's own son, in his prophetic soul
Perceived, approaching Hector, thus he spake.

Jove's peer in wisdom, Hector, Priam's son !
I am thy brother. Wilt thou list to me ?
Bid cease the battle. Bid both armies sit. 55
Call first, thyself, the mightiest of the Greeks
To single conflict. I have heard the voice

Of the Eternal Gods, and well assured
Foretell thee that thy death not now impends.

He spake, whom Hector heard with joy elate. 60

Before his van striding into the space
Both hosts between, he with his spear transverse
Press'd back the Trojans, and they sat. Down sat
The well-greaved Grecians also at command
Of Agamemnon; and in shape assumed 65

Of vultures, Pallas and Apollo perch'd
High on the lofty beech sacred to Jove
The father Ægis-arm'd; delighted thence
They view'd the peopled plain horrent around
With shields and helms and glittering spears erect. 70

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

Ye Trojans, and Achaians brazen-greaved, 75

Attend while I shall speak! Jove high-enthroned
Hath not fulfill'd the truce, but evil plans
Against both hosts, till either ye shall take
Troy's lofty towers, or shall yourselves in flight
Fall vanquish'd at your billow-cleaving barks. 80

With you is all the flower of Greece. Let him
Whose heart shall move him to encounter sole
Illustrious Hector, from among you all
Stand forth, and Jove be witness to us both.
If he, with his long-pointed lance, of life 85

Shall me bereave, my armour is his prize,
Which he shall hence into your fleet convey;
Not so my body; that he shall resign
For burial to the men and wives of Troy.
But if Apollo make the glory mine, 90

And he fall vanquish'd, him will I despoil,
 And hence conveying into sacred Troy
 His arms, will in the temple hang them high
 Of the bow-bender God, but I will send
 His body to the fleet, that him the Greeks 95
 May grace with rites funereal. On the banks
 Of wide-spread Hellespont ye shall upraise
 His tomb, and as they cleave with oary barks
 The sable Deep, posterity shall say—
 “ It is a warrior's tomb ; in ancient days, 100
 The Hero died ; him warlike Hector slew.”
 So men shall speak hereafter, and my fame
 Who slew him, and my praise, shall never die.

He ceased, and all sat mute. His challenge bold
 None dared accept, which yet they blush'd to shun,
 Till Menelaus, at the last, arose 106
 Groaning profound, and thus reproach'd the Greeks.

Ah boasters ! henceforth women—men no more—
 Eternal shame, shame infinite is ours,
 If none of all the Grecians dares contend 110
 With Hector. Dastards—deaf to glory's call—
 Rot where ye sit ! I will myself take arms
 Against him, for the gods alone dispose,
 At their own pleasure, the events of war.

He ended, and put on his radiant arms. 115
 Then, Menelaus, manifest appear'd
 Thy death, approaching by the dreadful hands
 Of Hector, mightier far in arms than thou,
 But that the Chiefs of the Achaians all
 Upstarting stay'd thee, and himself the King, 120
 The son of Atreus, on thy better hand
 Seizing affectionate, thee thus address'd.

Thou ravest, my royal brother ! and art seized

With needless frenzy. But, however chafed,
 Restrain thy wrath, nor covet to contend 125
 With Priameian Hector, whom in fight
 All dread, a warrior thy superior far.
 Not even Achilles, in the glorious field,
 (Though stronger far than thou,) this hero meets
 Undaunted. Go then, and thy seat resume 130
 In thy own band; the Achaians shall for him,
 Doubtless, some fitter champion furnish forth.
 Brave though he be, and with the toils of war
 Insatiable, he shall be willing yet,
 Seated on his bent knees, to breathe a while, 135
 Should he escape the arduous brunt severe.

So saying, the hero by his counsel wise
 His brother's purpose alter'd; he complied,
 And his glad servants eased him of his arms.
 Then Nestor thus the Argive host bespake. 140

Great woe, ye Gods! hath on Achaia fallen.
 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 ancient times, 145
 When all your pedigrees I traced, I made
 His heart bound in him at the proud report.
 But now, when he shall learn how here we sat
 Cowering at foot of Hector, he shall oft
 His hands uplift to the immortal Gods, 150
 Praying a swift release into the shades.
 Jove! Pallas! Phœbus! Oh that I were young
 As when the Pylians in fierce fight engaged
 The Arcadians spear-expert, beside the stream
 Of rapid Celadon! Beneath the walls 155
 We fought of Pheia, where the Jordan rolls.

There Ereuthalion, Chief of Godlike form,
 Stood forth before his van, and with loud voice
 Defied the Pyliaus. Arm'd he was in steel
 By royal Areïthous whilom worn ; 160
 Brave Areïthous, Corynetes ¹ named
 By every tongue ; for that in bow and spear
 Nought trusted he, but with an iron mace
 The close-embattled phalanx shatter'd wide.
 Him by address, not by superior force, 165
 Lycurgus vanquish'd, in a narrow pass,
 Where him his iron whirl-bat ² nought avail'd.
 Lycurgus stealing on him, with his lance
 Transpierced and fix'd him to the soil supine.
 Him of his arms, bright gift of brazen Mars, 170
 He stripp'd, which after, in the embattled field
 Lycurgus wore himself, but, growing old,
 Surrender'd them to Ereuthalion's use
 His armour-bearer, high in his esteem,
 And Ereuthalion wore them on the day 175
 When he defied our best. All hung their heads
 And trembled ; none dared meet him ; till at last
 With inborn courage warm'd, and nought dismayed,
 Though youngest of them all, I undertook
 That contest, and, by Pallas' aid, prevail'd. 180
 I slew the man in height and bulk all men
 Surpassing, and much soil he cover'd slain.
 Oh for the vigour of those better days !
 Then should not Hector want a champion long,
 Whose call to combat, ye, although the prime 185
 And pride of all our land, seem slow to hear.

He spake reproachful, when at once arose
 Nine heroes. Agamemnon, King of men,

¹ The club-bearer.

² It is a word used by Dryden.

Foremost arose ; then Tydeus' mighty son,
 With either Ajax in fierce prowess clad ; 190
 The Cretan next, Idomeneus, with whom
 Uprose Meriones his friend approved,
 Terrible as the man-destroyer Mars.
 Evæmon's noble offspring next appear'd
 Eurypylus ; Andræmon's son the next 195
 Thoas ; and last, Ulysses, glorious Chief.
 All these stood ready to engage in arms
 With warlike Hector, when the ancient King,
 Gerenian Nestor, thus his speech resumed.

Now cast the lot for all. Who wins the chance 200
 Shall yield Achaia service, and himself
 Serve also, if successful he escape
 This brunt of hostile hardiment severe.

So Nestor. They, inscribing each his lot,
 Into the helmet cast it of the son 205
 Of Atreus, Agamemnon. Then the host
 Pray'd all, their hands uplifting, and with eyes
 To the wide heavens directed, many said—

Eternal sire ! chuse Ajax, or the son
 Of Tydeus, or the King himself³ who sways 210
 The sceptre in Mycenæ wealth-renown'd !

Such prayer the people made ; then Nestor shook
 The helmet, and forth leaped, whose most they wished,
 The lot of Ajax. Throughout all the host
 To every chief and potentate of Greece, 215
 From right to left the herald bore the lot
 By all disown'd ; but when at length he reach'd
 The inscriber of the lot, who cast it in,
 Illustrious Ajax, in his open palm

³ Agamemnon.

The herald placed it, standing at his side. 220
 He, conscious, with heroic joy the lot
 Cast at his foot, and thus exclaim'd aloud.

My friends! the lot is mine, and my own heart
 Rejoices also; for I nothing doubt
 That noble Hector shall be foil'd by me. 225
 But while I put mine armour on, pray all
 In silence to the King Saturnian Jove,
 Lest, while ye pray, the Trojans overhear.
 Or pray aloud, for whom have we to dread?
 No man shall my firm standing by his strength 230
 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 heaven-directed eyes
 The King in prayer address'd, Saturnian Jove. 235

Jove! glorious father! who from Ida's height
 Controulest all below, let Ajax prove
 Victorious, make the honour all his own!
 Or, if not less than Ajax, Hector share
 Thy love and thy regard, divide the prize 240
 Of glory, and let each atchieve renown!

Then Ajax put his radiant armour on,
 And, arm'd complete, rush'd forward. As huge Mars
 To battle moves the sons of men between
 Whom Jove with heart-devouring thirst inspires 245
 Of war, so moved huge Ajax to the fight,
 Tower 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 quivering spear. 250
 Him viewing, Argos' universal host

Exulted, while a panic loosed the knees
 Of every Trojan ; even Hector's heart
 Beat double, but escape for him remain'd
 None now, or to retreat into his ranks 255
 Again, from whom himself had challenged forth.
 Ajax advancing like a tower his shield
 Sevenfold, approach'd. It was the labour'd work
 Of Tychius, armourer of matchless skill,
 Who dwelt in Hyla ; coated with the hides 260
 Of seven 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 approach'd the Trojan Chief,
 And face to face, him threatening, thus began. 265
 Now, Hector, prove, by me alone opposed,
 What Chiefs the Danaï can furnish forth
 In absence of the lion-hearted prince
 Achilles, breaker of the ranks of war.
 He, in his billow-cleaving barks incensed 270
 Against our leader Agamemnon, lies ;
 But warriors of my measure, who may serve
 To cope with thee, we want not ; numerous such
 Are found amongst us. But begin the fight.
 To whom majestic Hector fierce in arms. 275
 Ajax ! heroic leader of the Greeks !
 Offspring of Telamon ! essay not me
 With words to terrify, as I were boy
 Or girl unskill'd in war ; I am a man
 Well exercised in battle, who have shed 280
 The blood of many a warrior, and have learn'd,
 From hand to hand shifting my shield, to fight
 Unwearied ; I can make a sport of war,
 In standing fight adjusting all my steps

To martial measures sweet, or vaulting light **285**
 Into my chariot, thence can urge the foe.
 Yet in contention with a Chief like thee
 I will employ no stratagem, or seek
 To smite thee privily, but with a stroke
 (If I may reach thee) visible to all. **290**

So saying, he shook, then hurl'd his massy spear
 At Ajax, and his broad shield sevenfold
 On its eighth surface of resplendent brass
 Smote full; six hides the unblunted weapon pierced,
 But in the seventh stood rooted. Ajax, next, **295**
 Heroic chief, hurl'd his long-shadow'd spear
 And struck the oval shield of Priam's son.
 Through his bright disk the weapon tempest-driven
 Glided, and in his hauberk-rings infixt
 At his soft flank, ripp'd wide his vest within. **300**
 Inclined oblique he 'scaped the dreadful doom.
 Then each from other's shield his massy spear
 Recovering quick, like lions hunger-pinch'd
 Or wild boars irresistible in force,
 They fell to close encounter. Priam's son **305**
 The shield of Ajax at its centre smote,
 But fail'd to pierce it, for he bent his point.
 Sprang Ajax then, and meeting full the targe
 Of Hector, shock'd him; through it and beyond
 He urged the weapon with its sliding edge **310**
 Athwart his neck, and blood was seen to start.
 But still, for no such cause, from battle ceased
 Crest-tossing Hector, but retiring, seized
 An huge stone angled sharp and black with age
 That on the champain lay. The bull-hide guard **315**
 Sevenfold of Ajax with that stone he smote
 Full on its centre; sang the circling brass.

Then Ajax far an heavier stone upheaved ;
 He whirled it, and with might immeasurable
 Dismiss'd the mass, which with a mill-stone weight 320
 Sank through the shield of Hector, and his knees
 Disabled ; with his shield supine he fell,
 But by Apollo raised, stood soon again.

And now, with swords they had each other hewn,
 Had not the messengers of Gods and men 325
 The heralds wise, Idæus on the part
 Of Ilium, and Talthylbius for the Greeks,
 Advancing interposed. His sceptre each
 Between them held, and thus Idæus spake.

My children, cease ! prolong not still the fight. 330
 Ye both are dear to cloud-assembler Jove,
 Both valiant, and all know it. But the night
 Hath fallen, and night's command must be obeyed.

To him the son of Telamon replied.
 Idæus ! bid thy master speak as thou. 335
 He is the challenger. If such his choice,
 Mine differs not ; I wait but to comply.

Him answer'd then heroic Hector huge.
 Since, Ajax, the immortal powers on thee
 Have bulk pre-eminent and strength bestow'd, 340
 With such address in battle, that the host
 Of Greece hath not thine equal at the spear,
 Now let the combat cease. We shall not want
 More fair occasion ; on some future day
 We will not part till all-disposing heaven 345
 Shall give thee victory, or shall make her mine.
 But night hath fallen, and night must be obey'd,
 That thou may'st gratify with thy return
 The Achaians, and especially thy friends
 And thy own countrymen. I go, no less 350

To 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 355
 Hereafter, with soul-wasting rage they fought,
 But parted with the gentleness of friends.

So saying, he with its sheath and belt a sword
 Presented bright-emboss'd, and a bright belt
 Purpureal⁴ took from Ajax in return. 360

Thus separated, one the Grecians sought,
 And one the Trojans; they when him they saw
 From the unconquer'd hands return'd alive
 Of Ajax, with delight their Chief received,
 And to the city led him, double joy 365
 Conceiving all at his unhoped escape.

On the other side, the Grecians brazen-mail'd
 To noble Agamemnon introduced
 Exulting Ajax, and the King of men
 In honour of the conqueror slew an ox 370
 Of the fifth year to Jove omnipotent.

Him flaying first, they carved him next and spread
 The whole abroad, then, scoring deep the flesh,
 They pierced it with the spits, and from the spits,
 (Once roasted well) withdrew it all again. 375
 Their labour thus accomplish'd, and the board
 Furnish'd with plenteous cheer, they feasted all
 Till all were satisfied; nor Ajax miss'd
 The conqueror's meed, to whom the hero-king

⁴ 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.

Wide-ruling Agamemnon, gave the chine 380
 Perpetual⁵, his distinguish'd portion due.
 The calls of hunger and of thirst at length
 Both well sufficed, thus, foremost of them all
 The ancient Nestor, whose advice had oft
 Proved salutary, prudent thus began. 385

Chiefs of Achaia, and thou, chief of all,
 Great Agamemnon! Many of our host
 Lie slain, whose blood sprinkles, in battle shed,
 The banks of smooth Scamander, and their souls
 Have journey'd down into the realms of death. 390

To-morrow, therefore, let the battle pause
 As need requires, and at the peep of day
 With mules and oxen, wheel ye from all parts
 The dead, that we may burn them near the fleet.
 So, home to Greece returning, will we give 395
 The fathers' ashes to the children's care.

Accumulating next, the pile around,
 One common tomb for all, with brisk dispatch
 We will upbuild for more secure defence
 Of us and of our fleet, strong towers and tall 400
 Adjoining to the tomb, and every 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 405
 Our camp, both steeds and warriors shall exclude,
 And all fierce inroad of the haughty foe.

⁵ 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 bevis et lustralibus extis. ÆN. viii.

It means, the whole.

So counsell'd he, whom every Chief approved.
 In Troy meantime, at Priam's gate beside
 The lofty citadel, debate began 410

The assembled senators between, confused,
 Clamorous, and with furious heat pursued,
 When them Antenor, prudent, thus bespake.

Ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies of Troy,
 My counsel hear! Delay not. Instant yield 415
 To the Atridæ, hence to be convey'd,
 Helen of Greece with all that is her own.

For charged with violated oaths we fight,
 And hope I none conceive that aught by us
 Design'd shall prosper, unless so be done. 420

He spake and sat; when from his seat arose
 Paris, fair Helen's noble paramour,
 Who thus with speech impassion'd quick replied.

Antenor! me thy counsel hath not pleased;
 Thou could'st have framed far better; but if this 425
 Be thy deliberate judgement, then the Gods
 Make thy deliberate judgement nothing worth.

But I will speak myself. Ye Chiefs of Troy,
 I tell you plain. I will not yield my spouse.
 But all her treasures to our house convey'd 430

From Argos, those will I resign, and add
 Still other compensation from my own.

Thus Paris said and sat; when like the Gods
 Themselves in wisdom, from his seat uprose
 Dardanian Priam, who them thus address'd. 435

Trojans, Dardanians, and allies of Troy!
 I shall declare my sentence; hear ye me.

Now let the legions, as at other times,
 Take due refreshment; let the watch be set,
 And keep ye vigilant guard. At early dawn 440

We will dispatch Idæus to the fleet,
 Who shall inform the Atridæ of this last
 Resolve of Paris, author of the war.
 Discreet Idæus also shall propose
 A respite (if the Atridæ so incline) 445
 From war's dread clamour, while we burn the dead.
 Then will we clash again, till heaven at length
 Shall part us, and the doubtful strife decide.

He ceased, whose voice the assembly pleased, obey'd.
 Then, troop by troop, the army took repast, 450
 And at the dawn Idæus sought the fleet ;
 He found the Danaï, servants of Mars,
 Beside the stern of Agamemnon's ship
 Consulting ; and amid the assembled Chiefs
 Arrived, with utterance clear them thus address'd. 455

Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Chiefs, the flower
 Of all Achaia ! Priam and the Chiefs
 Of Ilium, bade me to your ear impart
 (If chance such embassy might please your ear)
 The mind of Paris, author of the war. 460
 The treasures which on board his ships he brought
 From Argos home, (oh, had he perish'd first !)
 He yields them with addition from his own.
 Not so the consort of the glorious prince
 Brave Menelaus ; her, (although in Troy 465
 All counsel otherwise,) he still detains.

Thus too I have in charge. Are ye inclined
 That the dread-sounding clamours of the field
 Be caused to cease, till we shall burn the dead ?
 Then will we clash again, 'till heaven at length 470
 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 475
 Destruction winging swift her course to Troy.

He said. The admiring Greeks with loud applause
 All praised the speech of warlike Diomede,
 And answer thus the King of men return'd.

Idæus! thou hast witness'd the resolve 480
 Of the Achaian Chiefs, whose choice is mine.
 But for the slain, I shall not envy them
 A funeral pile; the spirit fled, delay
 Suits not. Last rites cannot too soon be paid.
 Burn them. And let high-thundering Jove attest 485
 Himself mine oath, that war shall cease the while.

So saying, he to all the Gods upraised
 His sceptre, and Idæus homeward sped
 To sacred Ilium. The Dardanians there
 And Trojans, all assembled, his return 490
 Expected anxious. He amid them told
 Distinct his errand, when, at once dissolved,
 The whole assembly rose, these to collect
 The scatter'd bodies, those to gather wood;
 While on the other side, the Greeks arose 495
 As 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 earliest rays
 In his ascent to heaven smote on the fields. 500
 When Greeks and Trojans met. Scarce could the slain
 Be clear distinguish'd, but they cleansed from each
 His clotted gore with water, and warm tears
 Distilling copious, heaved them to the wains.
 But wailing none was heard, for such command 505
 Had Priam issued; therefore heaping high

The bodies, silent and with sorrowing hearts
 They burn'd them, and to sacred Troy return'd.
 The Grecians also, on the funeral pile
 The bodies heaping sad, burn'd them with fire 510
 Together, and return'd into the fleet.
 Then, ere the peep of dawn, and while the veil
 Of night, though thinner, still o'erhung the earth,
 Achaians, chosen from the rest, the pile
 Encompass'd. With a tomb (one tomb for all) 515
 They crown'd the spot adust, and to the tomb
 (For safety of their fleet and of themselves)
 Strong fortress added of high wall and tower,
 With solid gates affording egress thence
 Commodious to the mounted charioteer ; 520
 Deep foss and broad they also dug without,
 And planted it with piles. So toil'd the Greeks.
 The Gods, that mighty labour, from beside
 The Thunderer's throne with admiration view'd,
 When Neptune, shaker of the shores, began. 525
 Eternal father ! is there on the face
 Of all the boundless earth one mortal man
 Who will, in times to come, consult with heaven ?
 See'st thou yon height of wall, and yon deep trench
 With which the Grecians have their fleet inclosed, 530
 And, careless of our blessing, hectacomb
 Or invocation have presented none ?
 Far as the day-spring shoots herself abroad,
 So far the glory of this work shall spread,
 While Phœbus and myself, who, toiling hard, 535
 Built walls for king Laomedon, shall see
 Forgotten all the labour of our hands.
 To whom, indignant, thus high-thundering Jove.
 Oh thou, who shakest the solid earth at will,

What hast thou spoken? An inferior power, 540
 A god of less sufficiency than thou,
 Might be allowed some fear from such a cause.
 Fear not. Where'er the morning shoots her beams,
 Thy glory shall be known; and when the Greeks
 Shall seek their country through the waves again, 545
 Then break this bulwark down, submerge it whole,
 And spreading deep with sand the spacious shore
 As at the first, leave not a trace behind.

Such 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 551
 And ate their evening cheer. Meantime arrived
 Large fleet with Lemnian wine; Euneus, son
 Of Jason and Hypsipile, that fleet
 From Lemnos freighted, and had stow'd on board 555
 A thousand measures from the rest apart
 For the Atridæ; but the host at large
 By traffic were supplied; some barter'd brass,
 Others bright steel; some purchased wine with hides,
 These with their cattle, with their captives those, 560
 And the whole host prepared a glad regale.
 All night the Grecians feasted, and the host
 Of Ilium, and all night deep-planning Jove
 Portended dire calamities to both,
 Thundering tremendous!—Pale was every cheek; 565
 Each pour'd his goblet on the ground, nor dared
 The hardiest drink, 'till he had first perform'd
 Libation meet to the Saturnian King
 Omnipotent; then, all retiring, sought
 Their couches, and partook the gift of sleep. 570

THE ILIAD.



BOOK VIII.

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 Grecians. Nestor is endangered by the death of one of his horses. Diomedé delivers him. In the chariot of Diomedé they both hasten to engage Hector, whose charioteer is slain by Diomedé. Jupiter again interposes by his thunders, and the whole Grecian host, discomfited, is obliged to seek refuge within the rampart. Diomedé, with others, at sight of a favourable omen sent from Jove in answer to Agamemnon's prayer, sallies. Teucer performs great exploits, but is disabled by Hector. Juno and Pallas set forth from Olympus in aid of the Grecians, but are stopped by Jupiter, who reascends from Ida, and in heaven foretells the distresses which await the Grecians.

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

THE I L I A D.

BOOK VIII.

THE saffron-mantled morning now was spread
O'er all the nations, when the Thunderer Jove,
On the deep-fork'd Olympian topmost height
Convened the Gods in council, amid whom
He spake himself ; they all attentive heard. 5

Gods ! Goddesses ! Inhabitants of heaven !
Attend ; I make my secret purpose known.
Let neither God nor Goddess interpose
My counsel to rescind, but with one heart
Approve it, that it reach, at once, its end. 10

Whom I shall mark soever from the rest
Withdrawn, that he may Greeks or Trojans aid,
Disgrace shall find him ; shamefully chastised
He shall return to the Olympian heights,
Or I will hurl him deep into the gulfs 15

Of gloomy Tartarus, where Hell shuts fast
Her iron gates, and spreads her brazen floor,
As far below the shades, as earth from heaven.
There shall he learn how far I pass in might
All others ; which if ye incline to doubt, 20

Now prove me. Let ye down the golden chain
From heaven, and at its nether links pull all
Both Goddesses and Gods. But me your King,

Supreme in wisdom, ye shall never draw
 To earth from heaven, toil adverse as ye may. 25
 Yet I, when once I shall be pleased 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 30
 Shall hang in the mid heaven. So far do I,
 Compared 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. 35

Father ! Saturnian Jove ! of Kings supreme !
 We know thy force resistless ; but our hearts
 Feel not the less, when we behold the Greeks
 Exhausting all the sorrows of their lot.
 If thou command, we, doubtless, will abstain 40
 From battle, yet such counsel to the Greeks
 Suggesting still, as may in part effect
 Their safety, lest thy wrath consume them all.

To whom with smiles answer'd cloud-gatherer Jove.
 Fear not, my child ! stern as mine accent was, 45
 I forced a frown—no more. For in mine heart
 Nought feel I but benevolence to thee.

He said, and to his chariot join'd his steeds
 Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and maned with wavy gold ;
 He put on golden raiment, his bright scourge 50
 Of gold receiving rose into his seat,
 And lash'd his steeds ; they not unwilling flew
 Midway the earth between and starry heaven.
 To spring fed Ida, mother of wild beasts,
 He came, where stands in Gargarus his shrine 55

Breathing fresh incense ! there the Sire of all
 Arriving, loosed his coursers, and around
 Involving them in gather'd clouds opaque,
 Sat on the mountain's head, in his own might
 Exulting, with the towers of Ilium all 60
 Beneath his eye, and the whole fleet of Greece.

In all their tents, meantime, Achaia's sons
 Took short refreshment, and for fight prepared.
 On the other side, though fewer, yet constrain'd
 By strong necessity, throughout all Troy, 65
 In the defence of children and of wives
 Ardent, the Trojans panted for the field.
 Wide flew the city-gates : forth rush'd to war
 Horsemen and foot, and tumult wild arose.
 They met, they clash'd ; loud was the din of spears 70
 And bucklers on their bosoms brazen mail'd
 Encountering, shields in opposition firm
 Met bossy shields, and tumult wild arose¹.

There many a shout and many a dying groan
 Were heard, the slayer and the maim'd aloud 75
 Clamouring, and the earth was drench'd with blood.
 'Till sacred morn had brighten'd into noon,
 The vollied weapons on both sides their task
 Perform'd effectual, and the people fell.
 But when the sun had climb'd the middle skies, 80
 The Sire of all then took his golden scales ;
 Doom against doom he weigh'd, the eternal fates
 In counterpoise, of Trojans and of Greeks.
 He raised the beam ; low sank the heavier lot

¹ In the repetition of this expression, the translator follows the original.

Of the Achaians ; the Achaian doom 85
 Subsided, and the Trojan struck the skies.

Then roar'd his thunders from the summit hurl'd
 Of Ida, and his vivid lightnings flew
 Into Achaia's host. They at the sight
 Astonish'd stood ; fear whiten'd every cheek. 90

Idomeneus dared not himself abide
 That shock, nor Agamemnon stood, nor stood
 The heroes Ajax, ministers of Mars.

Geranian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks,
 Alone fled not, nor he by choice remain'd, 95

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, 100

And writhing furious, scared his fellow steeds.
 Meantime, while, strenuous, with his falchion's edge
 The hoary warrior stood slashing the reins,
 Through multitudes of fierce pursuers borne
 On rapid wheels, the dauntless charioteer, 105

Approach'd him, Hector. Then, past hope, had died
 The ancient 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 ! 110

Art thou too fugitive, and turn'st thy back
 Like the base multitude ? Ah ! fear a lance
 Implanted ignominious in thy spine.

Stop—Nestor dies. Fell Hector is at hand.

So shouted Diomede, whose summons loud, 115

Ulysses yet heard not, but, passing, flew
 With headlong haste to the Achaian fleet.
 Then, Diomede, unaided as he was,
 Rush'd ardent to the vaw-ward, and before
 The steeds of the Neleian sovereign old 120
 Standing, in accents wing'd, him thus address'd.

Old Chief! these youthful warriors are too brisk
 For thee, press'd also by encroaching age.
 Thy servant too is feeble, and thy steeds
 Are tardy. Mount my chariot. Thou shalt see 125
 With what rapidity the steeds of Troy,
 Pursuing or retreating, scour the field.
 I took them from that terror of his foes,
 Æneas. Thine to our attendants leave,
 While these against the warlike powers of Troy 130
 We push direct; that Hector's self may know
 If my spear rage not furious as his own.

He said, nor the Gerenian Chief refused.
 Thenceforth their servants, Sthenelus and good
 Eurymedon, took charge of Nestor's steeds, 135
 And they the chariot of Tydides both
 Ascended; Nestor seized the reins, plied well
 The scourge, and soon they met. Tydides hurl'd
 At Hector first, while rapid he advanced;
 But missing Hector, wounded in the breast 140
 Eniopeus his charioteer, the son
 Of brave Thebæus, managing the steeds.
 He fell; his fiery coursers, at the sound
 Startled, recoil'd, and where he fell he died.
 Deep sorrow for his charioteer o'erwhelm'd 145
 The mind of Hector; yet, although he mourn'd

He left him, and another sought as brave.
 Nor wanted long his steeds a charioteer,
 For finding soon the son of Iphitus,
 Bold Archeptolemus, he bade him mount 150
 His chariot, and the reins gave to his hand.

Then deeds of bloodiest note should have ensued,
 Penn'd had the Trojans been, as lambs, in Troy,
 But for quick succour of the sire of all.
 Thundering, he downward hurled his candent bolt 155
 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 Nestor's hand,
 And thus to Diomede, appall'd, he spake. 160

Back to the fleet, Tydides! Can'st not see
 That Jove ordains not, now, the victory thine?
 The son of Saturn glorifies to-day
 This Trojan, and, if such his will, can make
 The morrow ours; but vain it is to thwart 165
 The mind of Jove, for he is Lord of all.

To him the valiant Diomede replied.
 Thou hast well said, old warrior! but the pang
 That wrings my soul, is this. The public ear
 In Ilium shall from Hector's lips be told— 170
 I drove Tydides—fearing me he fled.
 So shall he vaunt, and may the earth her jaws
 That moment opening swallow me alive!

Him answer'd the Gerenian warrior old.
 What saith the son of Tydeus, glorious Chief? 175
 Should Hector so traduce thee as to call
 Thee base and timid, neither Trojan him

Nor Dardan would believe, nor yet the wives
 Of numerous shielded warriors brave of Troy,
 Widow'd by thy unconquerable arm. 180

So saying, he through the fugitives his steeds
 Turn'd swift to flight. Then Hector and his host
 With clamour infinite their darts woe-wing'd
 Shower'd after them, and Hector, mighty Chief
 Majestic, from afar, thus call'd aloud. 185

Tydidēs ! thee the Danaï swift-horsed
 Were wont to grace with a superior seat,
 The mess of honour, and the brimming cup,
 But now will mock thee. Thou art woman now.
 Go, timorous girl ! Thou never shalt behold 190
 Me flying, climb our battlements, or lead
 Our women captive. I will slay thee first.

He ceased. Then Diomede in dread suspense
 Thrice purposed, turning, to withstand the foe,
 And thrice in thunder from the mountain-top 195
 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 200
 Saturnian Jove glory and bright success
 For me prepares, but havoc for the Greeks.
 Fools ! they shall find this wall which they have raised
 Too weak to check my course, a feeble guard
 Contemptible ; such also is the trench ; 205
 My steeds shall slight 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. 210

He spake, and thus encouraged next his steeds.
Xanthus ! Podargus ! and ye generous pair
Æthon and glossy Lampus ! now requite
Mine, and the bounty of Andromache,
Far-famed Eëtion's daughter ; she your bowl 215
With corn fresh-flavour'd and with wine full oft
Hath mingled, your refreshment seeking first
Ere mine, who have a youthful husband's claim.
Now follow ! now be swift ; that we may seize
The shield of Nestor, bruited to the skies 220
As golden all, trappings and disk alike.
Now from the shoulders of the equestrian Chief
Tydides tear we off his splendid mail,
The work of Vulcan. May we take but these,
I have good hope that, ere this night be spent, 225
The Greeks shall climb their galleys and away.

So vaunted he, but Juno with disdain
His proud boast heard, and shuddering in her throne,
Rock'd the Olympian ; turning then toward
The Ocean's mighty sovereign, thus she spake. 230

Alas ! earth-shaking sovereign of the waves,
Feel'st thou no pity of the perishing Greeks ?
Yet Greece, in Helice, with gifts nor few
Nor sordid, and in Ægæ, honours thee,
Whom therefore thou shouldst prosper. Would we all
Who favour Greece associate to repulse 236
The Trojans, and to check loud-thundering Jove,
On Ida seated he might lour alone.

To whom the sovereign, shaker of the shores,

Indignant. Juno! rash in speech! what word 240
 Hath 'scaped thy lips? never, with my consent;
 Shall we, the powers subordinate, in arms
 With Jove contend. He far excels us all.

So they. Meantime, the trench and wall between²,
 The narrow interval with steeds was fill'd 215
 Close thron'd and shielded warriors. There immew'd
 By Priameian Hector, fierce as Mars,
 They stood, for Hector had the help of Jove.
 And now with blazing fire their gallant barks
 He had consumed, but Juno moved the mind 250
 Of Agamemnon, vigilant himself,
 To exhortation of Achaia's host.

Through camp and fleet the monarch took his way,
 And, his wide robe imperial in his hand,
 High on Ulysses' huge black galley stood, 255
 The central ship conspicuous; thence his voice
 Might reach the most remote of all the line
 At each extreme, where Ajax had his tent
 Pitch'd, and Achilles, fearless of surprise.
 Thence, with loud voice, the Grecians thus he hail'd.

Oh shame to Greece! Warriors in shew alone! 261
 Where is your boasted prowess? Ye profess'd
 Vain-glorious erst in Lemnos, while ye fed
 Plenteously on the flesh of beeves full-grown,
 And crown'd your beakers high, that ye would face

² None daring to keep the field, and all striving to enter the gates together, they obstructed their own passage, and were, of course, compelled into the narrow interval between the foss and rampart.

But there are different opinions about the space intended. See Villoissson.

Each man a hundred Trojans in the field— 266
 Ay, twice a 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 sovereign ever felt 270
 Thy frowns as I? Whom hast thou shamed as me?
 Yet I neglected not, through all the course
 Of our disasterous voyage (in the hope
 That we should vanquish Troy) thy sacred rites,
 But where I found thine altar, piled it high 275
 With fat and flesh of bulls, on every 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. The eternal father pitying saw 280
 His tears, and for the monarch's sake preserved
 The people. Instant, surest of all signs,
 He sent his eagle; in his pounces strong
 A fawn he bore, fruit of the nimble hind,
 Which fast beside the beauteous altar raised 285
 To Panomphæan³ Jove sudden he dropp'd.
 They, conscious, soon, that sent from Jove he came,
 More ardent sprang to fight. Then none of all
 Those numerous Chiefs could boast that he outstripp'd
 Tydides, urging forth beyond the foss 290
 His rapid steeds, and rushing to the war.
 He, foremost far, a Trojan slew, the son
 Of Phradmon, Agelæus; as he turn'd
 His steeds to flight, him turning with his spear
 Through back and bosom Diomede transpierced, 295
 And with loud clangor of his arms he fell.

³ To Jove the source of all oracular information.

Then, royal Agamemnon pass'd the trench
 And Menelaus ; either Ajax, then,
 Clad with fresh prowess both ; them follow'd, next,
 Idomeneus, with his heroic friend 300
 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 305
 Of Telamonian Ajax ; Ajax high
 Upraised his shield ; the hero from beneath
 Took aim, and whom his arrow struck, he fell ;
 Then close as to his mother's side a child
 For safety creeps, Teucer to Ajax' side 310
 Retired, and Ajax shielded him again.
 Whom then slew Teucer first, illustrious Chief?
 Orsilochus, and Ophelestes, first,
 And Ormenus he slew, then Dætor died,
 Chromius and Lycophontes brave in fight 315
 With Amopaon Polyæmon's son,
 And Melanippus. These, together heap'd,
 All fell by Teucer on the plain of Troy.
 The Trojan ranks thinn'd by his mighty bow
 The King of armies Agamemnon saw 320
 Well-pleased, and him approaching, thus began.
 Brave Telamonian Teucer, oh, my friend,
 Thus shoot, that light may visit once again
 The Danaï, and Telamon rejoice !
 Thee Telamon within his own abode 325
 Rear'd although spurious ; mount him, in return,
 Although remote, on glory's heights again.
 I tell thee, and the effect shall follow sure,

Let but the Thunderer and Minerva grant
 The pillage of fair Ilium to the Greeks, 330
 And I will give to thy victorious hand,
 After my own, the noblest recompense,
 A tripod or a chariot with its steeds,
 Or some fair captive to partake thy bed.

To whom the generous Teucer thus replied. 335
 Atrides! glorious monarch! wherefore me
 Exhortest thou to battle? who myself
 Glow with sufficient ardour, and such strength
 As heaven affords me spare not to employ.
 Since first we drove them back, with watchful eye 340
 Their warriors I have mark'd; eight shafts my bow
 Hath sent long-barb'd, and every shaft, well-aim'd,
 The body of some Trojan youth robust
 Hath pierced, but still yon ravening wolf escapes.

He said, and from the nerve another shaft 345
 Impatient sent at Hector; but it flew
 Devious, and brave Gorgythion struck instead.
 Him beautiful Castianira, brought
 By Priam from Æsymba, nymph of form
 Celestial, to the King of Ilium bore. 350

As in the garden, with the weight surcharged
 Of its own fruit, and drench'd by vernal rains
 The poppy falls oblique, so he his head
 Hung languid, by his helmet's weight depress'd.
 Then Teucer yet an arrow from the nerve 355
 Dispatch'd at Hector, with impatience fired
 To pierce him; but again his weapon err'd
 Turn'd by Apollo, and the bosom struck
 Of Archeptolemus, his rapid steeds
 To battle urging, Hector's charioteer. 360

He fell, his fiery coursers at the sound
 Recoil'd, and lifeless where he fell he lay.
 Deep sorrow for his charioteer the mind
 O'erwhelm'd of Hector, yet he left the slain,
 And seeing his own brother nigh at hand, 365
 Cebriones, him summon'd to the reins,
 Who with alacrity that charge received.
 Then Hector, leaping with a dreadful shout
 From his resplendent chariot, grasp'd a stone,
 And rush'd on Teucer, vengeance in his heart. 370
 Teucer had newly fitted to the nerve
 An arrow keen selected from the rest,
 And warlike Hector, while he stood the cord
 Retracting, smote him with that rugged rock
 Just where the key-bone interposed divides 375
 The neck and bosom, a most mortal part.
 It snapp'd the bow-string, and with numbing force
 Struck dead his hand; low on his knees he dropp'd,
 And from his opening grasp let fall the bow.
 Then not unmindful of a brother fallen 380
 Was Ajax, but, advancing rapid, stalk'd
 Around him, and his broad shield interposed,
 Till brave Alaster and Mecisteus, son
 Of Echius, friends of Teucer, from the earth
 Upraised and bore him groaning to the fleet. 385
 And now again fresh force Olympian Jove
 Gave to the Trojans; right toward the foss
 They drove the Greeks, while Hector in the van
 Advanced, death menacing in every look.
 As some fleet hound close-threatening flank or haunch
 Of boar or lion, oft as he his head 391
 Turns flying, marks him with a steadfast eye,

So Hector chased the Grecians, slaying still
 The hindmost of the scatter'd multitude.
 But when, at length, both piles and hollow foss 395
 They had surmounted, and no few had fallen
 By Trojan hands, within their fleet they stood
 Imprison'd, calling each to each, and prayer
 With lifted hands, loud offering to the Gods.
 With Gorgon looks, meantime, and eyes of Mars, 400
 Hector impetuous his mane-tossing steeds
 From side to side before the rampart drove,
 When white-arm'd Juno pitying the Greeks,
 In accents wing'd her speech to Pallas turn'd.
 Alas, Jove's daughter! shall not we at least 405
 In this extremity of their distress
 Care for the 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. 410
 Whom answer'd thus Pallas, cærulean-eyed.
 —And Hector had himself long since his life
 Resign'd and rage together, by the Greeks
 Slain under Ilium's walls, but Jove, my sire,
 Mad counsels executing and perverse, 415
 Me counterworks in all that I attempt,
 Nor aught remembers how I saved oft-times
 His son enjoin'd full many a task severe
 By King Eurystheus; to the Gods he wept,
 And me Jove sent in haste to his relief. 420
 But had I then foreseen what now I know,
 When through the adamantine gates he pass'd
 To bind the dog of hell, by the deep floods
 Hemm'd in of Styx, he had return'd no more.

But Thetis wins him now; her will prevails, 425
 And mine he hates; for she hath kiss'd his knees
 And grasp'd his beard, and him in prayer implored
 That he would honour her heroic son
 Achilles, city-waster prince renown'd.

'Tis well,—the day shall come when Jove again 430
 Shall call me darling, and his blue-eyed maid
 As heretofore;—but thou thy steeds prepare,
 While I, my father's mansion entering, arm
 For battle. I would learn by trial sure,
 If Hector, Priam's offspring famed in fight 435
 (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 440
 Of mighty Saturn, Juno, disapproved,
 But busily and with dispatch prepared
 The trappings of her coursers golden-rein'd.
 Meantime, Minerva progeny of Jove,
 On the adamantine floor of his abode 445
 Let fall profuse her variegated robe,
 Labour of her own hands. She first put on
 The corslet of the cloud-assembler God,
 Then arm'd her for the field of woe, complete.
 Mounting the fiery chariot, next she seized 450
 Her ponderous spear, huge, irresistible,
 With which Jove's awful daughter levels ranks
 Of heroes against whom her anger burns.
 Juno with lifted lash urged on the steeds.
 At their approach, spontaneous roar'd the wide- 455
 Unfolding gates of heaven; the heavenly gates

Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge
 Of the Olympian summit appertains,
 And of the boundless ether, back to roll,
 And to replace the cloudy barrier dense. 460
 Spurr'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds.
 Which when the 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 466
 To them, to me, should from that strife accrue.
 Tell them, and the effect shall sure ensue,
 That I will smite their steeds, and they shall halt
 Disabled, break their chariot, dash themselves 470
 Headlong, and ten whole years shall not efface
 The wounds by my avenging bolts impress'd.
 So shall my blue-eyed daughter learn to dread
 A father's anger; but for the offence
 Of Juno, I resent it less; for she 475
 Clashes⁴ with all my counsels from of old.

He ended; Iris with a tempest's speed
 From the Idæan summit soar'd at once
 To the Olympian; at the open gates
 Exterior of the mountain many-valed 480
 She 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, 485
 That he will smite your steeds, and they shall halt

⁴ *Ενικλᾶν*.—The word is here metaphorical, and expresses, in its primary use, the breaking of a spear against a shield.

Disabled, break your chariot, dash yourselves
 Headlong, and ten whole years shall not efface
 The wounds by his avenging bolts impress'd.
 So shall his blue-eyed daughter learn to dread 490
 A father's anger ; but for the offence
 Of Juno, he 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, 495
 Incurable art and dead to shame.

So saying, the rapid Iris disappear'd,
 And thus her speech to Pallas Juno turn'd.

Ah Pallas, progeny of Jove ! henceforth
 No longer, in the cause of mortal men, 500
 Contend we against Jove. Perish or live
 Grecians or Trojans as he wills ; let him
 Dispose the order of his own concerns,
 And judge between them, as of right he may.

So saying, she turn'd the coursers ; them the Hours
 Released, and to ambrosial mangers bound, 506
 Then thrust their chariot to the luminous wall.
 They, mingling with the Gods, on golden thrones
 Dejected sat, and Jove from Ida borne
 Reach'd the Olympian heights, seat of the Gods. 510
 His steeds the glorious King of Ocean loosed,
 And thrust the chariot, with its veil o'erspread,
 Into its station at the altar's side.

Then sat the Thunderer 'on his throne of gold
 Himself, and the huge mountain shook. Meantime
 Juno and Pallas, seated both apart, 516
 Spake not or question'd him. Their mute reserve
 He noticed, conscious of the cause, and said.

Juno and Pallas, wherefore sit ye sad?
 Not through fatigue by glorious fight incurr'd 520
 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 525
 The wonders of the field, trembling retired.
 And ye did well—Hear what had else befallen.
 My bolts had found you both, and ye had reach'd,
 In your own chariot borne, the Olympian height,
 Seat of the blest Immortals, never more. 530

He ended; Juno and Minerva heard
 Low murmuring deep disgust, and side by side
 Devising sat calamity to Troy.
 Minerva, through displeasure against Jove,
 Nought utter'd, for her bosom boil'd with rage; 535
 But Juno check'd not hers, who thus replied.

What word hath pass'd thy lips, Jove most severe!
 We know thy force resistless; yet our hearts
 Feel not the less when we behold the Greeks
 Exhausting all the sorrows of their lot. 540
 If thou command, we doubtless will abstain
 From battle, yet such counsel to the Greeks
 Suggesting still, as may in part effect
 Their safety, lest thy wrath consume them all.

Then answer, thus, cloud-gatherer Jove return'd.
 Look forth, imperial Juno, if thou wilt, 546
 To-morrow at the blush of earliest dawn,
 And thou shalt see Saturn's almighty son
 The Argive host destroying far and wide.
 For Hector's fury shall admit no pause 550

Till he have roused Achilles, in that day
 When at the ships, in perilous streights, the hosts
 Shall wage fierce battle for Patroclus slain.
 Such is the voice of fate. But as for thee—
 Withdraw thou to the confines of the abyss 555
 Where Saturn and Iäpetus retired,
 Exclusion sad endure from balmy airs
 And from the light of morn, hell-girt around,
 I will not call thee thence. No. Should thy rage
 Transport thee thither, there thou may'st abide, 560
 There sullen nurse thy disregarded spleen
 Obstinate as thou art, and void of shame.

He ended; to whom Juno nought replied.
 And now the radiant sun in Ocean sank,
 Drawing night after him o'er all the earth; 565
 Night, undesired by Troy, but to the Greeks
 Thrice welcome for its interposing gloom.

Then Hector on the river's brink fast by
 The Grecian fleet, where space he found unstrew'd
 With carcases, convened the Chiefs of Troy. 570
 They, there dismounting, listen'd to the words
 Of Hector Jove-beloved; he grasp'd a spear
 In length eleven cubits, bright its head
 Of brass, and collar'd with a ring of gold.
 He lean'd on it, and ardent thus began. 575

Trojans, Dardanians, and allies of Troy!
 I hoped, this evening, (every ship consumed,
 And all the Grecians slain,) to have return'd
 To wind-swept Ilium. But the shades of night
 Have interven'd, and to the night they owe, 580
 In chief, their whole fleet's safety and their own.
 Now, therefore, as the night enjoins, all take

Needful refreshment. Your high-mettled steeds
 Release, lay food before them, and in haste
 Drive hither from the city fatted sheep 585
 And oxen ; bring ye from your houses bread,
 Make speedy purchase of heart-cheering wine,
 And gather fuel plenteous ; that all night,
 E'en till Aurora, daughter of the morn
 Shall look abroad, we may with many fires 590
 Illume the skies ; lest even in the night,
 Launching, they mount the billows and escape.
 Beware that they depart not unannoy'd,
 But, as he leaps on board, give each a wound
 With shaft or spear, which he shall nurse at home.
 So shall the nations fear us, and shall vex 596
 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 ancients silver-hair'd on the high towers 600
 Built by the Gods, keep watch ; on every hearth
 In Troy, let those of the inferior sex
 Make sprightly blaze, and place ye there a guard
 Sufficient, lest in absence of the troops
 An ambush enter, and surprise the town. 605
 Act thus, ye dauntless Trojans ; the advice
 Is wholesome, and shall serve the present need,
 And so much for the night ; ye shall be told
 The business of the morn when morn appears.
 It is my prayer to Jove and to all heaven 610
 (Not without hope) that I may hence expel
 These dogs, whom Ilium's unpropitious fates
 Have wafted hither in their sable barks.
 But we will also watch this night, ourselves,

And, arming with the dawn, will at their ships 615
 Give them brisk onset. Then shall it appear
 If Diomede the brave shall me compel
 Back to our walls, or I, his arms blood-stain'd,
 Torn from his breathless body, bear away.
 To-morrow, if he dare but to abide 620
 My lance, he shall not want occasion meet
 For show of valour. But much more I judge
 That the next rising sun shall see him slain
 With no few friends around him. Would to heaven !
 I were as sure to 'scape the blight of age, 625
 And share their honours with the Gods above,
 As comes the morrow fraught with woe to Greece.

So Hector, whom his host with loud acclaim
 All praised. Then each his sweating steeds released,
 And rein'd them safely at his chariot-side. 630
 And now from Troy provision large they brought,
 Oxen, and sheep, with store of wine and bread,
 And fuel much was gather'd. ⁵ Next, the Gods
 With sacrifice they sought, and from the plain
 Upwafted by the winds the smoke aspired 635
 Savoury, but unacceptable to those
 Above ; such hatred in their hearts they bore
 To Priam, to the people of the brave
 Spear-practised Priam, and to sacred Troy.

Big with great purposes and proud, they sat, 640
 Not disarray'd, but in fair form disposed
 Of even ranks, and watch'd their numerous fires.
 As when around the clear bright moon, the stars

⁵ 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.

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 646
The boundless blue, but ether open'd wide
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheer'd ;
So numerous seem'd those fires the bank between
Of Xanthus, blazing, and the fleet of Greece, 650
In prospect all of Troy ; a thousand fires,
Each watch'd by fifty warriors seated near.
The steeds beside the chariots stood, their corn
Chewing, and waiting till the golden-throned
Aurora should restore the light of day. 655

THE IΛIAD.

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT OF THE NINTH BOOK.

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

THE I L I A D.

BOOK IX.

So watch'd the Trojan host ; but thoughts of flight,
Companions of chill fear, from heaven infused,
Possess'd the Grecians ; every leader's heart
Bled, pierced with anguish insupportable.
As when two adverse winds blowing from Thrace, 5
Boreas and Zephyrus, the fishy Deep
Vex sudden, all around, the sable flood
High curl'd, flings forth the salt weed on the shore,
Such tempest rent the mind of every Greek.
Forth stalk'd Atrides with heart-riving woe 10
Transfixt ; he bade his heralds call by name
Each Chief to council, but without the sound
Of proclamation ; and that task himself
Among the foremost sedulous perform'd.
The sad assembly sat ; when weeping fast 15
As some deep¹ fountain pours its rapid stream
Down from the summit of a lofty rock,

¹ In the original the word is—*μελανυδρος*—dark-watered,—and it is rendered—*deep*—by the best interpreters, because deep waters have a blackish appearance. *Δνοφερον ὕδωρ* is properly water that runs with rapidity ; water—*μετα δονησεως φερομενον*.—See Villoisson.

King Agamemnon in the midst arose,
And, groaning, the Achaians, thus address'd.

Friends, counsellors and leaders of the Greeks ! 20

In dire perplexity Saturnian Jove
Involves me, cruel ; he assured me erst,
And solemnly, that I should not return
Till I had wasted wall-encircled Troy ;
But now (ah fraudulent and foul reverse !) 25

Commands me back inglorious to the shores
Of distant Argos, with diminish'd troops.
So stands the purpose of almighty Jove,
Who many a citadel hath laid in dust,
And shall hereafter, matchless in his power. 30
Haste therefore. My advice is, that we all
Fly with our fleet into our native land,
For wide-built Ilium shall not yet be ours.

He ceased, and all sat silent ; long the sons
Of Greece, o'erwhelm'd with sorrow, silent sat, 35
When thus, at last, bold 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. 40

Hear patient. Thou hast been thyself the first
Who e'er reproach'd me in the public ear
As one effeminate and slow to fight ;
How truly, let both young and old decide.
The son of wiley Saturn hath to thee 45

Given, and refused ; he placed thee high in power,
Gave thee to sway the sceptre o'er us all,
But courage gave thee not, his noblest gift.
Art thou in truth persuaded that the Greeks

Are pusillanimous, as thou hast said? 50
 If thy own fears impel thee to depart,
 Go thou, the way is open; numerous ships,
 Thy followers from Mycenæ, line the shore.
 But we, the rest, depart not, 'till the spoil
 Of Troy reward us. Or if all incline 55
 To seek again their native home, fly all;
 Myself and Sthenelus will persevere
 Till Ilium fall, for with the Gods we came.

He ended; all the admiring sons of Greece
 With shouts the warlike Diomede extoll'd, 60
 When thus equestrian Nestor next began.

Tydides, thou art eminently brave
 In fight, and all the princes of thy years
 Excell'st in council. None of all the Greeks
 Shall find occasion just to blame thy speech 65
 Or to gainsay; yet thou hast fallen short.
 What wonder? Thou art young; and were myself
 Thy father, thou should'st be my latest-born.
 Yet when thy speech is to the Kings of Greece,
 It is well framed and prudent. Now attend! 70
 Myself will speak, who have more years to boast
 Than thou hast seen, and will so closely scan
 The matter, that Atrides, our supreme,
 Himself shall have no cause to censure *me*.
 He is a wretch, insensible and dead 75
 To all the charities of social life,
 Whose pleasure is in civil broils alone².

² The observation seems made with a view to prevent such a reply from Agamemnon to Diomede as might give birth to new dissensions, while it reminds him indirectly of the mischiefs that had already attended his quarrel with Achilles.

But night is urgent, and with night's demands
 Let all comply. Prepare we now repast,
 And let the guard be stationed at the trench 80
 Without the wall; the youngest shall supply
 That service; next, Atrides, thou begin
 (For thou art here supreme) thy proper task.
 Banquet the elders; it shall not disgrace
 Thy sovereignty, but shall become thee well. 85
 Thy tents are fill'd with wine which day by day
 Ships bring from Thrace; accommodation large
 Hast thou, and numerous is thy menial train.
 Thy many guests assembled, thou shalt hear
 Our counsel, and shalt chuse the best; great need 90
 Have all Achaia's sons, now, of advice
 Most prudent; for the foe, fast by the fleet
 Hath kindled numerous fires, which who can see
 Unmoved? This night shall save us or destroy.

He spake, whom all with full consent approved. 95
 Forth rush'd the guard well-arm'd; first went the son
 Of Nestor, Thrasymedes, valiant Chief;
 Then, sons of Mars, Ascalaphus advanced,
 And brave Iälmenus; whom follow'd next
 Deipyrus, Aphareus, Meriones, 100
 And Lycomedes, Creon's son renown'd.
 Seven were the leaders of the guard, and each
 An hundred spearmen headed, young and bold.
 Between the wall and trench their seat they chose,
 There kindled fires, and each his food prepared 105
 Atrides, then, to his pavilion led
 The thronging Chiefs of Greece, and at his board
 Regaled them; they with readiness and keen
 Dispatch of hunger shared the savoury feast,

And when nor thirst remain'd nor hunger more 110
 Unsated, Nestor then, arising first,
 Whose counsels had been ever wisest deem'd,
 Warm for the public interest, thus began.

Atrides ! glorious sovereign ! King of men !
 Thou art my first and last, proem and close, 115

For thou art mighty, and to thee are given
 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, 120

By whomsoever offer'd, to adopt
 And to perform, for thou art judge alone.

I will promulge the counsel which to me
 Seems wisest ; such, that other Grecian none
 Shall give thee better ; neither is it new, 125

But I have ever held it since the day
 When, most illustrious ! thou wast pleased to take
 By force the maid Briseïs from the tent
 Of the enraged Achilles ; not, in truth,
 By my advice, who did dissuade thee much ; 130

But thou complying with thy princely wrath,
 Hast shamed an Hero whom themselves the Gods
 Delight to honour, and his prize detain'st.
 Yet even now contrive we, although late,
 By lenient gifts liberal, and by speech 135
 Conciliatory, to assuage his ire.

Then answer'd Agamemnon, King of men.
 Old Chief ! there is no falsehood in thy charge ;
 I have offended, and confess the wrong.
 The warrior is alone an host, whom Jove 140
 Loves as he loves Achilles, for whose sake

He hath Achaia's thousands thus subdued.
 But if the impulse of a wayward mind
 Obeying, I have err'd, behold me, now,
 Prepared to sooth him with atonement large 145
 Of gifts inestimable, which by name
 I will propound in presence of you all.
 Seven tripods, never sullied yet with fire ;
 Of gold ten talents ; twenty cauldrons bright ;
 Twelve coursers, strong, victorious in the race ; 150
 No man possessing prizes such as mine
 Which they have won for me, shall feel the want
 Of acquisitions splendid, or of gold.
 Seven virtuous female captives will I give
 Expert in arts domestic, Lesbians all, 155
 Whom, when himself took Lesbos, I received
 My chosen portion, passing womankind
 In perfect loveliness of face and form.
 These will I give, and will with these resign
 Her whom I took, Brisëis, with an oath 160
 Most solemn, that unconscious as she was
 Of my embraces, such I yield her his.
 All these I give him now ; and if at length
 The Gods vouchsafe to us to overturn
 Priam's great city, let him heap his ships 165
 With gold and brass, entering and chusing 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 170
 We reach of Argos, he shall there become
 My son-in-law, and shall enjoy like state
 With him whom I in all abundance rear,

My only son Orestes. At my home
 I have three daughters; let him thence conduct 175
 To Phthia, her whom he shall most approve.
 Chrysothemis shall be his bride, or else
 Laodice; or if she please him more,
 Iphianassa; and from him I ask
 No dower, myself will such a dower bestow 180
 As never father on his child before.
 Seven fair well-peopled cities I will give;
 Cardamyle and Enope, and rich
 In herbage, Hira; Pheræ stately-built,
 And for her depth of pasturage renown'd 185
 Antheia; proud Æpeia's lofty towers,
 And Pedasus impurpled dark with vines.
 All these are maritime, and on the shore
 They stand of Pylus, by a race possess'd
 Most rich in flocks and herds, who tributes large, 190
 And gifts presenting to his sceptred hand,
 Shall hold him high in honour as a God.
 These will I give him if from wrath he cease.
 Let him be overcome. Pluto alone
 Is found implacable and deaf to prayer, 195
 Whom therefore of all Gods men hate the most.
 My power is greater, and my years than his
 More numerous, therefore let him yield to me.
 To him Gerenian Nestor thus replied.
 Atrides! glorious sovereign! King of men! 200
 No sordid gifts, or to be view'd with scorn,
 Givest thou the Prince Achilles. But away!
 Send chosen messengers, who shall the son
 Of Peleus, instant, in his tent address.
 Myself will chuse them, be it theirs to obey. 205

Let Phœnix lead, Jove loves him. Be the next
 Huge Ajax ; and the wise Ulysses third.
 Of heralds, Odius and Eurybates
 Shall them attend. Bring water for our hands ;
 Give charge that every tongue abstain from speech 210
 Portentous, and propitiate Jove by prayer.

He spake, and all were pleased. The heralds pour'd
 Pure water on their hands ; attendant youths
 The beakers crown'd, and wine from right to left
 Distributed to all. Libation made, 215
 All drank, and in such measure as they chose,
 Then hasted forth from Agamemnon's tent.
 Gerenian Nestor at their side them oft
 Instructed, each admonishing by looks
 Significant, and motion of his eyes, 220
 But most Ulysses, to omit no means
 By which Achilles likeliest might be won.
 Along the margin of the sounding Deep
 They pass'd, to Neptune, compasser of earth,
 Preferring vows ardent with numerous prayers, 225
 That they might sway with ease the mighty mind
 Of fierce Æacides. And now they reach'd
 The station where his Myrmidons abode.
 Him solacing they found his heart with notes
 Struck from his silver-framed harmonious lyre ; 230
 Among the spoils he found it when he sack'd
 Eëtion's city ; with that lyre his cares
 He sooth'd and glorious heroes were his theme.
 Patroclus silent sat, and he alone,
 Before him, on Æacides intent, 235
 Expecting still when he should cease to sing.
 The messengers advanced (Ulysses first)

Into his presence ; at the sight, his harp
 Still in his hand, Achilles from his seat
 Started astonish'd ; nor with less amaze 240
 Patroclus also, seeing them, arose.

Achilles seized their hands, and thus he spake.

Hail friends ! ye all are welcome. Urgent cause
 Hath doubtless brought you, whom I dearest hold,
 (Though angry still,) of all Achaia's host. 245

So saying, he introduced them, and on seats
 Placed them with purple arras overspread,
 Then thus bespake Patroclus standing nigh.

Son of Menætius ! bring a beaker more
 Capacious, and replenish it with wine 250
 Diluted³ 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 loved. Achilles, then, himself 255
 Advancing near the fire an ample⁴ 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,

³ I have given this sense to the word *Ζωπορερον*—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.

⁴ It is not without authority that I have thus rendered *κρέϊνον μεγα*. Homer's banquets are never stewed or boiled ; it cannot therefore signify a kettle. It was probably a kitchen-table, dresser, or tray, on which the meat was prepared for the spit. Accordingly we find that this very meat was spitted afterward.—See Schaufelbergerus.

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, shower'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
 The consecrated morsel to the fire,
 And each, at once, his savoury mess assail'd.
 When neither edge of hunger now they felt 275
 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 280
 Of royal Agamemnon, or at thine,
 For both are nobly spread; but dainties now,
 Or plenteous boards, are little our concern.
 Oh godlike Chief! tremendous ills we sit
 Contemplating with fear, doubtful if life 285
 Or death, with the destruction of our fleet,
 Attend us, unless thou put on thy might.
 For lo! the haughty Trojans, with their friends
 Call'd from afar, at the fleet-side encamp,
 Fast by the wall, where they have kindled fires 290
 Numerous, and threaten that no force of ours

Shall check their purposed inroad on the ships.
 Jove grants them favourable signs from heaven,
 Bright lightnings ; Hector glares revenge, with rage
 Infuriate, and by Jove assisted, heeds 295
 Nor God nor man, but prays the morn to rise
 That he may hew away our vessel-heads,
 Burn all our fleet with fire, and at their sides
 Slay the Achaians struggling in the smoke.
 Horrible are my fears lest these his threats 300
 The Gods accomplish, and it be our doom
 To perish here, from Argos far remote.
 Up, therefore ! if thou canst, and now at last
 The weary sons of all Achaia save
 From Trojan violence. Regret, but vain, 305
 Shall else be thine hereafter, when no cure
 Of such great ill, once suffer'd, can be found.
 Thou therefore, seasonably kind, devise
 Means to preserve from such disasterous fate
 The Grecians. Ah, my friend ! when Peleus thee
 From Phthia sent to Agamemnon's aid, 311
 On that same day he gave thee thus in charge.
 " Juno, my son, and Pallas, if they please,
 Can make thee valiant ; but thy own big heart
 Thyself restrain. Sweet manners win respect. 315
 Cease from pernicious strife, and young and old
 Throughout the host shall honour thee the more."
 Such was thy father's charge, which thou, it seems,
 Remember'st not. Yet even now thy wrath
 Renounce ; be reconciled ; for princely gifts 320
 Atrides gives thee if thy wrath subside.
 Hear, if thou wilt, and I will tell thee all,
 How vast the gifts which Agamemnon made

By promise thine, this night within his tent.
 Seven tripods never sullied yet with fire ; 325
 Of gold ten talents ; twenty cauldrons bright ;
 Twelve steeds strong-limb'd, victorious in the race ;
 No man possessing prizes such as those
 Which they have won for him, shall feel the want
 Of acquisitions splendid, or of gold. 330
 Seven virtuous female captives he will give,
 Expert in arts domestic, Lesbians all,
 Whom when thou conquer'dst Lesbos, he received
 His chosen portion, passing woman-kind
 In perfect loveliness of face and form. 335
 These will he give, and will with these resign
 Her whom he took, 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 340
 The Gods vouchsafe to us to overturn
 Priam's great city, thou shalt heap thy ships
 With gold and brass, entering and chusing first,
 When we shall share the spoil ; and shalt beside
 Chuse twenty from among the maids of Troy, 345
 Helen except, loveliest of all their sex.
 And if once more the rich milk-flowing land
 We reach of Argos, thou shalt there become
 His son-in-law, and shalt enjoy like state
 With him, whom he in all abundance rears, 350
 His only son Orestes. In his house
 He hath three daughters ; thou may'st home conduct
 To Phthia, her whom thou shalt most approve.
 Chrysothemis shall be thy bride ; or else
 Laodice ; or if she please thee more 355

Iphianassa ; and from thee he asks
 No dower ; himself will such a dower bestow
 As never father on his child before.
 Seven fair well-peopled cities will he give ;
 Cardamyle and Enope ; and rich 360
 In herbage, Hira ; Pheræ stately-built,
 And for her depth of pasturage renown'd,
 Antheia ; proud Æpeia's lofty towers,
 And Pegasus impurpled dark with vines.
 All these are maritime, and on the shore 365
 They stand of Pylus, by a race possess'd
 Most rich in flocks and herds, who tribute large
 And gifts presenting to thy sceptred hand,
 Shall hold thee high in honour as a God.
 These will he give thee, if thy wrath subside. 370
 But should'st thou rather in thine heart the more
 Both Agamemnon and his gifts detest,
 Yet oh compassionate the afflicted host
 Prepared to adore thee. Thou shalt win renown
 Among the Grecians that shall never die. 375
 Now strike at Hector. He is here ;—himself
 Provokes thee forth ; madness is in his heart,
 And in his rage he glories that our ships
 Have hither brought no Grecian brave as he.
 Then thus Achilles matchless in the race. 380
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !
 I must with plainness speak my fixt resolve
 Unalterable ; lest I hear from each
 The same long murmur'd melancholy tale.
 For I abhor the man, not more the gates 385
 Of hell itself, whose words belie his heart.
 So shall not mine. My judgement undisguised

Is this ; that neither Agamemnon me
 Nor all the Greeks shall move ; for ceaseless toil
 Wins here no thanks ; one recompence awaits **390**
 The sedentary and the most alert,
 The brave and base in equal honour stand,
 And drones and heroes fall unwept alike.
 • I after all my labours, who exposed
 My life continual in the field, have earn'd **395**
 No very sumptuous prize. As the poor bird
 Gives to her unfledged brood a morsel gain'd
 After long search, though wanting it herself,
 So I have worn out many sleepless nights,
 And waded deep through many a bloody day **400**
 In battle for their wives⁵. I have destroy'd
 Twelve cities with my fleet, and twelve, save one,
 On foot contending in the fields of Troy.
 From all these cities, precious spoils I took
 Abundant, and to Agamemnon's hand **405**
 Gave all the treasure. He within his ships
 Abode the while, and having all received,
 Little distributed, and much retained ;
 He gave, however, to the Kings and Chiefs
 A portion, and they keep it. Me alone **410**
 Of all the Grecian host he hath despoil'd ;
 My bride, my soul's delight is in his hands,
 And let him, couch'd with her, enjoy his fill
 Of dalliance. What sufficient cause, what need
 Have the Achaians to contend with Troy ? **415**
 Why hath Atrides gather'd such an host,
 And led them hither ? Was't not for the sake

⁵ Dacier observes, that he pluralizes the one wife of Menelaus through the impetuosity of his spirit.

Of beauteous Helen? And of all mankind
 Can none be found who love their proper wives
 But the Atridæ? There is no good man 420
 Who loves not, guards not, and with care provides
 For his own wife, and, though in battle won,
 I loved the fair Briseïs at my heart.
 But having dispospossess'd me of my prize
 So foully, let him not essay me now, 425
 For I am warn'd, and he shall not prevail.
 With thee and with thy peers let him advise,
 Ulysses! how the fleet may likeliest 'scape
 Yon hostile fires; full many an arduous task
 He hath accomplish'd without aid of mine; 430
 So hath he now this rampart and the trench
 Which he hath digg'd around it, and with stakes
 Planted contiguous—puny barriers all
 To hero-slaughtering Hector's force opposed.
 While I the battle waged, present myself 435
 Among the Achaians, Hector never fought
 Far from his walls, but to the Scæan gate
 Advancing and the beech-tree, there remain'd.
 Once, on that spot he met me, and my arm
 Escaped with difficulty even there. 440
 But, since I feel myself not now inclined
 To fight with noble Hector, yielding first
 To Jove due worship, and to all the Gods,
 To-morrow will I launch, and give my ships
 Their lading. Look thou forth at early dawn, 445
 And, if such spectacle delight thee aught,
 Thou shalt behold me cleaving with my prows
 The waves of Hellespont, and all my crews
 Of lusty rowers, active in their task.

So shall I reach (if Ocean's mighty God 450
 Prosper 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 brass, 455
 And glittering steel, and women passing fair
 My portion of the spoils. But he, your King,
 The prize he gave, himself, himself resumed,
 And taunted at me. Tell him my reply,
 And tell it him aloud, that other Greeks 460
 May indignation feel like me, if arm'd
 Always in impudence, he seek to wrong
 Them also. Let him not henceforth presume,
 Canine and hard in aspect though he be,
 To look me in the face. I will not share 465
 His counsels, neither will I aid his works.
 Let it suffice him, that he wrong'd me once,
 Deceived me once, henceforth his glozing arts
 Are lost on me. But let him rot in peace
 Crazed as he is, and by the stroke of Jove 470
 Infatuate. I detest his gifts, and him
 So honour, as the thing which most I scorn.
 And would he give me twenty times the worth
 Of this his offer, all the treasured heaps
 Which he possesses, or shall yet possess, 475
 All that Orchomenos within her walls,
 And all that opulent 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, 480
 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 485
 With golden Venus, had she all the skill
 Of blue-eyed Pallas, even so endow'd
 She were no bride for me. No. He may chuse
 From the Achaians some superior Prince,
 One more her equal. Peleus, if the Gods 490
 Preserve me, and I safe arrive at home,
 Himself, ere long, shall mate me with a bride.
 In Hellas and in Phthia may be found
 Fair damsels many, daughters of the Chiefs
 Who guard our cities; I may chuse of them, 495
 And make the loveliest of them all my own.
 There, in my country, it hath ever been
 My dearest purpose, wedded to a wife
 Of rank convenient, to enjoy in peace
 Such wealth as ancient Peleus hath acquired. 500
 For life, in my account, surpasses far
 In value, all the treasures which report
 Ascribed to populous Ilium, ere the Greeks
 Arrived, and while the city yet had peace;
 Those also which Apollo's marble shrine 505
 In rocky Pytho boasts. Fat flocks and beeves
 May be by force obtain'd, tripods and steeds
 Are bought or won, but if the breath of man
 Once overpass its bounds, no force arrests
 Or may constrain the unbodied spirit back. 510
 Me, as my silver-footed mother speaks
 Thetis, a twofold consummation waits.
 If still with battle I encompass Troy,

I win immortal glory, but all hope
 Renounce of my return. If I return 515
 To my beloved country, I renounce
 The illustrious meed of glory, but obtain
 Secure and long immunity from death.
 And truly I would recommend to all
 To voyage homeward, for the fall as yet 520
 Ye shall not see of Ilium's lofty towers,
 For that the Thunderer with uplifted arm
 Protects her, and her courage hath revived.
 Bear ye mine answer back, as is the part
 Of good ambassadors, that they may frame 525
 Some likelier plan, by which both fleet and host
 May be preserved; for, my resentment still
 Burning, this project is but premature.
 Let Phoenix stay with us, and sleep this night
 Within my tent, that, if he so incline, 530
 He may to-morrow in my fleet embark,
 And hence attend me; but I leave him free.

He ended; they astonish'd at his tone
 (For vehement he spake) sat silent all,
 Till Phoenix, aged warrior, at the last 535
 Gush'd into tears, (for dread his heart o'erwhelm'd
 Lest the whole fleet should perish,) and replied.

If thou indeed have purposed to return,
 Noble Achilles! and such wrath retain'st
 That thou art altogether fixt to leave 540
 The fleet a prey to desolating 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 545

Of councils ignorant, the schools in which
 Great minds are form'd, he bade me to the war
 Attend thee forth, that I might teach thee all,
 Both elocution and address in arms.
 Me therefore shalt thou not with my consent 550
 Leave here, my son ! no, not would Jove himself
 Promise me, reaping smooth this silver beard,
 To make me downy-cheek'd as in my youth ;
 Such as when erst from Hellas beauty-famed
 I fled, escaping from my father's wrath 555
 Amyntor, son of Ormenus, who loved
 A beauteous concubine, and for her sake
 Despised his wife and persecuted me.
 My mother suppliant at my knees, with prayer
 Perpetual importuned me to embrace 560
 The damsel first, that she might loath my sire.
 I did so ; and my father soon possess'd
 With hot suspicion of the fact, let loose
 A storm of imprecation, in his rage
 Invoking all the Furies to forbid 565
 That ever son of mine should press his knees.
 Tartarian Jove⁶ and dread Persephone⁷
 Fulfill'd his curses ; with my pointed spear
 I would have pierced his heart, but that my wrath
 Some Deity assuaged, 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

⁶ Pluto.⁷ Proserpine.

With much entreaty, wooing me to stay ;
 Oxen and sheep they slaughter'd, many a plump
 Well-fatted brawn extended in the flames,
 And drank the old man's vessels to the lees.
 Nine nights continual at my side they slept, 580
 While others watch'd by turns, nor were the fires
 Extinguish'd ever, one, beneath the porch
 Of the barr'd hall, and one that from within
 The vestibule illumed my chamber door.
 But when the tenth dark night at length arrived, 585
 Sudden the chamber doors bursting I flew
 That moment forth, and unperceived alike
 By guards and menial women, leap'd the wall.
 Through spacious Hellas flying thence afar,
 I came at length to Phthia the deep-soil'd, 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, and all illustrious as thou art, 600
 Achilles ! such I made thee. For with me,
 Me only, would'st thou forth to feast abroad,
 Nor would'st thou taste thy food at home, 'till first
 I placed thee on my knees, with my own hand
 Thy viands carved and fed thee, and the wine 605
 Held to thy lips ; and many a time, in fits
 Of infant frowardness, the purple juice

Rejecting thou hast deluged all my vest,
 And fill'd my bosom. Oh, I have endured
 Much, and have also much perform'd for thee, 610
 Thus purposing, that since the Gods vouchsaf'd
 No son to me, thyself should'st be my son,
 Godlike Achilles! who should'st screen perchance
 From a foul fate my else unshelter'd age.
 Achilles! bid thy mighty spirit down. 615
 Thou should'st not be thus merciless; the Gods,
 Although more honourable, and in power
 And virtue thy superiors, are themselves
 Yet placable; and if a mortal man
 Offend them by transgression of their laws, 620
 Libation, incense, sacrifice, and prayer,
 In meekness offer'd turn their wrath away.
 Prayers are Jove's daughters, wrinkled^o, lame, slant-
 eyed,
 Which though far distant, yet with constant pace
 Follow Offence. Offence, robust of limb, 625
 And treading firm the ground, outstrips them all,
 And over all the earth before them runs
 Hurtful to man. They, following, heal the hurt.
 Received respectfully when they approach,
 They help us, and our prayers hear in return. 630
 But if we slight, and with obdurate heart

^o 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 slant-eyed—either because, in that state of humiliation, they fear to lift their eyes to heaven, or are employed in taking a retrospect of their past misconduct.

The whole allegory, considering *when* and *where* it was composed, forms a very striking passage.

Resist them, to Saturnian Jove they cry
 Against us, supplicating that Offence
 May cleave to us for vengeance of the wrong.
 Thou, therefore, O Achilles ! honour yield 635
 To Jove's own daughters, vanquish'd, as the brave
 Have ofttimes been, by honour paid to Thee.
 For came not Agamemnon as he comes
 With gifts in hand, and promises of more
 Hereafter ; burn'd his anger still the same, 640
 I would not move thee to renounce thy own,
 And to assist us, howsoe'er distress'd.
 But now, not only are his present gifts
 Most liberal, and his promises of more
 Such also, but these Princes he hath sent 645
 Charged with entreaties, thine especial friends,
 And chosen for that cause, from all the host.
 Slight not their embassy, nor put to shame
 Their intercession. We confess that once
 Thy wrath was unproveable and just. 650
 Thus we have heard the heroes of old times
 Applauded oft, whose anger, though intense,
 Yet left them open to the gentle sway
 Of reason and conciliatory gifts.
 I recollect an ancient history, 655
 Which, since all here are friends, I will relate.
 The brave Ætolians and Curetes met
 Beneath the walls of Calydon, and fought
 With mutual slaughter ; the Ætolian powers
 In the defence of Calydon the fair, 660
 And the Curetes, bent to lay it waste :
 That strife Diana of the golden throne
 Kindled between them, with resentment fired

That Oeneus had not in some fertile spot
 The first fruits of his harvest set apart 665
 To her ; with hecatombs he entertained
 All the Divinities of heaven beside,
 And her alone, daughter of Jove supreme,
 Or through forgetfulness, or some neglect,
 Served not ; omission careless and profane ! 670
 She, progeny of Jove, Goddess shaft-arm'd,
 A savage boar bright-tusk'd in anger sent,
 Which haunting Oeneus' fields much havoc made.
 Trees numerous on the earth in heaps he cast
 Uprooting them, with all their blossoms on. 675
 But Meleager, Oeneus' son, at length
 Slew him, the hunters gathering and the hounds
 Of numerous cities ; for a boar so vast
 Might not be vanquish'd by the power of few,
 And many to their funeral piles he sent. 680
 Then raised Diana clamorous dispute,
 And contest hot between them, all alike,
 Curetes and Ætolians fierce in arms
 The boar's head claiming, and his bristly hide.
 So long as warlike Meleager fought, 685
 Ætolia prosper'd, nor with all their powers
 Could the Curetes stand before the walls.
 But when resentment once had fired the heart
 Of Meleager, which hath tumult oft
 Excited in the breasts of wisest men, 690
 (For his own mother had his wrath provoked
 Althæa) thenceforth with his wedded wife
 He dwelt, fair Cleopatra, close retired.
 She was Marpessa's daughter, whom she bore
 To Idas, bravest warrior in his day 695

Of all on earth. He fear'd not 'gainst the King
 Himself Apollo, for the lovely nymph
 Marpessa's sake, his spouse, to bend his bow.
 Her, therefore, Idas and Marpessa named
 Thenceforth Alcyone, because the fate 700
 Of sad Alcyone Marpessa shared,
 And wept like her, by Phœbus forced away.
 Thus Meleager, tortured with the pangs
 Of wrath indulged, with Cleopatra dwelt,
 Vex'd that his mother cursed him ; for, with grief 705
 Frantic, his mother importuned the Gods
 To avenge her slaughter'd brothers⁹ on his head.
 Oft would she smite the earth, while on her knees
 Seated, she fill'd her bosom with her tears,
 And call'd on Pluto and dread Proserpine 710
 To slay her son ; nor vain was that request,
 But by implacable Erynnis heard
 Roaming the shades of Erebus. Ere long
 The tumult and the deafening din of war
 Roar'd at the gates, and all the batter'd towers 715
 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 720
 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 725

⁹ She had five brothers: Iphiclus, Polyphontes, Phanes, Eurypylus, Plexippus.

Smiting importunate, with earnest prayers
 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, 730
 The most esteem'd and dearest of his friends,
 The same suit urged, yet he persisted still
 Relentless, nor could even they prevail.
 But when the battle shook his chamber-doors
 And the Curetes climbing the high towers 735
 Had fired the spacious city, then with tears
 The beauteous Cleopatra, and with prayers
 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 740
 Matrons with all their children dragg'd away.
 That dread recital roused him, and at length
 Issuing, he put his radiant armour on.
 Thus Meleager, gratifying first
 His own resentment from a fatal day 745
 Saved the Ætoliens, who the promised gift
 Refused him, and his toils found no reward.
 But thou my son, be wiser ; follow thou
 No dæmon who would tempt thee to a course
 Like his ; occasion more propitious far 750
 Smiles on thee now, than if the fleet were fired.
 Come, while by gifts invited, and receive
 From all the host, the honours of a God ;
 For should'st thou, by no gifts induced, at last
 Enter the bloody field, although thou chase 755
 The Trojans hence, yet less shall be thy praise.

Then thus Achilles, matchless in the race.
 Phoenix, my guide, wise, noble and revered !
 I covet no such glory ! the renown
 Ordain'd by Jove for me, is to resist 760
 All importunity to quit my ships
 While I have power to move, or breath to draw.
 Hear now, and mark me well. Cease thou from tears.
 Confound me not, pleading with sighs and sobs
 In Agamemnon's cause ; O love not Him, 765
 Lest I renounce thee, who am now thy friend.
 Assist me rather, as thy duty bids,
 Him to afflict, who hath afflicted me,
 So shalt thou share my glory and my power.
 These shall report as they have heard, but here 770
 Rest thou this night, and with the rising morn
 We will decide, to stay or to depart.
 He ceased, and silent, by a nod enjoin'd
 Patroclus to prepare an easy couch
 For Phoenix, anxious to dismiss the rest 775
 Incontinent ; when Ajax, godlike son
 Of Telamon, arising, thus began.
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !
 Depart we now ; for I perceive that end
 Or fruit of all our reasonings shall be none. 780
 It is expedient also that we bear
 Our answer back (unwelcome as it is)
 With all dispatch, for the assembled Greeks
 Expect us. Brave Achilles shuts a fire
 Within his breast ; the kindness of his friends, 785
 And the respect peculiar by ourselves
 Shown to him, on his heart work no effect.

Inexorable man ! others accept
 Even for a brother slain, or for a son
 Due compensation ; the delinquent dwells 790
 Secure at home, and the receiver, soothed
 And pacified, represses his revenge.
 But thou, resentful of the loss of one,
 One virgin (such obduracy of heart
 The Gods have given thee) can'st not be appeased. 795
 Yet we assign thee seven in her stead,
 The most distinguish'd of their sex, and add
 Large gifts beside. Ah then, at last relent !
 Respect thy roof ; we are thy guests ; we come
 Chosen from the multitude of all the Greeks, 800
 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 805
 Of Atreus' son, who shamed me in the sight
 Of all Achaia's host, bearing me down
 As I had been some vagrant at his door,
 My bosom boils. Return ye and report
 Your answer. I no thought will entertain 810
 Of crimson war, till the illustrious son
 Of warlike Priam, Hector, blood-embued,
 Shall in their tents the Myrmidons assail
 Themselves, and fire my fleet. At my own ship,
 And at my own pavilion, it may chance 815
 That even Hector's violence shall pause.

He ended ; they from massy goblets each
 Libation pour'd, and to the fleet their course

Resumed direct, Ulysses at their head.
 Patroclus then his fellow warriors bade, 820
 And the attendant women, spread a couch
 For Phœnix; they the couch, obedient, spread
 With fleeces, with rich arras, and with flax
 Of subtlest woof. There hoary Phœnix lay
 In expectation of the sacred dawn. 825
 Meantime Achilles in the interior tent,
 With beauteous Diomeda by himself
 From Lesbos brought, daughter of Phorbas, lay.
 Patroclus opposite reposed, with whom
 Slept charming Iphis; her, when he had won 830
 The lofty towers of Scyros, the divine
 Achilles took, and on his friend bestow'd.
 But when those Chiefs at Agamemnon's tent
 Arrived, the Greeks on every side arose
 With golden cups welcoming their return. 835
 All question'd them, but Agamemnon first.
 Oh worthy of Achaia's highest praise,
 And her chief ornament, Ulysses, speak!
 Will he defend the fleet? or his big heart
 Indulging wrathful, doth he still refuse? 840
 To whom renown'd Ulysses thus replied.
 Atrides, Agamemnon, King of men!
 He, his resentment quenches not, or will,
 But burns with wrath the more, thee and thy gifts
 Rejecting both. He bids thee with the Greeks 845
 Consult by what expedient thou may'st save
 The fleet and people, threatening that himself
 Will at the peep of day launch all his barks,
 And counselling, beside, the general host

To voyage homeward, for that end as yet 850
 Of Ilium wall'd to heaven, ye shall not find,
 Since Jove the Thunderer with uplifted arm
 Protects her, and her courage hath revived.
 Thus speaks the Chief, and Ajax is prepared,
 With the attendant heralds, to report 855
 As I have said. But Phœnix in the tent
 Sleeps of Achilles, who his stay desired,
 That on the morrow, if he so incline,
 The hoary warrior may attend him hence
 Home to his country, but he leaves him free. 860
 He ended. They astonish'd at his tone
 (For vehement he spake) sat silent all.
 Long silent sat the afflicted sons of Greece,
 When thus the mighty Diomede began.
 Atrides, Agamemnon, King of men ! 865
 Thy supplications to the valiant son
 Of Peleus, and the offer of thy gifts
 Innumerable, had been better far withheld.
 He is at all times haughty, and thy suit
 Hath but increased his haughtiness of heart 870
 Past bounds : but let him stay, or let him go
 As he shall chuse. He will resume the fight
 When his own mind shall prompt him, and the Gods
 Shall urge him forth. Now follow my advice.
 Ye have refresh'd your hearts with food and wine, 875
 Which are the strength of man ; take now repose,
 And when the rosy-finger'd morning fair,
 Shall shine again, set forth without delay
 The battle, horse and foot, before the fleet,
 And where the foremost fight, fight also thou. 880

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

THE ILIAD.



BOOK X.

ARGUMENT OF THE TENTH BOOK.

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

THE ILIAD.

BOOK X.

ALL night, the leaders of the host of Greece
Lay sunk in soft repose, all, save the Chief,
The son of Atreus; him from thought to thought
Roving solicitous, no sleep relieved.
As when the spouse of beauteous Juno, darts 5
His frequent fires, designing heavy rain
Immense, or hail-storm, or field-whitening snow,
Or else wide-throated war calamitous,
So frequent were the groans by Atreus' son
Heaved from his inmost heart, trembling with dread.
For cast he but his eye toward the plain 11
Of Ilium, there, astonish'd, he beheld
The city fronted with bright fires, and heard
Pipes, and recorders, and the hum of war;
But when again the Grecian fleet he view'd, 15
And thought on his own people, then his hair
Uprooted elevating to the Gods,
He from his generous bosom groan'd again.
At length he thus resolved; of all the Greeks
To seek Neleian Nestor first, with whom 20
He might, perchance, some plan for the defence
Of the afflicted Danaï, devise.
Rising, he wrapp'd his tunic to his breast,

And to his royal feet unsullied bound
 His sandals ; o'er his shoulders, next, he threw 25
 Of amplest size a lion's tawny skin
 That swept his footsteps, dappled o'er with blood,
 Then took his spear. Meantime not less appall'd
 Was Menelaus, on whose eyelids sleep
 Sat not, lest the Achaians for his sake 30
 O'er many waters borne, and now intent
 On glorious deeds, should perish all at Troy.
 With a pard's spotted hide his shoulders broad
 He mantled over ; to his head he raised
 His brazen helmet, and with vigorous hand 35
 Grasping his spear, forth issued to arouse
 His brother, mighty sovereign of the host,
 And by the Grecians like a God revered.
 He found him at his galley's stern, his arms
 Assuming radiant ; welcome he arrived 40
 To Agamemnon, whom he thus address'd.

Why arm'st thou, brother? Would'st thou urge abroad
 Some trusty spy into the Trojan camp?
 I fear lest none so hardy shall be found
 As to adventure, in the dead still night, 45
 So far, alone ; valiant indeed were he !

To whom great Agamemnon thus replied.
 Heaven-favour'd Menelaus ! We have need,
 Thou and myself, of some device well-framed,
 Which both the Grecians and the fleet of Greece 50
 May rescue, for the mind of Jove hath changed,
 And Hector's prayers alone now reach his ear.
 I never saw, nor by report have learn'd
 From any man, that ever single chief
 Such awful wonders in one day perform'd 55

As he with ease against the Greeks, although
 Nor from a Goddess sprung nor from a God.
 Deeds he hath done, which, as I think, the Greeks
 Shall deep and long lament, such numerous ills
 Achaia's host hath at his hands sustain'd. 60

But haste, begone, and at their several ships
 Call Ajax and Idomeneus ; I go
 To exhort the noble Nestor to arise,
 That he may visit, if he so incline,
 The chosen band who watch, and his advice 65
 Give them ; for him most prompt they will obey,
 Whose son, together with Meriones,
 Friend of Idomeneus, controuls them all,
 Entrusted by ourselves with that command.

Him answer'd Menelaus bold in arms. 70
 Explain thy purpose.—Would'st thou that I wait
 Thy coming, there, or thy commands to both
 Given, that I incontinent return ?

To whom the Sovereign of the host replied.
 There stay ; lest striking into different paths 75
 (For many passes intersect the camp)
 We miss each other ; summon them aloud
 Where thou shalt come ; enjoin them to arise ;
 Call each by his hereditary name,
 Honouring all. Beware of manners proud, 80
 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 Nestor. Him he found 85
 Amid his sable 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 90
 With the encroachments of enfeebling age.
 He raised his head, and on his elbow propp'd,
 Questioning Agamemnon, thus began.

But who art thou, who thus alone, the camp
 Roamest, amid the darkness of the night, 95
 While other mortals sleep? Comest 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 Nestor, glory of the Grecian name, 100
 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 105
 Sweet sleep sits 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 supersede
 All thought ; my bosom can no longer hold 110
 My throbbing heart, and tremors shake my limbs.
 But if thy mind, more capable, project
 Aught that may profit us (for thee it seems
 Sleep also shuns) arise, and let us both
 Visit the watch, lest, haply, overtoil'd 115
 They yield to sleep, forgetful of their charge.
 The foe is posted near, and may intend
 (None knows his purpose) an assault by night.

To him Gerenian Nestor thus replied.

Illustrious Agamemnon, King of men ! 120
 Deep-planning Jove the 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. 125
 But with all readiness I will arise
 And follow thee, that we may also rouse
 Yet others ; Diomede the spear-renown'd,
 Ulysses, the swift Ajax, and the son
 Of Phyleus, valiant Meges. It were well 130
 Were others also visited and call'd,
 The Godlike Ajax, and Idomeneus,
 Whose ships are at the camp's extremest bounds.
 But though I love thy brother and revere,
 And though I grieve e'en thee, yet speak I must, 135
 And plainly censure him, that thus he sleeps
 And leaves to thee the labour, who himself
 Should range the host, soliciting the Chiefs
 Of every band, as utmost need requires.
 Him answer'd Agamemnon, King of men. 140
 Old warrior, times there are, when I could wish
 Myself thy censure of him, for in act
 He is not seldom tardy and remiss.
 Yet is not sluggish indolence the cause,
 No, nor stupidity, but he observes 145
 Me much, expecting till I lead the way.
 But he was foremost now, far more alert
 This night than I, and I have sent him forth
 Already, those to call whom thou hast named.
 But let us hence, for at the guard I trust 150
 To find them, since I gave them so in charge.
 To whom the brave Gerenian Chief replied.

Him none will censure, or his will dispute,
Whom he shall waken and exhort to rise.

So saying, he bound his corslet to his breast, 155

His sandals fair to his unsullied feet,
And fastening by its clasps his purple cloak
Around him, double and of shaggy pile,
Seized, next, his sturdy spear headed with brass,
And issued first, into the Grecian fleet. 160

There, Nestor, brave Gerenian, with a voice
Sonorous roused the Godlike counsellor
From sleep, Ulysses; the alarm came o'er
His startled ear, forth from his tent he sprang
Sudden, and of their coming, quick, enquired. 165

Why roam ye thus the camp and fleet alone
In darkness? by what urgent need constrain'd?

To whom the hoary Pylian thus replied.
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Resent it not, for dread is our distress. 170

Come, therefore, and assist us to convene
Yet others, qualified to judge if war
Be most expedient, or immediate flight.

He ended, and regaining, quick, his tent,
Ulysses slung his shield, then coming forth 175

Join'd them. The son of Tydeus first they sought.
Him sleeping arm'd before his tent they found,
Encompass'd by his friends also asleep;
His head each rested on his shield, and each
Had planted on its nether point¹ erect 180
His spear beside him; bright their polish'd heads,

¹ *Σαυρωτήρ*—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.

As Jove's own lightning glitter'd from afar.
 Himself, the Hero, slept. A wild bull's hide
 Was spread beneath him, and on arras tinged
 With splendid purple lay his head reclined. 195
 Nestor, beside him standing, with his heel
 Shook him, and, urgent, thus the Chief reproved.

Awake, Tydides! wherefore givest the night
 Entire to balmy slumber? Hast not heard
 How on the rising ground beside the fleet 190
 The Trojans sit, small interval between?

He ceased; 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, 195
 Who ranging in all parts the camp, might call
 The Kings to council? But no curb controuls
 Or can abate activity like thine.

To whom Gerenian Nestor in return.
 My friend! thou hast well spoken. I have sons, 200
 And they are well deserving; I have here
 A numerous people also, one of whom
 Might have sufficed to call the Kings of Greece.
 But such occasion presses now the host
 As hath not oft occur'd: the overthrow 205
 Complete, or full deliverance of us all,
 In balance hangs, poised on a razor's edge,
 But haste, and if thy pity of my toils
 Be such, since thou art younger, call, thyself,
 Ajax the swift, and Meges to the guard. 210

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

They, at the guard arrived, not sleeping found 215
 The captains of the guard, but sitting all
 In vigilant posture with their arms prepared.
 As dogs that, careful, watch the fold by night,
 Hearing some wild beast in the woods, which hounds
 And hunters with tumultuous clamour drive 220
 Down from the mountain-top, all sleep forego ;
 So, sat not on their eyelids gentle sleep
 That dreadful night, but constant to the plain
 At every sound of Trojan feet they turn'd.
 The old Chief joyful at the sight, in terms 225
 Of kind encouragement thém thus address'd.

So watch, my children ! and beware that sleep
 Invade none here, lest all become a prey.

So saying, he traversed with quick pace the trench
 By every Chief whom they had thither call'd 230
 Attended, with whom Nestor's noble son
 Went, and Meriones, invited both
 To join their consultation. From the foss
 Emerging, in a vacant space they sat,
 Unstrew'd with bodies of the slain, the spot 235
 Whence furious Hector, after slaughter made
 Of numerous Greeks, night falling, had return'd.
 There seated, mutual converse close they held,
 And Nestor, brave Gerenian, thus began.

Oh friends ! hath no Achaian here such trust 240
 In his own prowess, as to venture forth
 Among yon haughty Trojans ? He, perchance,
 Might on the borders of their host surprise
 Some wandering adversary, or might learn
 Their consultations, whether they propose 245
 Here to abide in prospect of the fleet,
 Or, satiate with success against the Greeks

So signal, meditate retreat to Troy.
 These tidings gain'd, should he at last return
 Secure, his recompence will be renown 250
 Extensive as the heavens, and fair reward.
 From every leader of the fleet, his gift
 Shall be a sable² ewe, and sucking lamb,
 Rare acquisition ! and at every board
 And sumptuous banquet, he shall be a guest. 255

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

Me, Nestor, my courageous heart incites
 To penetrate into the neighbour host
 Of enemies ; but went some other Chief 260
 With me, far greater would my comfort prove,
 And I should dare the more. Two going forth,
 One quicker sees than other, and suggests
 Prudent advice ; but he who single goes,
 Mark whatsoe'er he may, the occasion less 265
 Improves, and his expedients soon exhausts.

He ended, and no few willing arose
 To go with Diomede. Servants of Mars
 Each Ajax willing stood ; willing as they
 Meriones ; most willing Nestor's son ; 270
 Willing the brother of the Chief of all,
 Nor willing less Ulysses to explore
 The host of Troy, for he possess'd a heart
 Delighted ever with some bold exploit.

Then Agamemnon, King of men, began. 275
 Now Diomede, in whom my soul delights !
 Chuse whom thou wilt for thy companion ; chuse

² *Sable*, because the expedition was made by night, and *each with a lamb*, as typical of the fruit of their labours.

The fittest here ; for numerous wish to go.
 Leave not through deference to another's rank,
 The more deserving, nor prefer a worse, 280
 Respecting either pedigree or power.

Such speech he interposed, fearing his choice
 Of Menelaus ; then, renown'd in arms
 The son of Tydeus, rising, spake again.

Since, then, ye bid me my own partner chuse 285
 Free from constraint, how can I overlook
 Divine Ulysses, whose courageous heart
 With such peculiar cheerfulness endures
 Whatever toils, and whom Minerva loves ?
 Let *Him* attend me, and through fire itself 290
 We shall return ; for none is wise as he.

To him Ulysses, hardy Chief, replied.
 Tydides ! neither praise me much, nor blame,
 For these are Grecians in whose ears thou speak'st,
 And know me well. But let us hence ! the night 295
 Draws to a close ; day comes apace ; the stars
 Are far advanced ; two portions have elapsed
 Of darkness, but the third is yet entire.

So they ; then each his dreadful arms put on.
 To Diomede, who at the fleet had left 300
 His own, the dauntless Thrasymedes gave
 His shield and sword two-edged, 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. 305
 Meriones with quiver, bow and sword
 Furnish'd Ulysses, and his brows enclosed
 In his own casque of hide with many a thong
 Well braced within ; guarded it was without

With boar's teeth ivory-white inherent firm 310
 On all sides, and with woollen head-piece lined.
 That helmet erst Autolycus³ had brought
 From Eleon, city of Amyntor son
 Of Hormenus, where he the solid walls
 Bored through, clandestine, of Amyntor's house. 315
 He on Amphidamas the prize bestow'd
 In Scandia; from Amphidamas it pass'd
 To Molus as an hospitable pledge;
 He gave it to Meriones his son,
 And now it guarded shrewd Ulysses' brows. 320
 Both clad in arms terrific, forth they sped,
 Leaving their fellow Chiefs, and as they went
 An heron, by command of Pallas, flew
 Close on the right beside them; darkling they
 Discern'd him not, but heard his clanging plumes. 325
 Ulysses in the favourable sign
 Exulted, and Minerva thus invoked.

Oh hear me, daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd!
 My present helper in all streights, whose eye
 Marks all my ways, oh with peculiar care 330
 Now guard me, Pallas! grant that after toil
 Successful, glorious, such as long shall fill
 With grief the Trojans, we may safe return
 And with immortal honours to the fleet.

Valiant Tydides, next, his prayer preferr'd. 335
 Hear also me, Jove's offspring by the toils
 Of war invincible! me follow now
 As my heroic father erst to Thebes
 Thou followedst, Tydeus; by the Greeks dispatch'd

³ Autolycus was grandfather of Ulysses by the mother's side.

Ambassador, he left the mail-clad host 340
 Beside Asopus, and with terms of peace
 Entrusted, enter'd Thebes; but by thine aid
 Benevolent, and in thy strength, perform'd
 Returning, deeds of terrible renown.

Thus, now, protect me also! In return 345
 I vow an offering at thy shrine, a young
 Broad-fronted heifer, to the yoke as yet
 Untamed, whose horns I will incase with gold.

Such prayer they made, and Pallas heard well pleased.
 Their orisons ended to the daughter dread 350
 Of mighty Jove, lion-like they advanced
 Through shades of night, through carnage, arms and
 blood.

Nor Hector to his gallant host indulged
 Sleep, but convened the leaders; leader none
 Or senator of all his host he left 355
 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, 360
 Surpassing all in the whole fleet of Greece
 Shall be his portion, with immortal praise,
 Who shall the well-appointed ships approach
 Courageous, there to learn if yet a guard
 As heretofore, keep them, or if subdued 365
 Beneath us, the Achaians flight intend,
 And worn with labour have no will to watch.

So Hector spake, but answer none return'd.
 There was a certain Trojan, Dolon named,
 Son of Eumedes herald of the Gods, 370
 Rich both in gold and brass, but in his form

Unsightly ; yet the man was swift of foot,
Sole brother of five sisters ; he his speech
To Hector and the Trojans thus address'd.

My spirit, Hector, prompts me, and my mind 375

Endued with manly vigour, to approach
Yon gallant ships, that I may tidings hear.
But come. For my assurance, lifting high
Thy sceptre, swear to me, for my reward,
The horses and the brazen chariot bright 380
Which bear renown'd Achilles o'er the field.

I will not prove an useless spy, nor fall
Below thy best opinion ; pass I will
Their army through, 'till I shall reach the ship
Of Agamemnon, where the Chiefs, perchance, 385
Now sit consulting, or to fight, or fly.

Then raising high his sceptre, Hector sware.
Know, Jove himself, Juno's high-thundering spouse !
That Trojan none shall in that chariot ride
By those steeds drawn, save Dolon ; on my oath 390
I make them thine ; enjoy them evermore.

He said, and falsely sware, yet him 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 395
Adjusted, coated o'er with ferret's felt,
And seizing his sharp javelin, from the host
Turn'd right toward the fleet, but was ordain'd
To disappoint his sender, and to bring
No tidings thence. The throng of Trojan steeds 400
And warriors left, with brisker pace he moved,
When brave Ulysses his approach perceived,
And thus to Diomede his speech address'd.

Tydides ! yonder man is from the host ;

Either a spy he comes, or with intent 405
 To spoil the dead. First, freely let him pass
 Few paces, then pursuing him with speed,
 Seize on him suddenly ; but should he prove
 The nimbler of the three, with threatening spear
 Enforce him from his camp toward the fleet, 410
 Lest he elude us, and escape to Troy.

So they ; then, turning from the road oblique,
 Among the carcasses each lay'd him down.
 Dolon, suspecting nought, ran swiftly by.
 * But when such space was interposed as mules 415
 Plow in a day, (for mules the ox surpass
 Through fallows deep drawing the ponderous plough)
 Both ran toward him. Dolon at the sound
 Stood ; for he hoped some Trojan friends at hand
 From Hector sent to bid him back again. 420
 But when within spear's cast, or less they came,
 Knowing them enemies he turn'd to flight
 Incontinent, whom they as swift pursued.
 As two fleet hounds sharp fang'd, train'd to the chace,
 Hang on the rear of flying hind or hare, 425
 And drive her, never swerving from the track,
 Through copses close ; she screaming scuds before ;
 So Diomede and dread Ulysses him
 Chased constant, intercepting his return.
 And now, fast-fleeing to the ships, he soon 430
 Had reach'd the guard, but Pallas with new force
 Inspired Tydides, lest a meaner Greek
 Should boast that he had smitten Dolon first.

* Commentators here are extremely in the dark, and even Aristarchus seems to have attempted an explanation in vain.—The Translator does not pretend to have ascertained the distance intended, but only to have given a distance suited to the occasion.

And Diomede win only second praise.

He poised his lifted spear, and thus exclaim'd. 435

Stand ! or my spear shall stop thee. Death impends
At every step ; thou can'st not 'scape me long.

He said, and threw his spear, but by design,
Err'd from the man. The polish'd weapon swift
O'er-glancing his right shoulder, in the soil 440

Stood fixt, beyond him. Terrified he stood,
Stammering, 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. 445

Take me alive, and I will pay the price
Of my redemption. I have gold at home,
Brass also, and bright steel, and when report
Of my captivity within your fleet
Shall reach my father, treasures he will give 450
Not to be told, for ransom of his son.

To whom Ulysses politic replied.
Take courage ; entertain no thought of death.
But haste ! this tell me, and disclose the truth.
Why thus toward the ships comest thou alone 455
From yonder host, by night, while others sleep ?
To spoil some carcase ? or from Hector sent
A spy of all that passes in the fleet ?
Or by thy curiosity impell'd ?

Then Dolon, his limbs trembling, thus replied. 460
To my great detriment, and far beyond
My own design, Hector trepann'd me forth,
Who promised me the steeds of Peleus' son
Illustrious, and his brazen chariot bright.
He bade me, under night's fast-flitting shades 465
Approach our enemies, a spy, to learn

If still as heretofore, ye station guards
 For safety of your fleet, or if subdued
 Completely, ye intend immediate flight,
 And worn with labour, have no will to watch. 470

To whom Ulysses, smiling, thus replied.
 Thou hadst, in truth, an appetite to gifts
 Of no mean value, coveting the steeds
 Of brave Æacides ; but steeds are they
 Of fiery sort, difficult to be ruled 475
 By force of mortal man, Achilles' self
 Except, whom an immortal mother bore.
 But tell me yet again ; use no disguise ;
 Where left'st thou, at thy coming forth, your Chief,
 The valiant Hector ? where hath he disposed 480
 His armour battle-worn, and where his steeds ?
 What other quarters of your host are watch'd ?
 Where lodge the guard, and what intend ye next ?
 Still to abide in prospect of the fleet ?
 Or well-content that ye have thus reduced 485
 Achaia's host, will ye retire to Troy ?

To whom this answer Dolon straight returned
 Son of Eumedes. With unfeigning truth
 Simply and plainly will I utter all.
 Hector, with all the Senatorial Chiefs, 490
 Beside the tomb of sacred Ilius sits
 Consulting, from the noisy camp remote.
 But for the guards, Hero ! concerning whom
 Thou hast enquired, there is no certain watch
 And regular appointed o'er the camp ; 495
 The native ⁵ Trojans (for *they* can no less)

⁵ "Ὅσσαι γὰρ Τρωῶν πυροῦ εἰσχαταί—As many as are owners of hearths,—that is to say, all who are householders here, or natives of the city.

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. 500

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, 505

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, 510

The Phrygian horsemen, with the Lycian host,
 And the bold troop of Mysia'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 515

Farthest removed of all, are Thracian powers
 Newly arrived ; among them Rhesus sleeps,
 Son of Eïoneus, their Chief and King.
 His steeds I saw, the fairest by these eyes
 Ever beheld, and loftiest ; snow itself 520

They pass in whiteness, and in speed the winds.
 With gold and silver all his chariot burns,
 And he arrived in golden armour clad
 Stupendous ! little suited to the state
 Of mortal man—fit for a God to wear ! 525

Now, either lead me to your gallant fleet,
 Or, where ye find me, leave me straitly bound
 Till ye return, and, after trial made,
 Shall know if I have spoken false or true.

But him brave Diomede with aspect stern 530
 Answer'd. Since, Dolon ! thou art caught, although
 Thy tidings have been good, hope not to live ;
 For should we now release thee and dismiss,
 Thou wilt revisit yet again the fleet
 A spy or open foe ; but smitten once 535
 By this death-dealing arm, thou shalt return
 To render mischief to the Greeks no more.

He ceased, and Dolon would have stretch'd his hand
 Toward his beard, and pleaded hard for life,
 But with his faulchion, rising to the blow, 540
 On the mid-neck he smote him, cutting sheer
 Both tendons with a stroke so swift, that ere
 His tongue had ceased, his head was in the dust.
 They took his helmet clothed with ferret's felt,
 Stripp'd off his wolf-skin, seized his bow and spear,
 And brave Ulysses lifting in his hand 546
 The trophy to Minerva, pray'd and said :

Hail Goddess ; these are thine ! for thee of all
 Who in Olympus dwell, we will invoke
 First to our aid. Now also guide our steps, 550
 Propitious, to the Thracian tents and steeds.

He ceased, and at arm's-length the lifted spoils
 Hung on a tamarisk ; but mark'd the spot,
 Plucking away with hand-full grasp the reeds
 And spreading boughs, lest they should seek the prize
 Themselves in vain, returning ere the night, 556
 Swift traveller, should have fled before the dawn.
 Thence, o'er the bloody champain strew'd with arms
 Proceeding, to the Thracian lines they came.
 They, wearied, slept profound ; beside them lay, 560
 In triple order regular arranged,
 Their radiant armour, and their steeds in pairs.

Amid them Rhesus slept, and at his side
His coursers, to the outer chariot-ring
Fasten'd secure. Ulysses saw him first, 565
And, seeing, mark'd him out to 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. 571

He ceased ; then blue-eyed Pallas with fresh force
Invigour'd Diomede. From side to side
He slew ; dread groans arose of dying men
Hewn with the sword, and the earth swam with blood.
As if he find a flock unguarded, sheep 576
Or goats, the lion rushes on his prey,

With such unsparing force Tydides smote
The men of Thrace, till he had slaughter'd twelve ;
And whom Tydides with his faulchion struck 580
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, 585
He added to the twelve ; for at his head

An evil dream that night had stood, the form
Of Diomede, by Pallas' art devised.

Meantime, the bold Ulysses loosed the steeds,
Which, to each other rein'd, he drove abroad, 590
Smiting them with his bow, (for of the scourge
He thought not in the chariot-seat secured,)
And as he went, hiss'd, warning Diomede.
But he, projecting still some hardier deed,

Stood doubtful, whether by the pole to draw 595
 The chariot thence, laden with gorgeous arms,
 Or whether heaving it on high, to bear
 The burthen off, or whether yet to take
 More Thracian lives; when him with various thoughts
 Perplex'd, Minerva, drawing near, bespake. 600

Son of bold Tydeus! think on thy return
 To yonder fleet, lest thou depart constrain'd.
 Some other God may rouse the powers of Troy.

She ended, and he knew the voice divine.
 At once he mounted. With his bow the steeds 605
 Ulysses plyed, and to the ships they flew.

Nor look'd the bender of the silver bow,
 Apollo, forth in vain, but at the sight
 Of Pallas following Diomede incensed,

Descended to the field where numerous most 610
 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 615

Those fiery coursers, and his warrior friends
 Gasping around him, sounded loud the name
 Of his loved Rhesus. Instant, at the voice,
 Wild stir arose and clamorous uproar
 Of fast-assembling Trojans. Deeds they saw— 620
 Terrible deeds, and marvellous perform'd,
 But not their authors—they had sought the ships.

Meantime arrived where they had slain the spy
 Of Hector, there Ulysses, dear to Jove,
 The coursers stay'd, and, leaping to the ground, 625
 The son of Tydeus in Ulysses' hands

The arms of Dolon placed foul with his blood,
 Then vaulted light into his seat again.
 He lash'd the steeds, they, not unwilling, flew
 To the deep-bellied barks, as to their home. 630
 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 Diomed 635
 This moment might arrive drawn into camp
 By Trojan steeds! But ah, the dread I feel!
 Lest some disaster have for ever quell'd
 In yon rude host those noblest of the Greeks.

He had not ended, when themselves arrived. 640
 Both quick dismounted; joy at their return
 Fill'd every bosom; each with kind salute
 Cordial, and right-hand welcome greeted them,
 And first Gerenian Nestor thus enquired.

Oh Chief by all extoll'd, glory of Greece, 645
 Ulysses! how have ye these steeds acquired?
 In yonder host? or met ye as ye went
 Some God who gave them to you? for they show
 A lustre dazzling as the beams of day.
 Old as I am, I mingle yet in fight 650
 With Ilium's sons,—lurk never in the fleet—
 Yet saw I at no time, or have remark'd
 Steeds such as these; which therefore I believe
 Perforce, that ye have gained by gift divine;
 For cloud-assembler Jove, and azure-eyed 655
 Minerva, Jove's own daughter, love you both.

To whom Ulysses, thus, discrete, replied.
 Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks!

A God, so willing, could have given us steeds
Superior, for their bounty knows no bounds. 660

But, venerable Chief! these which thou seest
Are Thracians new-arrived. Their master lies
Slain by the valiant Diomede, with twelve
The noblest of his warriors at his side.

A thirteenth⁶ also, at small distance hence 665
We slew, by Hector and the Chiefs of Troy
Sent to inspect the posture of our host.

He said; then, high in exultation, drove
The coursers o'er the trench, and with him pass'd
The glad Achaians; at the spacious tent 670
Of Diomede arrived, with even thongs

They tied them at the cribs where stood the steeds
Of Tydeus' son, with winnow'd wheat supplied.

Ulysses in his bark the gory spoils
Of Dolon placed, designing them a gift 675

To Pallas. Then, descending to the sea,
Neck, thighs, and legs from sweat profuse they cleansed,
And, so refresh'd and purified, their last
Ablution in bright tepid baths perform'd.

Each thus completely laved, and with smooth oil 680

Anointed, at the well-spread board they sat,
And quaff'd, in honour of Minerva, wine
Delicious, from the brimming beaker drawn.

⁶ Homer did not here forget himself, though some have altered *τρεις* to *τετρακαιδεκατον*.—Rhesus for distinction sake is not numbered with his people.—See Villoissson *in loco*.

THE ILIAD.



BOOK XI.

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 Eury-pylus, soon after, to the relief of Ajax. While he is employed in assisting Ajax, he is shot in the thigh by Paris, who also wounds Machaon. Nestor conveys Machaon from the field. Achilles dispatches Patroclus to the tent of Nestor, and Nestor takes that occasion to exhort Patroclus to engage in battle, cloathed in the armour of Achilles.

THE I L I A D.

BOOK XI.

AURORA from Tithonus' side arose
With light for heaven and earth, when Jove dispatch'd
Discord, the fiery signal in her hand
Of battle bearing, to the Grecian fleet.
High on Ulysses' huge black ship she stood 5
The centre of the fleet, whence all might hear,
The tent of Telamon's huge son between,
And of Achilles; for confiding they
In their heroic fortitude, their barks
Well-poised had station'd utmost of the line. 10
There standing, shrill she sent a cry abroad
Among the Achaians, such as thirst infused
Of battle ceaseless into every breast.
All deem'd, at once, war sweeter, than to seek
Their native country through the waves again. 15
Then with loud voice Atrides bade the Greeks
Gird on their armour, and himself his arms
Took radiant. First around his legs he clasp'd
His shining greaves with silver studs secured,
Then bound his corslet to his bosom, gift 20
Of Cynyras long since; for rumour loud
Had Cyprus reached of an Achaian host
Assembling, destined to the shores of Troy,

Wherefore, to gratify the King of men,
 He made the splendid ornament his own. 25
 Ten rods of steel cœrulean all around
 Embraced it, twelve of gold, twenty of tin ;
 Six ¹ spiry serpents their uplifted heads
 Cœrulean darted at the wearer's throat,
 Splendour diffusing as the various bow 30
 Fix'd by Saturnian Jove in showery clouds,
 A sign to mortal men. He slung his sword
 Athwart his shoulders ; dazzling bright it shone
 With gold emboss'd, and silver was the sheath
 Suspended graceful in a belt of gold. 35
 His massy shield o'ershadowing him whole,
 High-wrought and beautiful, he next assumed.
 Ten circles bright of brass around its field
 Extensive, circle within circle, ran ;
 The central boss was black, but hemm'd about 40
 With twice ten bosses of resplendent tin.
 There, dreadful ornament ! the visage dark
 Of Gorgon scowl'd, border'd by Flight and Fear.
 The loop was silver, and a serpent form
 Cœrulean over all its surface twined, 45
 Three heads erecting on one neck, the heads
 Together wreath'd into a stately crown.
 His helmet quatre-crested ², and with studs

¹ Τρεῖς ἑκατέρθ',—Three on a side. This is evidently the proper punctuation, though it differs from that of all the editions that I have seen. I find it no where but in the *Venetian Scholium*.

² Quatre-crested. So I have rendered τετραφαληρον, which literally signifies having four cones. The cone was a tube into which the crest was inserted. The word quatre-crested may need a precedent for its justification, and seems to have a sufficient one in the cinque-spotted cowslip of Shakspeare.

Fast rivetted around he to his brows
 Adjusted, whence tremendous waved his crest 50
 Of mounted hair on high. Two spears he seized
 Ponderous, brass-pointed, and that flash'd to heaven.
 Sounds³ like clear thunder, by the spouse of Jove
 And by Minerva raised to extol the King
 Of opulent Mycenæ, roll'd around. 55
 At once each bade his charioteer his steeds
 Hold fast beside the margin of the trench
 In orderly array; the foot all arm'd
 Rush'd forward, and the clamour of the host
 Rose infinite into the dawning skies. 60
 First, at the trench, the embattled infantry⁴
 Stood ranged; the chariots followed close behind;
 Dire was the tumult by Saturnian Jove
 Excited, and from ether down he shed
 Blood-tinctured dew among them, for he meant 65
 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 70
 To Godlike honours in all Trojan hearts,
 And Polybus, with whom Antenor's sons
 Agenor, and young Acamas advanced.
 Hector the splendid orb of his broad shield
 Bore in the van, and as a comet now 75
 Glares through the clouds portentous, and again,

³ This seems the proper import of *εγδουπησαν*. Jupiter is called *εργιδουπος*.

⁴ The Translator follows Clarke in this interpretation of a passage to us not very intelligible.

Obscured 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 brass, and on the sight 80
 Flash'd as the lightnings of Jove Ægis-arm'd.
 As reapers, toiling opposite, lay bare
 Some rich man's furrows, while the sever'd grain,
 Barley or wheat, sinks as the sickle moves,
 So Greeks and Trojans springing into fight 85
 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 sight
 Beheld exulting; she, of all the Gods, 90
 Alone was present; not a Power beside
 There interfered, but each his bright abode
 Quiescent occupied wherever built
 Among the windings of the Olympian heights;
 Yet blamed they all the storm-assembler King 95
 Saturnian, for his purposed aid to Troy.
 The eternal father reck'd not; he, apart,
 Seated in solitary pomp, enjoy'd
 His glory, and from on high the towers survey'd
 Of Ilium and the fleet of Greece, the flash 100
 Of gleaming arms, the slayer and the slain.
 While morning lasted, and the light of day
 Increased, so long the weapons on both sides
 Flew in thick vollies, and the people fell.
 But, what time his repast the woodman spreads 105
 In some umbrageous vale, his sinewy arms
 Wearied with hewing many a lofty tree,
 And his wants satisfied, he feels at length

The pinch of appetite to pleasant food,
Then was it, that encouraging aloud 110
Each other, in their native virtue strong,
The Grecians through the phalanx burst of Troy.
Forth sprang the monarch first; he slew the Chief
Bianor, nor himself alone, but slew
Oïleus also driver of his steeds. 115
Oïleus, with a leap alighting, rush'd
On Agamemnon; he his fierce assault
Encountering, with a spear met full his front.
Nor could his helmet's ponderous brass sustain
That force, but both his helmet and his scull 120
It shatter'd, and his martial rage repress'd.
The King of men, stripping their corslets, bared
Their shining breasts, and left them. Isus, next,
And Antiphus he flew to slay, the sons
Of Priam both, and in one chariot borne, 125
This spurious, genuine that. The bastard drove,
And Antiphus, a warrior high-renown'd,
Fought from the chariot; them Achilles erst
Feeding their flocks on Ida had surprized
And bound with osiers, but for ransom loosed. 130
Of these, imperial Agamemnon, first,
Above the pap pierced Isus; next, he smote
Antiphus with his sword beside the ear,
And from his chariot cast him to the ground.
Conscious of both, their glittering arms he stripp'd, 135
For he had seen them when from Ida's heights
Achilles led them to the Grecian fleet.
As with resistless fangs the lion breaks
The young in pieces of the nimble hind,
Entering her lair, and takes their feeble lives; 140

She, though at hand, can yield them no defence,
 But through the thick wood, wing'd with terror, starts
 Herself away, trembling at such a foe ;
 So them the Trojans had no power to save,
 Themselves all driven before the host of Greece. 145

Next, on Pisandrus, and of dauntless heart
 Hippolochus he rush'd ; they were the sons
 Of brave Antimachus, who with rich gifts
 By Paris bought, inflexible withheld
 From Menelaus still his lovely bride. 150

His sons, the monarch, in one chariot borne
 Encounter'd ; they (for they had lost the reins)
 With trepidation and united force
 Essay'd to check the steeds ; astonishment
 Seized both ; Atrides with a lion's rage 155
 Came on, and from the chariot thus they sued.

Oh spare us ! son of Atreus, and accept
 Ransom immense. Antimachus our sire
 Is rich in various treasure, gold and brass,
 And temper'd steel, and, hearing the report 160
 That in Achaia's fleet his sons survive,
 He will requite thee with a glorious price.

So they, with tears and gentle terms the King
 Accosted, but no gentle answer heard.

Are ye indeed the offspring of the Chief 165
 Antimachus, who when my brother once
 With Godlike Laertiades your town
 Enter'd ambassador, his death advised
 In council, and to let him forth no more ?
 Now rue ye both the baseness of your sire. 170

He said, and from his chariot to the plain
 Thrust down Pisandrus, piercing with keen lance

His bosom, and supine he smote the field.
 Down leap'd Hippolochus, whom on the ground
 He slew ; cut sheer his hands, and lopp'd his head, 175
 And roll'd it like a mortar⁵ through the ranks.
 He left the slain, and where he saw the field
 With thickest battle cover'd, thither flew
 By all the Grecians follow'd bright in arms.
 The scatter'd infantry constrained to fly, 180
 Fell by the infantry ; the charioteers,
 While with loud hoofs their steeds the dusty soil
 Excited, o'er the charioteers their wheels
 Drove brazen-fellied, and the King of men
 Incessant slaughtering, called his Argives⁶ on. 185
 As when fierce flames some ancient forest seize,
 From side to side in flakes the various wind
 Rolls them, and to the roots devour'd, the trunks
 Fall prostrate under fury of the fire,
 So under Agamemnon fell the heads 190
 Of flying Trojans. Many a courser proud
 The empty chariots through the paths of war
 Whirl'd rattling, of their charioteers deprived ;
 They breathless press'd the plain, now fitter far
 To feed the vultures than to cheer their wives. 195
 Conceal'd, meantime, by Jove, Hector escaped
 The dust, darts, deaths, and tumult of the field,
 And Agamemnon to the swift pursuit
 Call'd loud the Grecians. Through the middle plain
 Beside the sepulchre of Ilus, son 200

⁵ ολμος.

⁶ The Grecians at large are indiscriminately called Danaï, Argives, and Achaians, in the original. The Phthians in particular—Hellenes. They were the troops of Achilles.

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. 205
 But at the beech-tree and the Scæan gate
 Arrived, the Trojans halted, waiting there
 The rearmost fugitives ; they o'er the field
 Came like a herd, which in the dead of night
 A lion drives ; all fly, but one is doom'd 210
 To death inevitable ; her with jaws
 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. 215
 Many supine, and many prone, the field
 Press'd, by the son of Atreus in their flight
 Dismounted ; for no weapon rag'd as his.
 But now, at last, when he should soon have reach'd
 The lofty walls of Ilium, came the Sire 220
 Of Gods and men descending from the skies,
 And on the heights of Ida fountain-fed,
 Sat arm'd with thunders. Calling to his foot
 Swift Iris golden-pinion'd, thus he spake.
 Iris ! away. Thus speak in Hector's ears. 225
 While yet he shall the son of Atreus see
 Fierce warring in the van, and mowing down
 The Trojan ranks, so long let him abstain
 From battle, leaving to his host the task
 Of bloody contest furious with the Greeks. 230
 But soon as Atreus' son by spear or shaft
 Wounded shall climb his chariot, with such force

I will endue Hector, that he shall slay
Till he have reach'd the ships, and till, the sun
Descending, sacred darkness cover all. 235

· He spake, nor rapid Iris disobey'd
Storm-wing'd embassadress, but from the heights
Of Ida stoop'd to Ilium. There she found
The son of royal Priam by the throng
Of chariots and of steeds compass'd about. 240
She, standing at his side, him thus bespake.

Oh, 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 245
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 250
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 255
Came down all arm'd, and, shaking his bright spears,
Ranged every 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 ; 260
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 265

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 praised 270
 For loveliest features, in his own abode
 Rear'd yet a child, and when at length he reach'd
 The measure of his glorious manhood firm
 Dismiss'd him not, but, to engage him more,
 Gave him his daughter. Wedded, he his bride 275
 As soon deserted, and with galleys twelve
 Following the rumour'd voyage of the Greeks,
 The same course steer'd; but at Pércope moor'd,
 And marching thence, arrived on foot at Troy.
 He first opposed Atrides. They approach'd. 280
 The spear of Agamemnon wander'd wide;
 But him Iphidamas on his broad belt
 Beneath the corslet struck, and, bearing still
 On his spear-beam, enforced it; but ere yet
 He pierced the broider'd zone, his point, impress'd 285
 Against the silver, turn'd, obtuse as lead.
 Then royal Agamemnon in his hand
 The weapon grasping, with a lion's rage
 Home drew it to himself, and from his gripe
 Wrestling it, with his faulchion keen his neck 290
 Smote full, and stretch'd him lifeless at his foot.
 So slept Iphidamas among the slain;
 Unhappy! from his virgin bride remote,
 Associate with the men of Troy in arms
 He fell, and left her beauties unenjoy'd. 295
 He gave her much, gave her an hundred beeves,
 And sheep and goats a thousand from his flocks
 Promised, for numberless his meadows ranged;

But Agamemnon, son of Atreus, him
 Slew and despoil'd, and through the Grecian host 300
 Proceeded, laden with his gorgeous arms.
 Coön that sight beheld, illustrious Chief,
 Antenor's eldest born, but with dim eyes
 Through anguish for his brother's fall. Unseen
 Of noble Agamemnon, at his side 305
 He cautious stood, and with a spear his arm,
 Where thickest flesh'd, below his elbow, pierced,
 Till opposite the glittering point appear'd.
 A thrilling horror seized the King of men
 So wounded; yet though wounded so, from fight 310
 He ceased not, but on Coön rush'd, his spear
 Grasping, well-thriven growth⁷ 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, 315
 When him so occupied with his keen point
 Atrides pierced his bossy shield beneath.
 Expiring on Iphidamas he fell
 Prostrate, and Agamemnon lopp'd his head.
 Thus, under royal Agamemnon's hand, 320
 Antenor's sons their destiny fulfill'd,
 And to the house of Ades journey'd both.
 Through other ranks of warriors then he pass'd,
 Now with his spear, now with his faulchion arm'd,
 And now with missile force of massy stones, 325
 While yet his warm blood sallied from the wound.
 But when the wound grew dry, and the blood ceased,
 Anguish intolerable undermined
 Then all the might of Atreus' royal son.

⁷ *Ανεμοτρεφες*—literally—wind-nourished.

As when a labouring woman's arrowy throes . 330
 Seize her intense, by Juno's daughters dread
 The birth-presiding Ilithyæ deep
 Infix, dispensers of those pangs severe ;
 So, anguish insupportable subdued
 Then all the might of Atreus' royal son. 335
 Up-springing 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 Danaï.

Friends ! counsellors and leaders of the Greeks ! 340
 Now drive, yourselves, the battle from your ships.
 For me the Gods permit not to employ
 In fight with Ilium's host the day entire.

He ended, and the charioteer his steeds
 Lash'd to the ships ; they not unwilling flew, 345
 Bearing from battle the afflicted King
 With foaming chests and bellies grey with dust.
 Soon Hector, noting his retreat, aloud
 Call'd on the Trojans and allies of Troy.

Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting sons 350
 Of Dardanus ! oh summon all your might ;
 Now, now be men ! Their bravest is withdrawn !
 Glory and honour from Saturnian Jove
 On me attend ; now full against the Greeks
 Drive all your steeds, and win a deathless name. 355

He spake—and all drew courage from his word.
 As when his hounds bright-tooth'd some hunter cheers
 Against the lion or the forest-boar,
 So Priameïan Hector cheer'd his host
 Magnanimous against the sons of Greece, 360
 Terrible as gore-tainted Mars. Among
 The foremost warriors, with success elate

He strode, and flung himself into the fight
 Black as a storm which sudden from on high
 Descending, furrows deep the gloomy flood. 365

Then whom slew Priameïan Hector first,
 Whom last, by Jove, that day, with glory crown'd?
 Assæus, Dolops, Orus, Agelaius,
 Autonoius, Hipponoius, Æsymnus,
 Opheltius and Opites first he slew, 370

All leaders of the Greeks, and, after these,
 The people. As when whirlwinds of the West
 A storm encounter from the gloomy South,
 The waves roll multitudinous, and the foam
 Upswept by wandering gusts fills all the air, 375

So Hector swept the Grecians. Then defeat
 Past remedy and havoc had ensued,
 Then had the routed Grecians, flying, sought
 Their ships again, but that Ulysses thus
 Summon'd the brave Tydides to his aid. 380

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

To whom the valiant Diomede replied. 385
 I will be firm; trust me thou shalt not find
 Me shrinking; yet small fruit of our attempts
 Shall follow, for the Thunderer, not to us,
 But to the Trojan, gives the glorious day.

The Hero spake, and from his chariot cast 390
 Thymbræus to the ground pierced through the pap,
 While by Ulysses' hand his charioteer
 Godlike Molion, fell. The warfare thus
 Of both for ever closed, them there they left,

And plunging deep into the warrior-throng 395
 Troubled the multitude. As when two boars
 Turn desperate on the close-pursuing hounds,
 So they, returning on the host of Troy,
 Slew on all sides, and overtoil'd with flight
 From Hector's arm, the Greeks meantime respired. 400
 Two warriors, next, their chariot and themselves
 They took, plebeians brave, sons of the seer
 Percosian Merops in prophetic skill
 Surpassing all; he both his sons forbad
 The mortal field, but disobedient they 405
 Still sought 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 410
 Of Saturn, looking down from Ida, poised
 The doubtful war, and mutual deaths they dealt.
 Tydides plunged his spear into the groin
 Of the illustrious son of Pæon, bold
 Agastrophus. No steeds at his command 415
 Had he, infatuate! but his charioteer
 His steeds detain'd remote, while through the van
 Himself on foot rush'd madly till he fell.
 But Hector through the ranks darting his eye
 Perceived, and with ear-piercing cries advanced 420
 Against them, follow'd by the host of Troy.
 The son of Tydeus, shuddering, 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 cased his youthful brows
 In triple brass, Apollo's glorious gift. 430

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 soil
 Implanted stood, Hector his scatter'd sense
 Recovering, to his chariot sprang again,
 And, diving deep into his host, escaped.
 The noble son of Tydeus, spear in hand, 440
 Rush'd after him, and as he went, exclaim'd.

Dog ! thou hast now escaped ; but, sure the stroke
 Approach'd thee nigh, well-aim'd. Once more thy
 prayers

Which ever to Apollo thou prefer'st
 Entering the clash of battle, have prevail'd, 445
 And he hath rescued thee. But well beware
 Our next encounter, for if also me
 Some God befriend, thou diest. Now will I seek
 Another mark, and smite whom next I may.

He spake, and of his armour stripp'd the son 450
 Spear-famed of Pæon. Meantime Paris, mate
 Of beauteous Helen, drew his bow against
 Tydides ; by a pillar of the tomb
 Of Ilus, ancient senator revered,
 Conceal'd he stood, and while the Hero loosed 455
 His corslet from the breast of Pæon's son
 Renown'd, and of his helmet and his targe
 Despoil'd him ; Paris, arching quick his bow,

No devious shaft dismiss'd, but his right foot
 Pierced through the sole, and fix'd it to the ground. 460
 Transported from his ambush forth he leap'd
 With a loud laugh, and, vaunting, thus exclaim'd :

Oh shaft well shot ! it galls thee. Would to heaven
 That it had pierced thy heart, and thou hadst died !
 So had the Trojans respite from their toils 465
 Enjoy'd, who, now, shudder at sight of thee
 Like she-goats when the lion is at hand.

To whom, undaunted, Diomede replied.
 Archer shrew-tongued ! spie-maiden ! man of curls⁸ !
 Should'st thou in arms attempt me face to face, 470
 Thy bow and arrows should avail thee nought.
 Vain boaster ! thou hast scratch'd my foot,—no more—
 And I regard it as I might the stroke
 Of a weak woman or a simple child.
 The weapons of a dastard and a slave 475
 Are ever such. More terrible are mine,
 And whom they pierce, though slightly pierced, he dies.
 His wife her cheeks rends inconsolable,
 His babes are fatherless, his blood the glebe
 Incarnadines, and where he bleeds and rots 480
 More birds of prey than women haunt the place.

He ended, and Ulysses, drawing nigh,
 Shelter'd Tydides ; he behind the Chief
 Of Ithaca sat drawing forth the shaft,
 But pierced with agonizing pangs the while. 485

⁸ In the original—*κῆρα ἀγλαῆ*.—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 contempt equal.

Then, climbing to his chariot-seat, he bade
 Sthenelus hasten to the hollow ships,
 Heart-sick with pain. And now alone was seen
 Spear-famed Ulysses ; not an Argive more
 Remain'd, so universal was the rout, 490
 And groaning, to his own great heart he said.

Alas ! what now awaits me ? if, appall'd
 By multitudes, I fly, much detriment ;
 And if alone they intercept me here,
 Still more ; for Jove hath scatter'd all the host. 495
 Yet why these doubts ? for know I not of old
 That only dastards fly, and that the voice
 Of honour bids the famed in battle stand,
 Bleed they themselves, or cause their foes to bleed ?

While busied in such thought he stood, the ranks 500
 Of Trojans fronted with broad shields, enclosed
 The hero with a ring, hemming around
 Their own destruction. As when dogs, and swains
 In prime of manhood, from all quarters rush
 Around a boar, he from his thicket bolts, 505
 The bright tusk 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 assail'd
 Ulysses dear to Jove. First with his spear 510
 He sprang impetuous on a valiant chief,
 Whose shoulder with a downright point he pierced,
 Deïopites ; Thoön next he slew,
 And Ennomus, and from his coursers' backs
 Alighting quick, Chersidamas ; beneath 515
 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, generous Chief, and son 520
 Of Hippasus; 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 Hippasus, brave warriors both, 525
 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 twisted mail, and from his side 530
 Drove all the skin, but to his nobler parts
 Found entrance none, by Pallas turn'd aslant.
 Ulysses, conscious of his life untouch'd,
 Retired a step from Socus, and replied.

Ah hapless youth; thy fate is on the wing; 535
 Me thou hast forced indeed to cease a while
 From battle with the Trojans, but I speak
 Thy death at hand; for vanquish'd by my spear,
 This self-same day thou shalt to me resign
 Thy fame, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown'd. 540

He ceased; then Socus turn'd his back to fly,
 But, as he turn'd, his shoulder-blades between
 He pierced him, and the spear urged through his breast.
 On his resounding arms he fell, and thus
 Godlike Ulysses gloried in his fall. 545

Ah, Socus, son of Hippasus, a chief
 Of fame equestrian! swifter far than thou
 Death follow'd thee, and thou hast not escaped.
 Ill-fated youth! thy parents' hands thine eyes

Shall never close, but birds of ravenous maw 550
 Shall tear thee, flapping thee with frequent wing,
 While me the noble Grecians shall entomb!

So saying, the valiant Socus' spear he drew
 From his own flesh, and through his bossy shield.
 The weapon drawn, forth sprang the blood, and left
 His spirit faint. Then Ilium's dauntless sons, 560
 Seeing Ulysses' blood, exhorted glad
 Each other, and, with force united, all
 Press'd on him. He, retiring, summon'd loud
 His followers. Thrice, loud as a mortal may, 560
 He call'd, and valiant Menelaus thrice
 Hearing the voice, to Ajax thus remark'd.

Illustrious son of Telamon! The voice
 Of Laertiades comes o'er my ear
 With such a sound, as if the hardy chief, 565
 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
 Lest sole conflicting with the host of Troy, 570
 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-beloved compass'd about 575
 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, 580
 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 powers, numerous and bold,
 Around Ulysses, who with wary skill 586
 Heroic combated his evil day.

But Ajax came cover'd with his broad shield
 That seem'd a tower, and at Ulysses' side
 Stood fast; then fled the Trojans wide-dispersed, 590
 And Menelaus led him by the hand
 Till his own chariot to his aid approach'd.

But Ajax, springing on the Trojans, slew
 Doryclus, from the loins of Priam sprung,
 But spurious. Pandocus he wounded next, 595
 Then wounded Pyrasus, and after him
 Pylartes and Lysander. As a flood

Runs headlong from the mountains to the plain
 After long showers from Jove; many a dry oak
 And many a pine the torrent sweeps along, 600
 And, turbid, shoots much soil into the sea,
 So, glorious Ajax troubled wide the field,
 Horse and man slaughtering, whereof Hector yet
 Heard not; for on the left of all the war

He fought beside Scamander, where around 605
 Huge Nestor, and Idomeneus the brave,
 Most deaths were dealt, and loudest roar'd the fight.

There Hector toil'd, feats wonderful of spear
 And horsemanship atchieving, and the lines
 Of many a phalanx desolating wide. 610

Nor even then had the bold Greeks retired,
 But that an arrow triple-barb'd, dispatch'd
 By Paris, Helen's mate, against the Chief

Machaon warring with distinguish'd force,
 Pierced his right shoulder. For his sake alarm'd, 615
 The valour-breathing Grecians fear'd, lest he
 In that disasterous field should also fall.

At once, Idomeneus of Crete approach'd
 The noble Nestor, and him thus bespake.

Arise, Neleian Nestor ! Pride of Greece ! 620
 Ascend thy chariot, and Machaon placed
 Beside thee, bear him, instant, to the fleet.
 For one, so skill'd in medicine, and to free
 The inherent barb, is worth a multitude.

He said, nor the Gerenian hero old 625
 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 sought
 The hollow ships, long their familiar home. 630

Cebriones, meantime, the charioteer
 Of Hector, from his seat the Trojan ranks
 Observing sore discomfited, began.

Here are we busied, Hector ! on the skirts
 Of roaring battle, and meantime I see 635
 Our host confused, their horses and themselves
 All mingled. Telamonian Ajax there
 Routs them ; I know the hero by his shield.
 Haste, drive we thither, for the carnage most
 Of horse and foot conflicting furious, there 640
 Rages, and infinite the shouts arise.

He said, and with shrill-sounding scourge the steeds
 Smote ample-maned ; they, at the sudden stroke
 Through both hosts whirl'd the chariot, shields and men
 Trampling ; with blood the axle underneath 645

All redden'd, and the chariot-rings with drops
 From the horse-hoofs, and from the fellied wheels.
 Full on the multitude he drove, on fire
 To burst the phalanx, and confusion sent
 Among the Greeks, for nought⁹ he shunn'd the spear.
 All quarters else with faulchion or with lance, 651
 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-fixt he stood, 655
 His seven-fold shield behind his shoulder cast,
 And hemm'd by numbers, with an eye askant,
 Watchful retreated. As a beast of prey
 Retiring, turns and looks, so he his face
 Turn'd oft, retiring slow, and step by step. 660
 As when the watch-dogs and assembled swains
 Have driven a tawny lion from the stalls,
 Then, interdicting him his wish'd repast,
 Watch all the night, he, famish'd, yet again
 Comes furious on, but speeds not, kept aloof 665
 By frequent spears from daring hands, but more
 By flash of torches, which, though fierce, he dreads,
 Till, at the dawn, sullen he stalks away ;
 So from before the Trojans Ajax stalk'd
 Sullen, and with reluctance slow retired, 670
 His brave heart trembling for the fleet of Greece.
 As when (the boys o'erpower'd) a sluggish ass,
 On whose tough sides they have spent many a staff,

⁹ This interpretation of—*μινυυθα δε χαζετο δερος*—is taken from the Scholium by Villoisson. It differs from those of Clarke, Eustathius, and another Scholiast quoted by Clarke, but seems to suit the context much better than either.

Enters the harvest, and the spiry ears
 Crops persevering ; with their rods the boys 675
 Still ply him hard, but all their puny might
 Scarce drives him forth when he hath browzed his fill,
 So, there, the Trojans and their foreign aids
 With glittering lances keen huge Ajax urged,
 His broad shield's centre smiting. He, by turns, 680
 With desperate force the Trojan phalanx dense
 Facing, repulsed them, and by turns he fled,
 But still forbad all inroad on the fleet.
 Trojans and Greeks between, alone, he stood
 A bulwark. Spears from daring hands dismiss'd 685
 Some, piercing his broad shield, there planted stood,
 While others, in the midway falling, spent
 Their disappointed rage deep in the ground.
 Eurypylus, Evæmon's noble son,
 Him seeing, thus, with weapons overwhelm'd 690
 Flew to his side, his glittering lance dismiss'd,
 And Apisaon, son of Phausias, struck
 Under the midriff ; through his liver pass'd
 The ruthless point, and, falling, he expired.
 Forth sprang Eurypylus to seize the spoil ; 695
 Whom soon as godlike Alexander saw
 Despoiling Apisaon of his arms,
 Drawing incontinent his bow, he sent
 A shaft to his right thigh ; the brittle reed
 Snapp'd, and the rankling barb stuck fast within. 700
 Terrified at the stroke, the wounded Chief
 To his own band retired, but, as he went,
 With echoing voice call'd on the Danaï—
 Friends ! Counsellors, and leaders of the Greeks !

Turn ye and stand, and from his dreadful lot 705
 Save Ajax whelm'd with weapons; 'scape, I judge,
 He cannot from the roaring fight, yet oh
 Stand fast around him; save, if save ye may,
 Your champion huge, the Telamonian Chief!

So spake the wounded warrior. They at once 710
 With sloping bucklers, and with spears erect,
 To his relief approach'd. Ajax with joy
 The friendly phalanx join'd, then turn'd and stood.

Thus burn'd the embattled field as with the flames
 Of a devouring fire. Meantime afar 715
 From all that tumult the Neleian mares
 Bore Nestor, foaming as they ran, with whom
 Machaon also rode, leader revered.

Achilles mark'd him passing; for he stood
 Exalted on his huge ship's lofty stern, 720
 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 725
 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! 730
 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, 735

I most believed him Æsculapius' son
 Machaon, but the steeds so swiftly pass'd
 My galley, that his face escaped my note.

He said, and prompt to gratify his friend,
 Forth ran Patroclus through the camp of Greece. 740

Now when Neleian Nestor to his tent
 Had brought Machaon, they alighted both,
 And the old hero's friend Eurymedon
 Released the coursers. On the beach awhile
 Their tunics sweat-imbued in the cool air 745

'They ventilated, facing full the breeze,
 Then on soft couches in the tent reposed.
 Meantime, their beverage Hecamede mix'd,
 The old King's bright-hair'd captive, whom he brought
 From Tenedos, what time Achilles sack'd 750

The city, daughter of the noble Chief
 Arsinoüs, and selected from the rest
 For Nestor, as the honourable meed
 Of counsels always eminently wise.

She, first, before them placed a table bright, 755
 With feet cœrulean; 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 760

The ancient 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 ¹⁰ form'd the base.

¹⁰ I have interpreted the very ambiguous words *δύω δ' ὑποπυθμενες ἦσαν* according to Athenæus as quoted by Clarke,

That cup once fill'd, all others must have toil'd 765
 To move it from the board, but it was light
 In Nestor's hand ; he lifted it with ease.

The graceful virgin in that cup a draught
 Mix'd for them, Pramnian wine and savoury cheese
 Of goat's milk, grated with a brazen rasp, 770
 Then sprinkled all with meal. The draught prepared,
 She gave it to their hand ; they, drinking, slaked
 Their fiery thirst, and with each other sat
 Conversing friendly, when the Godlike youth
 By brave Achilles sent, stood at the door. 775

Him seeing, Nestor from his splendid couch
 Arose, and by the hand leading him in,
 Entreated him to sit, but that request
 Patroclus, on his part refusing, said,

Oh venerable King ! no seat is here 780
 For me, nor may thy courtesy prevail.
 He is irascible, and to be fear'd
 Who bade me ask what Chieftain thou hast brought
 From battle, wounded ; but untold I learn ;
 I see Machaon, and shall now report 785
 As I have seen ; oh ancient King revered !
 Thou know'st Achilles fiery, and propense
 Blame to impute even where blame is none.

To whom the brave Gerenian thus reply'd.
 Why feels Achilles for the wounded Greeks 790
 Such deep concern ? He little knows the height
 To which our sorrows swell. Our noblest lie

and his interpretation of them is confirmed by the Scholium in the Venetian edition of the Iliad, lately published by Villois-son.

By spear or arrow wounded in the fleet.
 Diomede, warlike son of Tydeus, bleeds,
 Gall'd by a shaft ; Ulysses, glorious Chief, 795
 And Agamemnon ¹¹ suffer by the spear ;
 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 800
 Achilles feels no pity of the Greeks.
 Waits he till every vessel on the shore
 Fired, in despite of the whole Argive host,
 Be sunk in its own ashes, and ourselves
 All perish, heaps on heaps ? For in my limbs 805
 No longer lives the 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 810
 In Elis, and while I the pledges drove,
 Stood for his herd, but fell among the first
 By a spear hurl'd from my victorious arm.
 Then fled the rustic multitude, and we
 Drove off abundant booty from the plain, 815
 Herds fifty of fat beeves, large flocks of goats
 As many, with as many sheep and swine,
 And full thrice fifty mares of brightest hue,
 All breeders, many with their foals beneath.
 All these, by night returning safe, we drove 820

¹¹ It would have suited the dignity of Agamemnon's rank to have mentioned *his* wound first ; but Nestor making this recital to the *friend of Achilles* names him slightly, and without any addition.

Into Neleian Pylus, and the heart
 Rejoiced of Neleus, in a son so young
 A warrior, yet enrich'd with such a prize.
 At early dawn the heralds summon'd loud
 The citizens, to prove their just demands 825
 On fruitful Elis, and the assembled Chiefs
 Division made, (for numerous were the debts
 Which the Epeans, in the weak estate
 Of the unpeopled Pylus, had incurr'd ;
 For Hercules, few years before, had sack'd ¹² 830
 Our city, and our mightiest slain. Ourselves
 The gallant sons of Neleus, were in all
 Twelve youths, of whom myself alone survived ;
 The rest all perish'd ; whence, presumptuous grown,
 The brazen-mail'd Epeans wrong'd us oft.) 835
 An herd of beeves my father for himself
 Selected, and a numerous flock beside,
 Three hundred sheep, with shepherds for them all.
 For he a claimant was of large arrears
 From sacred Elis. Four unrivall'd steeds 840
 With his own chariot to the games he sent,
 That should contend for the appointed prize
 A tripod ; but Augeias, King of men,
 Detain'd the steeds, and sent the charioteer
 Defrauded home. My father, therefore, fired 845
 At such foul outrage both of deeds and words,
 Took much, and to the Pylians gave the rest
 For satisfaction of the claims of all.
 While thus we busied were in these concerns,

¹² It is said that the Thebans having war with the people of Orchomenos, the Pylians assisted the latter, for which cause Hercules destroyed their city.—See Scholium per Villoissson.

And in performance of religious rites 850
 Throughout the city, came the Epeans arm'd,
 Their whole vast multitude both horse and foot
 On the third day ; came also clad in brass
 The two Molions, inexpert as yet
 In feats of arms, and of a boyish age. 855
 There is a city on a mountain's head,
 Fast by the banks of Alpheus, far remote,
 The utmost town which sandy Pylus owns,
 Named Thryoëssa, and, with ardour fired
 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
 To assemble, but impatient for the fight.
 Me, then, my father suffer'd not to arm, 865
 But hid my steeds, for he supposed me raw
 As yet, and ignorant how war is waged.
 Yet, even thus, unvantaged and on foot,
 Superior honours I that day acquired
 To theirs who rode, for Pallas led me on 870
 Herself to victory. There is a stream
 Which at Arena falls into the sea,
 Named Minuëius ; on that river's bank
 The Pylian horsemen waited day's approach,
 And thither all our foot came pouring down. 875
 The flood divine of Alpheus thence we reach'd
 At noon, all arm'd complete ; there, hallow'd rites
 We held to Jove omnipotent, and slew
 A bull to sacred Alpheus, with a bull
 To Neptune, and an heifer of the herd 880
 To Pallas ; then, all marshall'd as they were,

From van to rear our legions took repast,
 And at the river's side slept on their arms.
 Already the Epean host had round
 Begirt the city, bent to lay it waste, 885
 A task which cost them, first, both blood and toil.
 For when the radiant sun on the green earth
 Had risen, with prayer to Pallas and to Jove,
 We gave them battle. When the Pylian host
 And the Epeans thus were close engaged, 890
 I first a warrior slew, Mulius the brave,
 And seized his coursers. He the eldest-born
 Of King Augeias' daughters had espoused
 The golden Agamede; not an herb
 The spacious earth yields but she knew its powers. 895
 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 seized the Epeans when they saw
 The leader of their horse o'erthrown, a Chief 900
 Surpassing all in fight. Black as a cloud
 With whirlwind fraught, I drove impetuous on,
 Took fifty chariots, and at side of each
 Lay two slain warriors, with their teeth the soil
 Grinding, all vanquish'd by my single arm. 905
 I had slain also the Molions, sons
 Of Actor, but the Sovereign of the deep
 Their own authentic Sire, in darkness dense
 Involving both, convey'd them safe away.
 Then Jove a victory of prime renown 910
 Gave to the Pylians; for we chased and slew
 And gather'd spoil o'er all the champain spread
 With scatter'd shields, till we our steeds had driven

To the Buprasian fields laden with corn,
 To the Olenian rock, and to a town 915
 In fair Colona situate, and named
 Alesia. There it was that Pallas turn'd
 Our people homeward ; there I left the last
 Of all the slain, and he was slain by me.
 Then drove the Achaians from Buprasium home 920
 Their coursers fleet, and Jove, of Gods above,
 Received most praise, Nestor of men below.
 Such once was I. But brave Achilles shuts
 His virtues close, an unimparted store ;
 Yet even he shall weep, when all the host, 925
 His fellow-warriors once, shall be destroy'd.
 But recollect, young friend ! the sage advice
 Which when thou camest from Phthia to the aid
 Of Agamemnon, on that selfsame day
 Menœtius gave thee. We were present there, 930
 Ulysses and myself, both in the house,
 And heard it all ; for to the house we came
 Of Peleus in our journey through the land
 Of fertile Greece, gathering her states to war.
 We found thy noble sire Menœtius there, 935
 Thee and Achilles ; ancient Peleus stood
 To Jove the Thunderer 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 940
 Attended both, Ulysses and myself
 Stood in the vestibule ; Achilles flew
 Toward us, introduced us by the hand,
 And, seating us, such liberal portion gave

To each, as hospitality requires. 945
 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 sires
 Much admonition, ere ye went, received.
 Old Peleus charged Achilles to aspire 950
 To highest praise, and always to excel.
 But thee, thy sire Menœtius thus advised.
 " My son ! Achilles boasts the nobler birth,
 But Thou art elder ; He in strength excels
 Thee far ; Thou, therefore, with discretion rule 955
 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 960
 Warlike Achilles ; if the Gods so please,
 Who knows but that thy reasons may prevail
 To rouse his valiant heart ? men rarely scorn
 The earnest intercession of a friend.
 But if some prophecy alarm his fears, 965
 And from his Goddess mother he have aught
 Received, who may have learnt the same from Jove,
 Thee let him send at least, and order forth
 With thee the Myrmidons ; a dawn of hope
 Shall thence, it may be, on our host arise. 970
 And let him send thee to the battle clad
 In his own radiant armour ; Troy, deceived
 By such resemblance, shall abstain perchance
 From conflict, and the weary Greeks enjoy
 Short respite ; it is all that war allows. 975

Fresh as ye are, ye, by your shouts alone,
 May easily repulse an army spent
 With labour from the camp and from the fleet.

Thus Nestor, and his mind bent to his words.
 Back to Æacides through all the camp 980

He ran ; and when, still running, he arrived
 Among Ulysses' barks, where they had fix'd
 The forum, where they minister'd the laws,
 And had erected altars to the Gods,
 There him Eurypylus, Evæmon's son, 985
 Illustrious met, deep-wounded in his thigh,
 And halting back from battle. From his head
 The sweat, and from his shoulders ran profuse,
 And from his perilous wound the sable blood
 Continual stream'd ; yet was his mind composed. 990

Him seeing, Menœtiades the brave
 Compassion felt, and, mournful, thus began.

Ah hapless senators and Chiefs of Greece !
 Left ye your native country that the dogs
 Might fatten on your flesh at distant Troy ? 995
 But tell me, Hero ! say, Eurypylus !
 Have the Achaians power still to withstand
 The enormous force of Hector, or is this
 The moment when his spear must pierce us all ?

To whom Eurypylus, discrete, replied. 1000

Patroclus, dear to Jove ! there is no help,
 No remedy. We perish at our ships.
 The warriors, once most strenuous of the Greeks.
 Lie wounded in the fleet by foes whose might
 Increases ever. But thyself afford 1005
 To me some succour ; lead me to my ship ;
 Cut forth the arrow from my thigh ; the gore

With warm ablution cleanse, and on the wound
 Smooth unguents spread, the same as by report
 Achilles taught thee ; taught, himself, their use 1010
 By Chiron, Centaur, justest of his kind.

For Podalirius and Machaon both
 Are occupied. Machaon, as I judge,
 Lies wounded in his tent, needing like aid
 Himself, and Podalirius in the field 1015
 Maintains sharp conflict with the sons of Troy.

To whom Menœtius' gallant son replied.
 Hero ! Eurypylus ! how shall we act
 In this perplexity ? what course pursue ?
 I seek the brave Achilles, to whose ear 1020

I bear a message from the ancient Chief
 Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks.
 Yet will I not, even for such a cause,
 My friend ! abandon thee in thy distress.

He ended, and his arms folding around 1025
 The warrior bore him thence into his tent.
 His servant, on his entrance, spread the floor
 With hides, on which Patroclus at his length
 Extended him, and with his knife cut forth
 The rankling point ; with tepid lotion, next, 1030

He cleansed the gore, and with a bitter root
 Bruised small between his palms, sprinkled the wound.
 At once, the anodyne his pains assuaged,
 The wound was dried within, and the blood ceased.

THE ILIAD.



BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

The Trojans assail the ramparts, and Hector forces the gates.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XII.

So was Menœtius' valiant son employ'd
Healing Eurypylus. The Greeks, meantime,
And Trojans with tumultuous fury fought.
Nor was the foss ordain'd long time to exclude
The host of Troy, nor yet the rampart built 5
Beside it for protection of the fleet ;
For hecatomb the Greeks had offer'd none,
Nor prayer to heaven, that it might keep secure
Their ships with all their spoils. The mighty work
As in defiance of the Immortal Powers 10
Had risen, and could not therefore long endure.
While Hector lived, and while Achilles held
His wrathful purpose ; while the city yet
Of royal Priam was unsack'd, so long
The massy structure stood ; but when the best 15
And bravest of the Trojan host were slain,
And of the Grecian heroes, some had fallen
And some survived, when Priam's towers had blazed
In the tenth year, and to their native shores
The Grecians with their ships, at length, return'd, 20
Then Neptune, with Apollo leagued, devised
Its ruin ; every river that descends
From the Idæan heights into the sea
They brought against it, gathering all their force,
Rhesus, Caresus, Rhodius, the wide-branch'd 25

Heptaporus, Æsepus, Granicus,
 Scamander's sacred current, and thy stream
 Simöis, whose banks with helmets and with shields
 Were strew'd, and Chiefs of origin divine ;
 All these with reflux course Apollo drove 30
 Nine days against the rampart, and Jove rain'd
 Incessant, that the Grecian wall wave-whelm'd
 Through all its length might sudden disappear.
 Neptune with his tridental mace, himself,
 Led them, and beam and buttress to the flood 35
 Consigning, laid by the laborious Greeks,
 Swept the foundation, and the level bank
 Of the swift-rolling Hellespont restored.
 The structure thus effaced, the spacious beach
 He spread with sand as at the first ; then bade 40
 Subside the streams, and in their channels wind
 With limpid course, and pleasant as before.
 Apollo thus and Neptune, from the first,
 Design'd its fall ; but now the battle raved
 And clamours of the warriors all around 45
 The strong-built turrets, whose assaulted planks
 Rang, while the Grecians, by the scourge of Jove
 Subdued, stood close within their fleet immured,
 At Hector's phalanx-scattering force appall'd.
 He, as before, with whirlwind fury fought. 50
 As when the boar or lion fiery-eyed
 Turns short, the hunters and the hounds among,
 The close-imbattled troop him firm oppose,
 And ply him fast with spears ; he no dismay
 Conceives or terror in his noble heart, 55
 But by his courage falls ; frequent he turns
 Attempting bold the ranks, and where he points
 Direct his onset, there the ranks retire ;

So, through the concourse on his rolling wheels
Borne rapid, Hector animated loud 60

His fellow-warriors to surpass the trench.
But not his own swift-footed steeds would dare
That hazard ; standing on the dangerous brink
They neigh'd aloud, for by its breadth the foss
Deterr'd them ; neither was the effort slight 65

To leap that gulf, nor easy the attempt
To pass it through ; steep were the banks profound
On both sides, and with massy piles acute
Thick-planted, interdicting all assault.
No courser to the rapid chariot braced 70
Had enter'd there with ease ; yet strong desires
Possess'd the infantry of that emprise,
And thus Polydamas the ear address'd
Of dauntless Hector, standing at his side.

Hector, and ye the leaders of our host, 75
Both Trojans and allies ! rash the attempt
I deem, and vain, to push our horses through,
So dangerous is the pass ; rough is the trench
With pointed stakes, and the Achaian wall
Meets us beyond. No chariot may descend 80
Or charioteer fight there ; strait are the bounds,
And incommodious, and his death were sure.

If Jove, high-thundering Ruler of the skies,
Will succour Ilium, and nought less intend
Than utter devastation of the Greeks, 85

I am content ; now perish all their host
Inglorious, from their country far remote.
But should they turn, and should ourselves be driven
Back from the fleet impeded and perplex'd
In this deep foss, I judge that not a man, 90
'Scaping the rallied Grecians, should survive,

To bear the tidings of our fate to Troy.
 Now, therefore, act we all as I advise.
 Let every charioteer his coursers hold
 Fast-rein'd beside the foss, while we on foot, 95
 With order undisturb'd and arms in hand,
 Shall follow Hector. If destruction borne
 On wings of destiny this day approach
 The Grecians, they will fly our first assault.
 So spake Polydamas, whose safe advice 100
 Pleased Hector; from his chariot to the ground
 All arm'd he leap'd, nor would a Trojan there
 (When once they saw the Hero on his feet)
 Ride into battle, but, unanimous
 Descending with a leap, all trod the plain. 105
 Each gave command that at the trench his steeds
 Should stand detain'd in orderly array;
 Then, suddenly, the parted host became
 Five bands, each following its appointed chief.
 The bravest and most numerous, and whose hearts 110
 Wish'd most to burst the barrier and to wage
 The battle at the ships, with Hector march'd
 And with Polydamas, whom follow'd, third,
 Cebriones; for Hector had his steeds
 Consign'd and chariot to inferior care. 115
 Paris, Alcathoüs, and Agenor led
 The second band, and, sons of Priam both,
 Deïphobus and Helenus, the third;
 With them was seen partner of their command,
 The Hero Asius; from Arisba came 120
 Asius Hyrtacides, to battle drawn
 From the Selleïs banks by martial steeds
 Hair'd fiery-red and of the noblest size.
 The fourth, Anchises' mighty son controul'd,

Æneas ; under him Antenor's sons, 123
 Archilochus and Acamas, advanced,
 Adept in all the practice of the field.
 Last came the glorious powers in league with Troy
 Led by Sarpedon ; he with Glaucus shared
 His high controul, and with the warlike Chief 130
 Asteropæus ; for of all his host
 Them bravest he esteem'd, himself except
 Superior in heroic might to all.
 And now, (their shields adjusted each to each)
 With dauntless courage fired, right on they moved 135
 Against the Grecians ; nor expected less
 Than that beside their sable ships, the host
 Should self-abandon'd fall an easy prey.

The Trojans, thus, with their confederate powers,
 The counsel of the accomplish'd Prince pursued, 140
 Polydamas, one Chief alone except,
 Asius Hyrtacides. He scorn'd to leave
 His charioteer and coursers at the trench,
 And drove toward the fleet. Ah, madly brave !
 His evil hour was come ; he was ordain'd 145
 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 150
 By which the steeds and chariots of the Greeks
 Return'd from battle ; in that track he flew,
 Nor found the portals by the massy bar
 Secured, but open for reception safe
 Of fugitives, and to a guard consign'd. 155
 Thither he drove direct, and in his rear
 His band shrill-shouting follow'd, for they judged

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 160
 Lapithæ-born, courageous offspring each
 Of dauntless father; Polypœtes, this,
 Sprung from Pirithôus; that, the warrior bold
 Leonteus, terrible as gore-tainted Mars.
 These two, defenders of the lofty gates, 165
 Stood firm before them. As when two tall oaks
 On the high mountains day by day endure
 Rough wind and rain, by deep-descending roots
 Of hugest growth fast-founded in the soil;
 So they, sustain'd by conscious valour, saw, 170
 Unmoved, high towering Asius on his way,
 Nor fear'd him aught, 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, 175
 With whom Iämenus, expert in arms,
 Orestes, Thöon, Acamas the son
 Of Asius, and Oenamäus, 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 perceived
 The Trojans swift advancing to the wall,
 And heard a cry from all the flying Greeks,
 Both sallying, before the gates they fought
 Like forest-boars, which hearing in the hills 185
 The crash of hounds and huntsmen nigh at hand,
 With start oblique lay many a saplin flat
 Short-broken by the root, nor cease to grind
 Their sounding tusks, till by the spear they die;
 So sounded on the breasts of those brave Two 190

The smitten brass ; 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 battery hurl'd
 Of stones precipitated from the towers ; 195
 Frequent as snows they fell, which stormy winds,
 Driving the gloomy clouds, shake to the ground,
 Till all the fertile earth lies cover'd deep.
 Such volley pour'd the Greeks, and such return'd
 The Trojans ; casques of hide, arid and tough, 200
 And bossy shields rattled, by such a storm
 Assail'd of millstone masses from above.
 Then Asius, son of Hyrtacus, a groan
 Indignant utter'd ; on both thighs he smote
 With disappointment furious, and exclaim'd, 205
 Jupiter ! even thou art false become,
 And altogether such. Full sure I deem'd
 That not a Grecian Hero should abide
 One moment force invincible as ours,
 And lo ! as wasps ring-straked¹, or bees that build 210
 Their dwellings in the highway's craggy side
 Leave not their hollow home, but fearless wait
 The hunter's coming, in their brood's defence,
 So these, although two only, from the gates
 Move not, or will, till either seized or slain. 215
 So Asius 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 enumerate all
 Were difficult, unless to power divine. 220
 For fierce the hail of stones from end to end

¹ The word is of scripture use : see Gen. ch. xxx. where it describes the cattle of Jacob.

Smote on the barrier ; anguish fill'd the Greeks,
 Yet, by necessity constrain'd, their ships
 They guarded still ; nor less the Gods themselves,
 Patrons of Greece, all sorrow'd at the sight. 225

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 ; entering, it crush'd 230
 The bone within, and mingling all his brain
 With his own blood, his onset fierce repress'd.
 Pylon and Ormenus he next subdued.

Meantime Leonteus, branch of Mars, his spear
 Hurl'd at Hippomachus, whom through his belt 235
 He pierced ; then drawing forth his faulchion keen,
 Through all the multitude he flew to smite
 Antiphates, and with a downright stroke
 Fell'd him. Iämenus and Menon next
 He slew, with brave Orestes, whom he heap'd, 240
 All three together, on the fertile glebe.

While them the Lapithæ of their bright arms
 Despoil'd, Polydamas and Hector stood
 (With all the bravest youths and most resolved
 To burst the barrier and to fire the fleet) 245
 Beside the foss, pondering the event.

For, while they press'd to pass, they spied a bird
 Sublime in air, an eagle. Right between
 Both hosts he soar'd (the Trojan on his left)
 A serpent bearing in his pounces clutch'd 250
 Enormous, dripping blood, but lively still
 And mindful of revenge ; for from beneath
 The eagle's breast, updarting fierce his head,
 Fast by the throat he struck him ; anguish-sick

The eagle cast him down into the space 255
 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. 260

Ofttimes in council, Hector, thou art wont
 To censure me, although advising well ;
 Nor ought the private citizen, I confess,
 Either in council or in war to indulge
 Loquacity, but ever to employ 265
 All his exertions in support of thine.
 Yet hear my best opinion once again.
 Proceed we not in our attempt against
 The Grecian fleet. For if in truth the sign
 Respect the host of Troy ardent to pass, 270
 Then, as the eagle soar'd both 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 eyry, or could give it to his young, 275
 So we, although with mighty force we burst
 Both gates and barrier, and although the Greeks
 Should all retire, shall never yet the way
 Tread honourably back by which we came.
 No. Many a Trojan shall we leave behind 280
 Slain by the Grecians in their fleet's defence.
 An augur skill'd in omens would expound
 This omen thus, and faith would win from all.

To whom, dark-louring, Hector thus replied.
 Polydamas ! I like not thy advice ; 285
 Thou couldst have framed far better ; but if this
 Be thy deliberate judgement, then the Gods

Make thy deliberate judgement nothing worth,
 Who bidd'st me disregard the Thunderer's firm
 Assurance to myself announced², and make 290
 The wild inhabitants of air my guides,
 Which I alike despise, speed they their course
 With right-hand flight toward the ruddy East,
 Or leftward down into the shades of eve.
 Consider *we* the will of Jove alone, 295
 Sovereign of heaven and earth. Omens abound,
 But the best omen is our country's cause.
 Wherefore should fiery war *thy* soul alarm?
 For were we slaughter'd, one and all, around
 The fleet of Greece, *thou* need'st not fear to die, 300
 Whose courage never will thy flight retard.
 But if thou shrink thyself, or by smooth speech
 Seduce one other from a soldier's part,
 Pierced by this spear incontinent thou diest.

So saying he led them, who with deafening roar 305
 Follow'd him. Then, from the Idæan hills
 Jove hurl'd a storm which wafted right the dust
 Into the fleet; the spirits too he quell'd
 Of the Achaians, and the glory gave
 To Hector and his host; they, trusting firm 310
 In signs from Jove, and in their proper force,
 Assay'd the barrier; from the towers they tore
 The galleries, cast the battlements to ground,
 And the projecting buttresses adjoin'd
 To strengthen the vast work, with bars upheaved. 315
 All these, with expectation fierce to break
 The rampart, down they drew; nor yet the Greeks
 Gave back, but, fencing close with shields the wall,

² Alluding to the message delivered to him from Jupiter by Iris.

Smote from behind them many a foe beneath.
 Meantime from tower to tower the Ajaces moved 320
 Exhorting all, with mildness some, and some
 With harsh rebuke, whom they observed through fear
 Declining base the labours of the fight.

Friends ! Argives ! warriors of whatever rank !
 Ye who excel, and ye of humbler note ! 325
 And ye the last and least ! (for such there are,
 All have not magnanimity alike,)
 Now have we work for all, as all perceive.
 Turn not, retreat not to your ships, appall'd
 By sounding menaces, but press the foe ; 330
 Exhort each other, and e'en now perchance
 Olympian Jove, by whom the lightnings burn,
 Shall grant us to repulse them, and to chase
 The routed Trojans to their gates again.

So they vociferating to the Greeks, 335
 Stirr'd them to battle. As the feathery snows
 Fall frequent, on some wintry day, when Jove
 Hath risen to shed them on the race of man,
 And show his arrowy stores ; he lulls the winds,
 Then shakes them down continual, covering thick 340
 Mountain tops, promontories, flowery meads,
 And cultured valleys rich ; the ports and shores
 Receive it also of the hoary Deep,
 But there the waves bound it, while all beside
 Lies whelm'd beneath Jove's fast-descending shower,
 So thick, from side to side, by Trojans hurl'd 346
 Against the Greeks, and by the Greeks return'd
 The stony vollies flew ; resounding loud
 Through all its length the battered rampart roar'd.
 Nor yet had Hector and his host prevail'd 350
 To burst the gates, and break the massy bar

Had not all-seeing Jove Sarpedon moved
 His son, against the Greeks, furious as falls
 The lion on some horned herd of beeves.
 At once his polish'd buckler he advanced 355
 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 360
 He shook two spears, and with determin'd strides
 March'd forward. As the lion mountain-bred,
 After long fast, by impulse of his heart
 Undaunted urged, seeks resolute the flock
 Even in the shelter of their guarded home ; 365
 He finds, perchance, the shepherds arm'd with spears,
 And all their dogs awake, yet cannot leave
 Untried the fence, but either leaps it light,
 And entering tears the prey, or in the attempt
 Pierced by some dexterous peasant, bleeds himself ;
 So high his courage to the assault impell'd 371
 Godlike Sarpedon, and him fired 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, 375
 Why drink we brimming cups, and feast in state ?
 Why gaze they all on us as we were Gods
 In Lycia, and why share we pleasant fields
 And spacious vineyards, where the Xanthus winds ?
 Distinguish'd thus in Lycia, we are call'd 380
 To firmness here, and to encounter bold
 The burning battle, that our fair report
 Among the Lycians may be blazon'd thus—
 No dastards are the potentates who rule

The bright-arm'd Lycians ; on the fatted flock 385
 They banquet, and they drink the richest wines,
 But they are also valiant, and the fight
 Wage dauntless in the vaward of us all.
 Oh Glaucus, if escaping safe the death
 That threatens us here, we also could escape 390
 Old age, and to ourselves secure a life
 Immortal, I would neither in the van
 Myself expose, nor would encourage thee
 To tempt the perils of the glorious field.
 But since a thousand messengers of fate 395
 Pursue us close, and man is born to die—
 E'en let us on ; the prize of glory yield,
 If yield we must, or wrest it from the foe.

He said, nor cold refusal in return
 Received from Glaucus, but toward the wall 400
 Their numerous Lycian host both led direct.
 Menestheus, son of Peteos, saw appall'd
 Their dread approach, for to his tower they bent
 Their threatening march. An eager look he cast
 On the embodied Greeks, seeking some Chief 405
 Whose aid might turn the battle from his van :
 He saw, where never sated with exploits
 Of war, each Ajax fought, near whom his eye
 Kenn'd Teucer also, newly from his tent ;
 But vain his efforts were with loudest call 410
 To reach their ears, such was the deafening din
 Upsent to Heaven, of shields and crested helms,
 And of the batter'd gates ; for at each gate
 They thundering stood, and urged alike at each
 Their fierce attempt by force to burst the bars. 415
 To Ajax therefore he at once dispatch'd
 An herald, and Thöotes thus enjoin'd.

My noble friend, Thöotes ! with all speed
 Call either Ajax ; bid them hither both ;
 Far better so ; for havoc is at hand. 420

The Lycian leaders, ever in assault
 Tempestuous, bend their force against this tower
 My station. But if also there they find
 Laborious conflict pressing them severe,
 At least let Telamonian Ajax come, 425
 And Teucer with his death-dispensing bow.

He spake, nor was Thöotes slow to hear ;
 Beside the rampart of the mail-clad Greeks
 Rapid he flew, and, at their side arrived,
 To either Ajax, eager, thus began. 430

Ye leaders of the well-appointed Greeks,
 The son of noble Peteos calls ; he begs
 With instant suit, that ye would share his toils,
 However short your stay ; the aid of both
 Will serve him best, for havoc threatens there. 435

The Lycian leaders, ever in assault
 Tempestuous, bend their force toward the tower
 His station. But if also here ye find
 Laborious conflict pressing you severe,
 At least let Telamonian Ajax come, 440
 And Teucer with his death-dispensing bow.

He spake, nor his request the towering son
 Of Telamon denied, but quick his speech
 To Ajax Oiliades address'd.

Ajax ! abiding here, exhort ye both 445
 (Heroic Lycomedes and thyself)
 The Greeks to battle. Thither I depart
 To aid our friends, which service once perform'd
 Duly, I will incontinent return.

So saying, the Telamonian Chief withdrew, 450

With whom went Teucer, son of the same sire,
 Pandion also, bearing Teucer's bow.
 Arriving at the turret given in charge
 To the bold Chief Menestheus, and the wall
 Entering, they found their friends all sharply tried.
 Black as a storm the senators renown'd 456
 And leaders of the Lycian host assail'd
 Buttress and tower, while opposite the Greeks
 Withstood them, and the battle-shout began.
 First, Ajax, son of Telamon, a friend 460
 And fellow-warrior of Sarpedon slew,
 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 cumberous mass
 Uplifted high, and hurl'd it on his head.
 It burst his helmet, and his batter'd skull
 Dash'd from all form. He from the lofty tower
 Dropp'd downright, with a diver's plunge, and died.
 But Teucer wounded Glaucus with a shaft, 471
 Son of Hippolochus; he, climbing, bared
 His arm, which Teucer, marking, from the wall
 Transfix'd it, and his onset fierce repress'd;
 For with a backward leap Glaucus withdrew 475
 Sudden and silent, cautious lest the Greeks
 Seeing him wounded should insult his pain.
 Grief seized, at sight of his retiring friend,
 Sarpedon, who forgot not yet the fight,
 But piercing with his lance Alcmaon, son 480
 Of Thestor, suddenly revulsed the beam,
 Which following, Alcmaon to the earth

Fell prone, with clangor of his brazen arms.
 Sarpedon, then, strenuous with both hands
 Tugg'd, and down fell the battlement entire ; 485
 The wall, dismantled at the summit, stood
 A ruin, and wide chasm was open'd through.
 Then Ajax him and Teucer at one time
 Struck both ; an arrow struck from Teucer's bow
 The belt that cross'd his bosom, by which hung 490
 His ample shield ; yet lest his son should fall
 Among the ships, Jove turn'd the death aside.
 But Ajax, springing to his thrust, a spear
 Drove through his shield. Sarpedon at the shock
 With backward step short interval recoil'd, 495
 But not retired, for in his bosom lived
 The hope of glory still, and, looking back
 On all his godlike Lycians, he exclaim'd,
 Oh Lycians ! where is your heroic might ?
 Brave as I boast myself, I feel the task 500
 Arduous, through the breach made by myself
 To win a passage to the ships, alone.
 Follow me all—Most labourers, most dispatch³.
 So he ; at whose sharp reprimand abash'd
 The embattled host to closer conflict moved, 505
 Obedient to their counsellor and King.
 On the other side the Greeks within the wall
 Made firm the phalanx, seeing urgent need ;
 Nor could the valiant Lycians through the breach
 Admittance to the Grecian fleet obtain, 510
 Nor, since they first approach'd it, had the Greeks
 With all their efforts, thrust the Lycians back.
 But as two claimants of one common field,

³ *πλεόνων δὲ τοι ἔργον ἀμῖνον.*—This is evidently proverbial, for which reason I have given it that air in the translation.

Each with his rod of measurement in hand,
 Dispute the boundaries, litigating warm 515
 Their right in some small portion of the soil,
 So they, divided by the barrier, struck
 With hostile rage the bull-hide bucklers round,
 And the light targets on each other's breast.
 Then many a wound the ruthless weapons made. 520
 Pierced through the unarm'd back, if any turn'd,
 He died, and numerous even through the shield.
 The battlements from end to end with blood
 Of Grecians and of Trojans on both sides
 Were sprinkled; yet no violence could move 525
 The stubborn Greeks, or turn their powers to flight.
 So hung the war in balance, as the scales
 Held by some woman scrupulously just,
 A spinner; wool and weight she poises nice,
 Hard-earning slender pittance for her babes, 530
 Such was the poise in which the battle hung,
 Till Jove himself superior fame, at length,
 To Priamëian Hector gave, who sprang
 First through the wall. In lofty sounds that reach'd
 Their utmost ranks, he call'd on all his host, 535
 Now press them, now ye Trojans 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 540
 Bore on the barrier, and upswarming show'd
 On the high battlement their glittering spears.
 But Hector seized a stone; of ample base
 But tapering to a point, before the gate
 It stood. No two men, mightiest of a land 545
 (Such men as now are mighty) could with ease

Have heaved it from the earth up to a wain ;
 He swung it easily alone ; so light
 The son of Saturn made it in his hand.
 As in one hand with ease the shepherd bears 550
 A ram's fleece home, nor toils beneath the weight,
 So Hector, right toward the planks of those
 Majestic folding-gates, close-jointed, firm
 And solid, bore the stone. Two bars within
 Their corresponding force combined transverse 555
 To guard them, and one bolt secured the bars.
 He stood fast by them, parting wide his feet
 For 'vantage sake, and smote them in the midst.
 He burst both hinges ; inward fell the rock
 Ponderous, and the portals roar'd ; the bars 560
 Endured not, and the planks, riven by the force
 Of that huge mass, flew scatter'd on all sides.
 In leap'd the godlike Hero at the breach,
 Glóomy as night in aspect, but in arms
 All-dazzling, and he grasp'd two quivering spears. 565
 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 ; 570
 Part climb'd the wall, part pour'd into the gate ;
 The Grecians to their hollow galleys flew
 Scatter'd, and tumult infinite arose.

END OF VOL. XI.

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