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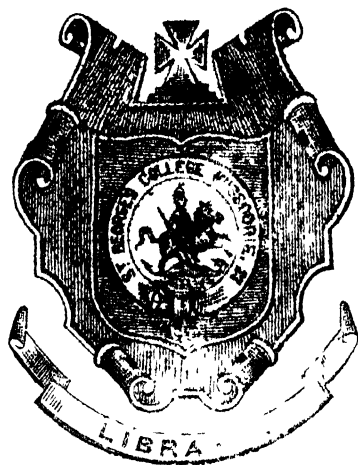
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पुस्तक संख्या

Book No.

Hom
V.1



THE
ILIAD OF HOMER
TRANSLATED

RIVINGTONS

London.....*Waterloo Place*
Oxford.....*High Street*
Cambridge.....*Trinity Street*

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER

TRANSLATED

By J. G. CORDERY

LATE OF BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD, AND NOW OF H. M. BENGAL
CIVIL SERVICE

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VOL. I

RIVINGTONS
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TO
JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP, M.A.

PRINCIPAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREW,

I inscribe this attempt,

AS SOME TOKEN OF THE GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION WITH

WHICH THE WARMTH OF HIS FRIENDSHIP,

AND THE INSPIRING NATURE OF HIS TEACHING,

HAVE EVER BEEN REGARDED

BY ONE OF HIS OLD RUGBY PUPILS.



THE present attempt at a translation of the Iliad was commenced in the Punjab during the early months of 1862, and completed (except so far as it has been subsequently revised) in Central India towards the close of 1866. I was ignorant, therefore, whilst writing by far the larger portion of it, that so many others were engaged upon the same work. Had I been aware to what an extent the field would be preoccupied, my own translations would probably never have taken so systematic a form. Still, no really independent translator of Homer can be like another. As with the painting of nature, so is it with the attempted transfer of the master-pieces of poetry into a new language. Differences of interpretation (in the more liberal sense of the word) widen rather than diminish, as we advance along the lines to which our several conceptions or tastes have directed us at the outset. The original presents so many and so various aspects, that portraits, taken from different

points of view, are occasionally hardly recognizable as attempts to portray the same poet. Thus the versions given by Pope, by Cowper, and by Professor Newman, if looked upon as representations of the poetry of Homer, have nothing akin to each other. To a certain extent, of course, the same sense is derived from the same words; but in every thing that distinguishes them from prose—in all that entitles them to be in verse at all—these three translators have hardly a point in common. The same would be found true, though perhaps not to so palpable a degree, in any comparison between the late Lord Derby and Mr. Worsley. The certainty that such contrasts and dissimilarities must exist, affords some encouragement in venturing upon a path already so well trodden. Whether, indeed, these differences are, in any particular case, merits, or demerits, is a point on which no translator can thoroughly trust his own judgment. And the present version assuredly would never have seen the light, had not more competent lovers of Homer considered that it might truly serve to illustrate anew some essential characteristics of the many-sided original.

The two qualities which I have desired most to retain are those of rapidity of movement and direct-

ness of speech. A translator cannot, indeed, like a poet, have his 'eye upon the object' only; it suffices for him to have it upon that image of the object which is presented to him on the mirror from which he is reading. But whenever, penetrating beyond the mere words, he has that image clear before him, he will, in the case of Homer, have attained the first element of directness of style. Rapidity of movement, on the other hand, is a matter of versification. I concur with those who hold that the sonorous march of the ancient hexameter lies beyond the reach of the English tongue; even the most successful English examples of that measure proceed *ab initio* on a vital deviation from the classical rhythm. With respect to blank verse, it has been urged by artists of a critical skill and knowledge greatly superior to my own, that, strong as its claims on all other grounds are, there is one consideration which compels any save the greatest masters to renounce it. For it is the *non imitabile fulmen* of the rarest poets only; even they only gain their command over it at the ripest period of their lives; and to wield it with sustained force through a long work requires a strength which is exceptional in a generation. I believe this to be true of one form of the measure, but of one only—

the Miltonic. But in a translation of Homer we have not to deal with that form. Its elaborate and complex harmonies, even if they could be attained, would be, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has shown, inappropriate in rendering a poet whose grandeur consists in an unique simplicity. And I have sought only to attain a far humbler style of verse, in which many lines together are seldom dovetailed into each other, and in which the paragraphs are not often longer than they are in the original Greek. Such a form, I have thought, might be within the range of a much more moderate artist, and yet, when fed with the noble subject-matter which Homer supplies, might naturally mount to sufficient elevation to give pleasure to the ear of the reader. But it is with great doubt and diffidence that I submit my solution of such a problem to the opinion of the public.

J. G. C.

East India United Service Club,

December, 1870.

Corrigenda.

Book v. 589, *for* your enemies' *read* your enemies

Book viii. 524, *for* most dread? *read* most dread !

Book ix. 107, *for* Lycomedes. *read* Lycomedes,

Iliad I

SING, Goddess, of Achilles, Peleus' son
The Wrath that rose disastrous, and the cause
Of woes unnumber'd to Achaia's host,
Casting to Hades many a mighty soul
Of hero ere his time, and many a limb
Prey to the dogs and all the fowls of heaven !
Yet was the will of Zeus fulfill'd thereby ;
Then first, what time asunder stood in strife
Achilles from Atrides king of men.

Say, of the Gods who drave them to this strife ? 10
Ev'n He, the child of Leto and of Zeus ;
Wroth with their King, He sent an evil plague
Raging amongst them, and their folk were slain,
For that dishonour dealt by Atreus' Son
To Chryses, his high-priest. For Chryses came
To their swift galleys, bearing priceless gifts
The ransom of his daughter, in his hands
Showing the garland of Apollo twined
About a golden sceptre, and besought
All the Achaians, yet address'd his prayer 20

Most to the brother-chieftains, Atreus' sons :

“Hear me, ye Sons of Atreus ! Hear me, all
Achaia's host ! To you may Heav'n vouchsafe
The sack of Ilion and return to home ;
But render back to me mine own dear child,
Accepting ransom, honouring so the name
Of Him who smites from far, the Child of Zeus.”

He spoke ; to whom the Achaians gave applause,
Bidding revere the priest, and take the gifts
Of her redemption ; but ill-pleased the soul 30
Of Agamemnon, who despiteful sent
Empty, with violent words, the priest away :

“Beware, old man, lest near these hollow barks
I find thee or now lingering or henceforth
Returning ; else but little shall avail
Thy sceptre, or the garland of thy God.
I will not loose thy daughter, ere old age
Falls on her, from her country and her home
Far in our palace and the Argive realm,
'Task'd at the loom, or partner of my bed. 40
But, an thou lov'st thy safety, quick begone !”

He spoke ; the elder, all in awe, obey'd.
On the full-sounding ocean's echoing shore
He pass'd in silence to a place apart,
And there to great Apollo made his prayer,
Apollo, whom fair Leto bore to Zeus :

“Hear me, O Bender of the silver bow,
Who dwell'st in Chryse, or the fruitful dales

Of Cylla, or in Tenedos enthroned,
Sminthian Apollo ! If that e'er I wreath'd 50
About thy fragrant altar crowns of flowers,
Or e'er have made to thee sweet sacrifice
Of bulls and goats, fulfil me my desire :
Venge with thy darts these tears upon their host."

He spoke ; whose prayer Apollo heard, and straight
Strode wrathful o'er the Olympian peaks sublime,
Bearing his close-capp'd quiver and his bow
Swung round his shoulder ; loud the arrows rang,
Hurling together as the God moved on.
Most like to Night, he came, and satc him down 60
Short space from off the fleet, and 'gan discharge
His arrows thence. Dire sung the silver bow ;
Whilst first against their sumpters and their hounds
He aim'd, but after shot a bitter shaft
Upon themselves ; thenceforward ceaseless rose
The flames of funeral piles throughout the host.
Nine days the shafts divine beset the camp ;
The tenth, Achilles to their market-place
Call'd all the people ; Herè gave the thought,
Herè, the Goddess of the milkwhite arm, 70
Moved for the Danaans perishing in her sight.
In that full gathering of Achaia's sons
Fleetfoot Achilles rose, and thus began :

"If thus together pestilence and war
Be banded to subdue Achaia's might,
Atrides, though perchance we 'scape this death,

'Twill be to wander weather-beaten home.
Inquire we therefore of some priest or seer,
Or one who reads the presage of a dream,
(For dream proceeds from Zeus,) to know the cause 80
Phœbus Apollo hath of wrath against us ;
Whether for vow incensed, or hecatomb ;
If haply by the steam of victim's flesh,
By bulls and goats appeased, he stay this plague."

He ceased, and sate him down. Then Calchas rose,
The son of Thestor, chief of seers, who knew
What was, and what had been, and what should be,
And of that prescience, great Apollo's gift,
Was pilot of their fleet to Ilion's shore ;
He thus address'd them words discreet, and spake : 90

"Achilles, loved of Zeus ! who bidd'st me tell
Wherefore Apollo hath this wrath against you,
I tell thee true, but ponder this, and swear
Strongly to bear me out by word and deed.
I fear lest I should anger one whose sway
Is sovran in all Argos, and allow'd
Throughout Achaia. Powerful falls the wrath
Of kings upon the weak ; for, though awhile
They smother up the flame, yet in their hearts
The malice rankles, till their wish hath come. 100
Bethink thee, then, how thou wilt bear me through."

To whom Achilles spake in answer thus :
"Be cheer'd ; speak what thou knowest and what the God
Revealeth ; for by Him I swear, who grants

Unto thy prayers, that thou canst show his will.
Yea, by Apollo, child to Zeus on high,
Never, whilst I survive upon this earth,
Shall any amongst these barks raise violent hand
To harm thee, not though Agamemnon's name
Thou nam'st, the sovereign of Achaia's sons." 110

Whereat the blameless seer took heart, and spake :

"Oh, not for vow incensed, or hecatomb,
But for the priest, to whom Atrides dealt
Dishonour, when his ransom he repell'd
Nor loosed his daughter—for his sake the God
Inflicts this sorrow, and shall still inflict,
Nor stay the heavy hand of pestilence,
Ere we have render'd to her father's hands
The bright-eyed maid, unpriced, unransom'd, home,
And offer'd up a sacred hecatomb 120
In Chryse ; so assuaged, his wrath will cease."

He spoke and sate him down. But straightway rose
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Much troubled ; and his very heart wax'd black,
Surcharged with wrath ; his eyes shone bright as fire ;
And, louring, first to Calchas he began :

"Prophet of evil ! Ne'er to me of good
Thou spakèst, but 'twas ever thy dear part
To bode all ill, and as thy words thy deeds.
So now in this assembly thou declar'st, 130
Taught of thine oracle, that this the cause,
The arrow God hath brought this sorrow on us,

For that I would not take the glorious gifts
Of Chryses for his daughter ; well thou know'st
My longing to preserve her in my home ;
Above ev'n Clytemnestra, mine own wife,
I set her ; for to her in form and face
And mind and handiwork she yields no whit :
Whom yet will I surrender, if need be ;
I would the nation saved, not dying here. 140
But bring me therefore forth some second prize,
Lest I alone of all my people show
Without a guerdon ; this were no fair thing ;
Yet, lo, what once was mine must pass away."

To whom Achilles rose, and thus return'd :
" Atrides, by thy state, nor less, it seems,
By greed, above thy fellows ! whence this prize
On thee to be bestow'd by Argos' sons ?
Of no such common garners are we 'ware ;
But whatsoever we have won in spoil 150
Hath long been parted, nor behoves the host
Now to regather all to store return'd.
But render thou this maiden to the God ;
And if Zeus grant us spoil of fencèd Troy,
Thrice and four-fold her value shall be thine."

But sovran Agamemnon made reply :
" Achilles, image of the Gods on earth !
Yet steal not with that wondrous craft on me ;
Thou wilt not pass me by, nor win me thus.
Wouldst thou, the while thou holdst thine own secure, 160

See me without my guerdon idly pine,
Yielding you up this damsel? If, indeed,
The Achaians will surrender me a prize
Equal in worth, as pleasing, in her stead :—
But if they will not, with mine own strong hand
Thine will I seize, or from Odysseus his,
Or Ajax, his : he rues it, whom I seek.
Hereafter will be time enow for this :
Now haste, and launch upon the sacred deep
A well-pitch'd galley, and embark thereon 170
A hecatomb, and oarsmen, and withal
The beauteous maiden ; let one chieftain go
Likewise, or Ajax, or Idomeneus,
Or sage Odysseus, or, an so thou wilt,
Go thou, Pelides, miracle of men,
Go thou, and with our offering soothe the God."

To whom Achilles then, with frowning brow :
"O cloak'd in shamelessness! Thou miser-heart!
From this day forward who can follow thee
With a good trust as leader of this host 180
To seek an ambush or to face the foe?
Not ours this cause ; I came not for revenge
Of quarrel of mine own with armèd Troy ;
Who never harried steed nor ox of mine,
Nor ravaged the rich fields of Phthia's plains ;
Rather between us rolls an echoing sea,
And many a mountain lifts his shadowy head.
Thee only, thee we follow'd, thou ingrate,

To bring to pass thy wish, and wreak on Troy,
Only for Menelaüs and for thee, 190
A vengeance which thou barely deign'st to aid !
And now thou threatenest robbery of my meed,
The gift of all Achaia, sorely earn'd !
Yet never, though we take proud Troy at last,
Shall I receive as thou : albeit mine arm
Doth more in perilous onset to and fro,
Yet, in the parting of the spoil, thy lot
Is still the larger ; wearied with the war,
I gain but little, yet that little prize.
But now enough ! 'tis idle to remain, 200
And I will home to Phthia ; thus by thee
Dishonour'd, I will earn thee wealth no more !”

But sovran Agamemnon made reply :
“ Flee, if thy heart so prompt thee ! Not for me
Delay thy going ; I ask not thy stay.
Others are with me, who will render still
Due honour, and of them is Zeus supreme.
But thou—of heav'n-born kings I loathe thee most ;
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels :
Thy strength, thine only virtue—'tis from heav'n ! 210
Home then with all thy galleys and thy men,
And lord it o'er the Myrmidonian crew,
I reck not of thine anger ! Hear me more :
Phœbus Apollo takes from me this maid ;
So be it ; and I send her hence in state
High on mine own fair galley with my men ;

But thine from thee I then will seize, and tear
Brisëis in like manner from thine arms ;
So shalt thou know how far I stand, and great,
Above thee ; so may others lay 't to heart, 220
And shrink from standing rival to their king !”

He ceased ; the other's wrath grew agony,
And in his rough broad breast in twain the mind
Was sunder'd, or to draw his sharp bright brand,
Scatter the guards, and hew Atrides down,
Or to constrain the passion in his heart.
But, while such doubt pass'd coursing through his brain,
And he had half unsheath'd the glittering blade,
Athenè came from heav'n, by Herè sent,
The Goddess of the milkwhite arm, who loved 230
The two alike and with an equal care.
She stood behind, and by his yellow locks
Held back the hero, manifest to him
Only ; none else might see her ; all aghast,
Achilles turn'd his face, and straightway knew
Pallas Athenè of the shining eyes ;
And thus address'd her winged words, and spake :

“ Say to what end thou comest, child of Zeus !
Is 't to behold Atrides in his pride ?
But listen, for I tell thee what shall be ; 240
For this vainglory he shall surely die.”

But azure-eyed Athenè thus return'd :
“ From heav'n I come, Felides, and to stay
Thine anger, if thou wilt be ruled of me—

Sent by the Goddess of the milkwhite arm,
Who loves you, each alike, with equal care.
Hold therefore ; cease this strife, nor draw thy sword ;
But smite him with what words are on thy tongue ;
For what I now foretell shall surely be ;
Ere long, gifts thrice her value shall be laid 250
Before thy feet in quittance of this wrong :
Hold thyself therefore, and be ruled of us."

To whom Achilles then in answer spake :
" Goddess, whate'er mine anger, yet to keep
Such double hest were aye the better part ;
The gods will hear who hearkens to their word."

He spoke, and press'd upon the silver hilt
A heavy hand that drave the giant sword
Back in its sheath, and hearken'd to her hest.
She thence departing to the Olympian courts 260
Hasted to mingle with her fellow gods ;
But he with bitterest words again assail'd
Atrides (nor his passion yet had waned) :

" Winebibber ! with the forehead of a hound,
Faint-hearted as a deer ! who never yet
Hast found the courage or to join thy host
In battle, or thy peers in ambush lain ;
Death lies that way and stares thee in the face ;
Safer by far to range Achaia's host,
And plunder of his country's gifts whoe'er 270
Dares raise a voice against thee through the camp !
King, say'st thou ? Tyrant rather, and of slaves !

Else truly this oppression were thy last.
Yet hear me, what with mighty oath I swear :
This sceptre, that shall never bud again,
Lopt from its parent trunk upon the hills,
Nor yield a leaf or branch, but lieth bare
And bark'd by woodman's steel, and now is borne
Within their hands who under Zeus supreme
Deal justice and guard law inviolate ;— 280
By this I swear,—an oath to cost thee dear ;
The day shall come when on Achaia's host
Shall fall a longing for Achilles' arm ;
Then shalt thou curse thee that thou canst not save,
Whilst they fall slaughter'd under Hector's sword ;
Then shall it rend thee to thy heart of hearts
Thou daredst upon their noblest this affront !”

He spoke and dash'd the sceptre boss'd with gold
Before them on the earth, and sate him down,
As sate Atrides, adverse, nursing wrath. 290
To whom sprang up the clear-toned Pylian sage,
Nestor, of soft address, and from his tongue
Sweeter than honey flow'd the stream of speech.
Two generations of his kind had pass'd
Already, who before his eyes were rear'd
In sacred Pylos, and he ruled the third ;
Who now address'd them words discreet, and spake :

“Alas, that this should hap, to our dear land
Great trouble, but to Priam and his sons,
And all their people, source of endless joy, 300

If so be that they learn how now the twain
Sit wrangling, who in council and in war
Were foremost ever ! wherefore hear ye me ;
Who both are younger far ; and I have mix'd
With better men, who reap'd of me good fruit.
For never have I seen, nor e'er shall see,
Men such as Dryas, shepherd of his realm,
Cæneus, Pirithoüs, Exadius,
Or godlike Polyphemus, or the might
Of Theseus, son of Ægeus, peer to gods :— 310
The strongest generation e'er on earth ;
Strongest themselves ; yet scarce less strong their foes.
The Centaurs of the mountains, whom they fought
And with a terrible slaughter overcame.
To them I came from Pylos, on their call,
Far from the Apian land, and mix'd, and fought
According to my strength amongst their band.
No man (of men that now are on the earth)
Could stand against them ; yet they oft would seek
Counsel of me, and hearken to my word. 320
So likewise hearken ye ; 'twill be your good.
Neither do thou, despite thy sovran power,
Take the maid from him ; but, as first the host
Awarded her his meed, so leave her to him :
Nor thou, Pelides, take thy stand opposed
Against thy king ; for ne'er hath sceptred king
Had larger due of honour ; Zeus bestow'd
This glory on him ; and, though thou art great,

And a great goddess bare thee, yet is he
Above thee by the numbers of his rule. 330
But stay, Atrides, we entreat, thine ire
'Gainst him who stands throughout this evil war
A tower of strength to all Achaia's sons."

But sovran Agamemnon made reply ;
" My father, well and wisely has thou said.
But this man covets sole pre-eminence,
To lord it o'er us all, to hold us all
Slaves to his beck ;—I trow he rules not me !
The Gods have made him as a giant strong ;
Comes thence this charter to a railing tongue ?" 340

To whom Achilles then, with frowning brow :
" And I were well content to bear the name
Of coward, or to lose all name, if e'er
I yield my every deed to thy behest.
Go lord it over others ; I obey
Thy word no more ; nor *thou*, I trow, rul'st me !
Yet hear, and lay this warning to thy heart :
Who gave may take away ; and for the maid
Ye gave me, I will raise no finger up
Neither at thee, nor any other man ; 350
But of all else aboard my swift black bark,
I dare thee to take aught at all away,
Save at mine own good pleasure ! If thou durst
Attempt it, venture thither ; and this host
Shall know thee, when thy blood is on my spear !"

So ended they their wrangling, face to face,

And rose and loosed the assembly through the fleet.
Pelides to his tents and well-bench'd barks
Pass'd with his following and Menœtius' Son ;
But Agamemnon launch'd upon the deep 360
A galley, and of oarsmen a full score
Gather'd thereon, embarking for the God
A hecatomb of oxen, and aboard
Led and bade fair Chryseïs to a seat ;
With whom, their chieftain, sage Odysseus went,
And forth they sail'd upon their watery way.

Then Agamemnon bade his host be cleansed ;
Who cleansed them of pollution in the waves,
And all along the barren ocean's strand
Offer'd whole hecatombs of goats and bulls 370
To King Apollo, whence the grateful steam
Went up to heav'n ascending, roll'd in smoke.

This was their ministration in the camp ;
Yet not for this their king forgot the strife
Wherewith he first had threaten'd Peleus' Son,
But call'd the two quick heralds of the host,
Talthybius and Eurybates, and said :

“ Depart ye to Achilles ; from his tent
Bring forth the maid Briseïs ; an he dare
Forbid you, he shall rue it when I come 380
With thousands more, to seize her and to hold.”

He spoke, and sent them forth with violent charge ;

And loth they moved along the barren sea,
And gain'd the Myrmidonian camp and fleet.
There sitting by his tent and galley's side
They found him ; but he sorrow'd when he saw ;
Whilst they, for awe and reverence of the chief,
Stood silent, nor could question him nor speak ;
Till he, well-knowing in his heart, began :

“ Hail, heralds, messengers of Zeus and men ! 390
Draw nearer ; for I blame not you, but him
Who sent you, Agamemnon, and commands
To take the maid Briseïs ; therefore haste,
Noble Patroclus, bring the maiden forth
And yield her to their hands. And of my wrong
Be they the witness, in the face of Gods
And men alike, and of this haughty king ;
For, oh, if e'er hereafter some sore need
To save his army from a shameful death
Should call on me—yea, this infuriate chief 400
Is death to thousands, nor hath he an eye
To look before and after, or devise
How best his people may escape the death !”

He spoke ; Patroclus heard his dear lord's word,
And brought Briseïs from the tent before them,
And gave her to their hands. Then pass'd the twain
Back to th' Achaian fleet, and with them went
Most loth the maiden. But, aloof withdrawn,
Alone upon the seashore, all in tears,
Achilles sate him down, and, gazing far 410

Across the purpling waves, with lifted hands,
On his own mother cried aloud, and spake :

“Since, Mother, short the life thou barest me to,
At least ’twere just Olympian Zeus the while
Should grant me honour ; yet is all withheld :
For, lo, Atrides Agamemnon deals
Foul insult, and hath robb’d me of my meed.”

He ceased in tears ; whose gentle mother heard
There where she sate beside her agèd sire
Sunk in the depths of ocean ; and in haste 420
Rose like an exhalation from the waves,
And took her seat beside her weeping son,
Laid soothing hand upon him, and began :
“My child, what sorrow this that falls on thee ?
Speak, hide it not, but share with me thy heart.”

Achilles with deep sigh made answer thus :
“Thou know’st ; what need to tell thee that thou know’st ?
Eëtion’s sacred city we destroy’d,
Thebè, and sack’d it, and bore thence the spoil ;
The which the Achaians parted, and the maid 430
Chryseïs fell the lot to Atreus’ Son.
But Chryses came, her father and the priest
Of arrowy Phœbus, ’mongst the mailèd host,
To loose his daughter, bearing priceless gifts,
Holding the garland of the arrowy God
Twined round a golden sceptre ; who besought
All the Achaians, but address’d his prayer
Most to the brother-chieftains, Atreus’ sons.

Whereto all others gave acclaim, and bade
Revere the priest, and take the splendid gifts 440
Of her redemption : but ill-pleased the soul
Of Agamemnon, who despiteful sent
Empty, with violent words, the priest away.
In wrath the Elder went and pray'd his God ;
Whose prayer Apollo (for he loved him much)
Heard, and straight sent a baleful dart against us,
Whereby the folk 'gan perish, man by man.
And long throughout Achaia's spacious camp
Flew to and fro the burning shafts ; at last
His oracle was shown us of a seer : 450
I first gave counsel to appease the God ;
But Atreus' Son wax'd wroth, and quick uprose
To threaten what hath now grown very deed.
The flashing-eyed Achaians send the maid
Across the seas to Chryse, to her sire,
With offerings to the God ; but from my tent
Ev'n now the heralds move who bear away
My prize Briseïs—whom Achaia's host
Gave me, my dearest guerdon, she is gone !
Help, therefore, if thou canst, help thine own child ; 460
Or if thou ever gav'st, by word or deed,
Delight to Zeus, go now, implore his aid.
For ofttimes in thy father's halls I heard
Thy boast that, single of Immortals, thou
Guardedst an utter ruin from the head
Of cloudcapt Zeus, what time the other Gods,

Herè, and vast Poseidon, and the might
Of Pallas, all conspired to bind him down ;
How thou then cam'st his saviour from their bonds,
Calling the hundred-handed giant up 470
Whom Gods name Briareus, but mortal men
Ægæon ; who exceeds his father far,
And rose as one refresh'd, and took his seat
In glory at Kroneion's ¹ hand well-pleased :
The blissful Gods were awed, nor bound their king.
Go therefore, seat thee near him, call thy deeds
Back to his mind, and suppliant clasp his knee ;
So haply may he grant his aid to Troy,
Conquering th' Achaïans, shut against the sea,
Back to their galley's sterns repell'd, and slain ; 480
Till all have reap'd their harvest in their king ;
And he, this wide great ruler, Atreus' Son,
Hath rued that hour of ruin when he dared
This outrage on Achaia's noblest son !”

Whom Thetis answer'd (and she wept the while) :
“ Ah me, to have borne and bred thee to this woe !
The span is narrow of thy length of life ;

¹ Throughout this translation I have occasionally allowed myself the same variations in the names of the several Gods as are used by Homer himself ; but not, I hope, to an extent likely to cause any confusion. Thus Kroneion (or the son of Kronos) will sometimes occur as the equivalent of Zeus ; Phœbus of Apollo ; Poseidaion of Poseidon ; Pallas of Athene ; Cypris of Aphrodite ; and Enyalios of Ares.

And 'twere but due that thou amongst thy ships
Shouldst sit without a trouble or a tear ;
But, lo, as is thine early death, ev'n such 490
Thy sorrow, and exceeds the lot of man :
Truly I bore thee to an evil doom.

Hence will I therefore to Olympus' snows
And bear thy word, if He will so be won,
To Him to whom the thunder is delight.
Meantime amongst thy galleys seated still
Maintain thy wrath, from battle all withdrawn.
For Zeus, the yester-eve, to Ocean's halls
For wassail with the blameless Æthiops went 500
A guest, and with him went the other Gods.
The twelfth morn hence to Olympus he returns ;
Then will I speed me to his brass-paved hall,
Embrace his knees, and win, perchance, assent."

She spoke and pass'd away, and left him there
Wroth to the soul for that fair damsel's sake
Rent from him in despite by violent hand.

Meantime with sacred hecatomb aboard
Odysseus thrust to shore on Chryse's strand.
They enter'd the deep harbour-bay, and furl'd
Their sails, and stow'd them furl'd within the hold ; 510
Then quickly lower'd by the stays afore
The mastpole to its crutch, and oar'd the ship
Into its haven, where they heaved to land
The mooring-stones, and bound the ropes' astern ;

Then disembark'd the sacred hecatomb,
And went themselves upon the shingly shore ;
With whom Chryseïs likewise left the bark.
Her sage Odysseus to the altar led,
And render'd to her father's hand, and spake :

“ Chryses, the king hath sent me to restore 520
Thy child to thee, and offer for the host
A sacred hecatomb to Phœbus here ;
So to assuage the arrowy Godhead's wrath,
Whose darts are grievous on Achaia's sons.

He spoke, and gave her to his hands ; with joy
He took his daughter. But the others ranged
Quickly their splendid offering, ox by ox,
Around the well-built altar ; then made clean
Their hands, and held the salted cake upraised,
While Chryses cried with outspread arms, and said : 530

“ Hear me, O Bender of the silver bow,
Who dwell'st in Chryse, or the fruitful dales
Of Cylla, or in Tenedos enthroned ;
Ev'n as of late thou hearken'dst to my prayer,
And honour'dst me, and smot'st Achaia low,
So now once more fulfil me my desire ;
Take from Achaia this thine evil plague !”

Praying he spoke, whose prayer Apollo heard.
But when their prayer was ended, and the cakes
Of barley on the victims' forehead thrown, 540
They drew the oxen back with throats stretch'd tight,
And kill'd and flay'd them, and cut off their thighs ;

The which they wrapt in double folds of fat,
And over these again laid slices raw ;
The while the priest maintain'd the logs aflame,
And pour'd libation of bright wine thereon,
And youths with ready prongs stood near the fire.
The entrails tasted and the thighs consumed,
The other parts they sliced, and pierced with spits,
Then roasted with all care and spread them out. 550
So, having closed their toil and dress'd their feast,
They ate, nor any lack'd his equal mess.

Then, when desire had pass'd of drink and meat,
Boys crown'd the bowls with wine, and thence in cups
Gave forth to each, by order of their rank ;
The while the choicest of Achaia's youth,
Singing the glories of the silver bow,
Chanting his heavenly Pæan, soothed the God ;
All day they sang, whose song rejoiced his heart ;
Till, when the sun went down, and darkness came, 560
They slept beside the hawsers of their ship.

Anon, when rosy-finger'd morn arose,
They set them to return toward the camp :
To whom Apollo gave a favouring breeze.
They righted up the mast, and spread white sail
Thereon ; the wind swell'd full the belling sail,
And freshly from the prow the purple wave
Broke sparkling, as the galley made her way ;

Till, when the broad Achaian camp was gain'd,
On the mainland they haul'd the galley clear, 570
High up the sands, and stretch'd long props beneath ;
Then scatter'd, each man to his tent or bark.

But all this while, amongst his swift black barks,
Fleetfoot Achilles, Peleus' heav'n-sprung son,
Sate yielding to his wrath, nor made resort
To council, whence is glory to a man,
No, nor to war ; whose heart was withering in him
For thirst of battle and the cry to arms.

The twelfth day dawn'd, and all the immortal Powers
Together to the Olympian height return'd, 580
Zeus leading back. Nor Thetis then forgot
Her son's behest, but, mounting from the wave,
Rose to Olympus in the morning's mist.
There mighty Zeus she found aloof withdrawn
Seated upon the ridge's topmost peak,
And knelt before him clasping with one hand
His knee, but laid the other on his beard,
And pray'd and thus address'd the king supreme :

“ My father, oh if ever amongst the Gods
I gave delight to thee by deed or word, 590
Fulfil me my desire, and glorify
My son ; to whom, though doom'd to early death,
Yet hath Atrides Agamemnon dealt
Foul outrage, plundering of his meed beloved.

Therefore, great Zeus, put thou thy wisdom forth ;
Vouchsafe him glory ; 'and so long to Troy
Suffer the triumph, till the Achaians make
Atonement by full honour and by gifts."

She ceased, to whom the Ruler of the clouds
Gave not one word, but long in silence sate ; 600
Till Thetis closer clasp'd his knee, and clung
About him, and besought once more, and spake :

" Promise me true ; confirm it by thy nod ;
Or else deny me ; what hast thou to fear ?
Speak then, that I may learn and lay to heart
How far below all Gods I lie disgraced !"

Much moved, the Ruler of the clouds return'd :
" A troublous task thou chargest ; 'twill enrage
Herè to many an onset and reproach.
Already in full conclave of the gods 610
She chides me that I grant the Trojans aid.
Therefore, lest she espy thee, haste thee back ;
And it shall be my care that these things be ;
Thy faith to strengthen, I vouchsafe my nod,
Surest of testimony that proceeds
From Powers above ; no word hath e'er return'd
Void, or hath guilèd any, thus confirm'd."

Kroneion spake, and o'er his azure brows
Bow'd down his glorious head ; from off it flow'd
Th' ambrosial locks ; and all Olympus shook. 620

This counsel closed, they parted, Thetis down

Plunging to ocean off the radiant height,
But Zeus to his own palace ; as he came
The Gods before their father from their seats
Stood ; nor durst any sit ; all rose erect.
He took his throne ; but Herè, who had seen,
Well wotting that some counsel had been shared
With Thetis, silverfooted nymph divine,
Straightway began her taunt, upbraiding thus :

“ Say now, my crafty-hearted Lord, what God 630
Hath communed of thy counsel ? As of old,
So now thou lov'st, if I be e'er apart,
To frame thy crook'd devices, nor to me,
An thou hadst but thy wish, wouldst tell one word.”

To whom the Father of the world replied ;
“ Herè, thou art my wife ; yet all I say
Hope not to know ; such knowledge were thy harm.
Whate'er 'tis fitting thou shouldst hear, rest sure
Nor God nor man shall know it ere thou know.
But whatsoe'er I will to keep apart, 640
Ask not of that, too curious of my will.”

But royal broadbrow'd Herè thus replied :
“ Most dread my Lord ! what falls from out thy lips ?
I ask not oft, too curious of thy will :
Of me untroubled, tell me what thou list.
But now have I good cause of utmost fear
Lest Thetis, silverfooted nymph divine,
Hath guiled thee to say somewhat to our hurt.
For with this morning's mist she came, and sate

Beside thee, and beseeching clasp'd thy knees. 650
Wherefore I make conjecture thou hast sworn
By thine own nod, in honour of her son,
To slaughter 'mongst their ships Achaia's host."

To her the Ruler of the clouds again :
"Thou mak'st, my wife, conjectures without end,
Nor lett'st me from thine eye ; 'twill serve thee not ;
But make me, to thy sorrow, love thee less.
Be it as thou hast said ; I will it so.
Sit thou in silence, and obey my word :
Else, verily, not all the Gods combined 660
Shall save thee, when I raise my arm to chide."

He spoke, and broadbrow'd Herè, all in awe,
Bent her high heart to silence, and sate still.
The heavenly Gods 'gan murmur through the hall ;
To whom Hephæstus, architect in heaven,
Arose to speak, out of the love he bare
His mother, Herè of the milkwhite arm :

"All will be wrack and ruin unwithstood
If thus ye twain for wretched mortal's sake
Wrangle, disturbing heav'n ; when thus prevails 670
The evil, e'en in feast is no delight.
Therefore I bid my mother, though herself
Wots well without the bidding, rest at peace,
And do according to the will of Zeus ;
Lest he again, our father, of his ire,
Perturb the banquet ; for, an so he list,
'Twere easy task to him, the lightning's lord,

To hurl us from our seats by might supreme.
Soothe therefore with thy softest words thy king ;
And he again will render us his grace.” 680

He spoke, and springing forward put a cup
Into his mother's hand, and added thus :

“Endure it, O my mother, nor be wroth ;
Lest, in my love's despite, before all heav'n
I see thee ill-entreated ; howsoe'er
I sorrow'd, I could nought avail to help.
Ill is it to oppose the Olympian's arm ;
As erst I found, when for my wish to save thee
He caught me by the foot, and hurl'd me o'er
The skyey threshold ; all day long I fell, 690
And dropt on Lemnos with the setting sun ;
Bare life was in me then ; but, where I fell,
The Sintians raised and bare me to their homes.”

He ended ; Herè of the milkwhite arm
Smiled, and took smiling from her son the cup ;
Who straight from right to left to all the Gods
'Gan pour sweet nectar, drawing from a bowl ;
And laughter inextinguishable rang
Amongst their blissful throng, beholding thus
Hephæstus as 'twere Hebe in their halls. 700

So all day through, to set of sun, they sate
Feasting, nor any lack'd his share of feast,
Nor of the lovely lute Apollo held,

Nor of the song the Muses quiring sang.

But when the sun's bright light descended, all
Scatter'd to slumber, each in splendid home
Built for him by Hephæstus of his art,
Haltfoot Hephæstus, architect in heaven.
But Zeus, the lightning-wielder, and their king,
Mounting the bed whereon he wont to rest 710
Whene'er sweet slumber seized him, laid him down,
And gold-throned Herè laid her by his side.

Iliad II

ALL others, Gods alike and helmèd men,
Slept the night through ; Zeus only gentle sleep
Subdued not, who lay pondering how he best
For the honour of Achilles might dispense
Death unto thousands in Achaia's fleet.
This counsel show'd the wisest to his mind,
To send a Spirit of evil in a dream
To Agamemnon, Atreus' son, their king :
He call'd, and with wing'd words address'd it thus :
 "Quick hence, thou Spirit of evil ! In false dream 10
Pass through the fleet to Agamemnon's tent
And there speak clearly, as I now give hest.
Bid him throughout the camp to call to arms
The streaming-hair'd Achaians, now at length
To take broadstreeted Troy ; for now no more
Stand sunder'd in two bands the Olympian Powers ;
But Herè's prayer hath won them, and distress
Hangs o'er the Trojans by the doom of Zeus."
He spoke, whose word the Spirit obeying flew
Hastening to gain Achaia's camp and fleet ; 20
There sought out Agamemnon. Him he found

Now slumbering in his tent, for sleep at last
Had fall'n ambrosial o'er him. At his head
The Spirit, in guise of Nestor, Neleus' son,
The Elder by Atrides honour'd most,
Took stand, and thus in dream divine began :

“Son of brave royal Atreus! Sleep'st thou thus?
The man who hath the weight of public care,
The trust to counsel for a nation's weal,
He may not sleep the night. But lend thine ear ; 30
I come on hest of Zeus, who loves thee well,
Albeit remote on high, and pitieth much.
He bids thee call to arms throughout their camp
The streaming-hair'd Achaïans, now at length
To take broadstreeted Troy ; for now no more
Stand sunder'd in two bands the Olympian Powers ;
But Herè's prayer hath won them, and distress
Hangs o'er the Trojans by the doom of Zeus,
Whose message hold thou fast to mind, nor be
Forgetful, when sweet sleep hath loosed his hold.” 40

It spoke, and vanish'd, leaving there the King
Foreshadowing many issues—ne'er to be ;
Who to his heart gave promise to destroy
The citadel of Priam ere the eve ;
Blind, blind ! of Zeus' true counsel unaware ;
Who destined woe on woe and groan on groan
Ceaseless to either host in battle's broil.

He woke from sleep ; and cloudlike round him still

Hover'd the voice divine. Upright he sate,
And donn'd a tunic soft of linen fine, 50
Newspun, and threw broad mantle thereupon,
And bound rich sandals to his glistening feet ;
Then slung his silverhilted sword, and took
The imperishable sceptre of his race,
And so pass'd through the galleys of the host.

And Dawn divine had clomb the Olympian steep,
Harbinger of the day to all in heaven,
When he the clearvoiced heralds bade proclaim
A common meeting in the market-place ;
Who made their proclamation, and the host 60
Of all Achaia thither flock'd amain
But first beneath the Pylion Chieftain's bark
A senate of their nobler Elders sate ;
These did their King together call, and laid
His wise resolve before them in these words :

“ Friends, hear me all. This night a dream divine
Amid the ambrosial darkness in my sleep
Came to me : like to noble Nestor most
The Spirit by its garb and stature show'd ;
It stood above my head, and thus It spake : 70
‘ Son of brave royal Atreus ! Sleep'st thou thus ?
‘ The man who hath the weight of public care,
‘ The trust to counsel for a nation's weal,
‘ He may not sleep the night. But lend thine ear ;
‘ I come on hest of Zeus, who loves thee well,

*' Albeit remote on high, and pitieth much.
' He bids thee call to arms throughout their camp
' The streaming-hair'd Achaïans, now at length
' To take broadstreeted Troy; for now no more
' Stand sunder'd in two bands the Olympian Powers; 80
' But Herè's prayer hath won them, and distress
' Hangs o'er the Trojans by the doom of Zeus:
' Whose message hold thou fast to mind—' It spoke
And vanish'd; and sweet sleep loosed hold on me.
Bethink ye therefore how to incite the host
To don their armour. As beseems my state,
I first will speak, and of their temper make
Assay, by bidding all the fleet flee home;
The which prevent ye, each by strong rebuke."*

He ceased, and sate him down. Then Nestor rose 90
Chieftain of Pylos' sandy-coasted realm,
Who spoke, and thus began his words discreet;

"Friends, Chieftains, Captains of Achaïa's host!
Were he some other who declared this dream,
Perchance we might denounce it false, and put
The matter from us: but who tells the tale
Is our liege lord. Rise therefore; in this wise
Incite Achaïa's sons to don their arms."

He ceased, and led the way from council-seat;
Whereat the sceptred kings together rose, 100
Obedient to the shepherd of the host,
And went, where all the people streaming pour'd.

Like bees, that issue ever forth anew
From out some hollow rock, cloud upon cloud,
Now clustering on spring flowers, now away
Hieing in swarms, where'er each swarm may list ;
Thus from their ships and tents pour'd tribes of men
Troop after troop fronting the sandy shore
Into their meeting-place ; amongst them burn'd
Loud Rumour, sent by Zeus, and bade them go. 110
With lifted voice nine heralds order'd them
To silence all loud outcry, and attend
Their heaven-sprung kings. With earnest ears they sate
Order'd along their seats, and stay'd their din.
To whom rose Agamemnon, in his hands
Holding the sceptre by Hephæstus wrought,
Wrought by Hephæstus for a gift to Zeus,
Which Zeus to Hermes gave, the guide in heaven.
Hermes to Pelops, matchless on the car,
Pelops to Atreus, shepherd of his realm, 120
Then Atreus dying to Thyestes gave,
Thyestes, last, to Agamemnon's hands,
And sway therewith o'er Argos and the Isles ;
On this he lean'd, and thus addressed the host :
“ Friends, heroes, labourers in Ares' field !
Ye see in fetters of how heavy fate
Great Zeus hath will'd to mesh me—False and cruel !
Who sware, and by his Nod confirm'd the oath,
That we should take proud Ilion ere return ;
Yet hath against me wrought a ruinous guile, 130

Bidding me now to Argos take me back,
Ill-famed—the cause of death to thousands here !
Such now I read his will, who oft hath bow'd
And oft shall bow hereafter low the heads
Of mightiest cities ; mightier He than all.
Shall it for shame be told in after-days
How legions of such mass and spirit high
As Argos sent us forth, all bootless waged
An empty war ; albeit the foes they fought
Were less in number, no good end was shown ? 140
Were a truce struck, and took both hosts their stand
Asunder to be number'd—all of Troy
Gather'd together from their hearths and homes,
And all the Achaians ranged by tens and tens—
Then, were each ten to choose a Trojan slave,
To many a ten no Trojan slave were there.
Such to our legions I account the foe
Native to Troy and dwellers in her streets,
Were these alone ; but with them thousands leagued,
Aids from afar and battling in their cause, 150
Who beat me from my haven, and forefend
Destruction from proud Ilion's lofty towers.
And now nine years of mighty Zeus are flown ;
The masts are rotting on our hulks ; the shrouds
Unravell'd ; yet our children in our homes
Sit by their mothers wistful for us still ;
And all for which we came is utter nought.
Hear, therefore, and obey as I advise.

Let us away to our dear fatherland ;
Flee, for broadstreeted Troy shall ne'er be ours." 160

He spoke, and reach'd the hearts of all who heard,
All who shared not his wile ; whereat the crowd
Was shaken, like the long waves of the sea,
When bursting from the cloud-girt home of Zeus
Eurus and Notus lash the Icarian strait ;
Or as when Zephyr comes in hurricane
And sweeps a fertile field, and takes with storm
The corn, and all the ears are bow'd one way ;
So shook that whole assembly ; thence with shout
Rush'd to their ships ; in clouds under their tread 170
The dust arose ; and each to other cried
To seize and haul his galley to the deep,
And each 'gan clear his channel through the sands.
Their homeward-longing cry went up to heaven.
The props along the keels were quick withdrawn.
And now in teeth of Fate return to home
Had happ'd, but Herè to Athenè call'd :

" Child of great Zeus, and peerless Power of war !
Say, shall the Argives to their fatherland
Safe on the sea's broad shoulders take this flight, 180
Leaving the boast to Priam and to Troy
Of Argive Helen, for whose dear behoof
Far from that fatherland so many have fall'n ?
Nay, haste thee rather to their mailèd host,
And stay them, as thou mayst, with calming words.
Nor suffer that their galleys reach the deep."

Nor azure-eyed Athenè disobey'd ;
Down springing from the Olympian height she went
And gain'd Achaia's fleet : there first she sought
Odysseus, chief for wisdom like to Zeus : 190
Standing apart, not laying on his bark
His hand, by grief and anger piercèd through
She found him, and address'd him thus, and said :
 "Odysseus, heavensprung chief, Laertes' son ;
Is it for refuge to your fatherland
That thus ye fall upon your wellbench'd barks ?
And leave the boast to Priam and to Troy
Of Argive Helen, for whose dear behoof
Far from that fatherland so many have fall'n ?
Nay, haste thee through the ships, nor take thou rest. 200
But stay them, as thou mayst, with calming words,
Nor suffer that their galleys reach the deep."

She ceased ; and he the voice confess'd divine,
And hastening cast his cloak away to run ;
Eurybates the Ithacan, his squire,
The herald, bare this home, while he sped straight
To Agamemnon, Atreus' son, from whom
The imperishable sceptre of the race
He took, and pass'd therewith amongst the ships ;
Where, if he cross'd a king or man of mark, 210
He near approach'd, and stay'd him gently thus :

 " My friend, this cowardlike fear beseems not thee.
Take seat thyself, and bid the people sit.
Not yet hath Atreus' Son declared his will :

All were not then in senate when he spake.
He proves us, but anon will smite us hard,
And if his ire be kindled, woe to us !
For heavy is the wrath of heavensprung kings,
Honour'd of Zeus, of wisest Zeus beloved."

But whomso of the common file he saw 220
And found in outcry, him with sceptre-stroke
Away he drove, and sharply threaten'd thus :

" Sit thou unmoved, and hearken to thy chiefs
Vile craven—of what note in speech or war ?
Is every man in Argos crown'd a king ?
This is not good, that there be many lords :
O'er us be one Lord only, he to whom
The Son of crook-wiled Kronos hath vouchsafed
The sceptre, to deal justice and to reign."

Thus ruling, he to order drave their throng, 230
Who backward soon from ships and tents 'gan pour
Into their meeting-place, with sound, as when
A billow of the deepvoiced ocean booms
On a great coast, and the sea echoes near.

All others soon, as order'd, sate them down ;
Only Thersites, unabash'd, remain'd
Still railing : quick of tongue was he, but gross,
Distorted ; ribald jeerer at the chiefs ;
Reckless of what he utter'd, so he roused
A laugh amongst the host : of all, who came 240
To Ilion, most mis-shapen ; halt of foot,

One-eyed, with shoulder hump'd and o'er his chest
Drawn forward, whilst his head above ran back
Wedge-wise, and close and furry clung the hair :
Loathed by Odysseus most and Peleus' Son,
Oftest by him assail'd ; but now, with sharp
Shrill voice, on Agamemnon's head divine
He heap'd his foul abuse ; albeit the host
Disdain'd him, and soon waxèd passing wroth,
Not less he spoke and gibed against the King. 250

“ What new complaint, Atrides ? what fresh letch ?
Are not thy tents yet full enough of gold,
Nor crowded by the damsels rich and rare
We give thee when our arms have ta'en a town ?
Or wouldst thou rob some Trojan as he comes
Bearing the ransom of his captive son
To me, or whosoever won the spoil ?
Or crav'st yet one more damsel to thy bed,
Thy special dear delight ? Yet, sooth to speak,
Chieftain so honour'd should be surer guide. 260
O villain crew ! Ye women, men no more,
Disgraces of Achaia ! Let us home,
Home with our ships, and leave this glorious Chief
To glut his gorge of prizes here alone,
And know us—whether hindrance or his help !
Who now hath plunder'd of his honest meed
And outraged one far better than himself,
Achilles : pshaw ! Achilles too lacks gall,
Truly a meek, a most forgiving spirit ;

Else, tyrant, this oppression were thy last !” 270

Thus at Atrides, shepherd of the host,
Thersites rail'd ; but Odysseus came near,
And with a frowning brow replied, and said :

“ Waste not that eloquence, we pray thee, thus,
Thersites, sweet and copious though thou be,
In single opposition to the chiefs.
Wretch ! than whom not more loathsome creature came
'Mongst all who follow'd Atreus' sons to war ;
And least of all shouldst thou in public place
Troll the kings' names upon a foulmouth'd tongue. 280
Or watch occasion of a doubtful flight
To vent this venomous spleen upon the chiefs.
I tell thee, none knows yet how this shall be,
Whether return be to our good or ill.
Yet sitt'st thou here upbraiding Atreus' Son,
Great Agamemnon, shepherd of the host,
That Argos hath been generous to her King !
But hearken, what shall surely come to pass.
If e'er again I hear thee jabber thus,
Fall from his shoulders then Odysseus' head, 290
Telemachus no more salute me sire,
If I then seize thee not, and rend not off
Cloak, tunic, and the covering of thy shame,
And send thee yelping back amongst the ships,
Driven, smitten with all ignominy hence !”

He spoke, and with the sceptre smote the back
Betwixt his shoulders ; cowering down he crouch'd,

And a warm tear gush'd forth ; beneath the stroke
All black the vein rose swollen above the skin :
So, shuddering, sate he there, and wiped his tear, 300
Pain'd, and with foolish slink, like beaten hound.
The people, spite their trouble, pleas'd thereat,
Brake into laughter, and a murmur ran,
As to his neighbour each would look, and say,

“ High service by Odysseus render'd oft.

We knew to Argos, plan set well afoot,
And action stirr'd ; but this the greatest far
He now hath render'd to Achaia's sons,
Staying this ribald talker from our gear.

Long ere his noble spirit again will prompt 310
To vent his venomous spleen upon the chiefs !”

So spake the people, whilst amongst them rose,
Sceptre in hand, the kingdom-conquering chief :
Beside him Pallas, in a herald's guise,
Call'd loud, and bade the nations to be hush'd,
That all Achaia's sons from first to last
Might hear his voice, and ponder well his rede ;
Who spake, and thus his words discreet began :

“ Truly, Atrides, will Achaia's sons

Disgrace thee to the lowest pitch of man, 320
Who break the troth they plighted, when they first
From horse-abounding Argos set their sails,
To throw the walls of Ilion ere return.
But now like widow'd women or weak babes
They wail to one another for their homes :—

And pain it is, to tarry in this toil.
The seaman whom dark-storm and roughen'd wave
Have barr'd but one short month from wedded wife,
Paces the deck with cheerless step and sad ;
But this the ninth of long revolving years 330
That sees us lying here. I blame them not
Nor marvel at their mood. But oh, the shame
Of this long stay, if empty we return !
Endure, my friends, endure ; short while shall prove
The prophecy of Calchas false or true.
We bear it well in mind ; and all save those
To whom in lapse of these few days their fate
Hath borne their deaths, are witness of his word.
When with its freight of sorrow unto Troy
The fleet had met at Aulis, and we stood 340
Gather'd about our altar to the Gods
Beside the fountain, making sacrifice—
Under the blooming plane-tree, whence the fount
Upbubbled, there portentous sign was shown.
A serpent, purple-back'd and dread to view,
Sent, I well ween, by Zeus himself to light,
Glided from 'neath the altar, and upclomb
The tree ; whereon upon the topmost branch
Fluttering amongst the twigs a sparrow's brood,
Late hatch'd, unfledged, were nestling ; eight in all 350
They number'd, and the mother-bird the ninth.
And first the piteous-twittering brood he ate,
Their mother hovering round in vain lament ;

Whom next, upcoiling, by her wing he caught.
The brood and mother-bird consumed alike,
The sign was made more manifest yet by heaven,
For Zeus then changed the serpent to a stone.
We gazing marvell'd that such dread portènt
From heav'n had broken on our offerings,
Till Calchas rose oracular, and spake, 360
'Why thus aghast, Achaia's fair-hair'd sons ?
'Mighty this sign of wisest Zeus vouchsafed,
'Late, and of late fulfilment, but whereof
'The fame shall never die. For, as this brood
'Eight number'd, and their mother-bird the ninth,
'And as he swallow'd in his maw the nine,
'So for nine years shall we wage ceaseless war,
'The tenth, shall take the spacious-strected town.'
He spoke ; which things are ripe to come to pass :
Wherefore endure, brave warriors, still endure, 370
Till Priam's haughty citadel be thrown."

He ceased ; the Argeians cheer'd, and to their cheer
The galleys render'd echo, in acclaim
Of sage Odysseus' word : to whom then rose
Gerènè's agèd Chief, Nestor, and spake :

"Like very children, with no thought of war
Piping ye stand. Oh shame, where now shall end
The oaths, the covenants betwixt us sworn ?
Shall all our strong resolves be straw to fire ?
Our offerings of pure wine, our gagèd hands ? 380
Idle this war of words, wherein no cure,

How long soe'er we wage it, will be found.
Therefore do thou, Atrides, to thy wont
Maintain thy purpose steadfast, and array
The Danaans forth embattail'd.—Leave them here,
These one or two perchance, who would return
(Poor idle fools!) to Argos, ere we know
The pledge by Zeus vouchsafèd, false or true :
For truly then upon our enterprise
Did great Kroncion grant his favouring Nod, 390
When with a freight of sorrow unto Troy
The Argives on their galleys swift embark'd,
And lightnings flash'd across our better hand.
And signs were shown propitious.—Therefore, ne'er
Return be urged, ere every man amongst us
Hath lain by Trojan woman, and avenged
The ravishment of Helen and her tears.
Or, if still any feel so sick for home,
Let him have full permission, an he list,
To launch his benchèd bark, and quick begone,— 400
To perish coward by an earlier doom !
But hear me, King, and be advised withal ;
Not lightly should my word be cast aside.
Marshal the host by houses and by clans,
That clan to clan be neighbour, house to house.
If so thou orderest and the host obey,
So shalt thou learn the chieftains and the clans,
Who brave, who base ; for each will fight apart ;
And know our triumph, whether stay'd by heaven,

Or by man's cowardice and sloth in arms." 410

Whom answering, sovran Agamemnon spake :

" Ever in council thou excell'st, my Sire,
All of Achaia ; yea, by the heavenly Powers,
Pallas, Apollo, and our Father Zeus,
Were with me ten in wisdom like to thee,
Soon would great Priam's city fall despoil'd !
But now hath the Ægisbearer burden'd me
With sorrow of a strife and fruitless broil,
With whom Achilles for a handmaid's sake
Is sore enraged ; yet was the strife perchance 420

Of me provoked, and, if we e'er atone,
Troy's fate shall linger not a single hour.
Now break we fast, to bear the fight anon ;
All spears be sharpen'd, all our shields well set ;
Our fleet-foot horses fed, our cars repair'd ;
To try the issue of a daylong fight.

Rest will be none, not one brief moment's pause,
Ere night hath come to part us, man from man.
The belt o' the covering shield about the chest
Shall run with sweat ; and heavy with the spear 430
The hand shall droop ere nightfall ; nor the horse
Less with swift drawing of the chariot toil.

But whomso I espy a coward skulk
Slinking amongst the galleys from the fight,
He dies—a prey to ravens and to dogs !"

He spoke, to whom the Achaians shouted, loud
As wave, that, lifted high by tempest, roars

Against a promontory's cliff-bound coast,
By billows ne'er forsaken, and by stress
Of every wind on every side assail'd. 440
Then quick they rose, and scatter'd through their ships.
Lit fires amongst their tents, and made repast.

Then every man to some Immortal God
Render'd his offering, making prayer to scape
Death and the peril of the battle-field.
And Agamemnon offer'd unto Zeus,
The King of men to Zeus supreme of Gods,
A five-year fatten'd steer ; and thither call'd
The noblest elders of Achaia's host ;
First Nestor, then the Chief Idomeneus, 450
And next the Ajax-twain, and Tydeus' Son,
And Odysseus, of wisdom like to Zeus.
With these, unbidden, Menelaüs came,
Feeling his brother's sorrows as his own.
They stood about the steer, and o'er its horns
Held each the salted meal, the while in prayer
Broad-ruling Agamemnon utter'd this :
“ O Zeus, most glorious, dweller in high heaven,
Supreme, and cloud-enfolded, hear our prayer !
Let not the sun go down, or darkness come, 460
Ere low in ashes I have cast the hall
Of Priam, and consumed with fire his gates.
Oh may I crack the corslet with my spear
On Hector's chest, and may his comrades strewn

Around him prone in anguish grind the dust !”

Whose prayer not yet would great Kroneion grant,
But of the hallow'd hecatomb partook,
Yet spared not to increase fourfold his toil.

So, when the prayer was ended, and the meal
Of salted barley on the victim thrown, 470
They kill'd and flay'd it, and cut off the thighs ;
The which they wrapp'd in double folds of fat,
And laid raw slices of the flesh thereon,
And burnt them on a fire of faggots sere,
But held the entrails spitted o'er the flames.
The entrails tasted and the thighs consumed,
The other parts they sliced and pierced with spits,
Then roasted with all care, and set them forth.
So, having closed their task and dress'd their feast,
They ate, nor any lack'd his equal mess. 480

And when desire had pass'd of drink and food,
To them Gerenè's chief, Nestor, began ;

“ Most glorious Agamemnon, King of men !
Sit here no longer lingering, nor delay
The task the God assigns us. But forthwith
Let heralds summoning gather through the fleet
From ships and tents Achaia's mailèd host ;
Whilst we together through the army move,
To quicken war's keen spirit by our cheer.”

He spoke, nor Agamemnon disobey'd, 490
But bade the clearvoiced heralds loud proclaim

The gathering of Achaia's sons to war ;
Who made their proclamation, and the host
Assembled fast together. But their chiefs
In band round Atreus' Son sped to and fro
Parting the clans ; and with them Pallas moved
Blue-eyed, the priceless Ægis in her grasp,
Immortal, undecaying ; hung therefrom
Golden a hundred broideries ravell'd fine,
And each the value of a hundred herds. 500
This bearing, flashing through the ranks she pass'd,
Impelling all to go, in every heart
Breathing a sateless ardour for the war ;
Yea, so that sudden sweeter seem'd the thought
Of battle, than aboard their hollow barks
Home to their own dear fatherland return.

And as, when flame devouring kindles high
Some forest huge upon a mountain's crest,
The blaze shows far and wide ; ev'n so the flash
From off their gleaming arms shot up to heaven. 510

And as thick flocks of wingèd birds—of cranes,
Of geese or lithe-neck'd swans—hover and play
Hard by Cäyster o'er the Asian marsh
Exultant on their plumes, till, with a cry
That shakes the earth, they settle on the mead ;
So from their ships and tents thick flocks of men
Pour'd on Scamander's plain, so rock'd the earth
And echoed to the tramp of men and steeds ;

Till there upon Scamander's flowery mead
Myriads they stood, like leaves or flowers in spring : 520
In number like as when dense swarms of flies,
In spring-time, when the milk o'erbrims the pail,
Throng through the cattle-fold ; so throng'd the host,
With streaming hair, eager to meet the foe.
Whose leaders parted them to either side
In rank and rank, with ease, as goat-herds part
Their goats, late grazing in promiscuous herd.
Sovran amongst them Agamemnon shone,
By eyne and forehead like to Zeus supreme,
By chest Poseidon, Ares by his girth. 530

As 'mongst a herd the bull appears, of all
Conspicuous, proud amid the grazing kine,
Such Atreus' Son was shown of Zeus that day.
Pre-eminent o'er heroes, and their king.

Now ye whose homes are on the Olympian steep,
Tell, Muses, tell—(for ye are heavenly born ;
Ye were amongst them, and all things ye know ;
We hark the rumour only, we know naught)—
Who were the Danaan leaders, who their kings !
Their multitude I could nor tell nor name, 540
Not though ten tongues, ten throats, were mine, nor though
My voice were adamant, and brass my lungs,
Save that the Muses, born to Zeus on high,
Bear record of who came to Ilion's walls.

So may I name the chieftains of their tribes,
And tell the number of their gather'd ships.

Chieftains of the Bœotians, Peneleus,
Klonius, Arcesilaus, Leitus,
And Prothoënor, came. All they who dwelt
At rockbound Aulis, and in Hyria, 550
Schœnus, and Eteonus' strongspurr'd hill,
Thespeia, Graia, Skolus, and the vale
Of Mycalessus, spacious to the dance ;
And they who dwelt about Eilesius,
Harma, and Erythræ, and they who held
Heleon, and Hyle, and Ocalea,
Peteon, and Medeon's fencèd citadel,
Dovehaunted Thisbæ, Copæ by the lake
Copais, and Eutresis ; they who came
From Coroncia, Haliartus' meads, 560
Glissa, Platæa, and from under Thebes ;
And whose is Poseidaion's hallow'd grove
Renown'd Orchestus ; Arne's vineclad slopes,
Midea, sacred Nisa, and the town
Anthedon on the borders : these had come
With fifty galleys, and on each embark'd
One score and hundred of Bœotia's youth.

The dwellers of Aspledon, and who own'd
Orchomenus of Minyas ;—these had sail'd
Under Ialmenus and Ascalaphus

570

The sons of Ares ; whom Astyoche
Bare in the house of Actor Ægeus' son :
Virgin of man, and pure, and all alone
I' the upper chamber, had she borne these twins
To Ares, who unknown had sought her bed :
Thirty the hollow galleys in their train.

The men of Phocis, whom Epistrophus
And Schedius led, the sons of Iphitus
The noble son of Naubolus ;—all they
From Cyparissus and from Pytho's rock, 580
From sacred Krisa, and from Panopeus
And Daulis ; they who held Hyampolis
About Anemoreia ; they who dwelt
Beside Cephissus' limpid streams, or near
His fountains in Lylæa ;—following these
Came forty galleys ; and their chieftains ranged
Their legions hard upon Bœotia's left.

The fleetfoot Ajax son of Oileus
Came leader of the Locrians : slighter-built,
No giant like the son of Telamon, 590
But sparer far ; of stature small, he bare
Corslet of linen-twist ; but none with lance
Through Hellas or Achaia show'd his peer.
Came those who dwelt in Scarphe, Bessa's woods,
Cyros, Kalliaros, or Opoeis,
Or on the banks of swift Boagrius' stream,

Tarphe, and Thronium, and the Augcan vale ;
From Locris forty barks their leader led,
Locris, that faceth on Eubœa's isle.

Next they, who in Eubœa had their home, 600
From Histiaëa, and Eiretria,
From Chalcis, and Cerinthus by the sea,
And from the castle on the Dian steep,
Ceristus, and from Styra's full-throng'd streets,—
The Abantians, fieriest tribe in battlefray ;
Of whom came Elephenor in his prime
Chalcedon's son the chieftain ; on whose steps
Follow'd the gallant tribe, with tresses long
Streaming behind them, but their temples shorn.
Spearmen, and with their levell'd lances keen 610
To burst the breastplates of their foes asunder.
Forty the galleys follow'd in his train.

Next they who dwelt in Athens, erst the home
Of great Erechtheus ; he of Earth the son,
But nurtured by Athene child of Zeus,
And laid at Athens in her own rich shrine
Where still the Athenian youth each circling year
Soothe him with sacrifice of bulls and lambs.
Of these Menestheus, Peteus' son, was chief,
Than whom no man was living then on earth 620
More skill'd to order steeds and men of war ;
Nestor alone, his elder, press'd him hard ;

Fifty the galleys follow'd in his train.

Twelve ships great Ajax brought from Salamis
And ranged them, where the Athenian army stood.

Then they from Argos, and Tyrinthe's towers,
From Asine, Hermione, and all
The bay which these embosom ; Eione ;
Træzene ; Epidaurus clad with vine ;
And they, the flower of all the Achaian youth, 630
Who dwelt in Mase and Ægina's isle :
Of these the chiefs were, first, brave Diomed,
Then the dear son of far-famed Capaneus,
Sthenclus, and, the third, Euryalus,
Son of Mecistus Talæion's son,
Kingborn, a godlike hero : but o'er all,
Chief of their chiefs, was valiant Diomed,
And fourscore galleys follow'd in his train.

Next, they who held Mycenæ's fencèd walls,
Or dwelt in wealthy Corinth, or the streets 640
Of strong Cleonæ ; or who 'habited
Orneia, and the Aræthyrean vale,
Or Hyperesia, or Gonôe's steep,
Pellenæ, Ægium, spacious Helice,
And all the borders of Ægialus ;—
A hundred barks these number'd, and their chief
Was royal Agamemnon, Atreus' son ;

His were the noblest nations, and the most ;
And with them now he girt his dazzling mail,
Glorying amongst the heroes, that he show'd 650
Most glorious, and the king of widest rule.

Next, they who 'habited the vale profound
Of Lacedæmon, Sparta's citizens ;
With those from Messe, haunt of murmurous doves,
From Pharis, Brysia, and Augea's dale ;
And from Amyclæ, Helas on the sea,
Laas, and Ætylus :—of these the chief
Was Menelaus, brother of the King ;
Sixty his galleys ; and his troops apart
Were girding on their armour ; whom himself 660
Moved quickening unto battle, earnest most
In his own cause, and yearning to avenge
The ravishment of Helen and her tears.

Then they from Pylos, Opus' well-built streets,
Amphigeneia, Helos, Pteleon,
And Thryon, where is great Alphæus' ford,
And Cyparissa, and Arene's vale,
And Dorium—where of old the Muses met
And stay'd for ever Thracian Thamyris
From song thereafter, when the Æchalian land, 670
Descending from the realm of Eurytas,
He left, but late had vaunted, how, albeit
The maiden Muses born to Zeus on high

Appear'd in song against him, his the palm :
Therefore in wrath they struck him blind, and reft
Sheer from him all his gift divine of voice,
And made him clean forgetful of his art.
—Of these Gerenian Nestor was the chief ;
Ninety in number were the barks he ranged.

Next, they who round the tomb of Æpytus 680
Dwelt in Arcadia, 'neath Cyllene's cliff,
Men staunch to stand in battle side by side :
Or from the land of flocks, Orchomenus,
Windswept Enispe, Ripe, Stratie,
Tegea, or Mantinea's lovely dale,
Stymphelus, Pheneus, or Parrhasia ;—
Of these was royal Agapenor chief,
Ancæus' son ; threescore their ships, and each
Full-mann'd with gallant warriors to the fight ;
But Agamemnon had bestow'd the ships 690
Furnish'd to bear them o'er the purple main,
Seeing that they themselves knew not the sea.

Then they who dwelt on Elis' sacred plain
And in Buprasium ; all that region, held
Within Aleisium and the Olenian rock,
Hermine, and the bound of Myrsinus ;
To these four chiefs, and, following each, had sail'd
Ten galleys, with the Epeian tribes on board.
Of part were Thalpius and Amphimachus

The leaders, *this* the son of Ctæatus, 700
And *that* of Eurytas Actorion ;
Diores, Amarynces' valiant son,
Led third, and godlike Polyxeinus fourth,
Son of Agasthenes, King Augeus' son.

They from Dolichium and the sacred isles
Hight Echinæ, which lie across the sea
From Elis, face to face ;—of these the chief
Was Meges, peer to Ares, Phyleus' son :
Whom Phyleus in his own far realm begat,
But who for wrath against his father fled 710
And settled in Dolichium ; in his train
Forty in number the black galleys came.

Odysseus led the Cephallenian troops
Who dwelt upon the isle of Ithaca,
Or in the forests of Mount Neritus,
In Krocyleia, or rough Ægilips ;
Or from Zacynthus came, or Samos, or
Epirus, and the parts across the sea ;
Twelve were the redribb'd galleys in his train.

The Ætolians Thoas led, Andræmon's son ; 720
The men of Pleuron, craggy Calydon,
Pylene, Olenus, and Chalcis' coast ;
For noble Æneus' sons were now no more ;
Æneus had fall'n and Meleager eke ;

Therefore to Thoas was Ætolia's throne ;
And forty galleys follow'd in his train.

Famed for his spear Idomeneus led next
The Cretans ; from Gortona's fencèd town,
From Cnossus, Rhytium, and the populous streets
Of Phœstus, white Lycastus' gleaming wall, 730
Miletus, and the hundred-citied isle.
Idomeneus led these, and with him still
His faithful follower, brave Meriones ;
Fourscore the galleys following in their train.

Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules,
A mighty man-at-arms, nine galleys brought
Of haughty Rhodians from their island Rhodes.
Apportion'd in three clans they dwelt in Rhodes,
Lindus, Ilyssus, and white Camyrus.
Famous in war Tlepolemus, their chief, 740
Son of Astyoche and Hercules ;
Astyoche, whom Hercules had borne
Captive from Ephyre and Selle's streams,
What time the city of many a Zeus-born youth
Fell by his hostile arm. In whose great house
Tlepolemus was rear'd to man's estate,
Till of mischance he slew his father's friend
And mother's brother in his green old age
Lycimnius loved of Ares : whereupon
He built him ships and gat much people to him 750

And sail'd a banished man across the seas,
For that the sons and kin of Hercules
Threaten'd revenge ; and at the last arrived,
Wearied with toils and wanderings long, in Rhodes.
There clan by clan they portion'd out the isle,
And settled, holpen and beloved by Zeus
The King supreme of mortal and of god,
Who shower'd a boundless plenty on their heads.

Nireus from Syme three good galleys brought,
Nircus, whose mother was Aglaia 760
And father Charops ; Nireus, of all men,
Who came to Ilion in the Danaan host,
Comeliest and fairest, next to Peleus' Son ;
Nathless of small account, and scant of men.

They of Nisurus, and of Krapathus,
And Cos, the city of Eurypilus,
And Casos, and the isles, Calydnæ hight ;—
These the two sons of Thessalus (the son
Of royal Hercules) Pheidippus led
And Antiphus ; and thirty were their barks. 770

And now of those who dwelt in Alope,
In Argos of Pelasgos, in the vale
Of Phthya, and in Alos ; or where stands
Trachis ; or in the garden of fair maids
Broad Hellas : Hellens thence, and Myrmidons,
Named, and Achaians :—of their fifty barks

Achilles came the chieftain : but, alas,
No more they turn'd them to the war ; for now
Was none to set them forth in battle-line.
The heavenly fleetfoot hero lay, withdrawn 780
And sullen for the maid Briseis' sake ;
Her whom from strong Lyrnessus by sore toil
He won, and plunder'd fencèd Thebes, and slew
Her princes, Megnes and Epistrophus,
Sons of Evenus, King Salepius' son :—
For her he chafed ; yet was soon to rise !

Next, they who dwelt in Phylace, and own'd
Demeter's sacred garden, Pyrasus,
And Iton, teeming mother of fat flocks,
And Antron's coasts, and Pteleon deep in turf :— 790
Of these Protesilaus came the chief,
Long as he lived : whom now black earth contains.
And his dear bride in Phylace forlorn
Tears her soft cheeks for sorrow ; and their house
Stands there half-built ; for by a Dardan hand
Leaping to shore the first of all he fell.
Nor, though they mourn'd their chieftain, lack'd they long
A leader ; for Podarces, flower of war,
Son of Iphiclus, Phylax' son, array'd
Their forces ; brother he, but younger born, 800
To slain Protesilaus : so, albeit
The elder brother was the better man
And still the host lamented for his death,

They lack'd not a good leader ; in whose train
Forty in number the black galleys came.

Then they who dwelt in Bœbe, on the brink
Of the Bœbaic lake, in Glaphyræ
And well-built Ialcos ;—chief of these
Eumelus, King Admetus' son beloved,
Led their eleven galleys : him, the flower 810
Of womankind, the fairest of the house
Of Pelias, ev'n the queen Alcestis, bare.

They from Methone, rugged Olizon,
And Melibæa, and Thaumacia ;—
Of these was Philoctetes erst the chief,
Himself most perfect bowman ; and aboard
His seven good galleys were array'd in each
Fifty good oarsmen, all well skill'd to aim
Their arrows, and to battle might and main.
But now in sacred Lemnos, where the host 820
Had left him, in his anguish still he lay,
Stung by the deadly Hydra ; rack'd with pain
He linger'd still ; yet on his name anon
The Argives will bethink them in their need !
Nor, though these mourn'd their chieftain, lack'd they long
A leader ; Medon, son of Oileus,
Array'd them ; him fair Rhene bastard bare
To town-destroying Oileus, her lord.

Then they who dwelt in Triikka, and possess'd

Ithomus' mountain-range, with those who held 830
Æchalia and the land of Eurytas ;—
These Podalcirius and Machaon led,
Sage leeches both, and Æsculapius' sons ;
Thirty the hollow galleys they array'd.

They from Argissa, and Gortone's town,
And Oloosson's white far-gleaming walls,
And Orthe, and Elone ;—chief of these,
Son of Pirithous son of mighty Zeus,
Came warlike Polypætēs : to his sire
Farfamed Hippodameia bare him then, 840
Ev'n on the day when he obtain'd revenge
On the wild shaggy Centaurs, and perforce
Drave them from Pelion to the Æthic land :
He came not aidless ; for Leontes brave,
Son of the haught Coronos, Cæneus' son,
Led with him ; forty were the barks they led.

Gæneus from Cyprus led one score and two ;
With whom the Erienians, and the tribe
Of brave Peræbi : they who had their homes
Round hoar Dodona, and who till'd the plain 850
Wash'd by the lovely Titaresius' stream,
Who flows into Peneius, but may ne'er
Mix with Peneius and his silvery breaks,
But glides upon his surface, even as oil,
Being a branch of inviolable Styx.

The Chieftain of Magnesia, Prothous came,
Teuthredon's son, and led, who dwelt about
Peneion, and in Pelion's nodding woods ;
Forty the galleys follow'd in his train.

These were the Danaan leaders, these their kings. 860

Say further yet, O Muse, of all who came
With Atreus' sons to battle, steeds and men,
Who were pre-cminent ! Pre-eminent
Amongst the horses those, Eumelus drave,
In colour one, and one in age, and twinn'd
In height as by a level, swift as birds,
Mares both, and breathers of dismay in war,
Bred by the Bender of the silver bow
Apollo in his smooth Pierian haunt.
Of men, held Ajax the pre-eminence
The son of Telamon ; whilst Peleus' Son
Remain'd in wrath aloof : for none was peer
To great Achilles, nor could match his steeds.
But sullen now amongst his swift black barks,
Anger'd with Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
He lay withdrawn ; and on the 'dented shore
With play of quoit or javelin, or with bow,
His men disported ; idly stood their steeds,
Each by his chariot cropping from the marsh
Lotos or parsley : or within their tents
His captains' cars lay empty ; and themselves,
Lamenting their lost leader, through the camp

870

880

Roam'd listless to and fro, but went not forth.

But forth the host now moved, and, as with fire,
The ground was eaten up before their tread :
Earth groan'd beneath them, as when Zeus hath wax'd
Wrathful and struck the earth at Arimi
Round Typhon, where they rumour Typhon laid :
So 'neath their tramp, as on they came, all earth
Groan'd loudly ; and they swiftly scour'd the plain. 890

Then flew windfooted Iris swift to Troy
Sent by great Zeus to bear the evil news.
She found the Trojans young and old alike
In council gather'd round King Priam's gates,
And drawing near address'd them : like in voice
She made her to Polites, Priam's son,
Their scout, who, trustful in his speed of foot,
High upon ancient Æsyetes' tomb
Sate to espy the onset from the fleet.
Guised in his image, fleetfoot Iris spake : 900

“ My Father, out of season, as in peace
So now, thy words ; resistless comes the war.
Oft have I enter'd battle, yet till now
Such and so vast a host I ne'er beheld.
Like leaves or sand for multitude, they come
Across the plain to fight beneath our walls.
Hector, on thee I therefore lay this charge ;
Great the Alliance now in Priam's streets ;

Many their tongues, and men of various race.
Therefore let each prince signal to his own ; 910
Whilst thou their chief array'st the men of Troy."

She spoke, and Hector knew the voice divine,
And straight dispersed the assembly ; all to arms
Rush'd, and the gates flew ope, and forth they stream'd
Footman and horse ; loud rose the din of war.

Before the town a column sheer upstands
Far on the plain, uncumber'd either side,
By men named Batiëia, but the Gods
Know it the Amazon Myrina's cairn ;
Round this the allies and Trojans ranged their troops. 920

The Trojans Hector of the glancing helm,
The mighty son of Priam, led to war.
His was the troop most numerous, and withal
The bravest, hot to ply their deadly spears.

The Dardans brave Æneas led, the son
Of Prince Anchises ; whom on Ida's knolls
Immortal Aphrodite, by the side
Of mortal lying, to Anchises bare :
With him Archelochus and Acamas,
Sons of Antenor, and adroit in arms. 930

Then those who dwelt on Ida's farthest foot,
Rich men, who drink the black Æsepus' stream,
The Trojans of Zeleia :—These were led

By Pandarus, Lycaon's noble son,
Gifted by Phœbus with the bowman's art.

Who dwelt in Adrasteia, and the town
Of King Apœsus ; who possess'd the mount
Of steep Tercia, and Piteia's vale ;—
These Amphius (in a linen corslet arm'd)
Led with Adrastus ; sons of Merops, King 940
Of Percos : he of all mankind most skill'd
In divination, and forbade his sons
From this fell leaguer ; but they would not hear,
Borne onward by their dooms to early death.

Next, who in heavenly-built Arisbe dwelt,
Percote and Abydos, Practium's walls
And Sestos ;—These the son of Hyrtacus
Asius commanded, prince of men : ev'n he,
Asius, the son of Hyrtacus, who came
Drawn from Arisbe and from Selle's streams 950
By fiery chestnut horses, large and strong.

Led by Hippothous the Pelasgian tribes,
Spearmen, who in richglebed Larissa dwelt ;
These the two sons of Lethos (he the son
Of Teutnus of Pelasgos) led to war,
Pylæus and Hippothous, brave and young.

Next, those by Hellespont's strong tide confined,
The Thracians, Acamas and Peiroos ranged.

Son of Træzenus, Zeus-sprung Ceas' son,
Euphemus, brought the brave Ciconian troop. 960

Far from broadflowing Axios (stream of streams
Most bounteous that o'erspread the fruitful earth)
Led by Pyræchmes, arm'd with crookbent bows,
Came the Pæonian troop from Amydon.

From Paphlagonia (whence the breed of mules
Wildest to break) the Enetians came ; with those
From Seranus, Cyturus, and the domes
Of farfamed Kromna on Parthenius' stream ;
Ægialus ; and the Erythinian hills :
To these the guidance of Pylæmenes. 970

Far from the silver mines of Alybe,
By Hodius and Epistrophus array'd,
Came to the war the troops of Halizon.

The Mysians Chromius led, and Ennomus,
The seer, who knew the tokens of all birds :
Yet not that knowledge guarded off his head
Black fate, but by the sword of Peleus' Son,
Where in the stream so many fell, he fell.

Next, from Ascania Phorcys ranged the bands
Of Phrygia ; and with him Ascanius led, 980
A godlike chieftain : strong their hearts to war.

Sons of Talæmenes, and near the lake
Of Gyge born, Mesthles and Antiphus
Led the Mæonians, and with them that tribe
Mæonian, which 'neath Tmolus hath its birth.

The Carians, men of most barbarian speech,
Whose is Miltus, and the forest-flank
Of Pthyros' mountain, and Mæander's stream,
And Mycale's steep cliff, Amphimachus
And Nastes led, Nomion's glorious sons : 990
Nastes, who girl-like, in a suit all gold
Came forth to battle—Fond ! for not his gold
Could guard a fell destruction from his head,
But in the stream by Pelcus' fleetfoot Son
He died ; and great Achilles stripp'd his gold.

From Lycia and from Xanthus' silvery breaks
The Lycians Glaucus and Sarpedon brought.

Iliad III

A NON both hosts were marshall'd with their chiefs.
Moved then the Trojans, with a clamour and cry,
Birdlike, as is the cry of cranes, that flee
The winter's snows and rainfloods to the stream
Of ocean, clanging loud before high heaven,
And bearing through the morning's mists a war
Baleful against the Pygmies, and their death.
But silent, breathing wrath, the Achaïans moved,
Steadfast, and loyal-hearted, man to man.

And like a fog the west-wind oft hath shed 10
Round a hill-crest, most hateful to the hind,
But dearer than night's darkness to the thief,
When, far as stone-cast only, eye can ken ;
Such rose the dust in whirl beneath their feet
Advancing, whilst they quickly clear'd the plain.

When each had near'd the other on the field,
Then foremost champion of the Trojan van
Show'd godlike Alexander ; o'er his back
A panthèr-skin was swung, and crookbent bow

Nor ever wedded—would 'twere so—yea, 'twere
Better for thine own self, than thus to live
The byword and foul proverb of the world !
Hear'st thou that laugh ? The Achaians deem the skulk
Foremost of Trojan champions ; for, in sooth,
Thou hast the show of bravery, not the heart. 50
Thou was it who couldst voyage bold aboard
Thy galley with a gallant company
On venture to far lands, and ravish thence
So fair a woman and a warrior's wife ?
And on this realm a ruin thou couldst bring,
Woe on thy father, and on all thy race,
Shame on thyself, and to our enemies joy ?
Yet darest not now encounter Atreus' Son :
So haply shouldst thou learn what manner of man
He, whose fair wife thou holdest, shows in arms. 60
Little with him would 'vail thee that sweet lyre,
The gifts of Aphrodite, curlèd locks,
And beauty, when thou hadst fallen smirch'd in dust.
Truly is Troy most loyal to her Kings ;
Else had a stony raiment been thy doom."

And Paris, graceful as some God, replied :
" Too true thy chide, nor passeth my desert.
For, Hector, thine own heart is temper'd true,
As axe, which, in a woodman's hand who shapes
A vessel's plank, cleaves sheer the stem, and turns 70
His strength to treble use ; like temper lies
In thine undaunted spirit. But, I pray,

Judge me not thus ; nor cast the priceless gifts
Of golden Aphrodite in my teeth.
Not to be scorn'd are those bright gifts of heaven,
Bestow'd by Gods ; no wish can win the like.
Howbeit, since thou wouldst wish me battle thus,
Bid all th' Achaians and the Trojans else
Sit down, and in the centre, face to face,
Plant me with Menelaus, there to fight 80
For Helen and the booty ta'en withal.
And, whoso conquering shows the better man,
With her and with the booty let him go
Unhinder'd home ; but ye the rest swear truce
Faithful o'er victims slain, and all in peace
Inhabit fruitful Troy ; whilst they return
To Argos and the pastures of their steeds,
And the famed women of Achaia's land."

He spoke, whom Hector hearing felt o'erjoy'd
And moving to the centre signall'd back, 90
With spear grasp'd halfway down the staff, his host
Who halted all. Against him standing thus
The Achaians drew their bows to the arrows' heads
Or aim'd to hit with stones ; but loudly call'd
Their sovereign Agamemnon, and forbade :

"Hold back, Argeians ; hold, Achaia's youth,
Strike not ; for Hector would demand a parle."

He spoke, and they from battle held them back,
Still'd in a moment ; whilst brave Hector thus :

"Hear, Trojans, and Achaian men of war ! 100

Hear from my lips what Alexander saith,
The author of this strife. He bids all else
Doff their bright arms and lay them on the earth,
Whilst he with Menelaus in our midst
Fights hand to hand for Helen and her wealth :
And whoso conquering shows the better man,
With her and with the booty let him go
Unhinder'd home ; whilst we the rest swear truce
Faithful o'er victims slain, and part in peace."

He ceased ; in silence mute awhile they sate, 110
Till gallant Menelaus spake, and said :

" Likewise hear me ; for deepest in my heart
Hath this grief pierced. But now I hail the end,
When, after all their sufferings in my cause
For Alexander's wrong original,
Troy and Achaia can be sunder'd free.
Perish of us the one whose death is doom'd,
But ye thereafter all in peace depart.
Bring therefore Troy two lambs, one white, one black,
This, Earth's, and *that*, an offering to the Sun, 120
And we a third for Zeus. And summon forth
The majesty of Priam, who shall strike
With his own hand the pledges of our truce :
Whose sons are faithless, by their pride o'erbrimm'd,
And foully might transgress the oath to Zeus.
For youth is passionate ever, and unsure ;
But where an elder bears a part, he looks
Before and after, to the good of all."

He ended ; and who heard rejoiced with hope
Of rest from battle and the baleful war. 130
They rein'd their steeds in line, and left the cars,
And doff'd their arms and laid them on the earth,
And short the space was bare betwixt the hosts.

Then Hector sent two heralds to the town
Swiftly to bring the lambs and call the King ;
So likewise sovran Agamemnon sent
Talthybius to the galleys, thence to fetch
Third lamb for Zeus ; who quick as bidden went.

Meantime to white-arm Helen came from heaven
Iris, and seem'd Laodice, the wife 140
Of Helicaon, prince Antenor's son,
The loveliest of the daughters of the King.
She found her weaving on her loom a web
Double of purple dye, and in the cloth
Embroidering many a labour of the host—
The burden borne of anguish for her sake :
Whom windfoot Iris near approach'd, and said :

“ Come forth, dear Nymph, and view the godlike deeds
Of Trojan and Achaian mailèd men ;
Each on the other they but-now advanced 150
Bearing the tearful spirit of stern war
With hot desire of battle o'er the plain ;
But now sit silenced (and the strife is stay'd)
Reclined upon their bucklers, with their spears

Planted in earth beside them. In their midst
Paris and Menelaus, Atreus' son,
Will meet in single battle match'd for thee ;
Who conquers, his dear wife wilt thou be then."

Speaking the Goddess in her heart instill'd
A strong fond yearning for her olden lord, 160
Her parents, and the city of her home.
In a white glistening veil she veil'd her form
And left her chamber, tears upon her cheek ;
Nor uncompanion'd ; but went with her forth
Two handmaids, Æthra, Piteus' daughter fair,
And broadbrow'd Klymene. Quick pass'd the three
Far as the bulwark o'er the Scaean gate.

There with Thymœtes, Panthous, and the prince
Lampus, and Hicetaon flower of war,
And Clytius, sate Antenor by the side 170
Of old Ucalgon ; sage elders both,
Kept from the war by age, but garrulous
Of wise discourse. So sate upon that tower
The elders, as cicalæ on a tree
Filling the forest with a slender sound
Sweet as the breath of lilies : so they sate,
And saw fair Helen mounting to the tower,
And softly each to other whisper'd thus :

" No blame, no marvel, for such woman's sake
The hosts endure this suffering ; for in sooth 180
The beauty of Immortals is her dower.

Yet would, despite her beauty, she were gone,
And this dread trouble with her from our sons !”

Thus they ; but Priam call'd her to his side :
“ Draw near, mine own dear child, and seat thee here ;
Whence thou mayst look down on thine olden lord,
Thy kith and kin, and friends. For not to thee
I give the blame, but to the Powers of Heaven,
Of this dread quarrel and the woes of war.
But name to me that mighty man-at-arms, 190
The Achaian, who uptowers so vast and strong ;
Though others seem the taller by the head,
None see I else so noble, or his peer
For majesty,—from heel to helm a king.”

Whom Helen, flower of women, answer'd thus :
“ Father, I love—revere, thee, yet must dread !
Oh had it pleased Death take me, ere I came
Following thy son, and for his sake forsook
My marriage-bed, my husband, and my kin,
Mine only child, and all I loved in youth ! 200
This might not be ; and therefore shall I waste
In endless tears. But hear what thou hast ask'd ;
That chief is Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Not less as man-at-arms than king renown'd,
Once mine own brother—woe be on my shame !”

She ceased ; the Elder wondering o'er him spake :
“ Most blest art thou, Atrides, to high state
Born, by thy fortune happy and thy wealth !
I fared to Phrygia long years since, and there

Saw Phrygians numbering thousands, all the realm 210
Gather'd of Otreus' and of Mygdon's sway,
Chariots and horses glancing to and fro,
In camp upon the banks of Sangarus ;
With them, what time the Amazons came o'er
To war with man, was I the chosen aid :
Yet not were they, as is thy marvellous host."

Anon he saw Odysseus, and he ask'd :
"And who, my child, stands yonder ? What his name ?
Whose head stands lower, than doth Atreus' Son's,
But chest and shoulders broader to the view. 220
His arms lie doff'd upon the fruitful earth,
Whilst he moves through the legions—like some ram ;
Yea, I would liken him to a full-fleeced ram,
Moving majestic midst a snow-white flock."

Whom Helen, flower of women, answer'd thus :
"That is Laertes' son, sage Odysseus ;
In the wild isle of Ithaca born and bred,
Yet is he most the master of all arts,
And of the ways and wisdom of the world."

To whom Antenor then began address : 230
"Lady, thou speakest truly. Once for thee
In embassy divine Odysseus came
With warlike Menelaus to our town :
Whose host was I, and, entertaining, learnt
Their feature, and the manners of their minds.
They enter'd both our council ; as they stood,

Then Menelaus much outtopp'd his friend,
Taller by head and shoulders ; as they sate,
Odysseus own'd the more majestic presence.
And, when the subtle web of speech began, 240
The one spoke out in rapid manly fashion,
Scantly but clearly, sparing of his words,
Nor miss'd his scope, albeit a youth in years.
Anon Odysseus rose, the prince of craft,
Sprang to his height, but standing paused, with eyes
Riveted to the ground, nor sway'd his staff
Hither or thither, held it stiff and still ;—
Half senseless, or some peasant churl, he seem'd ;
It was but for a moment ; when he pour'd
His deep bass voice from out his chest, and words 250
Fell fast as snow along a winter's wind,
We knew Odysseus peerless in debate ;
That day we dwelt no more upon his form."

Anon the King saw Ajax, and he ask'd :
" And who is yon Achaian, tall and fair,
Outtopping all by head and shoulders broad ?"

And Helen, flower of women, answer'd thus :
" A very bulwark to Achaia's host,
Great Ajax : on whose farther side I see
Idomeneus amongst his Cretans stand 260
Godlike, and round him all the Cretan chiefs.
Him oft would Menelaus to our home
Make welcome, whenso'er he came from Crete.

Alas, so many I behold, and know :
But two not less of mark, I nowhere see,
Castor a matchless champion on his car,
And Polyduces, peerless in the ring,
My brothers—yea, one mother bare us all.
Perchance they have not follow'd o'er the sea
From lovely Lacedæmon ; or, though here, 270
They shrink from showing on the battle-field,
Of me and all the deep dishonour shamed !”
She spake, unknowing ; Earth, life-gendering Earth,
Held them long-since in Lacedæmon laid,
Ev'n in their own dear country, far away.

Meantime two heralds through the streets had brought
The lambs, the offering of their pledge to heaven ;
And wine, that maketh glad the heart of man,
Earth's richest juice, in goatskin held they bore ;
Also Idæus bare a polish'd bowl 280
With golden goblets ; and beside the King
Standing address'd him thus with wingèd words :
“ Rise, Priam, son of great Laomedon !
For either's chieftains call thee to the plain
To strike the sacred pledges of their truce.
Then Paris hand to hand 'gainst Atreus' Son
Will fight with steeltipp'd lances for their wife.
Who conquers, his the wife and all her wealth ;
But we the rest in everlasting peace
Dwell then in fruitful Troy ; whilst they return 290

To Argos and the pastures of their steeds,
And the famed women of Achaia's land."

He spoke ; and Priam shudder'd for his son :
But bade his steeds be yoked ('twas soon obey'd),
Then mounted, gathering to the car the reins :
With whom Antenor on the chariot sate,
And forth together to the plain they drave.

Ere long they gain'd the hosts, and, off the car
Dismounting, up the lane betwixt them moved ;
Whom Agamemnon seeing, rose to greet. 300
The while the noble heralds nearer brought
The sacred pledges of their oath to heaven,
And in the bowl mix'd wine, and water pour'd
On the King's hands ; whilst Atreus' Son drew forth
The knife, that by the scabbard of his sword
Hung ever, and shore off the first-fruit hairs
From the lambs' heads ; and these the heralds took
And gave to all the chieftains, part to each :
Then loud with outspread hands Atrides cried :
" O Thou, who rul'st from Ida, Father Zeus, 310
Supreme, most glorious ! And to thee I cry,
O Sun, who seest all things, hearest all,
And ye, O Rivers, Earth, and who below
Wreak the fell vengeance of an oath forsworn,
Bear witness all, and guard this sacred vow !
If Menelaus falls by Paris' hand,
Be Helen left to Paris with her wealth ;

But, if by Menelaus Paris fall,
Restored be Helen and her wealth by Troy,
And such atonement to our host withal, 320
As may be bruited in far times to come.
But if Dardanian Priam or his sons
Withhold the atonement on their champion's fall,
I swear in endless battle for that price
To keep me, till I gain the goal of war."

He spoke; and through the lambs' throats pass'd the steel
Ruthless, and laid them quivering on the earth,
Gasping their last; the knife had ta'en their lives.
Chief after chief in goblets from the bowl
Then drew the wine, and pour'd libation forth, 330
With prayer perchance thus utter'd to the Gods;

"Hear us, O Thou most glorious, Zeus supreme,
Hear us, all Powers of Heaven! What man soe'er
First doth the other wrong against this oath,
Be his heart's blood forth-spatter'd on the earth,
His and his father's blood like this wine shed,
And be his wife a prey to unknown men!"

Not yet would great Kroneion grant their prayer.

But Dardan Priam then address'd them thus:
"Trojans, and ye, Achaia's mailèd men! 340
Hear me; I would to windswept Ilion back.
Not mine the heart to see before mine eyes
My son with Menelaus singly match'd.
Zeus knows, the Immortal Powers only know

To whom the doom is of a destined death."

The godlike hero ceased, and to his car
Bade lift the bodies of the slaughter'd lambs ;
Then mounted, gathering to the seat the reins ;
With whom Antenor on the chariot sate,
And back the twain together drave to Troy. 350

Odysseus then with Hector Priam's son
Measured the lists, and in a brazen helm
Shook lots, who first should launch his pointed spear :
While all the people lifted high their hands
In supplication utter'd to the Gods :

" O Thou who rul'st from Ida, Father Zeus,
Supreme, most glorious ! Whoso of these twain
First wrought the deed that caused the other's wrong,
Let him now perish into Hades' gloom,
Whilst we thereafter swear eternal peace." 360

They thus ; the hero of the glancing helm
Great Hector shook the lots, and turn'd his eyes
Aloof : the lot of Paris leapt to light.
Then all sate down in rank, where each had stay'd
His prancing steeds or laid enamell'd arms ;
While godlike Paris, golden Helen's lord,
'Gan don about his shoulders shining mail.

And first the greaves about his legs he girt
Beauteous, with silver anclets bound below ;
And round his chest his brother's corslet braced, 370

Lycaon's, but it clasp'd him like his own ;
By baldric from his shoulder next he slung
The silver-studded hilt and brazen blade ;
But set a helm above his stately head,
Horse-plumed (and dread the nodding of that plume),
And tighten'd round a beamy spear his grasp.

And gallant Menelaus donn'd like arms.

Shortway beyond the throng they girt their mail,
Then enter'd both the space betwixt the hosts
Each cyeing fierce the other ; and amaze 380
Seized all who saw. Within the measured lists
Each wroth with each they stood and aim'd their spears ;
First Alexander threw his shadowing lance
And struck Atrides full on the orbèd shield
Yet brake not through ; for in the buckler's plates
The point was backward bent. Thereon, in turn,
Uprose great Menelaus, Atreus' son,
Aiming his spear, and call'd on Father Zeus :

“ Grant me that now on Alexander's head
I visit with this vengeance the foul deed 390
He did me, and o'erthrow him by my arm,
That latest generations shrink appall'd
From crime disloyal to a generous host.”

He spoke, and whirl'd on high, and hurl'd his spear,
And struck the orbèd shield of Priam's Son :
Strong through the gleaming buckler pass'd the lance.
And onward through the enamell'd corslet driven

Pierced ev'n the under-tunic by his hip ;
Yet, sideways writhing, he escaped the death.
Then Atreus' Son, with silver-hilted sword 400
Unsheath'd and high uplifted, smote his crest ;
Yet on the helmet splinter'd dropt the blade :
Whereat he raised his eyes, and groan'd forth this :

“ O most of Gods injurious ! Father Zeus !
On Paris I had thought to avenge his sin ;
But, lo, the sword is broken in my hand,
And vainly without smiting sped the spear.”

He spoke, but sprang upon his foe, and gripp'd
His plummy helm, and tow'rd the Achaian side
Dragg'd him perforce : under the tender throat 410
The broider'd brace, the fastening of the helm
Tight-strain'd below his chin, 'gan choke the breath ;
Yea, he had dragg'd him off, and gain'd a fame
Unbounded, had not Aphrodite seen
Their plight, and snapp'd the leathern brace, though tanard
From the tough sinews of a slaughter'd ox :
And empty went the helmet in his grasp.
The which the hero whirling o'er his head
Cast to the Achaians, and his loyal friends
Bare off the trophy ; yet himself sprang back 420
Seeking his foe, and held a second spear.
But of her might divine and with all ease
Had Aphrodite caught her Paris up,
Folded him in thick mist, and set him far
In the warm fragrant chamber of his home.

Herself then went to call fair Helen to him ;
And found her still upon the lofty tower
With women gather'd round her ; by the skirt
Of her long fragrant robe she touch'd and pull'd ;
And spake, in likeness of that aged dame 430
Who comb'd her wool for weaving, and had oft
Of old in Sparta to her hands prepared
Fair fleeces, and aye loved her as her child ;
In image like to her the Goddess spake :

“ Follow ; for Paris calls thee to his side.
There in his chamber on the carven couch
Glistening in beauty and attire he lies ;
Nor couldst thou deem him from a mortal fray
Hardly return'd, but rather issuing forth
To dance, or resting in the pause of dance.” 440

She spoke, and strong in Helen moved the wrath.
But when she knew the Goddess, by the neck
Transcendent seen, and by the glowing eyes,
And by the ambrosial bosom—all in awe,
She yet made answer free, and spake, and said :

“ What pleasure, Goddess, to beguile me thus ?
Hast thou some second minion dear elsewhere
Into whose arms to cast me, in a town
Of Phrygia or Mæonia more remote ?
Or is it that Atreus' Son hath overcome 450
Paris, and now would take me back to home—
Receive me back, all loathsome though I be—
That therefore thou hast brought me this false tale ?

Nay, go there thou, cleave to his side, for him
Forsake the paths of heaven, and know no more
The pavement of Olympus 'neath thy tread ;
But tend and weep upon him, till he deign
To make thee wife—or leman ! I go not ;
'Twere shame to me again to lie with him,
The mock of every woman till I die ! 460
Ah me, my heart is breaking with these woes.”

But Aphrodite all in wrath return'd :
“ Thou Fool ! Incense not me ; lest in mine ire
I leave thee, and, as erst hath been my love,
Such then my hate be tow'rd thee—passing-great.
'Twixt either host in common could I sow
Loathing of thee ; and terrible were thy death.”

She spoke, and awed the lovely child of Zeus ;
Who with white glistening veil about her drawn
Pass'd on in silence where the Goddess led ; 470
Nor any Trojan woman knew them pass.

They enter'd Alexander's palace-home ;
The handmaids turn'd them busy to their tasks,
As she, the flower of women, went right through
Into the inner chamber lofty-roof'd :
There laughter-loving Aphrodite set
A seat, and placed her on it, face to face
With Alexander. So fair Helen sate,
Of mighty Zeus the daughter, yet with eyes
Averted, and upbraided thus her lord : 480

“Return’d from battle! Aye, but would to Heaven
Thou hadst died rather by the strong right arm
Of him mine olden husband! Oft wouldst boast
Thyself than Menelaus by thy mould
And might and fence the better: forth then, forth,
And give defiance to a second fight!
But I, who know thee, bid thee rather rest
Quiet from war, not reckless dare to meet
Atreus’ fair Son in single combat more;
Haply the second time he slays thee quite!” 490

To whom with gentle answer Paris thus:
“Provoke me not, my wife, with these hard words.
This while hath Menelaus won, by help
Of Pallas; mine will be some future hour;
Not all deserted is our cause of heaven.
But let us to sweet dalliance of our love;
For ne’er before hath such desire of thee
Inflamed my heart—not ev’n when sails I set
Bearing thee o’er the seas aboard my bark
From lovely Lacedæmon—no, nor when 500
I first in Cranæ’s isle knew all thy charm—
As this delicious longing thrills me now!”

He spoke, and led the way, with whom she went;
And, side by side, they laid them on the couch.

Meantime Atrides, fierce as some wild-beast,
Roam’d to and fro, if haply he might find
The beauteous form of Paris in the throng;

Whom none of Troy or of her Aids renown'd
Could to his foe discover ; not for love
Had any, who could see him, then conceal'd ; 510
They loath'd him, as they loath'd black Fate or Death.
And soon rose Agamemnon, king of men :

“ Hear me, ye Dardans, Troy, and Troy's Allies !
Victory is manifest unto the arm
Of Menelaus ; therefore yield ye up
Argæian Helen and her wealth withal,
And likewise such atonement to our host
As shall be bruited in far times to come.”

He spoke ; and all his army gave acclaim.

Iliad 10

THE Gods meantime upon their golden floor
Sate feasting, and maintain'd discourse with Zeus ;
Amongst whom stately Hebe moving gave
The nectar, and in golden goblets each
Pledged other, and all turn'd their eyes on Troy.
And Kronos' Son soon sought to kindle wrath
In Herè with edged words and sidelong taunt :

“ Two are there, sworn to Menelaus' aid,
Two Goddesses, Argeian Herè one,
The other, Pallas, peerless in the fray : 10
Aloof, as joying in the sight, they sit ;
Whilst laughter-loving Aphrodite clings
Close to her Paris, guarding off his doom,
Yea, saves him at the very point of death.
Nathless the victory lies with Atreus' Son ;
Counsel me therefore what we now decree ;
Whether again we kindle to its height
The battle's fury, or the hosts atone.
Let then, if so it seemeth good to all,
If thus it please ye—let King Priam's walls 20
Stand as of old, and Menelaus take

The Argive Helen to his home once more."

He spoke ; but Herè groan'd in spirit wroth
And with her Athenaiè, where they sate
Each by the other, brooding ill to Troy.
Athenè utter'd nought, but silent still
Sate, not the less indignant with her Sire,
And fierce the passion shook her ; but not so
Herè ; she not contain'd her ire, but spake :

" Most dread our Lord ! What falleth from thy lips ? 30
Hast thou the heart to make of no avail
The toil, wherewith I sweated¹ to and fro,
The labour—yea, my chariot's steeds wax'd faint
With those my wanderings to collect this host,
To work this woe on Priam and his sons ?
So be it ; it is thy will ; thy will is law :
But know that of us all no God applauds."

In wrath return'd the Ruler of the clouds :
" And, prithee, what such wrong now do to thee
Priam, and Priam's children, that thou ragest 40
Pitiless to abolish Ilion's towers ?
Make then the breach thyself, and enter in,
Gorge on the flesh of Priam and his sons

¹ This expression is strong, as are also those used in the following speech ; but the effect of the words used in the original is certainly not less jarring to our ears. It would be juster to Homer to remark how seldom any jars of such violence recur throughout the poem. With his anthropomorphic ideas of deity, they might have been expected to be far more frequent than they are.

And all his people ! Satisfy so thy spite !
Yet, as thou sayst, so be it ; lest this brawl
Wax to an endless feud betwixt us twain.
But hear and ponder wherewithal I cease ;
When I so will destruction to some town
Hereafter, though her folk to thee be dear,
Seek not to stay mine anger, leave me free ; 50
Ev'n as this while I yield to thee thy wish,
Of mine own will, but with a heart most sore ;
For that of all the cities built by men,
Under the sun, under the starry sky,
By me most honour'd in my heart is Troy,
Her King, and all the people of her King.
There never hath mine altar lack'd its due
Of incense, or the steam of victim's flesh ;
Daily all dues have we partaken thence."

And royal broadbrow'd Herè gave reply : 60
 " Three cities most beloved by me on earth,
 Sparta and Argos and Mycenæ stand ;
 Destroy them, whensoever thou hat'st like me :
 I will not stir a foot nor grudge their fall.
 Nor, though I grudged my bitterest or forbade
 Their ruin, could I gain against thy might.
 Yet to *my* labours also have regard ;
 Who likewise am a Goddess, and whose birth
 Is whence was thine ; and first, by either count,
 Kronos begat me, eldest by my birth, 70
 And highest, as being thy spouse, and thou art King.

So each to either we will somewhat yield,
And all the Gods will follow as we guide.
Bestir thee then to send Athenè forth
Into these armies in their dread array,
There to devise how best may Troy assail
The Achaians in their now o'erweening mood,
Transgress the treaty, and be first forsworn."

The Father of Immortals and of men
Hearken'd, and straight address'd Athenè thus : 80

"Depart, and haste thee down to either host,
There to devise, how best should Troy assail
The Achaians in their now o'erweening mood,
Transgress the treaty, and be first forsworn."

He spoke, and kindled in Athenè's breast
A wrath, erst flaming high, to higher flame ;
Down from Olympus' heights she sprang, and seem'd
Some flaming meteor, sent by Zeus, a sign
To seamen, or to army wide outspread,
Long, bright, and many sparkles stream therefrom ;
Such show'd Athenè, springing thence to earth, 90
Into their midst : and who beheld were all
Smit with amazement, charioteers of Troy,
And mail'd Achaians likewise ; each would look
Astonied in his neighbour's eyes, and say :

"Be sure, that either all the war accursed
Begins anew, or haply Zeus, who holds
The battle in his hands, now grants us peace."

Thus, each to other, men in either host.

But in the guise of brave Laodicus, 100
Antenor's son, she mov'd, and wander'd through
The Trojan camp, seeking a noble wight,
If haply she might find him, Pandarus.
She found him, great Lycaon's blameless son,
Standing amidst the strong shield-bearing band,
His brave companions from Æsepus' streams ;
Near to his side she came, and spake, and said :

“ Brave scion of Lycaon's noble house !
Wilt thou obey me, and collect thy heart
To aim an arrow swift at Atreus' Son ? 110
No Trojan, but would give thee thanks and praise ;
And of all Trojans Paris most, the prince :
Costly the guerdon first of all the host
From him wouldst thou receive, if e'er he saw
The dreaded son of Atreus, Menelas,
Quell'd by thy dart, and stretch'd upon his pyre.
At whom undaunted therefore take thine aim ;
Yet to Apollo first, the Child of Dawn
And most renownèd Archer, vow his due,
A farfamed hecatomb of first-born lambs, 120
If home to sacred Zelia thou return.”

She spake, and quite beguiled his foolish soul.

Forthwith he bared the polish'd bow, the horn
Of that wild bounding ibex, pierced one day,
From where he couch'd in ambush, as it stepp'd
Down from a rock, sheer through the very heart,

So that it fell prone on the selfsame rock :
By measure sixteen hands the horn upgrew ;
The which a cunning craftsman deftly pared,
And polish'd all its length, and tipp'd with gold. 130
This now he strung, and with all care laid down
Flat on the earth, while still his followers held
Their shields a screen before him, lest perchance
Some of Achaia should descry and spring
Upon him, ere their chieftain could be struck.
Next off his quiver he upraised the lid
And took therefrom an arrow, fresh, and fledged
To drive black anguish deep. This bitter shaft
He fitted with quick finger to the string ;
Nor then forgot to make the vow prescribed 140
Unto Apollo, Child of Dawn divine,
A farfamed hecatomb of first-born lambs,
If home to sacred Zelia he return'd.
The arrow's lips and leathern string he held
Together, and so drew them ; to his breast
He drew the string, and to the bow the barb ;
Round to a circle curved the giant bow ;
It twang'd, and long the tense string murmur'd on ;
But springing through the crowd the arrow went,
Keen-darted, thirsting to the taste of blood. 150

But not unmindful then the blissful Gods
Of thee, great Menelaus ! In thy front
First She, Zeus-born, the Spoiler of the slain,

Athenè, stood, and half repell'd the dart ;
She brush'd it from his fórm, as from her child
Lapp'd in sweet sleep a mother might a fly ;
And guided it to where the golden clasps
Met on his belt, and down in double fold
The corslet reach'd : the bitter arrow dropt
Full on the close-drawn broider'd belt, and pass'd 160
Onward, and through the corslet's richwrought mail,
And through the under doublet, that he bare
Next to his body, and his inmost guard—
Ev'n this it pierced, and prick'd the skin beneath ;
So that black blood gush'd clouding from the wound.
Then like some piece of ivory, deep-distain'd
By Carian or Mæonian maiden's hand
With purple, for a cheekpiece to a horse ;
Soon in a treasure-chamber stored it lies ;
And, though to gain it many a man hath long'd, 170
Still it lies there, the glory of a king,
The chariot's jewel, and the driver's pride :
Ev'n such, O Menelaus, blood-distain'd
Show'd thy white thighs, thy greaves, and shapely feet.

But when the King his brother saw blood flow
Black from the wound, a shudder shook his frame ;
Brave Menelas himself had fear at first ;
But, marking soon the binding and the hooks
Of the sharp barb outside his armour still,
His heart collected in his breast return'd. 180

Whose hand King Agamemnon nathless caught,
And deeply groaning spake amongst the host ;
(Whose followers render'd back the groan around)
“ Ah ! dear my brother ! Vow'd I then thy death
Vowing this treaty, when I set thee forth
To fight alone with Troy for all our sakes ?
For, lo, how they have struck thee, of their oaths
Regardless, trampling down their own pledged words !
But not all vain those oaths, the lambs' blood shed,
The offerings of pure wine, the clasp'd right-hands, 190
Wherein we duly trusted : ev'n though Zeus
Fulfilleth not their import all this day,
Yet of a surety shall fulfilment come
How late soever ; and the price shall fall
The heavier, ev'n their own lives, and the lives
Of all their wives and children : yea, I speak
That which I know, and hold it most assured ;
The day will come when Ilion's sacred towers,
Their King, and all the people of their King,
Shall perish utterly for evermore : 200
When Zeus, enthroned in upper air supreme,
And judging thence the wicked deeds of men,
Shall in his anger for this foul deccit
Shake the dread Ægis and appal all eyes.
These words shall not be let to pass away.
But, if thou diest, if *thou* hast now fulfill'd,
My brother, the short measure of thy life,
Cruel were my sorrow, happier then than I

The vilest of my subjects might return
To drought-enduring Argos: since the host 210
Would straight remind them of their fatherland ;
And we should leave to Priam and to Troy
The boast of Argive Helen : but the earth
Would rot thy bones, in this far land reposed,
In Troy reposed, and all thy work undone !
And on thy tomb some haughty Trojan then
Might leap insulant, and outvent his vaunt :

'E'en in this wise may Agamemnon wreak

'His vengeance aye on others, as on us,

'What time he brought to Troy an idle host: 220

'Back to his fatherland with empty ships

'He hath sail'd home—but left his brother here!'

So might some man of Troy exulting boast ;
May the broad Earth have gaped to hold me first."

Whom to make cheer his brother answer'd thus :

" Be cheer'd thyself, nor thus affright the host ;
No mortal part hath this sharp arrow reach'd :
The broider'd belt, and the mail'd corslet's edge
Beneath it, and the doublet, next my skin,
Boss'd with the armourer's brass, have saved my life." 230

To whom in answer Agamemnon thus :

" May it but be so, Brother most beloved!
The leech shall salve the sore, and lay thereon
Such drugs as shall beguile thee of black pains !"

Then to the sacred herald turn'd, and said :

" Talthylus, summon with thine utmost haste

The sage physician, Æsculapius' son,
Machaon, straight to come and tend the wound
Of Menelaus our most noble chief ;
Whom some one or of Lycia or of Troy, 240
Some master bowman, with his dart hath pierced :
To him the glory, and to us the pain !”

Nor him the herald hearing disobey'd,
But hasted through Achaia's mail-frock'd host
Peering for brave Machaon in the crowd.
He found him, midmost of the shielded ranks
From Trika's horse-abounding pasture-lands ;
And near approach'd, and spake these wingèd words :

“ Arise and follow me, Asclepius' Son :
The King great Agamemnon calls thee hence 250
To Menelaus our most noble chief ;
Whom some one or of Lycia or of Troy,
Some master bowman, with his dart hath pierced :
To him the glory, and to us the pain !”

He spoke, and strongly moved Machaon's heart.
Through the broad camp together back they went ;
And when they gain'd where Menelaus stood,
On the same spot (but all in circle now
Were gather'd who were bravest of the host,
That Godlike chieftain in their midst erect) 260
Forth from the belt Machaon drew the shaft.
It issued ; in the belt the barb was snapt.
The rich belt then, and the mail'd corslet's edge
Beneath it, and the doublet brass-emboss'd,

Loosening, he bared the place whereon had fall'n
The bitter shaft, and stanch'd the blood, and laid
His soothing salves upon it, of the art
Taught to his father by old Cheiron's love.

But whilst in ministration round their prince
Those chieftains stood, the shielded troops of Troy 270
Advanced them nearer ; whereupon *they* too
Adverse donn'd arms, and turn'd to battle blithe.
Nor listless at that moment, nor in fear,
Nor loth to battle—rather earnest-bent
Upon the charge, the glory of a man—
King Agamemnon wouldst thou there have mark'd.
His horses and his chariot brass-inlaid
He left, where brave Eurymedon might hold
(The son of Ptolemæus Peiraus' son)
The steeds aloof, but with behest, whene'er 280
Fatigue should fall upon the King, on foot
Marshalling his thousands—to be nigh at hand.
Thence he advanced in survey of their ranks ;
And whomso of that noble host he saw
Keen to the cry of battle, him he cheer'd
Approaching, and address'd with wingèd words .

“Heroes of Argos ! Let not now relax
Your wonted mettle : not to falsehood's side
Will Father Zeus incline him. Soon, I ween,
Shall they, who first forsworn transgress'd the truce, 290
Be torn by ravening vultures limb from limb,

Leaving to us to bear across the seas
Their wives and children from their homes despoil'd ! ”

But all who slacken'd to the pains of war,
Them with rebuke he chode and wrathful spake :

“ Feel ye no shame ? O ye to evil doom'd,
Argeians, foul reproaches to the name !
Why droop ye, frozenhearted, ev'n as fawns
That with a flight exhausted o'er the plain
Droop at the last, all strength within them gone ; 300
So droop ye, frozenhearted, loth to war.
Or would ye tarry till Troy makes her way
Far as your galleys' anchors on the shore,
Tempting great Zeus—if he will save ye there ? ”

Thus, passing through their ranks, he muster'd all.

And soon, in passage through the host, he gain'd
The Cretans, now engirding them in mail
Around their warlike chief, Idomeneus.
Their chief, in vigour like a wild tusk'd boar,
Stood in their van, whilst brave Meriones 310
Work'd in the rear, and quicken'd there the troops.
Whom Agamemnon, king of men, beheld
Rejoicing, and address'd with honied words :

“ Of all the Danaans in these swift-horsed tribes,
I honour thee the most, Idomeneus,
Whether in battle, or in other act,
Or at the banquet, where the glowing wine
Is by the noblest-born of Argos mix'd

For tendance to their elders in the bowl.
Then, though to all the longhair'd chieftains else 320
The wine is dealt by measure, yet to thee,
Ev'n as to me, the cup stands alway brimm'd,
To drink, whene'er the heart within us bids.
Arouse thee therefore to thy vaunted wont ! ”

And answer thus the Cretan chief return'd :
“ Atrides, as of old I pledged my word,
So will I cleave to thee thy faithful friend :
But go, enkindle others ; as thou mayst,
Incite the longhair'd Argives to the war ;
Since to confusion Troy hath brought the peace : 330
Therefore shall ruin and an utter death
Be theirs, who first forsworn transgress'd their oaths.”

He spoke ; Atrides pass'd rejoicing on.

And next, in passage through the host, he came
To where the Ajax-twain together stood
Arming ; and at their backs a cloud of foot.
As when a goatherd watches from a rock
A cloud across the ocean by the stress
Of Zephyr ² fast advancing ; where he stands
Far off, to him it showeth black as pitch, 340
Moving above the waters, in its breast
Bearing the whirlwind ; at the sight he shrinks
And in beneath the cavern drives his flock ;

² It may be noted that the Greek conception of this wind differs entirely from that held by the Latin Poets. It is the south-west quarter which is indicated by the name.

So dark, with bucklers bristling and with spears,
Moved to dread battle the collected mass
Of noble heroes with the Ajax-twain.

Whom Agamemnon, king of men, beheld
Rejoicing, and address'd with wingèd words :

“ To you, twin-chieftains of the mail-frock'd host,
To either Ajax, needs not I enjoin 350
(’Twere ev’n presumptuous) to bestir their men ;
Who keen without my bidding cheer them on.
Yea, by Apollo and our Father Zeus,
Would that your spirit reign’d in every heart !
Quickly would Priam’s city then be ta’en,
Under our conquering arms despoil’d and strewn.”
He spoke, and left them, and to others pass’d.

To Nestor next he came, the sweet-tongued chief
Of Pylos, now arraying to the fight
His followers, all around brave Chromius group’d, 360
Alastor, and the giant Pelagon,
Æmon the prince, and Bias royal-born.
In front, the charioteers, their steeds and cars,
Behind, the footmen many and strong, he ranged,
To be the battle’s mainstay ; but he drave
All he misdoubted to the centre close,
Where men, how loth soc’er, perforce must fight.
And first he gave the charioteers his charge,
To hold, nor cumber in a throng, their cars :

“ Let none too headstrong of his art and strength 370
Seek in the van of all alone to fight ;
Neither let any slacken pace behind ;
For so shall ye be scatter'd to assail.
And, when a man hath near'd his enemy's car,
Still seated, let him stretch and take his aim,
Not first alight ; the seat is better far :
For thus, and with this counsel in their hearts,
Did men of old spoil many a fencèd town.”

Thus urgent spake the Elder, with the skill
Of many a year expert ; the King beheld 380
Rejoicing, and address'd with wingèd words :

“ My Father, would that, as the heart within,
Such were thy youthful vigour, unimpair'd :
But age now wears thee, as it weareth all ;
I would that others suffer'd so, not thou ! ”

To whom Gerene's chief made answer thus :
“ And mine own self, Atrides, would most blithe
Be what I was, then when I singly slew
Renownèd Ereuthalion : but the Gods
Grant not together all their gifts to man. 390
Young was I then, and now in turn am old.
Yet will I show conspicuous, with my voice
And counsel, where the chariots thickest throng ;
Old age hath still that honour. Let the young,
Men of the generation after me,
Point their spears right, and trust the strength of youth.”

He spoke ; Atrides pass'd rejoicing on.

Next to Menestheus Peteus' son he came,
With whom the men of Athens ; And, hard by,
Stood sage Odysseus leader of the band 400
Of Cephallenians : no weak troop were they,
But moved not yet ; their ears had not yet caught
The cry to arms : the ranks of either host
Perturb'd they saw and swaying to and fro,
And paused expectant till some nearer band
Make the first onset and renew the fight.
Whom Agamemnon, king of men, rebuked
Beholding, and address'd with wingèd words :

“ Son of Zeus-nurtured Peteus, and King-born !
And Thou, of mind fullstored with ill device, 410
Odysseus, petty-hearted ! Why aloof
Stand ye, and look in fear till others move ?
Rather 'tis yours to seek the foremost rank,
And meet the burning battle, face to face.
For ever when the Achaians make high feast
In honour of their Elders, to my board
Ye twain the first are call'd, and there ye love
To eat rich meats and long as e'er ye list
Drink from full cups of honey-tasted wine.
But now were yours no sorrow, tho' ten squares 420
Enter'd the fight before ye, sword in hand.”

Sternly Odysseus frown'd, and made reply :
“ Sayst thou, Atrides ? What new saying this,
Hath slipp'd the ivory portal of thy teeth ?
How durst thou say that we are slack to war ?

Oft as against the Trojan men of might
We raise the cry of onset, mayst thou see
(If these things are indeed thy care at all)
The own dear father of Telemachus
Conspicuous in the vanmost of their van. 430
Tush ! For this talk is of thy folly mere."

But, when he knew him wroth, the King smiled soft,
And spake again, and thus withdrew his words :

"Nay, Prince Zeus-born, Laertes' son most sage !
Needs not I chide thee nor exhort thee much ;
I know the heart within thy bosom full
Of gracious counsels ; as my will, such thine.
Haste, therefore, on ; and, if I spoke thee ill,
Let us atone hereafter ; and meantime
May the Gods render, that I said, unsaid." 440

He spoke ; and left him, and to others pass'd.

Next to high-hearted Diomed he came,
The son of Tydeus, standing up in arms,
Amongst his horses and their wellbuilt cars ;
And Sthenelus at his side, Capaneus' son ;
Whom Agamemnon, king of men, rebuked
Beholding, and address'd with wingèd words ;

"Of noble Tydeus O degenerate son !
Surveyest *thou* thus the battle from afar ?
Not such faint shivering was to Tydeus dear, 450
But foremost of his comrades aye to show.
Such their report, who knew him in the fray ;

I knew him not nor saw him ; but they tell
He far exceeded others ; how he came
With godlike Polynices—not in arms,
But on that mission against sacred Thebes,
Asking an army, to Mycenæ's walls ;
And much besought Mycenæ to give help ;
Who gave it, and consented, as he bade.
But Zeus by portents shown from heav'n adverse 460
Turn'd them, albeit already far advanced
As grassy-bank'd Æsopus : therefore thence
Tydeus alone in embassy they sent.
Alone he went, and feasting in the hall
Of their great King Eteocles he found
Many their nobles gather'd. Then, albeit
A solitary stranger in their throng,
The gallant Tydeus falter'd not in Thebes ;
But challenged all to combat, and in all
The combats proved the victor ; by his side 470
Pallas Athene stood, and bare him through.
Wrathful thereat the chiefs of Cadmus set
An ambush strong against him, on the road
Whereby he left returning ; fifty men
Under two leaders, Mæon, Hæmon's son,
And Lycophontes of Autophonus.
These all did Tydeus hurry to their deaths ;
These all he slew ; one only would he spare
To bear the tidings back : to heavenly signs
He bow'd, and sent the godlike Mæon home. 480

Such was Ætolian Tydeus in his day :
Better than he the son, whom he begat,
In council, but in action poorer far !”

He spoke ; nor Diomed replied at all,
For reverence to his lord the King's rebuke ;
But Sthenelus, Capaneus' son, rejoin'd :

“ Atrides, speak not false, who knowst the truth ;
More than our fathers we may boast to be.
For, though our leaguer of the fencèd town
Was less in number, yet we quite o'erthrew 490
(Holpen by Zeus and favouring signs from heaven)
That ancient seat of seven-gated Thebes,
Where they, our fathers, perish'd in their pride.
Rank them not, therefore, in like place to us !”

But dauntless Diomed frown'd stern, and said :
“ Seat thee in silence, friend, and wait my word.
To Agamemnon, shepherd of the host,
I give no blame, that, as he may, he speaks
To rouse to war Achaia's mailèd men.
To him will be the glory, should we take 500
Proud Ilion, and destroy the host of Troy ;
And his the heaviest sorrow, should we fail.
Haste rather ; put we on our olden might.”

He spoke, and off the chariot, all in arms,
Leapt to the earth ; and dreadful, as he moved,
Rang the brass coat upon the chieftain's breast ;
How brave soe'er a foe had fear'd him then.

As, when a blast of Zephyr drives the deep,
Billow on billow to an echoing shore
The sea upswoll'n advances ; and, at first, 510
Far-out the wave is crested, but anon
Breaks, thundering on the coast, and over-arch'd
Curls round the headlands, flinging far the foam ;
Legion on legion so the Danaans came
Endless to battle ; and their chiefs gave word
Each to his own, but else in silence all
(Thou 'dst said that if the power of speech was there,
So vast a number could not move so mute)
Advanced, awaiting still their leaders' signs ;
Whilst round about them flash'd the splendid arms, 520
Wherein empanoplied, they moved, array'd.

But Troy—as ewes in some rich shepherd's fold
Thousands by thousands stand at milking-hour
Ceaselessly bleating to their lambs' fond cry ;
Such rose the din confused through Troy's broad line.
Nor cry of battle nor their speech were one,
But their tongues mix'd, and men of every clime.
These Ares led : but *those* the blue-eyed Maid
Athenè ; Flight was there, and dread Dismay,
And Strife, of rage insatiate ; sister She 530
And fast ally to Ares ; low the head
She lifts at first, but, gathering height anon,
Treading the earth yet strikes against the skies.
And now amid the throng, and trebling all

The warriors' woe, and foe alike to both
She moved, and 'twixt them cast the brands of hate.

And soon they charging met ; together clash'd
Spears, bucklers, and the might of mailèd men :
Smote each on each the bosses of the shields ;
Rose loud the din of onset ; prayer and groan, 540
The cries of dying men and of their slayers,
Alike were there ; and the earth ran with blood.
As rivers swollen by winter on the hills
Dash into one huge hollow the strong streams
Pour'd from their mighty fountains down the bed
Of some ravine ; and swain in uplands far
Hearkens the roar of waters ; such the roar,
The thunder, and the terror of their charge.

First Nestor's son Antilochus assail'd
The Trojan van, and slew Thalucius' son, 550
The noble Echepolus ; for he struck
Full on the vizor of the horseplumed helm
Piercing his brow ; and on within the skull
Pass'd the brass point, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
So in the battle, like some tower, he fell ;
Whom Elephenor, King Chalcedon's son,
Chief of the great Abantian tribe, beheld
Fallen, and catching by the feet 'gan draw
From out the shower of darts with keen quick hand
To strip him of his mail : short, short his speed, 560

For brave Agenor saw, and through the ribs
(Shown bare beside his buckler, as he stoop'd)
Smote him with brass-spiked spear, and loosed his limbs.
So the breath left him ; but above him wax'd
The bloody business fiercer 'twixt the hosts ;
Like wolves, each leapt on other, foe sought foe.

And Ajax, he of Telamon, smote down
Anthemion's son, Simoisius, a brave youth
In his fresh prime ; whom near to Simois' stream
His mother bare, descending down one day, 570
Following her parents, shepherding their flocks,
From Ida ; and they named him from the stream.
Ne'er he requited to his parents dear
Their pains of rearing ; but his days were short
Under the spear of Ajax there subdued :
Who struck him in mid onset through the chest
Near the right nipple ; through the shoulder sheer
The point pass'd ; to the ground in dust he dropt
Prone, as a poplar grown upon the marsh
Of some broad meadow ; trim the trunk, but high 580
About its summit branching ; with bright axe
Low hath a chariot-builder laid it strewn,
To fashion thence a goodly chariot's rim ;
Long on the river's bank it lies and fades :
So fell Simoisius, brave Anthemion's son,
By heav'n-sprung Ajax strewn. On Ajax then
Antiphus, of the glancing corslet, son

Of Priam, through the mellay aim'd his spear ;
But err'd ; yet of Odysseus' train struck one,
Brave Leucus, in the groin, in act to draw 590
A corse towards him ; o'er the corse he fell,
And from his hand it dropt. Thereat most wroth,
Odysseus through the vanmost champions strode
Full-arm'd in blazing brass, and near the slain
Took stand, and round him look'd, and poised his spear,
Aiming ; the Trojans cower'd before his aim ;
Nor vain the javelin sped ; Democöon,
A bastard son of Priam (late arrived
From rich Abydos, where his father's mares
Were stabled, and he bred them for the King)— 600
Him did Odysseus, wrathful for his friend,
Strike in the temple ; and the brazen point
Passed through the fellow-temple, that he died.
He fell, and loudly round him rang his arms.
Thereat bright Hector and their van gave way ;
But loudlier cheer'd the Achaïans, and regain'd
The corsés of their dead, and push'd right on.

Apollo, looking down from Pergamus,
Beheld indignant, and appealed to Troy :

“ Chieftains of Troy, oh rouse ye to the war ! 610
Yield not to Argos in the fight this day :
Not stone their flesh nor iron, proof to blows,
Let spear or sword but strike them ! Know, withal,
No longer doth the fairhair'd Thetis' son,

The dread Achilles, range in fight, but now
Broods in his galleys, sullen, and withdrawn."

So from the city's citadel the God
Raised his dread voice ; whilst through the other throng
Pallas Athene moved, and cheer'd their host,
Child of high Zeus, his third and greatest born. 620

Anon Fate caught Diores in her chain,
The son of Amarynces ; for he fell
Struck near the ancle on the dexter greave
With a rough stone by Peiröus, the son
Of Imbrasmus, and leader of the tribes
Of Thrace from Ænos : and the ruthless stone
Crush'd either side the tendons ; prone in dust
He dropt, outstretching to his friends his hands,
Rendering the ghost ; but, who had cast it, ran
Close, even Peirous, and beside him plunged 630
His javelin in his navel ; all the bowels
Gush'd forth abroad, and darkness veil'd his eyes.

Then Thoas of Ætolia charged in turn
On Peirous as he rush'd away, and struck
His chest above the nipple ; sharp the spear
Pierced to the throat ; and Thoas at his side
Pluck'd the lance back, but drew a sharp bright brand,
And smote him on the belly, that he died ;—
But stripp'd not off his armour, round their chief [640
The scalp-lock'd Thracians, spear in hand, throng'd fast,

And thrust back Thoas from them (man-at-arms
Brave though he was, and strong, and high-renown'd)
And back a little space, rough-shaken, he fell ;
And by each other left those chieftains twain,
The King of Epè by the King of Thrace,
Whilst slaughter'd fell around them many more.

Had Pallas then led any through the throng,
Scathless, and safe, and guarded by her hand,
Passing so woundless in the storm of darts,
Not lightly had he reck'd the work there done. 650
Prone on that day so many ground the dust,
Trojans and brave Achaians, side by side.

Iliad ⑧

THEN most on Diomedes Tydeus' son
Pallas Athene breathed a strength and heart.
To lift him high above all Argives else
Achieving glorious name. From off his helm
And buckler she made burn a quenchless fire :
Bright as the brightest of the stars of heaven
Fresh from the Ocean comes the Autumn-star ;
Such from his shoulders and his crest the fire
She kindled ; and she urged him through the fray
Into the midst, where thickest throng'd the war. 10

A certain man amongst the Trojans dwelt,
Dares, of substance rich and blameless life,
Priest to Hephæstus : he begat two sons,
Phegeus and Idas, either skill'd in war.
These two, disparted from their own array,
First met him face to face ; on chariot these,
But he on foot, assailing from the ground.
And they had near'd each other on the field,
When Phegeus first discharged his shadowing spear ;
Erring the point above the shoulder pass'd 20

O'er Tydeus' Son, nor struck him. Then in turn
Tydides hurl'd his lance, nor from his hand
Sped the shaft vain, but 'twixt the nipples struck
The breast, and from his chariot cast him down.
Whereat brave Idas leapt to earth and left
The carven car, nor round his brother slain
Durst rally ; nor himself had next escaped
Black Fate, had not Hephæstus in thick mist
Enwrapt him and deliver'd, lest his priest
Should in one day be utterly forlorn. 30
But noble Tydeus' Son drave off their steeds,
And gave them to the galleys to be led.

Beholding that defeat of Dares' sons,
One vanish'd, and the other in his blood,
The hearts of all the Trojans sank within them.
But Pallas took fierce Ares by the hand
Apart, and spake her wingèd words, and said :
"Ares, O Ares, pest to mortal kind,
Their cities' terror, and their bloody scourge !
Were it not our better part to leave these hosts 40
(Whether to Argos or to Troy Zeus grant
The victory) still to battle, but ourselves
Departing so avoid our Father's wrath ?"
She spoke, and led fierce Ares from the fray,
And set him on Scamander's meadowy bank.

Then every Danaan Chieftain slew his man,

And broke the line of Troy. The king of men
Atrides first down from his chariot cast
Great Hodius, of the Halizonians chief ;
For, as he wheel'd, he hurl'd his spear, and pierced 50
His spine, and 'twixt the shoulders drave it through ;
Who dropt, and loud around him clash'd his arms.

Idomeneus slew Phæstus, Borus' son,
A Lydian, who from fertile Tarne came :
Whom on his chariot-step, at point to mount,
Idomeneus with far-famed spear transfix'd
Through the right shoulder ; from the step he fell,
And hideous night enwrapt him ; whose bright arms
The followers of Idomeneus straight stript.

And Strophius' son, Scamandrius, by the spear 60
Perish'd of Menelaus Atreus' son ;
A mighty hunter, master of the chase ;
Whom Artemis herself had taught her art
To strike whatever breathes in wood or hill :
But now nor arrow-loving Artemis,
Nor the great archery, he was famed withal,
Avail'd him ; but Atrides pierced his spine
Betwixt the shoulders, as he fled before him,
Driving the spear right onward through the breast :
Who dropt, and loud around him clash'd his arms. 70

Next by Meriones Phereclus fell,

The son of the renown'd Harmonides
The artificer : who knew all curious work
To fashion, for Athene loved him much :
He was it also who for Paris built
The galleys, the beginning of their hurt,—
Hurt to all Troy, and to his own self death,
Who knew not of the prophecies from heaven !
Whose son Meriones now follow'd, and pierced
'Through the right buttock ; onward driv'n the point 80
Travell'd along the bladder 'neath the bone ;
Groaning he fell, and death enwrapt him round.

And Meges slew Pedæus ; he the son
Of Prince Antenor, bastard-born, but rear'd
By fair Theano as her very own,
Out of the grace she bare unto her lord.
Him the famed Son of Phyleus drawing near
Smote on the head above the nape ; and on
Under the tongue the point shore through the teeth,
That closed against the cold steel, as he fell. 90

Eurypilus Evemon's son o'erthrew
Noble Hypenor ; he the son of great
Dolopion, to Scamander priest ordain'd
And honour'd by the people like a God.
Him did Eurypilus Evemon's son
O'ertake, pursuing as he fled before him,
And at the shoulder strike, dissevering sheer

The heavy arm ; bleeding the arm to earth
Dropt and there lay ; whilst o'er his eyes came fast
The purple gloom of Death and violent Fate. 110

Thus in the deadly fray these labour'd on.

But of Tydides—with which host he shared,
Whether he fought for Argos or for Troy—
Thou hadst not known ; so wildly o'er the field
He ranged : like some full river winterswollen
Scattering before it every dam and bar :
Nor the close-clampèd weirs may hold it more,
Nor the walls buttress'd to the vineclad banks,
What time in sudden flood it comes, and rain
Hath thick from Zeus descended ; but it bears 110
Many a strong man's labour far away ;
So throng'd before Tydides fast were borne
The Trojans, nor, though thousands, durst they stand.

Whom when Lycaon's noble son beheld
Throughout the plain thus ranging, and their troops
Routed in mass before him, quick he stretch'd
His bended bow, and struck him in mid-charge.
On the right shoulder at the hauberk's edge
He hit him, and the bitter arrow press'd
And pierced right through. Besprinkled with his blood
The hauberk show'd ; and loud Lycaon's Son 121
Exulting lifted up his voice and cried :

“ On, Trojans, on ! And forwards prick the steeds !

The dauntless spirit Tydeus had of old
When arms he wielded, I have breathed on thee :
And from thine eyes have moved the mist, that hung
Upon them erst, that thou mayst surely know
Who mortal, who immortal. If a God
Descend assailing, face not thou the Gods
In battle, save one only : but if She,
If Zeus-born Aphrodite venture forth,
Spare not to wound her with thy pointed spear.” 160
Thus spake the Azure-eyed, and pass'd away.

But Tydeus' Son, so cured and whole, again
Mix'd with the foremost champions of the fight.
His heart had erst been ardent to the war ;
But now a spirit drave him thrice as fierce ;
Like to a lion by a shepherd grazed
Whilst leaping o'er the hurdles on a flock,
Grazed, but with no subduing blow, and stung
To greater wrath thereby ; whereat the man
Flees fearing to the hut, and leaves the flock 170
Forlorn, and close-confounded, sheep on sheep ;
Till of the prompting of his own fierce will
The lion from the fold at last leaps back :
Like fury drave Tydides on the foe.

Hypenor then the shepherd of his realm
Fell with Astynoüs ; for o'er the breast
He pierced Astynoüs with a steel-spiked spear,

But smote Hypenor, where the shoulder meets
The collar, with huge sword disscaving sheer
The shoulder from the throat and neck and back. 180

These leaving, fast he followed on the steps
Of Abas and Polædus ; they the sons
Of old Eurydamas, the seer of dreams ;
But not to them their father, ere they came,
Had read their dreams, for Diomed slew them both.

Xanthus and Thoon next he quick pursued,
The sons of Phænops, sons of his old age ;
With years he long was wasting, nor begat
Another, to be heir to all his wealth.
These Diomed likewise slew, and took the life 190
From both, but to their father woe bequeath'd,
Sorrow, and lamentation ; who would ne'er
Receive them welcome from the war again,
But strangers parted all his wealth amongst them.

Anon he caught Echemon, and with him
Chromius, together on one car, two sons
Of Dardan Priam. As a lion springs
Upon a herd, and, lion-fashion, breaks
The neck of cow or heifer where they graze ;
So from their chariot-settle Tydeus' Son 200
Dash'd down those two, most loth, in evil plight,
And stripp'd their arms, and to his comrades gave
Their horses to the galleys to be driven.

Whom thus in devastation of Troy's ranks
Æneas mark'd, and through the throng of spears
Made passage, peering for a Godlike chief,
If haply he might find him, Pandarus.
Whom soon he found, Lycaon's blameless son,
And standing straight before him, spake and said :

“ Pandar, where now the arrows, and the bow, 210
And that renown, wherein none here can vie,
Nor any in broad Lycia challenge thee ?
Rise therefore, and uplift thy hands to Zeus :
And then at yonder hero send a shaft,
Who lords it through the battle and hath wrought
Such evil unto Troy ; many and brave
The men, whose limbs he hath beneath them loosed ;
Unless it be some God in wrath with Troy ;
For sore the anger of a God to men.”

Lycaon's noble Son made answer thus : 220
“ Giver of wisest counsel to the host,
Æneas ! Him in all points make I like
To Tydeus' martial Son ; for by the shield
I know him, by the crested cone I know,
And when I view his chariot. Yet indeed
If God he be, I hold not quite assured.
For, though he be the man I say he seems,
The warlike Son of Tydeus, not without
Some God he owns this fury ; by his side
Stands some Immortal in a cloud conceal'd, 230
And turn'd my dart at point to pierce him through.

Already have I shot, and struck him full
On the right shoulder through the hauberk's edge,
And vaunted I should send him ere his time
To Hades, yet subdued him not at all :
Some God, be sure, is anger'd with us now.
Nor car nor horses here are mine to mount.
Chariots eleven in my father's halls
Stand idle, fair to view, and newly wrought,
Late-built ; and by the side of each two steeds 240
Champ of white barley and of spelt their fill.
And oft the old Lycaon laid on me
His warning, ere I left his highroof'd home,
And bade me with my horses and my cars
Come mounted, so to lead in battle here.
It had been better ; but I hearken'd not,
Sparing my steeds, lest haply in a town
Beleaguer'd they should lack their wonted food.
Therefore on foot, and leaving them behind,
I came to Ilion, trusting in this bow 250
And arrows—naught the good I gain from them !
Twice have I aim'd against their bravest two,
Atrides and Tydides ; twice have drawn
Blood bursting clear ; yet have but fired them more.
Therefore with evil fortune from its peg
Took I this crookbent bow, what time I left
To render grace to Hector and to lead
Under fair Ilion's walls a Trojan troop ;
And if I e'er again return to see

My country and my wife and highroof'd house, 260
Then may some stranger straight behcad me there,
If I myself then break it not to shreds
And cast the splinters on a blazing fire :
So idly in my hand it shows this day !”

Æneas, prince of Troy, made answer then :
“ Nay, speak not thus. But this is true, our plight
Will scarce be alter'd, ere we two, conjoin'd
And both in arms with horses and with car,
Go forth together to assay this man
And meet him face to face. Mount then with me 270
This chariot, and behold the steeds of Troy
How bred, how taught in onset to and fro
To skim the plain for flight or for pursuit.
And ev'n if Zeus bestow on Tydeus' Son
The victory, these will bear us home secure.
Rise therefore, take the glossy reins and thong,
Whilst I descend to meet him hand to hand ;
Or thou meet him, whilst I attend the steeds.”

Lycaon's noble Son made answer thus :
“ The steeds are thine, Æneas ; hold the reins 280
Thyself ; it is thy wont, and they will draw
(Should we be turn'd to flight by Tydeus' Son)
This richwrought chariot straighter by thy hand :—
Lest too they stray unbidden, or be slow,
Missing thy wellknown voice, to bear us back,
And give occasion to Tydides then
To spring upon us swift and slay us both,

And drive them also, trophy to the ships.
Keep manage therefore of thy steeds thyself,
Whilst I await him with a sharp-tipt spear." 290

They spoke, and mounting to the carvèd car
Together down upon Tydides bore
In strength combined. The Son of Capaneus
Beheld, and from the chariot call'd, and said :

"Tydides ! Thou in whom is my delight !
Two men, of might unbounded, I descry,
Two heroes, both together bent on thee ;
And one is Pandar, master of the bow,
Who boasts to be the great Lycaon's son ;
Æneas the other, who Anchises names 300
His father, but fair Cypris gave him birth.
Withdraw we therefore on the car awhile ;
Nor thus, I pray thee, in their champions' van
Range singly, lest perchance thou lose thy life."

Sternly frown'd Diomed, and made reply :
"Counsel me not to flight ; thou mov'st me not ;
Not to my birth accords it, or to shun
The battle, or to show a craven there.
My limbs are firm beneath me ; therefore loth
Were I to mount the chariot. As I stand, 310
I go to meet them ; Pallas from all fear
Forbids me. Yea, though one of these perchance
Escapes my hand, yet both secure away
Their horses scarce shall carry. Hear my word,
And mind it well : should She, the blue-eyed Maid,

Giver of all wise counsel, now vouchsafe
The glory of the deaths of both my foes,
Fast to the rim draw up thy reins, to stay
This chariot here, and leave it, and spring forth
Mindful to seize and to the camp drive off 320
These horses of Æneas. For their birth
Is of that stock which mighty Zeus erst gave
To Tros, the price of Ganymede his son :
Best therefore were they of their kind on earth,
From sunrise unto sunset unsurpass'd ;
And unto them Anchises brought his mares,
By stealth, and to Laomedon unknown,
Secretly to be served ; whence six were foal'd
All of this noble breed within his stalls.
Four doth he keep, and nurture with all care, 330
But two, these breathers of dismay, bestow'd
Upon his son Æneas ; and, could we
Achieve them, noble were the name we won."

Thus spoke they, each to other, whilst the two
Lashing their steeds now bore upon them nigh ;
And first Lycaon's noble son began :

"Bravehearted warrior ! Glorious Tydeus' Son !
My dart, the bitter arrow, quell'd thee not ;
Now, only let me strike thee, feel the spear !"

He spoke, and whirl'd the shadowing lance, and hurl'd,
And struck Tydides' buckler ; quivering through [340
Pass'd on the brazen point, but at the breast
Before the corslet stay'd ; and loudly cheer'd

Piercing the shield Lycaon's noble Son ;

“ Struck thro’ the heart, nor long, I think, to live !
And great the glory thou on me bestow’st.”

But answer undismay’d made Diomed :

“ Nay, for thou hast not hit, but miss’d thy mark :
And for you twain, I doubt an ye will end
This boasting, ere the one or the other glut
The thirsty maw of Ares with his blood.”

350

He spoke, and threw ; Athene guided down
The dart upon the face beside the eye ;
Through the white teeth it went ; the frayless edge
Clove the tongue’s root, nor ere it pass’d the chin
Was slacken’d ; from the car he fell ; and loud
The enamell’d arms clash’d round him where he fell.
Started the affrighted steeds, whilst from their lord
The spirit and the strength were loosèd quite.

But fearful lest the Achaians gain his corse,
Shield and long spear in hand, Æneas sprang
Down from the car, and round him, lionlike,
Strode in huge strength exultant ; in his front
He held the spear and orbèd shield, and stood
Ready to slay whoever durst assail,
With terrible outcry. But Tydides took

360

A stone, a giant matter, such as two
Of living generations might not lift,
But he with single hand uppoised aloft ;
With this Æneas on the groin he struck,
There where the thigh is jointed to the groin ;

370

Men call the joint the socket ; this he crush'd
And brake beside the tendons ; all the flesh
The jagged edge tore off ; and on his knee
The hero falling, sunk, one moment stay'd
By his broad hand—then darkness veil'd his eyes.

Whereby the Chief had perish'd, had not She
(The Child of Zeus who erst on Ida's knolls
Lay with Anchises where he grazed his kine),
His mother, Aphrodite, seen his plight. 380
Around her son she shower'd her two white palms
And cast her glistening raiment to enfold
And screen him from this danger, lest perchance
Some Danaan see and strike him to the heart.
So half conceal'd she 'gan withdraw her son.

But not unmindful of the pact, whereto
Brave Diomed had enjoin'd him, Sthenelus
Rein'd back, from all the turmoil well aloof,
His own strong steeds, and to the chariot's rim
Made the reins fast ; thence sprang, and drave away 390
The horses of Æneas, prey and spoil,
Clear from the Trojan to the Achaian lines ;
And gave them to Deipolus (the friend
Most loved, most honour'd, by him of his peers,
With whom he was as one in heart and mind)
Back to the hollow galleys to be driven ;
Then quick remounted to his own, and seized

The glossy reins, and drave the strong-shod steeds
Hot with all haste behind his lord again.

For now Tydides press'd with pitiless spear 400
Assailing Aphrodite ; her he knew
A Goddess feeble, not of those who hold
The helm of battle, over men supreme,
Athene, or Enÿo, Queens of war.
Therefore advancing through the throng of men,
Near her he took his aim, and springing forth
Struck with his spear her tender nerveless hand,
Wounding its edge ; and through the skin the point
Grided, dissevering near the wrist the robe
Ambrosial, broider'd by her Graces' hands. 410
And forth such heavenly Ichor stream'd apace,
Such blood, as in the veins of Gods may flow,
Who eat not corn, nor drink of glowing wine,
Are bloodless therefore, and Immortal named.
With a loud shriek She cast her son away,
Whom Phœbus in a purple cloud received,
Lest haply some one strike and take his life ;
Whilst after her Tydides sent his voice :

“ Yield thee, Zeus-born, and from the war withdraw :
Enough for thee weak women to beguile. 420
But, if thou darest to range this field again,
Thenceforward thou shalt dread its very name.”

He spoke ; she moaning fled ; for deep the smart ;
Whom windfoot Iris took, and from the throng

Guided (in anguish, and her lovely skin
Discolour'd) where upon the battle's left
She found fierce Ares sitting ; all in mist
Enwrapt, his spear was standing and his car :
Then She upon her knees besought, and begg'd
His gold-trapp'd horses of her brother dear : 430

“ Dear Brother, save me, and vouchsafe thy steeds,
To bear me to Olympus, throne of Gods.
For deep the anguish of this wound, wherewith
A mortal hath dared smite me, ev'n the Son
Of Tydeus, who would now face father Zeus.”

She spoke, and Ares gave his gold-trapp'd steeds.

Heartstricken she ascended ; by her side
Iris ascended likewise to the car,
And took the reins, and thong'd the rapid steeds.
Nor loth they flew aloft, and quickly gain'd 440
The height o' the Olympian steep, the throne of Gods.
There windfoot Iris loosed them from the yoke,
And threw ambrosial food before their feet.
But heavenly Aphrodite on the lap
Of her fair mother, Queen Dione, fell,
Who raised her daughter to her arms, and laid
A gentle hand upon her ; and she spoke :

“ Who of the Gods hath dared entreat thee thus,
My child, as chiding thee for open fault ?”

And thus the Queen of laughter made reply : 450
“ The son of Tydeus, Diomed, in his pride

Hath dared this outrage ; for that I assay'd
To rescue from the battle mine own son
Æneas, dearest of all men to me.

'Twixt Troy and Argos is the war no more ;
But Argos battles with the Gods of heaven !"

To whom Dione Queen in heaven replied :

" Be patient yet, my child, and bear thy pain.

For oft perforce at hands of men have we,

Whose homes are on Olympus, yet endured 460

The sorrows, which we each to other cause.

Patient was Ares, when Aloeus' sons

Otus and Ephialtes bound him down

With a huge chain ; full thirteen months he lay

Chain'd in a brazen vessel ; yea, had died,

Ev'n Ares, the insatiate king of war,

Had not Aëribœa, of his foes

The stepdame, fairest of her sex on earth,

Told Hermes of his plight ; and Hermes came

And stole him forth, though wasted nigh to death ; 470

So hardly pressing on him bore that chain.

Patient was Here likewise, through the breast

Pierced by a three-fork'd arrow from the hand

Of Hercules, Amphytryon's great son,

Albeit a cureless anguish wrung her then.

Patient was Hades also, even as they,

The ancient Giant, when the selfsame man,

Sprung of high Zeus, smiting him amongst the dead

In Pylos, gave him wholly up to pain.

Anon heart-broken, piercèd through and through 480
With anguish, to the Olympian hall of Zeus
He mounted ; but the arrow quivering bode
In his huge shoulder, torture to his soul.
There Pæon spread upon it soothing salves,
And heal'd him : not for Death was He create.
Insolent terrible Doer of those deeds !
Who durst raise violent arm and with his shafts
Torture Immortal Gods ! So now on thee
Hath azure-eyed Athene raised this man
Tydides : fool ! who knoweth not that short, 490
Short is the life of him who fights with Gods :
Him never shall his children round his knees
Greet, their dear father, from the war return'd !
Yet let him think, how great soe'er he be,
Lest he assail more powerful foe than thou :
Else surely shall the wife of Diomed,
Chaste child of great Adrastus, the beloved
Ægialcia, wake some night erelong
Startling from slumber with a piercing cry
Her household, shrieking for her first dear love, 500
Her husband, and the noblest of his race !”

She spoke, and staunch'd the ichor from the wound ;
The hand was heal'd ; the racking pains were soothed.

Whom Here and Athene saw, and thus
With gibing words began their taunt to Zeus ;
And azure-eyed Athene spake, and said :

“Father, wilt Thou be anger’d, if I speak ?
Behold how Cypris with a fond caress
Beguiling for her minion race of Troy
Some long-robed Argive to desert her home 510
Hath scratch’d against the broach her tender hand !”

She spokē ; the Father of the world thereat
Smiled, and call’d golden Aphrodite near :

“Not thine, not thine, my child, this warlike work ;
Sweet work of wedded love, be that thy care ;
To Pallas and to Ares leave the war.”

This was the commune of the Gods in heaven.

Meantime, though Tydeus’ Son was well aware
How that Apollo had stretch’d forth his arm
To save Æneas, nathless still he sprang 520
Onward, nor reck’d of that great God, but sought
His enemy, and to strip the famous arms.
Thrice of a furious heart he made the charge ;
And thrice Apollo, pressing heavenly hand
Against his shining buckler, dash’d him back ;
But when the fourth time, more than man, he came,
The God uplifted thus an awful voice :

“Warn thee, Tydides, and withdraw thee hence :
Match not thyself in thought the peer to Gods.
Likē not unto men who walk the earth 530
The immortal generation of the Gods.”

He spokē, and Tydeus’ Son some space withdrew,
Shunning the wrath of Him who smites from far.

Then Phœbus bore Æneas from the throng
Aloof to sacred Pergamus (where stands
The temple of the God), and in that shrine
Leto and arrow-loving Artemis
Heal'd him, and o'er his form a glory shed.

But on the battlefield Apollo set
A Phantom, wrought most like Æneas, like 540
In stature, like in arms ; and all around
The Phantom wax'd the struggle 'twixt the hosts,
Trojans and brave Achæians cleaving through
The bull-hide shields or targes light as wings
That shelter'd many a breast : whilst Phœbus moved
Apart to where fierce Ares stood, and spake :

“Ares, O Ares, pest to mortal kind,
Their cities' terror, and their bloody scourge !
Enter the battle, if thou wilt, and draw
Tydides thence, this terrible monstrous man, 550
Whose heart would lift him now to fight with Zeus !
First Cypris on the hand below the wrist
He wounded, and hath now dared charge on me.”

He spoke, and to the top of Pergamus
Retired and sate, whilst through the Trojan ranks,
In likeness of the Thracian Acamas,
Wide-wasting Ares moved, enkindling all,
And on the Sons of Priam call'd by name :

“Sons of Zeus-nurtured Priam, crownèd King !
How long will ye be patient to behold 560

Your nation falling by Achaia's sword ?
Or wait ye, till the war be at your doors ?
For lo, whom not than noble Hector less
We honour'd, brave Æneas lieth slain,
The son of great Anchises : charge then, charge,
Rescue his body from the battle home ! ”

He spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart.

Strongly Sarpedon chode brave Hector then :
“ Where, Hector, now the daring that was thine ?
Daring thou hadst, and oft wouldst vaunt, alone, 570
Without thy people and without allies,
Alone thyself, thy brethren and thy kin,
To hold the city safe. Alas, I look
And see of these not one ; aloof they hold
Like curs from off a lion ; we, who are
The strangers, we fight on unaided still.
Of whom am I ; from distant lands I came ;
For distant far is Lycia and the stream
Of eddyng Xanthus ; there I left behind
My wife, my infant son and all my wealth 580
Coveted by the needy.—Not the less
I cheer the Lycians forth, and, though in Troy
Is naught of mine that Argos can despoil,
Myself am keenest still to meet the foe.
While thou stand'st idle, caring not to cheer
Thy people, though their wives are now at stake.
Oh warn thee, lest perchance soon caught within

The meshes of an all-devouring net
Ye fall before your enemies' spoil and prey,
And this your glorious town be desolate ! 590
Nights long and days should this be thy one care,
The chiefs of all these nations to beseech,
To stand, and put aside this great disgrace."

He spoke, whose speech stung Hector to the quick ;
Lightly he leapt in armour to the earth,
And, with two javelins brandish'd, through the line
Moved, and revived the battle where he moved :
They rallied : nathless still the Achaians stood,
Unshaken, unrecoiling, unappall'd.

As winds bear chaff along the hallow'd floors 600
Where men thresh, and Demeter yellow-hair'd
With winnowing breeze parts grain from husk, and all
The space beneath grows white in mounds of chaff ;
So were they whiten'd with the dust, struck up
Under the tramp of steeds to the brazen vault
Of heaven by that rally and the charge.

Back wheel'd the charioteers and turn'd their cars ;
The warriors by their side bare straight the strength
Of their right arms extended ; whilst all round
Fierce Ares wrapt the battle in thick night, 610
Hither and thither ranging, aiding Troy,
Obedient to the golden-sworded God,
Apollo, and fulfilling his behests,

Who bade him, when he saw Athene gone
(Pallas Athene, Argos' surest aid),
To kindle high the heart of Troy once more :
Whilst his own self from out the fragrant shrine
Brought back Æneas, set him in their midst,
And breathed a dauntless spirit on the chief.

Thus reappear'd Æneas 'mid his men 620
Suddenly standing ; whom when they beheld
Alive, undaunted, glorious in his strength,
They marvell'd and rejoiced, yet ask'd not aught,
Other the labour then, nor suffer'd pause,
The which the Bender of the silver bow
And Ares pest to men and bloody Strife
Bestirr'd amongst them.—But adverse array'd
The Ajax-two and Diomed and brave
Odysseus cheer'd the Danaans to the fight :
Nor needed they the bidding, nor themselves 630
Fear'd or the Trojan strength or Trojan shout ;
But stood, like clouds, which on a windless noon
Zeus hath bestrewn amid a mountain's peaks
Motionless, whilst the might of Boreas sleeps,
And all the blasts, which with tempestuous breath
Scatter the cloudy vapours when they blow ;
Thus stood unmoved the Danaans, undismay'd.

Through whom with strong behest Atrides went :
' Be men, my friends, keep brave your hearts within.

Think of your honour in this deadly strife. 640
Who cling to honour fast, their lives are long ;
Flight is but shame, nor will it 'vail men aught."

He spoke, and fiercely launchèd out his spear,
And struck a vaward chief, Déicoön,
Æneas' follower, and the son renown'd
Of Pegasus, whom like to Priam's sons
The people honour'd, ever first in arms.
His shield did royal Agamemnon's spear
Now strike, nor paused, but through it pass'd, and through
The belt and navel to his belly pierced ; 650
Who fell, and loud around him clash'd his arms.

Two of the Danaan noblest then in turn
Fell by Æneas, sons of Diocles,
Orsilochus and Krothon. Passing-rich
Their father dwelt in Phæra's crowded streets ;
Whose generation from Alphæus came,
The bounteous River, who through Pylos spreads ;
For He begat Orsilochus, the king
Of many folk around ; Orsilochus
Begot brave Diocles ; from whom these two 660
Orsilochus and Krothon had their birth,
Both well expert in battle.—In their prime,
Ardent to gather fame upon the cause
Of Atreus' Sons, aboard their swift black barks
They came to meadowy Ilion with the host ;
And there Death, closing all, enwrapt them round.

As two young lions by their dam are nursed
High mid a mountain's summits in the glens
Of a deep forest, but anon descend
Harrying fat sheep and oxen, ranging free 670
The folds of men, till slain at last they fall
By the sharp javelins in their enemies' hands ;
Thus by Æneas overthrown those two
Fell, and lay prone like lofty poplars hewn.

Their fall Atrides Menelaus mark'd
And pitied, and betwixt the foremost strode
Fullarm'd in flashing arms with brandish'd spear :
Whose spirit fierce Ares kindled, yet at heart
Meaning his death before Æneas' lance.

But Nestor's son Antilochus beheld 680
And through the foremost made his way ; for much
He fear'd for that brave Shepherd of the host,
Lest aught of ill befall him ; such mishap
Would beat them from the scope of all their toil.
Therefore, whilst they stood face to face, with arms
And pointed spears adverse, in act to throw,
Antilochus to Menelaus' side
Forced passage, and stood there : Æneas saw
The two together, nor, though brave he was
And strong, durst then assail them ; but secure 690
They drew the bodies to the Achaian ranks,
Gave the two wretched brothers to the hands

Of their own men, then turn'd to war again.

And first Pylæmenes they met and slew
The Chieftain of the Paphlagonian troop.
Spear-famèd Menelaus Atreus' son
Pierced him with javelin striking in the neck ;
Whilst Nestor's Son o'erthrew the charioteer
Mygdon, Atymnius' son, a gallant wight,
Striking him, as he wheel'd his horses round, 700
With a huge stone upon the elbow's joint.
The reins, with ivory bosses white their length,
Slid 'twixt his fingers to the dusty earth ;
Whilst close the other sprang and cleft his skull.
Gasping for breath and headlong to the plain
From the well-fashion'd car he dropt, yet show'd
Some short while on his shoulders and his head
Supported (for he lighted on deep sand)
Till his steeds struck and laid him flat on earth.
The steeds Antilochus drove then away. 710

Hector beheld them through the embattled lines
And shouting moved toward them : in whose steps
Follow'd Troy's legions strong, and at their head
Ares and Queen Enyo ; by the hand
Loud Tumult, shameless Sprite of war, She led ;
Whilst Ares brandish'd giant spear, and ranged
Now in the van of Hector, now behind.

Tydides knew him, and in awe retired ;
As when some simple peasant-drudge afoot
Halts in a wide plain's centre on the bank 720
Of some swollen river hurrying to the main,
He sees it murmuring up with threatening foam,
And gets him well away ; so Tydeus' Son
Retired, and to his host address'd him thus :

“ Marvel we often, friends, how Hector shows
Brave man-at-arms and warrior flush'd with hope :
But ever one or other of the Gods
Stands by his side and guards away the death ;
And yonder now is Ares there, in guise
Of mortal man : I bid ye therefore yield ; 730
Retire awhile, yet facing still the foe ;
Nor venture battle with a God in arms.”

He spoke ; and nearer still the Trojans drew.

Then two together on one car fell slain
By Hector, Mnesthes and Anchialus,
Of prowess famed ; whom falling Ajax mark'd
(The son of Telamon) and pitying sped
Towards them, launching out a gleaming spear
And striking Amphias son of Selagus
Who dwelt in distant Pæsus. Rich was he 740
By substance, rich by booty ; yet had Fate
Brought him to war for Priam and his sons :
Whom now great Ajax son of Telamon
Struck in the girdle, and the shadowing lance

Into the belly through the navel pass'd.
His arms around him clásh'd ; and to his side
Bright Ajax ran to strip him of his mail.
Then down the Trojans rain'd a shower of spears,
Sharp, glittering ; many on his shield he caught
And gain'd the corse, and stamping with his heel 750
Pluck'd back his own sharp spear ; but could not strip
Aught of the other armour from the slain,
So heavy bore the darts ; but fear'd himself
To be encompass'd by the many brave,
Who, spear in hand, press'd round him, and, despite
His giant mould and might and high renown,
Repell'd him, that, rough-shaken, back he fell.

Thus in the deadly fray these labour'd on.

Next on the godlike Chief Sarpedon's spear
Fate, violent Fate, hurl'd brave Tlepolemus, 760
The giant son of far-famed Hercules :
For each approach'd the other—one, the Son,
The other, the Son's Son, of Father Zeus ;
Of whom Tlepolemus began address :
“ Sarpedon, Lycia's Counsellor and King !
Why needs must thou, weak warrior as thou art,
Travel so far to show a dastard here ?
Falsely they name thee gotten of great Zeus :
For much thou lack'st to be of count with those,
Who in the generations of old time 770

From Zeus the Ægis-wielder drew their birth.
Of sort far other Rumour still speaks clear
My father Hercules, and his renown,
Strong to endure, and of a lion's heart.
He likewise came to Ilion (on behest
To gain the horses of Laomedon)
With six ships only, and a scantier host,
Yet sack'd the town and widow'd all her streets.
But *thou* art poor of heart ; thy people waste
Uncared for ; nor shall Troy be help'd one whit, 780
How strong soever thou may'st boast thyself,
By this long journey ; since by me subdued
This day the gates of Hades thou shalt pass."

Sarpedon Lycia's King made answer thus :
"Tlepolemus, thou sayest it. *He* destroy'd
The sacred towers of Ilion, wrought thereto
By the false folly of Laomedon,
Who with ill words requited his good deeds,
Nor render'd up the steeds for which he came.
But not to thee such triumph ; but thy death, 790
Death and black Fate predestined, shall be wrought
By me this day ; and thou shalt render up
Thy ghost to Hades, and to me renown."

Sarpedon spoke ; the while Tlepolemus
Upraised his ashen spear. Together both
They hurl'd the heavy lances from their hands.
Sarpedon struck the neck ; the deadly point
Pass'd through the slender throat ; and hideous night

Came shower'd around his eyes. Tlepolemus
Struck the right thigh ; the point rush'd joyous through, 800
Grazing the bone ; his life his Father saved.

And straight the godlike Chieftain's noble train
'Gan draw him from the battle ; the long spear
Trail'd heavy from the limb ; that spear had none
Yet heeded, nor had thought from out the wound
To pluck ; but all their care was on the car
To lay him, and so hard were they bested.
So on the other side his mailèd men
'Gan bear the body of Tlepolemus.
Which things divine Odysseus saw, and kept 810
Steadfast his heart, though hotly burn'd his blood.
Standing he ponder'd in his secret soul,
Whether to press that wounded Son of Zeus,
Or of the Lycian rout to take the lives.
Not to Odysseus was the fame vouchsafed
To slay a heav'n-sprung Son of mighty Zeus ;
Whom therefore Pallas on the Lycians turn'd.
Chromius, Alastor, Cœranus, he slew,
Alcander, Prytanus, and Halieus ;
And more had slaughter'd, had not Hector seen, 820
Great Hector of the glancing helm, and swift,
Full-arm'd in dazzling brass, through the throng strode
A terror to the Danaans. As he came
Nearer, Sarpedon saw him, and was joy'd,
And faintly cried his name, and utter'd this :

“Suffer not, Son of Priam, that I lie
Spoil to the Danaans ; save me from that shame ;
Let what will come, come after, and my life
Leave me within your city. Not for me
Return to home or to my native land, 830
To gladden there my wife and infant son.”

He ceased ; nor helmèd Hector spake reply,
But by him dash'd, enkindled to repel
The Argives, and to smite them hip and thigh.
The noble comrades of the Lycian chief
Then laid him 'neath the beauteous beech-tree's shade,
To Zeus, the Ægis-bearer, dedicate ;
And Pelagon, his brave companion dear,
Thrust through the mouthèd wound the ash-spear out ;
He swoon'd, and o'er his eyes came shower'd a mist ; 840
Yet he recover'd, and around him blew
A gale of Boreas, and to life refresh'd
Recall'd him, gasping, sobbing, for his breath.

Meantime, by Hector and by Ares press'd,
The Argives, neither routed tow'rd the fleet,
Nor holding firm the battle, rearward still
Withdrew them, knowing Ares with their foes.

Who first, who last, fell, done to bloody death,
'Fore brazen Ares and 'fore Priam's Son ?
Gallant Orestes, Teuthras, peer to Gods, 850
Træchus, a warrior from Ætolia's hills,

The Son of Ænopus, brave Helenus,
Ænomaüs, and, known by cincture bright,
Oresbius ; he with heart on riches set,
Erst dwelt in Thyle, neighbour to the lake
Cephisus, and, hard by, Bæotia's tribes
Dwelt with him, settled in a rich domain.

Here perceived them thus by Ares slain,
And therefore to Athene turn'd, and said :

“ Shame on us ! Child of Zeus, eternal born ! 860
Void is the word we pledged to Atreus' Son,
To throw the walls of Ilion ere return,
If thus infuriate through the field to range
We suffer Ares. Forth then, forth with me,
To show example of our olden might.”
Nor azure-eyed Athene disobey'd.

First Here, ancient Goddess, eldest-born
Of mighty Kronos, to the gold-trapp'd steeds
Turn'd and began their harness. Hebe there
Upon the iron axle 'neath the car 870
Slung the round wheels, eight-spoked, and wrought of brass :
Their tires were incorruptible of gold ;
But round within the gold ran brazen rims
Apt to the spokes, a marvel to behold ;
Of silver were the boxes either side ;
By golden and by silvern thongs the car
Was hung above the axle ; round it ran

A double rail ; and thence the pole outstretch'd
Of silver, at the tip whereof she bound
A jewell'd golden yoke, and strung therein 880
The traces, likewise golden : 'neath the yoke
Herè herself then brought the fleetfoot steeds
Thirsting for battle and the cry to arms.

The while the Virgin Goddess, favour'd Child
Of mighty Zeus, upon her father's floor
Shower'd the delicate robe, the broidery soft
Of her own hand, and in the stead thereof
Attired her in a corslet, and to war
Begirt her in the arms of heavenly Zeus.
The fringèd Ægis round her shoulders first 890
She threw—the dreaded Ægis, all enwreath'd
With Terror ; Strife sits there enthroned, and Strength,
And chilling Rout ; and there of feature grim,
Portent of heavenly wrath, the Gorgon's head.
Golden the helm she planted o'er her head,
Four-crested, double-coned, of compass huge
For the chosen champions of a hundred towns.
Then to the fiery car she moved, and shook
The beamy spear, wherewith She moweth down,
Strong in her father's might, the embattled ranks 900
Of heroes, upon whom her wrath hath fallen.

But Here with quick ardour o'er the steeds
Leant with the lash ; heaven's gates with murmur moved

Spontaneous ; there the Hours are set in ward,
Holding Olympus and broad Heaven in charge,
To lift the cloud of darkness, or to lay.
This way, and through these gates, they prick'd their steeds

On many-ridged Olympus' topmost peak
They found Kroneion from the Gods aloof ;
And there the Goddess of the milkwhite arm 910
Staying the steeds address'd her Lord supreme :

“ O Zeus, our Father ! Now on Ares' head,
Visit with indignation the foul deeds
Wherewith he hath so mightily oppress'd
The Achaians, cruelly, of his own wild will,
Against all order, and in my despite !
Though Cypris haply and the Silver-bow
Sit joying to have slipp'd upon the field
This monster, recking of no reason's law.
Be not thou anger'd therefore, though I smite 920
And drive him with all ignominy thence !”

And thus the Ruler of the clouds replied :
“ Against him take Athene, Queen of spoil,
Who oft hath neighbour'd him to deadly pain.”

He spoke, nor white-arm'd Here disobey'd,
But thong'd the steeds, nor loth they flew aloft,
Midway betwixt the earth and starry sky.
Far as a man upon a headland's peak
Looking across the dark wine-colour'd sea
Can ken through aery distance with his eyne, 930

So far one spring of those high snorting steeds.

But when they gain'd the rivers near to Troy,
Where Simois and Scamander join their streams,
There white-arm Here stay'd them, from the yoke
Loosed them, and shed a cloud of mist around,
Whilst Simois bade them graze ambrosial herb.

But on together, wing'd like quivering doves,
Eager to battle for the Argive host,
Pallas and Here flew, and quick arrived
Where round the manly might of Diomed 940
Throng'd thickest stood the bravest, like for strength
To ravening lions or to wild tusk'd boars ;
And loudly Here shouted, in the guise
Of Stentor, for his brazen voice renown'd,
Such voice as fifty others could not raise :

“ Shame on ye ! Noble to the eye alone !
Argeians, foul reproaches to the name !
Of yore, when great Achilles came to war,
Never beyond the Dardan gates durst Troy
Adventure ; such the terror of his spear ; 950
Now from the city to your fleet they range.”

She spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart.

But meantime to the side of Tydeus' Son
The Maiden Goddess sprang, and found the Chief
Standing hard by his horses and his car,

Cooling the sweat that Pandar's arrow gave ;
For 'neath the broad belt of the orbèd shield
The dew of his great labour pain'd him much :
It pain'd him, and had wearied now his arm ;
Therefore he lifted up the belt, and stood 960
Staunching the black blood off. She laid her hand
Upon the horses' yoke, and spake, and said :

“ Poor shows the son whom noble Tydeus gat,
Tydeus, small-limb'd and slight, but brave in heart ;
Who ev'n though I forbade him from the war
And stay'd his love of onset (then, what time
Alone in embassy he came to Thebes
Amongst the sons of Cadmus gather'd strong),
And though I bade him feast with them in peace,
Yet of his prowess and his wonted heart 970
Would challenge all to contest, and in all
The contests proved the victor without pain :
Such by his side I stood, and bare him through.
And such by thee I stand, and guard thee safe,
Prompting thee, might and main, against the foe.
But either hath the labour to and fro
Foredone thee, or thy heart hath sunk with fear.
Not this the son to Æneus' peerless Child.”

To whom made gallant Diomed reply :
“ I know thee, who thou art, O Child of Zeus ; 980
And tell thee therefore all, nor aught conceal.
Not of my fear nor of misdoubt my heart
Sinks, but I mind me of thine own behests :

Who badest refrain from moving 'gainst the Gods
In battle, save one only ; but if She,
If Zeus-born Aphrodite, came to war,
Freely to wound her with my pointed spear.
And for this cause myself have drawn me back,
And bidden all the host in phalanx firm
Likewise withdraw them hither ; for I saw
Fierce Ares yonder in the war supreme " 990

And azure-eyed Athene made reply :
" Tydides, thou in whom is my delight !
Nor Ares, nor of all the Immortal race
Fear any ; loyal to thy side I cleave.
Yea, on this very Ares guide thy steeds.
Strike a homestroke upon him ; reverence not
A wild insensate Power, create of ill,
False Traitor double-dyed ! who yesternorn
To mine own self and Here pledged his faith
To aid the Argives and assail their foes, 1000
Yet now, of those forgetful, fights for Troy."

She spoke, and by the hand drew Sthenelus
Backward from off the car ; adown he leapt
Quick as the spoken word, and up the step
The enkindled Goddess mounted to the side
Of noble Diomed. Beneath the weight
Groan'd loud the ashen axle ; for it bare
A Goddess by a Hero. Thong and rein
Athene seized and straight on Ares drave
The hoovèd horses.—He just then had slain 1010

The giant Periphas, Ochæsius' son,
The bravest of the Ætolian men-at-arms ;
And was despoiling of the arms the corse ;
Whilst Pallas donn'd the invisible helmet dark
Of Hades, lest fierce Ares know her there.

But when the bloodstain'd Pest of men beheld
Diomed so near, he left huge Periphas
To lie where he had fall'n before his spear,
And straight against the other moved in arms.
They near'd each other on the field, and first 1020
Across the yoke and reins fierce Ares cast
A brazen spear, infuriate for his life.
But azure-eyed Athene caught the spear
With her own hand and turn'd it off the car
To fall wide-darted. Next with brazen lance
Brave to the battle-cry Tydides threw ;
Athene lent her strength and drave the point
Into the girdle, where the quilt is braced.
Just there she struck him, biting through the skin.
The heavenly skin, then back quick pluck'd the spear. 1030
And loud blared Ares' bellow, loud as when
Nine thousand or ten thousand men of war
Uplift their voices in the shock of arms ;
And Trojans and Achaians, all alike,
Knew trembling ; such the roar of Ares rose.
As showeth from the clouds a thick black mist,
Bred of the vapourous heat by sultry winds,

Such brazen Ares show'd to Tydeus' Son,
All in thick clouds, ascending up to heaven.
Who straightway sought the Olympian throne of Gods, 1040
There, sorely moaning, took his seat by Zeus,
Show'd streaming from the wound the heavenly blood,
And from a stricken heart complain'd, and said :

“ Father, beholding these fell deeds of wrong
Waxest thou not in wrath ? For by the spite
We each to other bear, and by the grace
We do to man, we suffer endless harm ;
And for this cause are all adverse to thee ;
Who broughtest forth this Virgin, Fury fierce,
Insensate, studious to all impious deed. 1050
All else, who on Olympus have their homes,
Obey thee, and are humbled to thy might ;
Her only spar'st thou from rebuke or pain
And loosest to her will ; because thyself
Begatt'st her, most pernicious, thine own child.
Now the haught son of Tydeus Diomed
Furious against Immortals hath she raised.
First Cypris on the hand below the wrist
He wounded, and hath since, as if a God,
Dared charge on me ; my swift feet bare me off, 1060
Hidden away ; else truly had I borne,
Fell'd down amongst the bodies of the dead,
Long agonies, or lain in swoon perchance,
Alive, but stricken senseless by his spear.”

To whom with stern-set brow his Father thus :

“ Not to my side, false Traitor, whining come.
Most of the Olympians^s loathe I thee, whose care
Is all of blood and battle, strife and death.
On thee thy mother's mood accursed hath fallen,
Still stubborn, insupportable, untamed, 1070
Whom scarce by hardest words can I subdue :
Yea, in thy suffering I behold her work.
Yet will I bear not that thy anguish last ;
My Child thou art, and of thy mother mine ;
Ay, wert thou of another gotten Son,
Long-since such ruinous Pest had fallen from Heaven.”

He spoke, and bade Paiaëon tend his wounds ;
Who spread his pain-beguiling balms, and heal'd
His anguish ; not for Death was He create.
As when within a vessel of white milk 1080
A juice is stirr'd and makes coagulate
The liquid, by the mingling fast congeal'd ;
So quickly were the wounds of Ares closed.

And Hebe laved him, and in bright array
Clothed him, who then by great Kroneion's side,
Exultant of his glory, sate enthroned.

Likewise those others, Here, Argos' Queen,
And Athenaiè Alalcomenis,
Returning sate them in the hall of Zeus,
After the let of Ares from the war. 1090

Iliad VI

THUS was the field abandon'd of the Gods,
The ringing battle left to mortal men.
And hither, thither, o'er the plain, betwixt
The streams of Simois and Xanthus, sway'd
The tide of war ; and each on each aim'd fierce
His steel-spiked spear. But giant Ajax first
Up-towering brake the array of hostile Troy,
Brake Troy, but cheer'd the hearts of his own men,
Smiting a hero noblest born in Thrace
The son of Eussorus, Acamas, 10
A mighty man-at-arms. But him he smote
Full on the vizor of the horse-plumed helm ;
Piercing the brow and crashing through the skull
Pass'd the brass-point ; and darkness veil'd his eyes.

And Diomed slew Axylus ; he the son
Of Teuthranus, and in Arisbe dwelt,
Rich of much substance, and beloved by men :
Who had his house upon the roadside built,
And welcomed all, who would, to enter there :
But now was none to guard dark death away, 20

Or take that onset off him ; both fell slain,
He, and his chariot's driver at his side,
The brave Callesius—both by Diomed,
And both together sinking to their graves.

Nor less Euryalus laid Dresus low
And Ophelt, and thence turn'd to Pedasus
And Æsep, brethren twins, whom of old time
The Naiad-nymph Abarbareia bare
Her offspring unto King Bucolion
(Bucolion, whom his mother bastard bare, 30
In secret, eldest to Laomedon).
To him amongst his flocks the Naiad came,
Met him, and yielded, and conceiv'd twins.
Yet now their noble children's bright-mail'd limbs
Were loosed beneath them by Mekistus' Son,
Who straight 'gan strip the armour off the slain.

Likewise by warlike Polypætēs struck,
Perish'd Astyalus ; and Pidytes
Of Porcos by Odysseus' brazen spear,
And royal Aretaon by the hand 40
Of Teucer ; whilst Antilochus the son
Of Nestor fell'd Ablerus with bright lance,
And Agamemnon cast down Heletus
(Who came from rocky Pedasus, beside
The banks of Satnoeis' smooth gliding streams) ;
And Hero Leïtus o'ertook the flight

Of Phylax, and destroy'd him : also fell
Melanthius, smitten by Eurypilus.

Then gallant Menelaus captive took
Adrastus, for, distraught upon the plain, 50
His steeds had dash'd against a tamarisk-trunk,
And snapt the pole short on the curvèd car,
And loose had gallop'd, whither all the host
Were fleeing of their panic, toward the town.
But from his seat their lord beside the wheel
Lay headlong hurl'd, face downward in the dust ;
O'er whom Atrides Menelaus stood,
And cast the shadow of his spear upon him ;
Adrastus clasp'd his knees and pray'd, and cried :

“ Spare me, O Son of Atreus, spare my life ! 60
And take of my redemption ample price ;
Great substance hath my father, in whose halls
Wrought iron and brass and gold are storèd up :
And costliest ransom shall he yield to thee,
Then when he knows me captive in the fleet.”

His prayer was winning path into the heart
Of Menelaus, who perchance had given
The captive to his squire to lead alive
Back to the harbour of Achaia's barks ;
But Agamemnon saw, and swiftly came 70
Before him, and with shout upbraiding spake :

“ Sparest thou the Trojans ? Menelaus, thou
My brother ! Suits it thee to show this ruth ?

They dealt by thee forsooth so graciously,
Thou needs must thus reward them ! Nay, let none
Escape the bloody ruin that we bring ;
Fighting or fleeing, perish all alike ;
Mothers, and infants in the womb unborn !
Perish from off the earth the accursèd race,
Uncoffin'd, swallow'd up in endless night !" 80

Thus chode the King, and turn'd his brother's heart ;
He thrust Adrastus off him, whom the King
Smote thro' the flank, and backward dead he fell.
Then, with heel stamp'd full on the dead man's chest
The King pluck'd back his weapon.

Next rose loud

The voice of Nestor calling on the host :

" Heroes, my comrades, ye, who love the work
Of Ares ! Now let no one lag to lay
Hands on the spoil, or bear it to the fleet, 90
To win a costlier portion to himself.
Slay, slay ! so likewise shall ye reap the spoil,
Gather'd, without disturb, from off the dead."

He spoke, and quicken'd every heart to war.

Thus had all Troy, with failing strength o'erborne,
Once more up Ilion's steep before the host
Of Argos' warrior-sons fled headlong driven,
Had not the son of Priam, Helenus,
Greatest of all her prophets, ta'en his stand
By Hector and Æneas, thus to speak :

“ Æneas ! Hector ! ye, the twain from whom
The burthen of the commonweal of Troy
And Lycia heaviest hangs ; for ye, of all
And through all haps, are best in word and deed ;
Halt now, and moving quick throughout the line.
Here rally ye the people as they pause
Before the city gates, or e’er their flight
Cast them pell-mell into their mothers’ arms,
The mockery and the laughter of their foes.
But, when ye so have quicken’d every rank,
We still will wage the battle as we may,
Worn though we be to death ; for sore the need.
But go thou, Hector, to the city ; there
Seek her, who is my mother and thine own ;
And bid her gather in Acropolis
A train of noble matrons to the shrine
Of spoil-bestowing Pallas, there to ope
With sacred key the sacred doors, and lay
Across fair-hair’d Athene’s knee the robe
That is of amplest fold amongst her hoard,
Most precious, and most prized by her own self :
Likewise there in that holy shrine to vow
Blood-offering of twelve yearling heifer kine,
Unbroken to the yoke ; so may She show
Her mercy on our city, and our wives,
And children, and withhold from Ilion’s towers
This wondrous, ruthless, terrible-handed foe ;
Mightiest I deem him of Achaia’s sons ;

For not Achilles' self, whom goddess-born
They boast, and prince of men, e'er fill'd our souls 130
With panic like This Man, whose spirit flames
Infuriate, nor in battle finds he peer."

Nor Hector disobey'd his brother's word ;
Lightly from car to earth full-arm'd he leapt,
And, waving high his spear, throughout the line
Moved, and revived the battle where he moved :
They rallied and against their foe stood firm ;
The foe recoil'd and stay'd their hands from blood ;
So marvellous in their eyes that rally show'd,
Their thought was, that some God from starry heav'n 140
Had dropt to rescue Troy. But Hector, ere
Departure, shouted loud with cry to all :

" Now show ye of what mettle ye are bred !
Stand fast ; be men ; mind ye of all your might ;
The while I go to Ilion, there to bid
The elders of the council and our wives
Pray for us, and vow hecatombs to heaven."

Speaking, the hero of the glancing helm
Departed ; at his ancles and his neck
The black-tann'd hide, that ran the outward rim 150
Round his orb'd shield, struck rattling as he sped.

Meantime the son of famed Hippolochus,
Glaucus, and Diomed great Tydeus' son
Met midway 'twixt the hosts ; and either knew
His blood run burning in him for the fray.

And each had near'd the other on the field,
When Tydeus' Son address'd his dauntless foe :

“ Who art thou, noble warrior? God or man?

For never till this moment saw I thee,
Where men seek glory, in the van of war ;

Yet now thy heart hath lifted thee beyond
All others, who hast dared to bide my spear.

Hapless the fathers, whose dear sons meet me !

But, if thou hast descended down from heaven,
Against the Powers of heaven I will not war.

Not ev'n great Lycaorgus, Dryas' son,
Might live for long, when he had striven with Gods.

He drave in fearful rout adown the dells
Of steep Nyseia's mount the Mænad maids

Who nurtured Dionysus ; each and all

They tearing shed their garlands to the earth,

By torment of their deadly hunter's lash ;

And infant Dionysus all dismay'd

And trembling (though the threat was but of man),

Deep in the sea sought refuge on the lap

Of Thetis, who received him from his fall.

Wherefore the Gods, who dwell in bliss above,

Were wroth for him ; and Zeus, great Kronos' son,

Struck blind their enemy's eyes, nor long might live

Who thus became the hate of all the Gods.

Loth were I therefore to encounter these.

But, if thy food is of the fruits of earth,

Delay not, draw thee quicker to thy death ! ”

To whom the Son of famed Hippolochus :
“ Why would Tydides of my birth enquire ?
The race of man is ev’n as the race of leaves ;
The wind sheds some to the ground ; but others bud
Fresh on the tree, and multiply at spring ;
So some fair lines bud fresh, but others die.
But, wouldst thou have this knowledge, hear, and learn 190
The famous generation of my race.
In horse-abounding Argos stands withdrawn
The town of Ephyrè ; and there was bred
Sisyphus, of the race of Æolids,
The sagest of mankind ; he gat a son,
Glaucus ; and he begat Bellerophon ;
Bellerophon, the peerless, and endow’d
With a most perfect manhood by the Gods ;
But Prætus being the mightier in those days,
And throned in Argos by the hand of Zeus, 200
Wrought him much hurt, and drave him from the land :
Whose lovely wife Anteia had cast her eyes
On the fair youth, and woo’d him to her lust ;
Yet might not so beguile Bellerophon :
Wherefore with feignèd lips she spake, and said :
“ *Die, Prætus, thine own self, or slay this youth,
Who hath desired thy wife, to lie with her.*”
She spoke, and wrath possess’d the King, who heard ;
Who yet had scruple to betray a guest
In his own house ; and therefore sent him thence 210
To Lycia, with a folded scroll of ill,

The which he bade him carry to the hand
O' the father of Anteia—so to die.
He went, but under heavenly conduct safe.
And when he came to Lycia's streams, the King
There gave him welcome, and for nine full days
Held feast, and in his honour slew nine bulls;
Till, when the tenth rose-finger'd morning came,
He question'd him, and craved to read, if aught
Of tidings from Anteia's spouse he bare ; 220
He took the evil cipher in reply :
Whercat he bade him first go forth to slay
The fell Chimæra ; She unearthly born ;
A wild goat's body, but a lion's head,
And dragon from her waist ; and from her lips
The breath was as the blast of flaming fire ;
Whom yet with heavenly signs he met and slew.
Then, in fulfilment of a second task,
He fought the far-renownèd Solymi ;
The fiercest (so he said in after-days) 230
Of all his battles : then the Amazons,
For the third task, he vanquish'd in their war.
Yet wove the King another web of guile
About him thence returning, and selected
The bravest in broad Lycia to be laid
In ambush on the road whereby he went ;
Of whom not one return'd to tell the tale ;
Peerless in arms Bellerophon slew all.
Then the King knew him sprung of Gods, his might

Divine, and held him there, and gave to him 240
His daughter, with her, half his realm and state :
Whose people portion'd out a rich demesne,
Land of their best and vintage—there to dwell.
Three children to her warlike lord she bare,
Laodamia, and Hippolochus,
And brave Isander. Zeus himself espoused
The fair Laodamia ; and she bore
Sarpedon, now broad Lycia's helmèd Chief.
Yet ev'n Bellerophon before his death
Grew hateful to the Gods ; and thenceforth driven 250
Desolate, and away from human path,
And eating out his heart, he roam'd the waste
Named of his wanderings to this day. Whose son,
Isander, fell by Ares' bloody scourge
In battle with the glorious Solymi ;
And the fair sister perish'd by the wrath
Of golden-quiver'd Artemis transpierced.
Sole of the race Hippolochus survives,
And of his loins I boast me to be sprung ;
Who oft, what time he sent me forth to Troy, 260
Would charge me, how my birth lays most on me,
Still to outshine all others, and excel ;
And still to keep unshamed the old renown
Of my great fathers, peerless through the breadth
Of Lycia, and in Ephyre of yore.
Such is my lineage ; this the blood I boast.”
He spoke, and gladden'd Diomed, who heard,

And, hearing, pitch'd his spear erect in earth,
And gently thus bespake the Lycian chief :

“ By old hereditary right I claim 270
Thee friend to me ; for Æneus of old time
With welcome entertain'd within his halls
Bellerophon, the peerless, twenty days.
Fair pledge of hospitable tie they took
Each from the other : Æneus girdle gave
Radiant of purple tinct ; Bellerophon
A golden chalice with a double cup,
Safe still within my palace, ere I left.
But Tydeus I remember not, nor knew ;
I was but infant when he went to stay 280
Achaia's rout round Thebes. Be thou my friend
Therefore in Lycia when perchance I come,
And I am thine in Argos. Likewise here
Let each the other shun amid the throng.
Many of these far nations and of Troy,
Cast on my sword by heaven, or in their flight
O'ertaken, I can slay without a pang ;
So too slay thou of Argos whom thou mayst.
Rather let us make interchange of gift,
Thy arms for mine ; so all the host shall know 290
Us friends, even as our fathers were before us.”

Thus spake those two, and springing to the ground
Each grasp'd the other's hand and pledged his faith.
So blind was Glaucus, witless for the while,
Stricken by father Zeus, he changed away

To Diomed his armour—gold for brass ;
A hundred oxen worth, for worth of nine !

Meantime great Hector on his hest had pass'd
The beech-tree, and up through the Scæan gates ;
Round whom the wives and daughters of the host 300
Ran, asking of their husbands or their sons,
Their brethren or their kindred ; each in turn
He told, and bade her pray for them to heaven.
Many were they, on whom some sorrow had fallen.
But quick he sought the palace of the King,
Porch'd with smooth pillars and exceeding fair.
In it were fifty chambers, roof to roof,
Built close of polish'd marble, and therein
The fifty sons of Priam wont to lie ;
And face to face with these were other twelve 310
For the King's daughters ; there were wont to lie
Their husbands by the daughters of the King ;
Thence came his gentle mother forth to greet him,
And led with her Laodicè, of all
Her house the fairest : there she met her son,
Clung to his hand, and spake his name, and said :
 “ Why com'st thou thus, my child, and leav'st the fray ?
Well know I that Achaia's baneful sons
Press ye around the city nigh to death.
Perchance thy heart hath prompted thee to come, 320
And off the summit of the citadel
Lift high thy hands in prayer to Father Zeus.

Yet for a while here tarry, till I bring
Sweet draught of wine ; - that thereof thou mayst pour
Libation unto all the Powers of heaven,
And, after, drink thyself, and be refresh'd ;
For wine is strength unto a wearied man,
And thou art wearied for thy brethren's sake."

To her the Hero of the glancing helm :
 “ My mother, not for me draw tempting wine ; 330
 Lest I be slacken’d through my limbs and nerve.
 Nor durst I with unwashen hands pour forth
 Libation of bright wine to Father Zeus.
 From me, thus spatter’d o’er with dust and blood,
 No worship may proceed to his high throne !
 But thou go up with all thine aged train
 Of matrons bearing offerings to the shrine
 Of spoil-bestowing Pallas ; and, what robe
 May be of amplest fold amongst thy hoard,
 Most precious and most prized by thine own self, 340
 That lay across bright-hair’d Athene’s knee ;
 Likewise make vow to offer heifers twelve,
 Yearlings, to yoke unbroken ; so may She
 Have mercy on the city and our wives
 And children, and withhold from Ilion’s towers
 The ruthless terrible hand of Tydeus’ Son.
 Do thou thus take thee to Athene’s shrine,
 Whilst I will seek and summon to the war
 Paris, if haply he will hear my call ;
 For whom I would that earth would ope her jaws, 350

And take him in for ever ; rear'd by heaven
To be a curse to Priam and his sons,
And a most deadly ruin to all Troy !
Could I behold him sinking to his death,
My heart might for a while forget these woes !”

He ceased ; she went again within and call'd
Her handmaids, to haste forth throughout the town,
And summon train of matrons ; but herself
Enter'd the fragrant closet, where were shut
Fair robes of rich embroidery, enwrought 360
By women of soft Sidon, ravish'd thence
By Paris in his voyage o'er the seas
With Helen, from her great forefather's shores.
From these now Hecuba uplifting one,
Of amplest fold and loveliest broidery,
That glitter'd 'mongst its fellows like a star,
Of all the wardrobe freshest, bare it forth
An offering to Athene ; then she made
Procession, and the matrons with her moved.
They gain'd the upper city and the shrine ; 370
To whom fair-faced Theano oped the doors,
Theano, brave Antenor's wife, and born
In Cisse, priestess now ordain'd in Troy.
There all in lamentation toss'd their hands
Before the Goddess ; but the priestess took
And laid across Athene's knee the robe,
And pray'd the mighty daughter of high Zeus :
“ O Thou, who savest cities, hear, oh hear !

Athene, Queen of Heaven, most adored !
And break the spear of Diomed, and grant 380
Before the Scæan gates his utter fall :
So vow we at thine altar heifers twelve,
Yearlings, to yoke unbroken ; so but Thou
Have mercy on our children and our homes."
They spake ; but Pallas wrathful frown'd, unmoved.

And, whilst the matrons and their queen made prayer,
Hector had gain'd the shining palace, rear'd
By Alexander with the artificers
Most cunning of their craft in wealthy Troy.
There had they built fair chamber, hall, and court, 390
For dwelling of their prince, i' the upper town,
Hard by the homes of Hector and the King.
And there the hero much beloved of Zeus
Now enter'd ; in his hand a spear he held
Of length eleven ells, and far the point
Before him gleam'd, of brass, but where it join'd
The staff, a golden circlet ring'd the joint.
He found him studying in his home secure
The beauty of his mail, and brightening gay
The shield and hauberk, and his bended bow ; 400
While midmost of her maidens Helen sate
There with him, ordering all their lovely tasks.
Hector beheld and bitter spake reproach :
" Up, up, my brother ! shame on this thy mood !
Lo round the city all beneath the walls

The people perish, battling for thy sake
For thee, for thee are all these ringing cries.
I well believe that, if thou e'er beheld
Another skulking thus from mortal fray,
Thyself wouldst strike him down. Up then, and help, 410
Lest Troy soon know the scorch of flaming fire !”

Whom godlike Alexander answer'd thus :
“ My brother, just thy chide, nor passeth bounds ;
Therefore I freely make confession to thee ;
Hear me, and ponder all, and grant me grace.
'Tis not of sullen mood or temper high,
Or shame of Troy, that here I sit withdrawn ;
But that I may awhile give grief full way.
And now my wife had turn'd me from these thoughts
With gentle words, and bade me forth to war ; 420
Which likewise seems to me the better part,
For victory shifteth oft from man to man.
Then tarry, till I don my warlike mail ;
Or go ; I follow and shall quick o'ertake.”

He spoke ; nor Hector deign'd to him reply ;
Whom Helen then with sweet address bespake :

“ O Brother ! shamèd woman that I am !
Outcast and loathed of men, and pest to all !
Would, would that, when my mother gave me birth,
Some whirling wind had swept me far away 430
Naked upon a hill, or plunged me deep
Into the roaring waves, and there a wave
Had drown'd me, ere these woes could come to pass !

Or, if indeed the Gods ordain'd these ills
To fall upon my life, yet would a man
Of nobler sort had found me—one with heart
To feel the shame and all the wide dishonour ;
But this man's soul not now continueth,
Nor ever will continue on one stay ;
Haply there is a harvest for such heart ! 440
But enter thou, my brother ; on this seat
Rest thee ; for still of all the heaviest care
Hath girt thee round with sorrows for the sake
Of shamèd Helen, and the lust accursed.
So sad the fate that Zeus hath laid upon us,
'Twill serve undying song to after times."

To her bright-helmèd Hector gave reply :
" Loving thou art, fair Helen, and of love
Thine offer ; but thou mov'st me not to rest.
My heart is in the battle with my host, 450
Who now have longing of mine absent arm.
Rather do thou uprouse thy mate, that he
May likewise haste, and quick o'ertake my step,
Or e'er I leave the city. For I first
Shall go to mine own home, that I may see
My dearest—with my infant son my wife.
For how know I, that I shall e'er return,
Nor fall, of Gods o'erwhelm'd by Argive hand ?"

Speaking, the hero left her there, and gain'd
Swiftly his palace and his numerous house, 460
But sought white-arm'd Andromache in vain ;

For with her babe and one rich-robèd maid
High on the watch-tower had she taken her stand,
Sobbing the while, and breaking into tears ;
But when he found not there his spotless wife,
He went and stood upon the threshold stone
And spake amongst her handmaids :

“Tell me true,

Ye maidens, on what hest Andromache
Went forth from home : on visit to the house 470
Of brother, or of brother's noble wife ?
Or wending to the shrine where other dames
Now seek to soothe Athene's wrathful Power ? ”

To whom the matron of the maids replied :
“ O Hector, for thou bidd'st us tell thee true,
Know, that nor on a visit to the house
Of brother, or of brother's noble wife,
Nor wending to the shrine where other dames
Now seek to soothe Athene's wrathful Power,
But straight to Ilion's watch-tower hath she sped ; 480
For that she heard that Troy was pressèd hard,
And great the mastery of Achaia's sons ;
Therefore she rush'd forth to the battlements,
Most like a Mænad, with a bursting heart ;
And with her went the nurse, and bare the child.”

The matron spoke ; and Hector straight rush'd back
By the same road, adown the well-built streets,
Till thridding all the city he arrived
Before the Scæan gates, through which his path

Would be anon to battle on the plain. 490
But there his wife camê hasting back to greet him,
Andromache, the daughter dowried rich
By her brave father, ev'n Æetion
Who 'neath the wooded hill of Placos ruled
O'er the Cilicians in Cilician Thebes ;
His daughter helmèd Hector had to wife.

She met him ; with her moved a maid, and bare
The infant son of Hector, babe in arms,
His only child, fair as a single star ;
Whom first his father named Scamandrius, 500
But all the people call'd Astyanax,
“ *Prince of the City,*” for by Hector stood
Ilion, by him alone, else soon to fall.
Silent, he stood, and smiling on his child ;
But near him, all in tears, Andromache
Clung to his hand, and spake his name, and said :
“ Hector ! This daring needs must be thy death ;
Nor tak'st thou thought of this thine infant son,
Nor me, thy wife most pitiable, to live
Thy widow ; for the foe shall soon assail 510
And slay thee at some vantage. Oh for me,
Better, forlorn of thee, to die forthwith !
For, when thou on thyself hast brought thy fate,
No other comfort can be in this world.
Nor father nor dear mother live to me ;
My father fleet Achilles slew, and sack'd

The city of Cilicia, lofty Thebes ;
Yea, slew Ætion my father there ;
Yet honour'd, nor despoil'd him of his arms,
But laid him, all in harness, on a pyre, 520
And heap'd high mound above his urn ; the nymphs,
The heavenly Orcads, set elms around.
Seven brothers once were in my home ; but all
That day departed, whence is no return ;
There, mid their slow-paced herds and fleecy flocks,
Together by the fleetfoot hero slain.
My mother, erst a queen on Placos' mount,
He bore away, with all else, spoil and prey,
Yet for some priceless ransom set her free,
Vainly. She fell by shaft of Artemis. 530
But, Hector, all in thee they yet survive ;
Father, and mother, and brethren, thou to me,
All, more than all—the husband of my heart !
Have pity, therefore, and remain within ;
Lest this thy child thou render fatherless,
And me thy wife a widow. Nay—behind
Yon figtree, where th' ascent with lowest wall
Slopes gentlest, there now station thine array.
Thrice hath the flower o' their force assail'd thee there.
The Ajax twain, and brave Idomeneus, 540
And Atreus' sons, and gallant Diomed,
Know and have led against it—taught the spot,
Or by wise seer, or by their own brave hearts.”
To her the hero of the glancing helm :

“ Yea, wife ; and all thy cares are mine. But shame—
Women and men alike would cry me shame,
If I recoil'd a craven from the war.
Nor doth my heart so prompt me. Rather have I
Train'd myself ever to be foremost, brave
Amongst the bravest, so to keep unstain'd 550
My father's glorious name, and win mine own.
But, oh, too well and deeply I forebode !
The day must come, when Ilion's sacred towers,
Priam, and Priam's kingdom, needs must fall.
Woe then to Troy ! woe, woe to Hecuba !
And to my father and my brethren brave,
Trampled in dust beneath their foes ! yet not
The thought of all their woe so weigheth on me
As thought of thee : then when some mailèd chief
Shall bear thee weeping off, and close for aye 560
The light of freedom from thee, soon to weave
In Argos task'd at alien loom, or bear
From Hypereia or Messeia's fount
Burthen—most loth ; but fate constrains thee sore :
And seeing tear upon thy cheek, some churl
May taunt thee—‘ *Lo, the wife of Hector, erst
Bravest of all Troy's chiefs, when battle raged
Round Ilion !*’—and upon his taunt thy tears
Shall flow afresh, to think that thou art lorn
Of him who should have saved thy slavery. 570
For oh, may I be fathoms deep in clay,
Or e'er I hear thy cries, or know thee torn away !”

He ceased, and stretch'd his arms to take his child,
But, startled by the dazzle of his mail,
And frightened by the horsehair plumes above,
Nodding a terrible nod from topmost crest,
The babe shrank nestling backward with a cry.
The father and the mother laugh'd aloud ;
But Hector quickly bared his head and laid
The glittering helm upon the ground, then took 580
The child, and toss'd him to and fro, and pray'd :

“ Grant to me, all ye heavenly Powers, that this
My child may be, as I, far-famed in Troy,
Valiant, as I, and rule with might the people ;
That all may cry when he returns from war—
‘ The son is nobler than the sire ;’ and he,
Bearing the blood-stain'd spoils of warrior slain,
May make his mother's heart to leap for joy.”

He spoke, and gave the infant to the hands
Of his loved wife. She to her fragrant bosom 590
Press'd it, and smiled betwixt her tears ; but pity
Fell upon Hector watching her ; he laid
A gentle hand upon her, saying soft :

“ My dearest, mourn not for me overmuch.
My span of life hath been allotted to me ;
Of this be sure, no man can cut it short.
But never breathed, or be he brave or base,
Who 'scaped the death ordain'd from his birth.
But go thou home ; there occupy thy thought
With old familiar duty, distaff, loom, 600

And lay their daily tasks upon thy maids.
Man's duty still is war ; and, of all men
Troy-born, that duty lies on me supreme."

Speaking, the hero lifted from the earth
The horse-plumed helm, whilst homeward moved his wife
Oft looking back, fresh tear upon her cheek.
Ere long she gain'd his palace, and within
Encounter'd train of handmaids, and in all
Awoke the spirit of grief. He lived ; yet then
In his own house they mourn'd him dead ; for deep 610
Despair of all escape or safe return
From dread Achaian war was at their hearts.

Nor Paris in his palace tarried long ;
But clad himself in bright enamell'd arms,
And paced the city, proud of step and speed.
As, when a stallèd horse hath snapt his bonds,
Fresh from the manger, pawing earth, and wont
To bathe him in the flowing river near,
He scours the plain, with head uptoss'd and proud
Prance ; and his mane streams from his shoulder ; while
With sense of his own beauty, swift he speeds [620
Straight to the haunts and pastures of the mares ;
So Paris down the steep of Pergamus
Ran fleet, full-arm'd, far blazing like the sun,
Laughing aloud for joy and pride ; and came
Sudden on Hector, turning from the spot
Where he but now had bid his wife farewell ;

Whom Paris, graceful as a God, address'd :

“ Pardon me, brother ; I have held thee here,
Burning to go, nor hasten'd as thou bad'st.” 630

To whom the hero of the glancing helm :
“ Brother, thou hast the gift of strength ; nor may
Just judge deem lightly of thy derring-do.
Thou failest only in the will, and deep
My heart is anguish'd, when I hear in Troy
Reproach of thee, sole source of all our woe.
But let us forth ; and, if in after-days
(This leaguer of Achaia wide dispersed)
Zeus grant that still in freedom we may make
In our own homes libation to the Gods, 640
We shall not wrangle on thy courage more.”

Eliad VII

SO speaking, bright-arm'd Hector lightly sprang,
And Alexander with him, through the gates ;
And either's heart was burning to the war.
As unto seamen, long in hope, and spent
With weariness of labour on the oar,
Lashing the deep, and fainting with fatigue,—
Fair falls the breeze, at last by heaven vouchsafed ;
So welcome unto Troy those chieftains came.

Who slew—first Paris slew Menesthius, son
Of royal Arëithoüs, who dwelt 10
In Arne ; him a lovely mother bare,
Philomedusa to Arëithoüs
The Club-man, of his giant club surnamed.
But Hector struck Æeion in the nape,
Under the brasswrought rim around his helm,
Loosening his limbs ; whilst Glaucus Lycia's chief
Son of Hippolochus smote Dexius' son
Iphinous in the rout, as up his car
He leapt, and pierced his shoulder ; from the car
Prone on the earth with loosen'd limbs he dropt. 20

But azure-eyed Athene saw them thus
Destroying in the fight the Argive host,
Nor tarried, but to Ilion's sacred towers
Descended from Olympus ; not unmark'd
By Phœbus, who to meet her left the place
Whereon he sate in Pergamus, and gazed
Across the field, and will'd success to Troy.
Under the beech-tree each the other met,
And Zeus-born Phœbus first address'd her thus :

“ Hast thou again, O Child of Zeus most high, 30
Descended from Olympus in this haste
And of thine own fierce longing to incline
The triumph to the Danaans ? Well I know
Thou feel'st no ruth for all the deaths of Troy.
Yet take this better counsel from my lips ;
Consent we yet for one day more to stay
This battle and this bloodshed ; though thenceforth
(Since to you Goddesses it seems so dear
To wipe fair Ilion clean from off the earth)
They cease not, till the end of Troy be found.” 40

Whom azure-eyed Athene answer'd thus :
“ Let it be so, Farsmiting Power of heaven !
For with the selfsame thought myself have come
Descending from Olympus. Speak, and say,
Therefore ; how wouldst thou that we stay the war ?”

And Zeus-born Phœbus spake in answer thus :
“ If we arouse in noble Hector's heart
A spirit to challenge the Danaans, man by man,

In single fight against him to the death,
Indignant then their mailfrook'd host will send 50
A champion forth to meet him in the lists."

Nor azure-eyed Athene made dissent.

Then Helenus, King Priam's son, the seer,
Had knowledge in his heart of that device
Which pleased the Gods in council ; therefore straight
Approach'd brave Hector and address'd him thus :

" Hector, for wisdom peer to very Zeus !
I pray thee, Priam's son, to hark my word,
Thy brother's word. I bid thee make all else,
Troy and Achaia, seat them down alike ; 60
But challenge thou the bravest of their host
Against thee to the death, and hand to hand ;
For not to thee 'tis fated yet to fall ;
This from the voice of heavenly Gods I heard."

He spoke ; and Hector's heart leapt high for joy :
Into the centre 'twixt the hosts he push'd
With spear grasp'd half-way down the staff, and check'd
The Trojans, till they all had sate them down.
The Achaians to the hest of Atreus' Son
Likewise took seat : whilst on the lofty tree 70
(The beech-tree dedicate to Father Zeus),
Even as crookbeak'd birds on branches perch,
Athene and the Bender of the bow
Sate, in the sight delighting. Thick the hosts,
With shivering edge of shield and plume and spear

(When Zephyr rises fresh, like shiver runs
Along the face of Ocean, but the depths
Lie blackening thick below it): such those ranks,
The legions of Achaia and of Troy,
Show'd, sitting; whilst betwixt them Hector spake: 80
 " Hear me, O Trojans; hear me, ye our foes;
As my heart bids within me, so I speak.
Not to our wish hath great Kroncion wrought;
But ill he works to both, and ill will show
Constant, till ye have ta'en the towers of Troy,
Or fallen beside your galleys whelm'd by us.
There stand amongst you the best men-at-arms
Throughout Achaia; let who will of these,
Whose heart soever ventures to this call,
Come forth, and meet the might of Hector here: 90
And Zeus be witness to the terms we make;
If his spear prove victorious, let him strip
My armour off, and bear it to the fleet,
But render back my body to my home,
That there the Trojans and their long-robed wives
May grant the dues of funeral to the dead.
Or, if Apollo grant to me the boast
To slay him, in like manner I will strip
And bear his arms to Ilion's sacred towers,
To hang them trophied in Apollo's shrine; 100
But in like manner also shall his corse
Be render'd up, and carried to the fleet,
There to receive its funeral at the hands

Ot Argos' fairhair'd chieftains : who perchance
Shall heap a mound ; and it shall show afar
O'er the broad Hellespont ; and men shall sail
Hereafter those wine-colour'd waves, and say :

*' Yonder an Argive hero lies, of old
Their bravest, and by glorious Hector slain.'*

So be it ; and my fame shall never die." 110

He spoke ; but all awhile in silence sate,
Blush'd to decline, and yet the challenge fear'd ;
Till Menelaus rose at last, and heaved
A bitter groan, and thus reproachful spake :

" Alas, word-valiant ! women, men no more !
Shame be upon us, if no Danaan rise
To meet the call of Hector to this field.
Pests on you ! Be your blood to water turn'd,
Your bones to dust be rotted, where ye sit,
Faint-hearted dastards, void of honour all !
Myself will arm against him ; for the ends
Of battle lie above in Heavenly hands."

120

He ended ; and began to don his mail.

Thereafter, Menelaus, had the close
Of thy dear life been manifestly shown
By arm of Hector, mightier much than thou ;
Had not the chieftains starting to their feet
Withheld thee there, and Agamemnon first,
Thy brother, ev'n the sovran Atreus' Son,
Caught thy right hand, and spake thy name, and said : 130

“Thou ravèst, Menelaus ; not to thee
Belongs such folly. Rather hide the chafe
In thine own heart, nor of the start of spleen
Seek to encounter in a single fight
Great Priam’s Son, a mightier far than thou.
The greatest, even Achilles, stronger much
Than thou art, shudder when they encounter him.
Withdraw thee therefore, seat thee in the ranks ;
For Hector other champion soon will show.
Dauntless, and sateless though he be in arms, 140
Yet shall he rest at eve a wearied limb
Most blithely, if with life at all he scapes
The fierce encounter of this perilous day.”

The Hero spoke, and turn’d his brother’s heart
By admonition apt ; and he obey’d,
From whom his followers gladly took the arms.

Then Nestor rose amongst the host, and said :
“ Oh, shame ! Affliction heavy on the land !
Deeply would this the agèd Peleus grieve,
Of Myrmidonia Counsellor and King, 150
Who one day in his palace question’d me
Asking the generation of the birth
Of all these Chiefs, and joy’d in my recount ;
Yet, if he knew them flutter’d thus by fear
Of Hector, straight would spread his hands to heaven,
Praying that he might yield his ghost forthwith.
Hear me, Athene, Phœbus, Father Zeus !

Would I were young, as when upon the banks
Of rapid Celadon, beside the walls
Of Pheia, near the stream Iordanus, 160
The Pylians with the Arcadian spearmen fought.
The godlike Ereuthalion then came forth,
Arcadia's champion, and about him bare
The armour of the King Arëithoüs.
The men and well-girt women of old time
Gave to Arëithoüs the name renown'd
Of Club-man, for his club ; for not with bow
Nor flying javelin, but with iron club
He wont to fight, and break his foes' array :
Yet Lycaorgus slew him at the last, 170
By guile, not strength at all ; who fell upon him
In a strait pathway, where the iron club
Avail'd not to defend him ; there he met,
Forestell'd him, and transfix'd him through the waist
With a long spear, that prone on earth he lay.
So first he gain'd those splendid arms his spoil,
The gift of brazen Ares.—Long in war
He bore them, and, when waxing old himself,
Gave them by Ereuthalion to be borne
His dear attendant. And therein array'd 180
Did Ereuthalion then take stand before us,
And challenged forth our bravest ; yet for fear
All trembled, nor durst any make reply,
Till mine own steadfast spirit raised me up
To stand against his daring ; though in years

I was the youngest there, yet in fair fight
I met him, and Athene bare me through.
Strong though he was, I strew'd him on the earth,
A giant bulk outstretching many a rood.
Oh for that youth, that olden strength, once more. 190
Not long should helmèd Hector lack his foe !
The bravest of Achaia all are here ;
Hath none among you heart to meet this man ? ”

 The Elder chode ; and nine in all arose :
Of whom was Agamemnon first, the King ;
Next unto him was Diomed, Tydeus' son ;
Then in their raiment of strength the Ajax-two ;
Idomeneus the fifth ; and, Ares-like,
Rose with Idomeneus Meriones ;
With these Eurypilus, Evemon's son, 200
Ætolian Thoas, and brave Odysseus.
To noble Hector nine would fain have gone,
When thus Gerenian Nestor spoke anew :

 “ By lot be chosen, who shall gain the day ;
And much shall he delight this mailèd host
And much his own brave heart, if safe he comes
From out this bloody battle's grievous strife.”

 He spoke ; and on his lot each put his mark,
And threw it into Agamemnon's casque ;
The while with outspread hands the people pray'd, 210
And men uplooking to broad heaven would say :

 “ Vouchsafe, O Father Zeus, to Tydeus' Son,
Or Ajax, or Mycenæ's King, the lot.”

They spoke ; whilst agèd Nestor shook the helm,
And out the lot according to their wish
Leapt, ev'n the lot of Ajax. Through the throng
A herald bare it, and from right to left
Display'd it to the chieftains ; one by one
Refused it, knowing not the mark thereon :
But, when in passage through the throng he gain'd 220
Him who had mark'd it ere 'twas in the helm,
Great Ajax held outstretch'd an open palm ;
Into his palm the herald threw the lot :
He look'd, and knew his mark, and, much rejoiced,
Threw it to earth beside his foot, and spake :

“ Friends, friends ! The lot is mine, and blithe am I,
Who think to vanquish Hector in these lists.
But while I clothe me in my mail of war,
Offer ye up your prayers to Kronos' Son,
Silently, in your hearts, lest Troy should hear— 230
Or loudly all—what fear have we of men ?
The man breathes not, to drive me into flight,
Or match me in the art of warlike fence :
I was not born, I trow, nor rear'd in arms
In Salamis, to be a weakling here ! ”

He spoke ; to Father Zeus they made their prayers,
And men, uplooking to broad heaven, would say :

“ O Thou, who rul'st in Ida, Father Zeus,
Supreme, most glorious ! Grant, we beg, this day
Victory to Ajax and a noble name : 240
Or, if for Hector be thy love so great,

Like strength, like glory, be on both bestow'd."

They spoke ; whilst Ajax arm'd him in bright brass.

Who soon with dazzling mail around him girt
Uprose, gigantic, vast, as Ares looms
Striding to war with feeble men, whom Zeus
Hurls on such grievous combat to their death ;
So dread and vast and towerlike Ajax loom'd,
Smiling with visage grim, and striding on
With step gigantic, shaking beamy spear. 250
The Argives joy'd, beholding him so strong
Their champion ; but the Trojans felt each man
Tremble his limbs, and even in Hector's breast
The heart 'gan flutter ; nathless then retire
He could not, nor withdraw within the ranks,
Who gave himself the challenge. Nearer yet
Drew Ajax, and advanced in front his shield,
Plated of brass, and of seven stout bull-hides wrought,
A tower of strength, by Tychius built of old ;
Tychius, who dwelt in Hyle, and than whom 260
None fashion'd better shields ; and this he made
Wieldy and light, yet solid with the hides
Of seven high-mettled bulls ; and this that day
Did giant Ajax bear before his breast
Approaching, and to Hector threatening cried :
" Now, Hector, standing sole for single fight
Needs must thou learn what manner of men are they,
Who show amongst the Danaans best in arms

(Next after one, who still aboard his ship
Lies sullen for his wrath tow'rd Atreus' Son, 270
Achilles of the lion-heart, unpeer'd) ;
But we without him, and many a one of us,
May well meet thee ; delay the fight no more."

To him the hero of the glancing helm :
" Ajax, Zeus-nurtured Telamon's son, and lord
Of many nations ! Deal not so with me,
As with a woman or a feeble child,
Witless of warlike practice. Well I know
The arts of battle, how to slay my man ;
Or to the right or to the left to shift 280
My dry-tann'd buckler, so to last in fight :
In close encounter to advance a foot
Attuned to Ares' honour, or to guide
My steeds and chariot through the mellay straight.
Great though thou art, I would not, as in fear,
Stealthily strike thee, but with open blow."

He spoke, and whirl'd on high, and hurl'd his spear,
And struck that terrible seven-hided shield
Upon its outmost plate, the eighth, of brass.
Through six folds cleaving went the point unfray'd, 290
But in the seventh it rested. Then, in turn,
Sent Zeus-born Ajax his long-shadowing spear,
And struck on the orbèd shield of Priam's Son.
Through the bright targe the forceful javelin went,
And onward through the enamell'd corslet driven
Pierced even the under-tunic by his hip ;

Yet, sideways writhing, he escaped the death.
Together back both pluck'd their spears, and like
To ravening lions or to wild tusk'd boars
(No weaklings they in battle upon the field) 300
Each fell upon the other. And Hector struck
Again the shield, nor broke the brass, but bent
His own point blunted. Ajax leaping near
Smote also his enemy's shield, but drave the lance,
So that it dash'd him in his onset back,
And reach'd and grazed his neck, and drew the blood.
But Hector, daunted not thereby, withdrew
Some little space, and raised from where it lay
Upon the field, black, jagged, and immense,
A stone, and therewith struck that shield again, 310
That terrible seven-hided shield once more,
Full on the boss ; loud round it rang the brass.
But far more huge the stone that Ajax then
In turn uplifted, and with whirl aloft,
Lending a strength resistless to the hurl,
Sent forth, wherewith he struck and crush'd the shield
Inwards (for with a millstone's weight it fell),
And loosed great Hector's knees, that down he dropt
Prostrate across the buckler : whom his God
Apollo nathless quick upraised again. 320
And hand to hand they then had drawn their swords,
Had not the messengers of Zeus and man,
The sacred heralds, rush'd from either side
(Talthybius of Achaia, and of Troy

Idæus, elders both), and thrust their staves
Betwixt them, whilst Idæus spake, and said :

“Children, belovèd, be this battle closed ;
Alike is either dear to father Zeus,
And brave alike ; this all have witness'd here.
The night is falling ; yield ye unto night.” 330

And giant Ajax spake in answer thus :
“Idæus, bid ye Hector proffer this ;
'Twas he who gave the challenge. Let him speak ;
I gladly list your voice, an he will list.”

And thus the hero of the glancing helm :
“Since, Ajax, such thy might and giant mould,
And such the gallant heart the Gods have given,
That all Achaia thou excell'st in arms,
Let this be so ; and be the battle closed,
Yet to be fought hereafter, till the Gods 340
Part us, and grant to one the victory.
The night is falling ; yield we unto night.
Depart in peace, and cheer Achaia's host,
Thine own kin and thy comrades, most of all.

I too within King Priam's citadel
Will cheer the Trojans, and their long-robed wives,
Who now are thronging for my sake their shrines.
But let us give each other gifts of mark,
That men in either host may see, and say :

‘*They fought together with a grievous strife,* 350
‘*Like friends at eve they parted, and in peace.*’”
He spoke, and gave his silverhilted sword,

A scabbard and good baldric therewithal ;
Whilst Ajax gave his scarlet belt bright-dyed.

So were they parted, Ajax to the ranks
Of Argos, Hector to the throng of Troy ;
And much the Trojans joy'd, beholding home
Returning, rescued scathless from the arm
Of mighty Ajax, whom they ne'er had hoped
To welcome back, and led him tow'rd their town. 360
Whilst into royal Agamemnon's tent
Ajax exultant in his victory pass'd
Led by Achaia's chieftains. There the King
Made to the majesty of Kronos' Son
Bloodoffering of a five-year bull entire.
This first they flay'd, attending well that task ;
Then cut it limb by limb, and sliced the flesh :
Spitted the slices, and with careful hands
Roasted them all, and spread them on the board.
This task being ended and the feast prepared, 370
They ate ; nor any lacked his equal mess ;
But most to Ajax Atreus' Son, the King,
Did honour by large slices from the haunch.

When all desire of drink and meat had gone,
First He, whose rede of late was sagest shown,
Nestor, 'gan weave again his counsel's web,
Address'd them with wise words, and spake, and said :
“ Hear me, Achaia's Chiefs, and Thou, their King !

Full many our dear and gallant warriors fallen :
Whose blood hath Ares' pour'd like water forth 380
Upon Scamander's meadows ; and their ghosts
Have sunk to Hades down. Wherefore, O King,
It now behoves thee with to-morrow's dawn
To make a truce of battle. Then on wains
With mules and oxen gathering up our dead,
We will convey them hither, and will make
Some short way off the fleet their funeral-pyres,
So on return to our dear native land
To bear their ashes to their children home. 390
But o'er the place of burning will we raise
Clear on the plain before our galleys' front
One mound for all, without distinction heap'd ;
And in the van of this with speed uprear,
A bulwark to our galleys and our lives,
A line of lofty towers, and in the line
Pierce gates, that path may be for chariots forth ;
And nigh beyond it be a trench deep-dug,
To fence the steeds and army round about,
Lest the haught force of Troy wax now supreme."
He spoke, and to his word the Chiefs acclaim'd. 400

Meantime at Ilion, in the upper town
And near King Priam's gates, the people met
Fluttering, in dread confusion, trouble-tost ;
And first Antenor spoke discreet, and said :
" Dardans, and ye of Troy, and Troy's Allies !

As the heart bids within me, so I speak.
Let us now render up to Atreus' Sons
The Argive Helen and her wealth withal ;
For, warring on, we make our faith a lie :
Wherefore I hope not good to come to pass, 410
Unless, as I have spoken, so we do."

He ceased and sate him down ; to whom in wrath
The lord of lovely Helen, Paris, rose,
And answer'd him, and spake these wingèd words :

"Antenor, things unwelcome most to me
Thou utterest ; better things are thine to say ;
Or, if thou speak'st from out thy very heart,
Truly the Gods have reft thee of thy sense.
Here in the face of all haught Troy I make
Mine answer, and deny thee flat. My wife 420
I will not yield ; but all the wealth I brought,
That will I yield, and of my stores add more."

He ceased, and sate him down : to whom then rose,
Counsellor like a God, the Dardan King,
Address'd them with wise words, and spake, and said :

"Dardans, and ye of Troy, and Troy's Allies !
As the heart bids within me, so I speak.
Take ye repast according to your wont
Within the city, mindful of the watch
And wakeful all ; but with to-morrow's dawn 430
Forth to their galleys let Idæus go,
To bear to Atreus' Sons the brother-chiefs
The word of Alexander ; since by him

This war first rose ; there likewise to agree
To stay this baleful battle, if they will,
Till we have burn'd our dead on funeral-pyres :
Though fight we on thereafter, till the Gods
Part us, and grant to one the victory."

He spoke ; they gladly hearken'd, and obey'd :
In line along the walls they made repast ; 440
And with the morrow's dawn Idæus went.

Who found the Chieftains of the Danaan race
Gather'd in council round Atrides' ship :
Near them the clear-voiced herald came, and spake :

" Chiefs of Achaia's host, and thou, their King !
King Priam and his elders send me forth
To tell, if so it pleaseth ye to hear,
The word of Alexander ; since by him
This war first rose. The wealth, that on his bark
He brought to Troy, (oh, rather had he died !) 450
This will he yield, and of his stores add more.
But noble Menelaus' wedded wife
He still refuses back, though, verily,
The Trojans urge him strongly. This beside,
They bade me counsel, if ye will, to stay
This evil battle, whilst we burn our dead ;
Though we fight on thereafter, till the Gods
Part us, and grant to one the victory."

He ceased ; and all awhile in silence sate,
Till gallant Diomed brake it, and began : 460

“Nor Alexander’s wealth will we accept
Nor Helen’s self ; a child might hence discern
How near her fall is pending now to Troy.”

He spoke, to whom the others gave acclaim,
Honouring the word of gallant Diomed :
And Agamemnon to Idæus turn’d :

“With thine own ears, Idæus, hast thou heard
The answer that Achaia sends you back.
Me too, their King, this pleaseth. For the dead—
I grudge not that ye make their funeral due : 470
Past are the dead ; and who from harmless shades
Would hinder the sweet offices of fire ?
Let then the Lord of thunder, Zeus supreme,
Here’s great spouse, be witness to our truce.”

He spoke, and lifted up his staff, in face
Of all the Gods : whence back Idæus went
To sacred Ilion. Still in council sate
Dardans and Trojans, waiting his return :
Who came, and gave his message to their throng :
Whereat with utmost speed they gat them up, 480
Some to fetch fagots, some to bring their dead.

Likewise the Argives hasted from their ships,
Some to fetch fagots, some to bring their dead.

From the deep soft-flowing ocean-stream the Sun
Was mounting into heaven and smiting earth
With his first beams, when on the plain the hosts

Each met the other gathering up their dead.
Hardly might they distinguish man from man :
Yet with clear water cleansing off the blood,
Shedding hot tears, they raised them to the wains. 490
Priam forbade the Trojans from lament ;
Therefore in silence, mourning in their hearts,
'They piled the corpses on a pinewood pyre,
Burnt them with fire, and moved to Ilion home.

So likewise on the other side the host
Of mail'd Achaia, mourning in their hearts,
Piled up the corpses on a pinewood pyre,
Burnt them with fire, and to their fleet return'd.

Then in the twilight, ere the dawn was day,
A chosen band of Argives round their pyre 500
Was gather'd, and above it piled a cairn,
Without distinction, one huge mound for all ;
And in the front of this a rampart rear'd,
A bulwark to their galleys and their lives,
A line of lofty towers, and in the line
Pierced gates, that path might be for chariots forth :
And nigh beyond it dug a trench, profound,
Large, broad, and fix'd therein a stake-stockade.

Such was the labour of Achaia's host ;
But where with thunder-wielding Zeus the Gods 510
Sate gather'd, they beheld amazed that work

Ascending by the toil of mail-frock'd men ;
And Poseidaion Lord of ocean spake :

“ O Father Zeus ! From end to end of earth
Is there of mortals left, who lays the thought
And counsel of his heart before high heaven ?
Seest thou how yonder host of Argos' Sons
Build them a rampart, round it draw a trench,
Yet give not to a God a hecatomb ?
Wide as the morning shall its glory spread ; 520
And men shall be forgetful clean of all
Which mine own self and Phœbus of old time
Rear'd, toiling there for King Laomedon.”

The Ruler of the clouds heaved sigh, and spake :
“ Shaker of earth, and Powerful far and near !
What saying this ? Such fear some other Gods,
Feebler than thou, might haply entertain ;
Wide as the morning still thy glory spreads ;
And, when these long-hair'd warriors far have gone
Aboard their galleys to their native land, 530
Then crumble up this bulwark ; in the sea
Scatter it all ; again envelop quite
The spacious shore in sands, that not a sign
Of their great work be visible on earth.”

Such was the commune of the Gods in heaven.

The Sun sank, and the rampart stood uprear'd.
The Achaians then slew oxen through their camp,
And made repast. From Lemnos galleys stood

In harbour, fraught with wine, which Jason's son
Evenus (born of fair Hysipyle 540
To Jason, shepherd of his people) sent.
A thousand measures had he set apart
Unto the sons of Atreus for a gift.
And thence those long-hair'd warriors bought them wine ;
Some bought with brass, and some with sparkling steel,
And some with hides, and some with cattle live,
And some with slaves ; all made them plenteous feast.

So all night long they feasted, either host,
The Achaïans, and the Trojans in their town :
And all night long great Zeus portended ill 550
By dreadful signs of thunder o'er their heads ;
And ashy fear possess'd them ; from their cups
They shed the wine, nor any there durst drink,
Ere his libation had been pour'd to Zeus.
Thereafter all partook the boon of sleep.

Iliad VIII

AND saffron-robèd Morn had walk'd abroad
Besprinkling earth, when thunder-pealing Zeus.
On many-ridged Olympus' topmost peak,
Made to himself a council of the Gods,
And thus to all below began address :

“ Hearken to me, Gods, Goddesses, alike !
I speak the inmost bidding of my heart.
Nor let or God or Goddess dare attempt
To minish this my word, but full consent
Yield me, that earlier I may end the strife. 10
Whom moving from amongst you I descry
Whether to aid the Danaans or their foes,
Smitten in no sweet order he shall rise
Returning to Olympus, or myself
Will seize, and hurl to gloom-wrapt Tartar down—
Where are the depths abysmal under earth,
The brazen threshold, and the iron gates,
Far as the heavens are o'er the earth, so far
Below the realm of Hades—there to lie
And late to learn me mightiest of the Gods. 20
Nay, prove me, if ye list, that all may know :

Suspend from heaven a golden chain, and lay,
Gods, Goddesses, together, hands thereon ;
Not with your main endeavour shall ye draw
The Lord of counsel earthward from the skies :
But, let me will to draw it strenuously,
I draw it up, and with it earth and sea,
Around Olympus' pillar twine the cord,
And all the world suspended hangs in air.
So far o'er God and man I rise supreme." 30

He spoke ; dumb-stricken all awhile they sate,
Awed, for most vehemently fell his words ;
At last, blue-eyed Athene gave reply :

" Kroneion, Father, God supreme of Gods
Ourselves we know, resistless is thy might.
Yet must we mourn the gallant Danaan men,
Who perish for fulfilment of this doom.
Howbeit, as thou hast bidden us, we refrain :
Only will we put wisdom in their hearts,
Lest all the nation perish by thy wrath." 40

To Her, well pleased, the Ruler of the clouds :
" My child, Tritógeneia ! From my heart
I spake not, and would fain show grace to thee."

He ended, and commanded to his car
Fast-flying steeds with golden tresses fair
Be yoked, and girt around him golden robes,
Took golden goad, and sprang upon the seat
And thong'd them to their speed. Not loth they flew
Midway betwixt the earth and starry sky,

Till many-fountain'd Ida's dens of prey 50
And Gargarus he gain'd, where stand his shrine
And fragrant altar. There the Sire supreme
Stay'd and from out the chariot loosed the steeds
And shower'd thick mist about them : but himself,
Exultant in a solitary pomp,
Took seat amongst the summits, gazing down
O'er Priam's city and Achaia's fleet.

Hurriedly through their tents Achaia's host
Had ta'en repast, and, after, donn'd their mail :
So too the Trojans arm'd them in their town, 60
The scantier number, yet not ardent less
To enter battle ; sore on them the need
To fight for their dear children and their wives.
Their width the gates flew ope, and from them stream'd
The people forth ; on chariot and on foot,
All streamèd out ; loud rose the din of war.
Anon they charged and met ; together clash'd
Spears, bucklers, and the might of mailèd men.
Smote each on each the bosses of the shields ;
Rose loud the roar of onset ; groan and prayer, 70
The cries of dying men and of their slayers,
Alike were there ; and the earth ran with blood.

And, while 'twas morn and daylight grew in heaven,
Darts flew, and warriors fell, to either side ;
But, when the sun had climb'd meridian height,

Then held the Father forth his golden scales
And laid two weights therein—in *this*, defeat
To mail'd Achaia, and in *that*, to Troy—
And poised the balance even : down, down sank
Achaia's doom, yea, settled low on earth, 80
While Troy's light fates flew up and kick'd the sky.

Himself then thunder'd from the hill, and sent
A flaming flash amidst Achaia's ranks :
Awe-stricken they beheld it ; ashy fear
Seized all ; nor ev'n Idomeneus durst bide,
Nor Agamemnon, nor the Ajax-twain,
How brave soe'er their wont : Gerene's chief
Nestor alone, Achaia's Elder, stood ;
For princely Alexander, Helen's lord,
Had pierced his steed with arrow through the crest 90
Where grow the foremost locks—most mortal spot :
Uprear'd the horse for anguish, but the point
Press'd to his brain, and o'er the shaft he fell
A cumbrance to his fellows in the yoke :
There, therefore, was the Chieftain stay'd perforce,
Cutting the traces with his falchion clear,
Whilst through the rout came Hector's fleetfoot steeds
Bearing their lord, brave Hector, all too near.
So had the Elder been bereft of life,
Had not Tydides mark'd his jeopardy, 100
And loudly on Odysseus call'd and said :
“ Odysseus, heavenly-born, Laertes' Son !

Whither like any craven in the rout
Fleest thou with face dishonourably turn'd ?
The spear were in the back that smote thee now.
Turn rather, save our Elder from his foe."

He spoke, whom yet Odysseus hearken'd not,
But by him tow'rd the hollow galleys pass'd.

Tydides then, though vanmost there alone,
Took stand before the car of Neleus' Son, 110
And thus with wingèd words address'd the chief :

" My Father ! Younger men press sore on thee,
And Age thy hard companion slacks thy strength ;
Likewise thy steeds are slow, thy driver weak.
Mount therefore to my chariot, and behold
How bred, how taught in onset to and fro
To skim the field for charge or for pursuit
These steeds of Troy, these breathers of dismay,
From brave Æneas won my latest spoil.
Thine let thy followers tend, and mount with me ; 120
Seated together we will drive them straight
Upon the foe ; and soon shall Hector feel
That *my* lance too hath fury in my hands."

He spoke ; Gerenè's Chieftain blithe obey'd.
Therefore the steeds of Nestor two strong squires,
Sthenelus and the kind Eurymedon,
Tended ; whilst on the car of Diomed
The two together mounting—Nestor took
The purple reins in hand and thong'd the steeds

And soon near'd Hector ; then, as Hector charged 130
Direct upon them, Diomed threw his spear,
But err'd, yet struck the driver by his side,
Æniopeus, renown'd Thebæus' son,
Holding the reins, and pierced him through the breast.
Down from the car he dropp'd ; the fleetfoot steeds
Rear'd ; and his ghost and strength were loosed away.
Thick o'er the soul of Hector came the cloud
Of sorrow for his comrade ; yet perforce
He left him where he lay, and to and fro
Ranged, seeking some brave warrior to his reins ; 140
Nor long his horses lack'd a guiding arm ;
For Archeptolemus the gallant son
Of Iphitus he found, and o'er the steeds
Set him, and gave the reins into his hands.

Then had been ruin and resistless wrack ;
Then had the Trojans been in Ilion pent
Like lambs within a fold ; but Zeus beheld,
Father of Gods and men, and, thundering, sent
To earth before the faces of the steeds
A bolt white-hot athwart Tydides' path : 150
Dread from the fiery sign the flame flash'd up ;
Back to the car the affrighted horses cower'd ;
Twixt Nestor's fingers slid the glossy reins ;
His heart sank, and to Diomed he said :
“ Let us away, Tydides ! Let us flee !
Seest thou, no strength from Heav'n attends us here ?

The glory of this day doth Zeus vouchsafe
Wholly to Hector, yet to us may turn,
Hereafter, if he please : in man's best strength
Lies not the force his favour to command." 160

To whom made dauntless answer Diomed :
" My Father, well and wisely hast thou said.
But this the fear that stings me to the quick ;
Lest Hector boast in loud harangue to Troy,
He drave Tydides frighted to the fleet ;
May I be in my grave ere this his boast !"

But thus Gerenian Nestor gave reply :
" From brave Tydides' lips what now hath fall'n ?
Let Hector cry thee as a craven down ;
Will Trojans, or will Dardans, hold him true ? 170
Will women, whose fond husbands thou hast strewn
All-arm'd before thee in the dust, and slain ?"

He spoke, and turn'd to flight the hoovèd steeds
Back through the rout ; on whom the Trojan host
With shouts far-echoing shower'd their baleful darts,
And loud bright-helmèd Hector following cried :

" Hence, hence, Tydides ! Whom above thy peers
By seat and choicest viands and full cups
The Danaans still have lifted, but henceforth
Shall hold in mere dishonour, like a girl ! 180
Vile puppet ! Take thee hence—not like, I trow,
To trample down great Ilion, or aboard
Thy galleys bear a handmaid home from Troy :
Rather on thee thy doom I now bestow."

Mounteth to heav'n, how it is fashion'd all
Of gold the handles, and of gold the orb ;
And win me from the breast of Tydeus' Son
The marvellous corslet by Hephæstus wrought :
Gain'd we these two, I well might hope to drive
Th' Achaians on their galleys home this night."

Vaunting he spoke ; whom royal Here heard
Wrathful, and rock'd her on her throne, and made 220
Tremble th' Olympian hill ; but turn'd anon
Tow'rd vast Poseidon and address'd him thus :

"Shaker of earth, and Powerful far and near !
Cries not the heart within thee for the fall
Of all these Danaans slaughter'd? Oft have they
Made on thine altar offerings many and sweet
In Helicè and Ægæ ; and thyself
Lov'st them and would'st their victory. Oh, if we,
If all who love their cause, together strove
Zeus to oppose and drive the Trojans back, 230
On Ida He might gnash his teeth in vain."

To her, much-moved, Poseidon made reply :
"Herè, thy words glance ever to and fro :
What say'st thou now? Not though we all were join'd
As one together, would I fain engage
With Zeus Kroneion, mightier far than all."

This was the commune of the gods in heaven.

But now what space soc'er was by the trench
Fenced from the fleet and bulwark, all was choked

With chariots and with shielded warriors throng'd, 240
Routed by Hector, Priam's noble son,
Peer to fierce Ares, glorified by Zeus.
Soon had his ruthless fires consumed the barks,
But royal Herè put into the heart
Of Agamemnon (needing scarce the hest)
Strongly to encourage Argos. On he went
Passing amongst the ships and tents, and held
A purple mantle flowing from his hand,
And on the midmost stood—(the huge black bark
Of sage Odysseus, whence his voice might reach 250
To either side, the Telamonian's tent,
Or Peleus' Son's, for on the flanks those two,
Trusting their good right arms, had moor'd their barks) ;
Thence loudly on the Danaans thus he call'd :
 " Shame on you ! Valiant to the eye alone,
Argcians, vile reproaches to the name !
Where now the windy threat'nings, and the vaunts
That dubb'd us bravest of the brave, what time,
In Lemnos feasting full on flesh of ox,
Crowning our cups with wine, we held high talk 260
How each against his hundreds here in Troy
Would stand victorious ? Yet doth one man's arm
Outmatch us all, and Hector fires our ships.
Oh Zeus, our Father ! Hast thou visited
Of all the mighty Kings of ancient time
Any with such fell ruin, such defeat ?
Yet never on our path to evil here

Pass'd I an altar of thine without its due,
But for my longing of the sack of Troy
Made to thee fat burnt-offerings everywhere. 270
Wherefore, O Zeus, suffer me this least hope :
With their bare lives vouchsafe the host escape,
Nor let Achaia perish quite by Troy."

He spoke : the Father, pitying, saw his tears
And granted that his people should not die.
Therefore the surest of all wingèd signs
He sent him forth—an eagle 'twixt his claws
Clasping a fawn the nursling of a hind ;
This it let fall upon the sacred shrine
And altar of all-omen-giving Zeus. 280

They saw, and knew the bird from Zeus sent forth,
And leapt the fiercer on their foes, and set
Their whole hearts to the battle. Many and brave
The Danaans, but of all none then could boast
To drive his car, or clear the trench, or meet
The foe, before Tydides. Foremost far
He caught and slew a helmèd Chief of Troy,
Ev'n Argelaus, Phradmon's son, who turn'd
His steeds to flight ; but Diomed, as he turn'd,
Pierced him betwixt the shoulders in the back, 290
And drave the spear right onward thro' the chest.
He dropt, and loudly o'er him clash'd the arms.
Next, Atreus' Sons, and, next, the Ajax-twain
Girt in a strength invincible, press'd on :

Idomeneus, and with Idomeneus
Meriones, of slaughterous Ares peer :
And then Eurypylus, Evemon's son :
Ninth, follow'd Teucer with his bended bow,
And took his station shelter'd by the shield
Of Telamonian Ajax. Ajax thrust 300
The huge shield out ; but Teucer look'd well round,
Took aim, and shot his arrow through the throng,
Struck, and, when dead the stricken foeman fell,
Crept back, as to his mother creeps a child,
To Ajax and the shelter of the targe.
Whom first of Troy slew blameless Teucer thus ?
Orsilochus and Ophelstes first ;
Dætor anon and gallant Ormenus ;
Then Amapæon, Polyæmon's son,
Chromius, and Lycophontes, peer of Gods, 310
And Melanippus ; these, one after one,
His arrows levell'd to the fruitful earth.

Whom in such devastation of their ranks
The King Atrides mark'd, well-pleased, and went
And stood beside him with these wingèd words :

“ Teucer, my friend, brave son of Telamon,
Prince of thy people ! Shoot on truly still :
A light to all the host, and, most of all,
To Telamon thy father shin'st thou forth ;
Who loved thee well, and from thy childhood up 320
Rear'd thee, though bastard, under his own roof.

Him seat thou high upon a throne of fame,
And likewise I make promise thus to thee ;
If e'er Athene and our Father Zeus
Vouchsafe me to destroy the towers of Troy,
Into thy hand, next after mine own self,
The meed of honour will I put, maybe
A tripod, or two horses with their car,
Or damsel, who may mount with thee thy bed."

To whom made blameless Teucer answer thus : 330

"Atrides, King most famed ! What need to urge
Who am myself most urgent ? To the strength
That in me lies, I rest not ; but, since first
We thrust them back tow'rd Ilion from the fleet,
Have mark'd and slain some foeman by my bow.
Eight have I shot, eight bitter barbèd shafts ;
And deep in some brave warrior each hath stuck :
But *him*, yon raging hound, I fail to strike."

He spoke, and from the string loosed yet one more
'Gainst Hector, whom his heart so yearn'd to strike ; 340
But err'd, yet pierced King Priam's gallant son,
Blameless Gorgythion—him whose mother erst,
The lovely Castianeira, heavenly-fair,
Came to King Priam's couch from Æsyme.
And as a poppy in some garden slants
Its head one way, low-laden by the weight
Of its own flower and with the moist spring-winds ;
Thus sideway with his helm bow'd down his head.

Then Teucer from his string loosed yet one more
'Gainst Hector, whom his heart so yearn'd to strike ; 350
Yet err'd again (whose aim Apollo foil'd),
But struck by Hector's side full through the breast
Brave Archeptolemus the charioteer.
He dropt from off the car ; the fleetfoot steeds
Rear'd ; and his ghost and strength were loosed away.
Thick clouding o'er the soul of Hector came
Sorrow, yet, in his grief's despite, perforce
He left him where he lay, and call'd, and bade
Cebriones his brother, haply nigh,
To take his reins ; who hearken'd to his call ; 360
Whilst Hector with a vengeful shout himself
Leapt from his glittering seat, and seized a stone,
And charged direct on Teucer fain to kill.
Teucer had from his quiver ta'en a shaft
And laid it to the string ; but, ev'n in the act
To draw, the hero of the glancing helm
Smote him upon the shoulder, where the neck
Is parted by the collar from the chest,
A deadly spot—there with the huge jagg'd stone
He struck him charging onward : all the nerve 370
Was shatter'd ; to the wrist the arm was numb'd ;
Falling, his knee upstay'd him ; but the bow
Dropt from his grasp.—Whom Ajax saw not fall
Unheeded, but sped round, and with his shield
Cover'd, till two his followers wellbeloved
Came close, Mecistus, son of Echius,

And brave Alastor ; these uplifting bare
The wounded chieftain, groaning, tow'rd the fleet.

Again Zeus kindled high the strength of Troy ;
Through the deep trench Achaia's host they drave ; 380
And vanmost in the onset Hector strode.
As when a hound has fasten'd on the track
Of boar or lion, to its heels and haunch
He clingeth close, and trusts his own swift foot,
Yet watchful ever, lest it turn to bay ;
So to the Achaian longhair'd warriors clung
Hector, and slew their hindmost still in flight.

And many had fallen by the arms of Troy,
Or e'er the stakes and trench were overpass'd ;
But there they rallying stood amongst their ships, 390
Each cheering each, and with uplifted hands
Calling on all the Gods, and praying loud.
Yet still around them circling, Hector drave
His bright-maned steeds, and wore the aspect ev'n
Of Gorgon, or of Ares, pest to men.

Whom white-arm Here saw with pitying eye,
And to Athene thus in wingèd words :

“ Can we, great child of Zeus, behold unmoved
The Danaans falling in this need extreme ?
All doom'd they perish by the stormy hand, 400
Insufferably maddening to their deaths,

Of this one man, ev'n Hector, Priam's son :
Who hath already wreak'd them harm enow."

And azure-eyed Athene gave reply :

" Yet had he render'd up his ghost ere this,
Slain by the enemy in his own dear land,
But that our Father, with ill thoughts estranged
And wavering ever, brings my will to nought ;
Nor munds him how I oft would save of old
His son beneath Eurystheus' tasks foredone :

410

He oft would lift a streaming eye to heaven,
And oft would Zeus thence send me to his help.
But, had I made forecast of what is now,—
When safely to the close-barr'd gates of Hell
I led him, thence to draw from Erebus
The hound of hated Hades—ne'er had he
Repass'd the inviolate streams of deadly Styx.
But now mislikes He me, and brings to pass
The will of Thetis, who hath kiss'd his knees
And clasp'd his beard, praying him to bestow
This honour on her fierce-destroying son.

420

She hath her will this while ; but soon, I trow,
His blue-eyed child shall be his love again.
Haste therefore thou to yoke the hoovèd steeds,
Whilst I go gird me in the halls of Zeus
With armour to the battle : sweet the sight
Of us in arms array'd to Hector there ;
The vultures of the fleet shall get their fill,
Gorging upon the daintiest flesh of Troy !"

She spoke ; nor white-arm Here disobey'd, 430
Daughter of ancient Kronos, eldest-born ;
But went, and straight 'gan yoke the gold-trapp'd steeds.

The whilst the Virgin-Goddess, favour'd child
Of Father Zeus, upon her father's floor
Shower'd the delicate robe, the embroidery pure
Of her own hands, and in the stead thereof
Attired her in a corslet, and to war
Begirt her in the arms of heavenly Zeus.
Whence to the fiery car she moved, and shook
The beamy spear, wherewith she moweth down, 440
Strong in her Father's might, th' embattled ranks
Of heroes upon whom her wrath hath fall'n.

Then Here with quick ardour o'er the steeds
Leant with the lash ; heaven's gates with murmur oped
Spontaneous ; there the Hours are placed in ward,
Holding Olympus and broad Heav'n in charge
To lift the cloud of darkness, or to lay.
That way and through those gates they prick'd their steeds.

But Zeus, from Ida seeing, wax'd most wroth,
And gave to gold-wing'd Iris this behest : 450
“ Quick, haste thee hence, and bid them, Iris, back ;
Suffer not that they meet me face to face ;
From such encounter honour could not be.
And let them hear, what else shall surely hap.

Under the wheels their coursers I will maim,
Dash down themselves, and shatter all their car ;
Nor shall ten circling years make whole the wounds
Wherewith my thunder-bolts shall scathe them sore.
So shall the Blue-eyed Maiden rue the day
Of battle with her Father. Such my wrath 460
Is not with Here ; to her wont She moves,
And, whatsoe'er my pleasure, thwarts it still."

He spoke ; and storm-foot Iris rose to bear
The message ; quick from Ida's peak she gain'd
Olympus, and within the opening gates
Of the deep-folded mountain 'thwart their path
Took stand, and stay'd them, speaking thus from Zeus :

"Whither away ? what madness in your hearts ?
All help to Argos is forbid by Zeus ;
Who threats,—and, an need be, fulfils the threat,— 470
To maim your coursers' limbs, and dash you down
Both from your seat, and shatter all your car ;
Nor shall ten circling years make whole the wounds
Wherewith his thunderbolts shall scathe you sore.
So thou, O Blue-eyed Maid, shalt rue the day
Of battle with thy Father. Such his wrath
Is not with Here ; to her wont she moves
And, whatsoe'er his pleasure, thwarts it still.
Consider yet, dread Goddess : shameless aye
And fearless, wilt thou venture to uplift 480
Thy spear in monstrous battle with great Zeus ?"

Thus Iris spoke, and vanish'd from their ken ;

But Here to Athene turn'd and said ;

“Child of the Ægis-bearer best-beloved !

I would not that for mortals' sake we stand

'Gainst Zeus in single battle : as may chance,

Let one man die, and let another live,

Whilst He, as in his heart he hath devised,

Awards to either side what seemeth good.”

She spoke, and turnèd round the hoovèd steeds ; 490

The Hours unyoked, and dress'd their glossy sides,

And bound them to ambrosial mangers fast,

And leant against the glittering wall the car ;

The whilst the two to golden couches moved,

With hearts indignant, through their fellow Gods.

From Ida tow'rd Olympus Father Zeus

Had turn'd meantime his steeds and gliding car,

And drave, and gain'd the senate of the Gods.

Whose steeds the mighty Ocean-God unyoked,

Moved to its props the car, and veil'd it o'er.

500

But He himself, the Father, took his seat

High on a golden throne, and 'neath his foot

Olympus trembled. Nathless, all in wrath,

Herè and Athenaiè sate aloof

Nor welcomed Him, nor question'd ; wherefore He,

Well-knowing in his heart, address'd them thus

“Say, Herè ; wherefore sullen sit ye two

Not with the battle o'er-fatigued, I trow,

Destroying whom with deadly hate ye hate

No, by the might that in me lies, by this 510
All-conquering arm, not all Olympus join'd
Can bend me from my purpose ! So on you,
Ere ye had look'd upon the field of blood,
Came trembling, making quake your mailèd limbs.
But what had happen'd else, I rede ye clear ;
Smit by my thunder, ye had ne'er returned
Safe on your chariot to this heavenly hill."

He spoke ; whom hearing groan'd in spirit wroth
Herè and Athenaiè, where they sate
Each by the other, brooding ill to Troy.
Athene answer'd nought, but silent still 520
Sate, not the less indignant with her Sire,
And fierce the passion shook her.—But not so
Herè ; she not contain'd her ire, but spake :

" Father most dread ? What falleth from thy lips ?
Ourselves we know, resistless is thy might.
Yet must we mourn the gallant Danaan men
Who perish for fulfilment of this doom.
Howbeit, as thou hast bidden us, we refrain ;
Only will we put wisdom in their hearts,
Lest all the nation perish by thy wrath." 530

To whom the Ruler of the clouds replied :
" Yet mayst thou on the morrow's morn behold,
My broadbrow'd Here, if thou car'st to see,
Kroneion laying low with fiercer hand
These nations of Achaia. Nor shall cease
Hector triumphant, ere the fleetfoot Son

Of Peleus rise uproused amongst the ships,
On that dread day, when at the galleys' sterns
In direst strait above Patroclus' corpse
The hosts have met. This, this is heaven's decree ; 540
I reckon not of thine anger. Though thou range
The parts of earth and ocean uttermost,—
There where Iäpetus and Kronos lie,
Whom never Hyperion with warm beam
Visits, nor breeze, but round about their lair
The depths of gloomy Tartar—though thou roam
Thither for aid, I reckon not of thy wrath,
Than whom more unabash'd is naught create.”
He ceased ; nor white-arm Here durst reply.

Sank then in Ocean down the Sun's bright light, 550
Drawing night's curtain o'er the fruitful earth :
Troy sorrowing saw day fall ; but to the host
Of Argos came the darkness thrice-invoked.

Then helmèd Hector in an open space,
Where the ground show'd betwixt the corpses bare,
Above the whirling river, off the fleet
Short way removed, a council call'd of Troy.
And, each and all, they sprang from off their cars,
Hearkening the word, which Hector Zeus-beloved
Address'd them. In his hand a spear he held 560
Of length eleven ells ; and far the point
Before him gleam'd of brass, but, where it join'd

The staff, a golden circlet ring'd the joint.

Leaning thereon, he spoke amidst their host :

“Hearken to me, all Troy, and Troy’s allies !

I thought to have destroy'd this fleet and host,

Or e'er to windswept Ilion I return'd.

But darkness first hath fallen ; darkness saves

The Argeians and their galleys on the shore.

Perforce we list the bidding of black night 570

And now prepare repast. Our glossy steeds

Unyoke, and throw their fodder at their feet :

Then from the city with what speed ye may

Fat sheep and oxen bring, and savoury wine

And corn from out your garner : likewise get

Fagots together, that, the livelong night

Ev'n unto dawning day, we may maintain

Our fires enkindled, and the blaze mount clear ;

Lest haply by occasion of this night

They take them o'er the broad-ridged ocean home. 580

Ne'er be it said that unassail'd, unscathed,

They so departed : rather, when they feel

Hcreafter at their own firesides the smart

Of the old wounds we scarr'd them ere they sail'd,

Others shall see and fear, and lay to heart

The warning of the mighty men of Troy.

Now let the sacred heralds haste to bid

Th' Elders of hoary head, and youths of age

Scarce budding, to keep guard on Ilion's towers :

Whilst every tender woman through the town 590

Kindles a fire. And let their watch be sure,
Lest, whilst our host encamps without the walls,
Some ambush win an entry. As I have said,
So be it, my brave-hearted, this one night ;
Thus be it order'd for the common weal ;
The morrow, I address the host anew.
For then, with help from Zeus and Heav'n implored,
Far hence I trust to drive these damnèd hounds,
Borne hither by fell Fate across the seas.
O'er our own selves this night we therefore guard ; 600
But at first daybreak, mailèd, all in arms,
Our battle-cry we raise amongst their ships,
And stablish it for ever, whether the Son
Of Tydeus be the stronger, and avails
To drive me from the galleys back to Troy,
Or whether I may lay him low, and bear
My spoil and prey his blood-stain'd armour home.
Yea, by the morrow shall be tried the stuff
Of his great name, if he abides my charge.
Myself I deem that 'mongst the first shall he 610
Fall stricken, and around him many more,
By sunrise on the morrow. Oh, I would
An immortality of youth were mine,
Mine were Apollo's and Athene's bliss,
As surely, as to Argos day brings woe !"

He spoke ; to whom the Trojans gave acclaim,
And loosed their sweating horses from their yokes,
And each beside his chariot bound his own ;

Then from the city, with what speed they might,
Brought sheep and oxen, and sweet savour'd wine 620
And corn from out their garners ; likewise, gat
Fagots together ; and from off the plain
The wind roll'd up a fragrant steam to heaven.

So, lifted high with hope, the whole night through
They camp'd outside upon the foughten field ;
And many a blazing campfire flamed upon it.
As, when in heav'n, about the fair clear moon,
The stars rise bright, deep in a windless air,
And every peak and promontory and grove
Stands forth, whilst to their highest the heavens break up,
A boundless empyréan ; every star 631
Shows, and the shepherd sees with gladsome heart ;
Such and so thick in front of Ilion's towers
Midway betwixt the fleet and Xanthus' streams
The watchfires, kindled by the host of Troy.
A thousand blazed upon the plain ; by each
Within the ruddy glow sate fifty men ;
While by their chariots stood their steeds, and champ'd
Corn and white barley, patient for the Dawn¹.

¹ The excellence of Mr. Tennyson's translation of this passage cannot but suggest comparisons unfavourable to any of his followers in the same metre. I have left my own as it was originally written, two years before the publication of *Enoch Arden*, with the exception of the 630th line, in which I have been unable to resist the temptation of borrowing one expression from the very perfect specimen contained in that volume.

Iliad II

THUS Troy maintain'd her guard ; but on her foes
 Lay shuddering Flight's precursor, dread Dismay ;
 Whose noblest all were smitten with a grief
 Insufferable. As when Boreas blows
 With Zephyr, and the two together fall
 Sudden from Thrace upon the fish-fill'd deep,
 Black to a crest the billow swells perturb'd,
 And shoreward in the gust the salt-weed flies :
 Thus to their hearts were cleft Achaia's sons.

But Atreus' Son, their King, though stricken deep
With this great sorrow, moved amongst the host
Bidding the clear-toned heralds call by name
Each chieftain to a council, nor raise loud
Their voices; and himself took part, and went
Calling the foremost, nearest to the foe.
And soon all, sad alike, in council sate;
To whom rose Agamemnon first, and dropp'd
Hot tears, like some black-bubbling fount, that drops
Its waters in dark vein adown a cliff;
So weeping, with deep sigh he thus began :

“ Friends, chieftains, captains of Achaia’s host !
Ye see in what thick net of evil doom
Zeus hath emmesh’d me : traitorous—who of late
Pledged me his word, and by his nod confirm’d,
That Troy’s proud towers should fall, ere I return’d ;
Yet hath against me wrought a ruinous guile,
Bidding me now to Argos take me back,
Ill-famed—the cause of death to thousands here !
Ev’n such, I fear me, hath become the will
Of Kronos’ Son supreme, who oft hath laid, 30
And oft shall lay hereafter, low the heads
Of mightiest cities : mightier He than all.
Then hear me, and obey as I give word.
Let us away to our dear fatherland ;
Flee ; for broad-streeted Troy will ne’er be ours.”

He spoke ; dumb-stricken by whose words they sate,
And long in silence ponder’d, sad and still ;
Till thus at last made Diomed reply :

“ Atrides, by the charter of free speech
In open council, as is just, O King, 40
I first will rise (nor be thou wroth thereat)
To oppose thee in thy folly. Thou of late
Gav’st me reproach before the Danaan host,
Styling me skulk and coward : Argives all,
Young men and old men, know how this may stand.
But thee hath crook-wiled Kronos’ Son endow’d
With gifts of diverse nature from thy birth.
Thine is the sceptre of the throne supreme,

Not thine the valorous heart—the soul of power.
Oh, couldst thou deem, 'sweet Lord, Achaia's sons 50
Such skulking cowards (it is thine own fair word)
As hearken this thy counsel? Flee thyself,
If thy heart prompts thee ; yonder lies the way
Open, nor far from sea the many ships
That follow'd from Mycenæ in thy train :
All else, yea whosoever long-curl'd locks
Bespeak a brave Achaian, still will stay
Till Troy hath been despoil'd : or, if these list,
Sail likewise they to their dear fatherland :
Sthenelus and myself will yet remain 60
Alone to battle, till we find the fall
Of Ilion's towers ; with favouring Gods we came !”

He spoke ; to whom th' Achaians gave applause,
Blithe to the gallant words of Diomed ;
Till agèd Nestor next arose, and spake :

“ In war, Tydides, thou excell'st thy peers
By strength of arm ; nor less of all our youth
Thou show'st in council wisest ; none will blame
Thy rede, nor speak against it through the host.
Yet hast thou left the issue still unsaid. 70
Young art thou ; yea, to me thou might'st be son.
My youngest-born ; and yet thy words are sage
And welcome in this gathering of the Kings.
Still, since in years I well may boast me more,
Let me to thy good counsel add the end ;
Which not Atrides ev'n, nor any here,

Will hold in poor esteem when I have said.
Kithless and homeless, veriest outcast, he
Who amongst kindred would maintain a strife
Unnatural :—but turn we to our task ; 80
The bidding of dark night we hear perforce
And get repasts prepared ; but let the guards
Be station'd first in line beyond the wall
Along the deep-dug trench ; be this consign'd
Unto the younger sort ; but thou, meantime
(For thou art King and of most royal race),
Lead us, O Agamemnon, to thy tent,
And serve a banquet to the Elders there ;
As fits thy station—no unseemly claim ;
For in thy tents the wine, which day by day 90
Achaia's galleys o'er the broad-spread sea
Bring thee from Thrace ; and all appurtenance
Is also thine, and numerous is thy rule.
Then, of the many gather'd there, approve
His counsel who speaks wisest : sore the need
Of something sage and deep to save the host ;
The watch-fires of the enemy blaze secure
Near to the fleet ; who but must mourn thereat ?
This night will save us, or destroy us quite.”
He spoke ; nor loth they listen'd and obey'd. 100
Soon to their sentries all in arms the guards
Gather'd about the captains of the watch,
About prince Thrasymedes, Nestor's son,
Deïpyrus, and bold Meriones,

And Ares' two strong children, Ialmenus
And brave Ascalaphus, and Aphareus,
And Lycomedes. Kreon's noble son ;
These seven were the captains ; but with each
A hundred youths, long lances in their hands,
Went forth, and sate them down betwixt the trench 110
And rampart, lit their fires, and made repast.

The King then led the Elders to his tent
And set repast before them, sweet to taste ;
And on his dainty fare they laid their hands.

But when desire had pass'd of food and drink,
Nestor, whose rede of late had sagest shown,
Rose first again to weave a new device,
Address'd them words discreet, and spake, and said :

“ Most sovran Agamemnon ! For with thee
My speech begins, O King, with thee will end : 120
O'er many nations thou hast rule, and high
The sceptre and the judgment-seat consign'd
By Zeus to thee, to counsel for their good :
Therefore on thee this duty lies supreme,
Whether to speak thyself, or lend thine ear
And give effect to whatsoe'er of good
Another's heart may prompt him to advise :
So shall whate'er prevaieth hang from thee.
Hear, therefore, what I urge my counsel now :
Nor better judgment could, I deem, be form'd 130

Than that which from the first I held, and hold,
Ev'n from the hour when, with a forceful hand,
Thou bar'st the maid Briseïs from the tent
Of Peleus' Son, and leftest him in wrath—
Not by our counsel ; I forbade the act
With much dissuasion—nathless, under sway
Of thine own haughty temper, thou durst do
To him dishonour, whom the Immortal Gods
Delight to honour most, the first of men,
Seizing his guerdon and retaining still. 140
Now therefore let us, ev'n though late, consult
How best we may content and win him back
With grateful gifts and words atoning sweet."

And sovran Agamemnon made reply :
" Not false the count, my father, thou hast made
Of these my fell transgressions ; I have err'd
Greatly, nor I myself deny my sin.
The man in whom the heart of Zeus delights
Is as the host of nations in the war,
And Zeus *hath* honour'd him, and humbled us. 150
But since the sin was mine, and done by me
In bitterness of heart, I fain consent
With priceless ransom to redeem it now.
Yea, let me name at full before you all
The proffer of the far-famed gifts I make.
Seven tripods yet unsullied by the fire ;
Ten golden talents ; twenty glowing caldrons ;
Twelve horses, firm of shape and fleet of foot,

Train'd to the race, and winners on the course ;
Not glebeless, not unpur'd with precious gold, 160
Who own'd but what these steeds have won to me ;
Seven women of Lesbos also I will send,
All skill'd in blameless broideries, whom I took
As fairest of the kind of women there,
When well-built Lesbos fell before his arm ;
These will I give ; and, after these, the maid,
His own, ev'n Briseus' Daughter, whom I seized ;
With oath, by aught most sacred, that with her
I ever have abstain'd, nor sought her bed
After the natural fashion of mankind. 170
Let these be his forthwith ; but if, hereafter,
The Gods vouchsafe to us the sack of Troy,
Then let him freight his bark to his heart's content
With brass and gold ; and let him enter first,
Whene'er we part the spoil and prey amongst us.
Be twenty Trojan damsels then his choice,
Helen alone excepted, fairest there.
And, further, when to Argos we return,
Our home, the garden of the fruitful earth,
Be he my son ; and I will honour him, 180
Like to Orestes, son of mine old age,
Soft-nurtured in the lap of high estate.
Three are the daughters in my palace-halls,
Laodice and fair Chrysothemis
And Iphanassa ; let him take of these
Home to his father Peleus whom he lists ;

Nor dower the bride ; be it rather mine to add
A dowry such as never father gave.
Seven peopled cities will I then bestow,
Great Pheræ, and Arpeia's fruitful realm, 190
Grass-meadow'd Irè, and Cardalymè,
The low-lying pastures of Antheia deep,
And Enopè, and vine-clad Pedasus ;
All on the coast by sandy Pylos' skirts ;
And all with men of many flocks and herds,
To grace him with their offerings like a God,
Rich toll and tribute to his sceptred sway.
All this will I perform, if he atone.
Let him yield therefore, and be turn'd from wrath ;
Hades alone is unpropitiable, 200
Alone unyielding, and, for this same cause,
Is loathed by mortals most of all the Gods.
He well may yield to me, who am of race
More royal, and can boast me more in years."

To whom then Nestor rose again, and said :
" Atrides Agamemnon, King of men
Most sovran ! Gifts that none may lightly pass
Thou tenderest to this chieftain, Peleus' Son.
Quick therefore let us send chos'n envoys forth
To gain his tent with what best speed they may. 210
These let me name, and let them straight comply.
Phœnix, the Zeus-belovèd, be their guide ;
And then be chosen Laertes' noble Son,
And giant Ajax ; of the herald-train

Let Hódios and Eurybates attend.
And take ye water in yóur hands, and bid
All hush in sacred silence, whilst we call
On Father Zeus to show his mercy to us."

He spoke ; whose word pleased all ; and heralds soon
Pour'd water on their hands, whilst striplings crown'd 220
The bowls with wine, which thence the heralds gave
In cups to all by order of their rank.
When pour'd their offerings and their thirst allay'd,
Forth from the tent of Atreus' Son they went,
And agèd Nestor with them, glancing keen
Into their faces, and advising still,
But most to sage Odysseus, how they best
Might seek to turn the heart of Peleus' Son.

On the full-sounding ocean's echoing shore
The two then moved, and many a vow they made 230
To Him who shaketh and enclaspeth Earth,
That he might render open to their prayer
The mighty spirit of Æacides.
They gain'd the Myrmidonian camp and fleet ;
And found him, soothing with a high-toned lute
His spirit—with that lute of lovely work,
Enamell'd, with a silver bridge full-string'd,
Which then when he destroy'd Eëtion's towers
He took from out the spoil ;—with this he sate,
Singing, and lays of heroes were his song. 240
With him, alone and silent, face to face,

Waiting until his lord should cease from song,
Patroclus sate ; till of the band the two
(Divine Odysseus leading) came in front
And stood before him ; to his feet amazed
And harp in hand Achilles sprang, and left
The seat whereon he sate ; so too uprose
Patroclus, when he turn'd and saw them there :
Whom thus in welcome warm the chief address'd :

“ Most welcome, ye my friends ; some heavy need 250
Hath brought you hither ; and, whate'er my wrath
Tow'rd others, you I hold my dearest still.”

Speaking, the heavenly hero led them in
First of their train, and placed them on their seats
Cushion'd with purple rugs ; then quickly turn'd
And thus address'd Patroclus at his side :

“ Set forth a larger bowl, Menœtius' Son,
And mix a brisker wine, and place their cups
To these my dearest friends beneath my roof.”

He spoke ; Patroclus to his loved Lord's word 260
Placed a huge fleshpot in the firelight clear,
Wherein the saddles of a sheep and goat
And well-fed boar's fat glistening chine he threw :
Automedon then held it to his Lord
Achilles, who himself sliced up the meat.
He sliced it fine and pierced it on the spits,
The while the godlike prince Menœtius' Son
Made burn the fire, until the flames fell down
And the blaze faded ; then he levell'd flat

The embers, and above them stretch'd the spits, 270
Raising them on their racks, and sprinkling salt.
When all was roasted and on platters placed,
Patroclus took and set upon the board
The bread in woven baskets ; but the meats
With his own hand Achilles parted out ;
Who, by the inner wall then taking seat
Facing divine Odysseus, bade his friend
Patroclus make the offering to the Gods :
Patroclus cast the offering on the fire ;
Then on the dainty fare they laid their hands. 280

When all desire had pass'd of food and drink,
First Ajax beck'd to Phœnix ; but the sign
Was caught by brave Odysseus, who brimm'd high
His cup with wine, and pledged their host, and spake :
“This cup to thee, Achilles ! Nor, in sooth,
Now here, nor in the tent of Atreus' Son,
Is worthy banquet wanting ; much is spread
That well might tempt the taste. But oh, not now
Is pleasant banquet-business in our thoughts :
Too great the fear upon us, looking forth, 290
O Zeus-born, and beholding our distress ;
Unless thou gird thee in thy matchless might,
We know not if we save or lose the ships.
For hard on ships and rampart now encamp'd
Lie the haught Trojans and their famed allies ;
They light their fires by hundreds on the plain,

And vaunt that none may stay them, ere they fall ¹
Ev'n on our well-bench'd galleys ; Zeus himself
Shoots down his lightnings favouring them from heaven ;
And Hector like some madman in his strength 300
Rages insensate, trusting all to Zeus,
Of God or man regardless, fiendlike, fill'd
With a fell frenzy ; that on Dawn he cries
To haste her rising, since his heart is set
To lop down low our lofty sterns, and wrap
In fiery flames the galleys, and destroy
Amongst them in the smoke the crews distraught.
And verily in my inmost heart I dread
The Gods will bring these threatenings all to pass,
Dooming to us to perish here in Troy 310
Far from our homes in Argos. Oh then rise,
Surely thyself desirest, in this sore need,
Though late, to save thy country ! Else, be sure,
Bitter hereafter will thy sorrow be,
When all is past ; past evil hath no cure.
Now therefore, whilst time serves, resolve how best
To save the Danaans from this evil hour.

“ Ah friend ! Thy father Peleus, on the day

¹ Or, if the other interpretation be preferred,—

“ And vaunt, we shall not face them, but must fall
Back on,” &c.

Authority is equally balanced ; and the construction adopted in the text appears to me the preferable one.

He sent thee forth from Phthia to the King,
Oft charged thee thus: '*My child, if so they will,* 320
' *Pallas and Here may vouchsafe thee strength;*
' *But keep the high, haught spirit in thy breast*
' *Well-govern'd: kindness is the better part,*
' *To cease from evil rancour; and the host,*
' *Both young and old, shall honour thee the more.'*
Ev'n this thy father's counsel thou forgett'st.
Yet is there time; be still'd; and let this wrath,
This spirit-wasting passion, clean away!
Gifts worthy all acceptance Atreus' Son
Now proffers, if thine anger be allay'd: 330
Hear me, and I will tell the tale of all
Atrides tender'd in his tent but now:
Seven tripods, yet unsullied by the fire;
Ten golden talents; twenty glowing caldrons;
Twelve horses, firm of shape and fleet of foot,
Train'd to the race, and winners on the course;
Not glebeless, not unpurs'd with precious gold,
Who own'd but what these steeds have won to him.
Seven women of Lesbos also he will send,
All skill'd in blameless broideries, whom he took 340
As fairest of the kind of woman there,
When well-built Lesbos fell before thy arm:
These will he send; and, after these, the maid,
Thine own, ev'n Briseus' Daughter, whom he seized;
With oath by aught most sacred, that with her
He ever hath abstain'd, nor sought her bed

After the natural fashion of mankind.
These shall be thine forthwith ; but, if, hereafter,
The Gods vouchsafe to us the sack of Troy,
Then mayst thou freight thy bark to thy heart's content
With brass and gold ; and enter thou the first, 351
Whene'er we part the spoil and prey amongst us.
Be twenty Trojan damsels then thy choice,
Helen alone excepted, fairest there.
And, further, when to Argos we return,
Become his son ; and he will honour thee
Like to Orestes, son of his old age,
Soft-nurtured in the lap of high estate.
Three are the daughters in his palace-halls,
Laodice and fair Chrysothemis 360
And Iphanassa ; take thou there of these
Home to thy father Pelcus whom thou list ;
Nor dower the bride ; be it rather his to add
Rich dowry such as never father gave.
Seven peopled cities will he then bestow ;
Great Pheræ, and Aipeia's fruitful realm,
Grass-meadow'd Irè, and Cardalymè,
The low-lying pastures of Antheia's vale,
And Enopè, and vine-clad Pegasus ;
All on the coast by sandy Pylos' skirts ; 370
And all with men of many flocks and herds,
To grace thee with their offerings like a God,
Rich toll and tribute to thy sceptred sway.
All this will he perform, so thou atone.

“ And though Atrides be too deeply loathed,
He and his gifts alike, yet show some ruth
On all the other sufferers through this host :
With honour would they grace thee like a God,
And a great glory amongst them might be thine :
For Hector ventures nearer now, and him 380
In this fell frenzy thou mightst take and slay,
Ev’n whilst he vaunts, no Danaan is his peer,
Of all aboard the galleys brought to Troy.”

But thus the fleetfoot hero made reply ;
“ Sagest of men, Laertes’ Zeus-sprung son,
Odysseus ! Though ’twere only from henceforth
To save this fretful murmur at my ears,
One after other troubling, so ’twere best
To speak out boldly and at full my say,
Ev’n as I feel, and as shall come to pass. 390
Who saith one thing with other in his heart,
I hate him as I hate the gates of Hell,
And I will utter alway as I feel.
Nor Atreus’ Son, I trow, nor Danaan else,
Will ever win me back ; for when I toil’d
In endless battle, they return’d me naught :
Laggard and warrior found an equal grace,
Dastard and hero were in one esteem, .
Idlers and bravest labourers died alike.
Nor though I suffer’d greatly for his cause 400
And to the death oft jeopardied my life,

Was aught of honour render'd. As a bird
Home to her callow nestlings bearing crumbs,
Pick'd whence she may, and at her own sore cost ;
So nights of sleeplessness and days of blood
I sweated through—for *their* dear darlings' sake !
Twelve cities on the isles, and twelve save one
I count in Troy's rich region sack'd by me :
Whence many and rich the heirlooms I despoil'd
And bore away and laid before the feet 410
Of Agamemnon, Atreus' son, this King :
And graciously he took them, where he lagg'd
Behind amongst his galleys, meting out
Some petty portions, but retaining more.
The other chiefs and princes through the host
May hold their guerdons—such as he vouchsafed ;
From me alone of all Achaians here
Hath he torn mine, my wife, and keeps her yet—
Aye, let him have the good he gains therefrom !

“ Yet for a moment ponder why we came, 420
Why are we here, why Argos wars with Troy,
Why hath Atrides gather'd this array ;
For whom save Helen ? And are Atreus' Sons
So singular in this particular
O' the love they bear their wives ? All honest hearts,
All that retain one pulse that beats true man,
Cherish and love a woman ; ev'n as I
Loved *her* from the very bottom of my heart,

Slave though she was and captive of my spear ;
Yet her he tore away. And dares he now 430
Entreat me? Nay, he hath beguiled me once ;
I read him through and through ; 'tis waste of breath.

“ Rather, Odysseus, let him take sage thought,
With thee and his other royal counsellors,
To guard this fiery ruin off the fleet.
Much good without me hath he brought to pass ;
Hath built a wall, and round it drawn a trench,
Wide, deep, and therein planted stake by stake ;
Yet not these doughty deeds avail to stay
The slaughterous sweep of Hector's sword : who, erst, 440
In days when I would battle for the cause,
Ne'er dared advance beyond the city's wall,
Once to the Scæan gates and beech-tree came,
Once bode my charge, and scarce redeem'd his life.

“ But now I seek not noble Hector more,
Nor will I battle further ; but at dawn
To-morrow will perform my vows to heaven,
And freight my galleys full, and launch them forth.
And thou shalt see, if thou vouchsafe to look—
If these things be indeed thy care at all— 450
My sails full-set at daybreak, and my crews
Straining across the Hellespont to home.
Let a fair passage be vouchsafed by Him,
Who shaketh in the ocean's clasp the earth,

And the third day I gain the Phthian coast.
There, ere on this cursed errand I began,
I left much wealth, and thither shall convey
Much also hence, the gold and ruddy brass,
The well-girt women, and the iron hoar,
All that hath fall'n my portion by the lot ; 460
But my chief guerdon, my most cherish'd prize,
Hath Agamemnon, Atreus' son, this King,
Himself who gave it, scized again, and wrought
Outrage upon me. Wherefore tell him all,
Ev'n in mine own words, and in public place,
That others too may chafe against his craft,
Forewarn'd, if haply he be plotting there,
Cloak'd in the shamelessness he ever wears,
Some Danaans more to cozen : in *my* face,
Dog though he be, he would not dare to look ! 470

“ I will not share his counsel nor his works :
He hath deceived and wrong'd me once ; again
He shall not with these glozing words : enough—
And let him to his ruin clear of me !
Zeus hath bereft him of his better sense.

“ Nor less I loathe his gifts, and hold them all
I' the value of a hair : not though he gave
Ten—twenty-fold of what he tenders now ;
All treasured in his garners, with whate'er
From others might be gather'd ; all that flows 480

Into Orchomenus, or Ægyptian Thebes
Where are the hundred gates, and through each gate
Chariots and steeds two hundred pass to war.
Not though his gifts were as the sand o' the sea
Or dust o' the earth for multitude, would so
My heart be won, ere he hath paid me all
My sufferings—sorrow for sorrow, wrong for wrong !

“ Nor would I wed a daughter of his house,
With golden Aphrodite though she vied
For beauty, and for broideries were peer 490
To blue-eyed Pallas : not though such she stood
Would I accept her. Let him seek elsewhere
Some Danaan of a nobler race than mine,
High as his own perchance ! For me, I trow,
If the Gods save me and I gain my home,
My father Pelcus soon will search a wife.
Many the damsels daughters of the chiefs
Who guard rich cities or in Phthia's plains
Or Hellas ; whomsoe'er of these I list,
I by my side will set as wedded wife. 500

“ Yea, and mine own heart prompts me now thereto,
To marry some fit mate, and with her rest,
And have enjoyment of my father's wealth.
For what may outweigh life ? Not all they fable
Possess'd by full-throng'd Ilion, in the peace
That was, or e'er Achaia's sons had come ;

Nor all in rock-bound Pytho, held within
The marble threshold of the archer-God.
For raid may win fat beeves and sheep, and toil
Large tripods, and the crests of chestnut steeds ; 510
But, when the breath of man hath once gone forth,
No raid, no strength can e'er constrain it back.
And of my fate my mother Thetis tells
(Thetis the silver-footed Nymph divine)
Two threads conduct me to the bourne of death :
If I remain and battle on with Troy,
Hope of return must perish, but my name
Shall live for ever ; if I get me hence
And reach mine own dear fatherland again,
My name shall perish, but my life be long, 520
Nor death o'ertake me with an early end.
But I would give you all the like advice,
To sail off home ; since never shall ye see
The fall of Ilion. Zeus hath stretch'd his arm
To save her, and her nation's heart throbs high.

“Return ye then to those who sent you ; speak
Plainly (as age hath privilege of speech),
And word for word, this message to the chiefs ;
So may they set themselves to seek and find
Some likelier counsel to preserve their fleet 530
And the brave host aboard it ; *this*, in sooth,
Hath had no issue, wherewithal they plann'd
To cheat mine anger. Yet let Phoenix stay

This night, and sail with us to-morrow home,
If so he will—but unconstrain'd of me."

He ended ; all awhile in silence sate,
Awed, for most vehemently fell his words ;
Till Phœnix thus at length, the agèd chief,
Made answer : tears were gushing from his eyes ;
So much he dreaded for his country's fleet : 540

" If of a truth, thou star of men, thy heart
Is altogether set on this return,
And if thou utterly refuse to save
Achaia's galleys from these threatening fires,
Yet how, dear child, may I be left by thee
Forlorn behind ? To whom thy father old,
The warrior Peleus, when he sent thee forth
From Phthia to Agamemnon with this host
(Then still a babe to life, and quite untaught
In ways of men, in heady fight not less 550
Than greater glories through the council won)
Sent me to teach thee all these things, that thou
Might'st grow alike in action and in speech.
Wherefore, dear child, I would not part from thee,
Not though a God should promise me to strip
This slough of age and set me forth to sight
A blooming youth, such as I was, when first
I fled from that fair garden of the fair,
Hellas, and from my father's fell despight ;
Ev'n from Amyntor, son of Ormenus, 560
Then wroth with me for the fair leman's sake

Of whom enamour'd he had wrong'd his wife
My mother : wherefore she implored me oft
To win the harlot first to my embrace,
That from my father she might turn away.
Whose prayer I hearken'd and whose will perform'd.
But he, perceiving soon, call'd down a curse
Upon me, and invoked the Furies fell
Thereto, that never should he set a child,
As of my loins begotten, on his knee. 570
The Gods, ev'n Zeus who rules the nether world,
And dread Persephone, fulfill'd the curse.
And in mine anger I had plann'd to slay him ;
But some one of Immortals stay'd my hand,
Putting into my heart the say o' the world,
All the reproaches wherewith men would dog
My name for ever after, were I known
The murderer of my father in the land.
Nathless I could not bow myself to bide
At home and daily in my father's face 580
Brooking his anger ; not though kith and kin
Press'd round me and besought me to remain,
Killing fat sheep by hundreds for the feast,
And crumple-horn'd oxen slow of pace,
Or singeing broad athwart Hephæstus' fires
Whole boars outstretch'd and glistening in their fat,
Or draining the old chieftain's casks of wine.
Nine long nights through they watch'd around me thus,
And turn by turn kept guard, nor suffer'd once

The fires be quench'd ; beneath the colonnade 590
O' the outer well-wall'd courtyard one, and one
I' the inner square, before my chamber doors.
But, when the tenth dark night befriended me,
I brake my chamber's panell'd doors right through,
And gat me forth, and leapt the courtyard's wall
Lightly, by watch or damsel unperceived.
So far away through Hellas' spacious plains
I hasted, till I gain'd King Pelcus' realm,
Rich Phthia, mother-land of flocks and herds ;
Who gave me kindly welcome, and upraised 600
And loved me, ev'n as father loves his son,
An only child, begotten of his age,
And born to rich possession of his wealth :
So that he gave me substance in the land,
To rule a numerous people, on the skirts
Of Phthia, there to dwell, and named me chief
Of the Dolossians. There I nurtured thee,
Achilles, image of the Gods on earth,
Ev'n to this stature, and loved thee from my heart ;
Since thou would'st never with another go 610
Or to friends' feast, or eat at all at home,
Save when I first had set thee on my knee,
Tasted and carved the meat, and pour'd the wine.
Yes, I remember, oft a fretful child,
Thou'dst spill the wine and soil the garb upon me.
Much trouble for thy sake and toil I bore,
Still with this thought within me, that, since Zeus

Created me no offspring, I in thee,
Achilles, image of the Gods on earth,
Was making to myself a son, to guard 620
Hereafter all the misery from mine age.
Listen then, son Achilles, and subdue
This spirit : ill behoves thee ruthless heart ;
Since ev'n whose might, and majesty, and power
Transcend thee far—the Gods are merciful ;
And sacrifice, and grateful vows to heaven,
Wine-offering, and the steam of victims' flesh,
Oft turn their wrath aside, when man hath sinn'd.
For Prayers are Maidens, born to mighty Zeus,
Halt, wrinkled, and their eyes downcast with shame, 630
Who follow heedful in the steps of Guilt.
But Guilt is strong, and swift of foot, and far
Outruns them, working through the world to man
Much hurt, the which they, coming after, heal.
Whoso receives these maidens coming nigh
With honour and love, him with great good they cheer
And hearken his entreaty ; but, if man
Forbid them from a rough and harden'd heart,
They seek their father Zeus, and there beseech
That Guilt may cleave to that man to destroy him, 640
Avenging this their grace refused and scorn'd.
Render thou therefore to these maids of heaven
The honour that should follow them, whereto
Many of noble mind have bow'd ere this.

“But if ’twere so, that Atreus’ Son still show’d
Thine enemy—if he proffer’d not these gifts
Nor promised more hereafter—I, at least,
Would never bid thee cast aside thy wrath
To help us, howsoever sore our need.
But he hath offer’d much, immediate much, 650
And more hereafter ; and hath sent us here
The noblest of the chieftains through the host
Selected, and the dearest to thyself,
To make this supplication in his name ;
Disgrace not thou our coming nor our prayer ;
For, though, ere this was done, we scarce might grudge
Thine anger, from henceforth we needs must blame.

“Oft too, as we have heard in olden lays,
Have heroes in like case, eaten up by wrath,
Been won by gifts and gentle words therefrom. 660
One ancient instance, of no modern date,
I well remember, how it once took place,
And, as we all sit friends, will tell at full.
Once on a time round lovely Calydon
The Curets and Ætolians were at strife,
Defending *these* the city, *those* intent
To throw it by their arms. This ill had fall’n
From golden-thronèd Artemis upon them,
Wroth for that Cœneus had not sacrificed
The first-fruits of his threshing-floor to her : 670
Other Immortals had parta’en their share ;

Unto this daughter of great Zeus alone
(Whether forgetting, or neglectful quite)
He offer'd not—but ruinously he err'd ;
For all in wrath she rose, a child of Zeus,
Exultant in her arrows, and bestirr'd
A boar white-tusk'd and wild from grassy lair,
Daily to wreak a ravage to its wont
On (Eneus' vineyard, strewing to the ground
Trees and their clusters, root and stem upturn : 680
Till Meleager, (Eneus' son, at length,
With hunters call'd from many towns about,
Destroy'd it ; nor had fewer folk sufficed ;
So huge the monster, and so many men
Already had it laid on early pyres.
Then outcry loud and feud the Goddess stirr'd
For the spoil's sake, the head and bristly hide,
Betwixt the Curet and Ætolian tribes.
Whilst for the Ætolians Meleager fought,
Ill was the Curets' plight ; nor durst they take, 690
Despite their numbers, stand beyond their town :
But when on Meleager fell a wrath,
(Such as oft swells in noble hearts, and blinds
The wisdom of the wisest), wounded then
By his own mother Althæa to the core,
He lay in idle dalliance with his spouse,
The lovely Cleopatra, quite withdrawn.
She was the daughter of Evenus' child
Marpessa, lovely-ankled Nymph divine,

And of Idæus, strongest man of men 700
Then living, who on Phœbus drew his bow
Ev'n for that selfsame lovely-ankled Nymph.
But Cleopatra had her parents named
Amongst themselves Halcyonè, because
Her mother, like some halcyon, unconsol'd
Mourn'd, when Apollo bore her from her home.
With her he lay, and nursed his angry mood
Against Althæa for the curse she call'd
From heav'n upon him for her brother's death.
Oft had she sate, smiting the fruitful Earth, 710
Calling on Hades and Persephone,
With forehead bow'd betwixt her knees, and breast
Bedew'd with tears, that they might slay her son.
Ranging the mists of Erebus afar
The unrelenting Fury heard the curse.
Therefore around the Ætolian gates then rose
The din and loud uproar of towers assail'd.
Their old men came beseeching ; yea, they sent
The holiest of their priesthood to his feet,
With promise of great gift, if he would come. 720
Where the rich vale of lovely Calydon
Is richest, there they bade him take to himself
A fair demesne, of fifty acres, half
Vineyard, and half bare fallow for the plough,
All from the common to be fenced apart.
His father too, the agèd Ceneus, oft
Implored him, standing on the threshold-stone

Of the high-roofed chamber, shaking there
The fast-barr'd doors, and calling on his name.
Sisters and noble mother eke would come 730
Entreating, but he still denied the more.
And oft his comrades came, of all men there
The noblest, and the best-beloved by him :
Not ev'n by this changed they the heart within him ;
Till his own chamber, smitten, rang with darts,
And swarming o'er the towers the Curet host
Won entry, and would fain have fired the town.
Then in her tears the hero's fair-zoned wife
Besought him, and recounted all the woes
That 'light on men whose city falls by storm. 740
The men are slain ; their homes to ashes burnt ;
Their children and their wives another takes.
The heart was moved within him, as he heard
That evil work, and he arose and girt
In dazzling mail his might, and issued forth.
Yet, though he fended off their evil day,
It was but for the humour of his will ;
Wherefore they gave not those great gifts, and he
Wrought their deliverance, but wrought for nought.
Oh, for my sake incline not thou thy mind 750
This selfsame way, belovèd, nor let Heaven
Pervert thee thus : 'twill serve thee less to save
Our ships, when thou needs *must* repel the flames ;
Come rather now, whilst gifts attend the help ;
Achaia now would grace thee like some God :

But if hereafter, in thine own behalf,
Losing these gifts, thou yet comest forth at last,
Albeit thine arm be powerful as of old
To save us, yet thy glory will be less."

But thus the fleetfoot hero gave reply : 760

" Phœnix, my dear old father, Zeus-born Chief !

I need not this new glory that thou say'st.

Glory, methinks, hath been already mine

By gift of Zeus ; and His the will that keeps

Amongst these longbeak'd galleys me withdrawn,

Whilst breath is in my lips, and life in limb.

One thing I warn thee ; lay it well to heart.

Fret not my soul again with sobs and tears

Pour'd in behalf of this ungrateful King.

What call hast thou towards him ? Thee I love ; 770

Beware, lest thus my love be turn'd to hate.

Who afflicts me, him help me to afflict ;

So halve my kingdom and partake my fame.

Let these report their message ; thou remain,

And rest thee here this night on soft-strewn couch ;

At dawn to-morrow we can then consult

Whether to sail off home or still to stay."

He spoke, and gave command by silent nod

Unto Patroclus to prepare soft couch

For Phœnix, that they so might haste the more 780

Departure from his tent. And Ajax then,

The godlike son of Telamon, spake last :

“Sagest of men, Laertes’ Zeus-sprung son,
Odysseus ! Let us go. I see no end
Likely to be fulfill’d by all our speech.
Remains for us to carry this reply,
Good though it be not, to the Danaan chiefs,
Who sit, belike, expecting us. But wild
This spirit that Achilles in his breast
Now nurses—reckless—nor takes thought of us 790
His comrades who have ever honour’d him
Beyond all others ! Ruthless harden’d heart !
Ev’n when a brother or a son is slain,
Ransom is ta’en, and, when the price is paid,
The slayer still may live within the land,
The wrath of all avengers bought aside.
In *thy* breast only have the Gods sown wrath
Thus evil and insatiate—all for one
Mere damsel ! Lo, we offer to thee seven,
The fairest of the fair, and much beside ! 800
I ask thee then once more to show us grace :
By thine own roof-tree, under which we sit,
The men, who most of all the Danaan tribe
Desire to be at love and peace with thee.”

Nor more ; to whom the Fleetfoot answer’d thus :
“Prince of thy people, son of Telamon,
Great Zeus-sprung Ajax ! As thou feel’st at heart,
So hast thou spoken, I may well believe :

But my blood boils with choler, when I think
Of all that happ'd the day when Atreus' Son 810
Made me of no account before the host,
Spurn'd me like some vile vagrant ! Go ye then,
Report ye all my message full and clear ;
I will not give a thought how goes the fray,
Till haply when great Hector, Priam's child,
Gains in the onward path of slaughter borne
The camp and fleet of these my Myrmidons,
And threats with fire the galleys—then, I trow,
About my tent, at my black galley's side,
Ev'n valorous Hector will perchance be stay'd." 820

He ceased ; whereat each raised the two-cupp'd bowl,
Pour'd his libation, and return'd again
(Odysseus leading) by the line of ships.

But in the tent Patroclus bade his men
And handmaids strew the couch for Phœnix thick ;
Who hearken'd, and bestrew'd it as he bade,
Skins, and soft rug, and delicate flower of flax.
Thereon the old man lay, and wakeful mused
The coming morn. But in the tent's recess
Achilles slept, and woman by his side, 830
The lovely Diomedè, whom he took
From Lesbos, daughter of King Phorbas, lay.
By the tent's other wall Patroclus slept,
Lying with fair-zoned Iphis, whom his lord
Divine Achilles gat him, when he won

The steep of Scyros, Enyœus' town.

Meantime the others gain'd Atrides' tents ;
To whom at once uprose Achaia's sons,
Welcoming with golden cups from various seats
And questioning all together : but their King 840
Atrides Agamemnon first was heard :

“Odysseus, much renown'd, our nation's boast !
Quick, say ; consents he to repel the flames
From off our ships, or doth he still refuse,
And passion still possess his haughty heart ?”

And much-enduring Odysseus replied :
“Atrides Agamemnon, King of men
Most sovran ! Nor doth he consent to quench
His anger, but is rather choked the more
Therewith—rejects thee and thy gifts alike ; 850
And bids thee seek amongst the Argives here
The counsel wherewithal to save the fleet
And the brave host aboard it : but himself
Threatens at break of dawn to launch to sea
His well-bench'd two-bank'd galleys ; yea, and saith
He now would give to all the like advice,
To sail off home ; since never shall ye see
The fall of Ilion : Zeus hath stretch'd his arm
To save her, and her people's heart throbs high.
So spake he : Ajax and the heralds here, 860
Discreet men both, can witness if I lie.
But agèd Phoenix there remain'd to rest ;

For thus he bade, and added, he might sail
With him to-morrow to their fatherland,
If so he listed—but without constraint.”

He spoke. Dumbstricken all awhile they sate,
Awed, for most vehemently fell the words,
And long in silence ponder'd, sad and still ;
Till thus at length brave Diomed began :

“Atrides Agamemnon, King of men 870
Most sovran ! Would thou ne'er hadst made this prayer
Nor offering of thy gifts to Peleus' Son,
Who erst o'erweenèd much, but now hath risen
By this thy grace in pride a hundredfold.
Let us then leave him, to depart or stay
At his own pleasure : he will never fight
Till his heart prompts him or some God bestirs.
Meantime obey me as I now enjoin,
And all lie down to slumber, feasted full
With what we have parta'en of corn and wine ; 880
For of such slumber spirit comes, and strength.
But at first rise of rosy-finger'd Morn
Then haste thee up, and order all the host
Before the galleys ; kindle by thy speech
Their spirits ; and thyself be first to fight.”

He spoke ; to whom the chieftains gave acclaim
Blithe to the gallant words of Diomed.
They pour'd their offerings forth, and went their way,
And scatter'd, each man to his tent or bark,
There rested, and partook the boon of sleep. 890

Iliad ƒ

S O all night through Achaia's chieftains slept,
Held by soft slumber, lying amongst their ships,
Save Agamemnon, shepherd of the host ;
He slept not ; him sweet slumber might not hold
For many cares. But, as fair Herè's Lord
Frequent sends forth his lightnings, when he works
Or hail or ruinous deluge on the earth,
Or snow-storm, and the snow bestrews the plains,
Or when he opes the jaws of ravening war ;
So, frequent from the bottom of his heart, 10
Atrides render'd groans, and felt the soul
Fever'd within him. If he turn'd his eyes
Outward to Troy's wide plain, he mused aghast
On those strange blazing watch-fires, far advanced
In front of Ilion, and the sound came thence
Of pipe and fife, and all the hum of men ;
Or, if he turn'd him to his own wide camp,
In frenzy from the roots he tore his hair,
Denouncing Zeus on high with bursting heart.
This show'd the sagest counsel to his mind, 20
To seek Neleian Nestor first, if he

Might peradventure frame some blameless rede
To fend the evil from the Danaan race.
Therefore he rose, and put about his chest
A tunic, and 'neath glistening feet made fast
Rich sandals, and enwrapt him in the hide
Of tawny lion, falling to his feet
Flowing and large, and took to hand a spear.

Nor less on Menelaus fever fell,
Nor would sweet slumber settle on his lids, 30
For fear lest they should suffer ill, who came
From Argos o'er the waters for his sake
To wage a perilous war. Who therefore rose
Likewise, and o'er his broad back threw the skin
Of spotted pard, and set about his head
Basnet of brass, and took a spear in hand.
So forth to meet his brother, him who ruled
The sceptred sovereign of the Argive race,
And honour'd by the people like a God.

Him he found standing at his galley's stern 40
And girding round his shoulders the bright mail ;
And warm the welcome, as he thus began :

“ Why arm'st thou thus, my Brother, at this hour ?
Wouldst prompt some chieftain forth to spy the foe ?
I fear for such a venture few thou'lt find.
Bold must he be of heart, who dares go forth
Alone through balmy darkness to their camp.”

And sovran Agamemnon gave reply :
“ Most sore the need to thee and me alike,
Most noble Menelaus, to devise 50
Some counsel for the rescue of the host
And safe escape to Argos : since the will
Of Zeus is changed ; to Hector's offerings now
Wholly his heart is given. Myself have ne'er
With mine own eyes beheld, nor e'er heard tell,
Such miracles of prowess by one man
Achieved in battle, as by Hector wrought
This day upon our host—albeit man mere,
Not born of Goddess, nor by God begot ;—
Such deeds, I say, as Argos needs must rue 60
For many a year ; such evil hath he wrought.
But haste thee lightly through the fleet, and call
Idomeneus and Ajax ; I will go
To noble Nestor and bid him arise
To view with me the posts of sentinels
And lay our charge upon them : whose behest
The guards will best attend ; for on his son
And that brave follower of Idomeneus,
Meriones, this duty we consign'd.”

And thus in answer Menelaus spake : 70
“ And then how orderest thou ? What bidd'st me do ?
Or there with them to wait thee, till thou come,
Or back to run, when I have given them word ?”

And sovran Agamemnon gave reply :
“ Wait there, lest haply on our path we miss

Each other ; through the camp are many ways.
Call clear to whom thou goest, awake them loud,
Naming each hero by ancestral name,
Giving to each his glory ; nor thyself
Be overproud, but labour ; such the task 80
Zeus hath ordain'd us from our mother's womb."

He spoke, and sent him on good hest away ;
But sought himself the shepherd of the host,
Nestor, and found him stretch'd on soft-strewn bed
Outside his black-dyed galley and his tent.
But nigh him lay the enamell'd mail, his shield,
Two spears, and glittering helm, and eke the belt
Wherewith the old man girt him to the fray
And led his people forth, to pains of Eld
Unyielding still : *who raised his head, and rose* 90
Upon one arm, and question'd him, and said :

" Who comes thus single through the ships and tents
At dead of night, when others are at rest ?
Seek'st thou a sumpter, or a sentinel ?
Speak, pass me not in silence ; what thy need ?"

And sovran Agamemnon gave reply :
" O Nestor, Neleus' son, our nation's boast !
Know me King Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Plunged deepliest far by Zeus in toilsome cares.
Yea, long as breath is in my body, long 100
As these my limbs have motion, lasts my grief :
As now I roam, since on mine eyes sweet sleep
Settles not for Achaia's war and woe.

Great for the host my fear ; my pulse no more
Beats firm, but I am flutter'd to and fro ;
My heart is as 'twould burst from out my breast ;
And my bright-mailed limbs beneath me shake.
But, since on thee sleep likewise settles not,
If thou wouldst help me, rise, and let us view
Our guards, lest haply, sated with fatigue 110
And sleep, they slumber, mindless of the watch :
The foe are near encamp'd ; nor we assured
They will not, ev'n by night, assail again."

To whom in answer thus Gerene's Chief :
" Most sovran Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Our glorious chieftain ! Not at full, I ween,
Shall Zeus the Lord of Counsel bring to pass
The hopes of Hector ; rather shall he toil
Deeper in troubles lost, if Peleus' Son
Should e'er repent him of his evil wrath. 120
Blithely I follow ; others too we call—
The spear-renown'd Tydides, Odysseus,
The fleetfoot Ajax, and brave Phyleus' Son ;
And if some youth were near to haste and call
The other Ajax, and Idomeneus,—
For farther are their ships, not nigh at hand.
Yea, dear to me and honour'd though he be,
And though thyself take umbrage, I must chide
Thy brother, nor will hide my blame, that thus
He slumbers still, and leaves to thee this task ; 130
'Twere his to go now labouring through the chiefs,

Entreating all ; for sore our need hath fall'n."

But sovran Agamemnon gave reply :

" I too, my sire, would bid thee chide him oft.

Oft he shows slack and to his labour loth ;

Yet not of folly, nor to sloth a thrall,

But that he looks to me, and waits my hest.

And this while hath he earliest waked, and stood

Before my pillow ; and I sent him first

To summon those of whom thou now inquirest. 140

So let us haste to meet them at the gates

Amongst the guards ; for there I bade them wait."

To whom in answer thus Gerene's Chief :

" If this be so, no Argive may begrudge

Henceforth obedience to his word or cry."

He spoke, and put a tunic round his chest,

Bound broider'd sandals under glistening feet,

And clasp'd about his body purple cloak

Down-reaching to the feet in double fold

With nap of woolly fur, and took a spear ; 150

So started on his passage through the host.

And first from slumber with his cry he roused

Odysseus, peer to Zeus for sage device ;

Whose sense the sound quick struck ; and from his tent

He issued, and address'd the agèd Chief :

" Why range you thus alone in balmy night

Our camp and fleet ? What need is instant now ?"

To whom in answer thus Gerene's Chief :

“Sagest of men, Laertes’ Zeus-sprung son,
Odysseus ! Be not wroth for this our call ; 160
So dread the danger that o’erwhelms the host.
Follow us rather, and awake whoe’er
Should be at council, be it to flight or war.”

He spoke ; the other not delay’d, but ran
Into his tent, around his shoulders cast
A carven shield, and follow’d in their steps.

Thence they moved on to Diomed ; and him
Lying outside his tent still under arms
They found ; and many comrades round him slept,
Their shields beneath their heads, but spears erect 170
Spiked fast in earth, whilst far the points above
Flash’d like the lightning of our father Zeus.
Asleep their chieftain lay, on ox-hide stretch’d
Below him, pillow’d on a scarlet rug.
Nestor approach’d, bestirr’d him with his heel,
Awoke him, and upbraiding spake and said ;

“ Rise, son of Tydeus, wake : wouldst drone away
The whole night through ? And hearkenest not the hum,
How Troy has camp’d her on the knoll thou knowst,
Hard by the fleet ? Short space divides us now.” 180

He spoke ; the other started to his feet,
Address’d him, and return’d these wingèd words :

“ A restless Elder thou, nor spar’st thyself.
Were there no younger warriors in the host
To speed and call the chieftains one by one ?

Hard is't to deal with thee, my agèd Sire !”

To whom in answer thus Gerene's Chief :

“ My son, to order due thy words accord.

Myself have noble sons, and in the host

Are many who might speed and call the chiefs ; 190

But, oh, too instant now Achaia's need.

The fate of all is on a razor's edge,

Whether salvation, or an utter death !

But (for thyself art younger) rise, and call

The fleetfoot Ajax, and brave Phyleus' Son ;

Since, as thou sayst, thou feel'st for me such ruth.”

He spoke ; the hero round his shoulders cast

A lion's hide that to his ankles dropp'd

Tawny and large, took spear in hand, and went,

And woke and brought those others from their tents. 200

But when they gain'd the posts of sentinels,

They found not the brave captains of the guards

Slumbering, but all awake, all under arms.

For as, in painful watch round folded flock,

When dogs have caught the din of some bold beast

Descending down the mountains through a wood,

The noise of hounds and men confused begins,

And hope of slumber perishes that night ;

So had sweet slumber perish'd off the lids

Of who kept watch that evil night ; for still, 210

Whene'er they fancied steps from Troy, they turn'd

Attentive to the plain. And Nestor saw,

Well-pleased, and cheer'd them thus with wingèd words ;

“ Still thus, my children, watch, and banish sleep,
Lest we should fall, a mockery to our foes.”

He spoke, and cross'd the trench, and with him went
Who of the Argive chieftains had been call'd
To council, and, beside, Meriones,
And Nestor's noble Son, call'd thence to join.

They cross'd the deepdug trench, and sate them down
I' the open, where some little space appear'd 220
Of corpses clear, and Hector had refrain'd
On fall of night from slaughter of the host.
There sate they to their council, side by side ;
And first Gerene's Chief began address :

“ Hath no brave hero here enow of trust
Placed in his daring heart to venture forth
Through the haught Trojans, so perchance to slay
Some lodger on their outskirts, or to learn
What now is rumour'd, what they now intend ; 230
Whether they would encamp beyond this night
Far from their city and so nigh our fleet,
Or after this their victory would return ?
Could he learn this and come to us unscathed,
Great should his glory be 'mongst all mankind,
And bounteous his reward. Of all who rule
Chiefs in this camp, should every one bestow
A black-fleeced ewe with lamb upon her teats,
Whereto there is no fellow in the flock ;

And at all banquets he should aye be guest." 240

He spoke ; and all awhile in silence sate,
Till answer'd thus the dauntless Diomed :

"Nestor, my heart and daring prompt me forth
To venture through this neighbour camp of Troy ;
Yet, if some comrade would companion me,
The cheer were better, and the hope were more.
When two together go, the one perchance
Perceives before the other what may turn
To vantage ; if alone, albeit he sees,
'Twill be with slower sense, more meagre wit." 250

He spoke ; and many offer'd, blithe to go ;
Blithe either Ajax, constant to the war ;
And blithe Meriones ; and blither yet
The son of Nestor ; blithe was Atreus' Son,
Renownèd Menelaus ; last, not least,
Odysseus, ever venturesome at heart,
Was blithe to go a spy amid the host.
Amongst whom Agamemnon spake, their King :

"Tydides Diomed, my heart's delight !
Choose thou thy comrade, whomso thou prefer'st ; 260
Since many proffer, choose thou out the best :
Nor, through some over-reverence, pass thou by
The better man, nor take to thee the worse,
For majesty, or for respect of birth,
Albeit he be of some more royal race."

He spoke, in fear for Menelaus' sake ;
And answer'd thus the dauntless Diomed :

" If ye so bid me choose mine own ally,
How of divine Odysseus may I show
Forgetful, prompt of heart, and high of soul 270
In all endeavours, most to Pallas dear ?
Safe from a fiery furnace might we come,
With him my comrade, matchless in device."

To whom in answer sage Odysseus thus :
 “ Nor praise me overmuch, nor blame at all,
 Tydides ; for thou speak'st to men who know.
 But let us forth ; the darkness wears apace ;
 And morn is nigh ; the stars have westward fall'n ;
 The most of night hath gone, two watches pass'd,
 The third alone remains for our emprise.”

280

They ceased, and donn'd their dreadful-seeming arms.
And Thrasymed then gave to Tydeus' Son
A two-edged sword and shield (his own were left
Amongst the ships), and on his head placed firm
A bull-hide helm, devoid of crest or cone,
And basnet named, the headpiece of a youth.
Whilst to Odysseus gave Meriones
A bow and quiver, and a sword, and set
About his head a helm of leathern hide
Full stoutly wrought, with many twists entwined 290
Within, but on its outer front gleam'd white
(By skilful hand well set on either side)
A wild boar's teeth ; and felt was next the head.
This erst from plunder'd palace, spoil and prey,
Autolycus in Helione took

From great Amyntor, son of Ormenus,
And to Cythera's King Amphidamas
Gave in Scandeia ; but Amphidamas
Gave it to Molus, pledge of friendship old,
And Molus to his son Meriones : 300
Therewith Odysseus now begirt his head.

So panoplied in dreadful-seeming arms
The two went forth, alone, and left their friends ;
On whose right hand propitious, near their path,
Athene sent a heron ; in dim night
They saw it not, but heard its cry ; whereat,
Much-cheer'd, Odysseus on the Goddess cried :
“ Child of the Ægis-wielder, hear my prayer ;
Daughter of Zeus, who ever at my side
Standest in danger, nor unmark'd of thee 310
I move—now most, Athene, show thy love ;
Grant to our wellbench'd galleys we return
After some deed the Trojans long may rue.”

And Diomed in turn address'd his prayer ;
“ Hear me, me also, mighty child of Zeus !
And be to me, as to my sire in Thebes
Of old thou wast, companion ; when he went
In embassy before Achaia's host,
And left them at Æsopus' stream, but bare
Onward their peaceful message into Thebes 320
To the Cadmeians ; and, returning, wrought
Upon them wondrous deeds, through thee, through thee,

Great Goddess, who wast helpful to his arm !
So now to me be helpful ; guard me home ;
And on thine altar I will offer up
A heifer, one year old, and broad of front,
Unbroken, ne'er submitted to the yoke :
This will I offer, and with gilded horns."
So pray'd they, and Athenè heard their prayer.

Thereafter, like two lions, quite alone, 330
In darkness, and o'er bodies of the dead,
Through spilth of gore and arms, they trod their way.

The while nor Hector suffer'd his brave host
To slumber, but together call'd the best,
All who were chiefs and captains in their camp ;
To whom in council he address'd his rede :
" Who for my sake and for a rich reward
Will forth adventure to a perilous raid ?
Large guerdon shall be his ; for I will give
The chariot and the pair of proudneck'd steeds, 340
Of all most perfect from Achaia's host,
To whoso dares (and great the fame thereto)
Seek their swift galleys, and espy, and learn
Whether they yet be guarded as before,
Or whether, yielding to our conquering arms,
They counsel flight amongst them, and are slack
To watch this night, by dire fatigue foredone."
He ceased ; but all long time in silence sate.

There dwelt in Troy, of feature ill to view,
But fleet of foot, and wealthy, Dolon hight, 350
Son of Eumedes herald of the town ;
One son, amongst five sisters born and bred ;
He first to Hector and to Troy replied :

“Hector, my heart and daring prompt me forth
To seek their ships, and, as thou tell'st, espy ;
But raise aloft thy sceptre ; swear thereon
To give me the enamell'd car and steeds
Which bear the great Peleion on the field.
So I to thee will be no idle spy
Nor disappoint thy hopes, but pierce their camp 360
To Agamemnon's galley, where perchance
They hold their council, or to flight or war.”

To whom with lifted sceptre Hector sware :
“Now Zeus himself, far-thundering, Here's Lord,
Bear witness, that no other Trojan brave
Shall mount that chariot or shall guide those steeds,
Which thou shalt have, thy glory and thy pride.”

He spoke, and sware an oath forsworn, yet cheer'd
The other forth, who straightway rose and flung
About his shoulders crookbent bow, and donn'd 370
A grey wolf-skin, and bound about his head
A cap of weasel-fur, and took a spear ;
Then started from their camp towards the fleet ;
So started—but was destined ne'er to bring
Report to Hector, nor himself return.

Soon, when were left behind some little space
Their cars and horses, éager on his path
He hasted on, till brave Odysseus first
Perceived him, and to Diomed said thus :

“ This man comes, Diomed, from out their camp ; 380
Whether to spy our fleet or rob the slain
I know not. Let him pass us on the field
Some little way ; then easily will we spring
And take him captive ; for, though he perchance
In speed excel us, yet advancing still
Against him spear in hand, we drive him off
From his own camp, and bar escape to Troy.”

They whisper'd thus, and crouch'd beside the path
'Mongst the dead bodies hidden ; and he pass'd
Swift running by them—witless, to his death ! 390

Far as one strain of mules may reach, (for mules
Better than oxen through stiff fallow land
Haul the strong plough) he pass'd them, ere they **rose**
And follow'd quick : whose steps he heard, and **paused**
Gladly, for in his heart he hoped the sound
Of his own comrades hasting to recall
Himself by Hector's bidding back to Troy.
But, when within a spear's-cast or less space
They gain'd, he knew them foes, and turn'd his limbs
Nimble to flight, and they to hard pursuit. 400
As when two jag-tooth'd hounds well-skill'd of chace
Press o'er some wooded dale full furiously

A fawn or hare, that moaning flees before,
So Tydeus' dauntless Son and Odysseus
Drave him in front and press'd full furiously
Upon him ; till, when fleeing he had fall'n
Almost upon the outposts of the guard,
Athenè breathed on Tydeus' Son despight,
Lest, if another of Achaia's host
Should now forestall him, and with prayer to heaven 410
Smite Dolon, *he* be second at the death ;
Therefore with brandish'd spear he cried, and said :

“ Halt, or my spear shall strike thee ; then, I ween,
Short thy escape from slaughter at our hands.”

He spake, and hurl'd his spear, but err'd prepense :
O'er the right shoulder of the foe the point
Pass'd, and the polish'd shaft stood fix'd in earth
Before him. All aghast, with muttering lips
And chattering teeth, and pale with fear, he stopp'd ;
Till they, for breath now panting, gain'd his side 420
And seized his hands ; whom he with tears implored ;

“ Spare me ; I yield me captive, and will give
Large ransom ; great the substance in my home,
Brass, gold, and well-wrought iron, storèd up,
Whence will my father priceless ransom yield,
When he shall learn me captive in your fleet.”

To whom thus answering sage Odysseus said :
“ Take heart ; nor let thy death be in thy thought.
Rather speak freely all, and tell me this —
Whither through night's dim darkness mak'st thou way 430

Towards our fleet, whilst-others are at rest ?
To strip some body ? Or hath Hector sent
To spy what now is passing in our ships ?
Or doth thine own brave heart thus prompt thee forth ?”

To whom then Dolon thus, with shaking knees :
“ To this dire trouble, against my better sense,
Hath Hector guiled me, swearing to bestow
The horses and the bright enamell'd car
Of Peleus' Son, and bidding me by night
Venture amongst your barks, to spy, and learn 440
Whether your fleet be guarded as before,
Or whether, yielding to our conquering arms,
Ye counsel flight amongst you, and are slack
To watch this night, by dire fatigue foredone.”

Whom with slow smile Odysseus answer'd thus :
“ Vast, verily, thy ambition—the great steeds
Of Peleus' noble Son ! But hard were they
For mortal man to manage or to yoke,
Save one of an immortal mother born,
Their lord Achilles ! Now inform me this ; 450
Where left'st thou Hector, shepherd of the realm ?
Where lies his warlike mail, and where his steeds ?
How is't with the others at their posts and tents ?
What counsel they amongst them ? Or to bide
Far from their city and so near our fleet,
Or after this their victory to return ?”

To whom Eumedes' Son made answer thus :
“ Also these things will I inform at full.

Hector, with all who have in senate seat,
Holds council, clear of all the din, and near 460
To Ilus' tomb ; but of the guards, great chief,
Thou askest—they are on no fixèd posts
To watch or save the camp ; but, where the fires
Amongst the Trojans (who needs must keep guard)
Show blazing, there men wake, and each bids each
Keep heedful watch ; but all their famed allies
Slumber, and to the Trojans leave this care ;
They have not wife or child imperill'd here."

Whom sage Odysseus, answering, question'd more :
" Rest these allies commingled with the host 470
Of warrior Trojans, or themselves apart ?"

To whom then Dolon thus, Eumedes' Son :
" Also these things will I inform at full.
Seaward the plumed Pæonian archer-troop,
The Carians, Caucons, and Lelegians lie ;
With these the brave Pelasgians ; on the side
Of Thymbra their allotted spaces hold
The Lycians, the proud Mysians, and the host
Of Phrygia, and the helm'd Mæonian tribes.
But wherefore thus inquire the camp of each ? 480
For, would ye have a foray on their camp,
Here lie the Thracians, on the skirts of all
Alone, and late-arrived ; and with them came
Rhesus, the son of Eioneus, their King.
Largest, most beauteous on this earth, his steeds,
Whiter than snow, and footed like the winds,

I late beheld ; and eke his car is wrought
In gold and silver ; and of gold his arms,
Of size prodigious, marvel to behold,
Such as 'twould seem no mortal man might bear, 490
But worthy to enclothe immortal Gods.
Now therefore take me captive to your ships,
Or bind with ruthless bonds, and leave me here
Till ye return, and of my words have proof,
Whether I now have told you false or true."

But thus brave Diomed with stern-set brow :
" Hope not, how good soe'er thy tidings given,
Hope not, O Dolon, from our hands escape.
For, if we for a ransom set thee free,
Hereafter might'st thou to our fleet again, 500
Whether to spy, or fight in open field :
But, if thou perish now beneath our arms,
Thou wilt not give annoy to Argos more."

He spoke ; the other sought to reach his beard
With his broad hand entreating ; but the sword
Clove through his neck, disparting either side ;
As he would speak, his head was in the dust ;
Off whom the cap of weasel-fur they stripp'd,
The wolf-skin, the long spear, and crookbent bow :
These sage Odysseus, lifting up on high, 510
Vow'd to Athene Goddess of the spoil :

" Hail, Goddess, hail ! In these have thou delight ;
And, as on thee of all the Olympian powers
We first will call, so gracious be our guide

To the encampment and the steeds of Thrace."

He spake, and from him lifted high and laid
The arms within a tamarisk-bush conceal'd,
But heap'd a mark with rushes and fresh boughs
Pluck'd from the bush, lest haply on return
Through the dim night the spot escape their ken. 520

Then on, through arms bestrewn and spilth of gore,
They trod their way, and quickly gain'd the post
Where lay the Thracians camp'd ; whom all asleep
They found, and sated with fatigue, their arms
Beside them in good order on the ground
Piled in three rows, and near each warrior stood
His chariot's pair. But midmost Rhesus lay,
Their King, and at his feet those horses stood,
Fast to the splash-board's rim by headstalls bound.
Odysseus saw, and said to Diomed : 530

"This, Diomed, the man, and these the steeds,
Whereof, or e'er we slew him, Dolon told.
Now warm we to the work ; 'tis not thy part
To stand full-arm'd and idle : loose the steeds ;
Or ply thy sword, and be the steeds my care.

He spoke ; and azure-eyed Athene breathed
A spirit fierce on Tydeus' Son, who straight
'Gan slaughter, right and left ; and ceaseless rose
(As half-awaked they perish'd by his sword)
Their groans ; and earth was redden'd with their blood. 540
As lion, falling on a guardless flock

Of sheep or goats, springs slaughterous in their midst,
So through those men of Thrace ranged Tydeus' Son
Slaughtering, till twelve had perish'd ; but the while,
As one by one he slew them with his sword,
The sage Odysseus by the foot seized each,
And drew the body back, devising well
How with all ease the glossy steeds might step
From out the fray, nor, treading on the slain,
Be frighted, as unwonted to the war. 550
Then on their King, thirteenth, Tydides fell
And took his sweet life from him, where he lay
Heavily breathing ; o'er whose head that night,
Sent by the ordering of Athene's will,
Ill dream took stand—the son of Ceneus' house !
And Odysseus had loosed the steeds and leash'd
With thongs together, and from out the throng
Now drave them, plying for a goad his bow,
Since he had minded not to take to hand
The glittering lash that lay upon their car :— 560
Then whistled shrill to noble Diomed ;
Who yet remain'd still pondering, what yet more
Might be achieved of daring ; should he seize
The car whereon the enamell'd mail lay bright
And draw it by the pole away, or lift
The armour off, and bear it to the ships ;
Or should he on the Thracians turn once more.
But, while the thought went coursing through his heart,
Athene by his side address'd him thus :

“ Mind thee, Tydides, now of safe return, 570
Lest peradventure thou shouldst make thy way
Back to the hollow galleys driven in flight.
Some God perchance will wake the men of Troy.”

She spoke ; the hero knew the voice divine,
And straightway sprang and mounted o'er the steeds ;
Odysseus lash'd them with his bow, nor loth
They flew towards Achaia's camp and fleet.

Nor idle watch Apollo held in heaven ;
And, when he view'd Athene by the side
Of Tydeus' Son attendant, all in wrath 580
Descending to the Trojan crowded throng,
He woke a counsellor of Thrace, one nigh
Akin to Rhesus, brave Hippocoön :
Who, starting up from sleep, look'd round, and saw
The place now empty where the steeds had been,
His gallant comrades weltering in their blood,
And sobb'd, and shrieking call'd his dear lord's name :
Whereat a sound of lamentation rose
Shrill, quenchless ; as the Trojans thither flock'd
In throng tumultuous, gazing all aghast 590
On that disastrous havoc, wrought by men
Unknown, and now amongst their ships secure.

But when the heroes reach'd where Hector's scout
Had perish'd, there Odysseus stay'd the steeds,
Whilst Diomed sprang down, and lifting put

Into the other's hands the bloodstain'd spoils,
Then mounted quick the steed again ; they plied
The lash ; nor loth the horses sought the fleet.

Nestor first caught the beating hoofs, and spake ;
“ Friends, chieftains, captains of Achaia's host ! 600
I know not if I utter false or true ;
But thus my heart impels me. On mine ears
The tramp of horses at full gallop strikes.
Might it but be that gallant Diomed
And sage Odysseus drive them hitherwards,
Won from the Trojan chieftains spoil and prey !
But much I dread, lest by this rising din
The two, our bravest, there are sore bested.

Scarce had he ended, when the two appear'd
And straight dismounted ; blithe around them came 610
The others, with warm hands and glad address
Giving them cheer ; but agèd Nestor first :

“ Odysseus, much renown'd, our nation's boast !
How got ye, tell me quick, these noble steeds ?
Or by a foray on the camp of Troy ?
Or did some God accost ye and bestow
These miracles of radiance—like the sun ?
Oft on the field I show, nor guilty plead,
Old though I be, of loitering at the ships ;
But ne'er have I beheld, nor ev'n in thought 620
Conceived such horses. Some great God, I trow,

Hath met you and bestow'd them ; dear are both
To Zeus, the Ægisbearer, Lord in heaven,
Dear to Athene too, his virgin child."

Whom answering, sage Odysseus thus return'd :
" Yea, Nestor, Neleus' son, our nation's boast !
A God, if so he listed, with all ease
Better than these thou seest, though these be good,
Might well bestow ; the Gods are far supreme.
But these, whereof thou question'st me, my sire, 630
Are Thracian-bred, and latest reach'd the camp ;
Whose lord by gallant Diomed lies slain,
And with him other twelve, their country's best.
Hard by the fleet, thirteenth, a scout we caught,
Whom Hector and the other chiefs of Troy
Had forward sent to spy upon our camp.'

He spoke, and through the trench drove on those steeds
Glorying ; with whom exultant follow'd all
To the pavilion of brave Tydeus' Son.
The horses there with cleancut thongs they bound 64
Fast to the manger, where the hero's own
Stood eating corn, as honey to their mouths ;
Whilst Odysseus laid down the bloodstain'd spoils
Of Dolon at his galley's stern, and there
Design'd the offering to Athene due.

Then in the sea they cleansed them of the sweat
That clung about their knees, and throats, and thighs ;
And when the wave had wash'd them clean of sweat,

And the dear hearts within them beat refresh'd,
Into their polish'd baths they went, and bathed. 650
Thereafter, all anointed with pure oil,
They sate them to their supper ; nor forgat
To pour the offering of their sweetest wine
Due to Athene from a full-brimm'd cup.

Iliad ㊦

BEARER of light to mortal and to God,
Dawn had now risen from her couch, and left
The side of famed Tithonus, when, from Zeus
Sent to Achaia's camp, Strife, evil Strife,
Flew forth, and waved aloft the flag of war.
High on Odysseus' black-hull'd ship she stood,
The midmost of the galleys, whence her call
Might reach to either side, or tow'rd the tents
Of Telamonian Ajax, or where stood
Those of Achilles ; for on either flank, 10
Trusting their good right arms, those two had camp'd.
Thence loud and dread her shout the Goddess raised,
In every Achaian kindling dauntless heart
Strong to unending onset and affray ;
Yea, so that sudden sweeter seem'd the thought
Of battle than aboard their hollow barks
Home to their own dear fatherland return !
Atrides raised his voice and bade the host
Be arm'd, and girt himself in dazzling mail.
And first the enamell'd greaves about his limbs 20
He bound, with silvern anklets clasp'd below ;

The breastplate then, the gift of Cynaras,
He put about his chest—the gift bestow'd
Of an old friendship ; when to Cyprus came
The rumour bruited wide that Argos' sons
Would sail anon to Troy, then Cynaras
Bestow'd this gift, a grace unto the King.
Ten were the bars thereon of deep-blue steel,
Twenty of glittering tin, and twelve of gold,
And azure dragons, three on either side, 30
Strain'd upward tow'rd the gorget, flickering bright
As rainbows on some cloud by Kronos' Son
Fix'd for a sign to syllable-linguaged men.
About his shoulders next he threw the sword,
The hilt whereof was boss'd with gold, the sheath
Was silver, but by golden hooks fast hung :
Then raised the shield, all-sheltering, helm to heel,
With fair enamel wrought and rich relief,
Ready to hand ; ten brazen circles show'd
Upon it ; white thereon shone twenty studs 40
Of tin, but midmost one dark-blue of steel.
Centred upon it lay the visage dread
Of Gorgon, frowning grim ; and on its round
Terror and Flight. Within was silvern thong,
Whereon an azure dragon lay encurl'd,
Three crests uprearing from a single throat.
The helmet then he set about his head,
Horse-plumed (and dread the nodding of that plume),
Four-crested, double-coned ; and in his hands

Took two strong javelins, tipt with sharpest brass ; 50
Far from their points the glitter rose to heaven,
Whilst Herè and Athenè peal'd on high
Thunders in honour of Mycenæ's king.

Then each brave chieftain gave his driver word
To rein the horses to the trench in line ;
Whilst all empanoplied in arms themselves
They moved together : clear i' the face of dawn
Their quenchless cry went up : in vanmost rank
The champions nigh their drivers stood, till these
Some little space fell back. And through the host 60
Zeus breathed tumultuous spirit, shedding down
Thick gout of blood like dew upon the earth,
For that he now would hurl to Hades' gloom
The soul of many a hero in his prime.

'Gainst whom the Trojans, where the plain sprang up,
Ranged them round Hector and Polydamas,
Æneas, honour'd as a God in Troy,
Antenor's sons, Agenor, Polybus,
And, fair as an Immortal, Acamas ;
But vanmost still show'd Hector's orbèd shield ; 70
Bright as the star of bale from out the clouds
Shows shining, but anon within them lost ;
So Hector now amongst the foremost show'd,
And now amongst the hindmost, ordering all ;
And ever flash'd his form in brazen mail,

Like lightning of the mighty Father Zeus.

As mowers, rank to rank, each facing each,
Sweep clear the space betwixt them, in the field
Of some rich man, and thick the trusses fall
Of wheat, perchance, or barley ; thus those hosts, 80
Ravaging all before them, sprang to war,
Nor either knew a thought of deadly fear.
Erect they held their heads in equal fight,
Furious as wolves. Beholding whom, rejoiced
Strife, baleful Strife, of all the Powers divine
Sole sharer of that battle : of the Gods
None else were present ; but they sate aloof
Each in his own still chamber, where his home,
Enfolded on Olympus, stood fair-wrought ;
And much they murmur'd 'gainst their cloudwrapt Lord,
For that he will'd this triumph unto Troy : 91
Whom he, their Father, reck'd not ; but, apart,
And glorying in his solitary state,
Sate, brooding o'er the city and the fleet,
The gleam of arms, the slayers, and the slain.

While yet 'twas Morn, and sacred Day wax'd on,
Darts flew, and warriors fell to both alike ;
But at that hour when fellers of the woods
Make ready in the cool of some deep glade
Repast, what time with hewing of huge trunks 100
Their hands 'gin slacken and their hearts feel faint,

By craving of sweet food possessèd quite ;
Then by their good right arms the Danaans burst
Their foe's best phalanx ; each throughout their ranks
Cheering his comrade. Foremost from the mass
Leapt Agamemnon forth, and slew the chief,
Bienor ; first the chief he slew, and then
The driver of his chariot, Oïleus,
Who leapt to earth, and took his stand against him,
But whom in onward charge the king's spear pierced 110
Right through the forehead ; nor the vizor held
Firm, but the point pass'd through it, through the skull
Propell'd, and spattering all the brain within,
And quell'd him in his onset—whom the king
Left where they lay, with naked gleaming breasts
Stript of their corslets ; but himself advanced
On Antiphus and Isus : they the sons
Of Priam, bastard one, the other fruit
Of wedlock, two upon the selfsame car,
The bastard brother driving, by his side 120
Brave Antiphus upstanding : these of yore
Achilles captive took on Ida's knolls
Feeding their flocks, and bound with limber withes,
And, after, freed for ransom : whom this day
Broadruling Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Slew both—above the nipple in the chest
With avelin piercing Isus, but with sword
Smiting above the ear and from the car
Dashing his brother down ; and quick 'gan strip

Off both their beauteous mail, and knew his spoil, 130
For he had seen them erst amongst the fleet,
Captives from Ida by the Fleetfoot brought.
As when a lion prowling tow'rd his lair
Falls on the tender fawns of some swift hind,
Seizes 'twixt violent fangs, and with all ease
Crushes them up, and takes their delicate life ;
Whom, though the hind be nigh, she cannot save,
But trembling fear comes o'er her, and she speeds
Through dell, through forest, sweating every pore
For dread of that fierce onset ; so of Troy 140
Affrighted none could fend that slaughter off.
Pisander next and brave Hippolochus,
Sons of a warlike sire, Antimachus
(Who erst in council raised the strongest voice,
For gold of Alexander freely given,
'Gainst the return of Helen to her home),
These two, his sons, the king now caught, who drave
Two on one chariot, all too near their foe ;
Whose glossy reins had slidden from their grasp ;
And low they crouch'd, appall'd ; for face to face 150
Atrides, lion-like, against them rose ;
Whom from the car they thus besought, and cried :
 " Spare us, O son of Atreus, spare our lives,
And take of our redemption ample price ;
Rich is the substance of Antimachus,
And costliest ransom shall he yield to thee
Then when he learns us captive in the fleet."

Thus they with honey'd words besought the king
Lamenting, but no honey'd answer heard :

“Sons if ye be of that Antimachus 160
Who then, when Menelaüs came to Troy
With godlike Odysseus in embassy,
Bade slay him nor to Argos grant return,
Welcome ; for that foul wrong requite me now.”

He spoke, and dash'd Pisander from the car
Headlong to earth, spear-smitten through the chest :
Hippolochus the while had leapt to earth,
But Agamemnon slew him there, his hands
Lopping off first, then cleaving through the neck,
And sent the body trundling like a stone. 170
These left he where they lay ; but where the ranks
Throng'd thickest thither sprang, and in his wake
Achaia's mailèd men : each slaying each,
Footman press'd footman in that rout embroil'd,
And horseman horseman ; o'er them from the plain
Clouded the dust upstirr'd by sounding hoofs ;
And wide their spears wrought ravage : but the king
Press'd foremost, slaughtering still, and cheer'd his host.
As when upon an unhewn forest falls
A fire consuming, and all sides the wind 180
Rolls it together, root and branch the glades
Sink prone before the onset of the flame ;
So 'fore the step of Agamemnon sank
The crests of fleeing Trojans : to and fro
Through bridges of the battle proudneck'd steeds

Rattling their empty chariots sought forlorn
Their noble lords ; but they on earth lay dead,
Sweeter to vultures' than to women's eyes !

Clear of the moil, the bloodshed, and the fray,
Clear of the dust and darts, had Zeus withdrawn 190
Hector, the while Atrides press'd pursuit
Foremost himself, and beckon'd on his host.
O'er the mid plain, beyond the fig-grove nigh
The Tomb of Ilus, son of Dardanus,
The Trojans now had rush'd in panic-flight
Hot for their walls, yet ever on their heels
Blood-spatter'd, unwithstood, came Atreus' Son ;
Till by the beech-tree and the Scæan gates
Some stood at last and rallied side by side.
Not less the remnant on the mid plain show'd 200
Frighted like kine on whom a lion comes
At dead of night, and drives in panic all,
But manifest to one shows sudden death ;
Whose neck at first 'twixt violent fangs he breaks,
But laps anon the offal and the blood ;
So sovran Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Slaying the hindmost, press'd on Troy dismay'd :
Headlong and flat dropp'd hundreds from their seats ;
Vanmost, and fiercest with his spear, he ranged ;
Till, when he fain would gain the steep town-wall, 210
The Father of Immortals and of men
With thunderbolt in hand came down from heaven,

Took seat on many-fountain'd Ida's peaks,
Call'd goldwing'd Iris to his side, and spoke :

“ Hie hence, swift Iris ; bear to Hector this :
So long as he beholds Achaia's king
Still foremost, laying low the ranks of men,
So long let him remain apart and bid
Others endure the burden of the fray ;
But when by wound of arrow or of spear 220
Back to his chariot hath the king been driven,
Bid him then fight, to whom I grant the strength
To slaughter, till he gain the well-bench'd barks,
And the sun sink, and sacred darkness fall.

He spoke, nor windfoot Iris disobey'd ;
To Ilion down from Ida's peaks she flew
And found in battle Priam's noble son
Standing amongst the steeds and joinèd cars ;
Nigh him she took her station, and began :
“ Me hath the Father sent to bear thee this ; 230

So long as thou behold'st Achaia's king
Still foremost, laying low the ranks of men,
So long He bids thee hold apart and let
Others endure the burden of the fray ;
But, when by wound of arrow or of spear
Back to his chariot hath the king been driven,
He bids thee fight, to whom He grants the strength
To slaughter, till thou gain the well-bench'd barks,
And the sun sink and sacred darkness fall.”

So speaking, fleetfoot Iris pass'd away. 240

But Hector leap'd in armour to the earth,
And, waving two sharp spears, along the line
Moved, and revived the battle where he moved.
They rallied, and against their foe stood firm ;
Likewise the foe adverse made stronger rank :
So was the fight recover'd ; face to face
They stood, till first from out the line the king
Leapt forth anew, the foremost fain for blood.

Now ye whose homes are on th' Olympian steep
Come ye, O Muses, to my prayer, and sing 250
Who first met Agamemnon, arm to arm,
Or of proud Troy or of her famed allies.
Iphidamas, Antenor's son, a man
Mighty and huge, nurtured in deep-glebed Thrace,
The mother-land of flocks : from childhood up
His mother's father, Cisseus, who begat
Fairfaced Theano, rear'd him in his halls ;
And, when he reached his prime of glorious youth,
Gave him his daughter, and still held him there ;
He wedded, but from bridal chamber straight 260
Went for this rumour of Achaia's host
With twelve beak'd barks that follow'd in his train.
The galleys in Percotè's port he left,
But by mainland to Ilion made his way ;
Who now tow'rd Agamemnon dauntless moved ;
And each had near'd the other on the field,
When Atreus' Son first threw, yet err'd ; the spear

Pass'd by his side ; Iphidamas then struck
Low in the corslet's belt, and following press'd,
Trusting his good right arm, the javelin on ; 270
But pierced not through the enamell'd belt ; the point,
Encountering boss of silver, turn'd like lead ;
The staff whereof the king then seized, and drew
Towards him, as some lion draws his prey,
Plucking it from the other, through whose neck
His sword then shore, and 'neath him loosed the limbs :
Lapp'd in an iron slumber, prone he dropp'd,
Most piteous, for Troy's warfare dying far
From home and wedded wife, of whom delight
He scarce had known, though bounteous dower he gave,
A hundred oxen first, whereto he pledged 281
From countless herds a thousand sheep and goats.
But by the arm of Atreus' Son he fell,
Who pass'd and bore his armour through the throng.

Coön, Antenor's eldest-born, beheld,
And thick the mist of grief came o'er his eyne ;
Unmark'd of Agamemnon, spear in hand
Upon his flank he station took, and threw,
And pierced him 'neath the elbow **through** the arm,
Through which the shining **point** held straight its path.
Shrank for a moment, as he felt the wound, 291
The king, yet ceased not therefore from the fray,
But sprang on Coön, waving ashen shaft
Tough-nursed by mountain-breeze ; and as he stoop'd

Drawing from out the mellay by the foot
The body of his brother, calling loud
The bravest to his rescue, struck him hard,
Under the buckler with that brass-tipp'd lance,
And loosed the limbs beneath him. Where he fell
Prone on Iphidamas, the king then took 300
Near stand, and with his sword smote off his head.
Thus by the arm of Atreus' royal Son
Two children of Antenor there fulfill'd
Their bloody dooms and sank to Hades' realm.

Nor ceased he ranging through the ranks of men,
Smiting with sword and spear and huge jagg'd stone,
Whilst from the wound the blood still spirted warm :
But when the scathe was chill'd and ceased the blood,
Keen grew the pangs of pain that rack'd his frame.
As on a woman in her travail falls 310
The last keen dart of anguish to her pangs,
Sent by the Eilythuiæ from their store,
Daughters of Herè, and the queens of birth ;
So sharp the pangs 'gan rack Atrides' frame.
Stung to the core he sprang upon his car,
And to the hollow galleys bade be driven,
Yet turning, to the Danaans loudly cried :
“ Friends, chiefs, and captains of Achaia's host !
Remains for you to guard from off our sails
The baleful battle ; for to me great Zeus 320
Grants not to fight the whole day out with Troy.”

He spoke, his driver tow'rd the hollow ships
Thong'd quick his glossy steeds, nor loth they flew,
Whose chests with foam, whose flanks with dust, grew white,
As from the fray they bore the wounded king.

Whom Hector spied departing, and afar
Shouted with cry to Lycia and to Troy :

“ Ho, Lycians, Trojans, Dardan men-at-arms !
Stand forth, be men, and mindful of your might :
Their mightiest flees ; and Zeus in turn to me 330
Vouchsafes the glory ; charge ye therefore, charge,
Down with your hoovèd horses on the foe ;
The stronger they, the nobler name ye win !”

He spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart.
As on a lion or a wild tusk'd boar
A hunter slips and cheers his white-tooth'd hounds,
So on the Achaians Hector, Priam's son,
Peer to fierce Ares, slipp'd the men of Troy,
Himself with heart high-lifted foremost strode,
And fell upon their battle, as some storm 340
Leaps from above and breaks the violet sea.

Whom first, whom last, slew Hector, Priam's son,
When Zeus vouchsafed this glory to his arm ?
Assæus first, and then Autonoüs.
Opites, and the brave Opheltius,
Osymnus, Orus, and Hipponoüs,
And Agelaüs ; these of chiefs he slew,

But after these a nameless number more.
As, when with sudden whirlwind Zephyr smites
The clouds foregather'd by the summery west, 350
Billow on billow rolling, nursed up high,
Falls, and from off their summits far the foam
Is scatter'd by the gust of wandering wind ;
So thick the crests of men 'neath Hector fell ;
Yea, and resistless wrack had then been wrought,
The Achaians 'mongst their ships had fall'n in flight,
Had not Odysseus called on Tydeus' Son :

“Tydides ! what this beating at our hearts
Rendereth our arms forgetful of their might ?
Come nearer, friend, and place thee by my side, 360
To us the shame if Hector gain the ships.”

To whom made dauntless answer Diomed :
“ Firm will I stand, and to the last endure ;
But short shall be the gain, for not to us
Zeus wills the triumph, but to Troy, this day.”

He spoke, and dash'd Thymbræus from his car,
Through his left nipple piercing with sharp spear,
Whose driver, brave Molion, Odysseus
Struck likewise down. These left they where they lay,
From battle stay'd, but onward through the throng 370
Ranged furious ; as when two high-hearted boars
Turn on the hounds that hunt them, so to bay
They wheel'd, and slew the Trojans. But, behind,
The Achaians halted blithe, regathering breath,
Saved from the sword of Hector. Next they reach'd

A chariot, and two princes thereupon,
First of their nation, sons of Merops, king
In Percos ; he of all mankind most wise
In divination, and forbade his sons
From this fell leaguer, but they would not hear, 380
Borne by their Fates right onward to their death.
Whom now, of spirit and of life bereft,
Of their bright armour Diomed despoil'd ;
The while Odysseus at his side struck down
Hypeirochus and brave Hippodamus.

From Ida Zeus then stretch'd the tug of war
Even betwixt them, and each slaughter'd each.
Tydides pierced a hero, Pæon's son,
Agastrophus, with spear-point through the thigh :
Nigh whom his steeds were not to bear him safe : 390
Infatuate ! who had bidden his driver bide
Clear of the fray, whilst he on foot still ranged
The vanmost, till he lost his life thereby.
But Hector, with keen glance along his line,
Charged, shouting, and behind him came all Troy.
A shudder shot through dauntless Diomed
Beholding, and to Odysseus he cried ;

“ Like some huge wave of ruin, Hector rolls
Down on us two : yet steadfast stand, my friend,
Together bide the onset, and repel.” 400

He spoke, and whirl'd and threw his shadowing spear,
And struck, nor miss'd his mark, upon the head

Full on the helmet's summit : brass from brass,
The point glanced, nor could gain the tender skin,
Stay'd by the triple-plated crested helm,
Phœbus Apollo's gift to Priam's son.
Then swift a rood ran Hector back, and gain'd
The throng, where, dropping on one knee, he knelt
Leaning on earth with one broad hand, his eyes
Bedimm'd in night: but whilst Tydides went 410
Far through the vanmost, following where his spear
Had fall'n to earth—he gather'd up his strength,
And leaping backward sprang upon his car,
Drove through the crowd apace, and shunn'd his fate:
To whom, with brandish'd spear, Tydides then :

“Cur! who again hast 'scaped thy death this while!
Ill press'd thee hard: but Phœbus now once more
Hath saved thee, unto whom thou needs must make
Prayers endless ere thou ventarest to the war.
Yet, let some god do battle on my side, 420
Next when we meet I ween I end thee quite;
Till then I turn me 'gainst whome'er I may.”

He spoke, and turning straight 'gan strip the arms
Off Pæon's son: but fairhair'd Helen's lord
Paris, from, where half-ambush'd he was couch'd,
Behind the column o'er a dead man's tomb
(Ilus the son of Dardanus, of old
An elder of the city), drew his bow
Against the noble chief. Helm off the head,
Shield off the shoulder, corslet off the breast, 430

He now stoop'd stripping, when the other drew
His archèd bow, and struck, nor vain the shaft
Escaped his finger, on the right-foot sole ;
Sheer through the arrow nail'd it to the earth ;
Whereat from ambush forth with joyous laugh
Sprang Paris, and, loud vaunting, cried and said :
“ Struck ! Nor in vain my shaft ; yet would to Heav'n
It had thee on the hip and took thy life !

So were they hearten'd, these poor cowards of Troy
Who shuddering, like a flock of bleating goats 440
Before a lion, shun to face thee now !”

To whom made dauntless answer Diomed :
“ Slandrous ! And valiant by thy bow alone !
Curl'd minion of fond women ! Bowman mere !
Yet, wouldst thou meet me on fair field in arms,
Little thy bow and shaft would serve thee then :
Thou boastest for this graze upon my foot—
A woman's or an infant's feeble blow !
Dumb is the weapon from a dastard's arm ;
Far other speaks the spear that flies from me : 450
So it but barely touch, the foe shall fall
Lifeless, his children orphan'd, and his wife
Widow'd : and she may rend her cheek afar,
Whilst he lies rotting, reddening with his blood
The earth about ; and round him, in good sooth,
More birds of prey than loving women flock !”

He spoke, to whom Odysseus quick drew nigh,
And stood before him, whilst he sate him down

Behind, and drew from out his foot the shaft ;
Sharp through his frame the pang of anguish shot ; 460
Stung to the core, he sprang upon his car,
And bade his driver drive him to the fleet.

Single Odysseus stood : for of the host
None durst stand with him ; such the fear on all.
Much troubled to his own brave heart he spoke :

“ Ah me ! what strait is mine ! ’Twere foul to flee,
Affrighting others ; yet to stand alone
To certain death were worse, and lo, the host
Is panic-driven all with fright from heaven.
But, tush, why holds my heart this fond debate ? 470
Base men may flee, and cowards so be saved ;
But who boasts aught of prowess in the war
He needs must stand—to victory or to death.”

Ev’n while such thought pass’d coursing through his
brain,
Round him the shielded Trojan warriors came
And in their midst enclosed their own worst scourge.
For as when hounds and stalwart hunters press
Hard on a boar, from out the deep thick brake
He charges, whetting teeth that gleam forth white
Twixt up-curved tusks ; about him to and fro 480
They dart ; and loud the gnashing of his jaws,
Yet in their fear’s despite they wait his rush ;
So round Odysseus, chieftain Zeus-beloved,
The Trojans came ; but he first sprang, and struck
Deïopites through the shoulder-blade,

A noble youth, with sharp-tipp'd spear ; anon
Thoön he slew, and Eunomus ; and next
Chersidamas, as from his car he sprang,
'Neath the boss'd buckler through the belly pierced,
Dropp'd prone and ground the earth for agony. 490
These leaving, on the son of Hippasus,
Own brother to brave Socus, Charops named,
He turned, and struck ; to whose quick rescue came
Socus, his godlike brother, taking stand
Near to his foe, and spake these wingèd words :

“ Exhaustless in endurance and in wile,
Renown'd Odysseus ! either thou shalt boast
O'er both brave sons of Hippasus their fall
This day before thee, and their arms thy spoil ;
Or thine own self shalt perish by my spear.” 500

He spoke, and on the orbèd shield struck full ;
Through the bright buckler pass'd the stout good lance.
And through the enamell'd corslet making way,
Laid bare the ribs of flesh : Athenè there
Stay'd it, nor suffer'd it to reach his heart.
Odysseus knew the wound no mortal hurt,
And, back recoiling, thus to Socus cried :

“ Most wretched thou ! on whom thy fate now falls :
Me thou perchance preventest from this fray ;
But I on thee engage to hurry here 510
A black and bloody death ; who now shalt yield
Thy ghost to Hades and the fame to me.”

He spoke, whose foe had turn'd him round to flight ;

But 'twixt the shoulders in the back he smote
And drove the spear right onward through the chest ;
He fell ; o'er whom Odysseus vaunting cried :

“ Son of the noble knightly Hippasus !
Socus ! Thy fate hath caught thee ; thou hast fall'n ;
Unhappy ! No fond mother at thy death
Shall close thine eyes, but carrion crows may flap 520
Their wings about thee, and may rend thy flesh :
Me, when I die, Achaia's glorious chiefs
Shall tend with all my honours to the tomb.”

He spoke, and from his buckler and his wound
Drew the stout lance of warlike Socus forth ;
The blood, upwelling as he drew, made faint
The heart within him ; but the Trojans near,
Seeing him bleed, raised loud the battle-cry
Throughout their throng, and down upon him bare ;
Backward he drew, and on his comrades call'd ; 530
Far as a voice may travel, thrice he cried,
And thrice brave Menelaüs heard the cry ;
Then thus to Ajax, haply standing near :

“ Ajax ! Zeus-nurtured, son of Telamon,
Prince of thy people ! To my ears the voice
Of much-enduring Odysseus hath come,
And sounded, as the Trojans press'd him hard,
Cut from his comrades, single in the fray.
Quick let us to his rescue through this throng ;
I fear lest meantime by his gallant stand 540
He suffer hurt, alone amid the foe :

Great were that trouble to the Danaan host."

He spoke, and led the way, and with him went
His godlike comrade, and they gained the chief,
Round whom now press'd the Trojans, like a troop
Of tawny jackals round an antler'd stag
Pierced by some hunter's arrow on a moor;
Who yet escapes his hunter, whilst the blood
Is warm within him and his limbs are light;
Soon shall the arrow quite subdue his strength; 550
And carrion jackals gathering on the hills
'Gin feast upon him in some grove's deep shade;
On whom some chance a lion leads that way;
Scatter'd the jackals flee; and his the spoil;
So round Odysseus, brave and wise of wit,
Many and strong the Trojans press'd; but he
By onset to and fro with nimble spear
Forefended still the death; till Ajax came
With towerlike shield, and by his side took stand:
This way and that scatter'd the Trojans fled. 560
Then Menelaus took him by the hand
And led him from the throng, to where aloof
His followers held his steeds. But Ajax sprang
Fierce on the foe, and first slew Doriclus,
King Priam's bastard son; Lysander then,
Pylartes, Pandorus, and Pyrasus;
As when a river, rushing tow'rd the plain,
Hurried and swollen by the rains from Zeus,
Falls in a winter-torrent from the hills;

Many the barkèd oaks, many the pines 570
It rends and hurls with silt into the sea ;
So noble Ajax ranging choked the field
With men and horses cleft beneath his sword.
Nor Hector knew their plight ; for still he fought
Far on the battle's left beside the banks
Of swift Scamander ; where the cry had wax'd
Round mighty Nestor and Idomeneus
Most quenchless, and the haughtiest crests were falling ;
With these had Hector mingled, working deeds
With chariot's guidance and with sleight of spear 580
Most wondrous, scattering wide their warriors' ranks.

Nor to this hour had yielded from their place
The brave Achaians, had not Helen's lord,
Paris, stay'd king Machaon from the fray,
Piercing him through the shoulder with a shaft,
Amongst the foremost warriors ; for whose fate
The whole brave host 'gan shudder, lest perchance
In that back-tide of battle he be ta'en :
And thus to Nestor spake Idomeneus :
" Sage Nestor, Neleus' son, our nation's boast ! 590
Quick to thy car, and let Machaon mount
Beside thee : to the fleet so haste thy steeds ;
For, whoso hath the sage physician's art,
To cut forth arrows and to spread soft salves,
Is worth the lives of many a common man."
Nor the Gerenian chieftain disobey'd,

But mounted to his car, and at his side
Machaon came, Asclepius' blameless son.
He thong'd the horses tow'rd the fleet, nor loth
They flew along the path they loved to tread. 600

But where Cebriones by Hector sate
He look'd and saw the warrior-ranks of Troy
Broken by Ajax, and to Hector spake :
" Hector, whilst we amongst the Danaans stray
Here on the outskirts of the evil war,
All else confounded, man and horse embroil'd,
I see our host ; whom Ajax puts to rout ;
Clear I descry him, knowing by the shield
Broad round his shoulders. Thither therefore turn
Our steeds and chariot, where, in evil strife 610
Commingled, each most fierce the other slays,
Footman and horse, and quenchless comes the cry."

He spoke, and with shrill-sounding lash thong'd on
His glossy steeds, who heard the lash, and bare
Lightly the flying chariot 'twixt the hosts,
Trampling their path o'er bucklers and the dead ;
The axle under and the rims above
With blood were spatter'd all, and blood the drops
Dangling from off the housings of the steeds
Sprinkled about them, and the wheels plash'd blood : 620
Whilst Hector yearning came to spring and burst
Their gather'd legions, breathing on the foe
A panic-dread, nor resting from his spear ;

Nathless, whilst ranging through the other ranks
Slaughtering with sword and spear and huge jagg'd stones,
Shunning the Telamonian hero's arm.

Till Father Zeus from throne on high awoke
Spirit of fear in Ajax : first he stood
Astonied, and behind him flung the shield ;
And timorously about him o'er the throng 630
Looking, like some wild beast, hesitating
He turn'd, yet oft wheel'd back, and short the space
Twixt knee and knee bestridden. As when hounds
And peasant hunters from a cattlefold
Chase some fierce tawny lion : all night through
They watch, nor let the fatling of their herd
Fall to his longing ; he, ahunger'd, stands
In act to leap upon them—yet in vain ;
So thick the javelins and the flaring brands
Full in his eyes springing from strong right-arms, 640
That in his heart's despite he dreads their flame,
And sullenly at dawn perforce departs ;
So Ajax moved from off the Trojan host
Sullen and loth ; whose fears were for the fleet.
Like some slow-pacèd ass, that breaks a guard
Of children, and makes way into a field ;
Many their cudgels splinter'd on him fall ;
Nathless he enters grazing on the crop,
The children striking still, but weak their strength,
Scarce they expel him, when his gorge is fill'd ; 650

So Troy and all her brave Alliance press'd
On Ajax, the great son of Telamon,
Smiting his buckler vainly with their spears.
Anon would Ajax all his might recall,
Wheel round to face them, and make halt their ranks ;
Anon would turn again to more retreat ;
Yet stay'd them thus from charging on the ships ;
For still 'twixt either host he midmost ranged
Making sole stand ; whilst from their strong right-arms
Their javelins in his towerlike shield were stay'd, 660
Or, dropping ere they gain'd him, in the earth
Stood quivering, longing for the taste of blood.

Whom thus o'erwhelm'd with darts, Eurypilus,
Evemon's noble son, beheld, and came
And, taking stand beside him, aim'd bright spear,
And through the liver 'neath the midriff pierced
A chieftain, Apisaon, Phausius' son,
Loosing his limbs ; then on him sprang, to strip
The armour off his shoulders,—whom, the while
Down-stooping, godlike Alexander mark'd 670
And struck with arrow through the dexter thigh ;
Short snapt the shaft ; the stricken limb hung slack.
Backward he drew him to his comrades' ranks,
Shunning black fate, but on the Danaans cried :
“ Turn, chiefs, and captains of Achaia's host ;
Turn ye and stand ; forefend the ruthless hour
From Ajax, by the enemy so hard-press'd,

I doubt his rescue from this evil day ;
Stand ; save him : rescue Ajax ; save your chief ! ”

Thus cried the wounded hero : at whose side 680
Forthwith stood many near, with serried shields
And spears uplifted ; tow’rd them, face to face,
Came Ajax, and commingled with their throng,
Then faced about again to meet the foe.

Thus like a fiery furnace raged the fight.

Meantime the steeds of Nestor, sweating, drew
Nestor from battle, with him to the camp
Bearing Machaon shepherd of the host.
These, as they pass’d, the fleetfoot hero mark’d ;
For standing from his galley’s poop he watch’d 690
Their headlong downfall and the piteous rout ;
Therefore to brave Patroclus call’d he loud,
Speaking from off the galley. From the tent
The other heard, and issued forth, nor less
Than Ares seem’d—yet hence began his woe.
First spake Menœtius’ gallant Son, and said :

“ Why call’st thou me, Achilles ? what thy need ?
To whom in answer then the Fleetfoot thus ;
“ Friend of my soul ! Menœtius’ noble Son !
I wot Achaia’s sons about my knees 700
Shall soon stand suppliant : sore their trouble now.
But haste thee hence, Patroclus, Zeus-beloved,
And ask of Nestor, whom he brings from war
Sore-wounded : from behind I deem’d him like

Asclepius' son, Machaon ; but the face
I saw not ; eager by me flew the steeds."

He spoke ; Patroclus heard his dear lord's hest,
And hasted running through the ships and tents.

The others gain'd the tent of Neleus' Son
And there dismounted to the fruitful earth ; 710
And whilst Eurymedon, his follower, loosed
The Elder's horses from the yoke, the two,
Standing together in the fresh sea-breeze,
Cool'd off the sweat that to their garments clung,
Then in the tent on couches sate them down :
To whom the fairhair'd maiden, Hecamede,
The daughter of the brave Arsinoüs,
Prize by the Elder won from Tenedos
What time fleetfoot Achilles sack'd the isle
(His special spoil reserved by Argos' host, 720
For that in council he excell'd them all),
Stood mingling draught delicious. First she set
A polish'd board before them, fair to view,
Steel-footed ; and thereon a dish of brass,
Wherein fresh honey, grain of sacred corn,
And garlic to provoke to thirst withal :
And, these beside, a splendid goblet, brought
By the old chieftain thither from his home,
With golden studs emboss'd ; four handles served
To lift it ; and round each two doves, enwrought 730
In gold, stood feeding ; and its cups were two.

'Twere task to lift it full from off the board
To others, but to aged Nestor none.
In this the maid, a goddess in her grace,
Mingled a draught with wine of Pramnian grape,
And cheese of goats' milk grated fine thereon
Through brazen grater, and white meal bestrewn ;
Then gracious of her mingling bade them drink :
And, whilst they drank and banish'd parching thirst,
Each with the other pleasant converse held. 740

Anon Patroclus in the doorway stood ;
The Elder saw and, from his glittering couch
Uprising, took him by the hand and brought
Within the tent, and bade him to a seat ;
But he, denying, thus replied and said :
 " Bid me not, noble Elder, seat me here :
Worthy of reverence, worthy of all dread,
He who hath sent me hither to inquire
Whom thou bring'st wounded home ; myself now see
And know Machaon, shepherd of the host. 750
Straight to Achilles I must needs return ;
How dread his humour thou thyself well know'st ;
Where no blame is, perchance he yet might blame."

To whom Gerenè's chief made answer thus :
" Sorrows Achilles for the scathe of these,
These few Achaians wounded ? knows he nought
Of the destruction falling on the host ?
By shaft or sword the noblest all lie smit :

A dart hath maim'd the might of Tydeus' Son ;
Odysseus, Agamemnon, wounded lie ; 760
Eurypilus hath arrow through the hip ;
And yet one more, this hero, from the war,
Pierced with an arrow, latest I have brought :
And, though with power to save, Achilles sits
Unpitying still ! Oh, tarries he till fire
Hath swallow'd up our galleys on the shore,
Maugre our arms opposing, and ourselves
One after one fall vanquish'd at their sterns ?
For not, as once was mine, in nimble limbs
Is now my strength : would such my youth, and such 770
The force within me, as when feud broke forth
Betwixt the Epeian clansmen and ourselves
For raid of oxen ! Single then I slew
Itymenes of Elis, gallant son
Of great Hypeirochus : whose herds I sought
To drive away for vengeance of their thefts :
For them he gave me battle, till he fell,
Smit 'mongst the first by javelin from my arm,
And all his churlish followers fled appall'd.
Rich booty from the plain we drave that day ; 780
Of oxen fifty herds, and fifty flocks
Of sheep, of swine as many, and of goats ;
Further, of chestnut steeds seven score and ten,
Mares all, and many were the colts they foal'd.
These into Pylos, Neleus' town, we drave,
Entering by night the castle ; and great joy

Had Neleus, that such fortune had befall'n
Me in the first encounter of my youth.
With break of dawn the order'd heralds made
Their shrill proclaim, that whosoe'er could ask 790
In sacred Elis compensation just
Should now receive it ; and the Pylian chiefs
Collecting parted all ; for large the debt
To many due from Elis ; men were few
And much distress'd in Pylos. There of late
The might of Hercules had done much hurt,
And slaughter'd all our noblest : twelve were we,
The sons of blameless Neleus ; I alone
Was left alive ; the others perish'd all.
Wherefore the arm'd Epeians waxing proud 800
Oft would wreak outrage on us and affront.
But of my spoil the agèd Elder took
A herd of oxen and a flock of sheep,
Three hundred with their shepherds set apart.
For large the debt from Elis due to him,
Four racing horses with their chariot stol'n,
Sent to contest a tripod at the games
Of Elis : but Augæas, king of men,
Withheld them there, and emptyhanded home
Sent back their driver. Anger'd for whose words 810
And deeds alike, the Elder chose out now
Large recompense, but to his people gave
The rest to part amongst them, that of all
None should go home unportion'd of his share.

Sifting each claim we therefore bode, and made
About the streets our offerings to the gods ;
The third day after, they with all their host,
Horses and men in multitude as sand,
Against us came, and with them the two sons
Twin-born of Molionè girt their arms 820
For the first time, mere children yet to war.

“ Like some steep pillar on Alphëus' banks,
Far on the skirt of sandy Pylos, stands
The town of Thryoessa ; round its walls
Camping, they strove to lay it to the ground.
And they had scour'd our plains, when Pallas came
Down from Olympus messenger by night
To bid us arm ; nor loth the men she bade
In Pylos, but most eager to the fray :
Yet me my father from my arms forbade, 830
Yea, hid the chariot safe from out my sight,
Saying I knew not yet the works of war.
Not less Athene guided so the fight,
Albeit on foot, I shone amongst the horse.

“ There is a river running to the sea
Mineius, near Arene : there the horse
Halted to sacred morning, till the bands
Of foot came pouring on our rear : then on,
All under arms, empanoplied, we gain'd
With our full host Alphëus' sacred stream. 840

There to most mighty Zeus we offer'd up
Our costly offerings, to Poseidon gave
A bull, another to Alpheus' stream,
But to Athene heifer from our herds ;
So in array of battle made repast ;
And, after, laid us down upon the bank
And slept, still under arms. Meantime, about
The city's walls the brave Epeians press'd
Their leaguer, fain to conquer : but next day
Full in their faces showed the work of war. 850
For when the sun's bright light o'erspread the earth,
We join'd in fight ; and scarce had either host
Engaged, when I show'd first, and slew their prince,
Mulius, and carried off his hoovèd steeds ;
Mulius, Augæas' son, who had to wife
The daughter to Augæas eldest-born,
Fair Agamedè of the auburn locks,
Skilled in what healing herbs and roots soe'er
Are nurtured on the bosom of this earth.
Him, as he charged, I struck with brass-tipp'd spear ; 860
Into the dust he dropp'd ; and on his car
Springing, amongst the champions of the front
I stood conspicuous, whilst the Epeians fled
This way and that scatter'd, beholding fall'n
Their chariots' leader and their best in war.
On whom with some black whirlwind's force I sprang ;
And fifty chariots gain'd, and, dash'd from each,
Two warriors bit the dust beneath my spear.

Yea, Molionè's children, feign'd the sons
Of Actor, then had been my spoil, but them 870
Their father, vast Poseidon, in thick mist
Enwrapp'd and bare from battle home secure.
Great was the victory then by Zeus vouchsafed
To Pylos ; hotly through the spacious plain
Slaying, and gathering precious spoil of arms,
We press'd them, till our cars pursuing reach'd
The cornfields of Buprasium, nigh the rock
Of Olen, and Aleisium, named of old
The Pillar : there Athene bade us home.
The last man slain I slew, and left him there ; 880
And from Buprasium back Achaia's host
Held straight their way to Pylos. Prayer was then
Of men to Nestor, as to Zeus of gods.
Such show'd I, mingling with my kind : but, lo,
Achilles, thus withdrawn, wastes all the fruit
Of his own excellence on his own self !
I wot, most bitterly will he repent,
When all the host hath perish'd by his pride.
And thou, my friend—Mencæti^{us}, on the day
He sent thee forth from Phthia to the host 890
Of Agamemnon, oft-times charged thee thus :
We were within, myself and Odysseus,
And heard all charge he gave thee in those halls ;
To Peleus' peopled palaces we came
Gathering our army through Achaia's tribes ;
Mencæti^{us} there within we found, and thee,

And by thy side Achilles: in the court
Outside the palace Peleus stood the while
And made upon the altar of great Zeus
Burnt-offering of the fat thighs of a bull, 900
Holding a golden goblet, pouring thence
Bright wine upon the flaming sacrifice.
Whom ye were helping, busied o'er the bull,
Till we stood in the doorway. First perceived
Achilles, and astonied started up,
Took by the hand, and bade us to a seat,
And set before us hospitable fare.
When we had had delight of meat and drink,
I told our tale, and bade you follow us ;
Most blithe were ye ; but ere ye went, to both 910
Much admonition either father gave :
To his dear son Achilles, Peleus charged
Still to outshine all others, and excel ;
Whilst Actor's son Menœtius thus to thee :
 '*My child ! Achilles by his royal birth*
 '*Excels thee, and his strength is more than thine ;*
 '*But thou in years art elder ; be thou prompt*
 '*With prudent counsel, and to guide the way*
 '*That he should go ; he followeth that is good.'*
Ev'n this thy father's counsel thou forgett'st. 920
But go, and to the brave Achilles tell
These things again, if he may so be won :
Who knows if, by the sufferance of heaven,
Thou wilt not with persuasion turn his heart ?

Good is persuasion from a true friend's mouth.
But if, through evil presage from the gods,
Or message by his mother borne from Zeus,
He now abstain from battle, let him send
Thee, and with thee his Myrmidonians, forth ;
So may some light upon the Danaans dawn. 930
And let him clothe thee in his own bright mail :
That so the Trojans shall behold in thee
His image, and withdraw them back awhile,
And so th' Achaïans gain some breathing-space—
Short though it be, some respite from the war.
They are all spent, and ye unworn and fresh ;
Your very battle-cry shall drive their host
Back routed from our galleys to their town."

He spoke ; and deeply stirr'd Patroclus' heart ;
Who hasted passing by the line of ships 940
Back to his chief Æacides ; but when
He gain'd divine Odysseus' fleet, that stood
Midmost (and there the market-place, the seats
Of justice, and their altars to the gods)
Eurypilus, Evemon's Zeus-sprung son,
There cross'd him, arrow-smitten through the thigh,
Scarce halting from the battle ; moist the sweat
Stream'd down his shoulder ; from the baleful wound
Black gush'd the blood ; but free of swoon his sense.
Whom seeing, on Menœtius' gallant Son 950
Fell pity, and he thus lamenting cried :

" Oh chiefs most wretched ! Captains of the host !

Was it to fatten on your dainty flesh,
Far from our country and from all we love,
The dogs of Troy, that we set sail from home ?
But tell me true, Eurypilus divine !
Will the Achaians hold vast Hector back,
Or will they perish whelm'd beneath his spear ?”

To whom Eurypilus replied discreet :

“ No help, divine Patroclus, now remains : 960
Back on their fleet th' Achaians needs must fall ;
For all who erst were bravest in their ships
Lie cabin'd now, with wound of shaft or sword
At Trojan hand ; and still the Trojan strength
Is waxing ever. But, I pray thee, help
Me to my ship, and save me ; cut the shaft
Clear of my thigh, and with fresh water cleanse
The black blood off ; then spread soft soothing salves
Such as they say that from Achilles' mouth
Thou hast been taught ; but him did Cheiron teach, 970
Centaur most righteous of the Centaur race.
For of the leeches of Achaia, one,
Machaon, lies methinks within the tents
Wounded, and of his own art lacking help ;
The other, Podaleirius, on the field
Still bears his part, and bides the chance of war.”

To whom Menœtius' gallant Son replied :

“ How may this end ? Oh what shall be our fate,
Divine Eurypilus ? I make my way,
Bearing to brave Achilles the wise rede 980

Of Nestor, sagest guardian of the host ;
Not ev'n for this can I neglect thy wound."

He spoke, and, half-supporting 'neath the chest,
Led to his tent the hero ; where within
Th' attendant, seeing, leathern hides outspread ;
Thereon Patroclus stretch'd him at full length,
Cut the sharp, painful arrow from his thigh
Clear with a knife, and with fresh water cleansed
The black blood off ; then powder'd bitter roots
'Twixt his own palms, and laid them to assuage 990
The pains ; the wound was stanch'd, and stay'd the blood.

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THUS in the camp Menœtius' gallant Son
 Unto Eurypilus his wounded friend
 Gave tendance ; whilst the Argives fought pellmell
 Commingled with their foes. Nor now the trench,
 Nor the broad bulwark rear'd along the trench,
 To be their galleys' fence, to hold the fleet
 And their rich booty in its bounds secure,
 Could longer stay the Trojans. Who had built,
 Had, when they laid the deep foundations wide,
 Fail'd of a sacred hecatomb to heaven ; 10
 Therefore it rose without the grace vouchsafed
 Of Gods, predestin'd to an early fall.
 So long as Hector lived, and Peleus' Son
 Raged in the war, and still stood undespoil'd
 The palaces of Priam—for so long
 That rampart vast remain'd upon the shore ;
 But when the noblest men of Troy had fallen,
 And many an Argive likewise (but of these
 Was left a remnant), and high Ilion's towers
 Had perish'd by the tenth year's leaguer thrown, 20
 And when that remnant had departed home—

Then with Apollo Poseidaion leagued
To crumble it to sand. What stream soe'er
Bursts from the hills of Ida to the sea,
Rhesus, Heptaparus, and Rhodius,
Granicus, and Scamander's heaven-sprung flood,
Æsepus, and the brook of Simois—
The ancient brook bestrewn with shields and helms
And helmèd heads of heroes half-divine—
These all Apollo turn'd with gaping mouths 30
Upon it, and nine days so plied their force,
The while rain fell unceasing from high Zeus
To haste its dissolution to the deep ;
And the dread Ruler of the billows' might
Himself, his trident in his hand, led on
Their task and threw the deep foundations, laid
Of stones and rocks by labour of a host,
Waif to the waves, and made all smooth, betwixt
The land and the brimm'd bed of Hellespont ;
But, when the wall had vanish'd, wrapp'd the coast 40
Again in sands, and turned the rivers back
To the pure courses of their olden beds.

Such was the ruin to be wrought thereon
Hereafter by the Gods ; but now the cry
Of battle ran along its strong-built heights
Flamelike, and smitten rang its beamy towers.
Gradual the Argives by the scourge of Zeus
Straiten'd against their galleys 'gan retire

Subdued ; for Hector breathed a fear upon them,
And furious to his wont, like whirlwind, show'd. 50
As when, by hounds and huntsmen brought to bay,
Some boar or lion in his fury turns,
They draw their band, most like a tower, compact,
Erect against him, darting from their hands
Their shower of javelins ; nathless his brave heart
Fears not at all, but of his spirit doom'd
He chargeth oft, and oft their phalanx tries,
And where he chargeth, there their phalanx gives ;
Thus Hector through the throng roam'd to and fro,
And cheer'd them to the passage o'er the trench. 60
But neighing loudly on its lip, the steeds
Durst not attempt it ; for the breadth of gap
Forbade them, though upon its edge, to leap ;
Nor easier other passage ; where the banks,
Rose bluff on either side, with jutting brinks,
And topp'd by pointed stakes, huge and close driven
By Argos' host, a fence against their foes.
Impervious to a steed with wheelèd car
Were such descent ; but leaping to the ground
Many stood gazing, if it might be done ; 70
Till thus to Hector spake Polydamas :
“ Chieftains of Troy, and ye, O Troy's allies,
And Hector, thou ! witless we fain would drive
Our steeds across this trench : most hard the pass ;
For pointed stakes are in it, and a wall
Beyond the stakes ; impervious quite the slope,

Nor yields a field for chariots, but the space
Is narrow, where belike we shall be harm'd.
If of a surety Zeus most high had will'd
Their utter ruin, and to us his aid, 80
No need for counsel. Yea, I would to Heaven
'Twere so forthwith—from Argos all expunged
They and their name had perish'd off the earth !
But if they turn anon and smite us down
Pursuing in this pit, no man will live
Against such rally to bear home the tale.
Hear therefore, and obey as I advise ;
Let our men hold our chariots on the brinks
Whilst we in heavy arms and close array
Move, side by side, round Hector ; nor the foe 90
Will stand against us, if their hour be come."

He spoke ; whose rede, of evil issue clear,
Pleased Hector, and he leap'd full-arm'd to earth.
And when the other Trojans saw, they ceased
Thronging their chariots and leap'd likewise off :
And each then bade his driver on the brink
Rein up his steeds in orderly array ;
Whilst they, quick parted, stood in rapid line,
Five legions, and each legion with its chief.

The first, by number most, and best in arms, 100
Bravest to pierce the rampart to the fleet,
Polydamas and blameless Hector led ;
With them the charioteer Cebriones ;

Less warrior for his car found Hector then.
Paris, Agenor, and Alcatōüs
Headed the second ; Helenus the third,
With fair Deiphobus his brother, sons
Of Dardan Priam ; and associate came
Asius, the hero son of Hyrtacus,
Who from Arisbe and from Selles' streams 110
With fiery chestnut steeds had sought the war.
Follow'd the fourth Anchises' noble son
Æneas, and with him Antenor's sons,
Archelochus and Acamas, expert
In battle both. Sarpedon led the fifth,
The famed Allies, and chose to lead with him
Glaucus and Ast'ropæus, best in arms
Next after him, but he excell'd by far.
So, side by side they moved, with tough bull-hides
Serried above their shoulders ; so in rank 120
March'd ardent on the Danaans, flush'd with hope
To drive them headlong on their fleet distraught.

So all the Alliance and the host of Troy
Hearken'd the counsel of their blameless prince
Polydamas ; one only of their chiefs,
Asius the son of Hyrtacus, brook'd not
To leave his steeds and driver there behind,
But swift upon the galleys drave his car.
Ah, fool insensate! destined nevermore
To enter windswept Ilion with the show 130

Of steeds and chariot thou wast proud withal,
Nor to escape the evil of thy doom ;
Fate by the spear of great Idomeneus,
Disastrous Fate, shall fold thee first in death !
Straight to the galleys' left—the path whereby
The chariots of the Achaians from the plain
Were flocking fast—he turn'd and thither drave
Uncheck'd his steeds ; nor found against the gates
The long bolt barr'd nor panels yet uprear'd ;
But still the watchmen held them at full spread 140
To harbour who fled 'scaping toward the fleet.
Along this path he drave, and set his heart
To fiercest onset, whilst behind him press'd
His legions shouting triumph ; for they said
To their own hearts that now Achaia's sons
Must yield and fall upon their ships repell'd.
Fools ! For two noble heroes in that gate
Standing they found, the valiant sons of men
As valiant, of the race of Lapithæ,
Huge Polypætēs to Pirithous born, 150
And great Leontes, Ares-like in arms.

These two in front of those uplifted gates
Stood firm, like oaks that rear a stately crown
Upon some mountain-side, and day by day
Abide all shock of wind and rain, by grip
Of deep far-branching roots clench'd fast in earth ;
Such, nor less trustful in their strength, those two

Abode the charge of Asius, unappall'd.

Meantime direct upon the strongbuilt wall
The foe advanced, with bucklers o'er their heads 160
Close-serried, and in uproar circling round
Their chieftains, Asius and Iamenus,
Thoön, Orestes, and Ænomaüs,
And Adamas, of Asius the brave son.
Then for a while behind the sheltering wall
The two return'd and cheer'd their mailèd men
To battle for their ships ; but, when they saw
The Trojans to the rampart near advanced
(But panic held the Danaans), back they sprang
Alone to battle and beyond the gates. 170
Like two wild boars that on a hill withstand
Bravely a cloud of hunters and of hounds ;
With tusks oblique in onset to and fro
They crack the wood about them, root and branch
Uptearing ; clear the clatter of their teeth
Rings, till the hunter's dart hath ta'en their lives ;
Clatter'd about them so the shining mail
Smit by the darts that met them on their breasts ;
For brave they fought, well weening of the strength
Of their own arms, and of the stones, which hail'd 180
Above them from the rampart : thence their troop
Hurl'd ever a ceaseless shower, fain to save
Their lives, and tents, and galleys. Even as snow
Slants to the ground when some sharp-blowing wind

Hath caught the gloomy clouds and showers the flakes
Thick o'er the fruitful fields ; so stream'd the darts
Alike from Trojan and Achaian hands ;
Dry clash'd the bucklers smitten and the helms.

Then Asius groan'd, and smote his thighs, and cried
In wrath, as one beguiled ; " O Father Zeus ! 190
Hast thou even all inclined thee to a lie ?
For strong the voice within me, that of all
Achaia's heroes none might now withstand
Our onset and invulnerable arms :
Yet lo, as when some limber wasps or bees
In crevice of rough road have built their cells,
Nor flee their hollow nest, but, biding firm
The hunter of their honey, to the death
Fight for their brood ; so, though they be but two,
Yet, ere they slaughter or fall slaughter'd, ne'er 200
Will these recoil from guard of yonder gates."

He spoke, yet might not turn the heart of Zeus,
Who will'd to Hector only heighten'd fame.

At every gate like battle fierce they waged.
Vain hope, though I were gifted like a God,
To sing you all the deeds of prowess done !
For all along the rampart ran the fire
Of stones in furious shower, and, of the shame
Indignant, yet perforce the Argives strove
Only to save their galleys from the foe ; 210

Whilst whosoe'er of Powers Immortal loved
The Danaan cause, sate chafing at the sight.

Yet hear the prowess of the Lapithæ !
Huge Polypætes, to Pirithous born
Pierced through the brass-cheek'd vizor with his spear
Brave Damasus ; nor held the helm ; but on
The steely point pass'd straight, and brake the bone,
And crashing through the skull laid prone his pride.
Then Pylon, and then Ormenus, he slew.
The while the flower of war, Leontes, struck 220
Full on the belt Hippomachus the son
Of strong Antimachus, and loosed his limbs ;
Then from the scabbard drew a sharp bright sword,
And springing through the mellay, hand to hand,
First smote Antiphates and left him fall'n,
Then levell'd to the fruitful earth in turn
Menon, Orestes, and Iamenus.

And these were busied stripping off the slain
The shining arms ; the while the neighbouring troop,
The most in number and the best in arms, 230
Bravest to pierce the rampart to the fleet,
Under Polydamas and Hector led—
These yet had pass'd not, but above the trench
Hung lingering ; for, whilst now at point to pass,
On their left hand appear'd athwart their host
A soaring eagle, bearing in his claws

A dragon, speck'd with blood, and wounded sore,
But living still, and breathing hard, nor yet
Forgetful of the struggle ; for it stung,
With neck bent back, its captor on the breast ; 240
Wrung by the smart, the eagle tore it clear
And flung it down to earth amidst the throng,
And clanging pass'd away along the wind.
Such sign made halt the Trojans ; and appall'd
They stood, and rapt upon the portent gazed,
Till thus to Hector spake Polydamas :

“ Ever in council, Hector, some pretext
Is thine to chide me, though my rede be good.
Thou lik'st not, or in council or in war,
Any to rise against thee, or to speak, 250
Save only to the glory of thy name.
Yet will I utter freely as I think.
For, if with aught of import o'er our host,
Ere we could pass the trench, this eagle flew,
The end shall happen as I now foretell.
On our left hand appear'd athwart the host
This soaring eagle, bearing in his claws
The serpent, wounded sore, but not to death ;
Yet hath he flung it on the sudden off,
Nor gain'd his eyrie nor fulfill'd his hope 260
Parting it to his eaglets : so, albeit
This day we pierce the bulwark and the gates
(Our strength resistless, and the foe give way),
Yet in no seemly rout before the eve

The selfsame path returning shall we tread,
Leaving behind us many a valiant wight
Slain by the Argives in their ships' defence.
So would a seer, a reader of such signs,
Explain thee this, and so the folk believe."

To whom bright-helmèd Hector, frowning stern: 270
"Thou sayest it; this thy wisdom likes me not.

Other and better utterance is in thee;
Or if this comes from out thy very heart,
Surely the Gods have reft thee of thy mind;
Who bidd'st abandon the commands of Zeus,
His word, and pledge, and nod, as things forgotten,
To follow the behests of feather'd fowls!

For whom I swerve not from my course one jot,
Whether their flight be tow'rd the gates of Dawn,
Or westward to the cradle of the mist. 280

For us great Zeus sufficeth, Zeus our guide,
Of mortal and immortal King supreme:

Best of all omens is a country's cause.

And what hast thou to fear in battle-brunt?

Though we were slaughter'd all amongst the ships
Thou needst not fear to perish; hearts like thine
Are made not of the stuff that lasts to death.

Only beware lest I behold thee shrink

Or others by that guiling tongue entice;

That moment shouldst thou perish by my spear." 290

He spoke, and led the way, and with him went
In more than mortal clamour all his host;

O'er whom the Lord of Thunder blew a blast
From Ida's hills to bear the clouding dust
Right i' the face o' the fleet, and charm'd away
Achaia's olden valour; but to Troy
And Hector gave companionship of fame.
Therefore, on signs reliant and the strength
Of their own arms, they strove to breach the wall,
Rending the parapets off the towers above, 300
Shaking the battlements, or wrenching up
The huge forestanding blocks, which first in earth
Were laid to bear the burthen of the towers :
These they uptore, and hoped the breach now made.

Nathless the Danaans gave not way, nor flinch'd,
But forth across the parapet thrust a fence
Of bucklers, whence they pour'd upon their heads
Under the wall a storm of darts and stones.
And every where conspicuous on the towers
Strode vast the Ajax-two, and cheer'd amain, 310
Kindling their spirits, now with suasive speech,
And now exhorting with a stern rebuke
Whomever yielding from his post they saw :
“ Friends, be ye strong, or but as other men,
Or weaker—(all in strength are not alike)—
Yet now hath every man his task before him.
Full well without the bidding wot ye this.
Let none then hearken to his fellow's cry
To turn him to the ships ; but press ye still

Forward, and each with voice encourage each ; 330
So haply may the lightning's Lord most high
Grant we repel and chase them to their town."

Thus to the war those chieftains cheer'd their men.

As falls a snow-shower all a winter's day,
When Zeus in his high purpose hath ordain'd
Snow-fall on man, and speeds his feathery shafts ;
He lulls the winds to slumber, and sheds down
Snow upon snow, enfolding every peak,
Mountain and headland, hill and dale alike,
Meadows of lotos, and the fruitful works 330
Of man, the shore, and harbours to the brink
Of hoary ocean, where the washing wave
Gives it the limit which it shall not pass ;
But else the face of all the world is wrapp'd
Within that heavy mantle from above ;
Such and so ceaseless flew the hail of stone,
Alike from Trojan and Achaian hand,
And with the hurtle all the rampart rang.

Nor to this hour had Hector or all Troy
Broken the gate's long bar, or burst the wall, 340
Had not Sarpedon, Zeus' own child, by Zeus
Been kindled, like some lion upon a herd.
Forth at arm's length he thrust his gleaming shield,
Full-orb'd, with brazen rim by craftsman framed
About it ; but, within, the bullhides lapp'd

One over other, and their round was boss'd
With golden nails. With this in hand outstretch'd,
And brandishing two spears, he strode afront
Strong as a lion cradled on the hills
And long ahunger'd, by his cravings fierce 350
Driven (though thereby into perilous haunts)
Upon a flock; albeit beside the flock
He finds the herdsmen and their dogs and spears,
He brooks not from the fatten'd fold retreat,
Ere he hath made his venture and hath sprung
Amongst them, and borne clear his prey, or fallen
Pierced by a javelin from their stalwart arms :
Not less divine Sarpedon's noble spirit
Drave him to burst those bastions and the wall,
And thus to Glaucus his desire he cried : 360

“ Say, Glaucus ; why to us in Lycia most
Is honour by choice meats, full cups, and thrones
Bestow'd, and men look up to us as Gods ?
Wherefore those rich demesnes on Xanthus' streams
Bounteous of vineyards and of waving corn ?
For what save that, in moments like to this,
Foremost amongst the foremost we may stand
And meet the burning battle face to face ?
That Lycia's men-at-arms may see, and say ;
' *No nameless sluggards are our Lycia's lords,* 370
' *Eating fat sheep and drinking royal wines ;*
' *But strength is likewise theirs, and noble heart,*
' *To battle 'mongst the foremost of their rule.*

O mine own friend ! If haply, by escape
From this one field, thenceforward we might live
Immortal and unaging, nor myself
Would risk me thus, nor bid thee with me seek
The glory that such onset brings a man.
But, since ten thousand deadly dooms beset
Our lives, and vain the hope to shun them all, 380
Follow—to conquer, or to yield, renown ! ”

He spoke ; nor Glaucus disobey'd, nor shrank ;
Onward together Lycia's might they led ;
Whom Peteus' son, Menestheus (on whose guard
They bore immediate ruin), saw, and fear'd,
And glanced along the rampart, if perchance
Might be some hero to the rescue near.
He saw the Ajax-two, unweariable,
And Teucer, hardly issuing from his tent,
Standing not far, yet not within his cry, 390
So loud the uproar, and the hurtle rose
Of plumèd morions smitten and of shields
And batter'd gates ; for a the gates the foe
Already stood, and strove to burst them through.
Therefore in haste he sent a herald forth,
Thoötes, with this hest to Ajax' side :

“ Haste thee, divine Thoötes, haste thee quick
To Ajax ; call him hither ; yea, call both ;
'Twere best ; for ruin threats to enter here.
So fierce come Lycia's chieftains, who, as erst, 400
So now, in battle's struggle bravest show.

But if on their side likewise sore the need,
Bid Telamonian Ajax come alone,
And Teucer follow with his bow adroit."

He spoke ; the herald heard, nor disobey'd,
But ran along the rampart, and approach'd
The Ajax-two, and spake his hest, and said :

"Chief leaders of Achaia's mail-frock'd host !
The son of heav'n-sprung Peteus bids you move
Yonder to him, for there this moment lies 410
The battle's brunt ; together bids you come ;
Twere best ; for ruin threats to enter there.
So fierce charge Lycia's chieftains, who, as erst,
So now, in battle's struggle bravest show.
But if on your side likewise sore the need,
Let Telamonian Ajax come alone,
And Teucer follow with his bow adroit."

He ceased ; the giant son of Telamon
Heard, and address'd the son of Oïleus :

"Stay, Ajax, thou ; with Lycomedes stand 420
Steadfast, and cheer the Danaans to the war.
But I will thither, and will meet the brunt,
And after rescue of their tower return."

Thus Ajax spoke, and thither turn'd, with whom
His brother (Telamon begat them both)
Teucer went likewise ; and Pandion bare
The bended bow of Teucer nigh at hand.

Moving along the rampart when they gain'd
The tower whereon the Lycian captains pour'd
Strong with their host, and press'd Menestheus hard, 430
Climbing the bastions with a tempest's whirl—
Against them with loud cry they threw themselves.
And Ajax first to earth smote Epicles,
A follower of Sarpedon, with a stone
Jagg'd and immense that lay inside the wall
Haply upon the parapet's topmost edge.
No mortal (though in blooming youth's first flower)
Of mortal generations now on earth
Could lift it in both hands without a strain ;
But this he poised aloft, and brake therewith 440
The four-coned helm, and crush'd his skull, who fell
Prone, like a diver, lifeless off the tower.
Whilst Teucer sent an arrow forth, and pierced
Glaucus, the son of great Hippolochus,
Through the bared arm, and stay'd him in mid-charge.
Back off the wall sprang Glaucus, yet disguised
The hurt, lest haply some Achaian see
His peril, and above him vent his vaunt.
Sarpedon knew anon his comrade gone,
And sorrow'd, nathless slacken'd not thereat, 450
But struck Alcmæon, Thestor's son, and drew
The spear-point back ; who follow'd as he drew
The spear, and prone upon it fell ; and loud
The enamell'd armour clash'd about his limbs.
Upon the battlemented parapet

He next laid sinewy grasp, and pluck'd, and pull'd,
Till, broken sheer, all follow'd in his hands ;
So that the wall show'd bare along its ridge,
An open path to many. Ajax saw,
And Teucer, and together turn'd them there : 460
And Teucer's arrow struck the scarlet strap
That braced the sheltering shield about his breast ;
And he had fallen so slain before the ships
Had not Zeus stay'd the Fates from off his son ;
Whilst Ajax springing on him smote his shield
Full, and, albeit the spear-point pass'd not through,
It dash'd him ev'n in hottest onset back.
Some little space he fell, but not distress'd,
Whose heart still hoped the glory of the day ;
And rallying on the Lycians thus he cried : 470
 " Ho, Lycians ! Slack ye thus your olden might ?
Hopeless for me, how strong soe'er I show,
Singly to burst a path into their fleet :
On then, and help ; in numbers lies our strength !"
He spoke ; they quail'd beneath their King's rebuke,
And closer round their captains fighting press'd ;
But adverse drew the foe their phalanx strong
Behind the wall, and hard the tug of war :
For nor could Lycia's gallant troop avail
To burst the breach or pass into the fleet ; 480
Nor could the Danaan armèd guard repel
Their onset, when they once had touch'd the wall.
Therefore as, when within their meeting-field

Two peasants wrangle o'er their boundaries,
Both stand, their gauges in their hands, short space
Dividing, and for equal rights contend ;
So, parted only by the battlement,
Stood those two hosts, across it striking fierce
Each on the other's orbèd shields of hide
Or light-plied targes ; and their warriors dropp'd, 490
Struck with the spears that ruthless through the shields
Or shore, or haply pierced a barèd back.
The parapets and the turrets ran with blood.

Nathless no fear had fallen on Argos' sons ;
But firm they held ; as when a drudge, who lives
By labour of her hands, with careful eye
Stretches a balance, and on either side
Lays even in the scales her wool and weights,
Earning a daily pittance for her child ;
Thus even sway'd the balance of the war ; 500
Till Zeus to Priameian Hector gave
The glory first to leap within the wall ;
Who thus with voice uplifted cried on Troy :

“ Once more into the breach ! Up, Troy, and burst
Their bulwark, and with fire consume their ships ! ”

He spoke, and cheer'd ; to whom they lent their ears,
Full charging on the rampart ; and the ridge
Of their spear-points ran up the parapet :
Whilst Hector seized a stone that chanced to lie
Before the gates, broadbased, but to a point 510

Ascending ; this not mightiest two of men
(Such men as now are mighty on the earth)
Could heave without a strain upon a cart ;
But he there poised it effortless, to whom
Supreme Kroncion made the burden light.
With ease, as when a shepherd bears a fleece
In single hand nor knows of burden borne,
So Hector lifted high and bare that stone
Direct upon the panell'd portals strong :
Within them 'thwart each other lay two bars 520
Lifted to socket home by single key.
Near them he stood, and on them hurl'd the stone,
Straining his strength and striding wide, to lend
All that he had of vigour to the cast.
Both hinges sheer he broke ; with ponderous fall
The rock rush'd inward far, and loud the crack
And crash of shatter'd panel, nor the bars
Held in their sockets, and the timbers flew
In fragments, rent and riven by the shock.
Leap'd then the glorious Hero through the breach, 530
Like dreadful Night in aspect, but his form
One blaze of fiery armour, and a spear
In either hand ; no might, save Gods alone,
Could stay him ; and his eyeballs flash'd with fire.
Such show'd he leaping through the gates, and turn'd
And waved, and call'd aloud to all his host
To scale the breach ; and all obey'd the call,
Some climbing o'er the rampart, streaming some

Betwixt the broken portals ; but the foe
Amongst their hollow galleys fled appall'd,
And tumult inextinguishable rose.

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END OF VOL. I.

Notes to Vol. I.

(Except where the subject of the note is a Greek word, the references are made to the numbers in the translation.)

BOOK I. 67.—*Nine days the shafts divine beset the camp.*

THE action of the Iliad occupies altogether fifty-one days, the distribution of which will show the argument of the poem. The plague rages nine days; on the tenth takes place the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles, and the appeal of the latter to his mother, Thetis. The return of Zeus is expected on the twelfth day from that date; on the twenty-first day, therefore, he gives the promise to honour Achilles by the defeat of the Greeks, upon which the further action of the poem hinges. On the morning of the twenty-second, after the agitation caused by the dream of Agamemnon, commences the *first* battle, which, with the single combat between Paris and Menelaus, and that between Hector and Ajax, carries on the poem as far as Book vii. 440. On the next morning a truce is made; and the burial of the dead, and the construction, on the Greek side, of a fortification in front of their camp, occupy that and the following day. On the twenty-fifth, therefore, Zeus holds the council in which he prohibits divine help from the war altogether; and the *second* battle is begun, and ended at night with the defeat of the Greeks. The night is then taken up by an embassy to Achilles, and by a raid on the Trojan camp, in both of which measures Odysseus bears a principal part. The twenty-sixth is the day of the *third* battle, which commences evenly, but is continued by the storming of the Greek rampart (Book xii.) the attack on the fleet (Book xiii.—xv.) its rescue by Patroclus (Book xvi.), the struggle over that hero's body (Book xvii.), and the final retreat of Troy before the unarmed Achilles (Book xviii.). On the twenty-seventh day Achilles receives his armour, and is reconciled to Agamemnon; and, before the evening, has completed his revenge with the death of Hector,

in the *fourth* battle of the poem. The next two days are occupied in the preparation of the pyre of Patroclus, in the burning of his body, and in the games held in his honour. For eleven days more Achilles continues his insults to the body of Hector; so that it is not till the evening of the fortieth day that Priam comes to the camp for its recovery. On the morning of the forty-first he returns with the corpse, and with the promise of a twelve days' truce. Nine days are then occupied in laments and preparations. On the tenth the pyre of Hector is built and burned; and on the eleventh, or fifty-first of the whole action, his bones are interred and the mound above them heaped. The night of that day is spent in the funeral-feast; and the war is expected to recommence on the next morning.

BOOK I. 201.—

*Thus by thee
Dishonour'd, I will earn thee wealth no more.*

οὐδέ σ' ὅτω
ἐνθάδ' ἔτιμος ἔων ἔφενος καὶ πλοῦτον ἀφύξειν.

I have followed Heyne in considering σ' to be an elision for σοί. Similar elisions may be found in iv. 341, vi. 165, and x. 544, and elsewhere. If σ' is taken for σε and made the subject of ἀφύξειν, the middle voice ἀφύξεσθαι would be expected, and the position of ἔτιμος ἔων becomes awkward. Nor is the sense thus taken so fitting a climax to the previous portion of the speech. Heyne is also supported by Liddell and Scott. The dishonour cannot be referred to Agamemnon (as Lord Derby and others have rendered the passage) without an alteration of ἔτιμος ἔων into ἔτιμον ἔδοντ', for which there is no apparent necessity.

BOOK I. 209.—*Death and destruction dog thee at the heels.*

Queen Elizabeth addresses this line to Dorset in "King Richard III." Act IV. Sc. 1. I have not hesitated to adopt single lines or phrases in this manner from Shakspeare, or other well-known poets, where they have appeared to me, as here, to be real, though undesigned, translations of my original. The discovery and employment of such coincidences is not only permitted, but sought for, in all translations into a dead language from the English, and the practice seems to possess the same justifications when the translation is from a dead into a living tongue.

BOOK II. 272.—*But Odysseus came near.*

As with the gods, so with the heroes, I have allowed myself to

vary the names as Homer has varied them. Diomed is Tydides, Odysseus is Odyscus, or Achilles is Pelides or Peleion, indifferently. In the same way the Greek host is termed Achaian, Argive, or Danaan, according to the requirements of the line. The term "Greek" is not used as an appellation by Homer.

BOOK IV. 124.—*Forthwith he bared the polish'd bow, the horn
Of that wild bounding ibex, &c.*

This is undoubtedly the *agagrus*, or wild goat, found along the Mediterranean in Crete only. The following extract (taken from De Quincey) will show the minute accuracy of Homer's description:—"They often carry off a ball, and, unless they fall immediately on being struck, are mostly lost to the sportsman." And again:—"The *doron* has been ascertained to be the Homeric expression for the *palm*, or one-sixth of a Grecian foot. The extent of the horns, therefore, in the specimen which Pandorus shot would be two feet eight inches. Now the casual specimens sent to Cambridge by Mr. Pashley (not likely to be so exceptional as those which formed the personal weapon of a chief) were all *two feet seven and a half inches* on the outer margin, two feet one and a half on the inner."

BOOK VI. 502.—*But all the people call'd Astyanax,
Prince of the city.*

I fear that this is open to the charge of being a translation within a translation; yet no English ear would understand the reason for the change of name without it.

BOOK VII. 491.—*Priam forbade the Trojans from lament.*

Mr. Gladstone has noted that the Greeks needed no such injunction, "on account of their spontaneous self-command," and compares the similar contrast between the two hosts in advancing to battle, exhibited in iii. 1—10. Lessing, on the other hand, infers from the absence of any such injunction to the Greeks that they could safely indulge in such lamentation, because there was no fear of their being unmanned by it, or being unable to recover their tone afterwards. It is certain that, as a general rule, Homer did not conceive the indulgence of grief, however violently shown, to be unheroic.

BOOK VIII. 1.—It is difficult to compress the subject within the limits of a note, but Mr. Grote's theory regarding the Iliad has

been so widely accepted, and affects the estimate which a general reader will take regarding the course of the poem so nearly, that I may perhaps be permitted to state as concisely as I can the grounds on which a judgment may be formed respecting it.

The *Iliad* is, according to this view, composed of at least two separate poems—an *Achilleis*, and a smaller *Iliad*; the former consisting of Books i. viii. and xi.—xxii.; the latter, of Books ii. to vii. (the former has also received subsequent and other additions in the shape of Books ix. x. xxiii. and xxiv.; but the question, as regards these, is distinct from that of the broader division, and may be more conveniently treated elsewhere). It is urged that the wrath of Achilles, which has been declared in Book i. to be the subject of the poem, passes entirely out of sight in Books ii. to vii. So far are the Greeks from being made to feel the loss of that hero, that they are uninterruptedly successful without him. For although they construct a rampart and ditch at the close of Book vii., there is no adequate reason for any such measure. The Zeus of Book iv. is quite incongruous with the Zeus of Book i. and viii., for “he discusses nothing but the question of the continuance or termination of the war.” But when in Book viii. and Book xi. we re-enter upon the *Achilleis*, we at once “recover a series of events all conducing to the result promised in Book i.” This sequence is “rapid, unbroken, and intimately knit together;” whereas Books ii. to vii. are desultory in themselves, besides being retardations of the main action. If such a conglutination as is contended for were the fact, it would be expected that hitches in the action would show themselves just at the points where the two poems were pieced together. And such is the case; for at the opening of Book ii. we find the meaningless intervention of the dream; at the close of Book vii., the causeless and improbable fortification of the camp.

As a criticism upon the artistic development of the poem, there is much in this position the truth of which is quite undeniable. But other considerations exist which may perhaps cause a doubt whether the incoherency (such as it is) is not rather a blemish in the structure of the original *Iliad*, than a proof of subsequent aggregation of separate poems. Mr. Gladstone has forcibly argued that the problem before the national poet must have been that of reconciling Greek disaster with Greek honour—a point to which the books in question most materially contribute. Mr. J. S. Mill has remarked that it is owing to the portion of the poem which Mr. Grote would elide, that we become acquainted with, and interested in, most of the main personages of the epic. Our knowledge of Paris, Helen, and Andromache, and,

above all, the personal and warm sympathy which every reader entertains for Hector, are mainly grounded on these books, and would perish with them. And, against the minuter side of the criticism, Professor Blackie has pointed out (1) that the effect of the absence of Achilles is not entirely lost sight of, but is directly alluded to in ii. 416, 777, 871, iv. 616, vii. 269; (2) that the proposal made by Zeus in Book iv. is part of a bantering provocation of his wife, and is therefore no real incongruity; (3) that the best reason that can be urged for the prohibition of the gods from battle (Book viii.) is, that Zeus has found their intervention an interference with his plan. Athene's assistance to Diomed has compensated for Achilles' absence, and has defeated the object of the dream, which had been sent to tempt the Greeks to an unequal fight.

These statements of counsel will assist every reader to form his own conclusion. The Iliad may be conceded to be an expansion of the smaller subject set forth in Book i.; yet this enlargement may have been a natural growth in the mind of the original poet, not the result of any subsequent or artificial conglutinations. And it is to this judgment that the arguments on either side conduct myself.

BOOK VIII. 370.—*Smote him upon the shoulder, where the neck
Is parted by the collar from the chest.*

Yet this same hero is active again on the afternoon of the next day (xii. 426). Three other similar inconsistencies occur in the Iliad, and, I think, three only. The spear of Tlepolemus passes through Sarpedon's thigh in the fifth book; yet on the fourth day afterwards he storms the fortification in the twelfth book. Py-læmenes is one of the victims to Diomed in the fifth book, yet follows the funeral of his son, Harpalion, in xiii. 782. Odysseus and Diomed are both wounded in Book xi. yet bear their parts in the funeral games held over Patroclus in Book xxiii. In judging of such inaccuracies three points especially must be borne in mind: (1) The poem must have been written with an eye to detached recitation of its parts as more frequent than its recitation as a whole. (2) Regarding every prominent hero various legends were current, and more than one of these may have been adopted by the poet without due care. (3) These mistakes are not those which a compiler, living in later days when writing was in vogue, and of a skill presupposed to be sufficient to put an epic together, could possibly have admitted into his composition.

BOOK IX.—This book is concerned throughout with Achilles,

and if it is to be excluded from the canon of the *Iliad*, its exclusion depends on grounds quite distinct from those relating to Books ii. to vii. Mr. Grote would so exclude it (1) because the complete restitution and compensation offered in it to Achilles leaves him no further pretext for the continuance of his wrath; he has no *locus standi* remaining, and his persistence carries his implacability beyond all permissible limits. (2) Because such atonement is irreconcilable with the words of Achilles in xi. 700, and xvi. 62—110. (3) Because there is an entire absence of any allusion to it in scenes where such allusion would appear to have been inevitable, if it had been present to the mind of the poet at all: e.g. in the conversation between Nestor and Patroclus (xi. 740—937); in the appeals of Patroclus (xvi. 28—58. 330—336); or in subsequent speeches of Achilles (xviii. 132). Where allusions do occur, as in xviii. 521, xix. 165—175. 201. 226. 280—290, they must be regarded as interpolations.

I believe this represents the whole case, though the space of a note does not allow me to draw it out in detail. On the other side, Professor Blackie has urged, with some fairness, that the argument involves a rather fast and loose play with the theory of interpolation. Not a few lines, but the whole scene of the reconciliation (Book xix.) is affected by it. Mr. Mill has noted that a very characteristic passage (xvi. 77)—

‘Yet my word
Stands, that I will not change, or e’er I hear
The cry of battle round my own fair ships’—

refers to what is said nowhere else, except in the reply to Ajax in Book ix. Mr. Gladstone urges that throughout Book ix. no acknowledgment of any offence on Agamemnon’s part is conveyed to Achilles. The offer is a simple bribe; whereas the public confession of the wrong is placed at the head and front of the reconciliation in Book xix. Patroclus and Nestor both show their wisdom in refraining from enlisting the hero’s obstinacy, or his pride in his own consistency, against themselves. It is not only the subsidence of his anger that finally induces Achilles to rejoin the war, but the death of Patroclus mainly—a motive which was wanting when the first offer was rejected. The fierceness of the refusal is only characteristic of the man, and contemporaneous with the passion displayed in the later books; nor would it give rise in the Greek mind to any feeling of an outraged Nemesis, for that feeling was a growth of later date than the Homeric age. In every book something occurs, to which subsequent allusions

would be naturally expected. And the absence of such allusions (for they are frequently absent) is to be explained by the fact that the poem was written for recitation in parts more commonly than for consecutive delivery as a whole.

Such arguments might easily be multiplied, and seem to myself to outweigh those adduced by Mr. Grote ; yet they tell with very varying force according to the predisposition of the mind to receive them. To me Mr. Gladstone appears to have gone farther into the root of the matter when he urges that there is a stronger presumption against a "multiplication of Homers" than against any other supposition. That "ideality" of the character of Achilles, on which Wordsworth also built his belief in the unity of the Iliad, is brought out in no book so strongly as in Book ix. In none are his peculiarities, whether of speech, of manner, or of thought, so dramatically set before us. Many new points are added, but not one that opposes, not one that does not serve to heighten and intensify, the conception that would be drawn of him from the later books. Unsafe as it is to argue from the circumstances of a literary age to those of one so unlike as the Homeric ; surprising as was the degree to which the special training of the Homerids must have developed certain faculties now dwindled, such as the memory, and a facility of improvised composition ; yet the success attributed to them by Mr. Grote seems to me to be just as impossible as it would have been for any other Elizabethan dramatist but Shakspeare to have added to the stature of Hamlet. Either supposition involves a power of creative sympathy unknown to the human mind.

BOOK IX. 280.—This is the second supper of which Odysseus has partaken on this night. It is not unfairly urged by the disbelievers in the unity of the poem that he eats a third before sunrise, at the close of Book x. Compare Note on viii. 370.

BOOK IX. 419.—τῇ παριαύων τεπέεσθω. I may perhaps be permitted to offer an alternative line for the very inadequate translation in the text—

And much he profits—Let him joy his fill !

But the difficulty of combining a close translation of the original with a rhythm at all suited to the thought, is carried to its highest pitch in this speech of Achilles, and could only be conquered by a great poet. For its mixture of argument, denunciation, and sarcastic power, Mr. Gladstone has truly said that this reply to the envoys has no parallel in dramatic poetry.

BOOK X.—“This book” (the Doloneia) “was considered by some of the ancient Scholiasts, and has been confidently set forth by the modern Wolfian critics, as originally a separate poem inserted by Pisistratus into the Iliad. How it can ever have been a separate poem I do not understand. It is framed with great specialty for the antecedent circumstances under which it occurs, and would suit for no other place, though capable of being separately recited. But, while distinctly presupposing and resting upon the incidents in Book viii. and in Book ix. 100—110, it has not the slightest bearing upon the events of the eleventh or following books. It goes to make up the general picture of the Trojan war, but lies quite apart from the Achilleis. And this is one mark of a portion subsequently inserted—that, though fitted on to the parts that precede, it has no influence on those which follow.” These are Mr. Grote’s words; and he condemns the book also because it is pitched in a tone of “lower ethical sentiment” than prevails generally in the Iliad. Neither of these criticisms carry any degree of certainty with them. As regards the latter, the gallantry of the adventure is unquestioned, and the cruelty displayed in it can easily be paralleled; whilst the former would seem to exclude episodes from an epic altogether. Other critics have remarked that some success was necessary to convert the despondency shown in Book ix. into the high spirit with which the battle is recommenced in Book xi. And, if the poem be looked upon as a natural expansion of an Achilleis into an Iliad, so important an element as a night attack could not be omitted by a poet whose object it had become to depict all phases of the war. An allusion to the wrath of Achilles will be found at line 119, which must, on Mr. Grote’s theory, be pronounced to be an interpolation.

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