

The Iliad

Homer - Translated by Edward, Earl of Derby

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THE ILIAD OF HOMER

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.

BY

EDWARD EARL OF DERBY.

PREFACE.

In the spring of 1862 I was induced, at the request of some personal friends, to print, for private circulation only, a small volume of "Translations of Poems Ancient and Modern," in which was included the first Book of the Iliad. The opinions expressed by some competent judges of the degree of success which had attended this "attempt to infuse into an almost literal English version something of the spirit, as well as the simplicity, of the great original," [Footnote: Introduction to unpublished volume.] were sufficiently favourable to encourage me to continue the work which I had begun. It has afforded me, in the intervals of more urgent business, an unflinching, and constantly increasing source of interest; and it is not without a feeling of regret at the completion of my task, and a sincere diffidence as to its success, that I venture to submit the result of my labour to the ordeal of public criticism.

Various causes, irrespective of any demerits of the work itself, forbid me to anticipate for this translation any extensive popularity. First, I fear that the taste for, and appreciation of, Classical Literature, are greatly on the decline; next, those who have kept up their classical studies, and are able to read and enjoy the original, will hardly take an interest in a mere translation; while the English reader, unacquainted with Greek, will naturally prefer the harmonious versification and polished brilliancy of Pope's translation; with which, as a happy adaptation of the Homeric story to the spirit of English poetry, I have not the presumption to enter into competition. But, admirable as it is, Pope's Iliad can hardly be said to be Homer's Iliad; and there may be some who, having lost the familiarity with the original language which they once possessed, may, if I have at all succeeded in my attempt, have recalled to their minds a faint echo of the strains which delighted their earlier days, and may recognize some slight trace of the original perfume.

Numerous as have been the translators of the Iliad, or of parts of it, the metres which have been selected have been almost as various: the ordinary couplet in rhyme, the Spenserian stanza, the Trochaic or Ballad metre, all have had their partisans, even to that "pestilent heresy" of the so-called English Hexameter; a metre wholly repugnant to the genius of our language; which can only be pressed into the service by a violation of every rule of prosody; and of which, notwithstanding my respect for the eminent men who have attempted to naturalize it, I could never read ten lines without being irresistibly reminded of Canning's

"Dactyls call'st thou them? God help thee, silly one!"

But in the progress of this work, I have been more and more confirmed in the opinion which I expressed at its commencement, that (whatever may be the extent of my own individual failure) "if justice is ever to be done to the easy flow and majestic simplicity of the grand old Poet, it can only be in the Heroic blank verse." I have seen isolated passages admirably rendered in other metres; and there are many instances in which a translation line for line and couplet for couplet naturally suggests itself, and in which it is sometimes difficult to avoid an involuntary rhyme; but the blank verse appears to me the only metre capable of adapting itself to all the gradations, if I may use the term, of the Homeric style; from the finished poetry of the numerous similes, in which every touch is nature, and nothing is overcoloured or exaggerated, down to the simple, almost homely, style of some portions of the narrative. Least of all can any other metre do full justice to the spirit and freedom of the various speeches, in which the old warriors give utterance, without disguise or restraint, to all their strong and genuine emotions. To subject these to the trammels of couplet and rhyme would be as destructive of their chief characteristics, as the application of a similar process to the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, or the tragedies of Shakespeare; the effect indeed may be seen by comparing, with some of the noblest speeches of the latter, the few couplets which he seems to have considered himself bound by custom to tack on to their close, at the end of a scene or an act.

I have adopted, not without hesitation, the Latin, rather than the Greek, nomenclature for the Heathen Deities. I have been induced to do so from the manifest incongruity of confounding the two; and from the fact that though English readers may be familiar with the names of Zeus, or Aphrodite, or even Poseidon, those of Hera, or Ares, or Hephaestus, or Leto, would hardly convey to them a definite signification.

It has been my aim throughout to produce a translation and not a paraphrase; not indeed such a translation as would satisfy, with regard to each word, the rigid requirements of accurate scholarship; but such as would fairly and honestly give the sense and spirit of every passage, and of every line; omitting nothing, and expanding nothing; and adhering, as closely as our language will allow, ever to every epithet which is capable of being translated, and which has, in the particular passage, anything of a special and distinctive character. Of the many deficiencies in my execution of this intention, I am but too conscious; whether I have been in any degree successful, must be left to the impartial decision of such of the Public as may honour this work with their perusal.

D.

KNOWSLEY, OCT., 1864

NOTE TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

The favourable reception which has been given to the first Editions of

this work, far exceeding my most sanguine hopes, affords a gratifying proof how far, in my preface, I had overrated the extent to which the taste for, and appreciation of, Classical Literature had declined. It will not, I hope, be thought extraordinary that some errors and inaccuracies should have found their way into a translation executed, I must admit, somewhat hastily, and with less of the "limae labor" than I should have bestowed upon it, had I ventured to anticipate for it so extensive a circulation. My thanks, therefore, are due to those critics, who, either publicly or privately, have called my attention to passages in which the sense of the Author has been either incorrectly or imperfectly rendered. All of these I have examined, and have availed myself of several of the suggestions offered for their correction; and a careful revision of the whole work, and renewed comparison with the original, have enabled me to discover other defects, the removal of which will, I hope, render the present Edition, especially in the eyes of Classical Scholars, somewhat more worthy of the favour which has been accorded to its predecessors.

D.

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, _May,_ 1885.

ARGUMENT.

THE CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

In the war of Troy, the Greeks having sacked some of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseis and Briseis, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseis, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused, and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his god, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Calchas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseis. The King being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseis in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her suit, incenses Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two-and-twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the Princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay among the Ethiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa, and lastly to Olympus.

BOOK I.

Of Peleus' son, Achilles, sing, O Muse,
The vengeance, deep and deadly; whence to Greece
Unnumbered ills arose; which many a soul
Of mighty warriors to the viewless shades
Untimely sent; they on the battle plain
Unburied lay, a prey to rav'ning dogs,
And carrion birds; but so had Jove decreed,
From that sad day when first in wordy war,
The mighty Agamemnon, King of men,
Confronted stood by Peleus' godlike son.

Say then, what God the fatal strife provok'd?
Jove's and Latona's son; he, filled with wrath
Against the King, with deadly pestilence
The camp afflicted,--and the people died,--
For Chryses' sake, his priest, whom Atreus' son
With scorn dismiss'd, when to the Grecian ships
He came, his captive daughter to redeem,
With costly ransom charg'd; and in his hand
The sacred fillet of his God he bore,
And golden staff; to all he sued, but chief
To Atreus' sons, twin captains of the host:
"Ye sons of Atreus, and ye well-greav'd Greeks,
May the great Gods, who on Olympus dwell,
Grant you yon hostile city to destroy,
And home return in safety; but my child
Restore, I pray; her proffer'd ransom take,
And in his priest, the Lord of Light reverse."

Then through the ranks assenting murmurs ran,
The priest to rev'rence, and the ransom take:
Not so Atrides; he, with haughty mien,
And bitter speech, the trembling sire address'd:
"Old man, I warn thee, that beside our ships
I find thee not, or ling'ring now, or back
Returning; lest thou prove of small avail
Thy golden staff, and fillet of thy God.
Her I release not, till her youth be fled;
Within my walls, in Argos, far from home,
Her lot is cast, domestic cares to ply,
And share a master's bed. For thee, begone!
Incense me not, lest ill betide thee now."

He said: the old man trembled, and obeyed;
Beside the many-dashing Ocean's shore
Silent he pass'd; and all apart, he pray'd
To great Apollo, fair Latona's son:

"Hear me, God of the silver bow! whose care
Chrysa surrounds, and Cilia's lovely vale;
Whose sov'reign sway o'er Tenedos extends;
O Smintheus, hear! if e'er my offered gifts
Found favour in thy sight; if e'er to thee
I burn'd the fat of bulls and choicest goats,
Grant me this boon--upon the Grecian host

Let thine unerring darts avenge my tears."

Thus as he pray'd, his pray'r Apollo heard:
Along Olympus' heights he pass'd, his heart
Burning with wrath; behind his shoulders hung
His bow, and ample quiver; at his back
Rattled the fateful arrows as he mov'd;
Like the night-cloud he pass'd, and from afar
He bent against the ships, and sped the bolt;
And fierce and deadly twang'd the silver bow.
First on the mules and dogs, on man the last,
Was pour'd the arrowy storm; and through the camp,
Constant and num'rous, blaz'd the fun'ral fires.

Nine days the heav'nly Archer on the troops
Hurl'd his dread shafts; the tenth, th' assembled Greeks
Achilles call'd to council; so inspir'd
By Juno, white-arm'd Goddess, who beheld
With pitying eyes the wasting hosts of Greece.
When all were met, and closely throng'd around,
Rose the swift-footed chief, and thus began:

"Great son of Atreus, to my mind there seems,
If we would 'scape from death, one only course,
Home to retrace our steps: since here at once
By war and pestilence our forces waste.
But seek we first some prophet, or some priest,
Or some wise vision-seer (since visions too
From Jove proceed), who may the cause explain,
Which with such deadly wrath Apollo fires:
If for neglected hecatombs or pray'rs
He blame us; or if fat of lambs and goats
May soothe his anger and the plague assuage."

This said, he sat; and Thestor's son arose,
Calchas, the chief of seers, to whom were known
The present, and the future, and the past;
Who, by his mystic art, Apollo's gift,
Guided to Ilium's shore the Grecian fleet.
Who thus with cautious speech replied, and said;
"Achilles, lov'd of Heav'n, thou bidd'st me say
Why thus incens'd the far-destroying King;
Therefore I speak; but promise thou, and swear,
By word and hand, to bear me harmless through.
For well I know my speech must one offend,
The Argive chief, o'er all the Greeks supreme;
And terrible to men of low estate
The anger of a King; for though awhile
He veil his wrath, yet in his bosom pent
It still is nurs'd, until the time arrive;
Say, then, wilt thou protect me, if I speak?"

Him answer'd thus Achilles, swift of foot:
"Speak boldly out whate'er thine art can tell;
For by Apollo's self I swear, whom thou,
O Calchas, serv'st, and who thy words inspires,
That, while I live, and see the light of Heav'n,
Not one of all the Greeks shall dare on thee,
Beside our ships, injurious hands to lay:

No, not if Agamemnon's self were he,
Who 'mid our warriors boasts the foremost place."

Embolden'd thus, th' unerring prophet spoke:
"Not for neglected hecatombs or pray'rs,
But for his priest, whom Agamemnon scorn'd,
Nor took his ransom, nor his child restor'd;
On his account the Far-destroyer sends
This scourge of pestilence, and yet will send;
Nor shall we cease his heavy hand to feel,
Till to her sire we give the bright-ey'd girl,
Unbought, unransom'd, and to Chrysa's shore
A solemn hecatomb despatch; this done,
The God, appeas'd, his anger may remit."

This said, he sat; and Atreus' godlike son,
The mighty monarch, Agamemnon, rose,
His dark soul fill'd with fury, and his eyes
Flashing like flames of fire; on Calchas first
A with'ring glance he cast, and thus he spoke;

"Prophet of ill! thou never speak'st to me
But words of evil omen; for thy soul
Delights to augur ill, but aught of good
Thou never yet hast promis'd, nor perform'd.
And now among the Greeks thou spread'st abroad
Thy lying prophecies, that all these ills
Come from the Far-destroyer, for that I
Refus'd the ransom of my lovely prize,
And that I rather chose herself to keep,
To me not less than Clytemnestra dear,
My virgin-wedded wife; nor less adorn'd
In gifts of form, of feature, or of mind.
Yet, if it must be so, I give her back;
I wish my people's safety, not their death.
But seek me out forthwith some other spoil,
Lest empty-handed I alone appear
Of all the Greeks; for this would ill beseem;
And how I lose my present share, ye see."

To whom Achilles, swift of foot, replied:
"Haughtiest of men, and greediest of the prey!
How shall our valiant Greeks for thee seek out
Some other spoil? no common fund have we
Of hoarded treasures; what our arms have won
From captur'd towns, has been already shar'd,
Nor can we now resume th' apportion'd spoil.
Restore the maid, obedient to the God!
And if Heav'n will that we the strong-built walls
Of Troy should raze, our warriors will to thee
A threefold, fourfold recompense assign."

To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus:
"Think not, Achilles, valiant though thou art
In fight, and godlike, to defraud me thus;
Thou shalt not so persuade me, nor o'erreach.
Think'st thou to keep thy portion of the spoil,
While I with empty hands sit humbly down?
The bright-ey'd girl thou bidd'st me to restore;

If then the valiant Greeks for me seek out
Some other spoil, some compensation just,
'Tis well: if not, I with my own right hand
Will from some other chief, from thee perchance,
Or Ajax, or Ulysses, wrest his prey;
And woe to him, on whomsoe'er I call!
But this for future counsel we remit:
Haste we then now our dark-ribb'd bark to launch,
Muster a fitting crew, and place on board
The sacred hecatomb; then last embark
The fair Chryseis; and in chief command
Let some one of our councillors be plac'd,
Ajax, Ulysses, or Idomeneus,
Or thou, the most ambitious of them all,
That so our rites may soothe the angry God."

To whom Achilles thus with scornful glance;
"Oh, cloth'd in shamelessness! oh, sordid soul!
How canst thou hope that any Greek for thee
Will brave the toils of travel or of war?
Well dost thou know that 't was no feud of mine
With Troy's brave sons that brought me here in arms;
They never did me wrong; they never drove
My cattle, or my horses; never sought
In Phthia's fertile, life-sustaining fields
To waste the crops; for wide between us lay
The shadowy mountains and the roaring sea.
With thee, O void of shame! with thee we sail'd,
For Menelaus and for thee, ingrate,
Glory and fame on Trojan crests to win.
All this hast thou forgotten, or despis'd;
And threat'nest now to wrest from me the prize
I labour'd hard to win, and Greeks bestow'd.
Nor does my portion ever equal thine,
When on some populous town our troops have made
Successful war; in the contentious fight
The larger portion of the toil is mine;
But when the day of distribution comes,
Thine is the richest spoil; while I, forsooth,
Must be too well content to bear on board
Some paltry prize for all my warlike toil.
To Phthia now I go; so better far,
To steer my homeward course, and leave thee here
But little like, I deem, dishonouring me,
To fill thy coffers with the spoils of war."

Whom answer'd Agamemnon, King of men:
"Fly then, if such thy mind! I ask thee not
On mine account to stay; others there are
Will guard my honour and avenge my cause:
And chief of all, the Lord of counsel, Jove!
Of all the Heav'n-born Kings, thou art the man
I hate the most; for thou delight'st in nought
But war and strife: thy prowess I allow;
Yet this, remember, is the gift of Heav'n.
Return then, with thy vessels, if thou wilt,
And with thy followers, home; and lord it there
Over thy Myrmidons! I heed thee not!
I care not for thy fury! Hear my threat:

Since Phoebus wrests Chryseis from my arms,
In mine own ship, and with mine own good crew,
Her I send forth; and, in her stead, I mean,
Ev'n from thy tent, myself, to bear thy prize,
The fair Briseis; that henceforth thou know
How far I am thy master; and that, taught
By thine example, others too may fear
To rival me, and brave me to my face."

Thus while he spake, Achilles chaf'd with rage;
And in his manly breast his heart was torn
With thoughts conflicting--whether from his side
To draw his mighty sword, and thrusting by
Th' assembled throng, to kill th' insulting King;
Or school his soul, and keep his anger down.
But while in mind and spirit thus he mus'd,
And half unsheath'd his sword, from Heav'n came down
Minerva, sent by Juno, white-arm'd Queen,
Whose love and care both chiefs alike enjoy'd.
She stood behind, and by the yellow hair
She held the son of Peleus, visible
To him alone, by all the rest unseen.
Achilles, wond'ring, turn'd, and straight he knew
The blue-eyed Pallas; awful was her glance;
Whom thus the chief with winged words address'd:

"Why com'st thou, child of aegis-bearing Jove?
To see the arrogance of Atreus' son?
But this I say, and will make good my words,
This insolence may cost him soon his life."

To whom the blue-ey'd Goddess thus replied:
"From Heav'n I came, to curb, if thou wilt hear,
Thy fury; sent by Juno, white-arm'd Queen,
Whose love and care ye both alike enjoy.
Cease, then, these broils, and draw not thus thy sword;
In words, indeed, assail him as thou wilt.
But this I promise, and will make it good,
The time shall come, when for this insolence
A threefold compensation shall be thine;
Only be sway'd by me, and curb thy wrath."

Whom answer'd thus Achilles, swift of foot:
"Goddess, I needs must yield to your commands,
Indignant though I be--for so 'tis best;
Who hears the Gods, of them his pray'rs are heard."

He said: and on the silver hilt he stay'd
His pow'rful hand, and flung his mighty sword
Back to its scabbard, to Minerva's word
Obedient: she her heav'nward course pursued
To join th' Immortals in th' abode of Jove.
But Peleus' son, with undiminish'd wrath,
Atrides thus with bitter words address'd:

"Thou sot, with eye of dog, and heart of deer!
Who never dar'st to lead in armed fight
Th' assembled host, nor with a chosen few
To man the secret ambush--for thou fear'st

To look on death--no doubt 'tis easier far,
Girt with thy troops, to plunder of his right
Whoe'er may venture to oppose thy will!
A tyrant King, because thou rul'st o'er slaves!
Were it not so, this insult were thy last.
But this I say, and with an oath confirm,
By this my royal staff, which never more
Shall put forth leaf nor spray, since first it left
Upon the mountain-side its parent stem,
Nor blossom more; since all around the axe
Hath lopp'd both leaf and bark, and now 'tis borne
Emblem of justice, by the sons of Greece,
Who guard the sacred ministry of law
Before the face of Jove! a mighty oath!
The time shall come, when all the sons of Greece
Shall mourn Achilles' loss; and thou the while,
Heart-rent, shalt be all-impotent to aid,
When by the warrior-slayer Hector's hand
Many shall fall; and then thy soul shall mourn
The slight on Grecia's bravest warrior cast."

Thus spoke Pelides; and upon the ground
He cast his staff, with golden studs emboss'd,
And took his seat; on th' other side, in wrath,
Atrides burn'd; but Nestor interpos'd;
Nestor, the leader of the Pylian host,
The smooth-tongued chief, from whose persuasive lips
Sweeter than honey flowed the stream of speech.
Two generations of the sons of men
For him were past and gone, who with himself
Were born and bred on Pylos' lovely shore,
And o'er the third he now held royal sway.
He thus with prudent words the chiefs address'd:

"Alas, alas! what grief is this for Greece!
What joy for Priam, and for Priam's sons!
What exultation for the men of Troy,
To hear of feuds 'tween you, of all the Greeks
The first in council, and the first in fight!
Yet, hear my words, I pray; in years, at least,
Ye both must yield to me; and in times past
I liv'd with men, and they despis'd me not,
Abler in counsel, greater than yourselves.
Such men I never saw, and ne'er shall see,
As Pirithous and Dryas, wise and brave,
Coeneus, Exadius, godlike Polypheme,
And Theseus, AEgeus' more than mortal son.
The mightiest they among the sons of men;
The mightiest they, and of the forest beasts
Strove with the mightiest, and their rage subdued.
With them from distant lands, from Pylos' shore
I join'd my forces, and their call obey'd;
With them I play'd my part; with them, not one
Would dare to fight of mortals now on earth.
Yet they my counsels heard, my voice obey'd;
And hear ye also, for my words are wise.
Nor thou, though great thou be, attempt to rob
Achilles of his prize, but let him keep
The spoil assign'd him by the sons of Greece;

Nor thou, Pelides, with the monarch strive
In rivalry; for ne'er to sceptred King
Hath Jove such pow'rs, as to Atrides, giv'n;
And valiant though thou art, and Goddess-born,
Yet mightier he, for wider is his sway.
Atrides, curb thy wrath! while I beseech
Achilles to forbear; in whom the Greeks
From adverse war their great defender see."

To whom the monarch, Agamemnon, thus:
"O father, full of wisdom are thy words;
But this proud chief o'er all would domineer;
O'er all he seeks to rule, o'er all to reign,
To all to dictate; which I will not bear.
Grant that the Gods have giv'n him warlike might,
Gave they unbridled license to his tongue?"

To whom Achilles, interrupting, thus:
"Coward and slave indeed I might be deem'd.
Could I submit to make thy word my law;
To others thy commands; seek not to me
To dictate, for I follow thee no more.
But hear me speak, and ponder what I say:
For the fair girl I fight not (since you choose
To take away the prize yourselves bestow'd)
With thee or any one; but of the rest
My dark swift ship contains, against my will
On nought shalt thou, unpunish'd, lay thy hand.
Make trial if thou wilt, that these may know;
Thy life-blood soon should reek upon my spear."

After this conflict keen of angry speech,
The chiefs arose, the assembly was dispers'd.

With his own followers, and Menoetius' son,
Achilles to his tents and ships withdrew.
But Atreus' son launch'd a swift-sailing bark,
With twenty rowers mann'd, and plac'd on board
The sacred hecatomb; then last embark'd
The fair Chryseis, and in chief command
Laertes' son, the sage Ulysses, plac'd.
They swiftly sped along the wat'ry way.

Next, proclamation through the camp was made
To purify the host; and in the sea,
Obedient to the word, they purified;
Then to Apollo solemn rites perform'd
With faultless hecatombs of bulls and goats,
Upon the margin of the wat'ry waste;
And, wreath'd in smoke, the savour rose to Heav'n.

The camp thus occupied, the King pursued
His threaten'd plan of vengeance; to his side
Calling Talthybius and Eurybates,
Heralds, and faithful followers, thus he spoke:

"Haste to Achilles' tent, and in your hand
Back with you thence the fair Briseis bring:
If he refuse to send her, I myself

With a sufficient force will bear her thence,
Which he may find, perchance, the worse for him."

So spake the monarch, and with stern command
Dismiss'd them; with reluctant steps they pass'd
Along the margin of the wat'ry waste,
Till to the tents and ships they came, where lay
The warlike Myrmidons. Their chief they found
Sitting beside his tent and dark-ribb'd ship.
Achilles mark'd their coming, not well pleas'd:
With troubled mien, and awe-struck by the King,
They stood, nor dar'd accost him; but himself
Divin'd their errand, and address'd them thus:

"Welcome, ye messengers of Gods and men,
Heralds! approach in safety; not with you,
But with Atrides, is my just offence,
Who for the fair Briseis sends you here.
Go, then, Patroclus, bring the maiden forth,
And give her to their hands; but witness ye,
Before the blessed Gods and mortal men,
And to the face of that injurious King,
When he shall need my arm, from shameful rout
To save his followers; blinded by his rage,
He neither heeds experience of the past
Nor scans the future, provident how best
To guard his fleet and army from the foe."

He spoke: obedient to his friend and chief,
Patroclus led the fair Briseis forth,
And gave her to their hands; they to the ships
Retrac'd their steps, and with them the fair girl
Reluctant went: meanwhile Achilles, plung'd
In bitter grief, from all the band apart,
Upon the margin of the hoary sea
Sat idly gazing on the dark-blue waves;
And to his Goddess-mother long he pray'd,
With outstretch'd hands, "Oh, mother! since thy son
To early death by destiny is doom'd,
I might have hop'd the Thunderer on high,
Olympian Jove, with honour would have crown'd
My little space; but now disgrace is mine;
Since Agamemnon, the wide-ruling King,
Hath wrested from me, and still holds, my prize."

Weeping, he spoke; his Goddess-mother heard,
Beside her aged father where she sat
In the deep ocean-caves: ascending quick
Through the dark waves, like to a misty cloud,
Beside her son she stood; and as he wept,
She gently touch'd him with her hand, and said,
"Why weeps my son? and whence his cause of grief?
Speak out, that I may hear, and share thy pain."

To whom Achilles, swift of foot, replied,
Groaning, "Thou know'st; what boots to tell thee all?
On Thebes we march'd, Eetion's sacred town,
And storm'd the walls, and hither bore the spoil.
The spoils were fairly by the sons of Greece

Apportion'd out; and to Atrides' share
The beauteous daughter of old Chryses fell.
Chryses, Apollo's priest, to free his child,
Came to th' encampment of the brass-clad Greeks,
With costly ransom charg'd; and in his hand
The sacred fillet of his God he bore,
And golden staff; to all he sued, but chief
To Atreus' sons, twin captains of the host.
Then through the ranks assenting murmurs ran,
The priest to rev'rence, and the ransom take:
Not so Atrides; he, with haughty mien
And bitter words, the trembling sire dismiss'd.
The old man turn'd in sorrow; but his pray'r
Phoebus Apollo heard, who lov'd him well.
Against the Greeks he bent his fatal bow,
And fast the people fell; on ev'ry side
Throughout the camp the heav'nly arrows flew;
A skilful seer at length the cause reveal'd
Why thus incens'd the Archer-God; I then,
The first, gave counsel to appease his wrath.
Whereat Atrides, full of fury, rose,
And utter'd threats, which he hath now fulfill'd.
For Chryses' daughter to her native land
In a swift-sailing ship the keen-ey'd Greeks
Have sent, with costly offerings to the God:
But her, assign'd me by the sons of Greece,
Brises' fair daughter, from my tent e'en now
The heralds bear away. Then, Goddess, thou,
If thou hast pow'r, protect thine injur'd son.
Fly to Olympus, to the feet of Jove,
And make thy pray'r to him, if on his heart
Thou hast in truth, by word or deed, a claim.
For I remember, in my father's house,
I oft have heard thee boast, how thou, alone
Of all th' Immortals, Saturn's cloud-girt son
Didst shield from foul disgrace, when all the rest,
Juno, and Neptune, and Minerva join'd,
With chains to bind him; then, O Goddess, thou
Didst set him free, invoking to his aid
Him of the hundred arms, whom Briareus
Th' immortal Gods, and men AEgeon call.
He, mightier than his father, took his seat
By Saturn's side, in pride of conscious strength:
Fear seiz'd on all the Gods, nor did they dare
To bind their King: of this remind him now,
And clasp his knees, and supplicate his aid
For Troy's brave warriors, that the routed Greeks
Back to their ships with slaughter may be driv'n;
That all may taste the folly of their King,
And Agamemnon's haughty self may mourn
The slight on Grecia's bravest warrior cast."

Thus he; and Thetis, weeping, thus replied:
"Alas, my child, that e'er I gave thee birth!
Would that beside thy ships thou could'st remain
From grief exempt, and insult! since by fate
Few years are thine, and not a lengthened term;
At once to early death and sorrows doom'd
Beyond the lot of man! in evil hour

I gave thee birth! But to the snow-clad heights
Of great Olympus, to the throne of Jove,
Who wields the thunder, thy complaints I bear.
Thou by thy ships, meanwhile, against the Greeks
Thine anger nurse, and from the fight abstain.
For Jove is to a solemn banquet gone
Beyond the sea, on Aethiopia's shore,
Since yesternight; and with him all the Gods.
On the twelfth day he purpos'd to return
To high Olympus; thither then will I,
And to his feet my supplication make;
And he, I think, will not deny my suit."

This said, she disappear'd; and left him there
Musing in anger on the lovely form
Tom from his arms by violence away.

Meantime, Ulysses, with his sacred freight,
Arriv'd at Chrysa's strand; and when his bark
Had reach'd the shelter of the deep sea bay,
Their sails they furl'd, and lower'd to the hold;
Slack'd the retaining shrouds, and quickly struck
And stow'd away the mast; then with their sweeps
Pull'd for the beach, and cast their anchors out,
And made her fast with cables to the shore.
Then on the shingly breakwater themselves
They landed, and the sacred hecatomb
To great Apollo; and Chryseis last.
Her to the altar straight Ulysses led,
The wise in counsel; in her father's hand
He plac'd the maiden, and address'd him thus:
"Chryses, from Agamemnon, King of men,
To thee I come, thy daughter to restore;
And to thy God, upon the Greeks' behalf,
To offer sacrifice, if haply so
We may appease his wrath, who now incens'd
With grievous suffering visits all our host."
Then to her sire he gave her; he with joy
Receiv'd his child; the sacred hecatomb
Around the well-built altar for the God
In order due they plac'd; their hands then washed,
And the salt cake prepar'd, before them all
With hands uplifted Chryses pray'd aloud:

"Hear me, God of the silver bow! whose care
Chrysa surrounds, and Cilla's lovely vale,
Whose sov'reign sway o'er Tenedos extends!
Once hast thou heard my pray'r, aveng'd my cause,
And pour'd thy fury on the Grecian host.
Hear yet again, and grant what now I ask;
Withdraw thy chast'ning hand, and stay the plague."

Thus, as he pray'd, his pray'r Apollo heard.
Their pray'rs concluded, and the salt cake strew'd
Upon the victims' heads, they drew them back,
And slew, and flay'd; then cutting from the thighs
The choicest pieces, and in double layers
O'erspreading them with fat, above them plac'd
The due meat-offrings; then the aged priest

The cleft wood kindled, and libations pour'd
Of ruddy wine; arm'd with the five-fork'd prongs
Th' attendant ministers beside him stood.
The thighs consum'd with fire, the inward parts
They tasted first; the rest upon the spits
Roasted with care, and from the fire withdrew.
Their labours ended, and the feast prepar'd,
They shared the social meal, nor lacked there aught.
The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied,
Th' attendant youths the flowing goblets crown'd,
And in fit order serv'd the cups to all.
All day they sought the favour of the God,
The glorious paeans chanting, and the praise
Of Phoebus: he, well pleas'd, the strain receiv'd
But when the sun was set, and shades of night
O'erspread the sky, upon the sandy beach
Close to their ship they laid them down to rest.
And when the rosy-finger'd morn appear'd,
Back to the camp they took their homeward way
A fav'ring breeze the Far-destroyer sent:
They stepp'd the mast, and spread the snowy sail:
Full in the midst the bellying sail receiv'd
The gallant breeze; and round the vessel's prow
The dark waves loudly roar'd, as on she rush'd
Skimming the seas, and cut her wat'ry way.
Arriv'd where lay the wide-spread host of Greece,
Their dark-ribb'd vessel on the beach they drew
High on the sand, and strongly shor'd her up;
Then through the camp they took their sev'ral ways.

Meantime, beside the ships Achilles sat,
The Heav'n-born son of Peleus, swift of foot,
Chafing with rage repress'd; no more he sought
The honour'd council, nor the battle-field;
But wore his soul away, and inly pin'd
For the fierce joy and tumult of the fight.
But when the twelfth revolving day was come,
Back to Olympus' heights th' immortal Gods,
Jove at their head, together all return'd.
Then Thetis, mindful of her son's request,
Rose from the ocean wave, and sped in haste
To high Olympus, and the courts of Heav'n.
Th' all-seeing son of Saturn there she found
Sitting apart upon the topmost crest
Of many-ridg'd Olympus; at his feet
She sat, and while her left hand clasp'd his knees,
Her right approached his beard, and suppliant thus
She made her pray'r to Saturn's royal son:

"Father, if e'er amid th' immortal Gods
By word or deed I did thee service true,
Hear now my pray'r! Avenge my hapless son,
Of mortals shortest-liv'd, insulted now
By mighty Agamemnon, King of men,
And plunder'd of his lawful spoils of war.
But Jove, Olympian, Lord of counsel, Thou
Avenge his cause; and give to Trojan arms
Such strength and pow'r, that Greeks may learn how much
They need my son, and give him honour due."

She said: the Cloud-compeller answer'd not,
But silent sat; then Thetis clasp'd his knees,
And hung about him, and her suit renew'd:

"Give me thy promise sure, thy gracious nod,
Or else refuse (for thou hast none to fear),
That I may learn, of all th' immortal Gods,
How far I stand the lowest in thine eyes."

Then, much disturb'd, the Cloud-compeller spoke:
"Sad work thou mak'st, in bidding me oppose
My will to Juno's, when her bitter words
Assail me; for full oft amid the Gods
She taunts me, that I aid the Trojan cause.
But thou return, that Juno see thee not,
And leave to me the furth'rance of thy suit.
Lo, to confirm thy faith, I nod my head;
And well among th' immortal Gods is known
The solemn import of that pledge from me:
For ne'er my promise shall deceive, or fail,
Or be recall'd, if with a nod confirm'd."

He said, and nodded with his shadowy brows;
Wav'd on th' immortal head th' ambrosial locks,
And all Olympus trembled at his nod.
They parted thus: from bright Olympus' heights
The Goddess hasted to her ocean-caves,
Jove to his palace; at his entrance all
Rose from their seats at once; not one presum'd
To wait his coming, but advanc'd to meet.
Then on his throne he sat; but not unmark'd
Of Juno's eye had been the council held
In secret with the silver-footed Queen,
The daughter of the aged Ocean-God;
And with sharp words she thus addressed her Lord:

"Tell me, deceiver, who was she with whom
Thou late held'st council? ever 'tis thy way
Apart from me to weave thy secret schemes,
Nor dost thou freely share with me thy mind."

To whom the Sire of Gods and men replied:
"Expect not, Juno, all my mind to know;
My wife thou art, yet would such knowledge be
Too much for thee; whate'er I deem it fit
That thou shouldst know, nor God nor man shall hear
Before thee; but what I in secret plan,
Seek not to know, nor curiously inquire."

Whom answer'd thus the stag-ey'd Queen of Heav'n:
"What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak?
Ne'er have I sought, or now, or heretofore,
Thy secret thoughts to know; what thou think'st fit
To tell, I wait thy gracious will to hear.
Yet fear I in my soul thou art beguil'd
By wiles of Thetis, silver-footed Queen,
The daughter of the aged Ocean-God;
For she was with thee early, and embrac'd

Thy knees, and has, I think, thy promise sure,
Thou wilt avenge Achilles' cause, and bring
Destructive slaughter on the Grecian host."

To whom the Cloud-compeller thus replied:
"Presumptuous, to thy busy thoughts thou giv'st
Too free a range, and watchest all I do;
Yet shalt thou not prevail, but rather thus
Be alien'd from my heart--the worse for thee!
If this be so, it is my sov'reign will.
But now, keep silence, and my words obey,
Lest all th' Immortals fail, if I be wroth,
To rescue thee from my resistless hand."

He said, and terror seiz'd the stag-ey'd Queen:
Silent she sat, curbing her spirit down,
And all the Gods in pitying sorrow mourn'd.
Vulcan, the skill'd artificer, then first
Broke silence, and with soothing words address'd
His mother, Juno, white-arm'd Queen of Heav'n:
"Sad were't, indeed, and grievous to be borne,
If for the sake of mortal men you two
Should suffer angry passions to arise,
And kindle broils in Heav'n; so should our feast
By evil influence all its sweetness lack.
Let me advise my mother (and I know
That her own reason will my words approve)
To speak my father fair; lest he again
Reply in anger, and our banquet mar.
For Jove, the lightning's Lord, if such his will,
Might hurl us from our seats (so great his pow'r),
But thou address him still with gentle words;
So shall his favour soon again be ours."

This said, he rose, and in his mother's hand
A double goblet plac'd, as thus he spoke:
"Have patience, mother mine! though much enforc'd,
Restrain thy spirit, lest perchance these eyes,
Dear as thou art, behold thee brought to shame;
And I, though griev'd in heart, be impotent
To save thee; for 'tis hard to strive with Jove.
When to thy succour once before I came,
He seiz'd me by the foot, and hurl'd me down
From Heav'n's high threshold; all the day I fell,
And with the setting sun, on Lemnos' isle
Lighted, scarce half alive; there was I found,
And by the Sintian people kindly nurs'd."

Thus as he spoke, the white-armed Goddess smil'd,
And, smiling, from, his hand receiv'd the cup,
Then to th' Immortals all, in order due,
He minister'd, and from the flagon pour'd
The luscious nectar; while among the Gods
Rose laughter irrepressible, at sight
Of Vulcan hobbling round the spacious hall.

Thus they till sunset pass'd the festive hours;
Nor lack'd the banquet aught to please the sense,
Nor sound of tuneful lyre, by Phoebus touch'd,

Nor Muses' voice, who in alternate strains
Responsive sang: but when the sun had set,
Each to his home departed, where for each
The crippled Vulcan, matchless architect,
With wondrous skill a noble house had rear'd.

To his own couch, where he was wont of old,
When overcome by gentle sleep, to rest,
Olympian Jove ascended; there he slept,
And, by his side, the golden-throned Queen.

ARGUMENT.

THE TRIAL OF THE ARMY AND CATALOGUE OF THE FORCES.

Jupiter, in pursuance of the request of Thetis, sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the army to battle in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his assistance, but fears the army was discouraged by his absence and the late plague, as well as by length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the princes in council that he would propose a return to the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal was embraced. Then he assembles the whole host, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. They are detained by the management of Ulysses, who chastises the insolence of Thersites. The assembly is recalled, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of Nestor followed, which was to make a general muster of the troops, and to divide them into their several nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans, in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book consists not entirely of one day. The scene lies in the Grecian camp and upon the sea-shore; toward the end it removes to Troy.

BOOK II.

All night in sleep repos'd the other Gods,
And helmed warriors; but the eyes of Jove
Sweet slumber held not, pondering in his mind
How to avenge Achilles' cause, and pour
Destructive slaughter on the Grecian host.
Thus as he mus'd, the wisest course appear'd
By a deluding vision to mislead
The son of Atreus; and with winged words
Thus to a phantom form he gave command:
"Hie thee, deluding Vision, to the camp
And ships of Greece, to Agamemnon's tent;

There, changing nought, as I command thee, speak.
Bid that he arm in haste the long-hair'd Greeks
To combat; for the wide-built streets of Troy
He now may capture; since th' immortal Gods
Watch over her no longer; all are gain'd
By Juno's pray'rs; and woes impend o'er Troy."

He said: the Vision heard, and straight obey'd:
Swiftly he sped, and reached the Grecian ships,
And sought the son of Atreus; him he found
Within his tent, wrapped in ambrosial sleep;
Above his head he stood, like Neleus' son,
Nestor, whom Agamemnon rev'renc'd most
Of all the Elders; in his likeness cloth'd
Thus spoke the heav'nly Vision; "Sleep'st thou, son
Of Atreus, valiant warrior, horseman bold?
To sleep all night but ill becomes a chief,
Charg'd with the public weal, and cares of state.
Hear now the words I bear; to thee I come
A messenger from Jove, who from on high
Looks down on thee with eyes of pitying love.
He bids thee arm in haste the long-hair'd Greeks
To combat; since the wide-built streets of Troy
Thou now mayst capture; for th' immortal Gods
Watch over her no longer; all are gain'd
By Juno's pray'rs; and woes impend o'er Troy.
Bear this in mind; and when from sleep arous'd
Let not my words from thy remembrance fade."
This said, he vanish'd; and the monarch left,
Inspir'd with thoughts which ne'er should come to pass.
For in that day he vainly hop'd to take
The town of Priam; ignorant what Jove
Design'd in secret, or what woes, what groans,
What lengthen'd labours in the stubborn fight,
Were yet for Trojans and for Greeks in store.
He woke from sleep; but o'er his senses spread
Dwelt still the heavenly voice; he sat upright;
He donn'd his vest of texture fine, new-wrought,
Then o'er it threw his ample robe, and bound
His sandals fair around his well-turn'd feet;
And o'er his shoulders flung his sword, adorn'd
With silver studs; and bearing in his hand
His royal staff, ancestral, to the ships
Where lay the brass-clad warriors, bent his way.

Aurora now was rising up the steep
Of great Olympus, to th' immortal Gods
Pure light diffusing; when Atrides bade
The clear-voic'd heralds to th' Assembly call
The gen'ral host; they gave the word, and straight
From ev'ry quarter throng'd the eager crowd.
But first, of all the Elders, by the side
Of Nestor's ship, the aged Pylian chief,
A secret conclave Agamemnon call'd;
And, prudent, thus the chosen few address'd:
"Hear me, my friends! In the still hours of night
I saw a heav'nly Vision in my sleep:
Most like it seemed in stature, form, and face
To rev'rend Nestor; at my head it stood,

And with these words address'd me--'Sleep'st thou, son
Of Atreus, valiant warrior, horseman bold?
To sleep all night but ill becomes a chief,
Charg'd with the public weal, and cares of state.
Hear now the words I bear: to thee I come
A messenger from Jove, who from on high
Looks down on thee with eyes of pitying love.
He bids thee arm in haste the long-hair'd Greeks
To combat: since the wide-built streets of Troy
Thou now may'st capture; for th' immortal Gods
Watch over her no longer: all are gain'd
By Juno's pray'rs, and woes impend o'er Troy.
Bear thou my words in mind.' Thus as he spoke
He vanish'd; and sweet sleep forsook mine eyes.
Seek we then straight to arm the sons of Greece:
But first, as is our wont, myself will prove
The spirit of the army; and suggest
Their homeward voyage; ye, throughout the camp
Restore their courage, and restrain from flight."

Thus having said, he sat; and next arose
Nestor, the chief of Pylos' sandy shore.
Who thus with prudent speech replied, and said:
"O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece,
If any other had this Vision seen,
We should have deem'd it false, and laugh'd to scorn
The idle tale; but now it hath appear'd,
Of all our army, to the foremost man:
Seek we then straight to arm the sons of Greece."

He said, and from the council led the way.
Uprose the sceptred monarchs, and obey'd
Their leader's call, and round them throng'd the crowd.
As swarms of bees, that pour in ceaseless stream
From out the crevice of some hollow rock,
Now clust'ring, and anon 'mid vernal flow'rs,
Some here, some there, in busy numbers fly;
So to th' Assembly from their tents and ships
The countless tribes came thronging; in their midst,
By Jove enkindled, Rumour urged them on.
Great was the din; and as the mighty mass
Sat down, the solid earth beneath them groan'd;
Nine heralds rais'd their voices loud, to quell
The storm of tongues, and bade the noisy crowd
Be still, and listen to the Heav'n-born Kings.

At length they all were seated, and awhile
Their clamours sank to silence; then uprose
The monarch Agamemnon, in his hand
His royal staff, the work of Vulcan's art;
Which Vulcan to the son of Saturn gave;
To Hermes he, the heav'nly messenger;
Hermes to Pelops, matchless charioteer;
Pelops to Atreus; Atreus at his death
Bequeath'd it to Thyestes, wealthy Lord
Of num'rous herds; to Agamemnon last
Thyestes left it; token of his sway
O'er all the Argive coast, and neighbouring isles.
On this the monarch leant, as thus he spoke:

"Friends, Grecian Heroes, Ministers of Mars!
Grievous, and all unlook'd for, is the blow
Which Jove hath dealt me; by his promise led
I hop'd to raze the strong-built walls of Troy,
And home return in safety; but it seems
He falsifies his word, and bids me now
Return to Argos, frustrate of my hope,
Dishonour'd, and with grievous loss of men.
Such now appears th' o'er-ruling sov'reign will
Of Saturn's son; who oft hath sunk the heads
Of many a lofty city in the dust,
And yet will sink; for mighty is his hand.
'Tis shame indeed that future days should hear
How such a force as ours, so great, so brave,
Hath thus been baffled, fighting, as we do,
'Gainst numbers far inferior to our own,
And see no end of all our warlike toil.
For should we choose, on terms of plighted truce,
Trojans and Greeks, to number our array;
Of Trojans, all that dwell within the town,
And we, by tens disposed, to every ten,
To crown our cups, one Trojan should assign,
Full many a ten no cupbearer would find:
So far the sons of Greece outnumber all
That dwell within the town; but to their aid
Bold warriors come from all the cities round,
Who greatly harass me, and render vain
My hope to storm the strong-built walls of Troy.
Already now nine weary years have pass'd;
The timbers of our ships are all decay'd,
The cordage rotted; in our homes the while
Our wives and helpless children sit, in vain
Expecting our return; and still the work,
For which we hither came, remains undone.
Hear then my counsel; let us all agree
Home to direct our course, since here in vain
We strive to take the well-built walls of Troy."

Thus as he spoke, the crowd, that had not heard
The secret council, by his words was mov'd;
So sway'd and heav'd the multitude, as when
O'er the vast billows of th' Icarian sea
Eurus and Notus from the clouds of Heav'n
Pour forth their fury; or as some deep field
Of wavy corn, when sweeping o'er the plain
The ruffling west wind sways the bending ears;
So was th' Assembly stirr'd; and tow'rd the ships
With clam'rous joy they rush'd; beneath, their feet
Rose clouds of dust, while one to other call'd
To seize the ships and drag them to the main.
They clear'd the channels, and with shouts of "home"
That rose to Heav'n, they knock'd the shores away.
Then had the Greeks in shameful flight withdrawn,
Had Juno not to Pallas thus appeal'd:
"Oh Heav'n! brave child of aegis-bearing Jove,
Shall thus the Greeks, in ignominious flight,
O'er the wide sea their homeward course pursue,
And as a trophy to the sons of Troy
The Argive Helen leave, on whose account,

Far from their home, so many valiant Greeks
Have cast their lives away? Go quickly thou
Amid the brass-clad Greeks, and man by man
Address with words persuasive, nor permit
To launch their well-trimm'd vessels on the deep."

She said, nor did Minerva not obey,
But swift descending from Olympus' heights
With rapid flight she reach'd the Grecian ships.
Laertes' son, in council sage as Jove
There found she standing; he no hand had laid
On his dark vessel, for with bitter grief
His heart was filled; the blue-ey'd Maid approach'd,
And thus address'd him: "Great Laertes' son,
Ulysses, sage in council, can it be
That you, the men of Greece, embarking thus
On your swift ships, in ignominious flight,
O'er the wide sea will take your homeward way,
And as a trophy to the sons of Troy
The Argive Helen leave, on whose account
Far from their homes so many valiant Greeks
Have cast their lives away? Go quickly thou
Among the multitude, and man by man
Address with words persuasive, nor permit
To launch their well-trimm'd vessels on the deep."

She said; the heav'nly voice Ulysses knew;
Straight, springing to the course, he cast aside,
And to Eurybates of Ithaca,
His herald and attendant, threw his robe;
Then to Atrides hasten'd, and by him
Arm'd with his royal staff ancestral, pass'd
With rapid step amid the ships of Greece.
Each King or leader whom he found he thus
With cheering words encourag'd and restrain'd:
"O gallant friend, 'tis not for thee to yield,
Like meaner men, to panic; but thyself
Sit quiet, and the common herd restrain.
Thou know'st not yet Atrides' secret mind:
He tries us now, and may reprove us soon.
His words in council reach'd not all our ears:
See that he work us not some ill; for fierce
His anger; and the Lord of counsel, Jove,
From whom proceeds all honour, loves him well."

But of the common herd whome'er he found
Clam'ring, he check'd with staff and threat'ning words:
"Good friend, keep still, and hear what others say,
Thy betters far: for thou art good for nought,
Of small account in council or in fight.
All are not sovereigns here: ill fares the state
Where many masters rule; let one be Lord,
One King supreme; to whom wise Saturn's son
In token of his sov'reign power hath giv'n
The sceptre's sway and ministry of law."

Such were his words, as through the ranks he pass'd:
They from the vessels and the tents again
Throng'd to th' Assembly, with such rush of sound,

As when the many-dashing ocean's wave
Breaks on the shore, and foams the frothing sea.
The others all were settled in their seats:
Only Thersites, with unmeasur'd words,
Of which he had good store, to rate the chiefs,
Not over-seemly, but wherewith he thought
To move the crowd to laughter, brawl'd aloud.
The ugliest man was he who came to Troy:
With squinting eyes, and one distorted foot,
His shoulders round, and buried in his breast
His narrow head, with scanty growth of hair.
Against Achilles and Ulysses most
His hate was turn'd; on them his venom pour'd;
Anon, at Agamemnon's self he launch'd
His loud-tongued ribaldry; 'gainst him he knew
Incensed the public mind; and bawling loud,
With scurril words, he thus address'd the King:
"What more, thou son of Atreus, would'st thou have?
Thy tents are full of brass; and in those tents
Many fair women, whom, from all the spoil,
We Greeks, whene'er some wealthy town we take,
Choose first of all, and set apart for thee.
Or dost thou thirst for gold, which here perchance
Some Trojan brings, the ransom of his son
Captur'd by me, or by some other Greek?
Or some new girl, to gratify thy lust,
Kept for thyself apart? a leader, thou
Shouldst not to evil lead the sons of Greece.
Ye slaves! ye coward souls! Women of Greece!
I will not call you men! why go we not
Home with our ships, and leave this mighty chief
To gloat upon his treasures, and find out
Whether in truth he need our aid, or no;
Who on Achilles, his superior far,
Foul scorn hath cast, and robb'd him of his prize,
Which for himself he keeps? Achilles, sure,
Is not intemperate, but mild of mood;
Else, Atreus' son, this insult were thy last."

[1]

On Agamemnon, leader of the host,
With words like these Thersites pour'd his hate;
But straight Ulysses at his side appear'd,
And spoke, with scornful glance, in stern rebuke:
"Thou babbling fool, Thersites, prompt of speech,
Restrain thy tongue, nor singly thus presume
The Kings to slander; thou, the meanest far
Of all that with the Atridae came to Troy.
Ill it beseems, that such an one as thou
Should lift thy voice against the Kings, and rail
With scurril ribaldry, and prate of home.
How these affairs may end, we know not yet;
Nor how, or well or ill, we may return.
Cease then against Atrides, King of men,
To pour thy spite, for that the valiant Greeks
To him, despite thy railing, as of right
An ample portion of the spoils assign.
But this I tell thee, and will make it good,
If e'er I find thee play the fool, as now,
Then may these shoulders cease this head to bear,

And may my son Telemachus no more
Own me his father, if I strip not off
Thy mantle and thy garments, aye, expose
Thy nakedness, and flog thee to the ships
Howling, and scourg'd with ignominious stripes."

Thus as he spoke, upon Thersites' neck
And back came down his heavy staff; the wretch
Shrank from the blow, and scalding tears let fall.
Where struck the golden-studded staff, appear'd
A bloody weal: Thersites quail'd, and down,
Quiv'ring with pain, he sat, and wip'd away.
With horrible grimace, the trickling tears.
The Greeks, despite their anger, laugh'd aloud,
And one to other said, "Good faith, of all
The many works Ulysses well hath done,
Wise in the council, foremost in the fight,
He ne'er hath done a better, than when now
He makes this scurril babbler hold his peace.
Methinks his headstrong spirit will not soon
Lead him again to vilify the Kings."

Thus spoke the gen'ral voice: but, staff in hand,
Ulysses rose; Minerva by his side,
In likeness of a herald, bade the crowd
Keep silence, that the Greeks, from first to last,
Might hear his words, and ponder his advice.
He thus with prudent phrase his speech began:
"Great son of Atreus, on thy name, O King,
Throughout the world will foul reproach be cast,
If Greeks forget their promise, nor make good
The vow they took to thee, when hitherward
We sailed from Argos' grassy plains, to raze,
Ere our return, the well-built walls of Troy.
But now, like helpless widows, or like babes,
They mourn their cruel fate, and pine for home.
'Tis hard indeed defeated to return;
The seaman murmurs, if from wife and home,
Ev'n for one month, his well-found bark be stay'd,
Toss'd by the wint'ry blasts and stormy sea;
But us the ninth revolving year beholds
Still ling'ring here: I cannot therefore blame
Our valiant Greeks, if by the ships I hear
Their murmurs; yet 'twere surely worst of all
Long to remain, and bootless to return.
Bear up, my friends, remain awhile, and see
If Calchas truly prophesy, or no.
For this ye all have seen, and can yourselves
Bear witness, all who yet are spar'd by fate,
Not long ago, when ships of Greece were met
At Aulis, charg'd with evil freight for Troy,
And we, around a fountain, to the Gods
Our altars rear'd, with faultless hecatombs,
Near a fair plane-tree, where bright water flow'd,
Behold a wonder! by Olympian Jove
Sent forth to light, a snake, with burnish'd scales,
Of aspect fearful, issuing from beneath
The altars, glided to the plane-tree straight.
There, on the topmost bough, beneath the leaves

Cow'ring, a sparrow's callow nestlings lay;
Eight fledglings, and the parent bird the ninth.
All the eight nestlings, utt'ring piercing cries,
The snake devour'd; and as the mother flew,
Lamenting o'er her offspring, round and round,
Uncoiling, caught her, shrieking, by the wing.
Then, when the sparrow's nestlings and herself
The snake had swallowed, by the God, who first
Sent him to light, a miracle was wrought:
For Jove, the deep-designing Saturn's son,
Turn'd him to stone; we stood, and wond'ring gaz'd.
But when this prodigy befell our rites,
Calchas, inspir'd of Heaven, took up his speech:
'Ye long-haired sons of Greece, why stand ye thus
In mute amaze? to us Olympian Jove,
To whom be endless praise, vouchsafes this sign,
Late sent, of late fulfilment: as ye saw
The snake devour the sparrow and her young,
Eight nestlings, and the parent bird the ninth:
So, for so many years, are we condemn'd
To wage a fruitless war; but in the tenth
The wide-built city shall at last be ours.'
Thus he foretold, and now the time is come.
Here then, ye well-greav'd Greeks, let all remain,
Till Priam's wealthy city be our own."

He said, and loudly cheer'd the Greeks--and loud
From all the hollow ships came back the cheers--
In admiration of Ulysses' speech.
Gereñian Nestor next took up the word:
"Like children, Grecian warriors, ye debate;
Like babes to whom unknown are feats of arms.
Where then are now our solemn covenants,
Our plighted oaths? Go, cast we to the fire
Our councils held, our warriors' plans matur'd,
Our absolute pledges, and our hand-plight giv'n,
In which our trust was placed; since thus in vain
In words we wrangle, and how long soe'er
We here remain, solution none we find.
Atrides, thou, as is thy wont, maintain
Unchang'd thy counsel; for the stubborn fight
Array the Greeks; and let perdition seize
Those few, those two or three among the host,
Who hold their separate counsel--(not on them
Depends the issue!)--rather than return
To Argos, ere we prove if Jove indeed
Will falsify his promis'd word, or no.
For well I ween, that on the day when first
We Grecians hitherward our course address'd,
To Troy the messengers of blood and death,
Th' o'er-ruling son of Saturn, on our right
His lightning flashing, with auspicious sign
Assur'd us of his favour; let not then
The thoughts of home be breath'd, ere Trojan wives
Given to our warriors, retribution pay
For wrongs by us, in Helen's cause, sustain'd.
But whoso longs, if such an one there be,
To make his homeward voyage, let him take
His well-rigg'd bark, and go; before the rest

To meet the doom of death! But thou, O King!
Be well advis'd thyself, and others lead
By wholesome counsel; for the words I speak
Are not to be despis'd; by tribes and clans,
O Agamemnon! range thy troops, that so
Tribe may to tribe give aid, and clan to clan.
If thus thou do, and Greeks thy words obey,
Then shalt thou see, of chiefs and troops alike,
The good and bad; for on their own behoof
They all shall fight; and if thou fail, shalt know
Whether thy failure be of Heav'n's decree,
Or man's default and ignorance of war."

To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus:
"Father, in council, of the sons of Greece,
None can compare with thee; and would to Jove
To Pallas, and Apollo, at my side
I had but ten such counsellors as thee!
Then soon should royal Priam's city fall,
Tak'n and destroy'd by our victorious hands.
But now on me hath aegis-bearing Jove,
The son of Saturn, fruitless toil impos'd,
And hurtful quarrels; for in wordy war
About a girl, Achilles and myself
Engag'd; and I, alas! the strife began:
Could we be friends again, delay were none,
How short soe'er, of Ilium's final doom.
But now to breakfast, ere we wage the fight.
Each sharpen well his spear, his shield prepare,
Each to his fiery steeds their forage give,
Each look his chariot o'er, that through the day
We may unwearied stem the tide of war;
For respite none, how short soe'er, shall be
Till night shall bid the storm of battle cease.
With sweat shall reek upon each warrior's breast
The leathern belt beneath the cov'ring shield;
And hands shall ache that wield the pond'rous spear:
With sweat shall reek the fiery steeds that draw
Each warrior's car; but whomsoe'er I find
Loit'ring beside the beaked ships, for him
'Twere hard to'scape the vultures and the dogs."

He said; and from th' applauding ranks of Greece
Rose a loud sound, as when the ocean wave,
Driv'n by the south wind on some lofty beach,
Dashes against a prominent crag, expos'd
To blasts from every storm that roars around.
Uprising then, and through the camp dispers'd
They took their sev'ral ways, and by their tents
The fires they lighted, and the meal prepar'd;
And each to some one of the Immortal Gods
His off'ring made, that in the coming fight
He might escape the bitter doom of death.
But to the o'erruling son of Saturn, Jove,
A sturdy ox, well-fatten'd, five years old,
Atrides slew; and to the banquet call'd
The aged chiefs and councillors of Greece;
Nestor the first, the King Idomeneus,
The two Ajaces next, and Tydeus' son,

Ulysses sixth, as Jove in council sage.
But uninvited Menelaus came,
Knowing what cares upon his brother press'd.
Around the ox they stood, and on his head
The salt cake sprinkled; then amid them all
The monarch Agamemnon pray'd aloud:
"Most great, most glorious Jove! who dwell'st on high,
In clouds and darkness veil'd, grant Thou that ere
This sun shall set, and night o'erspread the earth,
I may the haughty walls of Priam's house
Lay prostrate in the dust; and burn with fire
His lofty gates; and strip from Hector's breast
His sword-rent tunic, while around his corpse
Many brave comrades, prostrate, bite the dust."

Thus he; but Saturn's son his pray'r denied;
Receiv'd his off'rings, but his toils increas'd.
Their pray'rs concluded, and the salt cake strewed
Upon the victim's head, they drew him back,
And slew, and flay'd; then cutting from the thighs
The choicest pieces, and in double layers
O'erspreading them with fat, above them plac'd
The due meat-off'rings; these they burnt with logs
Of leafless timber; and the inward parts,
First to be tasted, o'er the fire they held.
The thighs consum'd with fire, the inward parts
They tasted first; the rest upon the spits
Roasted with care, and from the fire withdrew.
Their labours ended, and the feast prepar'd,
They shared the social meal, nor lacked there aught.
The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied,
Gereñian Nestor thus his speech began:
"Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,
Great Atreus' son, no longer let us pause,
The work delaying which the pow'rs of Heav'n
Have trusted to our hands; do thou forthwith
Bid that the heralds proclamation make,
And summon through the camp the brass-clad Greeks;
While, in a body, through the wide-spread ranks
We pass, and stimulate their warlike zeal."

He said; and Agamemnon, King of men,
Obedient to his counsel, gave command
That to the war the clear-voic'd heralds call
The long-hair'd Greeks: they gave the word, and straight
From ev'ry quarter throng'd the eager crowd.
The Heav'n-born Kings, encircling Atreus' son,
The troops inspected: Pallas, blue-ey'd Maid,
Before the chiefs her glorious aegis bore,
By time untouch'd, immortal: all around
A hundred tassels hung, rare works of art,
All gold, each one a hundred oxen's price.
With this the Goddess pass'd along the ranks,
Exciting all; and fix'd in every breast
The firm resolve to wage unwearied war;
And dearer to their hearts than thoughts of home
Or wish'd return, became the battle-field.

As when a wasting fire, on mountain tops,

Hath seized the blazing woods, afar is seen
The glaring light; so, as they mov'd, to Heav'n
Flash'd the bright glitter of their burnish'd arms.

As when a num'rous flock of birds, or geese,
Or cranes, or long-neck'd swans, on Asian mead,
Beside Cayster's stream, now here, now there,
Disporting, ply their wings; then settle down
With clam'rous noise, that all the mead resounds;
So to Scamander's plain, from tents and ships,
Pour'd forth the countless tribes; the firm earth groan'd
Beneath the tramp of steeds and armed men.
Upon Scamander's flow'ry mead they stood,
Unnumber'd as the vernal leaves and flow'rs.

Or as the multitudinous swarms of flies,
That round the cattle-sheds in spring-tide pour,
While the warm milk is frothing in the pail:
So numberless upon the plain, array'd
For Troy's destruction, stood the long-hair'd Greeks.
And as experienced goat-herds, when their flocks
Are mingled in the pasture, portion out
Their sev'ral charges, so the chiefs array'd
Their squadrons for the fight; while in the midst
The mighty monarch Agamemnon mov'd:
His eye, and lofty brow, the counterpart
Of Jove, the Lord of thunder; in his girth
Another Mars, with Neptune's ample chest.
As 'mid the thronging heifers in a herd
Stands, proudly eminent, the lordly bull;
So, by Jove's will, stood eminent that day,
'Mid many heroes, Atreus' godlike son.

Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell,
Muses (for ye are Goddesses, and ye
Were present, and know all things: we ourselves
But hear from Rumour's voice, and nothing know),
Who were the chiefs and mighty Lords of Greece.
But should I seek the multitude to name,
Not if ten tongues were mine, ten mouths to speak,
Voice inexhaustible, and heart of brass,
Should I succeed, unless, Olympian maids,
The progeny of aegis-bearing Jove,
Ye should their names record, who came to Troy.
The chiefs, and all the ships, I now rehearse.

Boeotia's troops by Peneleus were led,
And Leitus, and Prothoenor bold,
Arcesilas and Clonius: they who dwelt
In Hyria, and on Aulis' rocky coast,
Scoenus, and Scolus, and the highland range
Of Eteonus; in Thespeia's vale,
Graia, and Mycalessus' wide-spread plains:
And who in Harma and Eilesium dwelt,
And in Erythrae, and in Eleon,
Hyle, and Peteon, and Ocalea,
In Copae, and in Medeon's well-built fort,
Eutresis, Thisbe's dove-frequented woods,
And Coronca, and the grassy meads

Of Haliartus; and Plataea's plain,
In Glissa, and the foot of Lower Thebes,
And in Anchestus, Neptune's sacred grove;
And who in viny-cluster'd Arne dwelt,
And in Mideia, and the lovely site
Of Nissa, and Anthedon's utmost bounds.
With these came fifty vessels; and in each
Were six score youths, Boeotia's noblest flow'r.

Who in Aspledon dwelt, and in Minyas' realm
Orehomeus, two sons of Mars obey'd,
Ascalaphus, and bold Ialmenus;
In Actor's house, the son of Azeus, born
Of fair Astyoche, a maiden pure,
Till in the upper chamber, where she slept,
Stout Mars by stealth her virgin bed assail'd:
Of these came thirty ships in order due.

By Schedius and Epistrophus, the sons
Of great Iphitus, son of Naubolus,
Were led the Phocian forces; these were they
Who dwelt in Cyparissus, and the rock
Of Python, and on Crissa's lovely plain;
And who in Daulis, and in Panope,
Anemorea and Ilyampolis,
And by Cephissus' sacred waters dwelt,
Or in Lilaea, by Cephissus' springs.
In their command came forty dark-ribb'd ships.
These were the leaders of the Phocian bands,
And on Boeotia's left their camp was pitch'd.

Ajax, Oileus' son, the Locrians led;
Swift-footed, less than Ajax Telamon,
Of stature low, with linen breastplate arm'd:
But skill'd to throw the spear o'er all who dwell
In Hellas or Achaia: these were they
From Cynos, Opus, and Calliarus,
Bessa, and Scarpha, and Augaea fair,
Tarpha, and Thronium, by Boagrius' stream.
Him from beyond Euboea's sacred isle,
Of Locrians follow'd forty dark-ribb'd ships.

Breathing firm courage high, th' Abantian host,
Who from Euboea and from Chalcis came,
Or who in vine-clad Histiaea dwelt,
Eretria, and Cerinthus maritime,
And who the lofty fort of Dium held,
And in Carystus and in Styra dwelt:
These Elephenor led, true plant of Mars,
Chalcodon's son, the brave Abantian chief.
Him, all conspicuous with their long black hair,
The bold Abantians follow'd: spearmen skill'd,
Who through the foemen's breastplates knew full well,
Held in firm grasp, to drive the ashen spear.
In his command came forty dark-ribb'd ships.

Those who in Athens' well-built city dwelt,
The noble-soul'd Erectheus' heritage;
Child of the fertile soil, by Pallas rear'd,

Daughter of Jove, who him in Athens plac'd
In her own wealthy temple; there with blood
Of bulls and lambs, at each revolving year,
The youths of Athens do him sacrifice;
These by Menestheus, Peteus' son, were led.
With him might none of mortal men compare,
In order due of battle to array
Chariots and buckler'd men; Nestor alone
Perchance might rival him, his elder far.
In his command came fifty dark-ribb'd ships.

Twelve ships from Salamis with Ajax came,
And they beside th' Athenian troops were rang'd.

Those who from Argos, and the well-wall'd town
Of Tyrins came, and from Hermione,
And Asine, deep-bosom'd in the bay;
And from Troezene and Eione,
And vine-clad Epidaurus; and the youths
Who dwelt in Mases, and AEgina's isle;
O'er all of these the valiant Diomed
Held rule; and Sthenelus, th' illustrious son
Of far-fam'd Capaneus; with these, the third,
A godlike warrior came, Euryalus,
Son of Mecistheus, Talaus' royal son.
Supreme o'er all was valiant Diomed.
In their command came eighty dark-ribb'd ships.

Who in Mycenae's well-built fortress dwelt,
And wealthy Corinth, and Cleone fair,
Orneia, and divine Araethure,
And Sicyon, where Adrastus reign'd of old,
And Gonoessa's promontory steep,
And Hyperesia, and Pellene's rock;
In AEgium, and the scatter'd towns that he
Along the beach, and wide-spread Helice;
Of these a hundred ships obey'd the rule
Of mighty Agamemnon, Atreus' son.
The largest and the bravest host was his;
And he himself, in dazzling armour clad,
O'er all the heroes proudly eminent,
Went forth exulting in his high estate,
Lord of the largest host, and chief of chiefs.

Those who in Lacedaemon's lowland plains,
And who in Sparta and in Phare dwelt,
And who on Messa's dove-frequented cliffs,
Bryseia, and AEgaea's lovely vale,
And in Amyclae, and the sea-bathed fort
Of Helos, OEtulus and Laas dwelt;
His valiant brother Menelaus led,
With sixty ships; but ranged apart they lay.
Their chief, himself in martial ardour bold,
Inspiring others, fill'd with fierce desire
The rape of Helen and his wrongs to avenge.

They who in Pylos and Arene dwelt,
And Thyrum, by the ford of Alpheus' stream,
In Cyparissus and Amphigene,

Pteleon, and lofty OEpus' well-built fort,
Helos, and Dorium, where the Muses met,
And put to silence Thracian Thamyris,
As from OEchalia, from the royal house
Of Eurytus he came; he, over-bold,
Boasted himself pre-eminent in song,
Ev'n though the daughters of Olympian Jove,
The Muses, were his rivals: they in wrath
Him of his sight at once and pow'r of song
Amerc'd, and bade his hand forget the lyre.
These by Gerenian Nestor all were led,
In fourscore ships and ten in order due.

They of Arcadia, and the realm that lies
Beneath Cyllene's mountain high, around
The tomb of AEpytus, a warrior race;
The men of Pheneus and Orchomenus
In flocks abounding; who in Ripa dwelt,
In Stratia, and Enispe's breezy height,
Or Tegea held, and sweet Mantinea,
Stymphalus and Parrhasia; these were led
By Agapenor brave, Anchaeus' son,
In sixty ships; in each a num'rous crew
Of stout Arcadian youths, to war inur'd.
The ships, wherewith they crossed the dark-blue sea,
Were giv'n by Agamemnon, King of men,
The son of Atreus; for th' Arcadian youth
Had ne'er to maritime pursuits been train'd.

Who in Buprasium and in Elis dwelt,
Far as Hyrmine, and th' extremest bounds
Of Myrsinus; and all the realm that lies
Between Aleisium and the Olenian rock;
These by four chiefs were led; and ten swift ships,
By bold Epeians mann'd, each chief obey'd.
Amphimachus and Thalpius were the first,
Sons of two brothers, Cteatus the one,
The other Eurytus, to Actor born;
Next Amarynceus' son, Diores bold;
The fourth Polyxenus, the godlike son
Of Augeas' royal heir, Agasthenes.

They of Dulichium, and the sacred isles,
Th' Echinades, which face, from o'er the sea,
The coast of Elis, were by Meges led,
The son of Phyleus, dear to Jove, in arms
Valiant as Mars; who, with his sire at feud,
Had left his home, and to Dulichium come:
In his command were forty dark-ribb'd ships.

Those who from warlike Cephalonia came,
And Ithaca, and leafy Neritus,
And Crocyleium; rugged AEgilips,
And Samos, and Zacynthus, and the coast
Of the mainland with its opposing isles;
These in twelve ships, with scarlet-painted bows,
Ulysses led, in council sage as Jove.

Thoas, Andraemon's son, th' AEtolians led;
From Pleuron, and Pylone, Olenus,
Chalcis-by-sea, and rocky Calydon:
The race of OENEUS was no more; himself,
And fair-hair'd Meleager, both were dead:
Whence all AEtolia's rule on him was laid.
In his command came forty dark-ribb'd ships.

The King Idomeneus the Cretans led,
From Cnossus, and Gortyna's well-wall'd town,
Miletus, and Lycastus' white-stone cliffs,
Lyctus, and Phaestus, Rhytium, and the rest
Whom Crete from all her hundred cities sent:
These all Idomeneus, a spearman skill'd,
Their King, commanded; and Meriones,
In battle terrible as blood-stain'd Mars.
In their command came fourscore dark-ribb'd ships.

Valiant and tall, the son of Hercules,
Tlepolemus, nine vessels brought from Rhodes,
By gallant Rhodians mann'd, who tripartite
Were settled, and in lalyssus dwelt,
In Lindus, and Cameirus' white-stone hills.
These all renown'd Tlepolemus obey'd,
Who to the might of Hercules was born
Of fair Astyoche; his captive she,
When many a goodly town his arms had raz'd,
Was brought from Ephyra, by Selles' stream.
Rear'd in the royal house, Tlepolemus,
In early youth, his father's uncle slew,
A warrior once, but now in life's decline,
Lycimnius; then in haste a fleet he built,
Muster'd a num'rous host; and fled, by sea,
The threaten'd vengeance of the other sons
And grandsons of the might of Hercules.
Long wand'rings past, and toils and perils borne,
To Rhodes he came; his followers, by their tribes,
Three districts form'd; and so divided, dwelt,
Belov'd of Jove, the King of Gods and men,
Who show'r'd upon them boundless store of wealth.

Nireus three well-trimm'd ships from Syme brought;
Nireus, to Charops whom Aglaia bore;
Nireus, the goodliest man of all the Greeks,
Who came to Troy, save Peleus' matchless son:
But scant his fame, and few the troops he led.

Who in Nisyros dwelt, and Carpathus,
And Cos, the fortress of Eurypylus,
And in the Casian and Calydnian Isles,
Were by Phidippus led, and Antiphus,
Two sons of Thessalus, Alcides' son;
With them came thirty ships in order due.

Next those who in Pelasgian Argos dwelt,
And who in Alos, and in Alope,
Trachys, and Phthia, and in Hellas fam'd
For women fair; of these, by various names,
Achaians, Myrmidons, Hellenes, known,

In fifty ships, Achilles was the chief.
But from the battle-strife these all abstain'd,
Since none there was to marshal their array.
For Peleus' godlike son, the swift of foot,
Lay idly in his tent, the loss resenting
Of Brises' fair-hair'd daughter; whom himself
Had chosen, prize of all his warlike toil,
When he Lyrnessus and the walls of Thebes
O'erthrew, and Mynes and Epistrophus
Struck down, bold warriors both, Evenus' sons,
Selepius' royal heir; for her in wrath,
He held aloof, but soon again to appear.

Those in the flow'ry plain of Pyrrhasus,
To Ceres dear, who dwelt; in Phylace,
In Iton, rich in flocks, and, by the sea,
In Antron, and in Pteleon's grass-clad meads;
These led Protesilaus, famed in arms,
While yet he liv'd; now laid beneath the sod.
In Phylace were left his weeping wife,
And half-built house; him, springing to the shore,
First of the Greeks, a Dardan warrior slew.
Nor were his troops, their leader though they mourn'd,
Left leaderless; the post of high command
Podarces claim'd of right, true plant of Mars,
Iphiclus' son, the rich Phylacides;
The brother of Protesilaus he,
Younger in years, nor equal in renown;
Yet of a chief no want the forces felt,
Though much they mourn'd their valiant leader slain.
In his command came forty dark-ribb'd ships.

Those who from Pherae came, beside the lake
Boebeis, and who dwelt in Glaphyrae,
In Boebe, and Iolcos' well-built fort,
These in eleven ships Eumelus led,
Whom Pelias' daughter, fairest of her race,
Divine Alcestis to Admetus bore.

Who in Methone and Thaumacia dwelt,
In Meliboea and Olizon's rock;
These Philoctetes, skilful archer, led.
Sev'n ships were theirs, and ev'ry ship was mann'd
By fifty rowers, skilful archers all.
But he, their chief, was lying, rack'd with pain,
On Lemnos' sacred isle; there left perforce
In torture from a venomous serpent's wound:
There he in anguish lay: nor long, ere Greeks
Of royal Philoctetes felt their need.
Yet were his troops, their leader though they mourn'd,
Not leaderless: Oileus' bastard son,
Medon, of Rhene born, their ranks array'd.

Who in OEchalia, Eurytus' domain,
In Tricca, and in rough Ithome dwelt,
These Podalirius and Machaon led,
Two skilful leeches, AEsculapius' sons.
Of these came thirty ships in order due.

Who in Ormenium and Asterium dwelt,
By Hypereia's fount, and on the heights
Of Titanum's white peaks, of these was chief
Eurypylus, Euaemon's gallant son;
In his command came forty dark-ribb'd ships.

Who in Argissa and Gyrtone dwelt,
Ortha, Elone, and the white-wall'd town
Of Oloosson, Polypoetes led;
Son of Pirithous, progeny of Jove,
A warrior bold; Hippodamia fair
Him to Pirithous bore, what time he slew
The shaggy Centaurs, and from Pelion's heights
For refuge 'mid the rude Aethices drove.
Nor he alone; with him to Troy there came
A scion true of Mars, Leonteus, heir
Of nobly-born Coronus, Caeneus' son.
In their command came forty dark-ribb'd ships.

With two and twenty vessels Gouneus came
From Cythus; he the Enienes led,
And the Peraebians' warlike tribes, and those
Who dwelt around Dodona's wintry heights,
Or till'd the soil upon the lovely banks
Of Titaresius, who to Peneus pours
The tribute of his clearly-flowing stream;
Yet mingles not with Peneus' silver waves,
But on the surface floats like oil, his source
From Styx deriving, in whose awful name
Both Gods and men by holiest oaths are bound.

Magnesia's troops, who dwelt by Peneus' stream,
Or beneath Pelion's leafy-quiv'ring shades,
Swift-footed Prothous led, Tenthredon's son;
In his command came forty dark-ribb'd ships.

These were the leaders and the chiefs of Greece:
Say, Muse, of these, who with th' Atridae came,
Horses and men, who claim'd the highest praise.
Of steeds, the bravest and the noblest far
Were those Eumelus drove, Admetus' son:
Both swift as birds, in age and colour match'd,

Alike in height, as measur'd o'er the back;
Both mares, by Phoebus of the silver bow
Rear'd in Pieria, thunderbolts of war.
Of men, while yet Achilles held his wrath,
The mightiest far was Ajax Telamon.
For with Achilles, and the steeds that bore
The matchless son of Peleus, none might vie:
But 'mid his beaked ocean-going ships
He lay, with Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Indignant; while his troops upon the beach
With quoits and jav'lins whil'd away the day,
And feats of archery; their steeds the while
The lotus-grass and marsh-grown parsley cropp'd,
Each standing near their car; the well-wrought cars
Lay all unheeded in the warriors' tents;
They, inly pining for their godlike chief,

Roam'd listless up and down, nor join'd the fray.

Such was the host, which, like devouring fire,
O'erspread the land; the earth beneath them groan'd:
As when the Lord of thunder, in his wrath,
The earth's foundations shakes, in Arimi,
Where, buried deep, 'tis said, Typhoeus lies;
So at their coming, groan'd beneath their feet
The earth, as quickly o'er the plain they spread.

To Troy, sent down by aegis-bearing Jove,
With direful tidings storm-swift Iris came.
At Priam's gate, in solemn conclave met,
Were gather'd all the Trojans, young and old:
Swift Iris stood amidst them, and, the voice
Assuming of Polites, Priam's son,
The Trojan scout, who, trusting to his speed,
Was posted on the summit of the mound
Of ancient AEsuetes, there to watch
Till from their ships the Grecian troops should march;
His voice assuming, thus the Goddess spoke:
"Old man, as erst in peace, so still thou lov'st
The strife of words; but fearful war is nigh.
Full many a host in line of battle rang'd
My eyes have seen; but such a force as this,
So mighty and so vast, I ne'er beheld:
In number as the leaves, or as the sand,
Against the city o'er the plain they come.
Then, Hector, for to thee I chiefly speak,
This do; thou know'st how various our allies,
Of different nations and discordant tongues:
Let each then those command o'er whom he reigns,
And his own countrymen in arms array."
She said; and Hector knew the voice divine,
And all, dissolv'd the council, flew to arms,
The gates were open'd wide; forth pour'd the crowd,
Both foot and horse; and loud the tumult rose.

Before the city stands a lofty mound,
In the mid plain, by open space enclos'd;
Men call it Batiæa; but the Gods
The tomb of swift Myrinna; muster'd there
The Trojans and Allies their troops array'd.

The mighty Hector of the glancing helm,
The son of Priam, led the Trojan host:
The largest and the bravest band were they,
Bold spearmen all, who follow'd him in arms.

Anchises' valiant son, AEneas, led
The Dardans; him, 'mid Ida's jutting peaks,
Immortal Venus to Anchises bore,
A Goddess yielding to a mortal's love:
With him, well skill'd in war, Archilochus
And Acamas, Antenor's gallant sons.

Who in Zeleia dwelt, at Ida's foot,
Of Trojan race, a wealthy tribe, who drank
Of dark AEsepus' waters, these were led

By Pandarus, Lycaon's noble son,
Taught by Apollo's self to draw the bow.

Who from Adraste, and Apaesus' realm,
From Pityeia, and the lofty hill
Tereian came, with linen corslets girt,
Adrastus and Amphius led; two sons
Of Merops of Percote; deeply vers'd
Was he in prophecy; and from the war
Would fain have kept his sons; but they, by fate,
Doom'd to impending death, his caution scorn'd.

Those who from Practium and Percote came,
And who in Sestos and Abydos dwelt,
And in Arisba fair; those Asius led,
The son of Hyrtacus, of heroes chief;
Asius the son of Hyrtacus, who came
From fair Arisba, borne by fiery steeds
Of matchless size and strength, from Selles' stream.

Hippothous led the bold Pelasgian tribes,
Who dwell in rich Larissa's fertile soil,
Hippothous and Pylaeus, Lethus' sons,
The son of Teutamus, Pelasgian chief.

The Thracians, by fast-flowing Hellespont
Encompass'd, Acamas and Peirous brave;
The spear-skill'd Cicones Euphemus led,
Son of Troezenus, Ceus' highborn son.

From distant Amydon Pyraecmes brought
The Paeon archers from broad Axius' banks;
Axius, the brightest stream on earth that flows.

The hairy strength of great Pylaemenes
The Paphlagonians led from Eneti
(Whence first appear'd the stubborn race of mules),
Who in Cyturus and in Sesamum,
And round Parthenius' waters had their home;
Who dwelt in Cromne, and AEGialus,
And on the lofty Erythinian rock.

By Hodius and Epistrophus were brought
From distant Alybe, the wealthy source
Of silver ore, the Alizonian bands.

Chromis the Mysians led, and Ennomus;
A skilful augur, but his augury
From gloomy death to save him nought avail'd;
Slain by the son of Peleus, in the stream,
Where many another Trojan felt his arm.

From far Ascania's lake, with Phorcys join'd,
The godlike presence of Ascanius brought
The Phrygians, dauntless in the standing fight.

From Lydia came Pylaemenes' two sons,
Born of the lake Gygeian; Antiphus,
And Mesthles; these Maeonia's forces led,

Who dwelt around the foot of Tmolus' hill.

In charge of Nastes came the Carian troops,
Of barbarous speech; who in Miletus dwelt,
And in the dense entangled forest shade
Of Phthira's hill, and on the lofty ridge
Of Mycale, and by Maeander's stream;
These came with Nastes and Amphimachus;
Amphimachus and Nastes, Nomion's sons;
With childish folly to the war he came,
Laden with store of gold; yet nought avail'd
His gold to save him from the doom of death;
Slain by the son of Peleus in the stream;
And all his wealth Achilles bore away.

Sarpedon last, and valiant Glaucus led
The Lycian bands, from distant Lycia's shore,
Beside the banks of Xanthus' eddy stream.

ARGUMENT.

THE DUEL OF MENELAUS AND PARIS.

The armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon, between Menelaus and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helen to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors, observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues, wherein Paris being overcome, is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three-and-twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the field before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

BOOK III.

WHEN by their sev'ral chiefs the troops were rang'd,
With noise and clamour, as a flight of birds,
The men of Troy advanc'd; as when the cranes,
Flying the wintry storms, send forth on high
Their dissonant clamours, while o'er the ocean stream
They steer their course, and on their pinions bear
Battle and death to the Pygmaean race.

On th' other side the Greeks in silence mov'd,

Breathing firm courage, bent on mutual aid.
As when the south wind o'er the mountain tops
Spreads a thick veil of mist, the shepherd's bane,
And friendly to the nightly thief alone,
That a stone's throw the range of vision bounds;
So rose the dust-cloud, as in serried ranks
With rapid step they mov'd across the plain.
But when th' opposing forces near were met,
A panther's skin across his shoulders flung,
Arm'd with his bow and sword, in front of all
Advanc'd the godlike Paris; in his hand
He pois'd two brass-tipp'd jav'lins, and defied
To mortal combat all the chiefs of Greece.

Him when the warlike Menelaus saw
With haughty strides advancing from the crowd;
As when a lion, hunger-pinch'd, espies
Some mighty beast of chase, or antler'd stag,
Or mountain goat, and with exulting spring
Strikes down his prey, and on the carcase feeds,
Unscar'd by baying hounds and eager youths:
So Menelaus saw with fierce delight
The godlike Paris; for he deem'd that now
His vengeance was at hand; and from his car,
Arm'd as he was, he leap'd upon the plain.
But when the godlike Paris saw him spring
Defiant from the ranks, with quailing heart,
Back to his comrades' shelt'ring crowd he sprang,
In fear of death; as when some trav'ller spies,
Coil'd in his path upon the mountain side,
A deadly snake, back he recoils in haste,
His limbs all trembling, and his cheek all pale;
So back recoil'd, in fear of Atreus' son,
The godlike Paris 'mid the Trojan host.

To whom in stern rebuke thus Hector spoke:
"Thou wretched Paris, though in form so fair,
Thou slave of woman, manhood's counterfeit!
Would thou hadst ne'er been born, or died at least
Unwedded; so 'twere better far for all,
Than thus to live a scandal and reproach.
Well may the long-hair'd Greeks triumphant boast,
Who think thee, from thine outward show, a chief
Among our warriors; but thou hast in truth
Nor strength of mind, nor courage in the fight.
How was't that such as thou could e'er induce
A noble band, in ocean-going ships
To cross the main, with men of other lands
Mixing in amity, and bearing thence
A woman, fair of face, by marriage ties
Bound to a race of warriors; to thy sire,
Thy state, thy people, cause of endless grief,
Of triumph to thy foes, contempt to thee!
Durst thou the warlike Menelaus meet,
Thou to thy cost shouldst learn the might of him
Whose bride thou didst not fear to bear away:
Then shouldst thou find of small avail thy lyre,
Or Venus' gifts of beauty and of grace,
Or, trampled in the dust, thy flowing hair.

But too forbearing are the men of Troy;
Else for the ills that thou hast wrought the state,
Ere now thy body had in stone been cas'd."

To whom the godlike Paris thus replied:
"Hector, I needs must own thy censure just,
Nor without cause; thy dauntless courage knows
Nor pause nor weariness; but as an axe,
That in a strong man's hand, who fashions out
Some naval timber, with unbated edge
Cleaves the firm wood, and aids the striker's force;
Ev'n so unwearied is thy warlike soul.
Yet blame not me for golden Venus' gifts:
The gifts of Heav'n are not to be despis'd,
Which Heav'n may give, but man could not command.
But if thou wilt that I should dare the fight,
Bid that the Trojans and the Grecians all
Be seated on the ground; and in the midst
The warlike Menelaus and myself
Stand front to front, for Helen and the spoils
Of war to combat; and whoe'er shall prove
The better man in conflict, let him bear
The woman and the spoils in triumph home;
While ye, the rest, in peace and friendship sworn,
Shall still possess the fertile plains of Troy;
And to their native Argos they return,
For noble steeds and lovely women fam'd."

He said, and Hector joy'd to hear his words:
Forth in the midst he stepp'd, and with his spear
Grasp'd by the middle, stay'd the Trojan ranks.
At him the long-haired Grecians bent their bows,
Prompt to assail with arrows and with stones;
But loud the monarch Agamemnon's voice
Was heard; "Hold, Argives, hold! ye sons of Greece,
Shoot not! for Hector of the glancing helm
Hath, as it seems, some message to impart."

He said; they held their hands, and silent stood
Expectant, till to both thus Hector spoke:
"Hear now, ye Trojans, and ye well-greav'd Greeks,
The words of Paris, cause of all this war.
He asks through me that all the host of Troy
And Grecian warriors shall upon the ground
Lay down their glitt'ring arms; while in the midst
The warlike Menelaus and himself
Stand front to front, for Helen and the spoils
Of war to combat; and whoe'er shall prove
The better man in conflict, let him bear
The woman and the spoils in triumph home,
While we, the rest, firm peace and friendship swear."

Thus Hector spoke; the rest in silence heard;
But Menelaus, bold in fight, replied:
"Hear now my answer; in this quarrel I
May claim the chiefest share; and now I hope
Trojans and Greeks may see the final close
Of all the labours ye so long have borne
T' avenge my wrong, at Paris' hand sustain'd."

And of us two whiche'er is doom'd to death,
So let him die! the rest, depart in peace.
Bring then two lambs, one white, the other black,
For Tellus and for Sol; we on our part
Will bring another, for Saturnian Jove:
And let the majesty of Priam too
Appear, himself to consecrate our oaths,
(For reckless are his sons, and void of faith,)
That none Jove's oath may dare to violate.
For young men's spirits are too quickly stirr'd;
But in the councils check'd by rev'rend age,
Alike are weigh'd the future and the past,
And for all int'rests due provision made."

He said, and Greeks and Trojans gladly heard,
In hopes of respite from the weary war.
They rang'd the cars in ranks; and they themselves
Descending doff'd their arms, and laid them down
Close each by each, with narrow space between.
Two heralds to the city Hector sent
To bring the lambs, and aged Priam call;
While Agamemnon to the hollow ships,
Their lamb to bring, in haste Talthibius sent:
He heard, and straight the monarch's voice obey'd.

Meantime to white-arm'd Helen Iris sped,
The heav'nly messenger: in form she seem'd
Her husband's sister, whom Antenor's son,
The valiant Helicaon had to wife,
Laodice, of Priam's daughters all
Loveliest of face: she in her chamber found
Her whom she sought: a mighty web she wove,
Of double woof and brilliant hues; whereon
Was interwoven many a toilsome strife
Of Trojan warriors and of brass-clad Greeks,
For her encounter'd at the hand of Mars.
Beside her Iris stood, and thus she spoke:
"Come, sister dear, and see the glorious deeds
Of Trojan warriors and of brass-clad Greeks.
They who erewhile, impatient for the fight,
Roll'd o'er the plain the woful tide of war,
Now silent sit, the storm of battle hush'd,
Reclining on their shields, their lances bright
Beside them reared; while Paris in the midst
And warlike Menelaus, stand prepar'd
With the long spear for thee to fight; thyself
The prize of conquest and the victor's wife."

Thus as she spoke, in Helen's breast arose
Fond recollection of her former Lord,
Her home, and parents; o'er her head she threw
A snowy veil; and shedding tender tears
She issu'd forth, not unaccompanied;
For with her went fair AEthra, Pittheus' child,
And stag-ey'd Clymene, her maidens twain.
They quickly at the Scaean gate arriv'd.

Attending there on aged Priam, sat,
The Elders of the city; Panthous,

And Lampus, and Thymaetes; Clytius,
Bold Icetaon, and Ucalegon,
With sage Antenor, wise in council both:
All these were gather'd at the Scaean gate;
By age exempt from war, but in discourse
Abundant, as the cricket, that on high
From topmost boughs of forest tree sends forth
His delicate music; so on Ilium's tow'rs
Sat the sage chiefs and councillors of Troy.
Helen they saw, as to the tow'r she came;
And "'tis no marvel," one to other said,
"The valiant Trojans and the well-greav'd Greeks
For beauty such as this should long endure
The toils of war; for goddess-like she seems;
And yet, despite her beauty, let her go,
Nor bring on us and on our sons a curse."

Thus they; but aged Priam Helen call'd:
"Come here, my child, and sitting by my side,
From whence thou canst discern thy former Lord,
His kindred, and thy friends (not thee I blame,
But to the Gods I owe this woful war),
Tell me the name of yonder mighty chief
Among the Greeks a warrior brave and strong:
Others in height surpass him; but my eyes
A form so noble never yet beheld,
Nor so august; he moves, a King indeed!"

To whom in answer, Helen, heav'nly fair:
"With rev'rence, dearest father, and with shame
I look on thee: oh would that I had died
That day when hither with thy son I came,
And left my husband, friends, and darling child,
And all the lov'd companions of my youth:
That I died not, with grief I pine away.
But to thy question; I will tell thee true;
Yon chief is Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Wide-reigning, mighty monarch, ruler good,
And valiant warrior; in my husband's name,
Lost as I am, I call'd him brother once."

She spoke: th' old man admiring gaz'd, and cried,
"Oh bless'd Atrides, child of happy fate,
Favour'd of Heav'n! how many noble Greeks
Obey thy rule! In vine-clad Phrygia once
I saw the hosts of Phrygian warriors wheel
Their rapid steeds; and with them, all the bands
Of Otreus, and of Mygdon, godlike King,
Who lay encamp'd beside Sangarius' stream:
I too with them was number'd, in the day
When met them in the field the Amazons,
The woman-warriors; but their forces all
Reach'd not the number of the keen-ey'd Greeks."

Ulysses next the old man saw, and ask'd,
"Tell me again, dear child, who this may be,
In stature less than Atreus' royal son,
But broader-shoulder'd, and of ampler chest.
His arms are laid upon the fertile plain,

But he himself is moving through the ranks,
Inspecting, like a full-fleec'd ram, that moves
Majestic through a flock of snow-white ewes."

To whom Jove's offspring, Helen, thus replied:
"The wise Ulysses that, Laertes' son:
Though bred in rugged Ithaca, yet vers'd
In ev'ry stratagem, and deep device."
"O woman," then the sage Antenor said,
"Of these thy words I can the truth avouch;
For hither when on thine account to treat,
Brave Menelaus and Ulysses came,
I lodg'd them in my house, and lov'd them both,
And studied well the form and mind of each.
As they with Trojans mix'd in social guise,
When both were standing, o'er his comrade high
With broad-set shoulders Menelaus stood;
Seated, Ulysses was the nobler form:
Then, in the great Assembly, when to all
Their public speech and argument they fram'd,
In fluent language Menelaus spoke,
In words though few, yet clear; though young in years,
No wordy babbler, wasteful of his speech:
But when the skill'd Ulysses rose to speak,
With down-cast visage would he stand, his eyes
Bent on the ground; the staff he bore, nor back
He wav'd, nor forward, but like one untaught,
He held it motionless; who only saw
Would say that he was mad, or void of sense;
But when his chest its deep-ton'd voice sent forth,
With words that fell like flakes of wintry snow,
No mortal with Ulysses could compare:
Then little reck'd we of his outward show."

At sight of Ajax next th' old man enquir'd;
"Who is yon other warrior, brave and strong,
Tow'ring o'er all with head and shoulders broad?"

To whom, in answer, Helen, heav'nly fair:
"Gigantic Ajax that, the prop of Greece;
And by his side Idomeneus of Crete
Stands godlike, circled round by Cretan chiefs.
The warlike Menelaus welcom'd him
Oft in our palace, when from Crete he came.
Now all the other keen-ey'd Greeks I see,
Whom once I knew, and now could call by name;
But two I miss, two captains of the host,
My own two brethren, and my mother's sons,
Castor and Pollux; Castor, charioteer
Unrivalled, Pollux, matchless pugilist.
In Lacedaemon have they stay'd behind?
Or can it be, in ocean-going ships
That they have come indeed, but shun to join
The fight of warriors, fearful of the shame,
And deep disgrace that on my name attend?"
Thus she; but they beneath the teeming earth
In Lacedaemon lay, their native land.

Meanwhile the heralds through the city bore

The treaty offerings to the Gods; the lambs,
And genial wine, the produce of the soil,
In goat-skin flasks: therewith a flagon bright,
And cups of gold, Idaeus brought, and stood
Beside the aged King, as thus he spoke:
"Son of Laomedon, arise! the chiefs
Of Trojan warriors and of brass-clad Greeks
Call for thy presence on the battle-plain
To swear a truce; where Paris in the midst
And warlike Menelaus stand prepar'd
With the long spear for Helen and the spoils
Of war to combat, that whoe'er may prove
The better man in fight, may bear away
The woman and the spoils in triumph home;
While we, the rest, in peace and friendship sworn,
Shall still possess the fertile plains of Troy;
And to their native Argos they return.
For noble steeds and lovely women fam'd."

He said; the old man shuddered at his words:
But to his comrades gave command forthwith.
To yoke his car; and they his word obey'd.
Priam, ascending, gather'd up the reins,
And with Antenor by his side, the twain
Drove through the Scaean gate their flying steeds.

But when between th' opposing ranks they came,
Alighting from the car, they mov'd on foot
Between the Trojan and the Grecian hosts.
Uprose then Agamemnon, King of men,
Uprose the sage Ulysses; to the front
The heralds brought the offerings to the Gods,
And in the flagon mix'd the wine, and pour'd
The hallowing water on the monarchs' hands.
His dagger then the son of Atreus drew,
Suspended, as was wont, beside the hilt
Of his great sword; and from the victim's head
He cut the sacred lock, which to the chiefs
Of Troy and Greece the heralds portion'd out.
Then with uplifted hands he pray'd aloud:
"O Father Jove! who rul'st from Ida's height,
Most great! most glorious! and thou Sun, who see'st
And hearest all things! Rivers! and thou Earth!
And ye, who after death beneath the earth
Your vengeance wreak on souls of men forsworn,
Be witness ye, and this our cov'nant guard.
If Menelaus fall by Paris' hand,
Let him retain both Helen and the spoil,
While in our ships we take our homeward way;
If Paris be by Menelaus slain,
Troy shall surrender Helen and the spoil,
With compensation due to Greece, that so
A record may to future days remain.
But, Paris slain, if Priam and his sons
The promis'd compensation shall withhold,
Then here, my rights in battle to assert,
Will I remain, till I the end achieve."

Thus as he spoke, across the victims' throats

He drew the pitiless blade, and on the ground
He laid them gasping, as the stream of life
Pour'd forth, their vigour by the blade subdued.
Then, from the flagon drawn, from out the cups
The wine they pour'd; and to th' eternal Gods
They pray'd; and thus from Trojans and from Greeks
Arose the joint petition; "Grant, O Jove!
Most great! most glorious! grant, ye heav'nly pow'rs,
That whosoe'er this solemn truce shall break,
Ev'n as this wine we pour, their hearts' best blood,
Theirs and their children's, on the earth be pour'd,
And strangers in subjection take their wives!"

Thus they; but Jove, unyielding, heard their pray'r.
The rites perform'd, then aged Priam spoke:
"Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye well-greav'd Greeks!
To Ilium's breezy heights I now withdraw,
For that mine eyes will not endure the sight
Of warlike Menelaus and my son
Engag'd in deadly combat; of the two
Which may be doom'd to death, is only known
To Jove, and to th' immortal pow'rs of Heav'n."

Thus spoke the godlike King; and on the car
He plac'd the consecrated lambs; himself
Ascending then, he gather'd up the reins,
And with Antenor by his side, the twain
To Ilium's walls retrac'd their homeward way.

Then Hector, son of Priam, measur'd out,
With sage Ulysses join'd, th' allotted space;
Next, in the brass-bound helmet cast the lots,
Which of the two the first should throw the spear.
The crowd, with hands uplifted, to the Gods,
Trojans and Greeks alike, address'd their pray'r:
"O Father Jove! who rul'st from Ida's height,
Most great! most glorious! grant that whosoe'er
On both our armies hath this turmoil brought
May undergo the doom of death, and we,
The rest, firm peace and lasting friendship swear."

Thus they; great Hector of the glancing helm,
With eyes averted, shook the casque; and forth
Was cast the lot of Paris; on the ground
The rest lay down by ranks, where near to each
Were rang'd his active steeds, and glitt'ring arms.
Then o'er his shoulders fair-hair'd Helen's Lord,
The godlike Paris, donn'd his armour bright:
First on his legs the well-wrought greaves he fix'd,
Fasten'd with silver clasps; his ample chest
A breastplate guarded, by Lycaon lent,
His brother, but which fitted well his form.
Around his shoulders slung, his sword he bore,
Brass-bladed, silver-studded; then his shield
Weighty and strong; and on his firm-set head
A helm he wore, well wrought, with horsehair plume
That nodded, fearful, o'er his brow; his hand
Grasp'd the firm spear, familiar to his hold.
Prepar'd alike the adverse warrior stood.

They, from the crowd apart their armour donn'd,
Came forth: and each, with eyes of mutual hate,
Regarded each: admiring wonder seiz'd
The Trojan warriors and the well-greav'd Greeks,
As in the centre of the measur'd ground
They stood oppos'd, and pois'd their quiv'ring spears.
First Paris threw his weighty spear, and struck
Fair in the midst Atrides' buckler round,
But broke not through; upon the stubborn targe
Was bent the lance's point; then thus to Jove,
His weapon hurling, Menelaus pray'd:
"Great King, on him who wrought me causeless wrong,
On Paris, grant that retribution due
My arm may bring; that men in days to come
May fear their host to injure, and repay
With treach'rous wile his hospitable cares."

He said, and poising, hurl'd his weighty spear:
Full in the midst it struck the buckler round;
Right through the buckler pass'd the sturdy spear,
And through the gorgeous breastplate, and within
Cut through the linen vest; but Paris, back
Inclining, stoop'd, and shunn'd the doom of death.

Atrides then his silver-studded sword
Rearing on high, a mighty blow let fall
On Paris' helm; but shiv'ring in his hand
In countless fragments new the faithless blade.
Then thus to Jove, with eyes uplift to Heav'n,
Atrides made his moan: "O Father Jove!
Of all the Gods, the most unfriendly thou!
On Paris' head I hop'd for all his crimes
To wreak my vengeance due; but in my grasp
My faithless sword is shatter'd, and my spear
Hath bootless left my hand, nor reached my foe."
Then onward rushing, by the horsehair plume
He seiz'd his foeman's helm, and wrenching round
Dragg'd by main force amid the well-greav'd Greeks.
The broider'd strap, that, pass'd beneath his beard,
The helmet held, the warrior's throat compress'd:
Then had Atrides dragg'd him from the field,
And endless fame acquir'd; but Venus, child
Of Jove, her fav'rite's peril quickly saw.
And broke the throttling strap of tough bull's hide.
In the broad hand the empty helm remained.
The trophy, by their champion whirl'd amid
The well-greav'd Greeks, his eager comrades seiz'd;
While he, infuriate, rush'd with murd'rous aim
On Priam's son; but him, the Queen of Love
(As Gods can only) from the field convey'd,
Wrapt in a misty cloud; and on a couch,
Sweet perfumes breathing, gently laid him down;
Then went in search of Helen; her she found,
Circl'd with Trojan dames, on Ilium's tow'r:
Her by her airy robe the Goddess held,
And in the likeness of an aged dame
Who oft for her, in Sparta when she dwelt,
Many a fair fleece had wrought, and lov'd her well,

Address'd her thus: "Come, Helen, to thy house;
Come, Paris calls thee; in his chamber he
Expects thee, resting on luxurious couch,
In costly garb, with manly beauty grac'd:
Not from the fight of warriors wouldst thou deem
He late had come, but for the dance prepar'd,
Or resting from the dance's pleasing toil."

She said, and Helen's spirit within her mov'd;
And when she saw the Goddess' beauteous neck,
Her lovely bosom, and her glowing eyes,
She gaz'd in wonder, and address'd her thus:
"Oh why, great Goddess, make me thus thy sport?
Seek'st thou to bear me far away from hence
To some fair Phrygian or Maeonian town,
If there some mortal have thy favour gain'd?
Or, for that Menelaus in the field
Hath vanquish'd Paris, and is willing yet
That I, his bane, should to his home return;
Here art thou found, to weave again thy wiles!
Go then thyself! thy godship abdicate!
Renounce Olympus! lavish here on him
Thy pity and thy care! he may perchance
Make thee his wife--at least his paramour!
But thither go not! fowl shame it were
Again to share his bed; the dames of Troy
Will for a byword hold me; and e'en now
My soul with endless sorrow is possess'd."

To whom in anger heav'nly Venus spoke:
"Incense me not, poor fool! lest I in wrath
Desert thee quite, and as I heretofore
Have lov'd, so make thee object of my hate;
And kindle, 'twixt the Trojans and the Greeks,
Such bitter feuds, as both shall wreak on thee."

She said; and trembled Helen, child of Jove;
She rose in silence; in a snow-white veil
All glitt'ring, shrouded; by the Goddess led
She pass'd, unnotic'd by the Trojan dames.
But when to Paris' splendid house they came,
Thronging around her, her attendants gave
Their duteous service; through the lofty hall
With queenly grace the godlike woman pass'd.
A seat the laughter-loving Goddess plac'd
By Paris' side; there Helen sat, the child
Of aegis-bearing Jove, with downcast eyes,
Yet with sharp words she thus address'd her Lord:
"Back from the battle? would thou there hadst died
Beneath a warrior's arm, whom once I call'd
My husband! vainly didst thou boast erewhile
Thine arm, thy dauntless courage, and thy spear
The warlike Menelaus should subdue!
Go now again, and challenge to the fight
The warlike Menelaus. Be thou ware!
I warn thee, pause, ere madly thou presume
With fair-hair'd Menelaus to contend!
Soon shouldst thou fall beneath his conqu'ring spear."

To whom thus Paris: "Wring not thus my soul
With keen reproaches: now, with Pallas' aid,
Hath Menelaus conquer'd; but my day
Will come: I too can boast my guardian Gods.
But turn we now to love, and love's delights;
For never did thy beauty so inflame
My sense; not when from Lacedaemon first
I bore thee in my ocean-going ships,
And revell'd in thy love on Cranae's isle,
As now it fills my soul with fond desire."

He said, and led her to the nuptial couch;
Her Lord she follow'd; and while there reclin'd
Upon the richly-inlaid couch they lay,
Atrides, like a lion baffled, rush'd
Amid the crowd, if haply he might find
The godlike Paris; but not one of all
The Trojans and their brave allies could aid
The warlike Menelaus in his search;
Not that, for love, would any one that knew
Have screen'd him from his anger, for they all
Abhorr'd him as the shade of death: then thus
Outspoke great Agamemnon, King of men:
"Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and Allies!
With warlike Menelaus rests, 'tis plain,
The prize of vict'ry: then surrender ye
The Argive Helen and the spoils of war,
With compensation due to Greece, that so
A record may to future days remain."

Thus he; the Greeks, assenting, cheer'd his words.

ARGUMENT.

THE BREACH OF THE TRUCE, AND THE FIRST BATTLE.

The Gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises, and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this, as through the last book; as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book. The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

BOOK IV.

On golden pavement, round the board of Jove,
The Gods were gather'd; Hebe in the midst
Pour'd the sweet nectar; they, in golden cups,
Each other pledg'd, as down they look'd on Troy.
Then Jove, with cutting words and taunting tone,
Began the wrath of Juno to provoke:

"Two Goddesses for Menelaus fight,
Thou, Juno, Queen of Argos, and with thee
Minerva, shield of warriors; but ye two
Sitting aloof, well-pleas'd it seems, look on;
While laughter-loving Venus, at the side
Of Paris standing, still averts his fate,
And rescues, when, as now, expecting death.
To warlike Menelaus we decree,
Of right, the vict'ry; but consult we now
What may the issue be; if we shall light
Again the name of war and discord fierce,
Or the two sides in peace and friendship join.
For me, if thus your gen'ral voice incline,
Let Priam's city stand, and Helen back
To warlike Menelaus be restor'd."

So spoke the God; but seated side by side,
Juno and Pallas glances interchang'd
Of ill portent for Troy; Pallas indeed
Sat silent; and, though inly wroth with Jove,
Yet answer'd not a word; but Juno's breast
Could not contain her rage, and thus she spoke:
"What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak?
How wouldst thou render vain, and void of fruit,
My weary labour and my horses' toil,
To stir the people, and on Priam's self,
And Priam's offspring, bring disastrous fate?
Do as thou wilt! yet not with our consent."

To whom, in wrath, the Cloud-compeller thus:
"Revengeful! how have Priam and his sons
So deeply injur'd thee, that thus thou seek'st
With unabated anger to pursue,
Till thou o'erthrow, the strong-built walls of Troy?
Couldst thou but force the gates, and entering in
On Priam's mangled flesh, and Priam's sons,
And Trojans all, a bloody banquet make.
Perchance thy fury might at length be stayed.
But have thy will, lest this in future times
'Twixt me and thee be cause of strife renew'd.
Yet hear my words, and ponder what I say:
If e'er, in times to come, my will should be
Some city to destroy, inhabited
By men beloved of thee, seek not to turn
My wrath aside, but yield, as I do now,
Consenting, but with heart that ill consents;
For of all cities fair, beneath the sun
And starry Heaven, the abode of mortal men,
None to my soul was dear as sacred Troy,
And Priam's self, and Priam's warrior race.
For with drink-off'rings due, and fat of lambs,
My altar still hath at their hands been fed;

Such honour hath to us been ever paid."

To whom the stag-ey'd Juno thus replied:
"Three cities are there, dearest to my heart;
Argos, and Sparta, and the ample streets
Of rich Mycenae; work on them thy will;
Destroy them, if thine anger they incur;
I will not interpose, nor hinder thee;
Mourn them I shall; reluctant see their fall,
But not resist; for sovereign is thy will.
Yet should my labours not be fruitless all;
For I too am a God; my blood is thine;
Worthy of honour, as the eldest born
Of deep-designing Saturn, and thy wife;
Thine, who o'er all th' Immortals reign'st supreme.
But yield we each to other, I to thee,
And thou to me; the other Gods will all
By us be rul'd. On Pallas then enjoin
That to the battle-field of Greece and Troy
She haste, and so contrive that Trojans first
May break the treaty, and the Greeks assail."

She said: the Sire of Gods and men complied,
And thus with winged words to Pallas spoke:
"Go to the battle-field of Greece and Troy
In haste, and so contrive that Trojans first
May break the treaty, and the Greeks assail."

His words fresh impulse gave to Pallas' zeal,
And from Olympus' heights in haste she sped;
Like to a meteor, that, of grave portent
To warring armies or sea-faring men,
The son of deep-designing Saturn sends,
Bright-flashing, scatt'ring fiery sparks around,
The blue-ey'd Goddess darted down to earth,
And lighted in the midst; amazement held
The Trojan warriors and the well-greav'd Greeks;
And one to other look'd and said, "What means
This sign? Must fearful battle rage again,
Or may we hope for gentle peace from Jove,
Who to mankind dispenses peace and war?"
Such was the converse Greeks and Trojans held.
Pallas meanwhile, amid the Trojan host,
Clad in the likeness of Antenor's son,
Laodocus, a spearman stout and brave,
Search'd here and there, if haply she might find
The godlike Pandarus; Lycaon's son
She found, of noble birth and stalwart form,
Standing, encircled by his sturdy band
Of bucklered followers from AEsepus' stream,
She stood beside him, and address'd him thus:

"Wilt thou by me be ruled, Lycaon's son?
For durst thou but at Menelaus shoot
Thy winged arrow, great would be thy fame,
And great thy favour with the men of Troy,
And most of all with Paris; at his hand
Thou shalt receive rich guerdon, when he hears
That warlike Menelaus, by thy shaft

Subdued, is laid upon the fun'ral pyre.
Bend then thy bow at Atreus' glorious son,
Vowing to Phoebus, Lycia's guardian God,
The Archer-King, to pay of firstling lambs
An ample hecatomb, when home return'd
In safety to Zeleia's sacred town."
Thus she; and, fool, he listen'd to her words.
Straight he uncas'd his polish'd bow, his spoil
Won from a mountain ibex, which himself,
In ambush lurking, through the breast had shot,
True to his aim, as from behind a crag
He came in sight; prone on the rock he fell;
With horns of sixteen palms his head was crown'd;
These deftly wrought a skilful workman's hand,
And polish'd smooth, and tipp'd the ends with gold.
He bent, and resting on the ground his bow,
Strung it anew; his faithful comrades held
Their shields before him, lest the sons of Greece
Should make their onset ere his shaft could reach
The warlike Menelaus, Atreus' son.
His quiver then withdrawing from its case,
With care a shaft he chose, ne'er shot before,
Well-feather'd, messenger of pangs and death;
The stinging arrow fitted to the string,
And vow'd to Phoebus, Lycia's guardian God,
The Archer-King, to pay of firstling lambs
An ample hecatomb, when home return'd
In safety to Zeleia's sacred town.
At once the sinew and the notch he drew;
The sinew to his breast, and to the bow
The iron head; then, when the mighty bow
Was to a circle strain'd, sharp rang the horn,
And loud the sinew twang'd, as tow'rd the crowd
With deadly speed the eager arrow sprang.

Nor, Menelaus, was thy safety then
Uncar'd for of the Gods; Jove's daughter first,
Pallas, before thee stood, and turn'd aside
The pointed arrow; turn'd it so aside
As when a mother from her infant's cheek,
Wrapt in sweet slumbers, brushes off a fly;
Its course she so directed that it struck
Just where the golden clasps the belt restrain'd,
And where the breastplate, doubled, check'd its force.
On the close-fitting belt the arrow struck;
Right through the belt of curious workmanship
It drove, and through the breastplate richly wrought,
And through the coat of mail he wore beneath,
His inmost guard and best defence to check
The hostile weapons' force; yet onward still
The arrow drove, and graz'd the hero's flesh.
Forth issued from the wound the crimson blood.
As when some Carian or Maeonian maid,
With crimson dye the ivory stains, designed
To be the cheek-piece of a warrior's steed,
By many a valiant horseman coveted,
As in the house it lies, a monarch's boast,
The horse adorning, and the horseman's pride:
So, Menelaus, then thy graceful thighs,

And knees, and ancles, with thy blood were dy'd.

Great Agamemnon shudder'd as he saw
The crimson drops out-welling from the wound;
Shudder'd the warlike Menelaus' self;
But when not buried in his flesh he saw
The barb and sinew, back his spirit came.

Then deeply groaning, Agamemnon spoke,
As Menelaus by the hand he held,
And with him groan'd his comrades: "Brother dear,
I wrought thy death when late, on compact sworn,
I sent thee forth alone for Greece to fight;
Wounded by Trojans, who their plighted faith
Have trodden under foot; but not in vain
Are solemn cov'nants and the blood of lambs,
The treaty wine outpoured, and hand-plight given,
Wherein men place their trust; if not at once,
Yet soon or late will Jove assert their claim;
And heavy penalties the perjured pay
With their own blood, their children's, and their wives'.
So in my inmost soul full well I know
The day shall come when this imperial Troy,
And Priam's race, and Priam's royal self,
Shall in one common ruin be o'erthrown;
And Saturn's son himself, high-throned Jove,
Who dwells in Heav'n, shall in their faces flash
His aegis dark and dread, this treach'rous deed
Avenging; this shall surely come to pass.
But, Menelaus, deep will be my grief,
If thou shouldst perish, meeting thus thy fate.
To thirsty Argos should I then return
By foul disgrace o'erwhelm'd; for, with thy fall,
The Greeks will mind them of their native land;
And as a trophy to the sons of Troy
The Argive Helen leave; thy bones meanwhile
Shall moulder here beneath a foreign soil.
Thy work undone; and with insulting scorn
Some vaunting Trojan, leaping on the tomb
Of noble Menelaus, thus shall say:
'On all his foes may Agamemnon so
His wrath accomplish, who hath hither led
Of Greeks a mighty army, all in vain;
And bootless home with empty ships hath gone,
And valiant Menelaus left behind;'
Thus when men speak, gape, earth, and hide my shame."

To whom the fair-hair'd Menelaus thus
With, cheering words: "Fear not thyself, nor cause
The troops to fear: the arrow hath not touch'd
A vital part: the sparkling belt hath first
Turn'd it aside, the doublet next beneath,
And coat of mail, the work of arm'rer's hands."

To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus:
"Dear Menelaus, may thy words be true!
The leech shall tend thy wound, and spread it o'er
With healing ointments to assuage the pain."

He said, and to the sacred herald call'd:
"Haste thee, Talthybius! summon with all speed
The son of AEsculapius, peerless leech,
Machaon; bid him hither haste to see
The warlike Menelaus, chief of Greeks,
Who by an arrow from some practis'd hand,
Trojan or Lycian, hath receiv'd a wound;
A cause of boast to them, to us of grief."

He said, nor did the herald not obey,
But through the brass-clad ranks of Greece he pass'd,
In search of brave Machaon; him he found
Standing, by buckler'd warriors bold begirt,
Who follow'd him from Trica's grassy plains.
He stood beside him, and address'd him thus:
"Up, son of AEsculapius! Atreus' son,
The mighty monarch, summons thee to see
The warlike Menelaus, chief of Greeks,
Who by an arrow from some practis'd hand,
Trojan or Lycian, hath receiv'd a wound;
A cause of boast to them, to us of grief."

Thus he; and not unmov'd Machaon heard:
They thro' the crowd, and thro' the wide-spread host,
Together took their way; but when they came
Where fair-hair'd Menelaus, wounded, stood,
Around him in a ring the best of Greece,
And in the midst the godlike chief himself,
From the close-fitting belt the shaft he drew,
Breaking the pointed barbs; the sparkling belt
He loosen'd, and the doublet underneath,
And coat of mail, the work of arm'rer's hand.
But when the wound appear'd in sight, where struck
The stinging arrow, from the clotted blood
He cleans'd it, and applied with skilful hand
The herbs of healing power, which Chiron erst
In friendly guise upon his sire bestowed.

While round the valiant Menelaus they
Were thus engag'd, advanc'd the Trojan hosts:
They donn'd their arms, and for the fight prepar'd.
In Agamemnon then no trace was seen
Of laggard sloth, no shrinking from the fight,
But full of ardour to the field he rush'd.
He left his horses and brass-mounted car
(The champing horses by Eurymedon,
The son of Ptolemy, Peiraeus' son,
Were held aloof), but with repeated charge
Still to be near at hand, when faint with toil
His limbs should fail him marshalling his host.
Himself on foot the warrior ranks array'd;
With cheering words addressing whom he found
With zeal preparing for the battle-field:
"Relax not, valiant friends, your warlike toil;
For Jove to falsehood ne'er will give his aid;
And they who first, regardless of their oaths,
Have broken truce, shall with their flesh themselves
The vultures feed, while we, their city raz'd,
Their wives and helpless children bear away."

But whom remiss and shrinking from the war
He found, with keen rebuke lie thus assail'd;
"Ye wretched Greeks, your country's foul reproach,
Have ye no sense of shame? Why stand ye thus
Like timid fawns, that in the chase run down,
Stand all bewildered, spiritless and tame?
So stand ye now, nor dare to face the fight.
What! will ye wait the Trojans' near approach,
Where on the beach, beside the hoary deep,
Our goodly ships are drawn, and see if Jove
Will o'er you his protecting hand extend?"

As thus the King the serried ranks review'd,
He came where thronging round their skilful chief
Idomeneus, the warlike bands of Crete
Were arming for the fight; Idomeneus,
Of courage stubborn as the forest boar,
The foremost ranks array'd; Meriones
The rearmost squadrons had in charge; with joy
The monarch Agamemnon saw, and thus
With accents bland Idomeneus address'd:

"Idomeneus, above all other Greeks,
In battle and elsewhere, I honour thee;
And in the banquet, where the noblest mix
The ruddy wine for chiefs alone reserved,
Though others drink their share, yet by thy side
Thy cup, like mine, still new replenished stands
To drink at pleasure. Up then to the fight,
And show thyself the warrior that thou art."

To whom the Cretan King, Idomeneus:
"In me, Atrides, thou shalt ever find,
As at the first I promis'd, comrade true;
But go, and stir the other long-haired Greeks
To speedy battle; since the Trojans now
The truce have broken; and defeat and death
Must wait on those who have their oaths forsworn."

He said, and Agamemnon went his way
Rejoicing; through the crowd he pass'd, and came
Where stood th' Ajaces; them, in act to arm,
Amid a cloud of infantry he found;
And as a goat-herd from his watch-tow'r crag
Beholds a cloud advancing o'er the sea,
By Zephyr's breath impell'd; as from afar
He gazes, black as pitch, it sweeps along
O'er the dark ocean's face, and with it brings
A hurricane of rain; he, shudd'ring, sees,
And drives his flock beneath the shelt'ring cave:
So thick and dark, about th' Ajaces stirr'd,
Impatient for the war, the stalwart youths,
Black masses, bristling close with spear and shield.

Well pleas'd, the monarch Agamemnon saw,
And thus address'd them: "Valiant chiefs, to you,
The leaders of the brass-clad Greeks, I give
(Twere needless and unseemly) no commands;

For well ye understand your troops to rouse
To deeds of dauntless courage; would to Jove,
To Pallas and Apollo, that such mind
As is in you, in all the camp were found;
Then soon should Priam's lofty city fall,
Tak'n and destroy'd by our victorious hands."

Thus saying, them he left, and onward mov'd.
Nestor, the smooth-tongu'd Pylia chief, he found
The troops arraying, and to valiant deeds
His friends encouraging; stout Pelagon,
Alastor, Chromius, Haemon, warlike Prince,
And Bias bold, his people's sure defence.
In the front rank, with chariot and with horse,
He plac'd the car-borne warriors; in the rear,
Num'rous and brave, a cloud of infantry,
Compactly mass'd, to stem the tide of war,
Between the two he plac'd th' inferior troops,
That e'en against their will they needs must fight.
The horsemen first he charg'd, and bade them keep
Their horses well in hand, nor wildly rush
Amid the tumult: "See," he said, "that none,
In skill or valour over-confident,
Advance before his comrades, nor alone
Retire; for so your lines were easier forc'd;
But ranging each beside a hostile car,
Thrust with your spears; for such the better way;
By men so disciplin'd, in elder days
Were lofty walls and fenced towns destroy'd."

Thus he, experienc'd in the wars of old;
Well pleas'd, the monarch Agamemnon saw,
And thus address'd him; "Would to Heav'n, old man,
That, as thy spirit, such too were thy strength
And vigour of thy limbs; but now old age,
The common lot of mortals, weighs thee down;
Would I could see some others in thy place,
And thou couldst still be numbered with the young!"

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied:
"Atrides, I too fain would see restor'd
The strength I once possess'd, what time I slew
The godlike Ereuthalion; but the Gods
On man bestow not all their gifts at once;
I then was young, and now am bow'd with age,
Yet with the chariots can I still go forth,
And aid with sage advice: for such the right
And privilege of age; to hurl the spear
Belongs to younger men, who after me
Were born, who boast their vigour unimpair'd."

He said; and Agamemnon went his way,
Rejoicing: to Menestheus next he came,
The son of Peteus, charioteer renown'd;
Him found he, circled by th' Athenian bands,
The raisers of the war-cry; close beside
The sage Ulysses stood, around him rang'd,
Not unrenown'd, the Cephalonian troops:
The sound of battle had not reach'd their ears;

For but of late the Greek and Trojan hosts
Were set in motion; they expecting stood,
Till other Grecian columns should advance,
Assail the Trojans, and renew the war.

Atrides saw, and thus, reproachful, spoke:
"O son of Peteus, Heav'n-descended King!
And thou too, master of all tricky arts,
Why, ling'ring, stand ye thus aloof, and wait
For others coming? ye should be the first
The hot assault of battle to confront;
For ye are first my summons to receive,
Whene'er the honour'd banquet we prepare:
And well ye like to eat the sav'ry meat,
And, at your will, the luscious wine-cups drain:
Now stand ye here, and unconcern'd would see
Ten columns pass before you to the fight."

To whom, with stern regard, Ulysses thus:
"What words have pass'd the barrier of thy lips,
Atrides? how with want of warlike zeal
Canst thou reproach us? when the Greeks again
The furious war shall waken, thou shalt see
(If that thou care to see) amid the ranks
Of Troy, the father of Telemachus
In the fore-front: thy words are empty wind."

Atrides saw him chafed, and smiling, thus
Recalled his former words: "Ulysses sage,
Laertes' high-born son, not over-much
I give thee blame, or orders; for I know
Thy mind to gentle counsels is inclin'd;
Thy thoughts are one with mine; then come, henceforth
Shall all be well; and if a hasty word
Have pass'd, may Heaven regard it as unsaid."

Thus saying, them he left, and onward mov'd.
The son of Tydeus, valiant Diomed,
Standing he found amid his warlike steeds
And well-built cars; beside him, Sthenelus,
The son of Capaneus; Atrides saw,
And thus address'd him with reproachful words:
"Alas! thou son of Tydeus, wise and bold,
Why crouch with fear? why thus appall'd survey
The pass of war? not so had Tydeus crouch'd;
His hand was ever ready from their foes
To guard his comrades; so, at least, they say
Whose eyes beheld his labours; I myself
Nor met him e'er, nor saw; but, by report,
Thy father was the foremost man of men.
A stranger to Mycenae once he came,
With godlike Polynices; not at war,
But seeking succour for the troops that lay
Encamp'd before the sacred walls of Thebes;
For reinforcements earnestly they sued;
The boon they ask'd was granted them, but Jove
With unpropitious omens turn'd them back.
Advancing on their journey, when they reach'd
Asopus' grassy banks and rushes deep,

The Greeks upon a mission Tydeus sent:
He went; and many Thebans there he found
Feasting in Eteocles' royal hall:
Amid them all, a stranger and alone,
He stood unterrified, and challeng'd all
To wrestle with him, and with ease o'erthrew:
So mighty was the aid that Pallas gave.
Whereat indignant, they, on his return,
An ambush set, of fifty chosen youths;
Two were their leaders; Haemon's godlike son,
Maeon, and Lycophontes, warrior brave,
Son of Autophonus; and these too far'd
But ill at Tydeus' hand; he slew them all:
Maeon alone, obedient to the Gods,
He spar'd, and bade him bear the tidings home.
Such Tydeus was: though greater in debate,
His son will never rival him in arms."

He said: brave Diomed in silence heard,
Submissive to the monarch's stern rebuke;
Then answer'd thus the son of Capaneus:
"Atrides, speak not falsely: well thou know'st
The truth, that we our fathers far surpass.
The seven-gated city, Thebes, we took,
With smaller force beneath the wall of Mars,
Trusting to heav'nly signs, and fav'ring Jove,
Where they by blind, presumptuous folly fail'd;
Then equal not our fathers' deeds with ours."

To whom thus Diomed, with stern regard:
"Father, be silent; hearken to my words:
I blame not Agamemnon, King of men,
Who thus to battle stirs the well-greav'd Greeks:
His will the glory be if we o'ercome
The valiant Trojans, and their city take;
Great too his loss if they o'er us prevail:
Then come, let us too for the fight prepare."

He said; and from the car leap'd down in arms:
Fierce rang the armour on the warrior's breast,
That ev'n the stoutest heart might quail with fear.

As by the west wind driv'n, the ocean waves
Dash forward on the far-resounding shore,
Wave upon wave; first curls the ruffled sea
With whit'ning crests; anon with thund'ring roar
It breaks upon the beach, and from the crags
Recoiling flings in giant curves its head
Aloft, and tosses high the wild sea-spray:
Column on column, so the hosts of Greece
Pour'd, ceaseless, to the war; to each the chiefs
Their orders gave; the rest in silence mov'd:
Nor would ye deem that mighty mass endued
With power of speech, so silently they moved
In awe of their great captains: far around
Flashed the bright armour they were girt withal.

On th' other hand, the Trojans, as the flocks
That in the court-yard of some wealthy Lord

In countless numbers stand, at milking-time,
Incessant bleating, as their lambs they hear;
So rose their mingled clamours through the camp;
For not one language nor one speech was there,
But many nations call'd from distant lands:
These Mars inspir'd, and those the blue-ey'd Maid;
And Fear, and Flight, and Discord unappeas'd,
Of blood-stain'd Mars the sister and the friend:
"With humble crest at first, anon her head,
"While yet she treads the earth, affronts the skies.
The gage of battle in the midst she threw,
Strode through the crowd, and woe to mortals wrought.
When to the midst they came, together rush'd
Bucklers and lances, and the furious might
Of mail-clad warriors; bossy shield on shield
Clatter'd in conflict; loud the clamour rose.
Then rose too mingled shouts and groans of men
Slaying and slain; the earth ran red with blood.
As when, descending from the mountain's brow,
Two wintry torrents, from their copious source
Pour downward to the narrow pass, where meet
Their mingled waters in some deep ravine,
Their weight of flood; on the far mountain's side
The shepherd hears the roar; so loud arose
The shouts and yells of those commingling hosts.

First 'mid the foremost ranks Antilochus
A Trojan warrior, Echepolus, slew,
A crested chief, Thalesius' noble son.
Beneath his horsehair-plumed helmet's peak
The sharp spear struck; deep in his forehead fix'd
It pierc'd the bone; then darkness veil'd his eyes,
And, like a tow'r, amid the press he fell.
Him Elephenor, brave Abantian chief,
Son of Chalcodon, seizing by the feet,
Dragg'd from beneath the darts, in haste to strip
His armour off; but short-liv'd was th' attempt;
For bold Agenor mark'd him as he drew
The corpse aside, and with his brass-tipp'd spear
Thrust through his flank, unguarded, as he stoop'd,
Beside his shield; and slack'd his limbs in death.
The spirit was fled; but hotly o'er him rag'd
The war of Greeks and Trojans; fierce as wolves
They fought, man struggling hand to hand with man.

Then Ajax Telamon a stalwart youth,
Son of Anthemion, Simoisius, slew;
Whose mother gave him birth on Simois' banks,
When with her parents down from Ida's heights
She drove her flock; thence Simoisius nam'd:
Not destined he his parents to repay
Their early care; for short his term of life,
By godlike Ajax' mighty spear subdued.
Him, to the front advancing, in the breast,
By the right nipple, Ajax struck; right through,
From front to back, the brass-tipp'd spear was driv'n,
Out through the shoulder; prone in dust he fell;
As some tall poplar, grown in marshy mead,
Smooth-stemm'd, with branches tapering tow'rd the head;

Which with the biting axe the wheelwright fells,
To bend the felloes of his well-built car;
Sapless, beside the river, lies the tree;
So lay the youthful Simoisius, felled
By godlike Ajax' hand. At him, in turn,
The son of Priam, Antiphus, encas'd
In radiant armour, from amid the crowd
His jav'lin threw; his mark, indeed, he miss'd;
But through the groin Ulysses' faithful friend,
Leucus, he struck, in act to bear away
The youthful dead; down on the corpse he fell,
And, dying, of the dead relax'd his grasp.
Fierce anger, at his comrade's slaughter, filled
Ulysses' breast; in burnished armour clad
Forward he rush'd; and standing near, around
He look'd, and pois'd on high his glitt'ring lance:
Beneath his aim the Trojans back recoil'd;
Nor vainly flew the spear; Democoon,
A bastard son of Priam, met the blow:
He from Abydos came, his high-bred mares
There left to pasture; him Ulysses, fill'd
With fury at his lov'd companion's death,
Smote on the head; through either temple pass'd
The pointed spear, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang.
At this the Trojan chiefs, and Hector's self,
'Gan to give ground: the Greeks with joyful shouts
Seiz'd on the dead, and forward urg'd their course.
From Ilium's heights Apollo, filled with wrath,
Look'd down, and to the Trojans shouted loud:
"Uprouse ye, valiant Trojans! give not way
Before the Greeks; their bodies are not stone,
Nor iron, to defy your trenchant swords;
And great Achilles, fair-hair'd Thetis' son,
Fights not, but o'er his anger broods apart."
So from the city call'd the heav'nly voice;
The Greeks, meanwhile, all-glorious Pallas fir'd,
Mov'd 'mid the tumult, and the laggards rous'd.

Then fell Diores, Amarynceus' son:
A rugged fragment of a rock had crush'd
His ancle and right leg; from AEnon came
The Thracian chief who hurl'd it, Peirous, son
Of Imbrasmus; the tendons both, and bones,
The huge mass shatter'd; backward in the dust
He fell, both hands extending to his friends,
Gasping his life away; then quick up-ran
He who the blow had dealt, and with his spear
Thrust through him, by the navel; from the wound
His bowels gush'd, and darkness veil'd his eyes.

But he, advancing, through the breast was struck
Above the nipple, by th' AEtolian chief.
Thoas; and through his lungs the spear was driv'n.
Thoas approach'd, and from his breast withdrew
The sturdy spear, and with his sharp-edg'd sword
Across his waistband gave the mortal stroke:
Yet could not touch his arms; for all around
The Thracian warriors, with, their tufted crowns,

Their long spears held before them, him, though stout,
And strong, and valiant, kept at bay; perforce
He yielded; and thus side by side were laid
The two, the Thracian and th' Epeian chief;
And round them many a valiant soldier lay.

Well might the deeds achieved that day deserve
His praise, who through that bloody field might pass
By sword or spear unwounded, by the hand
Of Pallas guarded from the weapon's flight;
For many a Trojan, many a Greek, that day
Prone in the dust, and side by side, were laid.

ARGUMENT.

THE ACTS OF DIOMED.

Diomed, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the goddess cures him, enables him to discern gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Aeneas joins Pandarus to oppose him, Pandarus is killed, and Aeneas in great danger but for the assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and, at length, carries off Aeneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Aeneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that god; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.

BOOK V.

Such strength, and courage then to Diomed,
The son of Tydeus, Pallas gave, as rais'd,
'Mid all the Greeks, the glory of his name.
Forth from his helm arid shield a fiery light
There flash'd, like autumn's star, that brightest shines
When newly risen from his ocean bath.
So from the warrior's head and shoulders flash'd
That fiery light, as to the midst he urg'd
His furious course, where densest masses fought.

There was one Dares 'mid the Trojan host,
The priest of Vulcan, rich, of blameless life;
Two gallant sons he had, Idaeus nam'd,
And Phegeus, skill'd in all the points of war.

These, parted from the throng, the warrior met;
They on their car, while he on foot advanc'd.
When near they came, first Phegeus threw his spear;
O'er the left shoulder of Tydides pass'd
The erring weapon's point, and miss'd its mark.
His pond'rous spear in turn Tydides threw,
And not in vain; on Phegeus' breast it struck,
Full in the midst, and hurl'd him from the car.
Idaeus from the well-wrought chariot sprang,
And fled, nor durst his brother's corpse defend.
Nor had he so escap'd the doom of death,
But Vulcan bore him safely from the field,
In darkness shrouded, that his aged sire
Might not be wholly of his sons bereav'd.
The car Tydides to his comrades gave,
And bade them to the ships the horses drive.

Now when the Trojans Dares' sons beheld,
The one in flight, the other stretch'd in death,
Their spirits within them quail'd; but Pallas took
The hand of Mars, and thus address'd the God:
"Mars, Mars, thou bane of mortals, blood-stain'd Lord,
Razer of cities, wherefore leave we not
The Greeks and Trojans to contend, and see
To which the sire of all will vict'ry give;
While we retire, and shun the wrath of Jove?"

Thus saying, from the battle Mars she led,
And plac'd him on Scamander's steepy banks.

The Greeks drove back the Trojan host; the chiefs
Slew each his victim; Agamemnon first,
The mighty monarch, from his chariot hurl'd
Hodius, the sturdy Halizonian chief,
Him, as he turn'd, between the shoulder-blades
The jav'lin struck, and through his chest was driv'n;
Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang.

On Phaestus, Borus' son, Maeonian chief,
Who from the fertile plains of Tarna came,
Then sprang Idomeneus; and as he sought
To mount upon his car, the Cretan King
Through his right shoulder drove the pointed spear;
He fell; the shades of death his eyes o'erspread,
And of his arms the followers stripp'd his corpse.

The son of Atreus, Menelaus, slew
Scamandrius, son of Strophius, sportsman keen,
In woodcraft skilful; for his practis'd hand
Had by Diana's self been taught to slay
Each beast of chase the mountain forest holds.
But nought avail'd him then the Archer-Queen
Diana's counsels, nor his boasted art
Of distant aim; for as he fled, the lance
Of Menelaus, Atreus' warlike son,
Behind his neck, between the shoulder-blades,
His flight arresting, through his chest was driv'n.
Headlong he fell, and loud his armour rang.

Phereclus by Meriones was slain,
Son of Harmonides, whose practis'd hand
Knew well to fashion many a work of art;
By Pallas highly favour'd; he the ships
For Paris built, first origin of ill,
Freighted with evil to the men of Troy,
And to himself, who knew not Heav'n's decrees.
Him, in his headlong flight, in hot pursuit
Meriones o'ertook, and thrust his lance
Through his right flank; beneath the bone was driv'n
The spear, and pierc'd him through: prone on his knees,
Groaning, he fell, and death his eyelids clos'd.

Meges Pedaeus slew, Antenor's son,
A bastard born, but by Theano rear'd
With tender care, and nurtur'd as her son,
With her own children, for her husband's sake.
Him, Phyleus' warrior son, approaching near,
Thrust through the junction of the head and neck;
Crash'd through his teeth the spear beneath the tongue;
Prone in the dust he gnash'd the brazen point.

Eurypylus, Euaemon's noble son,
Hypsenor slew, the worthy progeny
Of Dolopion brave; Scamander's priest,
And by the people as a God rever'd:
Him, as he fled before him, from behind
Eurypylus, Euaemon's noble son,
Smote with the sword; and from the shoulder-point
The brawny arm he sever'd; to the ground
Down fell the gory hand; the darkling shades
Of death, and rig'rous doom, his eyelids clos'd.

Thus labour'd they amid the stubborn fight;
But of Tydides none might say to whom
His arm belong'd, or whether with the hosts
Of Troy or Greece he mingled in the fight:
Hither and thither o'er the plain he rush'd,
Like to a wintry stream, that brimming o'er
Breaks down its barriers in its rapid course;
Nor well-built bridge can stem the flood, nor fence
guards the fertile fields, as down it pours
Its sudden torrent, swoll'n with rain from Heav'n,
And many a goodly work of man destroys:
So back were borne before Tydides' might
The serried ranks of Troy, nor dar'd await,
Despite their numbers, his impetuous charge.

Him when Lycaon's noble son beheld
Careering o'er the plain, the serried ranks
Driving before him, quick at Tydeus' son
He bent his bow; and onward as he rush'd,
On the right shoulder, near the breastplate's joint,
The stinging arrow struck; right through it pass'd,
And held its way, that blood the breastplate stain'd.
Then shouted loud Lycaon's noble son:
"Arouse ye, valiant Trojans, ye who goad
Your flying steeds; the bravest of the Greeks
Is wounded, nor, I deem, can long withstand

My weapon, if indeed from Lycia's shore
By Phoebus' counsel sent I join'd the war."

Thus he, vain-glorious; but not so was quell'd
The godlike chief; back he withdrew, and stood
Beside his car, and thus to Sthenelus,
The son of Capaneus, his speech address'd:
"Up, gentle son of Capaneus, descend
From off the car, and from my shoulder draw
This stinging arrow forth." He said, and down
Leap'd from the chariot Sthenelus, and stood
Beside him; and as forth he drew the shaft,
Gush'd out the blood, and dyed the twisted mail.
Then thus the valiant son of Tydeus pray'd:
"Hear me, thou child of aegis-bearing Jove,
Unconquer'd! if amid the deadly fight
Thy friendly aid my father e'er sustain'd,
Let me in turn thy favour find; and grant
Within my reach and compass of my spear
That man may find himself, who unawares
Hath wounded me, and vainly boasting deems
I shall not long behold the light of day."
Thus pray'd the chief, and Pallas heard his pray'r;
To all his limbs, to feet and hands alike,
She gave fresh vigour; and with winged words,
Beside him as she stood, address'd him thus:

"Go fearless onward, Diomed, to meet
The Trojan hosts; for I within thy breast
Thy father's dauntless courage have infus'd,
Such as of old in Tydeus' bosom dwelt,
Bold horseman, buckler-clad; and from thine eyes
The film that dimm'd them I have purg'd away,
That thou mayst well 'twixt Gods and men discern.
If then some God make trial of thy force,
With other of th' Immortals fight thou not;
But should Jove's daughter Venus dare the fray
Thou needst not shun at her to cast thy spear."

This said, the blue-ey'd Goddess disappear'd.
Forthwith again amid the foremost ranks
Tydides mingled; keenly as before
His spirit against the Trojans burn'd to fight,
With threefold fury now he sought the fray.
As when a hungry lion has o'erleap'd
The sheepfold; him the guardian of the flock
Has wounded, not disabled; by his wound
To rage excited, but not forc'd to fly,
The fold he enters, scares the trembling sheep,
That, closely huddled, each on other press,
Then pounces on his prey, and leaps the fence:
So pounc'd Tydides on the Trojan host.
Astynous and Hypeiron then he slew,
His people's guardian; through the breast of one
He drove his spear, and with his mighty sword
He smote the other on the collar-bone,
The shoulder sev'ring from the neck and back.
Them left he there to lie; of Abas then
And Polyeidus went in hot pursuit,

Sons of Eurydamas, an aged seer,
Whose visions stay'd them not; but both were doom'd
A prey to valiant Diomed to fall.
Xanthus and Thoon then the hero slew,
The sons of Phaenops, children of his age:
He, worn with years, no other sons begot,
Heirs of his wealth; they two together fell,
And to their father left a load of grief,
That from the battle they return'd not home,
And distant kindred all his substance shar'd.
On Chromius and Echemon next he fell,
Two sons of Priam on one chariot borne;
And as a lion springs upon a herd,
And breaks the neck of heifer or of steer,
Feeding in woodland glade; with such a spring
These two, in vain resisting, from their car
Tydides hurl'd; then stripp'd their arms, and bade
His followers lead their horses to the ships.

Him when AEneas saw amid the ranks
Dealing destruction, through the fight and throng
Of spears he plung'd, if haply he might find
The godlike Pandarus; Lycaon's son
He found, of noble birth and stalwart form,
And stood before him, and address'd him thus:
"Where, Pandarus, are now thy winged shafts,
Thy bow, and well-known skill, wherein with thee
Can no man here contend? nor Lycia boasts,
Through all her wide-spread plains, a truer aim;
Then raise to Jove thy hands, and with thy shaft
Strike down this chief, whoe'er he be, that thus
Is making fearful havoc in our host,
Relaxing many a warrior's limbs in death:
If he be not indeed a God, incens'd
Against the Trojans for neglected rites;
For fearful is the vengeance of a God."

Whom answer'd thus Lycaon's noble son:
"AEneas, chief and councillor of Troy,
Most like in all respects to Tydeus' son
He seems; his shield I know, and visor'd helm,
And horses; whether he himself be God,
I cannot tell; but if he be indeed
The man I think him, Tydeus' valiant son,
He fights not thus without the aid of Heav'n;
But by his side, his shoulders veiled in cloud,
Some God attends his steps, and turns away
The shaft that just hath reach'd him; for ev'n now
A shaft I shot, which by the breastplate's joint
Pierc'd his right shoulder through: full sure I deem'd
That shaft had sent him to the shades, and yet
It slew him not; 'tis sure some angry God.
Nor horse have I, nor car on which to mount;
But in my sire Lycaon's wealthy house
Elev'n fair chariots stand, all newly built,
Each with its cover; by the side of each
Two steeds on rye and barley white are fed;
And in his well-built house, when here I came,
Lycaon, aged warrior, urg'd me off

With horses and with chariots high upborne,
To lead the Trojans in the stubborn fight;
I hearken'd not--'twere better if I had--
Yet fear'd I lest my horses, wont to feed
In plenty unstinted, by the soldiers' wants
Might of their custom'd forage be depriv'd;
I left them there, and hither came on foot,
And trusting to my bow: vain trust, it seems;
Two chiefs already have I struck, the sons
Of Tydeus and of Atreus; with true aim
Drawn blood from both, yet but increas'd their rage.
Sad was the hour when down from where it hung
I took my bow, and hasting to the aid
Of godlike Hector, hither led my troops;
But should I e'er return, and see again
My native land, my wife, my lofty hall,
Then may a stranger's sword cut off my head,
If with these hands I shatter not, and burn,
The bow that thus hath fail'd me at my need."

Him answer'd thus AEneas, chief of Troy:
"Speak thou not thus; our fortunes shall not change
Till thou and I, with chariot and with horse,
This chief encounter, and his prowess prove;
Then mount my car, and see how swift my steeds.
Hither and thither, in pursuit or flight,
From those of Tros descended, scour the plain.
So if the victory to Diomed,
The son of Tydeus, should by Jove be giv'n,
We yet may safely reach the walls of Troy.
Take thou the whip and reins, while I descend
To fight on foot; or thou the chief engage,
And leave to me the conduct of the car."

Whom answer'd thus Lycaon's noble son:
"AEneas, of thy horses and thy car
Take thou the charge; beneath th' accustomed hand,
With more assurance would they draw the car,
If we from Tydeus' son be forced to fly;
Nor, struck with panic, and thy voice unheard,
Refuse to bear us from the battle-field;
So should ourselves be slain, and Tydeus' son
In triumph drive thy horses to the ships.
But thou thy horses and thy chariot guide,
While I his onset with my lance receive."

Thus saying, on the car they mounted both,
And tow'rd Tydides urg'd their eager steeds.
Them Sthenelus beheld, the noble son
Of Capaneus, and to Tydides cried:
"Oh son of Tydeus, dearest to my soul,
Two men I see, of might invincible,
Impatient to engage thee; Pandarus,
Well skill'd in archery, Lycaon's son;
With him. AEneas, great Anchises' son,
Who from immortal Venus boasts his birth.
Then let us timely to the car retreat,
Lest, moving thus amid the foremost ranks,
Thy daring pay the forfeit of thy life."

To whom brave Diomed with stern regard:
"Talk not to me of flight! I heed thee not!
It is not in my nature so to fight
With skulking artifice and faint retreat;
My strength is yet unbroken; I should shame
To mount the car; but forward will I go
To meet these chiefs' encounter; for my soul
Pallas forbids the touch of fear to know.
Nor shall their horses' speed procure for both
A safe return, though one escape my arm.
This too I say, and bear my words in mind;
By Pallas' counsel if my hap should be
To slay them both, leave thou my horses here,
The reins attaching to the chariot-rail,
And seize, and from the Trojans to the ships
Drive off the horses in AEneas' car;
From those descended, which all-seeing Jove
On Tros, for Ganymede his son, bestow'd:
With these may none beneath the sun compare.
Anchises, King of men, the breed obtain'd
By cunning, to the horses sending mares
Without the knowledge of Laomedon.
Six colts were thus engender'd: four of these
In his own stalls he rear'd; the other two
Gave to AEneas, fear-inspiring chief:
These could we win, our praise were great indeed."

Such converse while they held, the twain approach'd,
Their horses urg'd to speed; then thus began,
To Diomed, Lycaon's noble son:

"Great son of Tydeus, warrior brave and skill'd,
My shaft, it seems, has fail'd to reach thy life;
Try we then now what hap attends my spear."
He said; and, poising, hurl'd his pond'rous spear,
And struck Tydides' shield; right through the shield
Drove the keen weapon, and the breastplate reach'd.
Then shouted loud Lycaon's noble son:
"Thou hast it through the flank, nor canst thou long
Survive the blow; great glory now is mine."

To whom, unmov'd, the valiant Diomed:
"Thine aim hath failed, I am not touch'd; and now
I deem we part not hence till one of ye
Glut with his blood th' insatiate Lord of War."

He said: the spear, by Pallas guided, struck
Beside the nostril, underneath the eye;
Crash'd thro' the teeth, and cutting thro' the tongue
Beneath the angle of the jaw came forth:
Down from the car he fell; and loudly rang
His glitt'ring arms: aside the startled steeds
Sprang devious: from his limbs the spirit fled.
Down leap'd AEneas, spear and shield in hand,
Against the Greeks to guard the valiant dead;
And like a lion, fearless in his strength,
Around the corpse he stalk'd, this way and that,
His spear and buckler round before him held,

To all who dar'd approach him threat'ning death,
With fearful shouts; a rocky fragment then
Tydides lifted up, a mighty mass,
Which scarce two men could raise, as men are now:
But he, unaided, lifted it with ease.
With this he smote AEneas near the groin,
Where the thigh-bone, inserted in the hip,
Turns in the socket-joint; the rugged mass
The socket crush'd, and both the tendons broke,
And tore away the flesh: down on his knees,
Yet resting on his hand, the hero fell;
And o'er his eyes the shades of darkness spread.
Then had AEneas, King of men, been slain,
Had not his mother, Venus, child of Jove,
Who to Anchises, where he fed his flocks,
The hero bore, his peril quickly seen:
Around her son she threw her snowy arms,
And with a veil, thick-folded, wrapt him round,
From hostile spears to guard him, lest some Greek
Should pierce his breast, and rob him of his life.

She from the battle thus her son removed;
Nor did the son of Capaneus neglect
The strict injunction by Tydides giv'n;
His reins attaching to the chariot-rail,
Far from the battle-din he check'd, and left,
His own fleet steeds; then rushing forward, seiz'd,
And from the Trojans tow'rd the camp drove off,
The sleek-skin'd horses of AEneas' car.
These to Deipylus, his chosen friend,
He gave, of all his comrades best esteem'd,
Of soundest judgment, tow'rd the ships to drive.
Then, his own car remounting, seiz'd the reins,
And urg'd with eager haste his fiery steeds,
Seeking Tydides; he, meanwhile, press'd on
In keen pursuit of Venus; her he knew
A weak, unwarlike Goddess, not of those
That like Bellona fierce, or Pallas, range
Exulting through the blood-stain'd fields of war.

Her, searching thro' the crowd, at length he found,
And springing forward, with his pointed spear
A wound inflicted on her tender hand.
Piercing th' ambrosial veil, the Graces' work,
The sharp spear graz'd her palm below the wrist.
Forth from the wound th' immortal current flow'd,
Pure ichor, life-stream of the blessed Gods;
They eat no bread, they drink no ruddy wine,
And bloodless thence and deathless they become.
The Goddess shriek'd aloud, and dropp'd her son;
But in his arms Apollo bore him off
In a thick cloud envelop'd, lest some Greek
Might pierce his breast, and rob him of his life.
Loud shouted brave Tydides, as she fled:
"Daughter of Jove, from battle-fields retire;
Enough for thee weak woman to delude;
If war thou seek'st, the lesson thou shalt learn
Shall cause thee shudder but to hear it nam'd."
Thus he; but ill at ease, and sorely pain'd,

The Goddess fled: her, Iris, swift as wind,
Caught up, and from the tumult bore away,
Weeping with pain, her fair skin soil'd with blood.

Mars on the left hand of the battle-field
She found, his spear reclining by his side,
And, veil'd in cloud, his car and flying steeds.
Kneeling, her brother she besought to lend
The flying steeds, with golden frontlets crown'd:
"Dear brother, aid me hence, and lend thy car
To bear me to Olympus, seat of Gods;
Great is the pain I suffer from a wound
Receiv'd from Diomed, a mortal man,
Who now would dare with Jove himself to fight."

He lent the steeds, with golden frontlets crown'd;
In deep distress she mounted on the car:
Beside her Iris stood, and took the reins,
And urg'd the coursers; nothing loth they flew,
And soon to high Olympus, seat of Gods,
They came: swift Iris there the coursers stay'd,
Loos'd from the chariot, and before them plac'd
Ambrosial forage: on her mother's lap,
Dione, Venus fell; she in her arms
Embrac'd, and sooth'd her with her hand, and said:
"Which of the heav'nly pow'rs hath wrong'd thee thus,
My child, as guilty of some open shame?"

Whom answer'd thus the laughter-loving Queen;
"The haughty son of Tydeus, Diomed,
Hath wounded me, because my dearest son,
AEneas, from the field I bore away.
No more 'twixt Greeks and Trojans is the fight,
But with the Gods themselves the Greeks contend."
To whom Dione, heav'nly Goddess, thus:
"Have patience, dearest child; though much enforc'd,
Restrain thine anger: we, in Heav'n who dwell,
Have much to bear from mortals; and ourselves
Too oft upon each other suff'rings lay.
Mars had his suff'rings; by Aloeus' sons,
Otus and Ephialtes, strongly bound,
He thirteen months in brazen fetters lay:
And there had pin'd away the God of War,
Insatiate Mars, had not their step-mother,
The beauteous Eriboea, sought the aid
Of Hermes; he by stealth releas'd the God,
Sore worn and wasted by his galling chains.
Juno too suffer'd, when Amphitryon's son
Through her right breast a three-barb'd arrow sent:
Dire, and unheard of, were the pangs she bore.
Great Pluto's self the stinging arrow felt,
When that same son of aegis-bearing Jove
Assail'd him in the very gates of hell,
And wrought him keenest anguish; pierc'd with pain
To high Olympus, to the courts of Jove,
Groaning, he came; the bitter shaft remain'd
Deep in his shoulder fix'd, and griev'd his soul.
But soon with soothing ointments Paeon's hand
(For death on him was powerless) heal'd the wound.

Accurs'd was he, of daring over-bold,
Reckless of evil deeds, who with his bow
Assail'd the Gods, who on Olympus dwell.
The blue-ey'd Pallas, well I know, has urg'd
Tydides to assail thee; fool and blind!
Unknowing he how short his term of life
Who fights against the Gods! for him no child
Upon his knees shall lisp a father's name,
Safe from the war and battle-field return'd.
Brave as he is, let Diomed beware
He meet not some more dangerous foe than thee.
Then fair AEGiale, Adrastus' child,
The noble wife of valiant Diomed,
Shall long, with lamentations loud, disturb
The slumbers of her house, and vainly mourn
Her youthful Lord, the bravest of the Greeks."

She said; and wip'd the ichor from, the wound;
he hand was heal'd, the grievous pains allay'd.
But Juno and Minerva, looking on,
With words of bitter mock'ry Saturn's son
Provok'd: and thus the blue-ey'd Goddess spoke:
"O Father! may I speak without offence?
Venus, it seems, has sought to lead astray
Some Grecian woman, and persuade to join
Those Trojans, whom she holds in high esteem;
And, as her hand the gentle dame caress'd,
A golden clasp has scratched her slender arm."

Thus she: and smil'd the Sire of Gods and men;
He call'd the golden Venus to his side,
And, "Not to thee, my child," he said, "belong
The deeds of war; do thou bestow thy care
On deeds of love, and tender marriage ties;
But leave to Mars and Pallas feats of arms."

Such converse while they held, brave Diomed
Again assail'd AENEAS; well he knew
Apollo's guardian hand around him thrown;
Yet by the God undaunted, on he press'd
To slay AENEAS, and his arms obtain.
Thrice was his onset made, with murd'rous aim;
And thrice Apollo struck his glitt'ring shield;
But when, with godlike force, he sought to make
His fourth attempt, the Far-destroyer spoke
In terms of awful menace: "Be advis'd,
Tydides, and retire; nor as a God
Esteem thyself; since not alike the race
Of Gods immortal and of earth-born men."

He said; and Diomed a little space
Before the Far-destroyer's wrath retir'd:
Apollo then AENEAS bore away
Far from the tumult; and in Pergamus,
Where stood his sacred shrine, bestow'd him safe.
Latona there, and Dian, Archer-Queen,
In the great temple's innermost recess,
Gave to his wounds their care, and sooth'd his pride.
Meanwhile Apollo of the silver bow

A phantom form prepar'd, the counterpart
Of great AEneas, and alike in arms:
Around the form, of Trojans and of Greeks,
Loud was the din of battle; fierce the strokes
That fell on rounded shield of tough bull's-hide,
And lighter targe, before each warrior's breast.
Then thus Apollo to the God of War:
"Mars! Mars! thou bane of mortals, blood-stain'd Lord,
Razer of cities, wer't not well thyself
To interpose, and from the battle-field
Withdraw this chief, Tydides? such his pride,
He now would dare with Jove himself to fight.
Venus, of late, he wounded in the wrist;
And, like a God, but now confronted me."
He said, and sat on Ilium's topmost height:
While Mars, in likeness of the Thracian chief,
Swift Acamas, amid the Trojan ranks
Mov'd to and fro, and urg'd them to the fight.
To Priam's Heav'n-descended sons he call'd;
"Ye sons of Priam, Heav'n-descended King,
How long will ye behold your people slain?
Till to your very doors the war be brought?
AEneas, noble-soul'd Anchises' son,
In like esteem with Hector held, is down;
On to his aid! our gallant comrade save!"

He said; his words fresh courage gave to all:
Then thus Sarpedon, in reproachful tone,
Address'd the godlike Hector; "Where is now,
Hector, the spirit that heretofore was thine?
'Twas once thy boast that ev'n without allies
Thyself, thy brethren, and thy house, alone
The city could defend: for all of these
I look in vain, and see not one; they all,
As curs around a lion, cow'r and crouch:
We, strangers and allies, maintain the fight.
I to your aid, from lands afar remote,
From Lycia came, by Xanthus' eddying stream;
There left a cherish'd wife, and infant son,
And rich possessions, which might envy move;
Yet I my troops encourage; and myself
Have play'd my part, though nought have I to lose,
Nought that the Greeks could drive or bear away;
But thou stand'st idly by; nor bidd'st the rest
Maintain their ground, and guard their wives and homes.
Beware lest ye, as in the meshes caught
Of some wide-sweeping net, become the prey
And booty of your foes, who soon shall lay
Your prosp'rous city level with the dust.
By day and night should this thy thoughts engage,
With constant pray'r to all thy brave allies,
Firmly to stand, and wipe this shame away."

He said; and Hector felt the biting speech;
Down from his car he leap'd; and through the ranks,
Two jav'lins brandishing, he pass'd, to arms
Exciting all, and rais'd his battle-cry.
The tide was turn'd; again they fac'd the Greeks:
In serried ranks the Greeks, undaunted, stood.

As when the wind from off a threshing-floor,
Where men are winnowing, blows the chaff away;
When yellow Ceres with the breeze divides
The corn and chaff, which lies in whit'ning heaps;
So thick the Greeks were whiten'd o'er with dust,
Which to the brazen vault of Heav'n arose
Beneath the horses' feet, that with the crowd
Were mingled, by their drivers turn'd to flight.
Unwearied still, they bore the brunt; but Mars
The Trojans succouring, the battle-field
Veil'd in thick clouds, from ev'ry quarter brought.
Thus he of Phoebus of the golden sword
Obey'd th' injunction, bidding him arouse
The courage of the Trojans, when he saw
Pallas approaching to support the Greeks.

Then from the wealthy shrine Apollo's self
AEneas brought, and vigour fresh infus'd:
Amid his comrades once again he stood;
They joy'd to see him yet alive, and sound,
And full of vigour; yet no question ask'd:
No time for question then, amid the toils
Impos'd by Phoebus of the silver bow,
And blood-stain'd Mars, and Discord unappeas'd.

Meanwhile Ulysses, and th' Ajaces both,
And Diomed, with courage for the fight
The Grecian force inspir'd; they undismay'd
Shrank not before the Trojans' rush and charge;
In masses firm they stood, as when the clouds
Are gather'd round the misty mountain top
By Saturn's son, in breathless calm, while sleep
The force of Boreas and the stormy winds,
That with their breath the shadowy clouds disperse;
So stood the Greeks, nor shunn'd the Trojans' charge.
Through all the army Agamemnon pass'd,
And cried, "Brave comrades, quit ye now like men;
Bear a stout heart; and in the stubborn fight,
Let each to other mutual succour give;
By mutual succour more are sav'd than fall;
In timid flight nor fame nor safety lies."

Thus he: and straight his jav'lin threw, and struck
A man of mark, AEneas' faithful friend,
Deicoon, the son of Pergasus,
By Troy, as ever foremost in the field,
In equal honour held with Priam's sons.
His shield the monarch Agamemnon struck;
The shield's defence was vain; the spear pass'd through
Beneath the belt, and in his groin was lodg'd;
Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang.

On th' other side, AEneas slew two chiefs,
The bravest of the Greeks, Orsilochus
And Crethon, sons of Diocles, who dwelt
In thriving Phera; rich in substance he,
And from the mighty River Alpheus trac'd
His high descent, who through the Pylian land
His copious waters pours; to him was born

Orsilochus, of num'rous tribes the chief;
To him succeeded valiant Diocles;
To whom were born twin sons, Orsilochus
And Crethon, skill'd in ev'ry point of war.
They, in the vigour of their youth, to Troy
Had sail'd amid the dark-ribb'd ships of Greece,
Of Atreus' sons the quarrel to uphold;
But o'er them both the shades of death were spread.
As two young lions, by their tawny dam
Nurs'd in the mountain forest's deep recess,
On flocks and herds their youthful fury pour,
With havoc to the sheepfolds, till themselves
Succumb, o'ermaster'd by the hand of man:
So fell these two beneath AEneas' hand,
And like two lofty pines in death they lay.

The warlike Menelaus saw their fall
With pitying eye; and through the foremost ranks
With brandish'd spear advanc'd, by Mars impell'd,
Who hop'd his death by great AEneas' hand.
Him Nestor's son, Antilochus, beheld,
And hasten'd to his aid; for much he fear'd
Lest ill befall the monarch, and his death
Deprive them of their warlike labours' fruit.
They two, with force combined of hand and spear,
Press'd onward to the fight; Antilochus
His station keeping close beside the King.
Before the two combined, AEneas fear'd,
Bold warrior as he was, to hold his ground.
The slain they drew within the Grecian lines,
Placed in their comrades' hands, and turning back
Amid the foremost mingled in the fray.
Then, brave as Mars, Pylaemenes they slew,
The buckler'd Paphlagonians' warlike chief;
Him Menelaus, hand to hand engag'd,
Pierc'd with a spear-thrust through the collar-bone;
While, with a pond'rous stone, Antilochus
Full on the elbow smote Atymnius' son,
Mydon, his charioteer, in act to turn
His fiery steeds to flight; down from his hands
Fell to the ground the iv'ry-mounted reins.
On rush'd Antilochus, and with his sword
Across the temples smote him; gasping, he
Upon his neck and shoulders from the car
Pitch'd headlong; and (for there the sand was deep)
Awhile stood balanc'd, till the horses' feet
Dash'd him upon the ground; Antilochus,
The horses seizing, drove them to the ships.

Hector beheld athwart the ranks, and rush'd,
Loud shouting, to th' encounter; at his back
Follow'd the thronging bands of Troy, by Mars
And fierce Bellona led; she by the hand
Wild Uproar held; while Mars a giant spear
Brandish'd aloft: and stalking now before,
Now following after Hector, urg'd them on.
Quail'd at the sight the valiant Diomed:
As when a man, long journeying o'er the plain,
All unprepar'd, stands sudden on the brink

Of a swift stream, down rushing to the sea,
Boiling with foam, and back recoils; so then
Recoil'd Tydides, and address'd the crowd:
"O friends, we marvel at the might display'd
By Hector, spearman skill'd and warrior bold;
But still some guardian God his steps attends,
And shields from danger; now beside him stands,
In likeness of a mortal, Mars himself.
Then turning still your faces to your foes,
Retire, nor venture with the Gods to fight."

He said; the Trojans now were close at hand,
And, mounted both upon a single car,
Two chiefs, Menesthes and Anchialus,
Well skill'd in war, by Hector's hand were slain.

With pitying eyes great Ajax Telamon
Beheld their fall; advancing close, he threw
His glitt'ring spear; the son of Selagus
It struck, Amphius, who in Paesus dwelt,
In land and substance rich; by evil fate
Impell'd, to Priam's house he brought his aid.
Below the belt the spear of Ajax struck,
And in his groin the point was buried deep;
Thund'ring he fell; then forward Ajax sprang
To seize the spoils of war; but fast and fierce
The Trojans show'r'd their weapons bright and keen,
And many a lance the mighty shield receiv'd.
Ajax, his foot firm planted on the slain,
Withdrew the brazen spear; yet could not strip
His armour off, so galling flew the shafts;
And much he fear'd his foes might hem him in,
Who closely press'd upon him, many and brave;
And, valiant as he was, and tall, and strong,
Still drove him backward; he perforce retired.

Thus labour'd they amid the stubborn fight.
Then evil fate induc'd Tlepolemus,
Valiant and strong, the son of Hercules,
Heav'n-born Sarpedon to confront in fight.
When near they came, of cloud-compelling Jove
Grandson and son, Tlepolemus began:
"Sarpedon, Lycian chief, what brings thee here,
Trembling and crouching, all unskill'd in war?
Falsely they speak who fable thee the son
Of aegis-bearing Jove; so far art thou
Beneath their mark who claim'd in elder days
That royal lineage: such my father was,
Of courage resolute, of lion heart.
With but six ships, and with a scanty band,
The horses by Laomedon withheld
Avenging, he o'erthrew this city, Troy,
And made her streets a desert; but thy soul
Is poor, thy troops are wasting fast away;
Nor deem I that the Trojans will in thee
(Ev'n were thy valour more) and Lycia's aid
Their safeguard find; but vanquish'd by my hand,
This day the gates of Hades thou shalt pass."

To whom the Lycian chief, Sarpedon, thus:
"Tlepolemus, the sacred walls of Troy
Thy sire o'erthrew, by folly of one man,
Laomedon, who with injurious words
His noble service recompens'd; nor gave
The promis'd steeds, for which he came from far.
For thee, I deem thou now shalt meet thy doom
Here, at my hand; on thee my spear shall win
Renown for me, thy soul to Hades send."

Thus as Sarpedon spoke, Tlepolemus
Uprais'd his ashen spear; from both their hands
The pond'rous weapons simultaneous flew.
Full in the throat Tlepolemus receiv'd
Sarpedon's spear; right through the neck it pass'd,
And o'er his eyes the shades of death were spread.
On th' other side his spear Sarpedon struck
On the left thigh; the eager weapon pass'd
Right through the flesh, and in the bone was fix'd;
The stroke of death his father turn'd aside.
Sarpedon from the field his comrades bore,
Weigh'd down and tortured by the trailing spear,
For, in their haste to bear him to his car,
Not one bethought him from his thigh to draw
The weapon forth; so sorely were they press'd.

The Greeks too from the battle-field convey'd
The slain Tlepolemus; Ulysses saw,
Patient of spirit, but deeply mov'd at heart;
And with conflicting thoughts his breast was torn,
If first he should pursue the Thund'rer's son,
Or deal destruction on the Lycian host.
But fate had not decreed the valiant son
Of Jove to fall beneath Ulysses' hand;
So on the Lycians Pallas turn'd his wrath.
Alastor then, and Coeranus he slew,
Chromius, Alcander, Halius, Prytanis,
Noemon; nor had ended then the list
Of Lycian warriors by Ulysses slain;
But Hector of the glancing helm beheld;
Through the front ranks he rush'd, with burnish'd crest
Resplendent, flashing terror on the Greeks;
With joy Sarpedon saw his near approach,
And with imploring tones address'd him thus:

"Hector, thou son of Priam, leave me not
A victim to the Greeks, but lend thine aid:
Then in your city let me end my days.
For not to me is giv'n again to see
My native land; or, safe returning home,
To glad my sorrowing wife and infant child."

Thus he; but Hector, answ'ring not a word,
Pass'd on in silence, hasting to pursue
The Greeks, and pour destruction on their host.

Beneath the oak of aegis-bearing Jove
His faithful comrades laid Sarpedon down,
And from his thigh the valiant Pelagon,

His lov'd companion, drew the ashen spear.
He swoon'd, and giddy mists o'erspread his eyes:
But soon reviv'd, as on his forehead blew,
While yet he gasp'd for breath, the cooling breeze.

By Mars and Hector of the brazen helm
The Greeks hard-press'd, yet fled not to their ships,
Nor yet sustain'd the fight; but back retir'd
Soon as they learned the presence of the God.
Say then who first, who last, the prowess felt
Of Hector, Priam's son, and mail-clad Mars?
The godlike Teuthras first, Orestes next,
Bold charioteer; th' AETolian spearman skill'd,
Trechus, OEnomaus, and Helenus,
The son of OEnops; and Oresbius, girt
With sparkling girdle; he in Hyla dwelt,
The careful Lord of boundless wealth, beside
Cephisus' marshy banks; Boeotia's chiefs
Around him dwelt, on fat and fertile soil.
Juno, the white-arm'd Queen, who saw these two
The Greeks destroying in the stubborn fight,
To Pallas thus her winged words address'd:
"O Heav'n! brave child of aegis-bearing Jove,
Vain was our word to Menelaus giv'n.
That he the well-built walls of Troy should raze,
And safe return, if unrestrain'd we leave
Ferocious Mars to urge his mad career.
Come then; let us too mingle in the fray."

She said: and Pallas, blue-ey'd Maid, complied.
Offspring of Saturn, Juno, heav'nly Queen,
Herself th' immortal steeds caparison'd,
Adorn'd with golden frontlets: to the car
Hebe the circling wheels of brass attach'd,
Eight-spok'd, that on an iron axle turn'd;
The felloes were of gold, and fitted round
With brazen tires, a marvel to behold;
The naves were silver, rounded every way:
The chariot-board on gold and silver bands
Was hung, and round it ran a double rail:
The pole was all of silver; at the end
A golden yoke, with golden yoke-bands fair:
And Juno, all on fire to join the fray,
Beneath the yoke the flying coursers led.

Pallas, the child of aegis-bearing Jove,
Within her father's threshold dropp'd her veil,
Of airy texture, work of her own hands;
The cuirass donn'd of cloud-compelling Jove,
And stood accoutred for the bloody fray.
Her tassell'd aegis round her shoulders next
She threw, with Terror circled all around;
And on its face were figur'd deeds of arms,
And Strife, and Courage high, and panic Rout;
There too a Gorgon's head, of monstrous size,
Frown'd terrible, portent of angry Jove:
And on her head a golden helm she plac'd,
Four-crested, double-peak'd, whose ample verge
A hundred cities' champions might suffice:

Her fiery car she mounted: in her hand
A spear she bore, long, weighty, tough; wherewith
The mighty daughter of a mighty sire
Sweeps down the ranks of those her hate pursues.

Then Juno sharply touch'd the flying steeds:
Forthwith spontaneous opening, grated harsh
The heavenly portals, guarded by the Hours,
Who Heav'n and high Olympus have in charge
To roll aside, or draw the veil of cloud.
Through these th' excited horses held their way.
They found the son of Saturn, from the Gods
Sitting apart, upon the highest crest
Of many-ridg'd Olympus; there arriv'd,
The white-arm'd Goddess Juno stay'd her steeds,
And thus address'd the Sov'reign Lord of Heav'n:

"O Father Jove! canst thou behold unmov'd
The violence of Mars? how many Greeks,
Reckless and uncontroll'd, he hath destroy'd;
To me a source of bitter grief; meanwhile
Venus and Phoebus of the silver bow
Look on, well pleas'd, who sent this madman forth,
To whom both law and justice are unknown.
Say, Father Jove, shall I thine anger move,
If with disgrace I drive him from the field?"

To whom the Cloud-compeller thus replied:
"Go, send against him Pallas; she, I know,
Hath oft inflicted on him grievous pain."

He said: the white-arm'd Queen with joy obey'd;
She urg'd her horses; nothing loth, they flew
Midway between the earth, and starry Heav'n:
Far as his sight extends, who from on high
Looks from his watch-tow'r o'er the dark-blue sea,
So far at once the neighing horses bound.
But when to Troy they came, beside the streams
Where Simois' and Scamander's waters meet,
The white-arm'd Goddess stay'd her flying steeds,
Loos'd from the car, and veil'd in densest cloud.
For them, at bidding of the river-God,
Ambrosial forage grew: the Goddesses,
Swift as the wild wood-pigeon's rapid flight,
Sped to the battle-field to aid the Greeks.
But when they reach'd the thickest of the fray,
Where throng'd around the might of Diomed
The bravest and the best, as lions fierce,
Or forest-boars, the mightiest of their kind,
There stood the white-arm'd Queen, and call'd aloud,
In form of Stentor, of the brazen voice,
Whose shout was as the shout of fifty men:

"Shame on ye, Greeks, base cowards! brave alone
In outward semblance; while Achilles yet
Went forth to battle, from the Dardan gates
The Trojans never ventur'd to advance,
So dreaded they his pond'rous spear; but now
Far from the walls, beside your ships, they fight."

She said: her words their drooping courage rous'd.
Meanwhile the blue-ey'd Pallas went in haste
In search of Tydeus' son; beside his car
She found the King, in act to cool the wound
Inflicted by the shaft of Pandarus:
Beneath his shield's broad belt the clogging sweat
Oppress'd him, and his arm was faint with toil;
The belt was lifted up, and from the wound
He wip'd the clotted blood: beside the car
The Goddess stood, and touch'd the yoke, and said:

"Little like Tydeus' self is Tydeus' son:
Low was his stature, but his spirit was high:
And ev'n when I from combat rashly wag'd
Would fain have kept him back, what time in Thebes
He found himself, an envoy and alone,
Without support, among the Thebans all,
I counsell'd him in peace to share the feast:
But by his own impetuous courage led,
He challenged all the Thebans to contend
With him in wrestling, and o'erthrew them all
With ease; so mighty was the aid I gave.
Thee now I stand beside, and guard from harm,
And bid thee boldly with the Trojans fight.
But, if the labours of the battle-field
O'ertask thy limbs, or heartless fear restrain,
No issue thou of valiant Tydeus' loins."

Whom answer'd thus the valiant Diomed:
"I know thee, Goddess, who thou art; the child
Of aegis-bearing Jove: to thee my mind
I freely speak, nor aught will I conceal.
Nor heartless fear, nor hesitating doubt,
Restrain me; but I bear thy words in mind,
With other of th' Immortals not to fight:
But should Jove's daughter, Venus, dare the fray,
At her I need not shun to throw my spear.
Therefore I thus withdrew, and others too
Exhorted to retire, since Mars himself
I saw careering o'er the battle-field."

To whom the blue-ey'd Goddess, Pallas, thus:
"Thou son of Tydeus, dearest to my soul,
Fear now no more with Mars himself to fight,
Nor other God; such aid will I bestow.
Come then; at him the first direct thy car;
Encounter with him hand to hand; nor fear
To strike this madman, this incarnate curse,
This shameless renegade; who late agreed
With Juno and with me to combat Troy,
And aid the Grecian cause; who now appears,
The Greeks deserting, in the Trojan ranks."

Thus Pallas spoke, and stretching forth her hand
Backward his comrade Sthenelus she drew
From off the chariot; down in haste he sprang.
His place beside the valiant Diomed
The eager Goddess took; beneath the weight

Loud groan'd the oaken axle; for the car
A mighty Goddess and a Hero bore.
Then Pallas took the whip and reins, and urg'd
Direct at Mars the fiery coursers' speed.

The bravest of th' AEtolians, Periphas,
Ochesius' stalwart son, he just had slain,
And stood in act to strip him of his arms.
The helmet then of Darkness Pallas donn'd,
To hide her presence from the sight of Mars:
But when the blood-stain'd God of War beheld
Advancing tow'rd him godlike Diomed,
The corpse of stalwart Periphas he left,
There where he fell, to lie; while he himself
Of valiant Diomed th' encounter met.
When near they came, first Mars his pond'rous spear
Advane'd beyond the yoke and horses' reins,
With murd'rous aim; but Pallas from the car
Turn'd it aside, and foil'd the vain attempt.

Then Diomed thrust forward in his turn
His pond'rous spear; low on the flank of Mars,
Guided by Pallas, with successful aim,
Just where the belt was girt, the weapon struck:
It pierc'd the flesh, and straight was back withdrawn:
Then Mars cried out aloud, with such a shout
As if nine thousand or ten thousand men
Should simultaneous raise their battle-cry:
Trojans and Greeks alike in terror heard,
Trembling; so fearful was the cry of Mars.
As black with clouds appears the darken'd air,
When after heat the blust'ring winds arise,
So Mars to valiant Diomed appear'd,
As in thick clouds lie took his heav'nward flight.
With speed he came to great Olympus' heights,
Th' abode of Gods; and sitting by the throne
Of Saturn's son, with anguish torn, he show'd
Th' immortal stream that trickled from the wound,
And thus to Jove his piteous words address'd:

"O Father Jove, canst thou behold unmov'd
These acts of violence? the greatest ills
We Gods endure, we each to other owe
Who still in human quarrels interpose.
Of thee we all complain; thy senseless child
Is ever on some evil deed intent.
The other Gods, who on Olympus dwell,
Are all to thee obedient and submissive;
But thy pernicious daughter, nor by word
Nor deed dost thou restrain; who now excites
Th' o'erbearing son of Tydeus, Diomed,
Upon th' immortal Gods to vent his rage.
Venus of late he wounded in the wrist,
And, as a God, but now encounter'd me:
Barely I 'scap'd by swiftness of my feet;
Else, 'mid a ghastly heap of corpses slain,
In anguish had I lain; and, if alive,
Yet liv'd disabl'd by his weapon's stroke."

Whom answer'd thus the Cloud-compeller, Jove,
With look indignant: "Come no more to me,
Thou wav'ring turncoat, with thy whining pray'rs:
Of all the Gods who on Olympus dwell
I hate thee most; for thou delight'st in nought
But strife and war; thou hast inherited
Thy mother, Juno's, proud, unbending mood,
Whom I can scarce control; and thou, methinks,
To her suggestions ow'st thy present plight.
Yet since thou art my offspring, and to me
Thy mother bore thee, I must not permit
That thou should'st long be doom'd to suffer pain;
But had thy birth been other than it is,
For thy misdoings thou hadst long ere now
Been banish'd from the Gods' companionship."

He said: and straight to Paeon gave command
To heal the wound; with soothing anodynes
He heal'd it quickly; soon as liquid milk
Is curdled by the fig-tree's juice, and turns
In whirling flakes, so soon was heal'd the wound.
By Hebe bath'd, and rob'd afresh, he sat
In health and strength restor'd, by Saturn's son.

Mars thus arrested in his murd'rous course,
Together to th' abode of Jove return'd
The Queen of Argos and the blue-ey'd Maid.

ARGUMENT.

THE EPISODES OF GLAUCUS AND DIOMED, AND OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

The gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the Queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where, coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevailed upon Paris to return to the battle, and taken a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the rivers Simois and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

BOOK VI.

The Gods had left the field, and o'er the plain
Hither and thither surg'd the tide of war,
As couch'd th' opposing chiefs their brass-tipp'd spears,

Midway 'twixt Simois' and Scamander's streams.

First through the Trojan phalanx broke his way
The son of Telamon, the prop of Greece,
The mighty Ajax; on his friends the light
Of triumph shedding, as Eusorus' son
He smote, the noblest of the Thracian bands,
Valiant and strong, the gallant Acamas.
Full in the front, beneath the plumed helm,
The sharp spear struck, and crashing thro' the bone,
The warrior's eyes were clos'd in endless night.

Next valiant Diomed Axylus slew,
The son of Teuthranes, who had his home
In fair Arisba; rich in substance he,
And lov'd of all; for, dwelling near the road,
He op'd to all his hospitable gate;
But none of all he entertain'd was there
To ward aside the bitter doom of death:
There fell they both, he and his charioteer,
Calesius, who athwart the battle-field
His chariot drove; one fate o'ertook them both.

Then Dresus and Opheltius of their arms
Euryalus despoil'd; his hot pursuit
AEsepus next, and Pegasus assail'd,
Brothers, whom Abarbarea, Naiad nymph,
To bold Bucolion bore; Bucolion, son
Of great Laomedon, his eldest born,
Though bastard: he upon the mountain side,
On which his flocks he tended, met the nymph,
And of their secret loves twin sons were born;
Whom now at once Euryalus of strength
And life depriv'd, and of their armour stripp'd.

By Polypoetes' hand, in battle strong,
Was slain Astyalus; Pidutes fell,
Chief of Percote, by Ulysses' spear;
And Teucer godlike Aretaon slew.
Antilochus, the son of Nestor, smote
With gleaming lance Alerus; Elatus
By Agamemnon, King of men, was slain,
Who dwelt by Satnois' widely-flowing stream,
Upon the lofty heights of Pegasus.
By Leitus was Phylacus in flight
O'erta'en; Eurypylus Melanthius slew.

Then Menelaus, good in battle, took
Adrastus captive; for his horses, scar'd
And rushing wildly o'er the plain, amid
The tangled tamarisk scrub his chariot broke,
Snapping the pole; they with the flying crowd
Held city-ward their course; he from the car
Hurl'd headlong, prostrate lay beside the wheel,
Prone on his face in dust; and at his side,
Poising his mighty spear, Atrides stood.
Adrastus clasp'd his knees, and suppliant cried,
"Spare me, great son of Atreus! for my life
Accept a price; my wealthy father's house

A goodly store contains of brass, and gold,
And well-wrought iron; and of these he fain
Would pay a noble ransom, could he hear
That in the Grecian ships I yet surviv'd."

His words to pity mov'd the victor's breast;
Then had he bade his followers to the ships
The captive bear; but running up in haste.
Fierce Agamemnon cried in stern rebuke;

"Soft-hearted Menelaus, why of life
So tender? Hath thy house receiv'd indeed
Nothing but benefits at Trojan hands?
Of that abhorred race, let not a man
Escape the deadly vengeance of our arms;
No, not the infant in its mother's womb;
No, nor the fugitive; but be they all,
They and their city, utterly destroy'd,
Uncar'd for, and from mem'ry blotted out."

Thus as he spoke, his counsel, fraught with death,
His brother's purpose chang'd; he with his hand
Adrastus thrust aside, whom with his lance
Fierce Agamemnon through the loins transfix'd;
And, as he roll'd in death, upon his breast
Planting his foot, the ashen spear withdrew.

Then loudly Nestor shouted to the Greeks:
"Friends, Grecian heroes, ministers of Mars!
Loiter not now behind, to throw yourselves
Upon the prey, and bear it to the ships;
Let all your aim be now to kill; anon
Ye may at leisure spoil your slaughter'd foes."

With words like these he fir'd the blood of all.
Now had the Trojans by the warlike Greeks
In coward flight within their walls been driv'n;
But to AEneas and to Hector thus
The son of Priam, Helenus, the best
Of all the Trojan seers, address'd his speech:
"AEneas, and thou Hector, since on you,
Of all the Trojans and the Lycian hosts,
Is laid the heaviest burthen, for that ye
Excel alike in council and in fight,
Stand here awhile, and moving to and fro
On ev'ry side, around the gates exhort
The troops to rally, lest they fall disgrac'd,
Flying for safety to their women's arms,
And foes, exulting, triumph in their shame.
Their courage thus restor'd, worn as we are,
We with the Greeks will still maintain the fight,
For so, perforce, we must; but, Hector, thou
Haste to the city; there our mother find,
Both thine and mine; on Ilium's topmost height
By all the aged dames accompanied,
Bid her the shrine of blue-ey'd Pallas seek;
Unlock the sacred gates; and on the knees
Of fair-hair'd Pallas place the fairest robe
In all the house, the amplest, best esteem'd;

And at her altar vow to sacrifice
Twelve yearling kine that never felt the goad,
So she have pity on the Trojan state,
Our wives, and helpless babes, and turn away
The fiery son of Tydeus, spearman fierce,
The Minister of Terror; bravest he,
In my esteem, of all the Grecian chiefs:
For not Achilles' self, the prince of men,
Though Goddess-born, such dread inspir'd; so fierce
His rage; and with his prowess none may vie."

He said, nor uncomplying, Hector heard
His brother's counsel; from his car he leap'd
In arms upon the plain; and brandish'd high
His jav'lins keen, and moving to and fro
The troops encourag'd, and restor'd the fight.
Rallying they turn'd, and fac'd again the Greeks:
These ceas'd from slaughter, and in turn gave way,
Deeming that from the starry Heav'n some God
Had to the rescue come; so fierce they turn'd.
Then to the Trojans Hector call'd aloud:

"Ye valiant Trojans, and renown'd Allies,
Quit you like men; remember now, brave friends,
Your wonted valour; I to Ilium go
To bid our wives and rev'rend Elders raise
To Heav'n their pray'rs, with vows of hecatombs."

Thus saying, Hector of the glancing helm
Turn'd to depart; and as he mov'd along,
The black bull's-hide his neck and ancles smote,
The outer circle of his bossy shield.

Then Tydeus' son, and Glaucus, in the midst,
Son of Hippolochus, stood forth to fight;
But when they near were met, to Glaucus first
The valiant Diomed his speech address'd:
"Who art thou, boldest man of mortal birth?
For in the glorious conflict heretofore
I ne'er have seen thee; but in daring now
Thou far surpasses't all, who hast not fear'd
To face my spear; of most unhappy sires
The children they, who my encounter meet.
But if from Heav'n thou com'st, and art indeed
A God, I fight not with the heav'nly powers.
Not long did Dryas' son, Lycurgus brave,
Survive, who dar'd th' Immortals to defy:
He, 'mid their frantic orgies, in the groves
Of lovely Nyssa, put to shameful rout
The youthful Bacchus' nurses; they, in fear,
Dropp'd each her thyrsus, scatter'd by the hand
Of fierce Lycurgus, with an ox-goad arm'd.
Bacchus himself beneath the ocean wave
In terror plung'd, and, trembling, refuge found
In Thetis' bosom from a mortal's threats:
The Gods indignant saw, and Saturn's son
Smote him with blindness; nor surviv'd he long,
Hated alike by all th' immortal Gods.
I dare not then the blessed Gods oppose;

But be thou mortal, and the fruits of earth
Thy food, approach, and quickly meet thy doom."

To whom the noble Glaucus thus replied:
"Great son of Tydeus, why my race enquire?
The race of man is as the race of leaves:
Of leaves, one generation by the wind
Is scattered on the earth; another soon
In spring's luxuriant verdure bursts to light.
So with our race; these flourish, those decay.
But if thou wouldst in truth enquire and learn
The race I spring from, not unknown of men;
There is a city, in the deep recess
Of pastoral Argos, Ephyre by name:
There Sisyphus of old his dwelling had,
Of mortal men the craftiest; Sisyphus,
The son of AEolus; to him was born
Glaucus; and Glaucus in his turn begot
Bellerophon, on whom the Gods bestow'd
The gifts of beauty and of manly grace.
But Proetus sought his death; and, mightier far,
From all the coasts of Argos drove him forth,
To Proetus subjected by Jove's decree.
For him the monarch's wife, Antaea, nurs'd
A madd'ning passion, and to guilty love
Would fain have tempted him; but fail'd to move
The upright soul of chaste Bellerophon.
With lying words she then address'd the King:
'Die, Proetus, thou, or slay Bellerophon,
Who basely sought my honour to assail.'
The King with anger listen'd to her words;
Slay him he would not; that his soul abhorr'd;
But to the father of his wife, the King
Of Lycia, sent him forth, with tokens charg'd
Of dire import, on folded tablets trac'd,
Pois'ning the monarch's mind, to work his death.
To Lycia, guarded by the Gods, he went;
But when he came to Lycia, and the streams
Of Xanthus, there with hospitable rites
The King of wide-spread Lycia welcom'd him.
Nine days he feasted him, nine oxen slew;
But with the tenth return of rosy morn
He question'd him, and for the tokens ask'd
He from his son-in-law, from Proetus, bore.
The tokens' fatal import understood,
He bade him first the dread Chimaera slay;
A monster, sent from Heav'n, not human born,
With head of lion, and a serpent's tail,
And body of a goat; and from her mouth
There issued flames of fiercely-burning fire:
Yet her, confiding in the Gods, he slew.
Next, with the valiant Solymi he fought,
The fiercest fight that e'er he undertook.
Thirdly, the women-warriors he o'erthrew,
The Amazons; from whom returning home,
The King another stratagem devis'd;
For, choosing out the best of Lycia's sons,
He set an ambush; they return'd not home,
For all by brave Bellerophon were slain.

But, by his valour when the King perceiv'd
His heav'nly birth, he entertain'd him well;
Gave him his daughter; and with her the half
Of all his royal honours he bestow'd:
A portion too the Lycians meted out,
Fertile in corn and wine, of all the state
The choicest land, to be his heritage.
Three children there to brave Bellerophon
Were born; Isander, and Hippolochus,
Laodamia last, belov'd of Jove,
The Lord of counsel; and to him she bore
Godlike Sarpedon of the brazen helm.
Bellerophon at length the wrath incurr'd
Of all the Gods; and to th' Aleian plain
Alone he wander'd; there he wore away
His soul, and shunn'd the busy haunts of men.
Insatiate Mars his son Isander slew
In battle with the valiant Solymi:
His daughter perish'd by Diana's wrath.
I from Hippolochus my birth derive:
To Troy he sent me, and enjoin'd me oft
To aim at highest honours, and surpass
My comrades all; nor on my father's name
Discredit bring, who held the foremost place
In Ephyre, and Lycia's wide domain.
Such is my race, and such the blood I boast."

He said; and Diomed rejoicing heard:
His spear he planted in the fruitful ground,
And thus with friendly words the chief address'd:

"By ancient ties of friendship are we bound;
For godlike OEneus in his house receiv'd
For twenty days the brave Bellerophon;
They many a gift of friendship interchang'd;
A belt, with crimson glowing, OEneus gave;
Bellerophon a double cup of gold,
Which in my house I left when here I came.
Of Tydeus no remembrance I retain;
For yet a child he left me, when he fell
With his Achaians at the gate of Thebes.
So I in Argos am thy friendly host;
Thou mine in Lycia, when I thither come:
Then shun we, e'en amid the thickest fight,
Each other's lance; enough there are for me
Of Trojans and their brave allies to kill,
As Heav'n may aid me, and my speed of foot;
And Greeks enough there are for thee to slay,
If so indeed thou canst; but let us now
Our armour interchange, that these may know
What friendly bonds of old our houses join."
Thus as they spoke, they quitted each his car;
Clasp'd hand in hand, and plighted mutual faith.
Then Glaucus of his judgment Jove depriv'd,
His armour interchanging, gold for brass,
A hundred oxen's worth for that of nine.

Meanwhile, when Hector reach'd the oak beside
The Scaean gate, around him throng'd the wives

Of Troy, and daughters, anxious to enquire
The fate of children, brothers, husbands, friends;
He to the Gods exhorted all to pray,
For deep the sorrows that o'er many hung.
But when to Priam's splendid house he came,
With polish'd corridors adorn'd--within
Were fifty chambers, all of polish'd stone,
Plac'd each by other; there the fifty sons
Of Priam with their wedded wives repos'd;
On th' other side, within the court were built
Twelve chambers, near the roof, of polish'd stone,
Plac'd each by other; there the sons-in-law
Of Priam with their spouses chaste repos'd;
To meet him there his tender mother came,
And with her led the young Laodice,
Fairest of all her daughters; clasping then
His hands, she thus address'd him: "Why, my son,
Why com'st thou here, and leav'st the battle-field?
Are Trojans by those hateful sons of Greece,
Fighting around the city, sorely press'd?
And com'st thou, by thy spirit mov'd, to raise,
On Ilium's heights, thy hands in pray'r to Jove?
But tarry till I bring the luscious wine,
That first to Jove, and to th' Immortals all,
Thou mayst thine offering pour; then with the draught
Thyself thou mayst refresh; for great the strength
Which gen'rous wine imparts to men who toil,
As thou hast toil'd, thy comrades to protect."

To whom great Hector of the glancing helm:
"No, not for me, mine honour'd mother, pour
The luscious wine, lest thou unnerve my limbs,
And make me all my wonted prowess lose.
The ruddy wine I dare not pour to Jove
With hands unwash'd; nor to the cloud-girt son
Of Saturn may the voice of pray'r ascend
From one with blood bespatter'd and defil'd.
Thou, with the elder women, seek the shrine
Of Pallas; bring your gifts; and on the knees
Of fair-hair'd Pallas place the fairest robe
In all the house, the amplest, best esteem'd;
And at her altar vow to sacrifice
Twelve yearling kine, that never felt the goad;
So she have pity on the Trojan state,
Our wives, and helpless babes; and turn away
The fiery son of Tydeus, spearman fierce,
The Minister of Terror; to the shrine
Of Pallas thou; to Paris I, to call
If haply he will hear; would that the earth
Would gape and swallow him! for great the curse
That Jove thro' him hath brought on men of Troy,
On noble Priam, and on Priam's sons.
Could I but know that he were in his grave,
Methinks my sorrows I could half forget."

He said: she, to the house returning, sent
Th' attendants through the city, to collect
The train of aged suppliants; she meanwhile
Her fragrant chamber sought, wherein were stor'd

Rich garments by Sidonian women work'd,
Whom godlike Paris had from Sidon brought,
Sailing the broad sea o'er, the selfsame path
By which the high-born Helen he convey'd.
Of these, the richest in embroidery,
The amplest, and the brightest, as a star
Refulgent, plac'd with care beneath the rest,
The Queen her offering bore to Pallas' shrine:
She went, and with her many an ancient dame.
But when the shrine they reach'd on Ilium's height,
Theano, fair of face, the gates unlock'd,
Daughter of Cisseus, sage Antenor's wife,
By Trojans nam'd at Pallas' shrine to serve.
They with deep moans to Pallas rais'd their hands;
But fair Theano took the robe, and plac'd
On Pallas' knees, and to the heav'nly Maid,
Daughter of Jove, she thus address'd her pray'r:
"Guardian of cities, Pallas, awful Queen,
Goddess of Goddesses, break thou the spear
Of Tydeus' son; and grant that he himself
Prostrate before the Scaean gates may fall;
So at thine altar will we sacrifice
Twelve yearling kine, that never felt the goad,
If thou have pity on the state of Troy,
The wives of Trojans, and their helpless babes."

Thus she; but Pallas answer'd not her pray'r.
While thus they call'd upon the heav'nly Maid,
Hector to Paris' mansion bent his way;
A noble structure, which himself had built
Aided by all the best artificers
Who in the fertile realm of Troy were known;
With chambers, hall, and court, on Ilium's height,
Near to where Priam's self and Hector dwelt.
There enter'd Hector, well belov'd of Jove;
And in his hand his pond'rous spear he bore,
Twelve cubits long; bright flash'd the weapon's point
Of polish'd brass, with circling hoop of gold.
There in his chamber found he whom he sought,
About his armour busied, polishing
His shield, his breastplate, and his bended bow.
While Argive Helen, 'mid her maidens plac'd,
The skilful labours of their hands o'erlook'd.
To him thus Hector with reproachful words;
"Thou dost not well thine anger to indulge;
In battle round the city's lofty wall
The people fast are falling; thou the cause
That fiercely thus around the city burns
The flame of war and battle; and thyself
Wouldst others blame, who from the fight should shrink.
Up, ere the town be wrapp'd in hostile fires."

To whom in answer godlike Paris thus:
"Hector, I own not causeless thy rebuke;
Yet will I speak; hear thou and understand;
'Twas less from anger with the Trojan host,
And fierce resentment, that I here remain'd,
Than that I sought my sorrow to indulge;
Yet hath my wife, e'en now, with soothing words

Urg'd me to join the battle; so, I own,
'Twere best; and Vict'ry changes oft her side.
Then stay, while I my armour don; or thou
Go first: I, following, will o'ertake thee soon."

He said: but Hector of the glancing helm
Made answer none; then thus with gentle tones
Helen accosted him: "Dear brother mine,
(Of me, degraded, sorrow-bringing, vile!)
Oh that the day my mother gave me birth
Some storm had on the mountains cast me forth!
Or that the many-dashing ocean's waves
Had swept me off, ere all this woe were wrought!
Yet if these evils were of Heav'n ordain'd,
Would that a better man had call'd me wife;
A sounder judge of honour and disgrace:
For he, thou know'st, no firmness hath of mind,
Nor ever will; a want he well may rue.
But come thou in, and rest thee here awhile,
Dear brother, on this couch; for travail sore
Encompasseth thy soul, by me impos'd,
Degraded as I am, and Paris' guilt;
On whom this burthen Heav'n hath laid, that shame
On both our names through years to come shall rest."

To whom great Hector of the glancing helm:
"Though kind thy wish, yet, Helen, ask me not
To sit or rest; I cannot yield to thee:
For to the succour of our friends I haste,
Who feel my loss, and sorely need my aid.
But thou thy husband rouse, and let him speed,
That he may find me still within the walls.
For I too homeward go; to see once more
My household, and my wife, and infant child:
For whether I may e'er again return,
I know not, or if Heav'n have so decreed,
That I this day by Grecian hands should fall."

Thus saying, Hector of the glancing helm
Turn'd to depart; with rapid step he reach'd
His own well-furnished house, but found not there
His white-arm'd spouse, the fair Andromache.
She with her infant child and maid the while
Was standing, bath'd in tears, in bitter grief,
On Ilium's topmost tower: but when her Lord
Found not within the house his peerless wife,
Upon the threshold pausing, thus he spoke:
"Tell me, my maidens, tell me true, which way
Your mistress went, the fair Andromache;
Or to my sisters, or my brothers' wives?
Or to the temple where the fair-hair'd dames
Of Troy invoke Minerva's awful name?"

To whom the matron of his house replied:
"Hector, if truly we must answer thee,
Not to thy sisters, nor thy brothers' wives,
Nor to the temple where the fair-hair'd dames
Of Troy invoke Minerva's awful name,
But to the height of Ilium's topmost tow'r

Andromache is gone; since tidings came
The Trojan force was overmatch'd, and great
The Grecian strength; whereat, like one distract,
She hurried to the walls, and with her took,
Borne in the nurse's arms, her infant child."

So spoke the ancient dame; and Hector straight
Through the wide streets his rapid steps retrac'd.
But when at last the mighty city's length
Was travers'd, and the Scaean gates were reach'd,
Whence was the outlet to the plain, in haste
Running to meet him came his priceless wife,
Eetion's daughter, fair Andromache;
Eetion, who from Thebes Cilicia sway'd,
Thebes, at the foot of Placos' wooded heights.
His child to Hector of the brazen helm
Was giv'n in marriage: she it was who now
Met him, and by her side the nurse, who bore,
Clasp'd to her breast, his all unconscious child,
Hector's lov'd infant, fair as morning star;
Whom Hector call'd Scamandrius, but the rest
Astyanax, in honour of his sire,
The matchless chief, the only prop of Troy.
Silent he smil'd as on his boy he gaz'd:
But at his side Andromache, in tears,
Hung on his arm, and thus the chief address'd:

"Dear Lord, thy dauntless spirit will work thy doom:
Nor hast thou pity on this thy helpless child,
Or me forlorn, to be thy widow soon:
For thee will all the Greeks with force combin'd
Assail and slay: for me, 'twere better far,
Of thee bereft, to lie beneath the sod;
Nor comfort shall be mine, if thou be lost,
But endless grief; to me nor sire is left,
Nor honour'd mother; fell Achilles' hand
My sire Eetion slew, what time his arms
The populous city of Cilicia raz'd,
The lofty-gated Thebes; he slew indeed,
But stripp'd him not; he reverenc'd the dead;
And o'er his body, with his armour burnt,
A mound erected; and the mountain nymphs,
The progeny of aegis-bearing Jove,
Planted around his tomb a grove of elms.
There were sev'n brethren in my father's house;
All in one day they fell, amid their herds
And fleecy flocks, by fierce Achilles' hand.
My mother, Queen of Placos' wooded height,
Brought with the captives here, he soon releas'd
For costly ransom; but by Dian's shafts
She, in her father's house, was stricken down.
But, Hector, thou to me art all in one,
Sire, mother, brethren! thou, my wedded love!
Then pitying us, within the tow'r remain,
Nor make thy child an orphan, and thy wife
A hapless widow; by the fig-tree here
Array thy troops; for here the city wall,
Easiest of access, most invites assault.
Thrice have their boldest chiefs this point assail'd,

The two Ajaces, brave Idomeneus,
Th' Atridae both, and Tydeus' warlike son,
Or by the prompting of some Heav'n-taught seer,
Or by their own advent'rous courage led."

To whom great Hector of the glancing helm;
"Think not, dear wife, that by such thoughts as these
My heart has ne'er been wrung; but I should blush
To face the men and long-rob'd dames of Troy,
If, like a coward, I could shun the fight.
Nor could my soul the lessons of my youth
So far forget, whose boast it still has been
In the fore-front of battle to be found,
Charg'd with my father's glory and mine own.
Yet in my inmost soul too well I know,
The day must come when this our sacred Troy,
And Priam's race, and Priam's royal self
Shall in one common ruin be o'erthrown.
But not the thoughts of Troy's impending fate,
Nor Hecuba's nor royal Priam's woes,
Nor loss of brethren, numerous and brave,
By hostile hands laid prostrate in the dust,
So deeply wring my heart as thoughts of thee,
Thy days of freedom lost, and led away
A weeping captive by some brass-clad Greek;
Haply in Argos, at a mistress' beck,
Condemn'd to ply the loom, or water draw
From Hypereia's or Messeis' fount,
Heart-wrung, by stern necessity constrain'd.
Then they who see thy tears perchance may say,
'Lo! this was Hector's wife, who, when they fought
On plains of Troy, was Ilium's bravest chief.'
Thus may they speak; and thus thy grief renew
For loss of him, who might have been thy shield
To rescue thee from slav'ry's bitter hour.
Oh may I sleep in dust, ere be condemn'd
To hear thy cries, and see thee dragg'd away!"

Thus as he spoke, great Hector stretch'd his arms
To take his child; but back the infant shrank,
Crying, and sought his nurse's shelt'ring breast,
Scar'd by the brazen helm and horse-hair plume,
That nodded, fearful, on the warrior's crest.
Laugh'd the fond parents both, and from his brow
Hector the casque remov'd, and set it down,
All glitt'ring, on the ground; then kiss'd his child,
And danc'd him in his arms; then thus to Jove
And to th' Immortals all address'd his pray'r:
"Grant, Jove, and all ye Gods, that this my son
May be, as I, the foremost man of Troy,
For valour fam'd, his country's guardian King;
That men may say, 'This youth surpasses far
His father,' when they see him from the fight,
From slaughter'd foes, with bloody spoils of war
Returning, to rejoice his mother's heart!"

Thus saying, in his mother's arms he plac'd
His child; she to her fragrant bosom clasp'd,

Smiling through tears; with eyes of pitying love
Hector beheld, and press'd her hand, and thus
Address'd her--"Dearest, wring not thus my heart!
For till my day of destiny is come,
No man may take my life; and when it comes,
Nor brave nor coward can escape that day.
But go thou home, and ply thy household cares,
The loom, and distaff, and appoint thy maids
Their sev'ral tasks; and leave to men of Troy
And, chief of all to me, the toils of war."

Great Hector said, and rais'd his plumed helm;
And homeward, slow, with oft-reverted eyes,
Shedding hot tears, his sorrowing wife return'd.
Arriv'd at valiant Hector's well-built house,
Her maidens press'd around her; and in all
Arose at once the sympathetic grief.
For Hector, yet alive, his household mourn'd,
Deeming he never would again return,
Safe from the fight, by Grecian hands unharm'd.

Nor linger'd Paris in his lofty halls;
But donn'd his armour, glitt'ring o'er with brass,
And through the city pass'd with bounding steps.
As some proud steed, at well-fill'd manger fed,
His halter broken, neighing, scours the plain,
And revels in the widely-flowing stream
To bathe his sides; then tossing high his head,
While o'er his shoulders streams his ample mane.
Light borne on active limbs, in conscious pride.
To the wide pastures of the mares he flies;
So Paris, Priam's son, from Ilium's height,
His bright arms flashing like the gorgeous sun,
Hasten'd, with boastful mien, and rapid step.
Hector he found, as from the spot he turn'd
Where with his wife he late had converse held;
Whom thus the godlike Paris first address'd:
"Too long, good brother, art then here detain'd,
Impatient for the fight, by my delay;
Nor have I timely, as thou bad'st me, come."
To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm:
"My gallant brother, none who thinks aright
Can cavil at thy prowess in the field;
For thou art very valiant; but thy will
Is weak and sluggish; and it grieves my heart,
When from the Trojans, who in thy behalf
Such labours undergo, I hear thy name
Coupled with foul reproach! But go we now!
Henceforth shall all be well, if Jove permit
That from our shores we drive th' invading Greeks,
And to the ever-living Gods of Heav'n
In peaceful homes our free libations pour."

ARGUMENT.

THE SINGLE COMBAT OF HECTOR AND AJAX.

The battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo, seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scaean gate. They agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead, the last of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting, but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder and other signs of his wrath.

The three-and-twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax; the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain; and one more in building the fortification before the ships; so that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.

BOOK VII.

Thus as he spoke, from out the city gates
The noble Hector pass'd, and by his side
His brother Paris; in the breast of both
Burnt the fierce ardour of the battle-field.
As when some God a fav'ring breeze bestows
On seamen tugging at the well-worn oar,
Faint with excess of toil, ev'n so appear'd
Those brethren twain to Troy's o'erlabour'd host.

Then to their prowess fell, by Paris' hand
Menesthus, royal Areithous' son,
Whom to the King, in Arna, where he dwelt,
The stag-ey'd dame Phylomedusa bore;
While Hector smote, with well-directed spear,
Beneath the brass-bound headpiece, through the throat,
Eioneus, and slack'd his limbs in death;
And Glaucus, leader of the Lycian bands,
Son of Hippolochus, amid the fray
Iphinous, son of Dexias, borne on high
By two fleet mares upon a lofty car,
Pierc'd through the shoulder; from the car he fell
Prone to the earth, his limbs relax'd in death.
But them when Pallas saw, amid the fray
Dealing destruction on the hosts of Greece,
From high Olympus to the walls of Troy
She came in haste; Apollo there she found,
As down he look'd from Ilium's topmost tow'r,

Devising vict'ry to the arms of Troy.
Beside the oak they met; Apollo first,
The son of Jove, the colloquy began:
"Daughter of Jove, from great Olympus' heights,
Why com'st thou here, by angry passion led?
Wouldst thou the vict'ry, swaying here and there,
Give to the Greeks? since pitiless thou see'st
The Trojans slaughter'd? Be advis'd by me,
For so 'twere better; cause we for today
The rage of battle and of war to cease;
To-morrow morn shall see the fight renew'd,
Until the close of Ilium's destiny;
For so ye Goddesses have wrought your will,
That this fair city should in ruin fall."

To whom the blue-ey'd Goddess thus replied:
"So be it, Archer-King; with like intent
I from Olympus came; but say, what means
Wilt thou devise to bid the conflict cease?"

To whom Apollo, royal son of Jove:
"The might of valiant Hector let us move
To challenge to the combat, man to man,
Some Grecian warrior; while the brass-clad Greeks
Their champion urge the challenge to accept,
And godlike Hector meet in single fight."

He said; nor did Minerva not assent;
But Helenus, the son of Priam, knew
The secret counsel by the Gods devis'd;
And drawing near to Hector, thus he spoke:
"Hector, thou son of Priam, sage as Jove
In council, hearken to a brother's words.
Bid that the Greeks and Trojans all sit down,
And thou defy the boldest of the Greeks
With thee in single combat to contend;
By revelation from th' eternal Gods,
I know that here thou shalt not meet thy fate."

He said, and Hector joy'd to hear his words;
Forth in the midst he stepp'd, and with his spear
Grasp'd in the middle, stay'd the Trojan ranks.
With one accord they sat; on th' other side
Atrides bade the well-greav'd Greeks sit down;
While, in the likeness of two vultures, sat
On the tall oak of aegis-bearing Jove,
Pallas, and Phoebus of the silver bow,
With heroes' deeds delighted; dense around
Bristled the ranks, with shield, and helm, and spear.
As when the west wind freshly blows, and brings
A dark'ning ripple o'er the ocean waves,
E'en so appear'd upon the plain the ranks
Of Greeks and Trojans; standing in the midst,
Thus to both armies noble Hector spoke:
"Hear, all ye Trojans, and ye well-greav'd Greeks,
The words I speak, the promptings of my soul.
It hath not pleas'd high-thron'd Saturnian Jove
To ratify our truce, who both afflicts
With labours hard, till either ye shall take

Our well-fenc'd city, or yourselves to us
Succumb beside your ocean-going ships.
Here have ye all the chiefest men of Greece;
Of all, let him who dares with me to fight,
Stand forth, and godlike Hector's might confront.
And this I say, and call to witness Jove,
If with the sharp-edg'd spear he vanquish me,
He shall strip off, and to the hollow ships
In triumph bear my armour; but my corpse
Restore, that so the men and wives of Troy
May deck with honours due my funeral pyre.
But, by Apollo's grace should I prevail,
I will his arms strip off and bear to Troy,
And in Apollo's temple hang on high;
But to the ships his corpse I will restore,
That so the long-hair'd Greeks with solemn rites
May bury him, and to his mem'ry raise
By the broad Hellespont a lofty tomb;
And men in days to come shall say, who urge
Their full-oar'd bark across the dark-blue sea,
'Lo there a warrior's tomb of days gone by,
A mighty chief, whom glorious Hector slew:'
Thus shall they say, and thus my fame shall live."

Thus Hector spoke; they all in silence heard,
Sham'd to refuse, but fearful to accept.
At length in anger Menelaus rose,
Groaning in spirit, and with bitter words
Reproach'd them: "Shame, ye braggart cowards, shame!
Women of Greece! I cannot call you men!
'Twere foul disgrace indeed, and scorn on scorn,
If Hector's challenge none of all the Greeks
Should dare accept; to dust and water turn
All ye who here inglorious, heartless sit!
I will myself confront him; for success,
Th' immortal Gods above the issues hold."

Thus as he spoke, he donn'd his dazzling arms.
Then, Menelaus, had thine end approach'd
By Hector's hands, so much the stronger he,
Had not the Kings withheld thee and restrain'd.
Great Agamemnon's self, wide-ruling King,
Seizing his hand, address'd him thus by name:
"What! Heav'n-born Menelaus, art thou mad?
Beseems thee not such folly; curb thy wrath,
Though vex'd; nor think with Hector to contend,
Thy better far, inspiring dread in all.
From his encounter in the glorious fight,
Superior far to thee, Achilles shrinks;
But thou amid thy comrades' ranks retire;
Some other champion will the Greeks provide;
And, fearless as he is, and of the fight
Insatiate, yet will Hector, should he 'scape
Unwounded from the deadly battle-strife,
Be fain, methinks, to rest his weary limbs."

He said, and with judicious counsel sway'd
His brother's mind; he yielded to his words,
And gladly his attendants doff'd his arms.

Then Nestor rose, and thus address'd the Greeks:
"Alas, alas! what shame is this for Greece!
What grief would fill the aged Peleus' soul,
Sage chief in council, of the Myrmidons
Leader approv'd, who often in his house
Would question me, and lov'd from me to hear
Of all the Greeks the race and pedigree,
Could he but learn how Hector cow'd them all!
He to the Gods with hands uprais'd would pray
His soul might from his body be divorc'd,
And sink beneath the earth! Oh would to Jove,
To Pallas and Apollo, such were now
My vig'rous youth, as when beside the banks
Of swiftly-flowing Celadon, the men
Of Pylos with th' Arcadian spearmen fought,
By Pheia's walls, around Iardanus's streams.
Then from the ranks, in likeness as a God,
Advanc'd their champion, Ereuthalion bold.
The arms of Areithous he wore:
Of godlike Areithous, whom men
And richly-girdled women had surnam'd
The Macebearer; for not with sword or bow
He went to fight, but with an iron mace
Broke through the squadrons: him Lycurgus slew,
By stealth, not brav'ry, in a narrow way,
Where nought avail'd his iron mace from death
To save him; for Lycurgus, with his spear,
Preventing, thrust him through the midst; he fell
Prostrate; and from his breast the victor stripp'd
His armour off, the gift of brass-clad Mars;
And in the tug of war he wore it oft;
But when Lycurgus felt th' approach of age,
He to his faithful follower and friend,
To Ereuthalion gave it; therewith, arm'd,
He now to combat challeng'd all the chiefs.
None dar'd accept, for fear had fallen on all;
Then I with dauntless spirit his might oppos'd,
The youngest of them all; with him I fought,
And Pallas gave the vict'ry to my arm.
Him there I slew, the tallest, strongest man;
For many another there beside him lay.
Would that my youth and strength were now the same;
Then soon should Hector of the glancing helm
A willing champion find; but ye, of Greece
The foremost men, with Hector fear to fight."

The old man spoke reproachful; at his words
Up rose nine warriors: far before the rest,
The monarch Agamemnon, King of men;
Next Tydeus' son, the valiant Diomed;
The two Ajaces, cloth'd with courage high;
Idomeneus, and of Idomeneus
The faithful follower, brave Meriones,
Equal in fight to blood-stain'd Mars; with these
Eurypylus, Euaemon's noble son;
Thoas, Andraemon's son; Ulysses last:
These all with Hector offer'd to contend.
Then thus again Gerenian Nestor spoke:

"Shake then the lots; on whomsoe'er it fall,
Great profit shall he bring to Grecian arms,
Great glory to himself, if he escape
Unwounded from the deadly battle strife."
He said: each mark'd his sev'ral lot, and all
Together threw in Agamemnon's helm.
The crowd, with hands uplifted, pray'd the Gods,
And looking heav'nward, said, "Grant, Father Jove,
The lot on Ajax, or on Tydeus' son,
Or on Mycenae's wealthy King may fall."

Thus they: then aged Nestor shook the helm,
And forth, according to their wish, was thrown
The lot of Ajax; then from left to right
A herald show'd to all the chiefs of Greece,
In turn, the token; they who knew it not,
Disclaim'd it all; but when to him he came
Who mark'd, and threw it in Atrides' helm,
The noble Ajax, and, approaching, placed
The token in his outstretch'd hand, forthwith
He knew it, and rejoic'd; before his feet
He threw it down upon the ground, and said,
"O friends, the lot is mine; great is my joy,
And hope o'er godlike Hector to prevail.
But now, while I my warlike armour don,
Pray ye to Saturn's royal son, apart,
In silence, that the Trojans hear ye not;
Or ev'n aloud, for nought have we to fear.
No man against my will can make me fly,
By greater force or skill; nor will, I hope,
My inexperience in the field disgrace
The teaching of my native Salamis."

Thus he; and they to Saturn's royal son
Address'd their pray'rs, and looking heav'nward, said:
"O Father Jove, who rul'st on Ida's height!
Most great! most glorious! grant that Ajax now
May gain the vict'ry, and immortal praise:
Or if thy love and pity Hector claim,
Give equal pow'r and equal praise to both."

Ajax meanwhile in dazzling brass was clad;
And when his armour all was duly donn'd,
Forward he mov'd, as when gigantic Mars
Leads nations forth to war, whom Saturn's son
In life-destroying conflict hath involv'd;
So mov'd the giant Ajax, prop of Greece,
With sternly smiling mien; with haughty stride
He trod the plain, and pois'd his pond'rous spear.
The Greeks, rejoicing, on their champion gaz'd,
The Trojans' limbs beneath them shook with fear;
Ev'n Hector's heart beat quicker in his breast;
Yet quail he must not now, nor back retreat
Amid his comrades--he, the challenger!
Ajax approach'd; before him, as a tow'r
His mighty shield he bore, sev'n-fold, brass-bound,
The work of Tychius, best artificer
That wrought in leather; he in Hyla dwelt.
Of sev'n-fold hides the pond'rous shield was wrought

Of lusty bulls; the eighth was glitt'ring brass.
This by the son of Telamon was borne
Before his breast; to Hector close he came,
And thus with words of haughty menace spoke:

"Hector, I now shall teach thee, man to man,
The mettle of the chiefs we yet possess,
Although Achilles of the lion heart,
Mighty in battle, be not with us still;
He by his ocean-going ships indeed
Against Atrides nurses still his wrath;
Yet are there those who dare encounter thee,
And not a few; then now begin the fight."

To whom great Hector of the glancing helm:
"Ajax, brave leader, son of Telamon,
Deal not with me as with a feeble child,
Or woman, ign'rant of the ways of war;
Of war and carnage every point I know;
And well I know to wield, now right, now left,
The tough bull's-hide that forms my stubborn targe:
Well know I too my fiery steeds to urge,
And raise the war-cry in the standing fight.
But not in secret ambush would I watch,
To strike, by stealth, a noble foe like thee;
But slay thee, if I may, in open fight."

He said; and, poising, hurl'd his pond'rous spear;
The brazen cov'ring of the shield it struck,
The outward fold, the eighth, above the sev'n
Of tough bull's-hide; through six it drove its way
With stubborn force; but in the seventh was stay'd,
Then Ajax hurl'd in turn his pond'rous spear,
And struck the circle true of Hector's shield;
Right thro' the glitt'ring shield the stout spear pass'd,
And thro' the well-wrought breastplate drove its way;
And, underneath, the linen vest it tore;
But Hector, stooping, shunn'd the stroke of death.
Withdrawing then their weapons, each on each
They fell, like lions fierce, or tusked boars,
In strength the mightiest of the forest beasts.
Then Hector fairly on the centre struck
The stubborn shield; yet drove not through the spear;
For the stout brass the blunted point repell'd.
But Ajax, with a forward bound, the shield
Of Hector pierc'd; right through the weapon pass'd;
Arrested with rude shock the warrior's course,
And graz'd his neck, that spouted forth the blood.
Yet did not Hector of the glancing helm
Flinch from the contest: stooping to the ground,
With his broad hand a pond'rous stone he seiz'd,
That lay upon the plain, dark, jagg'd, and huge,
And hurl'd against the sev'n-fold shield, and struck
Full on the central boss; loud rang the brass:
Then Ajax rais'd a weightier mass of rock
And sent it whirling, giving to his arm
Unmeasur'd impulse; with a millstone's weight
It crush'd the buckler; Hector's knees gave way;
Backward he stagger'd, yet upon his shield

Sustain'd, till Phoebus rais'd him to his feet.
Now had they hand to hand with swords engag'd,
Had not the messengers of Gods and men,
The heralds, interpos'd; the one for Troy,
The other umpire for the brass-clad Greeks,
Talthybius and Idaeus, well approv'd.
Between the chiefs they held their wands, and thus
Idaeus both with prudent speech address'd:
"No more, brave youths! no longer wage the fight:
To cloud-compelling Jove ye both are dear,
Both valiant spearmen; that, we all have seen.
Night is at hand; behoves us yield to night."

Whom answer'd thus the son of Telamon:
"Idaeus, bid that Hector speak those words:
He challeng'd all our chiefs; let him begin:
If he be willing, I shall not refuse."

To whom great Hector of the glancing helm:
"Ajax, since God hath giv'n thee size, and strength,
And skill; and with the spear, of all the Greeks
None is thine equal; cease we for to-day
The fight; hereafter we may meet, and Heav'n
Decide our cause, and one with vict'ry crown.
Night is at hand; behoves us yield to night.
So by the ships shalt thou rejoice the Greeks,
And most of all, thy comrades and thy friends;
And so shall I, in Priam's royal town,
Rejoice the men of Troy, and long-rob'd dames,
Who shall with grateful pray'rs the temples throng.
But make we now an interchange of gifts,
That both the Trojans and the Greeks may say,
'On mortal quarrel did those warriors meet,
Yet parted thence in friendly bonds conjoin'd.'"

This said, a silver-studded sword he gave,
With scabbard and with well-cut belt complete;
Ajax a girdle, rich with crimson dye.
They parted; Ajax to the Grecian camp,
And Hector to the ranks of Troy return'd:
Great was the joy when him they saw approach,
Alive and safe; escap'd from Ajax' might
And arm invincible; and tow'rd the town
They led him back, beyond their hope preserv'd;
While to Atrides' tent the well-greav'd Greeks

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