THE

LIAD OF HOMER.

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WITH NOTES.

BY

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LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1854
LONDON:
A. and G. A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-street-Square.
In adding another to the existing versions of the Iliad of Homer, already before the public, the Translator doubted whether or not to offer it at once without preface, as an undertaking which, if approved of, would commend itself; and to which, if disapproved, no prefatory preparation or apology could reconcile the reader. With the usual result, however, of such debate, he has resolved on venturing somewhat by way of introduction, if only to set forth what is aimed at in the present work, and to remove, if possible, certain prejudices that might operate on the minds of some against his method of treatment. But how far he has been successful, it is, of course, for the reader alone, after unbiassed perusal, to determine. The following, then, is offered as the most literal metrical English version of the Iliad hitherto published, and certainly the most literal in rhyme. And in it the translator has aimed at giving all that is in the original, without regard to supposed redundancy or repetition, and from it as rigidly excluding every thought and expression which is not there to be found. That he has always succeeded it would be vain to assert; but he can conscientiously declare that he has never swerved without a feeling of discomfort proportioned to the strenuous efforts he has always made to avoid the necessity. And this constant endeavour, he ventures to flatter himself, has been attended with, at least, this result, that a closer version has been produced than the reader would, perhaps, at hearing of a rhymed translation, have expected.
In prosecution of his design of giving Homer exactly, as far as he was able, the proper names are given as in the original. The propriety of so doing in any translation from the Greek will now scarcely be questioned, after the tendency that prevails even in original works, as in Bishop Thirlwall's History of Greece, and in Mr. Grote's, of employing them instead of their Latin equivalents. As a general rule, this has been done here, except, 1st, in those books which the Translator had completed before resolving on this plan, and which he has been unable entirely to alter; instances of which may be found in Books II. to VIII. inclusive (the first book having been remodelled). 2ndly, Where the proper names have adequate equivalents in English, as Dream, Sleep, Death, and some others, which would have gained nothing, he thought, by substituting the original Oneiros, Hypnos, and Thanatos. But when the Greek name was resolved on, a difficulty still remained. Should the Latin form be given or the Greek? Should we, for instance, have Hephæstus or Hephaistos? He has preferred the latter, though not without a twinge at the occasional consequences of carrying out the rule. And if the reader withhold his approval, it is hoped that he will consider the difficulty and extend his indulgence. There is no rule for courage, whether physical or moral. Very fire-eaters have shaken at a trifling matter. And the writer may be somewhat in the same predicament. He has not flinched from what the reader may consider rougher changes, and yet has fairly turned tail and fled when asked to charge upon a Roman C, and plant the colours of a Greek K in its stead.

There is one feature in connection with this subject, to which the reader's attention is invited; viz., that not only has it been endeavoured to give the Greek name, but the one used then and there by Homer; and rarely, for instance, has Phæbus been substituted for Apollo, or Pallas
for Athenè. The proper names, moreover, where several occur together, are uniformly given in the order of the original. And this has been especially a matter of scruple with the Translator in the Catalogue of the Ships, where the order in which the places occur is an element of value in the geography of the description, and accordingly mentioned with praise by Macrobius.

But although the propriety of literal translation is very generally admitted, yet some, whose approbation the Translator would not willingly forego, are against it, fortified by a prejudice which is of some standing, and had found plausible expression, at least, as far back as Denham's Lines to Fanshawe on the latter's translation of the Pastor Fido. This notion has been worked up into a notable recipe for translation, which, while it alters the expression of the problem, adds nothing to its solution. Applied to our subject, it would run thus:—A perfect translation would present the poem as Homer would have written it in English. This is often uttered with the confidence of an axiom, and yet it recommends an impossibility, and takes for granted what never did nor ever could occur, for no great epic, true and genuine, can be repeated. Every true poem, of like compass, is so enwoven with the then and there of the people and language to which it belongs, as to be inapplicable to any other. This seemingly plausible recommendation, therefore, opens a large field of doubt and difficulty. To ungreek Homer were not enough,—we must Anglicize him. But to what period of our history? Is he to be the Englishman of to-day? But how then could he have addressed such a poem to the men of the nineteenth century? What warrant in our manners would he have found for three-fourths of it? And take away these, in what condition would the poem be left? Or, if this were admissible, how could such truncation of the original fall within the
province of a translator? Whether for diction, for machinery, for incidents, there is no period of our history to which an English Homer could have applied an Iliad, or made with those materials other than an exotic composition, and, therefore, not an Iliad, not a poem embalmed in the hearts and sympathies, the customs, language, and faith of his countrymen. The Argonauts might, perhaps, with little change, have been written anywhere; but the Iliad in Hellas only, and among the Greeks of the heroic age, even as the Cid is linked inseparably with Spain, and the chivalrous Spaniards that battled with the Moor, and as the Nibelungen-Lied belongs to the Teutons of the time. Homer then could not have reproduced his poem; at most he would have achieved another and original work embodying what was applicable in the first. And in this direction the translator is travelling, who is too ambitious of rendering his author by equivalents. He may make another, and if stronger than his original, a better poem, but not a translation.

A translator's office the writer conceives to be of a much humbler cast. Great diligence, respect for his author, and oblivion of self, so as never voluntarily to import the latter into the former,—these, with the commoner qualities in the lower walks of Parnassus, will go further than the highest poetic powers without them. Indeed it is possible for high poetic power to be a hindrance even, when, like a wayward river, it would rather wander at its own sweet will, than be canalled and cooped in dykes and locks, for all the precious freight it may be thereby made to convey. And Homer, of all poets, is so suggestive as to offer continual temptations of this kind, and so furnishes the sole excuse for translators like Chapman, who is repeatedly breaking off from his author upon some little original poesy on his own account, which, however good in itself, is too often out of keeping with the poem, which it conse-
quently mars. Lack of such poetic facility, or, as he would flatter himself, respect for his author, has kept the present Translator from any voluntary transgressions of this nature. For the majesty of the original would have effectually re-buked all inclination to trespass. For the right thing in the right place, enough and no more, so characterises it throughout, that he felt every change to be for the worse, every addition redundancy, and every suppression defect.

If then, it will be urged by another and opposite class of objectors, the parts of a good epic and its concomitants be, so to speak, inseparable, this must be especially so of the verse itself. Undoubtedly. But the verse is not linked with the subject only, but with the language also; and this latter link is less easily broken than the other. In any given tongue, whatever your subject, you have comparatively a range of choice among the rhythms of that tongue, but nothing beyond. Now the rhythms that depend on quantity are not more exclusively germane to the tongues of ancient Greece and Rome, whose prosody was based on quantity, than are the accentual rhythms to the accentual tongues of modern Europe, and to none more than English. Hexameters, pentameters, et id genus omne, evince great skill and ingenuity on the part of the English poet who employs them, but, in the writer's opinion, equally evince the indomitable reluctance of the material to be moulded into those forms. Whatever his command of language, the choicest words will desert him by the score when he comes to drill them in these foreign forms, which not all the power of all the poets united could ever render vernacular. And as for the supposed necessity of keeping to the measure of the original, what would be thought of a translation of the Faery Queen into Greek which should preserve the rhyme and the stanza? An English translator therefore, it is conceived, should eschew hexameter for the very reason that Homer
chose it, viz. regard to the requirements of the language in which he wrote.

The verse then must be accentual; and, for the number of feet, the five accent, or heroic verse, appeared the best. That of six accents, which had charms for Drayton, and still more the lengthy line of seven, in which the soul of Chapman delighted, would, if more popular, have been convenient for translation on the score of room. And it is surprising that Chapman had not made his illustrious guest more at home when he had provided so spacious a mansion for his reception. But these are all but obsolete, and not to be greatly regretted. The former, for long together, is monotonous, and the latter cumbersome; and, except for the bare quality of length, they are not to be compared to the noble instrument which Chaucer's genius first bestowed upon us, and which has been tuned to music too varied and exquisite, from his time to the present, for the English minstrel to the latest generation to allow of its falling from his hands.

The verse of five accents, therefore, being determined on, the question of grouping it remained. Should it be blank verse or rhyme? From the former the translator confesses that he should shrink, as from the most difficult form of verse, and one to which, even if his hands were free, he could not hope to do justice, and manage it as it should be managed for poetry of this high order even in original composition, and much less therefore when he is tied down to the necessities of a literal translation. Turning then to rhyme, it may be matter of surprise that the Spenserian stanza is adopted instead of the seemingly easier vehicle of the couplet. The choice of this stanza, as noticed in publishing the first book of the Iliad, by way of experiment, some three years ago, was accidental. But the Translator has found no reason to repent it on the score of difficulty. For whatever trouble the frequent
rhymes occasioned him at first, until he had gained some mastery over the material, has been more then compensated by their alternate recurrence, affording him time and room for their reception, in a way that would have been utterly impossible in the close following of the couplet. There are some however who object to the Spenserian stanza as a translating medium. But the writer confesses to being unable to concur in that judgment. For if it be on the score of difficulty, he thinks that, weighing the advantages and drawbacks, the balance will on the whole be found in its favour. But if it be considered wanting in epic fitness, he thinks it would be difficult to substantiate the objection. For the addition of the ninth line, so exquisite an enhancement of its capabilities will hardly be reckoned a disadvantage as compared with the *ottava rima* of the Italians in this respect. And surely the latter form of verse is no detriment to the epic qualities of the Morgante Maggiore, nor of the Orlando Innamorato, whether in its original form or in the *rifacimento* of Berni, nor of the Orlando Furioso, nor of the Gerusalemme Liberata. And if not, then it is the language and not the verse which is to blame, but how, it is difficult to understand. For what mood of poetic feeling occurs in the epic that has not found exquisite expression in the Spenserian stanza at the hands of the great masters of song in our own noble tongue? There are battles enough, and narrative enough, and description of every kind, and reflection, and sentiment, and philosophy in the Faery Queen and Childe Harold, to instance no other, making between them a wide enough compass of poesy in all conscience; and yet where do we find the utterances of the poet marred or hampered by the form of verse? Is it not, on the contrary, a noble instrument, complete and expressive beyond all others, the godlike builded verse of Milton alone excepted? If
the reader, then, be dissatisfied with the present specimen, he must, it is feared, blame the performer, and not the instrument, which, touched by a master, would yield its choicest tones, though unskilled hands, and fettered into the bargain, fail to wake the music within it.

Another advantage of this form of verse is its compass of vocabulary, giving one the whole range of the language, receiving the oldest gray-worn words side by side with those of the newest mint with equal grace. An unspeakable advantage this to a literal translation and in rhyme, by giving a choice of sound and of syllables to a degree that is denied to the more fastidious and modernising requirements of the couplet. The Translator, however, has been sparing in the exercise of the privilege, and has never employed an old word but from necessity, and to better the translation; from which, when really compelled to admit them, he has not felt that an occasional archaism was any derogation, as the original itself is not without instances of the like nature. For there are words in it—few indeed, but words there are—which had grown obsolete to a later age of the Greeks themselves, and to the meaning of which the Greek commentators, in the absence of any definite knowledge, had no other guide than the extremely vague one of the etymology of the word itself.* The words I have used are, however, in a better predicament, for although not of the current coin of the day, from which indeed words quickly fall that still circulate freely in the realms of poesy, yet their meaning is known; and never, I

* To the scholar examples will readily occur, such as μέθυ, Π. vii. 471., which the scholiasts mark as an ancient word, for what was, in their time, expressed by ἐνος only. So σεφλῶν, Π. xiv. 142., an antiquated word, which the scholiasts guessed at, partly from the context, and partly from the etymology, with but little success according to Heyne. Other examples are afforded by τρίγληνα μορόντα, Π. xiv. l. 183.; ἄφλοισμός, Π. xv. 607.; and κλοτσεύειν, Π. xix. 149. (see Heyne ad locos); and κλιτος, Π. xvi. 390. (see Eustathius ad loc.).
trust, will the poetic feeling in this country sink so low as to deem a word absolutely inadmissible which has the sanction of Spenser, or the ancient but regal stamp of the father of English poets, the noble Chaucer himself. And this so far as the use of words comparatively obsolete is concerned, which, however, are only used on occasion, and very sparingly. But objection may perhaps be made to the diction generally on an opposite ground, for admitting words, not disused, but rather too much in use, and so giving the version a familiar air, detracting from the dignity of the original. On this, as on other points, the writer is in his reader's hands. But he may be permitted to state that on the subject of poetic diction his creed is this. Many words, though fewer than some suppose, are fit for poetry without being suitable to prose; but he knows of few words, not scientific, that fit prose, and may not find a place in poetry. The poetic character of the latter class lies in their value in the place they appear in. And, apart from that value, where is the poetry of the best? The separation of prose and poetry is rather in the phraseology, than the single words; though, as regards phrases, he would have a miserable notion of the grounds of poetry who should go about to exclude idiomatic expression from its diction. That was the great fault of a school that once had its admirers in this country. They had a notion of the elevation of language apart from its indissoluble connection with thought. Remoteness from common speech, and sheer grandiloquence, with such are very apt to pass for elevation. There is, however, the right expression for the right thought. If they meet they must not be parted; it is a blessed union, be it prose or poetry; if separate it is a make-shift, whether you get the thought without the expression, if indeed such a thing be possible of the whole thought, or, which is too possible and too common, you get the expression denuded of the thought.
And Homer, himself, with all the resources of his marvellous language at command, was any thing but a lover of grandiloquence. Far from thinking that sublimity lay in avoiding common speech, he was much of our Shakspeare's mind, and uttered the highest things with familiar simplicity. Little did he think that the dignity of the Epic might be compromised by his not uttering common things in an uncommon out-of-the-way dialect. And his negligence in this way has troubled the Daciers and others considerably, who are for giving him a lift on these occasions. As for eschewing common words that aptly expressed his meaning, nothing could be farther from our poet's manner. The very familiarity of these words, and their at-homeness in the minds of the hearers, would have been their greatest recommendation to him as to our own sweet idiomatic Shakspeare. The Translator, therefore, confesses to having made no attempt at this species of epic dignity in the following version, although there are not wanting high names on its side. Clarke, for instance, whose appreciation of our poet is in general very just, yet, in a note on Iliad XIII. 707., gravely repudiates the word τέμυς as too familiar for epic elevation! The remark would, of course, not apply to so ripe a scholar; but, from Greek being a dead language, and consequently all its words on an equal footing as to familiarity, i. e. equally unfamil- iar to most readers of the original, they are apt to lose sight of a very important fact in judging of the elevation of the diction, viz., that there was no distinction between written and unwritten language as with us. The language of books, as a separate body of words, could not have existed, for there were no readers. Homer indeed, I am persuaded, himself wrote and carried his written compositions about with him for recitation; but the audience he addressed was of necessity, in an age when manuscripts were rare and costly, unable to read. So that in the mea-
sure that his poem should recede from the spoken language it would cease to be intelligible. In fact, his poems, like our old ballads, must perforce have been written in the common language of the country, and only more graceful because that language had attained to a higher pitch, and the people were, perhaps, of higher aesthetic capacity. Poetic diction, as distinguished from common speech, there was none.

But, to return to the subject of the more obsolete words, with which the following version may be garnished, it should be noticed, that for the sake of making the book so far, what every book ought to be, complete in itself, and to save the trouble of reference in these busy times, the word will usually be found explained in a note to the passage where it occurs, and authority added for its use. This may be considered a work of supererogation by some, but not, it is trusted, by the many for whom, and for whom alone, the notes have been written at all. For it is not for the learned or the studious, who would not require them, that the notes are written, but for those of my readers—and would they were many!—who, loving poetry for its own sake, are fain to have some acquaintance with a poem of such world-wide reputation, but who have not had leisure or opportunity to acquire that preliminary knowledge which is indispensable to relish, or even understand a great deal that will be found in a writer so removed in time and manners from our own. With this view many more passages had been marked for annotation, but subsequently struck out. For as it is, there is reason to fear the notes will be considered too many, and some of them too long. Their sole object has been to facilitate the understanding and relish for Homer to the unclassic reader. How far they will answer that purpose, the writer is unable to anticipate. It is difficult for one as little experienced as the Translator in such matters to cater for the public taste.
In other kinds of writing an author may often please himself, and in so doing he will please those, at least, of similar tastes. But in anticipating the wants of others on a subject of this nature he has no such guide to go by. His own wants can be no measure at all in the matter; for if he need the notes, he will be unable to write them.

The same motive which prompted the notes has induced the Translator, with the same uncertainty of its answering the purpose, to venture here some observations on the poem itself, and the light in which, as he conceives, it should be regarded. The reader, however, need be under no apprehension of encountering a learned discourse, for which the writer is neither inclined nor qualified. What he has to say will be but the impressions—so to speak, involuntary—which he has received from the poem itself during the task, he was going to say, but rather the pleasure and delight, of translating it has lasted. And whatever may be thought of the scope and correctness of the writer's views, they have at least been suggested by the work itself, and honestly represent what he has felt and thought. In this spirit he would have the reader go along with him to inspect a country, which though the writer may have visited before him, and brought back impressions of the landscape as seen by the glorious sunlight of the original, yet its broader features will always remain to enable his companion on this his second journey to form an independent judgment for himself. With this understanding, it is trusted that they will get on very amicably together, and the writer, without binding himself to any order, will take leave to say what the occasion suggests, without further fear of misconstruction.

The first thing then, which can scarcely fail to strike every attentive reader of the poem in the original, is its unborrowed and self-originating character. All is Greek; and, roundly speaking, it never travels out of the cycle of
Greek thought and experience, or touches on anything unfamiliar to the Greek people. Homer's similes, for example, are mostly drawn from objects, as it were, imbedded in the landscape, and customs of his own land and people, their feelings and experience, and are therefore such that common observers in that age and country could attest their truth. Matters of remote or recondite observation, or the result of mere individual contemplation, do not seem to have been the subject of comparison with him. And very properly, for comparisons being at foundation to strike the imagination more forcibly, and illustrate the matter in hand, from matter in the minds or experience of the auditors, should be drawn from materials not less but rather more familiar than the thing they illustrate. If this be correct, then will the comparisons of our poet be found to possess a value independent of their mere poetic significance, because, appealing to the experience of the people, they reveal to that extent what that people experienced and knew, and afford data so far for appreciating their knowledge and condition. This the historic value of the simile, would be lost or impaired in a translation that altered or materially affected it, even though something more poetically significant (no easy task) were substituted. Accordingly, in dealing with this valuable historic record, as all ancient genuine poems are, the writer has scrupulously, to the best of his power, adhered to the substance and manner of the original in these points, never willingly altering even a metaphor, and above all carefully abstaining from intruding figurative language not warranted by the Greek. He has endeavoured, in fact, to secure the advantages of a literal translation, as far as he was able, in verse.

This preference of familiar objects, however, was not, the writer thinks, so much the result of choice in the poet, as of necessity in the minds of his audience. In all early
poetry it will probably be found that the illustrations of the poet are drawn from objects familiar to his audience, and never borrowed from sources beyond their experience. For the early poetry of all nations, and especially of the nations of antiquity, would be prior to much knowledge on their part beyond what their own country and manners afforded them. Their minds, accustomed therefore to pictures that reflected their own deeds, and sentiments, and experience, would reject any foreign and non-vernacular element with a repugnance, of which we in modern Europe, who, from a mixed literature of various ages and countries, have come to tolerate, and even admire and revere, much that we neither feel nor understand, can scarcely form an adequate conception.* Our extended knowledge, literary and geographical, favours the importation of exotic notions and allusions, which the few understand, and which the many, without understanding,

* Two instances will suffice to show the general acceptance of imagery that has no foundation with us. The one, the loves of the Nightingale and the Rose. A pretty connection of bird and flower, which the generality of readers receive readily enough, but for which they would as easily substitute the Linnet and Lily, or any other bird or flower; the relation between any of them indeed being, in these parts, vague and arbitrary. But in Persia it appears (see Sir W. Jones, Poeseos, Asiat. Comment. p. 143.) that the nightingale is excessively fond of the scent of roses, which grow there in great abundance, and of intense fragrance, which the bird will inhale with greediness and delight, until he often falls intoxicated to the ground. Here we have an appropriateness in the choice of bird and flower, and the Persian poet in employing this image appeals but to the knowledge of the people he addresses. The other instance is the Scriptural expression, "Put my tears into thy bottle," which is without foundation in our manners. But it would seem to be familiar enough in the East, from the account Mr. Morier gives of the mourning assemblies in Persia, where the priest goes about to each mourner in the height of his grief with a piece of cotton, with which he collects the falling tears, and squeezing them into a bottle, puts them by very carefully, as they are supposed to be of high efficacy in case of sickness.
yet treat with a respect which might be withheld were there but one uniform tone of culture prevailing, as in those days. Otherwise, the instinct of modern times would equally insist on the vernacular in poetry; and rightly insist. For what is poetry that comes not home to men's bosoms? And how can it touch their hearts, and house in their breasts, but by mixing in all their doings, going where they go, and dwelling where they dwell, in court, and camp, in senate and forum, the palace and the cottage, the temple and the market-place, and talking still in their own familiar tongue? And not by scouring foreign lands and literatures for quaint and alien images in which we have neither part nor lot. For a people's speech is not more indispensable to the vitality of their poetry, than is preserving the vernacular in tone and treatment. The poet may travel foreign lands, and foreign tongues, and other times, into all departments of human mind, and grow familiar with every phase, if possible, of human genius,—the more the better, so long as his soul is strengthened by such food, and, growing stronger and stronger, he is not a whit the less in every point the man of his own age and country. His poetry then and then only may hope to command the suffrages of his own and of after-time.

In all original pieces, therefore, the poet should write for his own age and country, both as to subject for the most part, and always in the handling. For translating, on the other hand, he should as sedulously avoid importing the ideas of his own age into a piece which belongs to another, or he may endanger the characteristic feature of his author. But with regard to original composition, instinct and necessity have fixed a vernacular character on the early poets in all countries; and the early poetry accordingly has a freshness, and beauty, and vitality, that seem to bid defiance to every change, because it was
once the living production of the poet's mind in the totality of his being as a man and a citizen of that age and country, and it is given to the immortal mind that no genuine offspring thereof can ever die. Nothing, on the other hand, is so fatal to the vitality of a poem as the serious and real anachronism of not embodying the poet's personality, which by a thousand invisible links is bound to his own time and country, but embodying only a feeble attempt to step out of the atmosphere of his own existence, and realise that of a people and age of which he knows only by hearsay, and history, which for the most part yield up but the dry bones of the past without flesh, and blood, and warmth, and life. This is the fault of Virgil's Æneid. Its dead parts are from this cause, its vital parts are from himself. A consciousness of this it was probably that made him feel his poem lacked the reality of Homer's, and so wish to have it destroyed, and not, as the rumour runs, because of a few short lines here and there.

Genius of the highest order has always steered clear of this shoal, which would else have wrecked the reputation of the brightest. Dante was conspicuously Italian, and the contemporary element in him so strong as to render him obscure to the reader of the present day, even in his own country, and notwithstanding a style marvellously pure and transparent. And Shakspeare, again, how eminently vernacular! His treatment even of Greek and Roman subjects is English, and the result has been, that in making sure of his own nationality, and causing his characters to speak and act as his own countrymen so circumstanced would have done, he has secured a dramatic reality which renders his the best, the most vital classic plays ever written in modern times, and most true to much that prevailed in the period they represent, because true to human nature, which in substance is at all times
and everywhere the same. An antiquarian anxiety to exclude everything English would have resulted in a vapidity applicable to no period whatever, like the grand monarque classic abstractions of the French school. Cervantes was before all things Spanish, and he remains accordingly the delight, not of Spain only, but the world, without a rival. Spain has now no literature, nor will she have so long as the fashion prevails of following French models instead of opening up the resources of native mind, which, in its worst state, is always far before the exotic, though drawn from higher sources than she has fixed on. Impatience of foreign element may be regarded as a mark of health and vigour in the poetry of a nation; and if not among the causes, it is a usual concomitant of that condition, and poetry that has maintained its hold on national favour will be rarely found without it.

There is another feature also equally remarkable—the total absence of the arbitrary; which, although perhaps inseparable from the true epic, being founded on the exigences of the audience, and therefore involuntary on the poet's part, yet, when its requirements are so nobly satisfied, and with such apparent ease, it becomes the surest mark of real transcendent power—a power which stipulates for no preliminary conditions for its exercise, but works its wonders with whatever it may happen to find. This absence of the arbitrary stamps the master-worker, who in this respect is in every country and in every age the same; and, like our Shakspeare, and like Dante also, though at first blush this be less apparent; forging nothing, but building upon ground firm and solid already existing in the minds and belief of the audience. In Homer we find it throughout, but in nothing more conspicuous than where we might least expect to find it,—in his management of what is sometimes called the
machinery of the poem, the supernatural part of it. Here the sterling common sense and regard for the probable in the old Greek in common with his countrymen is apparent; and he that, with large notions of the license of fiction, comes fresh from reading the Fairy Tales, or that bewitching labyrinth of wonders the Arabian Nights, where enchanters on fiery dragons, and genii are seen contending together, or dragging reluctant princesses through the air in sight of multitudes, will be mistaken if he expect the gods in the following poem to appear in propriâ personâ, in face of all, present and observable by all, as birds would be, flying over their heads. He will meet with nothing of the kind. For nothing occurs to contradict the experience of a Greek auditor of the poem, or lead him to think that the order of things had become changed in his time. Throughout the Iliad, so far as the writer's recollection serves, the presence of the gods is concealed from the many, and vouchsafed only to the few. The interposition of the gods in men's affairs, and of contending factions among them, was the common belief of the Greeks; and that some individuals had privilege, more or less frequent, of intercourse with the invisible world, was their common belief also, and, everywhere prevailing, has survived under modified forms as a popular belief to this day. But the gods revealed themselves not indiscriminately, but, in their intercourse with those they favoured, chose to shroud themselves from the common gaze; and the speech of Hermes on discovering himself, and taking leave of Priam at the door of Achilles' tent, may be taken as an authentic expression of the etiquette of Olympus in this respect, when he speaks of the impropriety of a god showing open favour to mortals:

'Αλλ' ἥτοι μὲν ἐγὼ πάλιν εἶσομαι, οὐδ' Ἀχιλῆος
'Οφθαλμοὺς εἰσειτίθηνε νεμεσιστιν ὅτε κεν ἐνι.
'Ἄθάνατον θεόν ὅπε βροτοὺς ἀγαπαζέμεν ἀντινη.

II. xxiv. 462—4.
The multitude, indeed, never saw Zeus, nor messenger divine from him, but only his eagle in the air or his lightning in the clouds. Athenē, sent to pacify Achilles, was visible to him only; and on another occasion was to the throng but the herald bespeaking silence to the speech of her favourite Odysseus. And Iris, bringing news of the Achaean's approach, appeared as Polites to the throng of assembled Trojans, though Hector, whom she chiefly addressed, could recognise the goddess in his brother's garb.

The aid of the marvellous was thus obtained without violating a pagan's sense of the probable. By this means, also, with the prerogative that genius hath of converting necessity into a power, a high and glorious order was placed at the poet's disposal, with which to invest those he would exalt, engaging the imagination far beyond all titles, orders, ranks of nobility, or what not, at the command of a modern. The epic heroes were as knights of a glorious investiture, no less than the gift of communion with the gods, from whom also they claimed descent. How enhancing to the heroic character of Achilles, that turning, he knew Athenē straight, so dread the gaze gleamed from her eyes;—evidently not the first time he had seen her! And Odysseus, again, how frequent his interviews with the goddess that he should know her by her voice. (II. II. 182.) Yea, much and deep converse had been vouchsafed that patient man, of much experience, wise, and the accents of the patron deity were familiar music to his ears.

Such, then, is the faculty of a great poet, that he converts into a power and a privilege what at first would seem to circumscribe and confine his genius. The restraint is common to all poets of an early period, for all are obliged to work within the circle described by the exigences of the audience; a circle which those who have
found the narrowest have been the least able to fill. But whatever his ability, the circle is one from which no writer of the real epic can escape;—real epic, for it is important to distinguish between what may be termed the real epic, and the artificial. By real it is intended here to designate the composition of a poet contemporary with the subject and manners he handles; and by artificial, the work of one remote from these, as when he writes an epic of which the manners belong to another age or nation than his own. The Iliad and Odyssey in ancient, and the Nibelungen-Lied and the Cid in modern times, are instances of the genuine epic; and of the artificial epic examples are furnished in ancient times by the Argonauts of Apollonius, the Æneid of Virgil, and the Thebais of Statius, and in modern times by the Gerusalemme Liberata, and by poems on such subjects as the Leonidas of Glover, King Alfred, King Arthur, and the like.

The term artificial, it will be readily perceived, is not meant in disparagement of the poems so designated, but merely as expressive of a distinction between two very different classes of composition; and to this distinction it was the more necessary to advert, that what is said, both here and in the notes, on the subject of epic poetry, is utterly inapplicable to the latter class.

The poet in the artificial epic has or assumes a control over the story and conduct of his poem which is utterly denied to the other. He may invent a new story or alter an old one, and keep to the manners of the period he has fixed on, or deviate almost at pleasure, without fear of correction from an audience who know nothing, and care to know nothing more than he chooses to tell them about a story from which, as not appealing to their faith, they expect little beyond the pleasure of the poet's manner of telling it. But with the writer of the genuine epic the case is reversed. He is controlled in the legend,
and in the manner of handling it. He is addressing an audience on a subject in which they have a trustful faith, and upon which their knowledge and belief are identical with his own. Upon which, therefore, it is not so much knowledge that they ask at his hands, as the opportunity of having painted out to them in detail, and in lively colours, what they know already, and love full well, and are never weary of hearing about, but wish to dwell on, and linger over in the music of his poetry.

To trace this principle to the extent of its application would exceed the scope of this preface, which is too long already; but the writer cannot refrain from calling attention to what he believes to be intimately connected with it, and equally characteristic of the genuine epic. For one prominent feature in epic treatment is, he thinks, that it not merely tells a thing, but shows it in the doing, and so enters into details quite foreign to the modern handling, which, for the most part, omitting the process, gives only the result. To take an instance at random. In the account of Achilles, after the assembly met to celebrate the funeral games had dispersed, it would have been quite in accordance with modern treatment, in addition to the other particulars there stated of his grief, to have expressed briefly that he passed a restless night. The epic handling, however, required the restless night to be shown. The poet accordingly describes him as lying sometimes on his side, sometimes on his back, and at other times on his face. Similar instances are too numerous to need quoting. The principle is patent throughout the poem, and governed, consciously or not, its construction as a whole, as well as the arrangement of its parts in detail. To this principle also the obvious dramatic character of the epic is to be ascribed; and its influence on the construction of the poem appears, among other features, in this, that all the incidents directly
bearing on the action of the poem are not merely told, but shown, and dramatically played out. For instance, Agamemnon's treatment of Chryses, and the subsequent matter relating to it, down to the restoration of the old priest's daughter, might have been dispatched as briefly at the commencement of the Iliad as it is subsequently disposed of in the summary account of it given by Achilles to his mother. But the epic treatment required it otherwise; and the operation of the principle on the details of the poem has resulted in a minuteness which, contributing to its perfection as a work of art, has rendered the Iliad a clear and complete picture of life and manners of the period;—a picture which here at this day interests us almost to the full as much as it did those of the poet's own age and country, but on different grounds. We cherish it as an intelligible and picturesque representation of men and manners in times long gone by. They loved it as a vivid reflection of themselves, and all that was familiar and dear to them.

This difference in the grounds of appreciation by modern readers of the poet, as compared with his contemporaries, is worth bearing in mind, because it furnishes a key to the different estimates in the minds of the two, as to the requirements of epic poetry. To a modern, this class of poetry presents itself as something disconnected with, at least, all details of modern life and civilisation, which it only approaches in its highest generalisation, where ancient and modern life meet on the common ground of human nature. In so far, therefore, as the poem is to be a model of that kind of writing, the notion, plausible, but miserably false, grows on him, that what is familiar is therefore trivial, and below the dignity of the epic, which should deal more in the stately and remote. And this feeling has operated on more than one translator, who, in his endeavours to escape what he considers the trivial, be-
comes pompous, and disguises plain things in circumlocutions that remind one of the Precieuses Ridicules of Molière, and would, if rendered back into Greek, astonish a resuscitated hero of the time. The result has been curious enough, that such modern translator would seek to strip the poem of that which, to a contemporary, was its highest recommendation,—its familiarity.

And the modern is right in thinking the details of modern life less favourable to the purposes of poetry than the ancient. But it is not from their triviality, their commonness, but because they are not common enough—not of sufficiently general prevalence. The arts, for example, in ancient times, were few and simple, and, from the kind of life then existing, comparatively familiar to every one. With us the arts are many, and run into subdivisions so numerous and so complex that the knowledge of them is necessarily restricted to those who practise them. And as each trade and profession does, as compared with ancient times, absorb the whole life of the individual, and preclude him from much knowledge of any other, it follows that a picture of modern life, which should be complete enough to show it in all its phases, would meet with no general appreciation but only in parcels, phase by phase, by the particular persons respectively to whom that phase was familiar. In ancient times, on the contrary, every phase of life was, roundly speaking, reproduced in the person or experience of every individual. The arts, being few and little subdivided, were familiar to many. Hence, we have the character of sovereign, priest, lawgiver and judge, warrior and physician, with a knowledge of the mechanical arts, often in the same person; and the arts were so simple that the details of them, and the characteristics of the professors, were familiar to all. With us the subdivisions are so minute, that in proportion as we grow characteristic in speaking of them, we are withdrawing from the common
field of appreciation; because every man's knowledge is limited to his own art, or the branch of it which he cultivates.

The modern poet, therefore, is more restricted than the ancient in the contributions he would levy on the field of everyday life; not because the phases it presents are common and trivial, but because they are not common enough, because the knowledge of them is not sufficiently diffused to render the allusions he would make to them of ready apprehension. Homer's simile of the woman at her loom illustrates this. (Iliad, XXIII. 760.) He employs it to picture the position of two competitors at a foot-race, and touches the leading features enough to call up the image in the minds of a people familiar with the operation of weaving, but not enough to inform those who are not. And to us, accordingly, at this day, it is one of the obscurest passages in the whole Iliad. In Homer's time the process of such weaving as he alludes to was familiar to every one, and a common accomplishment of the females;—so common, that the possession of it did not seem to have raised the value of the woman at the funeral games to more than four oxen, a price not equalling that of a tripod or cauldron. (Iliad, XXIII.) A simile that entered into such details at the present day, would be intelligible in Spitalfields, and the like places, but an enigma elsewhere.

After discussing the above topics, it may be expected that something should be said on what is called the Homeric controversy; upon which the writer is free to state that he is against the German view on almost all points. He is no believer in the self-composition of poetry, has little faith in partnership manufacture, of what the individuals were incapable of, and still less in the ability of a sort of corporate succession to produce anything so complete, so self-coherent, so marvellously transcending all other poetry of those days as the noble epic before us.
Accordingly, he believes it to be the single and entire composition of one poet, who lived near the time, and had personal knowledge of the manners of the period to which it refers; — that it was founded, indeed, on previously existing legends, but no whit less the poet's own in working them up into its present form, than the statue is of the sculptor in bronze, who melts the material that is brought him, and casts it into a form of his own imagining; the legends, without which he could not have wrought, bearing about the same relation to the poem, in point of invention, that the stories of Lear, and Macbeth, and Porta's tale of Romeo and Juliet, bore to Shakspeare's immortal dramas on those subjects, or as his historical plays bear to the actual history. And the contrary belief, the Translator ventures to think, will not in the minds of many survive a consecutive, unbiassed, and attentive perusal of the poem itself. But the subject has engaged too large an amount of learning and ability on both sides to be done justice to on an occasion like the present. A partial examination would be unfair, and a full one would require a treatise; and to enter on it is the more unnecessary, that the whole matter has been ably discussed, and the right conclusion triumphantly established in Colonel Mure's admirable work, the History of the Literature of Greece, in the first volume of which the reader will find, or be referred to, everything he can desire.

Dismissing the general subject, therefore, the writer will yet crave leave to say a word or two on the coherence of the poem itself, — a point upon which he will have to dissent from the view taken by Mr. Grote, whose able, though not indiscriminate support of the heresy, one grudges the more that in him, as in the great Heresiarch Wolff himself, it is combined with a hearty appreciation of the beauty of the poem. And this is more than can be said of some, whose zeal on that side of the question is hot,
indeed, but who, for poetic feeling, may rank with Addison's geographer, whose enjoyment of the Æneid lay in tracing the hero's voyage upon the map.

In the writer's opinion the direct and collateral objects of the Iliad equally exhibit the consummate skill of its author. Its direct object is to depict the wrath of Achilles, and the consequences of that wrath. Its collateral object is to produce a picture, as complete as the subject admits, of the manners and life of the Achæans; and that epically, i.e., as the writer understands it, a picture in which everything is shown in the doing. Notice the features of military life, how varied, and how skilfully introduced! And notice the remarkable omission to exhibit a very prominent feature of that military life, viz., a predatory excursion. For predatory expeditions formed so large a part of their military doings that the whole siege of Troy seems to have been made up of them for the nine years preceding the action of the poem. Why are they omitted here? Because Achilles, the life and soul of those expeditions, and whose prowess in that way enriched the host, is not there to conduct them. His absence entails their cessation, and was one cause, perhaps, of the high dudgeon of the Achæans against Agamemnon for having occasioned the loss of this source of profit: a result to which the concluding sentence of a speech of Achilles in the first book would seem to point:

\[\textit{οὐδὲ σ' ὁμών ἦν, ἀφενός καὶ πλούτων ἀφύξειν.}\]

Il. i. 171, 172.

This would be one reason of no such expedition being described in the Iliad, though so many are alluded to. But another and artistic reason for its omission would be that a predatory expedition, successfully conducted, would only weaken the effect of the absence of Achilles, and so mar the main scope of the poem. For Achilles, in truth,
fills the Iliad; and no place is left for even a conjecture
that would impair his gigantic dimensions. Everything
in the poem moves round him, has reference to him, im-
perfectly supplies his place while he is absent, and points
to and prepares his re-appearance on the scene; of his
withdrawal from which observe the artistic importance.
How else could his incontestable superiority over his own
countrymen have been established, but by their being
brought into extremities to which they had never been
reduced while he was among them? Despite the author-
ity and military qualities of Agamemnon, and the pru-
dence of Nestor and Odysseus, seconded by the prowess of
Ajax and Diomed; despite the united valour and wisdom
of the Achæans, they were brought to the brink of de-
struction by Hector and the Trojans, who never made head
before Achilles left the camp. His absence is the measure
of their prevalence. Hector and his host are omnipotent
up to the very moment of Achilles relenting, and then the
scene is changed. His fancied appearance, when they
mistake Patroclus for him, is the first check, from which
they only recover on the death of Patroclus, to be again
"frighted from their propriety" by the bare appearance
of the unarmed hero. And his taking the field again is
the signal for flight, redeemed but by individual despairing
attempts at a stand, which only enhance his irresistible
power. There is no doubt of the prevalence of Hector
and his host in the absence of Achilles, and as little of
their utter helplessness from the moment of his re-apPEAR-
ance.

The Iliad, indeed, is named of Ilium, but it is not a
history of the Trojan war, but a tale of Ilium, a "tale of
Troy divine," presenting a noted but manageable incident
which occurred in that war, and has for its subject, what
the first line of the original announces, the wrath of
Peleus' son Achilles. And this in the thin grasp of
an ordinary poet would have embraced no more, but excluded all else with a rigidity to satisfy the most exacting of the German discerptores of the Orphic bard. But the affluence of Homer disdained such meager handling, and his firm and ample grasp pressed collateral materials on all sides into his service without, however, relaxing a jot of his main design. And his poem is accordingly before us as some great river fed by a thousand tributary streams that swell the volume of its waters without altering its course. Yea, a river which seems destined to flow and flow for ever, delighting each successive race of men as they flock from all parts in pious pilgrimage to drink at its pure stream in all its original freshness. For on its very banks alone can the music of its flowing be heard, which breaks but fitfully on the ear, and in far-off echoes, faintly caught through any medium like his who now offers the result of his honest endeavours to the reader. But those endeavours will not have been in vain if there be any to whom the following pages shall give a juster notion of Homer than he had before. And should there be any whom their perusal determines on qualifying himself to be as familiar with the Iliad in the original as with the Paradise Lost in his own native tongue,—an achievement not so difficult if he be but earnest in it,—then will the Translator be proud indeed as of the best fruit of his labour that he could have desired. Nor, in putting in for such a result, would he be thought insensible to the claims of the metrical translations we have already in English, and which for number and variety should seem to have taken up the ground entirely. But whatever the distinctive feature of excellence in each, according to the point of view from which the original was regarded, the principle of adaptation to English taste and ideas will, he thinks, be found to prevail in them all, with a corresponding control over the original beyond what
the bare exigence of metre required; the more scrupulous and undeviating adherence to the letter being relegated to the humbler province of prose translation. It seemed, therefore, that a corner was still open for that which should combine the unambitious fidelity of a prose with the more agreeable medium of a metrical version. How far the present translation may be considered to have supplied the vacancy, it is for the skilled and candid critic to determine.

London,
December 10, 1853.
The subjoined Alphabetical List of Words may be useful to the reader of the following translation; in which, however, they are not abundant; none occurring often, and some but once:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
<th>Note</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Arede</td>
<td>to charge, exhort</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Approach</td>
<td>accuse, accusation</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auspicate</td>
<td>see Note 12</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brastr</td>
<td>to break</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brent</td>
<td>burnt</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Del</td>
<td>portion, part</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dertrong</td>
<td>bold achievement</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dight</td>
<td>dressed, clad with</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drad</td>
<td>dread, dreaded</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eath</td>
<td>easy, easily</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forecast</td>
<td>lost</td>
<td>See Note 263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Han</td>
<td>for have, 3 p.pl. pres. ind.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hurst</td>
<td>a wood, thicket</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ken</td>
<td>to know, knowledge</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kepe</td>
<td>s. heed, care, attention</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kest</td>
<td>for cast</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Land-loupng</td>
<td>vagrant</td>
<td>See Note 263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lin</td>
<td>give over, cease</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mote</td>
<td>for might, could</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pight</td>
<td>y-pight, placed, set</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plain</td>
<td>to lament, commiserate</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quite</td>
<td>to pay for, discharge</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rase</td>
<td>to pluck</td>
<td>See Note 175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raught</td>
<td>pret. of reach</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recure</td>
<td>attend medically</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rede</td>
<td>word, advice, counsel</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheen</td>
<td>glittering, glitter</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shend</td>
<td>pret. shent to disgrace, injure.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skirr</td>
<td>scour, run swiftly</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sound</td>
<td>for sound</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stityh</td>
<td>a smith's anvil</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stour</td>
<td>combat, calamity</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swink</td>
<td>to toil, labour</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sprent</td>
<td>y-sprent sprinkled</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teen</td>
<td>y-te to go</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tare</td>
<td>nimble, nimbly</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yere</td>
<td>together, in company</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y-wis</td>
<td>verily, truly</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Alphabetical List of Greek Names, some of which differ from the Latin:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Greek Name</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Aidoneus</td>
<td>Pluto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aphrodite</td>
<td>Venus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aris</td>
<td>Mars</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Argivephontes</td>
<td>Argus-Slayer.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Argicide</td>
<td>Hermes, or Mercury.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Artemis</td>
<td>Diana</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Athene</td>
<td>Minerva</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Athenia</td>
<td>Men of Achaia; collective name for the Greek Host.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Achaeans</td>
<td>Men of Achaia; collective name for the Greek Host.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Achives</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Argives</td>
<td>Men of Argos; collective name for the Greek Host, to whom observe, that Homer never applies the term Greeks.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexander</td>
<td>Paris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aselepios</td>
<td>Esculapius</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cyprus</td>
<td>She of Cyprus, Venus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dionyssos</td>
<td>Bacchus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Demeter</td>
<td>Ceres</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enyalus</td>
<td>Ares or Mars</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enyallos</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enyo</td>
<td>Bellona</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eos</td>
<td>Aurora</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erinnyes</td>
<td>The Furies.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eris</td>
<td>Strife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glaucois</td>
<td>The Blue-eyed or clear- visioned. Epithet of Athene.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hades</td>
<td>Pluto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helios</td>
<td>The Sun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hephaisos</td>
<td>Vulcan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herakles</td>
<td>Hercules</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hermes</td>
<td>Mercury</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ilium</td>
<td>Troy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kronos</td>
<td>Saturn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kronion</td>
<td>The son of Kron or Kronides</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leto</td>
<td>Latona</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Odyssey</td>
<td>He of Olympus, Jupiter.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poseidon</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poseidon</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pherae</td>
<td>Centaurs, according to some. See Note 7.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tritogenia</td>
<td>Tritonia, Minerva.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zeus</td>
<td>Jupiter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Infernal Zeus</td>
<td>The Zeus of the lower regions, Pluto.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ERRATA.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>stanza</th>
<th>line</th>
<th>dele comma at &quot;sacrifice.&quot;</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>5</td>
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<td>9</td>
<td>25</td>
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<td>12</td>
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<td>15</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>5</td>
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<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>59</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>77</td>
<td>46</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>&quot;ov'd&quot; read &quot;lov'd.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>88</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>&quot;who&quot; read &quot;woe.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>165</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>255</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>275</td>
<td>70</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>338</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>344</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>346</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>9</td>
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BOOK I.

I.
The wrath of Peleus' son Achilles sing,
O Goddess, wrath destructive, that did on
Th' Achæans woes innumerable bring,
And many mighty souls of heroes down
To Hades hurl untimely, themselves thrown
To dogs a prey and all the birds obscene.
But so in sooth the will of Zeus was done,
Since parted first in strife those chieftains twain,
Divine Achilles, and Atrides king of men.

II.
What god them set in strife contending high?
'Twas Zeus' and Leto's son. Wroth with the king,
A plague through th' host he stirr'd. The people die.
For on priest Chryses did Atrides fling
Contempt. To th' Achive ships he ransoming
His daughter came, and boundless ransom brought.
In's hands did far-dart Phœbus' wreath enring
The golden staff. He th' Achives all besought,
But did th' Atrides chief, the folk's two rulers, court: —
III.

"Ye Atreus' sons, Achæans buskin'd well
"That else be here! Vouchsafe it may to you
"The gods that in Olympian houses dwell,
"Take Priam's town, and home then safe! But do
"My child release me, ransom take, and due
"Respect to Zeus' son, far-dart Phœbus give."

With shouts all Achives else assent thereto,
The priest to rev'rence, ransom bright receive,
But not t' Atrides Agamemnon's mind 'twas lieve,

IV.

But rough dismiss'd him, adding speech severe:—
"By th' ships, old man, that I not catch thee see!
"Or ling'ring now, or back returning here,
"Lest not the staff nor god's wreath profit thee.
"Her loose not I till age upon her be
"In Argos' palace our's, far from her land,
"Tending the loom, my couch partaking she.
"But go, provoke me not: so safer wend,"

He said. The sire in fear obey'd the harsh command,

V.

And silent pac'd of mickle sounding sea the shore.
Much as he went the sire apart did pray.
To King Apollo, fair tress'd Leto bore:—
"Hear, Silver-Bow, that Chrysa guardest aye,
"And sacred Cilla, Tenedos dost sway,
"Smintheus! If ever temple lovely one
"I've roof'd to thee, or fat thighs burnt have I
"Of bulls or goats, this wish of mine then crown,
"That with thy darts the Danai my tears atone."
'Twas thus he pray'd. Phoebus Apollo heard, And down Olympus' summits wroth at heart, And should'ring bow and cover'd quiver skirr'd. Rattled the shafts on's shoulders at each start As wroth he pac'd. He went like night. Apart From ships then sat, an arrow shot, and high Out-clang'd the silver bow to freeze the heart. Mules first and swift dogs smote, and then let fly Fell shaft on them. Thick burnt the pyres funereal aye.
IX.
And he th' Achæans' ships to Ilium led,
For that divining art Apollo gave,
Who well-intention'd them harangu'd and said:—
"Thou bid'st me tell, Zeus-lov'd Achilles brave,
"Far-darting King Apollo's anger grave.
"I'll speak: but cov'nant thou, and swear alway
"Thou'lt word and deed protect me prompt, and save.
"I shall methinks a man provoke doth sway
"The Argives all, and whom th' Achæans do obey.

X.
"Too strong's a king with private man offended.
"His wrath that day kept down the grudge he'll hold
"In's breast thereafter till in vengeance ended.
"But say, wilt me protect?" Swift-footed bold
Achilles answer'd him:—"Be't fearless told
"What oracle thou know'st. B' Apollo dear
"To Zeus, whom thou imploring dost unfold
"To Danai his oracles, I swear
"None while I live, and on this earth behold, shall e'er

XI.
"By th' hollow ships lay heavy hands on thee
"Of all the Danai. Not though thou name
"King Agamemnon's self, who boasts to be
"In th' host far mightiest now." Then sooth o'ercame
His fears, and spake the Seer withouten blame:—
"For vow nor hecatomb doth he complain,
"But priest, whom Agamemnon put to shame,
"Nor daughter loos'd nor ransom take would deign,
"For this Far-Darter dealeth woes, and will again:
XII.
"Nor he from plague will rough hands stay till home
"T' her sire the quick-eyed damsel we restore
"Priceless and free, and sacred hecatomb
"To Chrysa lead. And then if we implore
"Persuade we may." This said, he sat. Before
Them did wide-ruling Agamemnon rise,
Hero Atrides, mov'd. With wrath brimm'd o'er
His gloomy breast, like fire out-flash'd his eyes.
First Calchas scowling at address'd he on this wise:—

XIII.
"Prophet of woes! nought good e'er told'st me thou.
"Thy soul delighteth ills to prophesy.
"Good never yet hast said or done, and now
"Oracular would'st tell the Danai
"For this Far-Darter dealeth woes, that I
"Would not bright ransom take for Chryseïs,
"But sooner have herself with me abye
"'Fore Clytemnestra virgin-wed y-wis,
"Whose peer for form and face, and mind and works she is.

XIV.
"Nathless I'll give her back if best betide.
"I'd have the folk be safe not die. But me
"Prepare ye guerdon straight, that I not bide
"Of Argives prizeless sole. Unfit 'twould be.
"My guerdon's elsewhere gone ye all do see."
Swift-foot Achilles god-like made reply:—
"Renown'd Atrides, most insatiate, thee
"How can then guerdon give th' Achæans high?
"For nought we know of ample stores in common lie.
XV.

"The cities' spoils are shar'd. Nor is it fit
"The people bring them back. But her do thou
"To the god now send. And we Achæans it
"Will three and fourfold recompense whenso
"Zeus grants we Troy's well-wallèd town o'erthrow."

To him did broad-rule Agamemnon say:—

"Not so, though brave, god-like Achilles, thou
"My sense beguile; thou'lt cheat me not nor sway.
"Would'st thou thy guerdon keep when mine is ta'en away?

XVI.

"Thou bid'st me send her back? Yea, if a prize
"The lofty soul'd Achæans give to please
"My mind, whose value with the maiden vies,
"Or if they'll not, I'll come myself and seize
"Or thine, or Ajax' prize, or Ulysses',
"And lead away. He'll chafe to whom I come.
"But we'll hereafter think again of these.
"Now black ship draw to sea, and must'ring some
"Convenient oarsmen place therein, with hecatomb.

XVII.

"Fair-cheek'd Chryséis' self embark thereon,
"Some council-chief be captain, Ajax now,
"Idomeneus, Odysseus, godlike one,
"Or, awfullest of men, Pelides thou!
"With sacrifice, Far-Darter soothing so."

Him eyeing askance did swift Achilles say.—

"O sheath'd in insolence, rapacious, how
"Shall any Achive prompt thine hests obey,
"Or journeying go, or combat warriors valiantly?
BOOK 1. 15—20.

XVIII.
"For Trojan warriors' sake, I came not here
"To fight; for not in fault to me they been,
"Nor e'er drave off of mine or steed or steer,
"Nor e'er in fertile Phthia, rich in men,
"The crops despoil'd; for many lie between,
"Umbrageous mountains, and the sounding sea.
"Thee shameless! pleasing we came to win
"For Menelaus vengeance, and for thee
"Dog-fac'd! on Troy. But these uncar'd, unheeded be.

XIX.
"From me my prize thyself to seize dost threat,
"For which I've toil'd, and which th' Achæans gave,
"Though guerdon ne'er to equal thine I get,
"When sack a Trojan town th'Achæans brave.
"My hands the brunt of toilsome war doth crave;
"But when division comes, the largest share
"By far is thine; while I with what I have,
"Though small, yet precious, to the ships repair,
"When worn and wearied out I am with toils of war.

XX.
"To Phthia now I go, far best 'twill be
"I' th' curvèd ships return. Nor thou wilt when
"I'm here disgrac'd methinks, scrape pelf to thee."
Him answer'd Agamemnon, king of men: —
"Fly an thou wilt; not I entreat thee mean
"On mine account to stay. I've others by
"Will honour me, and chief wise Zeus I ween.
"Thee most of Zeus-fed kings abhor do I,
"For strife to thee is dear, and wars, and battles aye.
XXI.
"If great thy strength, vouchsaf'd it deity.
"Home with thy ships, and thy companions get,
"And rule thy Myrmidons. I reck not thee
"Nor heed thy wrath. But thee on this wise threat,
"Since Phœbus takes Chryseis, her I'll straight
"Send with my ships and friends. Thy prize, I'll go
"Seize in thy tent, Briseis delicate;
"That me how much thy stronger thou mayst know,
"And match or cope with me, another shrink from so."

XXII.
He spake, and rose Pelides' anger high,
His heart within his hairy breast did weigh,
If drawing forth his falchion keen from thigh
And thrusting those aside, Atrides slay
He should, or calm his wrath, his fury stay.
While pond'ring these in mind and soul, he drew
His mighty falchion from its sheath some way,
From heav'n Athené came, from Herè who,
White-arm'd goddess, car'd for and lov'd alike the two.

XXIII.
Behind she stood. Pelides' gold hair drew,
Seen but by him. The rest beheld her none.
Astound Achilles turn'd, and straight he knew
Pallas Athenè. Dire her eyes outshone.
To her he spake, these wingéd words anon:—
"Why here, O Ægis-arm'd Zeus' child? To see
"Th' affront of Agamemnon, Atreus' son?
"I tell thee what I think fulfill'd will be,
"That for his scorn his life will instant forfeit he."
Then spake Athéné azure eye:
"From heav'n I'm come thy wrath to 'suage, if fain "Thou'lt hearken. Herè white-arm'd goddess high "Hath sent, who loves and cares for both. Refrain "From strife, nor with that hand draw sword. Amain "With words vituperate as hap it may. "I tell thee this, fulfill'd twill be I ween, "Thou'lt thrice as many bright gifts have one day "For this affront. But curb thyself, and us obey."

Swift-foot Achilles answer'd her. — "Obey, "Needs must though wroth, O goddess, your command. "'Tis best. Who heeds the gods they hear alway," He said. On silver hilt his stalwart hand, He staid, and thrust t' its sheath his mighty brand. Nor slighted Pallas' word. T' Olympus fain She went, where Ægis-arm'd Zeus' dwellings stand 'Mong th' other gods. Pelides did again With sharp words twit Atrides, nor from wrath refrain:

"Wine-drench'd! with eyes of hound, and heart of deer! "In war ne'er harness with the folk, nor bide "With Acheive chiefs in ambush durst thou e'er. "This smack'd of death. Far better through the wide "Achæan host rob him who thwarts thy pride, "O folk-devouring king, since men of nought "Thou rul'st. This outrage else the last thoud'st tried. "But this I say, and grave oath swear to boot, "Yea, by this sceptre⁵, that nor leaves nor boughs will shoot,
"Since in the mountains first its trunk it left,
"Nor buds again put forth, the brass hath so
"Around it clean of leaves and bark bereft;
"Th' Achæans' sons as judges wield it now,
"That guard Zeus' laws. Grave oath to thee I trow.
"Miss of Achilles sooth will come on all
"Th' Achæans' sons one day. Nor them wilt thou,
"Though chafing sore, be able aid at all,
"When num'rous 'neath man-slaught'ring Hector slain they fall.

"Thou'lt gnaw thy heart with rage t' have slighted one
"Th' Achæans best." This said, Pelides throws
The gold-stud sceptre down, and sat. And Atreus' son
Rag'd opposite. In haste then Nestor rose,
Sweet spoken Pylian orator. For flows,
More sweet than honey, language from his tongue.
Of part-voice men six two generations' close
He'd seen, that had of yore with him up-sprung,
And liv'd in Pylos rare. The third he reign'd among.

Who wise harangu'd them there, and spake. "How sad
"A grief ye gods Achaia's land is nigh!
"How Priam will, and Priam's sons be glad,
"And other Trojans joy exceedingly
"To learn your wrangling, you of Danai
"The first in council, and the first in fight.
"But hearken now, ye're younger both than I.
"Time was with men, that pass'd e'en you in might,
"Have I companion'd, yet they never held me light.
XXX.

"Such men I ne'er did see, nor shall again,
"As Peirithous⁷, Dryas folk-shepherd one,
"Cæneus, Exadius, Polypheme divine,
"And, like the immortals, Theseus Ægeus' son.
"The strongest they of men on earth did wone.
"The strongest were, and did with strongest fight
"The mountain Pheræ⁷; fierce they smote them down.
"These join did I from Pylos armour-dight,
"From Apian land afar. For they did me invite.

XXXI.

"I fought my best. But fight with those I trow,
"Could none of mortals now on earth. Yet they
"My counsel took, my word attended to.
"Obey then ye, since better 'tis obey.
"Though high take not from him the girl away,
"But prize, as th' Achives' sons first gave it, leave.
"Nor thou, Pelides, wish in strife t' array
"Th'ee 'gainst the king, for equal honour brave,
"Had sceptred sovereign ne'er, whom Zeus such glory gave.

XXXII.

"If braver thou, and goddess thee begat,
"Yet he as ruling more hath greater power.
"Atrides cease thine ire, and I'll entreat
"Achilles leave his wrath. A mighty tower
"To all Achaean he in woful stour."

King Agamemnon spake, him answering:—
"All this, old man, thou'st said aright, but o'er
"Us all this man would be, o'er all be king,
"Rule all, lead all. He'll not, I ween, persuade the thing.
XXXIII.

"If warrior him th' e'erlasting gods did make,
"Him do they then in taunting speech allow?"
Divine Achilles answ'ring on him brake:—
"Hilding and base should I be clep'd I trow,
"Yielding to thee in all things speakest thou.
"Go others rule, think not my chief to be.
"No more I'll heed thee. This I tell thee now.
"Remember. I'll not fight for th' girl with thee,
"Nor any else, since what ye gave ye take from me.

XXXIV.

"But of the other things of mine that lie
"Within the swift black ship, not take shalt thou
"One doit away in my despite. Or try,
"If thou'rt inclin'd, that also these may know.
"Thy black blood quick about my spear shall flow."
Thus they with wrangling words contending rose,
And brake by th' Acheive ships the gath'ring so,
Pelides with Menætius' son, and those
His mates t' his tents, and equal-sided vessels goes.

XXXV.

Atrides drew to sea a swift ship down,
Chose twenty oarsmen, hecatomb to th 'god,
Embark'd, and fair-cheek'd Chryseis thereon
He set. As captain, wise Odysseus yode
And they embarking, sail'd the wat'ry road.
Bade cleanse the folk Atrides. Purify
They did, and cast the filth to ocean broad,
And slew full hecatombs t' Apollo high,
Of bulls and goats, the shore of barren sea anigh.
XXXVI.

In smoke round rolling rose the scent to th' sky. 
Thus these. Nor Agamemnon strife did stay, 
As threat'ned he at first Achilles high. 
To Talthyb and Eurybates did say:—  
(His heralds twain and faithful servants they) 
"To th' tent of Peleus' son Achilles go, 
"And ta'en by th' hand Briseis bring away. 
"If he refuse, myself and many mo' 
"Will come and bear her off. Which will be worse, I trow."

XXXVII.

He said, and sent, and added harshest speech. 
Loth went they marge of sea unfruitful by, 
And tents and vessels Myrmidon they reach. 
Him seated found, black ship and tent anigh. 
Nor did with joy Achilles them descry. 
Abash'd in awe o' th' king they stand and fear 
To speak or question him. But perfectly 
He knew in 's mind, and said:—"Hail, heralds here, 
"Ye messengers of Zeus as well as men! Draw near.

XXXVIII.

"Not you but Agamemnon 'tis I blame, 
"Who sent you for Briseis. Bring her then, 
"Zeus-sprung Patroclus. Let them take the dame. 
"Avouch it they 'fore gods and mortal men, 
"And 'fore that ruthless king, if e'er again 
"Come need of me t' avert foul overthrow, 
"Fro' th' rest——For raveth he in 's counsel vain, 
"Nor scan at all both past and future how 
"Fight by their vessels safe th' Achæans may doth know."
He said. Patroclus did his friend obey,  
And lovely-cheek'd Briseis from the tent  
Brought out, and gave to them to lead away.  
And these their steps to th' ships Achaean bent,  
With whom the woman all unwilling went.  
Achilles from his friends apart did keep,  
By th' shore of hoary sea lone session hent\textsuperscript{253},  
Out-gazing there upon the wine-fac'd deep,  
And did his mother pray with outstretch'd\textsuperscript{11} hands, and weep.

"Mother, when thou didst bear me, brief the space  
"I was to live, but Zeus, that from the skies  
"Does thunder, me with much renown should grace.  
"But 'tis not so. Atrides hath my prize  
"With insult torn away before mine eyes."  
He spake, and wept. She from the sea-depths hears  
B' her old sire seated, and doth swift arise  
From hoary sea like mist, and for his tears  
She sits by him, and sooths with hand, and calls and cheers:—

"My child, why weepest thou? And what deep dole  
"Hath lighted on thy spirit? Come now, speak  
"Thy grief, nor hide from me what's in thy soul,  
"That both may know." Then sighing as 'twould break  
His bosom tough, swift-foot Achilles spake:—  
"Thou know'st. To thee these things then wherefore say?  
"On Thebes Eötion's sacred town we make  
"Incursion, sack and carry all away,  
"And 'mong them fair th' Achaens' sons divide the prey."
XLII.
"And for Atrides chose the fair-cheek'd dame
Chryseis. Chryses, though, Apollo's priest,
To th' brazen-clad Achæans' swift ships came
With ransom large to have the girl releas'd.
His hands far-dart Apollo's garland press'd
And golden staff. To th' Achives all his prayer,
But folk's two chiefs th' Atrides 'bove the rest.
The other Achives all applaud it there,
The priest to rev'rence, and accept the ransom fair.

XLIII.
"But not Atrides in his mind concurr'd,
But rough dismiss'd him, adding speech severe.
Enrag'd the sire return'd; Apollo heard
Him when he pray'd, for him he held full dear.
On th' Argives sent ill bolt. And perish'd drear.
The folk in heaps. The gods' fell arrows fly
Through th' Achive army wide. A well-skill'd seer
Told us Far-Darter's oracles, and I
The first did straight advise the god to pacify.

XLIV.
"Wrath seiz'd Atrides then, quick rising he
Did threaten word which is perform'd I trow,
For her on swift ship th' Argives sent to sea
To Chrysa. Gifts for th' king they carry too.
And from my tent the heralds went but now,
And took Briseis, th' Achives gave whilere.
But thou, if able, help thy son, and go
Olympus-ward, to Zeus address thy prayer,
If word or deed the heart of Zeus availedst e'er.
"For oft in father's halls I've heard thee say,
Thou sole of gods from Kronos' drive-cloud son
Didst foul disaster keep, when fain would they
The habitants Olympian every one
Have bound him, Herë there, Poseidaon,
Pallas Athenè. Him from bonds didst straight
Set free, up calling Hundred-Hands anon
'T' Olympus long. By gods Briareus hight
Ægæon he by men, and pass'd his sire in might.

"By Kronos' son he sat in glorying pride.
The blest gods shrank aghast, nor him enchain.
Of this remind him now, and sit by 's side,
And clasp his knees, if aid the Trojans deign,
He will, and shut in there th' Achæans slain
By ships and sea, that all enjoy their king,
And know Atrides eke of ample reign,
His fault th' Achæans' best not honouring."

Him answer'd Thetis then while coursing tears outspring:—

"Ah me! my child, why rear'd I thee to fate,
So woful born? Would tearless teenless thou
By th' ships wouldst rest. Thy life how brief its date!
And thou both short-liv'd art and hapless now,
I' th' chamber thus I brought thee forth to woe.
This word to lightning-loving Zeus to say,
I'll to Olympus of abundant snow,
If he'll comply. But thou by th' swift ships stay,
And 'gainst th' Achæans' rage, but keep from battle-fray.
XLVIII.
"For Zeus to Ocean went to feast yestern
With blameless Æthiops. Gods went with him all.
He'll to Olympus on the twelfth return,
And then I'll go to Zeus' brass-paved hall,
And clasp his knees, persuade, methinks, I shall."
This having said, she him departed from,
And left him wroth for well-zon'd girl withal.
They 'd forc'd from him. Now had Odysseus come
To Chrysa, thither leading sacred hecatomb.

XLIX.
And as within the haven deep they come,
The sails they furl, and in the black ship stow,
And mast with halyards low'ring thrust they home
To 'ts place with speed. And with the oars then row
The bark to dock, and forth the anchors throw,
And there with cables tie. Then issuing
Themselves upon the sea-beat shore they go;
Far-dart Apollo's hecatomb forth bring,
And forth Chrysesis went from bark sea-traversing.

L.
To altar led her wise Odysseus then,
And gave t' her sire, and said:—"O Chryses, I
"Am sent by Agamemnon, king of men,
"To bring thy child, and offer Phæbus high
"A sacred hecatomb for Danai,
"To soothe the king who th' woes on Argives pight."
He said, and gave t' his hand, who took with joy
His child. To th' god the hecatomb so bright
They quick round well-built altar set in order right.
Hands then they wash, and barley-meal up-ta'en,
'Gan Chryses loud with lifted hands to pray: —
"Hear, Silver-Bow, that Chrysa fencest-in,
"And sacred Cilla, Tenedos dost sway.
"Thou heard'st me when I pray'd to thee that day,
"And, me avenging, th' Acheive folk severe
"Didst smite. So grant this wish, from Danai
"Expel this fatal pestilence so drear."
'Twas thus he pray'd. Phœbus Apollo him did hear.

When ended prayer, and sprinkled barley-meal,
They drew back first the neck, and kill'd and flay'd,
Cut out the thighs, and did in fat conceal
In double fold, and gobbets on them laid,
Burnt them on splints the sire. Wine on them red
He pour'd. While youths with five-prong'd spits withal
Stood near. And when they 'd burnt the thighs, and had
The entrails tasted, they the rest cut small
And hung on hooks, roasted with skill, and drew back all.

And when their labour o'er prepar'd had they
The feast, they banqueted. Nor wanted will
To equal banquet aught. When ta'en away
Desire of drink and food, the youths did till
The very brim the bowls y-crowning fill,
And dealt to all, and cups did auspicate. 12
All day with song the god they sooth. With skill
The Pæan raising th' Acheive youths the great
Far-Darter, who delighted listens, celebrate.
LIV.

When set the sun, and darkness round 'gan close,  
They slept, the ship's stern-cables then ament.  
But when dawn-sprung Eôs rose-finger'd rose,  
Then towards th' Achæan army wide they bent,  
And fav'ring gale far-dart Apollo sent.  
The mast they rais'd, and snowy sails outspread,  
Wind mid-sail swell'd, and as the vessel went,  
The dark wave 'bout its keel voice utterèd,  
And o'er the wave accomplishing her way she sped.

LV.

But when they reach'd the broad Achæan host,  
The black ship on the main-land up they drew  
High on the sands, long props thereunder thrust,  
And they dispers'd the tents and vessels through.  
But did by th' swift-pac'd vessels raging so  
Great Peleus' son swift-foot Achilles stay,  
Nor would to man-ennobling meeting go,  
Nor yet to war. But wore his heart away  
Abiding there, and long'd for shout and battle-fray.

LVI.

With morn the twelfth the gods t' Olympus wend  
Y-led by Zeus. Nor Thetis did forget  
Her son's behests, but did from sea ascend,  
T' Olympus and the great sky early get;  
And wide-voic'd Zeus apart fro' th' rest she met  
On many-neck'd Olympus' highest peak.  
Herself then down before him there she set,  
With left his knees, with right hand chin did take,  
And thus, imploring sovereign Zeus Kronion, spake:
LVII.
"O father Zeus, if 'mong th' immortals e'er
"By word or deed avail'd thee aught have I,
"Then hearken thou to me, and crown my prayer.
"Honour my son, so early doom'd to die.
"Him Agamemnon hath, men's sovran high,
"Disgrac'd, and seizing keeps his prize. But thou,
"Wise Zeus Olympian, honour him, and aye
"The Trojans' strength increase till th' Achives know
"To honour too my son, and make in honour grow."

LVIII.
She spake, but drive-cloud Zeus not answer'd,
But long sat silent. Thetis to his knee
Still holding clung. A second time she said:—
"Now truly promise, and vouchsafe to me
"Or else refuse, for dwells not fear with thee,
"That goddess how despis'd myself I know."
Sigh'd deeply drive-cloud Zeus, thus answ'ring he:—
"Sad doings these, to make me Herè's foe,
"When she 'll with bitter taunting words provoke me so.

LIX.
"For she incessantly doth me upbraid
"Among th' immortal gods, asserting she
"That I the Trojans do in battle aid.
"But thou return lest Herè haply see.
"And these I'll care for, that fulfill'd they be.
"Come I'll with head confirm, so thou believe,
"This 'mong immortals greatest sign from me.
"Not change may word of mine nor yet deceive,
"Nor fail, to which with head assenting nod I give."
LX.

So spake, and with his dark brows Kronos' son
Did nod. The locks ambrosial of the king
Y-quer'd from his head immortal down,
And huge Olympus shook. So counsellaing
They separate. And she then with a spring
To deep sea plunges from Olympus bright.
And Zeus t' his home. The gods encountering
Their Sire all from their seats arose. None might
His coming bide, but stood to meet him every wight.

LXI.

'Twas thus he sat his throne. Nor Herè not
Perceiv'd, who saw when counsel with him had
The Sea-sire's daughter Thetis Silver-foot.
With sharp words quick to Kronos' son she said:
"What god, O crafty, with thee counsellèd?
"For still apart from me thy wont is aye.
"Be brooding some decree in darkness laid,
"Nor willing durst speak out thy purpose high."
To her then did the Sire of men and gods reply:

LXII.

"Not all my counsels, Herè, hope to scan;
"For thee, although my spouse, they're far too high.
"What's fit to hear shall 'fore thee, god or man,
"None know. But what from gods apart would I
"Resolve, these search not into thou, nor pry."
August him answer'd large-eyed Herè: — "How!
"Harsh Kronides, what speech is this? Not I
"Inquir'd or question'd aught before, I trow,
"But much at ease resolvest what desirest thou.
I fear now talk'd thee o'er the Sire of sea's
" Silver-foot daughter Thetis hath. By thee
" She sat at early dawn, and clasp'd thy knees,
" And thou, methinks, didst nod assentingly
" To grace Achilles, that by ships there be
" Slain Achilless many." Drive-cloud Zeus replied:
" Perverse! thou 'rt aye suspecting, spying me.
" But thou wilt nought effect the more, but bide
" More alien to my soul; so worse will thee betide.

If this be so, enough it pleaseth me.
" But sit thou silent, and my word obey,
" Lest all Olympus' gods avail not thee,
" When my resistless hands on thee I lay."
He said. And large-eyed Herè in effray
Sat speechless, and kept down her spirit dear.
The gods through th' house of Zeus were in dismay.
Spake famed artificer, Hephaistos here,
His mother, white-arm'd Herè, purposing to cheer:

Sad work, nor to be borne if wrangle so
" For mortals' sake, and drive this pother ye
" Among the gods, that pleasure none is now
" Of banquet good, since ill hath mastery.
" I'll mother now advise, though knoweth she,
" To yield to father Zeus, that so the Sire
" Not scold again, and mar our revelry;
" For could Olympius wielding lightning's fire,
" Hurled from their seats— for such his might transcendent dire.
LXVI.

"Thou speak him soft, Olympius then will grow
"Kind to us straight." This said, up bounded he,
T' her hands gave double cup, and spake her so: —
"Bear mother mine, endure though sad, lest thee
"So dear before mine eyes I beaten see;
"Aid thee I could not then, though grieving sore.
"Olympius is too rough a foe. For me,
"When I would fain have succour'd thee of yore,
"By th' foot he caught, and hurl'd from out the heavenly
door.

LXVII.

"Down driven all the day, with set of sun
"I pitch'd in Lemnos, little life in me.
"Me fallen there the Sintians took anon."
He said, and white-arm'd Herè smil'd, and she
Took from her son the goblet smilingly.
To all the other gods in proper rows
Sweet nectar pour'd from flagon drawing he.
And quenchless laughter 'mong the gods arose
To see how through the hall Hephaistos limping goes.

LXVIII.

And these all day till sunset feasted so,
Nor wanting was to equal banquet will,
Nor lovely harp Apollo's self did owe,
Nor Muses there, who sang with sweetest skill,
Each other answering. Thus they until
Went down the light resplendent of the sun.
Then homeward went they all to sleep their fill,
Where sep'rate house had built to each his own,
With wisest heart Hephaistos, both-feet-lamèd one.
LXIX.

And Zeus Olympian lightning-wielder, hies
To his own couch, where he was wont to bide
When slumber sweet came stealing o’er his eyes.
Ascending there, he slept, and by his side
Slept Herè, queen of gods, his golden thronèd bride.
THE ILIAD.

BOOK II.

I.

Throughout the night the other gods, and men,
Those chariot-warriors, slept. But slumber sweet
Detain'd not Zeus, who in him ponder'd then
How best to work Achilles honor meet,
And slay Achæans many round their fleet.\(^\text{16}\)
Of thoughts revolving in his mind to him
Despatching down pernicious Dream to greet
Atrides did the best of counsel seem,
And wing'd words he spake:—"Haste, fly, pernicious
Dream,\(^\text{17}\)

II.

"Down to th' Achæan vessels swift, and go
"To Agamemnon's tent. What I desire
"Rehearse thou faithful, and enjoin him now
"To harness stright th' Achæan host entire.
"Seize Troy's broad-streeted town he may aspire.
"No more the Gods, that in Olympus dwell,
"Of counsel diff'rent be; with prayers to tire
"And bend them all hath Herè known so well.
"Impending o'er the Trojans hang disasters fell."
III.
He spake. And Dream when heard the message went,
And to th' Achæans' swift ships quickly sped,
And to Atrides came, and in his tent
Him sleeping found. And all around him spread
Ambrosial sleep. He stood above his head
In aged Nestor's semblance, Neleus' son,
Whom Agamemnon chiefly honorèd
Of elders all. Such likeness then put on
Spake Dream divine:— Sleep'st, child of Atreus tame-
steed one?

IV.
"Not sleep all night should chief to whom there be
"Such people trusted, and such cares require.
"Hear quick. Zeus' herald I, who cares for thee,
"And bids now arm th' Achæan host entire.
"Seize Troy's broad-streeted town thou mayst aspire.
"No more the Gods that in Olympus dwell
"Of counsel diff'rent be; with prayers to tire,
"And bend them all hath Herè known so well,
"And o'er the Trojans hang from Zeus disasters fell.

V.
"Thou in thy mem'ry fix it fast, nor when
"Sweet sleep forsakes thee let oblivion seize."
He said, and left Atrides, king of men,
And to the dusky realm of shadow flies.¹⁸
He pond'r'ing projects issueless doth please
His mind, and thinketh, simple man, that day
To capture Priam's town, nor Zeus' aim sees,
Who woes and groans in many a battle-fray
On Trojans and on Danai yet more will lay.
VI.

He woke from sleep, and still the voice divine About him hover'd. Up he sat, and on Him drew his tunic soft, new-spun, and fine; And mantle broad around him threw anon; Fair sandals 'neath his shining feet tied on; And silver-studded sword o'er shoulders cast; Paternal sceptre took, from sire to son Transmitted aye unscath'd. With this he pass'd Down to the brazen-clad Achæans' vessels fast.

VII.

Goddess Eös yclomb Olympus long, To Zeus and other gods light ush'ring-in. To council bade he heralds clear voic'd strong Th' Achæans of the flowing locks convene. They call'd, and these full quick assembled been. And first at Nestor's ship, the Pylian King, He fix'd the session of the elder men Magnanimous. They thus conven'd, the thing Propounds he thus, with prudent counsel ordering:—

VIII.

"To me now hearken, friends. In slumber Dream " Did visit me in sweet ambrosial night, " And chiefly did the noble Nestor seem " To character; his very likeness quite " In every feature, face, form, bearing, height. " Above my head the vision stood, and me " Address'd: — 'Sleep'st thou, O son of warrior-wight, " The steed-subduing Atreus? Fits not he " Should all night sleep, to whom the people trusted be,
IX.
" 'And hath such cares. Now quick attend to me.
" Zeus' herald I; afar from thee the Sire
" Yet greatly careth for, and pities thee,
" And now bids arm th' Achæan host entire.
" Seize Troy's broad-streeted town thou mayst aspire.
" No more the gods, that in Olympus dwell,
" Of counsel diff'rent be; with pray'rs to tire,
" And bend them all hath Herè known so well,
" And o'er the Trojans hang from Zeus disasters fell.

X.
" ' Keep this in mind.' He said, and flew away,
" And slumber sweet forsook me. Now let's see
" If arm th' Achæans' sons at all we may.
" With speech I'll try them first, as fit may be,
" And with their ships of many banks, bid flee;
" While ye with words in various parts restrain,
" Among them mingling." Said, and seats him he.
Then Nestor rose, of Pylos' sandy plain
The king, who wise harangu'd them, speaking in this
strain: —

XI.
" O friends, that Argives' chiefs and leaders be,
" If of Achæans any else had told
" This dream, we had pronounc'd it falsity,
" And kept aloof. But saw it who doth hold
" Him chief amongst us. Come then, arm the bold
" Achæans an we may." So said, straightway
He 'gan break up the council. They controll'd
By th' people-shepherd there did him obey,
Those sceptred kings. And throng'd the folk about their way.
XII.
As bees' thick swarms unending issuing
From hollow rock keep coming still anew,
Fly down in clusters on the flowers of spring,
And throng some here, some there a-wing they do.
So these their many tribes outpouring go
From ships and tents, in front the full deep shore
In troops unto th' assembly. Rumour too,
Zeus' herald, kindles 'mong them, urging more
Their going. Now assembled they, and huge uproar

XIII.
In that assembly was, and earth did groan
Beneath the people sitting down, and rose
Hubbub-confus'd. Nine heralds in loud tone
Call'd out among them there, enjoining those
To still their tumult, and themselves dispose
To hear the Zeus-nurs'd kings. Scarce settle would
The people to their seats, and clamour close.
The ruler Agamemnon then up-stood,
His sceptre holding which Hephaistos, skilful god,

XIV.
Had made elaborately fashioning.
To Zeus Kron~on he the present gave,
Zeus t' herald Argicide, and Hermes king,
To Pelops next, that horses skilful drave.
Pelops to Atreus people-shepherd brave,
And Atreus dying left it to his son
Thyestes, that in flocks such wealth did have.
And he to Agamemnon hands it down
With rule o'er many isles, and Argos all upon.
XV.
Leaning on this, wing’d words he spake:—“O Friends, Danaian heroes, Ares’ servitors!
“Zeus Kronides fell mischief’s net extends
“Round me, nor cruel heedeth how this jars
“With what he promis’d erst, that from these wars
“I should return with Troy’s full overthrow;
“But now plots evil wiles. My fame all mars,
“And thus disgrac’d to Argos bids me go,
“When people much I’ve lost in these our wars laid low.

XVI.
“Nathless so pleases Zeus omnipotent
“Who’s many cities’ summits prostrate laid,
“And will yet more, his strength ’s so prevalent.
“Deep shame is this to future times be said,
“Such and so great Achæan folk array’d
“Warr’d fruitless war, ’gainst fewer fought in vain.
“Nor yet there seems an end. For say we made
“Firm truce, the Trojans and Achæan men,
“And numb’ring both, chose all in Troy that denizen.

XVII.
“And we Achæans rang’d in tens, each ten
“A Trojan had to pour us out the wine,
“Cup-bearer lack would decades many then.
“So many more th’ Achæans, I opine,
“Than those the habitants of Troy divine.
“But they ’ve auxiliars there from many a town,
“Spear-wielding men, that every effort mine
“Put quite abroad, nor suffer me to crown
“My wish, and overthrow fair Ilium’s well-dwelt town.
XVIII.

"Already nine of great Zeus' years are gone,
"The wood hath rotted in our ships, and worn
"The cables be; while sit our wives alone
"There with our children in their homes forlorn
"Expecting us. None issue yet hath borne
"The work we came for here. But come ye now,
"What I shall say let's hearken every one.
"Flee with our ships, and to our lov'd land go,
"Since Troy's broad-streeted town to take despair we so."

XIX.

He ceas'd. And stirr'd their hearts within them he Of all that crowd to whom unknown his drift. Mov'd was th' assembly like long waves at sea 24 Which blust'rous Eurus, and the South-wind lift, When forth from out Zeus' clouds down rushing swift They vex th' Icarian. Or some ample field Of corn on which there comes with sudden rift The West-wind fierce. 25 The ears t' his rough breath yield Down-bending. Thus th' assembly mov'd when he appeal'd.

XX.

And to their ships they rush with battle cry, And from beneath their trampling feet anon The dust uprose, and they all clam'rously Each other summon loud, lay hold upon The sable ships, and to the sea drag down. They clear the grooves. With shouts the welkin then Of these home hast'ning rang. The props withdrawn Quick be. And now th' Argives' return had been In fate's despite, but spake t' Athenia Herè, queen:
XXI.

"Unconquer’d child of ægis-bearing Zeus,
"Alas! shall homeward to their country flee,
"Upon the sea’s broad backs, the Argives thus?
"Their boast to Priam all abandon’d see,
"And to the Trojans Argive Helen, she
"For whom Achæans brazen-kirtled slain
"From country far in Troas many be?
"But go, each man with thy soft words restrain,
"Nor let them draw to sea th’ oar-wafted ships again."

XXII.

She said. Nor did Athenè her not heed,
But high Olympus’ tops went rushing down,
And to th’ Achæans’ swift ships came with speed.
Odysseus there she found, the paragon
Of Zeus in counsel, standing there alone.
Nor he black ship with banks well-furnished
Had touch’d, such grief his heart and spirit own.
Blue-eyed Athenè near him stood, and said: —
"Laertes’ noble son, thou craft-accomplishèd,

XXIII.

"Is’t thus that home to country dear ye flee
"T’ your many-benchèd ships in-tumbling so,
"Your boast to Priam thus abandon ye?
"And leave the Trojans Argive Helen too,
"For whom Achæans lie full many low,
"Far from their land belov’d in Troas slain?
"Now ’mong th’ Achæan folk slack not, but go,
"And with thy gentle words each man restrain,
"Nor their oar-wafted ships let draw to sea again."
XXIV.

She said, and he the goddess' voice knew straight,
And off he ran, and cast his cloak away,
Which Ithac herald, that did on him wait,
Eurybates, pick'd up. He on his way
Atrides met; receiv'd that mark of sway
His father's sceptre aye unsath'd, and went
With this to th' Achive ships without delay.
If 'twere a king or man of mark he hent,
Him thus accost he would, with gentle words detent:—

XXV.

"Friend, like a churl not fits thee tremble so,
"But shouldst, compos'd thyself, the people still.
"Not yet Atrides' aim dost clearly know.
"He tries us now, but soon chastise he will
"Th' Achæans' sons. In council what reveal
"He might we heard not all. 'Ware lest he bring
"If anger'd on th' Achæans' sons some ill.
"For great's the anger of a Zeus-nurs'd king.
"Honor's from Zeus, and loves him Zeus deep-counselling.

XXVI.

If some mean man he met with bawling out,
He'd smite with sceptre, and rebuke the wight.
"Thou fellow, peace! thy betters' bidding note,
"Lazy poltroon! that count'st for nought in fight
"Or counsel. Govern here all do not quite
"Of us Achæans. 'Tis no seemly thing
"Many chief'd rule. One chief, one king, is right,
"To whom the son of Kronos crafty king
"Gave sceptre eke, and laws, to guide his governing."
XXVII.

With princely power the host so marshall'd he.
From ships and tents they to th' assembly pour
With noise. As when the much resounding sea
In surges roars along the wide-stretch'd shore,
And vasty deep far echoeth the roar.
Now seated them, and kept their seats the rest,
Save Thersites, that babbler, aiming more
Disturbance. Stor'd with words and scurril jest,
At kings he carpèd ever with unseemly zest,

XXVIII.

Not fitting grave debate, but still his aim
Whate'er he judg'd would raise a laugh among
The Argives. Basest man to Troy that came.
Squinting, of one foot lame, his shoulders slung
Bunch'd on his chest, while from between them sprung
His peaked head, with scant hair sprinkled thin.
T' Achilles chief, and to Odysseus clung
His hate. His wont was railing at those men,
But shrieking shrill assail'd he Agamemnon then.

XXIX.

For him incens'd at sore and angered
In mind th' Achæans were. Out-bawl'd he so,
And railing thus at Agamemnon said: —
"Atrides, what's amiss? What long'st for now?
"Thy tents be stuff'd with brass, choice women too
"Are many there, which when we'd ta'en a town
"Thee first we gave. For gold still hank'rest thou?
"Which Trojan bringeth, ransom for his son,
"Whom I or some Achæan else have dragg'd off bound.
XXX.
"Or some fresh woman wouldst thou for thy lust,
"Whom singling out thyself thou mayst detain?
"For ill behoves a chief on woes to thrust
"Th' Achaians' sons. O sluggards, shameful then,
"Achaean women that ye are, not men!
"Let's homeward with our ships, and leave him now
"In Troy digest his spoils. He'll find, I ween,
"If we avail for his defence or no,
"Who one that tops him far Achilles slighted so.

XXXI.
"His prize he took by force, and holds it too.
"Lack gall Achilles must, and dullard be,
"Atrides, else thy last of outrage now
"Thou hadst achieve'd." The people's shepherd he
Did thus revile, when near him suddenly
Odysseus godlike stood, him eyed askance,
And stern rebuk'd: "Babbler ill-judg'd, though high
"In talk thou mouth it, Thersites, at once
"Desist, and sole contending with the kings renounce.

XXXII.
"More vile than thou I think is mortal none,
"Of all to Troy that with Atrides came.
"Then railing prate not of the kings, nor on
"Our going back so harp; for of the same
"To clearly judge as yet we cannot frame
"If our return for good or ill will be.
"For this dost thou thy set reproaches aim
"At people-shepherd Atreus' son, that we
"Danaian heroes gifts abundant gave him free?
XXXIII.

"Sharp-tongued thou art, but this to thee I say,
"And be perform'd it shall. If raving thee
"I catch again as now, his head not stay
"Upon Odysseus' shoulders then, nor he
"Sire of Telemachus more call'd be
"If thee I seize not, and thy clothes, that been
"Right welcome to thee, strip off totally,
"Both cloak and coat, and what thy secrets screen,
"And scourg'd hence, send thee howling to the ships again."

XXXIV.

He said, and with the sceptre smote his back
And shoulders. Writh'd he while the tears fell fast,
And rose a blood-swell'd tumour on his back
The sceptre golden 'neath. He sits aghast,
Trembles, and smarts, and helpless looks he cast,
And wip'd his tears. They, fuming though they are,
Laugh at him pleasantly. And such words pass'd
From one t'his neighbour:—"Sure hath wrought things rare
"Odysseus leading council, or preparing war.

XXXV.

"But 'mong the Argives now best deed of all
"This scoffing snarler from his jests restrain;
"Nor will his courage prick him on to brawl
"With words opprobrious at the kings again."
So spake the throng. And that town-queller then
Odysseus rose, with sceptre in his hand.
And at his side Athenè, blue-eyed queen,
In herald's form bade silence and attend,
That first and last might hear, and counsel then perpend.
XXXVI.

With prudence he harangu'd, and 'mong them spake: —

"Atrides, thee, O king, th' Achæans would
"The most disgrac'd of part-voice 6 mortals make.
"Nor aught of all their promising make good,
"Which they from Argos marching said they would;
"That thou shouldst back return, but first o'erthrow
"The well-wall'd Ilium. Quite in other mood,
"Like children young, and widow'd women now
"To one another whining, home they long to go.

XXXVII.

"And 'tis a toil, to make the weary sigh
"And wish return. For one that is away
"From wife but one poor month abiding nigh
"His many-bank'd bark chafeth at the stay,
"When wintry storms and troubled seas delay.
"To us here biding doth the ninth year turn.
"Th' Achæans therefore I not blame if they
"By curved vessels chafe at such sojourn.
"Yet base to stay so long, and empty then return.

XXXVIII.

"Then bear ye up, my friends, awhile wait yet
"To see or not if Calchas augur'd true.
"For well we know, and ye all witness'd it,
"(Whom winged fates of death not with them drew
"As yesterday or earlier as they flew)
"What time our ships at Aulis gather'd were,
"To Priam and the Trojans bearing woe.
"Around a fountain standing did we there
"On altars holy to th' immortal gods prepare
XXXIX.

"Full hecatombs complete beneath the tree,

"A platane fair, whence lustrous water went

"Clear running. There a mighty sign we see,

"A serpent dread, with back all blood-besprent,

"Which to the light Olympius' self had sent.

"From 'neath the altar gliding swift he slid

"Unto the platane. There in nest y-pent

"Eight tender things, a sparrow's younglings, did,

"Cow'ring beneath the leaves, on topmost bough lie hid.

XL.

"Nine with her young the dam made up the tale.

"There piteous shrieking these devour'd he down.

"The mother round and round doth fly, and wail

"Her younglings dear. He darting swift anon

"Did catch her by the wing, as she did moan.

"When ate the dam and young, the god that sent

"Transfix'd him there a wonder; for to stone

"Turn'd him craft Kronos' son. And such portent

"There stood we gazing at, in blank astonishment.

XLI.

"To the gods' hecatombs when thus had come

"These wonders dread, harangu'd us Calchas straight,

"The omen thus expounding: — ' Why grown dumb,

"Achæans comely-hair'd? This sign of fate

"Hath here deep counsell'd Zeus vouchsaf'd us late,

"And late fulfill'd, ne'er die shall its renown.

"As this the younglings with the dam hath fate,

"So we for years as many fighting yon

"Shall be, and in the tenth we take the wide-street town.'
"'Twas thus he spake. And now fulfilling these
"All be. Then here well-shod Achæans all
"Abide till Priam's city huge we seize."
He ceas'd. With loud acclaim the Argives call,
And from the ships all dread the echoes fall,
As loud th' Achæans answer with applause
Divine Odyses's speech. Then spake withal
Gerênian Nestor: — "Gods! how much like boys
"Harangue ye, whom no thought of war at all employs!

"Where be our solemn compacts? Whither gone
"Our oaths? Did those our counsels there in fire,
"Our manly schemes, and our libations done,
"Our right hands' trusted pledge, did all expire?
"For wrangling vain with words what we require
"None remedy we find, though long our stay.
"Atrides still be thou as erst, nor tire
"Of purpose, but in fierce fights th' Argives sway,
"And sulk let those, the one or two estrange them may

"From the Achæans' counsels, wishing we
"(Vain be their aim) should back to Argos go,
"Ere known if false or true the promise be
"Of ægis-holding Zeus. But this I know,
"Mighty Kronion did approve it so
"The self same day the Argives did ascend
"The nimbly-pacing vessels, bearing woe
"And slaughter to the Trojans. He did send
"His lightning at our right, and omens fair portend.
XLV.

"Wherefore be homewards none in haste to go,
"Until that each a Trojan's wife shall bed,
"And Helen's rape avenge, and sequent woe.
"Or is there one for home so purposed?
"Let him his ship with banks well-furnished
"But touch, that death and fate first meet he may.
"Now ponder well thyself, O King, and heed
"Another too. For whatso I shall say
"Should not, methinks, be lightly held, nor cast away.

XLVI.

"Into their tribes and kindreds now divide,
"O Agamemnon, thou the men that so
"Tribe succour tribe, and kindred kindred aid.
"If this be done, and thee th' Achæans too
"Obey, then wilt thou see of chieftains who,
"Or of the folk does well, or bears him ill.
"For fight they for themselves, and thou wilt know
"If Troy's non-capture be the gods' high will,
"Or men's remissness, and in war their want of skill."

XLVII.

Him ruler Agamemnon answ'ring said: —
"In council, Sire, o'er Achives dost prevail.
"Sire Zeus, Athenè, Phæbus! would I had
"Ten such Achæan counsellors. Not fail
"Would then King Priam's town its top soon vail,
"Ta'en 'neath our hands and levell'd with the dust.
"But ægis-bearing Zeus did woes entail
"On me when into bootless strife he thrust.
"I and Achilles wrangled 'bout a girl. I first
XLVIII.

"Wrong'd him. But if in council e'er at one
"Again we be. Nought longer shall one whit
"From Trojans dire disaster then postpone.
"Now go ye eat, that we to battle get.
"Well sharpen each his spear, his shield well set,
"Well too let each his swift-foot horses feed,
"And well his car on this side, and on that,
"Each look-to, and intent on war take heed;
"For in fierce fight all day we strive till night succeed.

XLIX.

"Pause intervene shall none, though ne'er so small,
"If night come not to part men's martial fire.
"Sweat shall about the breast of each withal
"The thong of his man-shelt'ring shield, and tire
"Upon the graspèd spear his hand. Perspire
"Shall each one's steed, that glist'ring chariot draws.
"Whom so I find would to the ships retire
"And skulk the fight, he shall not 'scape the jaws
"Of dogs and birds." He spake. Th' Achæans shout
applause,

L.

As surge on some steep coast the South doth drive
'Gainst jutting rock, that may no respite know
For ceaseless waves that chafing will not leave
From all the winds, now here, now there that blow.
Uprising rush and to their ships they go
Dispers'd. And at their tents they cause anon
The smoke to rise, refection taking so.
And each his sev'ral god, with due rites done,
Invok'd to grant him death and woes of war to shun.
LI.

An ox now Agamemnon, king of men,
Fat, five years old, to Zeus the mighty slew;
And of th’ Achæans call’d the chiefest then.
First Nestor and Idomeneus, the two
Ajaces next, and Tydeus’ son. Sixth too
Odysseus who for rede with Zeus might vie.
Unbid came Menelaus brave, who knew
His brother’s mind, what anxious thoughts did ply.
They stood around the ox, and held the cakes on high.

LII.

And thus pray’d Agamemnon, ruling one:—
“ All glorious mighty Zeus, that cloud-girt dost
“ In æther dwell, O grant the sun not down,
“ Nor darkness come until that I have thrust
“ Great Priam’s palace headlong burnt to th’ dust,
“ And have destroy’d with hostile fire his gate,
“ Through Hector’s mailed coat with spear have burst,
“ Pierc’d on his breast, while his familiar set
“ About him many falling slain the dust shall eat.”

LIII.

He said; but not consented Kronos’ son.
The holy things accepted, but did lay
Upon him toil increas’d. Their prayer now done
Forth the salt barley cakes they fling. Then slay
The beast, his head drawn back. The carcase flay,
Cut out the thighs, and then in fat twofold
Enwrap, and morsels raw upon them lay.
And these with leafless splints they burn so roll’d,
And hung on hooks the entrails to the fire they hold.
And after they had throughly burnt the thighs,  
The entrails tasted they, and slicèd small  
The other things, and hung on hooks, in guise  
Artistic roasted them, and drew back all.  
And when from labour they had ceas'd withal,  
And banquet had prepar'd, they banqueted,  
Nor to the banquet good lack'd will at all.  
Desire for meat and drink when banished,  
Then speech to them Gerenian horseman Nestor led: —

"Atrides most renown'd, thou king of men,  
"O Agamemnon, time no more let's waste  
"Here lying, nor for long defer we then  
"The work that in our hands the gods have plac'd.  
"Come let the brass-clad Achives' heralds haste,  
"And bid by th' ships the people gath'ring make,  
"That we in company so having pac'd  
"Through th' broad Achaean host our circuit take,  
"And them to Ares' conflict rouse, their ardor wake."

He said. Nor did the king of men refuse,  
But bade to war the clear-voic'd heralds call  
Th' Achæans of the comely locks profuse.  
They call'd, and quickly these assembled all.  
The Zeus-fed kings round Atreus' son quick fall  
To ranging them: Athenè these among,  
And on her arm the ægis huge withal  
Unaging, costly, and immortal swung,  
From which of gold entire a hundred fringes hung,
LVII.
Well-twisted all, each worth a hecatomb.
With this bright beams forth flashing swift she goes
Through folk Achæan urging on to come,
And doth in ev'ry bosom strength arouse
To war and battle on without repose.
To them on th' instant war than homewards wending
In ships unto their lov'd land sweeter grows.
As some chance fire a forest huge unending
On mountain-summits burns, the brightness far outsending.

LVIII.
So as they went the gleam of wondrous brass
Through air on all sides flashing reach'd the sky.
And as of wingèd birds tribes countless pass,
Of geese, or cranes, or long-neck'd swans that by
Cäyster's streams in Asian meadow fly
Here, there on joyous wings; the mead with din
Resounds, as 'fore each other settling they
With clang alight. From ships and tents amain
So pour'd their many tribes upon Scamander's plain.

LIX.
With tramp of steeds and men earth dire did ring,
And in Scamander's flow'ry plain they stood
In myriads like the leaves and flowers in spring.
As thronging flies in swarms unnumber'd spread,
And hov'ring round infest the herdsman's shed
In spring, when milk doth wet the pail. So they
Th' Achæans of the comely tresses did
So num'rous 'gainst the Trojans stand that day
Upon the plain all eager, and intent to slay.
As goat-herds do broad flocks of goats with ease
Asunder part, when in one flock y-blent,
For battle so their chieftains sever these.
And ’mong them ruler Agamemnon went
With eyes and head like Zeus, on thunder bent;
His waist like Ares, with Poseidon’s chest.
And as some bull through gather’d herd’s extent
Stands chief: Atrides so mid all the rest
Of heroes many Zeus that day made shine the best.

Now tell me, in Olympian homes that dwell,
Ye Muses (goddesses in sooth ye are,
And present too, and know of all things well,
While nought we know, but rumour only hear)
Who the Danaian chiefs and leaders were.
The throng I might not tell nor name, although
Ten tongues, ten mouths, unbroken voice my share,
And heart of brass, unless Zeus’ daughters so,
Olympiad Muses, told who did to Ilium go.

The ships’ chiefs yet I’ll tell and vessels all.
The chieftains who Boeotians rul’d o’er
Were Peneleus and Leitus withal,
Arcesilæus and Prothœnom, And Clonius eke. Who Hyriè and shore
Of Aulis’ rocky land do cultivate,
And Schænus, Scholus, Eteon’s mountains store,
Thespìa, Graea, Mycalessus set
In broad domain, and who round Harma fix their seat.
LXIII.
Ilesius who, and round Erythrae dwell,
Who Eleon, Hylè hold, and Peteon,
Ocalea too, and Medeon builded well,
Copæ, Eutrésis, Thisbè of renown
For many doves: who Coronèa own
And Haliartus' grassy land; and those
Platæa, Glissà hold, and whom the town
Well-builded Hypothebæ's walls enclose;
Onchestus eke, where sacred grove Poseidon's grows.

LXIV.
And those who grape-abounding Arnè haunt,
And who Midèa, Nissa the divine,
And far Anthèdon. Fifty ships there went,
And each a hundred and a score contain
Bœotian warriors strong. And those again
That in Aspledon and Orchomenus
Minyæan dwell. O'er them those heroes reign
Ascalaphus and brave Iàlmenus,
Those Ares' sons whom bare Astyochè in Actor's house

LXV.
To Ares strong when bashful maid ascend
The upper room she did: for all unknown
He with her lay. Of these ships thirty wend.
But the Phocæans sooth led Schedius on,
And eke Epistrophus, from Naubol's son
Iphitus high soul'd sprung. And some there be
Haunt Cyparissus, Pytho land of stone,
Crissa divine. Of Daulis Panopè
Anemorèa, and Hyampolis some be.
LXVI.
Some dwelt divine Cephissus' river nigh,
Some held Lilæa by Cephissus' spring.
Black ships on these attendant forty ply.
The ranks Phocæan these in order bring,
On the Bœotian's left them harnessing.
Oilæan Ajax swift the Locrians led,
The Less, not Telamonian equalling,
Far less, and short, with linen corset clad;
But at the spear Hellens and Achives all out-did.

LXVII.
And these in Cynus and in Opus wone,
And Calliarus and Bessa, Scarphè too,
And dwell in sweet Augeia's pleasant town,
And Tarphè, Thronium eke, and round where flow
Boagrius' streams. With him ships forty go,
Locrians from past Eubœa's holy ground.
Eubœa's dwellers fierce Abantes who
Chalcis, Eretria, and where grapes abound
In Histiaeæ, and Cerinus' sea-wash'd strond,

LXVIII.
Dion's steep city, and Caristus hold,
And dwell in Styra, these Elphenor led,
That Ares' branch Chalcodon's son, and bold
Chief of th' Abantes. Him then followed
Th' Abantes swift, their locks behind their head,
Warriors that yearn with out-stretch'd ashen spears
To pierce foes' cuirass on the bosom spread.
To him a fleet of forty ships adheres.
But those that dwell where Athens' well-built town appears,
LXIX.

Erectheus' state, he of the noble heart,
Zeus' daughter him Athenè nurs'd of yore,
And, born of earth the foodful, him apart
To Athens to her own rich temple bore.
There bulls and lambs up off'ring her implore
The youths Athenian each revolving year.
These Peteon's son Menesteus ruled o'er,
Like whom in sooth of earth-born mortals ne'er
Man was, to marshall steeds, and shielded men's career.

LXX.

Nestor alone with him might vie, for he
Was older. Fifty sable ships he led.
With vessels twelve came Ajax over sea
From Salamis. And where be station'd
The bands Athenian his he marshalled.
Who Argos hold, and Tiryns wallèd well,
And in Hermione bay-bosomèd
Fair cities, and in Asinè as well,
In Træzen, Eion, vine-clad Epidaurus dwell;

LXXI.

And who Ægina eke, and Mases hold,
Achæan youths now marshalling led on
Tydides Diomed in onset bold,
And Sthenelus the all-belovèd son
Of Capaneus renown'd. And, godlike one,
Euryalus them third accompanied,
Sovran Mecisteus' child Talaion's son.
But o'er them all the valiant Diomed
Supreme. And eighty sable ships them followèd.
LXXII.

Who held Mycenæ's town constructed well,
Corinth the rich, Cleone built fair;
And those that in Orneia's city dwell,
And Arethryia sweet, and Sicyon where
Adrastus reign'd at first; and dwellers there
In Hyperisia, Gonoessa steep,
And hold Pellenè, and round Ægium are
Through all the coast; and who their dwellings keep
Round ample Helicè. Ships hundred o'er the deep

LXXIII.

Of these Atrides Agamemnon led.
Folk mightiest and most attend his hest.
Himself in dazzling brass he harnessed
Exulting so to shine beyond the rest,
For folk far most he led, himself the best.
Who 'f hollow whaly Lacedæmon be,
Pharè and Sparta, Messa where doves nest
Abundant, Brysia, sweetest Augia,
Amycla too, and Helos' city by the sea,

LXXIV.

And Laas held, and dwelt round Ætylon;
Of these full sixty ships his brother led,
Menelæus in onset bold. They don
Apart their harness. He among them sped
In courage confident, to battle bade
On urging them. On Helen th' outrage done
And sorrows thence t' avenge at heart he had.
In Pylos who, and sweet Arene wone
Thryum Alphæus' ford, and Æpy's well-built town;
LXXV.
In Cypariss, and Amphigenia set,
And Pteleum, Helos too and Dorium,
Where Muses erst Thamyris Thracian met
And quench'd his song, as he was journeying from
King Eurytus th' Æchalian's city home.
His boast that though the Muses sang would he
Those daughters of Zeus ægis-arm'd o'ercome.
They anger'd smote him blind, and took away
His song divine, and made forget on harp to play.

LXXVI.
Led these Gerenian horseman Nestor bold,
And ninety hollow ships in order right
Companion'd him. Arcadia those that hold
Beneath Cyllenè's lofty mountain-height,
By tomb of Æpytus where warriors fight
Close-hand; and those in Pheneus eke that be,
Orchomenus, the grazing flocks' delight,
And Rhipa, Stratia, wind-vex'd Enispè,
And in Tegæa dwell, and pleasant Mantinè;

LXXVII.
Stymphalus hold, and in Parrhasia dwell,
Of these did sixty ships Ancæus' son
King Agapenor lead, and knowing well
Of war Arcadian men in every one
A many went. For them did Atreus' son
The king of men himself give ships that be
With row-banks furnish'd well; and they thereon
Did cross the wine-fac'd deep. For soothly they
Did nought concern them touching labours of the sea.
LXXVIII.

But in Buprasium those that dwellers be,
And Elis the divine; and those within
Hyrmina, utmost Myrsinus, Petrè,
Olenia, and Alesium eke shut-in;
Of these were chieftains four, and swift ships ten
Companion’d each, and many did thereon
Epeans mount. Of some the leaders been
Amphimachus and Thalpius, one the son
Of Ctēatus, of Eurytus Actorion one.

LXXIX.

Some strong Diores Amaryncide led.
Polyxenus a fourth part, godlike son
Of Augeas’ child Agasthenes, did head.
Who in Dylachium, and th’ Echinæ wone,
The holy isles that Elis face beyond
The sea; to Meges Ares’ equal bend
Do these, the Zeus-lov’d horseman Phyleus’ son.
Phyleus who to Dylachium erst did wend
Wroth with his sire. Him forty sable ships attend.

LXXX.

The lofty minded Cephallenians bold
Odysseus led. The warriors that abide
In Íthaca, and Neritus who hold,
The mount with rustling leaves on every side,
And Crocylêa’s island fair divide,
Rough Ægilips, Zacynthus, Samos had,
Epirus, and what’s facing, occupied,
Odysseus these, like Zeus in counsel30, led.
With him a dozen ships did follow painted red.
LXXXI.

Th' Ætolians Thoas led, Andraemon's son,
Who Pleuron, Olenus, Pylenè hold
Sea-neighb'ring Chalcis, rocky Calydon.
For dead the sons of Æneus lofty soul'd
Himself too gone, and of the locks of gold
The hero Meleager also dead:
So this one rul'd supreme th' Ætolians bold;
And forty sable ships him followed.
The Cretans there Idomeneus the spear-skill'd led.

LXXXII.

Who Cnossus held and Gortyn wallèd well,
Lystus, Miletus, white Lycastus' town;
In Phæstus, Rhytium, cities throng'd, do dwell,
And else in hundred-citied Creta wone,
These spear-renown'd Idomeneus led on,
And Merion match for Ares homicide.
And eighty ships they had. That valiant one
Tlepolemus, gigantic Heraclide,
From Rhodes nine ships y-led of Rhodians men of pride,

LXXXIII.

Who Rhodes held triple-parted, Lindus' town,
And Ialyss, Camirus white — o'er these
Held rule Tlepolemus of spear-renown,
Whom bare Astyochè to Hercules,
Who from Ephyra river Selleis
Led captive her, what time he overthrew
Store towns of youths, from Zeus drew pedigrees.
When in the fair compacted palace grew
Tlepolemus to man's estate he straightway slew
LXXXIV.

His sire's lov'd uncle, old already he,
Licymnius Ares' branch. Thent ships in haste
He built, and much folk gath'ring fled o'er sea,
For with their vengeance threaten'd him the rest
Alcides' sons, and grandsons. He distrest
To Rhodes came wand'ring, suff'ring sorrows sore.
In triple tribes they dwelt, below'd and blest
Of Zeus, who gods and men alike rules o'er.
And on them did Kronion wealth unending pour.

LXXXV.

Nireus from Syma brought three ships with him,
Nireus king Charops' and Aglaia's son,
Nireus most beauteous man to Troy that came
Of Danai next Peleus' faultless son;
But feeble he and folk but few led on.
Who in Nisyrus, Crapathus abide
In Casus, Cos, Eurypalus' fair town,
Calydnae isles; these did Phidippus guide,
And Antiphus the sons of Thessalus the Heraclide.

LXXXVI.

And thirty hollow ships with these there yode.
But those that in Pelasgic Argos were,
In Alus, Alope, Trachin abode
Phthia, and Hellas fam'd for women fair,
And Myrmidons, Hellens, Achæans there
Yclep'd; these then Achilles godlike sway'd,
'Neath whose command in fifty ships they fare.
But rough-voic'd war no longer now they heed;
For none there is that might their ranks to battles lead.
LXXXVII.
For wroth divine swift-foot Achilles lay,
Sore chafing for Brisëis fair-hair'd one,
Whom from Lyrnessus ta'en he had away,
When after many toils he'd overthrown
Lyrnessus and the walls of Thebæ's town,
And Mynes, and Epistrophus, those twain
The spear-skill'd offspring of Selepius' son,
Of king Evenus, smote. Thus he amain
There grieving lay, that would anon uprise again.

LXXXVIII.
Phylacè, flow'ry Pyrrhaus who own,
Demeter's grove, Iton, mother of sheep,
Antron by sea, and grassy Pteleon,
Of these Protesilaus guidance keep
Did while alive. But him now black earth deep
Possess'd. Whose wife in Phylacè is left
In half-built house to tear her cheeks, and weep.
For him a Dardan man of life bereft,
From ship far first of all Acheans leaping swift.

LXXXIX.
Nor leaderless though miss'd their chieftain these.
Array'd them Ares' branch Podarces, seed
Of Phylacides flock-rich Iphicles.
Own brother eke of him of derring-deed
Protesilaus, who did him precede
In birth. Yea, elder and more brave y-wis
Protesilaus hero. Them to lead
To battle forth a chief not wanting is,
Yet him that's gone, the valiant one, his people miss.
He'd forty ships. But who in Pheræ dwell
The lake Bæbëis near, and Bæbë's town,
Glaphyra, Iaölcus builded well,
These led in ships elev'n Admetus' son
Eumelus, whom Alcestis, fairest one
Of Pelias' daughters loveliest in form,
Did to Admetus bear. But those that won
In fair Methonè, in Thaumacia home,
From Melibæa who, and rough Olizon come,

These Philoctetes, skilful archer, led
In seven ships. And oarsmen fifty, who
Could battle it with bow, in each there sped.
But he with torments sore afflicted now
In Lemnos' island lay; where in his woe
Th' Achæans' sons had left him languishing
With evil snake's foul wound. There grieving so
He lay. But at their ships remembrance spring
In th' Argives will anon of Philoctetes king.

Not leaderless in sooth were they although
They miss'd their chief. Them Medon marshall'd there,
Oileus' bastard son whom Rhena to
The town-destroying one Oileus bare.
From Tricca who, and steep Ithomè were,
And town of Eurytus th' Æchalian had,
These Æsculapius' sons, physicians fair,
Hight Podalirius and Machaon led.
And thirty hollow ships with these in file there sped.
Ormenius and Hyperia's spring who had,
Asterius who, and Titan's summits white,
Eurypylus Evæmon's bright son led.
On whom did forty sable vessels wait.
But who Argissa, Gyrton cultivate,
Ortha, Elon, white Oloösson's town,
O'er these rul'd Polypætes, firm in fight,
Of Zeus-begot Pirithōus the son.
Him to Pirithōus did she of high renown,

Hippodamia bear the day that he
Aveng'd him of the shaggy Pheræ dire,
And drove from Pelion out, and made them flee
To th' Ethices. Not sole chief. With him there
Leontius went, that Ares' branch whose sire
Was Ceneus' son, Coronus lofty-soul'd.
With these then forty sable ships there were.
From Cyphus twenty-two led Guneus bold,
Who th' Enienes and Peræbi brave controll'd.

These they whose homês round bleak Dodôna were
Round Titaresius sweet their labours plied,
That to Penēus sends his waters fair,
But with Penēus' silver-eddied tide
Not minglest, but a-top as oil doth glide.
For he's a branch from oath-dread Styx' dire flood.
Now Pròthōus Tenthredon's son did guide
The Magnets, who Penēus round abode
And leafy Pelion. 'Neath swift Pròthōus they yode.
With him did forty sable vessels cruise.
These the Danaians’ chiefs and leaders were.
And who was best of these, O tell me Muse,
Of men and steeds th’ Atrides follow’d there.
The steeds of Pheres’ son were best by far.
Eumelus drave them, swift as birds they sped,
In level line their backs, like age, like hair,
And in Pieria them Apollo bred,
And both were mares, and bearing battle’s terror dread.

Of men far first was Ajax Telamon
While yet Achilles rag’d: for stronger he
By far, and so the steeds of Peleus’ son.
But in the curv’d ships, that traverse sea,
He now ’gainst Agamemnon raging lay,
Folk-shepherd Atreus’ son. And on the strand
His folk with quoits, and darts, and archery
Disport; while near the cars the steeds at hand,
The lotus, and the marsh-fed parsley browsing, stand.

But screen’d in tents the chieftains’ chariots lay,
While these their Ares-lov’d commander miss,
And listless rove the camp, nor combat they.
Now moves the host as when depastur’d is
Of fire the ground. And earth beneath them sighs
As under lightning-loving Zeus, when he
In wrath his lightnings round Typhœus plies,
And scourgeth there the ground in Arimi,
Where on his couch doth, as they tell, Typhœus lie.
XCIX.

So 'neath their trampling feet the earth did groan.  
And they across the plain full swiftly sped.  
But to the Trojans wind-foot Iris down  
Came heralding from Zeus with tidings sad.  
And in full talk at Priam's gates they had  
Assembling met together young and old.  
Nigh standing spake swift Iris likenèd  
In voice to Priam's son Polites bold,  
Who, Trojan scout, to swift feet trusting, watch did hold;

And on old Æsyētes' tomb did take  
His stand th' Achæans stirring to espy.  
To him then lik'ned swift-foot Iris spake: —  
" Old man, unending words delight thee aye  
" As erst in peace, but now is kindled nigh  
" Inevitable war. For fights of men  
" I've many mix'd in, but saw never I  
" Such and so great a throng, that, countless e'en  
" As leaves or sand, to fight our city, scour the plain.

" Thus, Hector, now I counsel thee to do.  
" Many allies doth Priam's town contain,  
" Far-scatter'd men, of tongues that differ too.  
" Let each lead those o'er whom himself doth reign,  
" And marshal those that with him denizen."  
She said. The goddess' voice great Hector knew,  
And broke the meeting up. To arms they ran,  
The gates all open'd wide, forth rushing flew,  
Both horse and foot, the folk, and huge the tumult grew.
CII.

A mound before the city rises tall
Upon the plain apart, of access free.
And this in sooth men Batiea call,
But gods the tomb of fair Myrinna, she
The active bounding one. And there then they
The Trojans, and confederates sever'd were.
The Trojans Hector, Priam’s offspring, he,
Of glancing helmet, led. And with him there
Folk far the most and bravest arm’d them, skill’d with spear.

CIII.

The Dardans did Anchises’ vig’rous son,
Æneas lead, whom Aphrodite bare
Anchises erst, when bed with mortal one
A goddess deign’d on knolls of Ida fair.
Nor he sole chief. Antenor’s two sons were,
Antilochus and Acamas, with him,
In all fight skill’d. But in Zeléia there
At Ida’s base who dwell, and rich the stream
Of dark Æsepus drink, and Trojans call we them:

CIV.

These Pandarus did lead, Lycaon’s son,
To whom his bow himself Apollo gave.
Who Adrasteia, and Apæsus’ town,
And Pityæa, and Tereia have,
That mountain steep: these led Adrastus brave,
And Amphius eke, in linen corselet clad,
Percosian Merops’ sons; he, skill’d above
All other men in prophecies, forbad
His sons go forth to war, the man-destroying, sad.
CV.
They heark'ned not, for black death's fates impel.
Who in Percotè, and in Practium wone,
In Sestos who, and in Abydos dwell,
And fair Arisba, 'neath the princely one
Asius Hyrtàcides now marchèd on;
Hyrtàcides, whom coursers huge and fair
Brought from Selleís, and Arisba's town.
Hippothòus Pelasgic spearmen there
Did lead, whose dwellings in Larissa fertile were.

CVI.
These then Hippothòus y-led, and he
Pylæus, Ares' branch. Of Lethus they,
Pelasgic Teutamide, the offspring be.
The Thracians Acamas, and Peiros sway,
To whom swift Hellespont doth bar the way.
But the Ciconians sooth Euphemus so,
Great Cèades Træzenus' son obey.
Pyrræchmes Pæons led of curvèd bow
From far-off Amydon, where Axius broad doth flow.

CVII.
Axius whose fairest stream spreads o'er the ground.
The Paphlagons stout-heart Pylæmen led
From th' Eneti, where wild the mules are found.
These held Cytorus, Sesamus, and glad
Bright dwellings round Parthenius' river had,
Cromna, Ægialus, high Erythine.
But Hodius and Epistrophus did head
The Halizonians come from far, where men
At Alyba's fair city dig the silver mine.
The Mysi Chromis led, and Ennomus
The augur, that to 'scape dark death not knew
With all his auguries, but smitten was
By great Æacides i' th' stream, where slew
The swift-foot hero other Trojans too.
The Phrygians Phorcys and Ascanius led,
From far Ascania; fierce to fight they go.
Methles and Antiphus the Mæons head,
Sons of Pylæmenes, of lake Gygæa bred.

And these the Mæons, born 'neath Tmolus, led.
'Neath Nastes' rule the rough-tongu'd Carians lie.
Miletus these, and leafy Phthira had,
Meander's streams, Mycalè's summits high.
Amphimachus and Nastes govern'd by
Are these; Nastes, Amphimachus, the bright
Sons of Nomion. War-wards he did ply
Just like a girl all o'er with gold bedight.
The fool! not this avert his dire destruction might.

Beneath swift-foot Pelides' hands he fell,
There in that river slain: from him away
His gold Achilles took, in war skill'd well.
Sarpedon's now and faultless Glaucus' sway
Did Lycians there, that came from far, controul,
From Lycia far where Xanthus' whirling waters roll.
I.
When with their chieftains both sides marshall'd were,
The Trojans went with clang and noise amain
Like birds. As clang of cranes it rose through air,
When these from winter flee, and endless rain.
With clang they fly o'er streams of Ocean fain,
And to the Pygmies slaughter bring, and woe,
For they from high the fatal strife maintain.
But vigor breathing silent all, and so
To help each other mindful, the Achæans go.

II.
As mist on mountain-tops the South doth pour,
For shepherd ill, but to the thief more boon
Than night itself, and so far on before
A man may see as he might cast a stone;
So 'neath their feet a dust-cloud rose anon
E'en as they went, and swift they swept the plain.
And moving thus when they now nigh upon
Each other were, among the Trojans then
Pac'd godlike Alexander with the front-rank men.
III.

A panther's hide his shoulders bore, curv'd bow
And sword. He, shaking javelins twain, defied
The Argives' bravest all to battle so
In combat dread. When Merielaus spied
Him stalking 'fore the host with stately stride,
As joys a lion finding some huge prey,
Horn'd stag or wild goat's carcase, and will bide
In hunger fierce devouring it, though they
The eager hounds, and lusty youths molest him may.

IV.

So Menelaus joy'd with eager eyes,
Beholding Alexander god-shap'd one,
And thought t' avenge him of his injuries,
And from his chariot leap'd full armed down.
When him among the foremost coming on
The god-shap'd Alexander saw, his heart
It sank, and shrinking back he slunk anon
Amid his fellows' thick. E'en with such start
Recoileth he, that, in some mountain's wooded part,

V.

A serpent sees. Chill fear his limbs creeps o'er,
And back he shrinks with cheeks all pallor-spread.
So to the haughty Trojans' ranks back bore
Alexander from Atreus' son with dread.
Him Hector eyed, and thus upbraiding said: —
"O wretched Paris, of the fair outside,
"Ill-starr'd deceiver, thou, and woman-mad,
"O hadst thou ne'er been born, unwiv'd hadst died,
"I would it had been so, for better so betide
VI.

"Than thus 'fore all an open shame to be.
"Now laugh th' Achæans of the comely hair,
"That champion excellent had deemèd thee.
"For fair thy form, but vigour none is there,
"Nor strength of mind. So cast then couldst thou dare
"Sail o'er the deep in ships sea-voyaging,
"Together summon thy companions e'er,
"With strangers mix, fair woman with thee bring
"From Apian land, the spouse of men fierce-combating ?

VII.

"Thy father's heavy bane, and of the state
"And people all, rejoicing to thy foe,
"Thine own disgrace! What! durst thou not await
"Ares-lov'd Menelaus, yet didst know
"What kind of man's fresh wife thou hadst ? Not now
"Avail thee will thy harp, nor favors won
"Of Aphroditi, hair, nor form, laid low
"In dust. Meek Trojans are or cloak of stone
"Ere this thou'dst clad thee with, for all thine ill deeds done."

VIII.

Then god-shap'd Alexander : — " Hector now
"Thou justly chid'st, nor dost what's just exceed.
"Thine heart's like axe untiring aye, that through
"The wood drives sheer, 'neath one whose art hath need
"A ship to hew, whose strength it doth much speed.
"Unflinching so thy soul. Yet tax not me
"For golden Aphroditi's gifts my meed,
"Reject the gods' gifts glorious may not we,
"Whate'er they give, nor what one takes aught chooseth he.
IX.

"If now thou'dst have me war and fight, then seat
"The Trojans else and Achives all, and me
"With Menelaus Ares-lov'd mid set,
"For Helen and the wealth to fight. And he
"Whoso prevails, and shall the conqu'ror be
"Home let him treasures all, and woman take;
"The rest then truce and friendship made, dwell ye
"In gleby Troas, they themselves betake
"To horse-apt Argos, lovely-dam'd Achaia back.

X.

He said. And Hector much rejoic'd to hear
That word, and going in the midst he stay'd
The Trojan phalanxes, mid-grasp'd his spear.
They halted all. With shafts and stones assay'd
Long-hair'd Achæans him to smite, when stay'd
King Agamemnon them, and cried: —"Forbear!
"O Argives, hurl not, Achive youths," he said,
"For promise speech doth plumed Hector there."
They staid their hands at once, and hush'd in silence were.

XI.

And Hector either host addressing spake: —
"Hear Trojans, and Achæans buskin'd fair,
"The word of Alexander, for whose sake
"This strife arose. He bids the Trojans there
"And buskin'd Achives all, their armour fair
"Put off upon the fertile ground, while he
"And Menelaus Ares-lov'd repair
"Unto the middle space alone, where they
"For Helen, and the treasures all out-battle it may.
"And whoso conquers and prevails shall take
The treasures all and woman home, while we
The rest of us firm peace and friendship make."
He said. And they all hush'd in silence be.
To them spake valiant Menelaus: — "Me
Now hear, for on my soul hath chiefly lain
This grief. But parted now I hope to see
Argives and Trojans, that such woes have ta'en
Through feud of mine, which Alexander first began.

"Let him of us for death is destin'd die,
Then quickly part the rest. Two lambs now bring,
One white, one black, for Earth and Sun, and we
For Zeus another. Priam's strength, the king,
To strike the truce himself, do also bring,
For cov'nant break his sons, and faithless be,
Lest truce of Zeus they mar. For wavering
Are young men's minds. Where comes the old man, he
"Doth past and future, what is best for both sides, see."

He spake. Argives and Trojans joyous were
In hope the end of woful war was found.
They rank'd their steeds, themselves alighting there,
And doff'd their arms, and laid them on the ground
Each other nigh, with some small space around.
And Hector townwards quick two heralds sent
To bring the lambs, and summon Priam down.
And Agamemnon shipward Talthyb sent
To fetch a lamb, and he to th' king obedient went.
Iris to fair-arm'd Helen brought the news
In sister's guise whom old Antenor's son
The sovran Helicaon did espouse,
Laodicè, for form the fairest one
Of Priam's daughters. Her at home she found
A huge web weaving twofold, dazzling fair,
And labours manifold she wrought thereon,
That Trojans and Achæans eke for her
At Ares' heavy hands encounter'd had whilere.

Then standing near her swift-foot Iris said: —
"Come here, dear nymph, and wondrous doings see
"Of horsemen Trojans, Argives brazen clad,
"That erst were wont dire war wage mutually
"Upon the plain, and bent on battle be.
"But now they silent sit and, ended war,
"Lean on their shields, their long spears fix'd hard-by.
"To fight for thee now Alexander there
"And Menelaus Ares-lov'd with lengthy spears prepare.

"His wife thou'lt be who shall the vict'ry win."
This said, the goddess touch'd her soul with sweet
Desire for her erst husband, town and kin.
At once enfolding her in veil of white
She hasted forth, soft tears a-flowing set.
Nor went alone, her follow'd servants twain,
Pittheus' child Æthra and, of eyes dilate,
Clymenè fair. And quickly reach'd they then
The Scæan gates, where session held the aged men.
There Priam, Panthus, and Thymætes were, 
Lampus and Clytius, Hicetaon branch of Mars, 
Ucalegon, Antenor, prudent pair. 
These at the Scaean gates, old counsellors, 
Then sat; through age surceasing now from wars, 
But orators withal excelling be; 
And like cicalas \(^{36}\) so with them it fares, 
That in a wood a-top of some high tree 
Do sit, and launch abroad their voice of melody.

So on the tower there sat those Trojan lords, 
Who, seeing Helen that way wending now, 
To one another whisp’ring spake wing’d words: —
"No blame that Trojans and Achæans so
"For such a woman bear so long such woe.
"In face and form how like a goddess she!
"Nathless such as she is home let her go,
"Nor more to us and ours a mischief be.”
Thus they. And Priam Helen call’d: — “Come sit by me

"Dear child, thine erst spouse, friends and kindred see.
"Not thine the blame; the gods this thing have done
"Who brought this sad Achæan war on me.
"That man now name me, that colossal one,
"What Argive man so broad-set, ample-grown?
"For height there taller be, more comely ne’er
"Have I with these mine eyes beheld, and none
"More worshipful. He hath a royal air.”
Him answer’d she divine of women Helen fair: —
XXI.

"Thee, father dear, I rev'rence, and I dread.
"Would death I'd chosen dire ere follow'd here
"Thy son, or e'er forsook my husband's bed,
"My brethren, child, and youth's companions dear.
"It might not be, and so I weep and wear
"My life away. Thine asking tell I thee.
"Atrides, broad-rule Agamemnon, there
"Thou seest, good king, and mighty warrior he;
"And brother erst of me, the shameless one if e'er there be."

XXII.

She spake. The sire with wonder saw, and said: —
"O blest Atrides, happy fate thy share,
"Thou fortunate, by multitudes obey'd
"Achæan warriors brave. To Phrygia fair
"The land of vines I've been, and Phrygians there
"A many seen, steed-driving warriors they.
"There Otreus' hosts, and godlike Mygdon's were,
"That on Sangarius' banks encamped lay;
"And I made one with them as their ally the day

XXIII.

"The Amazons came down, that equal men.
"But with th' Achæans they compar'd were few."
The sire Odysseus saw, and ask'd again: —
"Who this one is, dear daughter, tell me too,
"His stature seemeth by a head below
"Atrides Agamemnon, but more broad
"About the shoulders, and the chest to view,
"His armour lieth on the fertile sward;
"He like a ram keeps pacing through the files his road.
"For him I to a full-fleece'd ram compare,  
Through flock of white sheep pacing up and down." And him then answer'd Zeus-born Helen fair: —  
"Odysseus this, Laertes' crafty son.  
Though bred in rugged Ithaca hath known  
"All cunning wiles and subtle counsels he." To her then spake Antenor prudent one: —  
"The word thou say'st hath, woman, verity,  
For here too erst divine Odysseus came for thee

"With Menelaus brave, in ambassage.  
"My cherish'd guests were they in mine abode.  
"Of both I scann'd the bent, and counsel sage.  
"When in the Trojans' gath'ring they upstood  
Then Menelaus tower'd with shoulders broad.  
"But seated both, Odysseus then would be  
"More worshipful. And when 'fore all they would  
Their speech and purposes set forth, then he,  
Wight Menelaus, there harangu'd with brevity,

"In fewest words, but sweetly spoken clear.  
"Not wordy, nor of rambling speech, though one  
"Of younger years. But when Odysseus there,  
"Of many wiles, uprose, he'd stand, look down,  
And stedfast fix his eyes upon the ground,  
"His sceptre neither back nor forwards sway,  
"But motionless would hold, as one astound;  
"A man that 'neath the power of passion lay,  
Or some poor ignorant and helpless one you'd say."
"But when the volum'd voice from out his chest
"He sent, with words like wintry showers of snow,
"Might with Odysseus then none else contest,
"Nor e'er as then astound beheld we so
"Odysseus' form." The Sire a third time now
Ask'd seeing Ajax: — "Who's that other there,
"Tall huge Achæan, th' Argives doth o'ershow
"By head and shoulders broad." Answer'd the Sire
The ample veil'd divine of women Helen fair:

XXVIII.
"That's Ajax huge, th' Achæans' bulwark he;
"And, opposite, Idomeneus there stands
"Among the Cretans, like a god. And be
"Around him leaders of the Cretan bands.
"Our guest, he oft at Menelaus' hands
"In our abode had hospitality,
"When out of Crete he came. Mine eye commands
"The other dark-eyed Achives all, to me
"Well known, of whom I could the names rehearse to thee;

XXIX.
"But two I see not people-chieftains there,
"Horse-taming Castor, Pollux boxer skill'd,
"Own brothers that with me one mother bare.
"Have they from Lacedæmon sweet not sail'd,
"Or in sea-pacing ships though come have fail'd
"Amid th' array of warriors now to stand
"Through dread of ignominy mine repell'd?"
Thus she. But them boon earth had long detain'd
In Lacedæmon there, their lov'd and native land.
XXX.
Now heralds through the town truce-off’rings bare,
Two lambs and gladd’ning wine, earth’s produce boon,
In goat-skins held. Bright bowl, and gold cups fair
Idœus herald brought, and stirr’d up soon
The Sire: — "Up, offspring of Laomedon,
"The Trojan and Achæan chiefs invite
"Thee to the plain to strike a truce anon.
"While for the woman there with long spears bright
"Will Menelaus brave and Alexander fight.

XXXI.
"The victor taketh wife and wealth away,
"The others then shall peace and friendship make,
"And we in fertile Troas dwell, while they
"To steed-apt Argos, and Achaia back,
"That land of women fair, return." He spake.
The old man shudd’ring bade his friends put-to
The steeds. And they obedience did not slack.
And Priam mounted, and the reins back-drew.
Antenor near him clomb the lovely chariot too.

XXXII.
And through the Scæan gates unto the plain
They drave their coursers fleet, and when they now
The Trojan and Achæan hosts attain,
From off the chariot they dismount, and so
Betwixt the Trojans and Achæans go.
Then Agamemnon rose, the king of men,
Uprose that wily one Odysseus too,
Together also noble heralds then
The gods’ truce-off’rings brought, and mixed in bowl the
wine.
XXXIII.

And water on the sovereigns' hands they pour.
Atrides with his hands^37 the knife drew there,
That hanging aye by sword's huge sheath he wore,
And from the lambs' heads cut therewith some hair.
The heralds dealt to every chief his share,
And loud Atrides pray'd before their sight:—
"Sire Zeus, from Ida ruling, past compare,
"Of peerless majesty, and peerless might!
"And Sun, that all beholdest, hearest all aright,

XXXIV.

"Ye Rivers, Earth, and who mankind below,
"Life's toiling o'er, afflict whoso forswear,
"Be ye our witnesses, and guardians now
"Of this our truce. If Alexander there
"Slay Menelaus he shall Helen fair
"And treasures all retain, while we away
"In ships that traverse sea do home repair.
"But if now auburn Menelaus slay
"This Alexander, shall the Trojans not delay,

XXXV.

"But Helen and the treasures all restore,
"And pay the Argives mulet shall fitting be,
"And stand to future men for evermore.
"If Priam and his sons such penalty
"Not pay, on Alexander's fall, to me
"Then still for recompense I'll battle on
"Here biding till the war do end." Thus he.
The lambs' throats then with ruthless brass^38 anon
He slit, and on the earth them quiv'ring laid adown,
Of life bereft; the brass their strength had ta'en. 
Wine from the bowl in cups they pour, and pray 
To th' gods, that have from everlasting been. 
And Trojans and Achæans thus did say:—
"Zeus glorious, great! and gods that live for aye,
"Which side shall first this cov'nant violate,
"As flows this wine upon the ground, so may
"Their brains and children's flow, and strangers mate
"Their wives." Thus they. But Zeus their vow did not substantiate.

Priam Dardanides among them spake:—
"Hear Trojans, and well-greav'd Achæans me. 
"I go in sooth to wind-vex'd Ilium back, 
"For look I could not on my son, while he 
"And warlike Menelaus fighting be. 
"Zeus and the other gods immortals know 
"For which of them is death the destiny."
The hero spake, and in the car did stow The lambs, and mounting then himself the reins back drew.

Antenor at his side the chariot fair
Ascends. And they return to Ilium back. 
Now Hector and Odyssens godlike there 
A space first measure off, and after take 
The lots and in a brazen helmet shake, 
For who the first the brazen spear should throw. 
The people all expectant stand, and quake, 
And to the gods their hands uplift. And so
In prayer they spake both Trojans and Achæans too:—
XXXIX.

"Sire Zeus from Ida ruling, glorious, great!
"Whiche'er these doings caus'd on either side
"O grant that slain he enter Hades' gate,
"And we in peace and friendship firm abide."

Thus they. And plumèd Hector look'd aside, And shook the helm: and Paris' lot out-flew. These sat in ranks, each near his pawing steed And varied arms. With comely arms and true Did shoulders Alexander, fair-tress'd Helen's spouse, endue.

XL.

Greaves on his legs, fair, silver-clasp'd first set, Then with Lycaon's corselet cloth'd his breast, Which though his brother's him did also fit, And brazen sword, with silver studs imprest, Around his shoulders flung. His hand then press'd The strong huge shield. Then did his vigorous head With well wrought horse-hair crested helm invest, Whose waving plume above it nodded dread, Next seiz'd a mighty spear, his hands all featly sway'd.

XLI.

Like arms did Menelaus warlike don. And they now harness'd mid-space striding went 'Twixt Trojans and Achæans. Fiercely on Each other glar'd. And fear th' Achæans hent And Trojan warriors as they gaz'd intent. Now near they stood i' th' measur'd space, and shook Their spears in wrath. First Alexander sent His long-shade spear. Atrides' shield it strook But on the strong shield blunted, and the brass not broke.
XLII.

But second made assay with brazen spear
Atrides Menelaus, praying he: —
"O sov'reign Zeus, grant Alexander here
"I punish may for all the injury
"Which he hath done, and unprovok'd by me.
"Subdue him 'neath my hands, that ev'ry one
"May dread of most remote posterity
"To wrong his host that him hath kindness shown."
He said, and whirling hurl'd the long-shade spear, and on

XLIII.

Priamides' full orbèd shield he smote,
Through splendid buckler drove the mighty spear,
And through the dædal corselet cunning wrought,
And nigh the flank cut through the tunic sheer.
He stoop'd and shunn'd black fate that else was near.
His silver-studded sword Atrides drew,
And lifting smote the helmet's front, but there
In fragments shiver'd from his hand it flew.
Atrides cried aloud, the broad sky looking to: —

XLIV.

"Sire Zeus, more contrary no god than thou,
"I thought to punish Alexander's wrong,
"But in my hands my sword is broken now,
"My spear too from my hands all vainly flong
"And smote him not." He said, and on him sprong,
And seiz'd by th' helmet thick with horse-hair dight,
And towards th' Achaæans well-greav'd dragg'd along.
By 's tender throat had him nigh chok'd outright
The broider'd thong, as 'neath his chin the strap drew tight.
XLV.
He'd dragg'd him off, and vast renown had ta'en,
But quick Zeus' daughter Aphrodité knew,
And brake the thong, was cut from ox y-slain.
An empty helm his stout hand with it drew,
Which whirling round and round the hero threw
Among th' Achæans buskin'd well, which they
His dear companions took. And back he flew
All eagerness with brazen spear to slay
His foe. But him had Aphrodité snatch'd away,

XLVI.
With ease as goddess. Him in cloud-dark air
She veil'd, and in his chamber scented o'er
With perfume laid. To summon Helen fair
She went herself, and on the lofty tower
There found, and 'bout her Trojanesses store.
With hand y-ta'en she shook her nectar'd veil
In guise of crone, wool worker that before,
While yet in Lacedæmon she did dwell,
Had wrought her wondrous works in wool, and ov'd her well.

XLVII.
To her so lik'ned Aphrodité said:—
"Come hither; Alexander homewards thee
Invites. In 's chamber now and turnèd bed
In beauty glist'ring, and in raiment he.
Nor ever wouldst thou say that this could be,
One just return'd from fighting man to man,
But one that to the dance would presently,
Or just ceas'd dancing sits him down again."
She said, and in her bosom stirr'd her soul amain.
XLVIII.

When of the goddess she did recognise
The neck so beautiful exceedingly,
Love-kindling bosom, and the lustrous eyes,
Astound then utter’d speech, and nam’d her she: —
" Why, cruel, wouldst thou so impose on me?
" Or elsewhere further wilt thou lead me yet?
" Some town of those that thickly peopled be,
" In Phrygia or Mæonia lovely set,
" Where friend thou hast ’mong part-voice men articulate.

XLIX.

" Because then Menelaus hath o’ercome
" Forsooth the godlike Alexander now,
" And me detested would with him take home,
" Is ’t therefore here devising craft art thou?
" Go sit by him, and haunts of gods forego,
" Nor on thy feet return t’ Olympus e’er,
" But anxious tend him aye and guard him so
" Till thee his wife he make, or slave. But there
" I go not. For ’twere shame in me his couch to share.

L.

" And me the Trojan matrons all would mock,
" And in my mind I’ve countless woes.” Then spake
The goddess Aphrodîtè wroth: — “Provoke
" Not me, thou thing, lest wroth, I thee forsake,
" And hate as I’ve intensely lov’d. I’ll make
" Twixt Danai and Trojans rancour sad,
" And thou have woful end.” She said, and quake
Did Zeus-born Helen, and in white veil clad
Went silent by those dames unseen. The goddess led.
LI.
When reach'd they Alexander's lovely dome,
The handmaids quickly 'bout their labours set,
She godlike woman mounts the upper room.
Smiles-loving Aphrodite took a seat
And plac'd it Alexander opposite.
There Zeus' child Helen sat, and turn'd aside
Her eyes, and did with speech her husband twit:—
"Thou art return'd from war. Would there thou'dst died,
"By valiant man subdued, my spouse of former tide.

LII.
"Thy boast than Mars-lov'd Menelaus thou
"For strength, and hands, and spear wert stronger far.
"Go challenge Mars-lov'd Menelaus now
"Once more to fight. And yet I say forbear,
"Nor Menelaus of the auburn hair
"Adventure face to face to meet again,
"And battle it in war presumptuous e'er,
"Lest smitten with his spear thou soon be slain."
To her with words did Paris speak in answer then:—

LIII.
"Woman with scornful words reproach not me.
"Now Menelaus wins b' Athenē's aid,
"In turn shall I, for gods with us there be.
"But be we reconcil'd and so to bed,
"For thus enwrap my senses love ne'er did.
"No, not when first from Lacedæmon fair
"I sail'd, and thee in ships sea-voy'ging led
"In isle of Cranaē thy couch did share,
'As I'm enamour'd now, and takes me sweet desire."
LIV.

He said, and to his couch then led the way,
And follow'd him his spouse. And there the two
On perforated couch in dalliance lay.
Atrides roaming through the throng did go
Like some wild beast to spy out there his foe,
The god-shap'd Alexander. Him could then
To Mars-lov'd Menelaus no one show
Of Trojans or allies renown'd. For screen
They would not him for love in sooth had any seen.

LV.

For hateful he as death in all their eyes.
Then Agamemnon king of men:— "Now hear
" Ye me ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies;
" Stands Mars-lov'd Menelaus' vict'ry clear.
" Restore us therefore Argive Helen here
" With all her goods, and pay ye too beside
" Such recompense as fitting shall appear,
And shall in after-men's remembrance bide."
Atrides said. Th' Achæans with applause replied.
The Iliad.

Book IV.

I.

The gods with Zeus upon the golden floor
Meanwhile in full assembly seated were.
August did Hebe nectar serving pour.
And pledg'd them they in golden goblets fair,
The Trojans' town the while beholding there.
Then Kronos' son, to anger Héra fain,
Haranguing did with taunting words\(^1\) compare:—
"For Menelaus goddesses now twain
"The Argive Héra, aidful staunch Héra\(^2\) been.

II.

"But these aloof sit still, and, looking-on,
"Their pleasure take. While, on the other hand,
"Smiles-loving Aphrodité does this one\(^3\)
"Keep close-to ever, and from fate defend,
"And now hath rescued when to die he ween'd.
"Of Menelaus Ares-dear is now
"The vict'ry sooth; so ponder we how end
"These doings shall: if evil war renew
"And contest dread, or peace we make betwixt the two.
"And if to all this pleasing were and sweet,
"Yea then might men, in sooth, King Priam's town
"Inhabit still, and Menelaus get
"His Argive Helen back." He said. Whereon
With prest lips Herè and Athenè groan,
That sitting close 'gainst Trojans woes conspire.
Athenè silent was, and word spake none
Though wroth at father Zeus, with anger dire,
But Herè in her bosom not restrain'd her ire.

Dread Kronides, what speech is this of thine?
"What! wouldst thou frustrate then my toil? and sweat,
"That I have sweated lab'ring sore, make vain?
"My steeds I've tir'd, the folk to congregate,
"And Priam and his sons work evil fate.
"Do this, but all we gods will not agree."
Her answer'd then cloud-gath'ring Zeus irate:—
"Perverse! what's Priam or his sons to thee
"So evil done, that thou dost rage unceasingly

To overthrow fair Ilium's well-built town?
"But if, her gates and long walls ent'ring, thou
"Couldst Priam, and his children every one,
"And other Trojans raw devour, might so
"Satiety thine anger haply know.
"Do then thy pleasure, lest some future day
"This grudge to mickle strife betwixt us grow.
"But this I say. Remember, when I may
"Wish smite a town, where men there be thou lov'st, delay
VI.
"My wrath thou shalt not, but permit. For free
I give thee this though loth. For 'neath the sun,
And 'neath the starry sky whate'er there be
Of cities all, where men terrestrial wone,
My heart most honours Ilium's sacred town,
And Priam, and the folk of Priam too
Of th' ashen spear. For lack of banquet none,
Libation, incense e'er mine altar knew.
"For this is our allotted e'er mine altar knew.

VII.
And large-eyed Herè then august replied:—
Three towns I have that are most dear to me,
Argos, and Sparta, and Mycenè streeted wide,
These then destroy whenc'er they hateful be;
For them I'll not contend, nor grudge them thee.
Though if I grudg'd, and would avert their fate,
In sooth 'twere vain, since so surpassingly
The stronger thou. And yet nathless 'tis meet
My labour also be not render'd incomplete.

VIII.
"I'm goddess too, and whence thy lineage mine,
And crafty Kronos me begat, for race
August, and that I'm called consort thine.
Thou rul'st th' immortals all. But yielden place
To one another we in these a space,
As I to thee so thou to me; and they
Th' immortal gods will us with foll'wing grace.
Athenè now enjoin with speed away
Down to the Trojans' and Achæans' dire array,
IX.

"And try how first the Trojans injure may
"Th' Achæans now elate, and truce so break."
She said. The sire of gods and men obey
Did straight, and to Athenè wing'd words spake: —
"Now quickly to the army thee betake
"The Trojans and Achæans 'mong, and try
"How there the Trojans first the truce shall break
"And do th' elate Achæans injury."
This said, he stirr'd Athenè, prompt already she.

X.

And like a star, by Kronos' son from high
To seamen or broad host a signal sent,
Refulgent, whence abundant sparkles fly.
To earth so Pallas rush'd, and bounding went
I' th' midst, while wonder dread the gazers hent²⁵³,
Horse-taming Trojans, Achives buskin'd fair.
And thus they spake, beholding this portent:—
"Fell fight and war's at hand, or friendship there
"To both sides Zeus decrees, men's arbiter of war."

XI.

'Twas thus 'mong Trojans and Achæans said.
And she as man then mix'd in Troy's array,
(Laòdocus she seemed Antenoride
A warrior strong) to seek if any way
Discover godlike Pandarus she may.
Lycaon's son brave faultless⁴⁷ find she did,
Who stood 'mid mighty files that buckler sway,
Of folk that from Esepus' streams he led.
To him then standing near these wingèd words she said:
XII.

"Wilt heed me thou, Lycaon's warlike son?
"Swift shaft then launch at Menelaus dare,
"And win of Trojans favour, and renown,
"From all, but Alexander chief, who fair
"Rich gifts will give thee straight when sees he there
"Atrides Menelaus brave, laid low
"With shaft of thine, the pile funereal drear
"Ascend. Come aim at Menelaus now,
"And to Apollo Lycian-born, bow-famous, vow

XIII.

"Of firstling lambs a splendid hecatomb
"To sacrifice to him, so soon as thou
"To blest Zeleia's town returnest home."
Thus spake Athenê, and persuaded so
His foolish mind. At once he stripp'd his bow
Smooth polish'd horn, from bounding wild goat ta'en,
He'd 'neath the breast erst smit, as it did go
From out a rock, where he'd in ambush lain.
Its breast he smote, and on the cliff it fell back slain.

XIV.

Its horns from th' head full sixteen palms outgrew.
These working up th' horn-polisher did fit
And smooth'ning all, with golden tips endue.
This plac'd he, earth-ward stooping, drawing it.
Their shields his comrades brave before him set,
For fear th' Achæans' sons should charge him ere
Brave Menelaus th' Achive chief was smit.
He stripp'd off quiver-lid, and arrow ne'er
Yet shot out-drew, that wing'd did freight of torments bear.
XV.
To string he fits fell shaft; and hecatomb
To bow-fam'd Lycian-born Apollo vow'd
Of firstling lambs, soon as, returning home,
Zeleia's holy city reach he should.
He draws, and holding nock and bow-string good,
The string to breast, to bow the barb he brings.
Drawn circular the huge bow twangs, and loud
Resounds the whizzing cord. The arrow springs
Sharp-pointed forth amid the throng on eager wings.

XVI.
Thee, Menelaus, then forgat not they,
The blest immortal gods; but near thee stood
Zeus' child the Spoiler first, and drove away
The deadly shaft, and so its force withstood
From wounding thee, as when a mother would
A fly keep off her child, in slumber sweet.
Herself did guide it where of baldric good
The golden clasps on folded cuirass meet.
On well-knit baldric smote the bitter arrow fleet.

XVII.
Through daedal belt it went, and cuirass, wrought
With skill elaborate, it thrust right through,
And girth he wore, to fence his flesh about
From darts, his chief defence, this piercèd too,
And graz'd his skin. Fro' th' wound black blood'gan flow.
As Carian or Mæonian dame doth stain
With red the iv'ry, cheek-piece making so
For steed. And in her chamber there up-lain
Possess the same a many horsemen wish in vain.
XVIII.

For kings alone an ornament it lies;
The steed's adornment, and the man's renown.
So, Menelaus, stain'd thy comely thighs
With gore, and calves and ankles fair adown.
Aghast was Agamemnon from the wound
To see the black blood flowing forth amain.
Aghast too Menelaus Mars-lov'd one.
But seeing string and barb outside remain,
His soul within his bosom then reviv'd again.

XIX.

King Agamemnon spake, with deep-drawn sigh,
As Menelaus' hand he held. And sigh'd
His comrades too:—"Dear brother caus'd have I
Thy death in striking truce, who made thee bide
Our single champion on th' Achæan side.
So smitten thee the Trojans have, and ta'en
No kepe their solemn oaths 'neath foot to tread.
Nathless the truce will not be all in vain,
Lambs' blood, libations pure, right-hands we trusted in.

XX.

"Though not accomplish it Olympius now,
Yet in the end he will, and heavily
They with their heads, and wives and children too,
Will answer it. For clear it is to me,
My soul and spirit feel the day will be
When sacred Troy and Priam perish shall
And spear-skill'd Priam's folk. For on them he,
Great Zeus high-thron'd in æther dwelling, will
His dreadful ægis shake, irate at this their guile."
"Not vain then these, but who were mine if thou
"O Menelaus die, and here fulfil
"Thy term of life. And deep disgracèd now
"Should I to much desirèd Argos sail.
"For think of home th' Achæans will not fail,
"And Priam's and the Trojans' trophy we
"Abandon Argive Helen here, the while
"In Troas lie and rot the bones of thee,
"And this our high emprise will unaccomplish'd be.

"And thus of haughty Trojans some will speak,
"And leap on glorious Menelaus' tomb,
"'May Agamemnon aye his wrath thus wreak
"That vainly with the Achæan host had come,
"Then went with empty ships t' his loved land home
"And left the valiant Menelaus here.'
"Thus they. Then 'neath me ope earth's yawning womb.'

Then Menelaus of the auburn hair.
To reassure his mind thus spake: — "Nay do not fear.

"By no means thou th' Achæan folk alarm.
"No mortal part hath touch'd the arrow keen,
"But first the curious baldric kept off harm,
"And then the girth and plate beneath, which men
"That work in brass had wrought." Him answer'd then

King Agamemnon: — "Grant that so it be
"Dear Menelaus, leech thy wound shall tend,
"And med'cines ply, that tortures dark allay."

He spake, and to Talthybius herald thus did say: —
"Talthybius, quick Machaon call to me,
Of Esculapius, famous leech, the son,
Brave Menelaus Achive chief to see,
Whom hath with arrow now some bow-skill'd one,
Trojan or Lycian smit. To him renown,
But woe to us." He said, nor disobey
The herald hearing did, but posted on
Amid th' Achæan brass-clad folk to spy
Machaon out. And him there standing did descry,

And round him shielded warriors' strong array
He'd led from Tricca nurse of steeds. Anon
Him standing near he wingèd words did say:—
"Up Asclepiades, Agamemnon
Calls thee, brave Menelaus Atreus' son
To see, whom hath with shaft one skill'd with bow,
Of Trojans or of Lycians, smit. Renown
To him thereby, to us a grievous woe."
He said, and stirr'd his soul within his bosom so.

They thread the throng th' Achæans' broad host through.
When to the spot, where he of th' auburn hair
The wounded Menelaus was, they drew,
Round whom the chiefs form'd circle; mid them there
Then stood the godlike man, and from the fair
Well-fitting baldric drew the arrow straight.
In drawing it back bent the sharp fangs were.
Then loos'd the varied belt, and girth and plate
Beneath, that men brass-workers wrought elaborate.
When seen the wound the bitter arrow tore,
And blood suck'd out, he soothing drugs applied,
Which friendly Chiron gave his sire of yore.
While these with Menelaus occupied,
On came the squadrons of the Trojan side.
These arm'd again, and fir'd at battle's sight.
Not slumb'ring hadst thou Agamemnon spied
Nor fearing then, nor uninclin'd to fight,
But glorious battle hast'ning to, with earnest might.

He left his steeds, and car adorn'd with brass.
Apart his servant held them snorting high,
That Ptolemy Peraides' offspring was,
Eurymedon. And him he bade keep nigh
Lest seize his limbs fatigue should by and by,
So many marshalling. On foot he went
Along the ranks. What swift-steed Danai
Preparing prompt he saw on battle bent,
He standing near, with words would strengthen their intent.

"Argives your martial force no way remit,
Of falseness will sire Zeus no champion be,
But who broke compact first shall vultures eat
Their tender flesh, and in our ships shall we
Their wives belov'd and little ones to sea
Lead captive, when their city we have ta'en."
Whom saw he slack dread fight with sharp words he
Rebuk'd: — "O Argives, arrow-doomèd men
Opprobrious, have ye no shame within you then?"
XXX.

"Why stand ye thus aghast like fawns, when tir'd
"With coursing through a length of plain they be,
"Stock-still with no remaining vigor fir'd?
"So stand ye struck, nor fight. Or wait do ye
"Till where our well-stern'd ships by th' hoary sea
"Are drawn ashore the Trojans reach, and so
"If will Kronion hand stretch o'er you, see?"
And thus he marshalling men's ranks did go,
And on the Cretans came, men's squadrons passing through.

XXXI.

These round Idomeneus their armour don,
Idomeneus as wild boar strong the van,
And Merion urg'd the hindmost legions on.
Glad saw them Agamemnon king of men,
T' Idomeneus with honied words began:—
"Idomeneus, thee honour chief I do
"Of all the swift-steed Danai, both when
"The theme is war, and other labours too,
"And at the feast, where dark the hon'ring wine doth flow

XXXII.

"When th' Argives' chiefest mix it in the bowl.
"Though other Achives of the comely hair
"By measure drink, thy cup stands ever full,
"Like mine, to quaff at will. Up then to war,
"And be as thou hast vow'd to be before."
Idomeneus the Cretan chief replied:—
"Atrides as I promis'd thee of yore,
"Thy faithful comrade ever I'll abide.
"But that we quick may fight, the long hair'd Achives stir beside.
XXXIII.
"The Trojans league-libations pour'd with us.
"So death and woe will surely them pursue,
"Since truce infring'd they first." When spake he thus
On pass'd Atrides glad at heart, and through
The throng of men came on th' Ajaces two.
These arming were. A cloud of infantry
They led. As when from cliff of vantage-view
A goatherd swain at gaze doth on the sea
A cloud 'neath blast of Zephyrus 25 descending see.

XXXIV.
Afar perceives it coming o'er the wave
As black as pitch, a whirlwind bringing dire,
Aghast he drives his flock within a cave.
So with th' Ajaces youths of martial fire
To hot war drew in dense phalanges nigher,
That dark with shield and spear were bristling dread.
King Agamemnon glad doth them admire,
And wingèd words addressing them he said:—
"Ajaces, chiefs of th' Argives brazen harnessèd,

XXXV.
"Not you, for 'twere unfit, do I bid stir
"The folk to fight, for prompt ye urge them on.
"Sire Zeus, Athenè, Phæbus, would there were
"Such spirit in the breast of every one!
"Fall speedily would then King Priam's town
"Y-ta'en beneath our hands, and rasèd quite."
He said, and leaving them, went forth, and on
Old Nestor Pylian orator did light,
His comrades marshalling, and urging them to fight,
XXXVI.

Huge Pelagon, Alastor, Chromius there,
Prince Hæmon, people-shepherd Bias stout.
The charioteers in front with steed and car,
And in the rearward, num'rous, brave the foot
He set, to be a fence of war, and put
The spiritless between, that loth or no
Each man nathless perforce must fight it out.
The horsemen chief he charg'd, and bade them so
Rein-in their steeds, as with unbroken ranks to go.

XXXVII.

"Let none his valour trusting, horseman skill,
"Alone 'fore others wish to fight the foe,
"Nor yet draw back. Be feeblerso ye will.
"Who from his car shall to another's go
"Spear let him wield, for 'tis far better so.
"Thus they of old, who in their bosoms bore
"This sense and mind, did towns and walls o'erthrow."
So urg'd the Sire, in war well-skill'd of yore.
With joy saw Agamemnon, standing him before,

XXXVIII.

And him addressing wing'd words spake: — "O Sire,
"Would to the soul within thy bosom dear
"Thy knees responded, and thy strength entire!
"But weareth thee old age, that none doth spare.
"Would had it some man else, and thou wert there
"Still young." Gerenian horseman Nestor then
Replied: — "Atrides, I too wish I were
"As when by me was Ereuthalion slain.
"But ne'er at once all things the gods vouchsaf'd to men.
XXXIX.

"I then was young, old age is on me now,
Yet so with charioteers I'll mix, and sway
With rede and speech, for thus the old men do.
But brandish spear will younger men than I,
The later born, that on their strength rely."

He said. Atrides glad pass'd on and found
Menestheus Peteus' son, car skill'd to ply,
Who stood, Athenian warriors him around.
Odysseus too stood near, that did in craft abound.

XL.

No feeble files the Cephallenians nigh
Were standing round; for battle-shout as yet
Had not their people heard. But recently
The rous'd phalanges were in motion set
Of Trojans and Achæans. These now wait
Till coming up some Achive troop beside
Should charge the Trojans, and begin the fight.
Them Agamemnon king of men did chide,
When he beheld, and wing'd words speaking thus he said:

XLI.

"O son of Peteus Zeus-nurs'd king, thou too
With ill wiles fraught, astute. Aloof then why
Stand ye afraid, and others wait? For you
Behoveth be among the foremost aye,
And stand and front the battle raging high.
Ye first of banquet hear from me, whene'er
A banquet for the foremost chieftains we
Achæans make. There pleasant roast meats fair
Ye eat, and honied wine ye drink with pleasure there.
XLII.

"Now pleas'd ye gaze, though Achive columns ten
"To fight with ruthless brass before you go."
Him eyed askance, and spake Odysseus then: —
"Atrides, what word scap'd thy teeth's fence through?
"How say'st thou we be slack in war? When so
"We Achives 'gainst the Trojans battle keen
"Excite, see shalt thou, if so minded, how
"Telemachus' lov'd sire the front-rank men
"Of Trojans mixes with. But windy words be thine."

XLIII.

King Agamemnon him once more with smiles
Address'd when wroth he saw him: — Zeus-sprung thou
"Laertes' son, Odysseus, man of wiles,
"Not thee I chide o'er much nor urge. I know
"Thy bosom's gentle counsels, even so
"Thy thoughts as mine. But come, these by and by
"We'll settle if amiss ought spoken now.
"All these the gods make vain." Thus did he say,
And left them there, and unto others went his way.

XLIV.

Tydides high-soul'd Diomed he found,
Who steeds, and well-knit chariots stood amid.
Near whom stood Sthenelus Capaneus' son.
And him King Agamemnon seeing chid,
And wingèd words addressing him he said: —
"Ah! son of Tydeus war-skill'd, Tame-the-steed,
"Why tremblest? Why war bridges so with dread
"Dost eye? So trembled Tydeus not indeed,
"But far before his comrades battling foes would yede."
"So they relate who him at work beheld.
"For him in sooth did I nor meet nor see,
"But others he by far they say excell'd.
"Without array, as guest to Mycenæ,
"Came with the godlike Polynices he,
"To muster folk. For they 'gainst Thebes' blest town
"Then warr'd; and ask'd that grant allies should we.
"And wish'd to grant their asking every one,
"But Zeus averted it, with signs disastrous shown.

"They left, and came, as on their way they wend,
"T'Asopus' rushy stream, and pastures fair.
"Th' Achæans thence as envoy Tydeus send,
"Who went, and found Cadmæans many there
"In house of Eteocles, that feasting were.
"Nor yet did then, though strange and lone amid
"Cadmæans many, horseman Tydeus fear,
"But them to contest challeng'd he, and did
"In all o'ercome with ease; so Pallas stood his aid.

"The wroth spur-steed Cadmæans ambush laid
"Of fifty men for his return. These have
"Two chiefs, the godlike Mæon Hæmonide,
"And Autophanus' war-staunch offspring brave
"Lycophantes. To them Tydides gave
"Ill end, slew all, and one sent home alone.
"For Mæon did he, mov'd by omens, save.
"Ætolian Tydeus such, who gat a son
"His worse in war, in council better talking one."
XLVIII.

He said, but spake not mighty Diomed,
The awful King's rebuke respecting he.
The son of Capaneus renown'd then said:
"Atrides, clearly knowing do not lie.
"We better than our fathers boast to be,
"We captur'd too Thebes' seven gated town,
"'Neath Ares' wall with fewer forces we,
"The gods' and Zeus' great signs relying on,
"But perish'd they through stubborn folly all their own.

XLIX.

"In grace with us then set our fathers ne'er."
To him spake Diomed with sternest frown:
"Be silent, friend, and to my speech give ear.
"Folk-shepherd Agamemnon blame can none
"To battle urging thus th' Achæans on.
"Great glory his if the Achæans do
"The Trojans conquer, seizing Ilium's town;
"Th' Achæans worsted his again the woe.
"But come we, call to mind our martial valour now."

L.

He said, and from his car leap'd full arm'd down.
As stirr'd the King the brass about his breast
Rang dread. Fear might have seiz'd the stoutest one.
As on the sounding shore the sea-swell, prest
By rough imperious blowing of the West,
Doth rushing on upstirr'd together crowd,
And on the deep at first uplift its crest,
Then bursting on the strand it roareth loud,
Swells 'bove the peakèd rocks, and sea-foam flings abroad.
LI.
So stirr'd successive th' Achive bands to war Unceasingly. Each chief commands his own, The rest in silence went. Think would you ne'er Such folk with gift of speech were moving on. Silent they heed their chiefs. Round all outshone The varied arms they Marchèd clad withal. The Trojans e'en as sheep of wealthy one, That countless stand a-milking in the stall, Incessant bleating as they hear their lambkins call.

LII.
So through that army broad the Trojans' din Arose. Not like from all, nor one the cry, But tongues confus'd; from many lands the men. These Ares urg'd, those Pallas Azure-eye, Fear, Flight, and Discord raging quenchlessly, Man-slaught'ring Ares' comrade-sister, who Crests small at first, anon with head i' th' sky She walks the earth, and then did 'twixt them throw Fell strife and pac'd the throng, to men augmenting woe.

LIII.
When these then rushing on in one place met Then shields, and spears, and might of mail-clad men Together dash'd, and bossy bucklers set Against each other hurtled. Rose the din And shout, and moan, of slaying and of slain, And earth ran blood. As torrents rushing down The hills their headlong flood do mid-vale join In hollow bed, from mighty flowings grown; Afar the shepherd in the mountains hears the sown.255
LIV.

Of these so joining fight rose shout and dread. Antilochus first slew a front-rank one, Trojan Echèpolus Thalysiade. His horse-hair helmet crest he smote, and on His brow infix'd. And piercèd through the bone The spear-point brazen. Darkness veil'd his eyes. He fell i' th' fight, as when a tower comes down. Him fallen did by th' feet Elphenor seize, The brave Abantes' chief, Chalcòdontiades.

LV.

Past reach of darts fain dragg'd him off had he, To strip his arms. But brief was his career. Him dragging corse did brave Agenor see. And, as he stoop'd, his side, which did appear Beyond the shield, he smote with brazen spear, And loos'd his limbs. His soul then fled, and 'gan Around him there encounter sad, severe Of Trojans and Achæans. Rushing ran On one another they like wolves, man grappling man.

LVI.

And Ajax then struck down Anthemion's son Hight Simoisius, lusty bachelor, Whom formerly his mother, coming down From Ida, nigh Simois' river bore. She with her parents came the sheep t' explore. Thence Simoisius nam'd b' his parents dear, Whom pay his nurture he will now no more, So brief his life, who sank 'neath Ajax' spear, That him advancing smote abreast the right pap near.
On went the brazen spear the shoulder through. Down in the dust he fell, as poplar tree, That in dank mead of some vast fen doth grow Smooth-trunk'd, a-top its branches growing be. The car-wright this with bright steel fells that he Wheel-felloe bend for lovely chariot may, And on the river-bank it lies to dry. Such Simoisius\textsuperscript{54} Anthemide, whom slay The Zeus-sprung Ajax did, and took his arms away.

Him Antiphus, of corselet variegate, Old Priam's son, with spear aim'd at mid-throng, But miss'd, and in the groin Odysseus' mate, Brave Leucus, smote, that dragg'd the corpse along. He fell. Dropp'd from his hands the corse. Y-stong With wrath for comrade slain Odysseus went With brazen gleaming helm through warriors strong, And glaring round, his glitt'ring spear he sent. And back the Trojans shrank, perceiving his intent.

Nor spear he hurl'd in vain, but snite did he Democoön king Priam's bastard there, Who from Abydos came, where fleet mares be. Odysseus, for his comrade wroth, with spear His temple smote. Through th' other temple sheer The brass-point pierc'd. His eyes then darkness veil'd. With heavy sound he fell, and rattled drear His arms. The Trojans then, and Hector yield. Th' Achæans, shouting loud, the dead drew off the field.
LX.

Far on they'd rush'd, but Pheæbus wroth beheld
From Pergamus, and call'd to th' Trojans:— "On
" Ye tame steed Trojans, nor to th' Argives yield
" In fight, since neither steel their flesh, nor stone
" To bear flesh-cutting brass. Nor Thetis' son
" Achilles fights, but with soul-gnawing ire
" Broods in his ships." The awful god fro' th' town
Thus spake. Zeus' glorious child Tritonia dire
Pass'd through th' Achaean throng the flagging ones to fire.

LXI.

Fate caught Diores Amaryncide then,
Smit on right ankle he with jagged stone.
Imbraside Pirus chief of Thracian men,
Who came from Ænus, had the pebble thrown.
The fell flint snapp'd both tendons and each bone,
And back he fell, with hands t' his comrades dear
Expiring stretch'd. Up Pirus then did run,
Who'd thrown, and thrust his navel through with spear.
Out gush'd his entrails all. His eyes veil'd darkness drear.

LXII.

Him with his spear Ætolian Thoas smote,
His breast above the pap. The brass fix'd in
His lungs. Thoas approach'd and pull'd from out
His breast the mighty spear, then falchion keen
He drew, and him mid-belly smote, but slain
Stripp'd not of arms, for stood his comrades round,
The top-knot Thracians long spears holding then,
Who him, the huge and strong and high renown'd,
Did from them thrust; and he by force repell'd gave ground.
LXIII.

Thus stretch'd in dust lay side by side the twain,
The Thracians this, th' Epeans that commanding;
And many others were around them slain.
Nor blam'd their work had he, through thickest wending
Unhurt, unsmit by weapons, whom befriending,
Pallas Athenē's self had led the way,
And ta'en by th' hand, from force of darts defending.
For Trojans and Achæans on that day
Stretch'd side by side in dust a many prostrate lay.
THE Iliad.

BOOK V.

I.

And then to Diomed Tydides gave
Pallas Athenè strength and might that be
Distinguish'd far above all Argives brave
He should, and win renown exceedingly.
And kindled from his helm and buckler she
Unresting fire. E'en as th' autumnal star,
That wash'd in ocean showeth lustrously,
Such fire from head and shoulders gleaming far
She lit; and drove him where they fought in thick of war.

II.

Was 'mongst the Trojans Dares, blameless, rich,
Priest of Hephaistos he. His sons were twain
Hight Phegeus and Idæus, skilful each
In fight. These, leaving then their folk, were fain
On him make onset. From their car maintain
The contest they, he on the ground on foot.
When rushing on they nigh each other been
Then Phegeus first the long-shade spear sent out
Which o'er Tydides' shoulder pass'd, and smote him not.
III.

On rush'd Tydides next with brazen spear,
Nor fled the weapon from his hand in vain,
But smote his breast mid paps, and thrust him sheer
From off the steeds. Down leap'd Idæus then
And left the lovely car, his brother slain
Not daring to defend. Nor dreary fate
Himself had 'scap'd, had not Hephaistos ta'en
And veil'd in darkness him in safety set,
That th' old man might not be entirely desolate.

IV.

Brave Tydeus' son the steeds off driving gave
His comrades to the hollow ships to take.
When th' high-soul'd Trojans Dares' sons perceive
One fled, one slain by th' car, their minds all quake.
Ta'en Ares' hand blue-ey'd Athenè spake:—
"Ares blood-stain'd, wall-batt'ring homicide,
"The Trojans and Achæans let 's forsake
"And leave them fight, and Zeus exalt what side
"He will. And we retiring so Zeus' wrath avoid."

V.

This said, hot Ares out she led from fight,
And on high-bank'd Scamander seated then.
The Danai put Trojans there to flight,
By every chieftain sooth a man was slain.
And first did Agamemnon, king of men,
Huge Hodius, chief of Halizons, thrust sheer
From car. Him turning smote his back between
The shoulders, driving through his chest the spear.
He fell with heavy sound, his armour rung out drear.
VI.
Idomeneus slew Mæon Borus' son
Phœstus, who had from fertile Tarne come.
And there Idomeneus of spear renown,
With long lance him, as on his steed he clomb,
Through his right shoulder smote. Down sank he from
His chariot there; and seiz'd him darkness drear.
Idom'neus' servants stripp'd him overcome.
Atrides Menelaus slaughter'd there
Chace-skill'd Scamandrius, Strophius's son, with beechen
spear.

VII.
Skill'd hunter he, whom Artemis had taught
Herself to smite all salvage things that bred
In mountain forests be. Avail him nought
The arrow-loving Artemis then did,
Nor all far-shooting skill that erst he had.
Atrides Menelaus, spear-renown'd,
Him did with spear, as he before him fled,
Mid shoulders back to chest through-thrusting wound.
Headlong he fell. His arms about him rattling sound.

VIII.
But Merion there did slay Pherœclus, who
Was Harmonides' son th' artificer,
That work all cunning things with hands well knew,
For him Pallas Athenè held full dear.
And Alexander built he ships, that were
Prime source of ill, that woe to Trojans wrought,
And eke himself, the gods' response oracular
Discerning not. And him when Merion caught
In chase o'ertaking he, upon the right hip smote.
IX.
The spear-point pierc'd his bladder 'neath the bone;
With shriek he sank t' his knee; Death veil'd him drear.
Meges Pedæus slew Antenor's son,
A bastard whom to please her spouse did rear
Divine Theano like her children dear.
Him then when nigh spear-skill'd Phylides hit
Beneath the occiput with sharp-point spear,
Right through the teeth the brass his tongue did slit.


X.
Eurypylus Evæmon's child smote there
Godlike Hypsenor, haught Dolopion's son,
Scamander's priest, whom did his folk revere
As god. Evæmon's offspring radiant one
Eurypylus, with falchion rushing on,
His shoulder smote as he before him flies,
And lopp'd off there his heavy hand, which down
Fell bleeding on the plain. At once his eyes
The purple death, and fate prevailing occupies.


XI.
Thus these in fierce encounter toil'd sore.
But who Tydides rank'd with you'd not known,
With Trojans he, or with the' Achæans more.
I' th' plain he rag'd like torrent-river swoln,
That bridges bursteth fiercely rushing on;
Not buttress'd bridges can its force sustain,
Nor fruitful fields' embankments check, when down
It sudden comes, while pours Zeus' gushing rain
And swept away be many labours fair of men.
XII.
So broke the Trojans' dense phalanges be
By Diomed, whom num'rous wait they not.
When him Lycaon's brilliant son did see
Rage on the plain, and whole phalanges rout,
He bending quick his bow him rushing smote.
Did by right shoulder th' hollow corselet smite.
On flew fell shaft, and opposite came out,
And blood the corselet stain'd. Straight at the sight
Exulting shouted loud Lycaon's offspring bright:

XIII.
"On! high-soul'd Trojans, spur-steed warriors, on!
"Th' Achaean's chief one's smit. I think not he
"Will bear fell shaft for long, if sooth Zeus' son
"The king when I left Lycia prompted me."
He vaunts. But him did not the swift shaft slay.
Retiring stood he steeds and chariot near,
And Sthenelus addressing thus did say:
"Capaneus' son, quit chariot, comrade dear,
And from my shoulder pluck this bitter arrow here."

XIV.
He said. Sprang Sthenelus from steeds to ground,
And, standing near, the arrow swift from out
His shoulder drew complete. Straight from the wound
The blood through flexile coat of mail did spout.
Then pray'd Tydides, good at battle shout:
"Ægis-arm'd Zeus' untam'd child, hear me thou!
"If me and father loving e'er help out
"Thou didst in war, Athenê, 'friend me now,
"And grant me catch that man, and come within spear-
throw,
XV.

"The man that's been beforehand smiting me,
"And boasts and says the sun's fair light I shall
"Not long behold." Thus praying then spake he.
Pallas Athenë heark'ned to his call,
His limbs made nimble, feet and hands withal;
Stood nigh, and wing'd words spake:—"Now, Diomed,
"Full confident upon the Trojans fall;
"Thy father's vigor in thy breast I've shed,
"Intrepid e'en as shake-shield horseman Tydeus had.

XVI.

"I've purg'd thine eyes from darkness erst was there,
"That god from man thou mayst discern aright.
"So now if tempting thee a god come here,
"By no means thou with gods immortal fight,
"Not other gods. But haply chance it might
"Zeus' daughter Aphroditë in th' affray
"May enter. Her with weapon keen then smite."
This said, blue-eyed Athenë went away.
Again Tydides moving was in front th' array.

XVII.

Though he to fight the Trojans long'd before,
Him triple rage then took. A lion so,
When shepherd tending sheep him leaping o'er
The fold doth slightly wound, but not lay low,
Stirs more his rage. The man defenceless now
To shelter creeps, his trembling charge forsook,
That all confus'd together huddling go.
From out the deep fold leaps he at a stroke.
Strong Diomed so fiercely on the Trojans broke.
XVIII.

Astynōüs, Hypenor also there,
The shepherd of his folk, he slew, the one
Above the nipple smote with brazen spear,
And one with falcion huge on collar-bone,
From neck and back the shoulder cleaving down.
To Abas then, and Polyeidus, old
Eurydamas' dream-monger's sons, went on,
Whom starting so their sire the dreams not told.
But slaughter'd there despoil'd them Diomed the bold.

XIX.

He after Xanthus then, and Thoon hied,
The sons of Phenops, in his old age born,
Who worn with years hath now no son beside
To leave his wealth. From both hath this one torn
Their arms and precious life, and left forlorn
To grief and dreary cares their sire, who'll ne'er
Behold them more alive from war return.
But all his vast possessions aliens share.
Echemius, Chromius next, that on one chariot were,

XX.

And Dardan Priam's offspring twain, he slays.
And as a lion, leaping 'mong the kine,
Breaks neck of steer, or heifer as they graze
In forest green. So Tydeus' son the twain
Dash'd from their car by force and spoiled then
Of arms. The steeds he to his comrades gave
To drive to th' ships. Him routing ranks of men
Æneas saw, and through the battle drave,
And clash of spears, to find out Pandarus the brave.
XXI.

He found Lycaon's faultless valiant son,
And near him stood, and him such speech address'd:—
"Pandarue, where's thy bow, swift shafts, renown?
In which can here no man with thee contest,
Nor one in Lycia boasteth him the best
Compar'd with thee. Launch arrow at this one,
(With prayer to Zeus,) that here so unsurpass'd
Prevails, and hath such ills to Trojans done,
And loos'd the knees of many valiant ones o'erthrown.

XXII.

"Unless some god he be, for sacrifice
With Trojans' wroth. A god's ire sooth is dread."
To him Lycaon's brilliant son replies:—
Æneas, chief of Trojans brazen-clad,
In all I think him like brave Diomed.
By buckler he and crested helmet known,
And steeds. But am not sure but god indeed
He is. If man, then Tydeus' warlike son.
Nor he without some god assisting rages on.

XXIII.

"For of th' immortals some one standeth nigh,
With cloud-veil'd shoulders, who the arrow fleet
From him averts. For shaft already I
Have sent, and his right shoulder smit but late,
That did through hollow corselet penetrate,
And him methought I'd sent to Hades there,
Yet slew him not. 'Tis sure some god irate.
Nor steeds there be, that I could mount, nor car,
Though bright new cars eleven in Lycaon's are.
xxiv.

"And round them veils are spread. Steeds stand a pair
"By each; on oats and barley white they feed.
"Me setting out gave in his mansion fair
"Lycaon, warrior old, abundant rede; 255
"He counsell'd me that mounting car and steed
"I should in battles fierce the Trojans head.
"I slighted what had better been to heed.
"I spar'd my steeds and fodder scant did dread
"In leaguer'd town, since they were wont be highly fed.

xxv.

"So, leaving these, to Ilium here on foot
"I came, my bow and arrows trusting to,
"Which were to prove nathless of little boot.
"Already have I shot at chieftains two,
"Tydides and Atrides, and 'tis true 55
"Drawn blood from both, but only stirr'd them on.
"With evil fate from peg my bow I drew
"The day I led to Ilium's pleasant town
"The Trojan troops, to pleasure Hector godlike one.

xxvi.

"If I return, and with these eyes see ever
"My country, wife, and high-roof'd house again,
"Then straight from me my head may foeman sever
"If I not break and thrust in fire's bright sheen
"This bow, that hath companion'd me in vain."
To him Æneas, Trojan chief, then spake:
"So say not, 'twill not be before we twain
"Our course with horses and with chariot take
"Against this man, and with our weapons trial make.
But come, ascend my chariot now, and see
What steeds of Tros be like, how o'er the plain
Swift hither thither skill'd to chase or flee;
Which city-wards will also save us twain.
If Zeus grant Diomed the palm again.
But come, now whip and splendid reins receive,
And I the steeds will quit, and fight maintain.
Or thou take this 57, and me the horses leave.
Him answer'd then Lycaon's brilliant offspring brave:

Æneas, thou the reins and steeds retain;
They'll rather draw 'neath custom'd charioteer
The car, if Tydeus' son we flee again.
Lest scar'd they random run, and us not bear
From fight when they thy voice no longer hear.
And on us rush will Tydeus' high soul'd son,
Slay us, and th' whole hoof'd horses drive off there.
Thyself then guide the car, and steeds thine own.
With spear will I encounter this one coming on.

So said they clomb the varied car, and on
Tydides eagerly their horses sped.
Them Sthenelus espied, the brilliant son
Of Capaneus, and to Tydides said
These wing'd words quick:— "Tydides Diomed,
My soul's belov'd, two mighty men I see
Of strength enormous, and determinèd
With thee to fight; one skill'd in archery,
Pandaratus, who Lycaon's offspring boasts to be;
XXX.

"And one's Æneas, boasting for his sire
"High-soul'd Anchises. Aphrodite fair
"His mother. Come let's on our steeds retire,
"Nor rage thou 'mong the foremost so, for fear
"Thou lose thy precious life." With look austere
To him strong Diomed: — "Talk not of flight,
"For thou methinks wilt not persuade me here.
"'Tis not the custom of my race to fight
"With him that flees. Fear not, for whole is yet my might.

XXXI.

"It irks me mount the steeds. Them thus I'll meet.
"Pallas Athenè fear permits not me.
"Nor back convey will them their horses fleet
"The twain from us, if one in safety flee.
"But this I say, and thou attentive be,
"If wise Athenè glory grant to slay
"Them both, these swift steeds halt, to car-rim tie
"The reins. Rush on Æneas' steeds, nor stay,
"But towards th' Achaeans from the Trojans drive away.

XXXII.

"Their breed is that which loud-voic'd Zeus gave erst
"To Tros, in recompense for Ganymede,
"And so of steeds 'neath morn and sun the first
"They be. Anchises, king of men, indeed
"Did, bringing in his mares, steal from this breed;
"Laomedon not knowing it. And thence have been
"Six foals y-bred. And he at manger four did feed,
"And gave Æneas these fear-stirrers twain,
"Which could we capture, brilliant glory we should gain."
XXXIII.
Such things discours'd to one another they.
Those soon drew nigh, their swift steeds driving on.
To him Lycaon's bright son first did say: —
"Fam'd Tydeus' most enduring warlike son,
"Thee sooth swift bolt, fell arrow struck not down,
"And now I'll try with spear if I may smite."
He said, and long spear whirling sent, and on
Tydides' shield he smote, and through it right
The brazen point approach'd the cuirass in its flight.

XXXIV.
Then shouted loud Lycaon's brilliant son: —
"Thou'rt smit i' th' flank, nor bear up wilt thou long
"Methinks. Me hast thou yielded vast renown."
Him spake undaunted Diomed the strong: —
"Thou'st miss'd, not hit. But ye will not have done
"I think, till one do fall, and there content
"With blood the tough-skinn'd Ares warrior-one."
So said, he hurl'd. Athéné guiding sent
T' his nose by th' eye the dart, which past his white teeth went.

XXXV.
Th' untiring brass the root cut off his tongue.
Out at his chin the spear-point did appear.
He from his chariot fell, and 'bout him rung
His armour glist'ring variegate. With fear
Recoil'd the swift-foot steeds, and loosèd there
His strength and spirit were. Æneas straight
Rush'd forth with buckler, and with lengthy spear,
Lest the Achæans drag the corse from fight.
He guards it like a lion, confident in might.
XXXVI.
'Tore him his spear he held, and shield, intent
To slay what man soe'er might 'gainst him go.
He shouted dread. A stone Tydides hent, Which no two men might lift of mortals now,
Yet wielding he with ease alone did throw.
With it Æneas' hip-joint smote wherein
The thigh bone turns. And this the cup men do
Yclepe. Which cup then he with tendons twain
There brake. The jagged pebble tore away the skin.

XXXVII.
The hero sank t' his knee, with stout hand lean
He did 'gainst earth. Night veil'd his eyes. And there
Æneas, king of men, had died, if seen
Had not Zeus' daughter Aphrodite fair,
That him to shepherdling Anchises bare.
Her white arms round her son she threw, and bright
Veil's fold, a fence 'gainst darts, for him with care
She spread, for fear his breast with brass spear smite,
And take his life some rapid-steed Danaian might.

XXXVIII.
Her son belov'd she bare from fight. Nor had
Capaneus' son forgot the things agreed,
What Diomed the onset-valiant bade,
But he his whole-hoof'd horses made abide
From din apart, and reins to car-rim tied.
Æneas' fair-man'd steeds he seiz'd and drave
Fro' th' Trojans to the well-greav'd Achives' side,
And to Deipylus, his lov'd friend, gave
Whom of his equals he did most in honor have,
XXXIX.
For that their thoughts agreed. To him he gave
The steeds to drive to th' hollow ships, and so
Y-clomb his car, the bright reins seiz'd, and drive
The strong-hoof'd steeds with eager haste unto
Tydides, who did Cypris then pursue
With ruthless brass; a goddess well knew he
Unwarlike, not of goddesses that do
Men's battles sway. He knew her not to be
Athenè, nor Enyo town-destroyer, she.

XL.
When through the dense throng foll'wing her he found,
Sprang high-soul'd Tydeus' son with outstretch'd spear,
And her soft-arm's extremity 61 did wound
With keen-edg'd brass. Pierce'd through her flesh the spear
I' th' palm through veil ambrosial, that for her
The Graces wrought. The goddess' blood divine,
The ichor that from blest gods flows, ran there.
They eat not bread, nor drink of purple wine,
So bloodless therefore they, and styl'd immortal been.

XLI.
She shriek'd, and from her cast her son. And him
Pheebus Apollo snatch'd in cloud away
Lest of the swift-steed Danai one aim
Might at his breast a spear, and him there slay.
To her brave Diomed 'gan shout, and say: —
"Zeus' daughter back from war, and battle here.
"Is't not enough weak woman to betray ?
"If war thou visitest thou'lt shrink with fear
"From war, though of the same thou but at distance hear."
He said, and she perturb'd and griev'd withdrew. 
Led wind-foot Iris her by th' hand from fight 
Opprest with pain. Her fair flesh livid grew. 
To th' battle's left she found hot Ares wight 
There sitting, spear and steeds in darkness pight. 
She at her brother's knees did him entreat 
And ask'd the steeds with gold-gemmed bridles dight, 
"Dear brother see to me, those horses fleet 
Grant me to go t' Olympus the immortals' seat."

"I'm sorely pain'd with wound from mortal ta'en, 
"Tydides, who'd with Father Zeus contend."
She said. He yields the steeds of golden rein. She, griev'd at heart, the chariot did ascend. Iris b' her side, who took the reins in hand, And whipp'd them on; and willingly they flew, And quick t' Olympus, seat of gods, they wend. There halting wind-foot Iris swift withdrew The steeds from car, and near them food ambrosial threw.

Sank Aphrodite at Dionè's knees 
Her mother, who takes in her arms anon 
Her child, and sooths with hand, and names, and says, 
"Of Heaven's dwellers serv'd thee thus what one, 
"Dear child, as if thou 'dst open evil done?"
Smiles-loving Aphrodite answ'ring said: — 
"Proud Diomed did wound me, Tydeus' son, 
"For my dear child from fight I'd fain have led 
Æneas, who's by me of all most cherished."
XLV.

"Nor fight 'twixt Trojans and Achæans lies,
"But now the Danai with gods contend."
To her Dionæ goddess high replies: —
"Bear it my child, endure, however pain'd,
"For much have we sky-dwellers here sustain'd
"From men, we working one another wrong.
"So Ares when Alœus' sons enchain'd
"Him fast, Otus and Ephialtes strong,
"In brazen dungeon bound he lay thirteen months long.

XLVI.

"There died war-greedy Ares had perchance
"But step-dame Erïbœa lovely told
"To Hermes, who by stealth drew Ares thence
"Nigh spent, for him the bondage sore controll'd.
"Herè, whom smote Amphytrion's offspring bold
"With three-prong'd shaft, i' th' right breast, agony
"Endur'd. Bore Hades huge, of giant mould,
"Fleet shaft, when 'mong the dead i' th' gate did ply
"That same man, ægis-arm'd Zeus' son, his archery.

XLVII.

"Who him then smiting there to torments gave.
"(But he to Zeus' house went t' Olympus long
"Heart-grieve'd, transfixed with pain. 'The arrow clave
"T' his stalwart shoulder, and his soul y-stong,
"Pain-quelling med'cines Pœon on him flong,
"And heal'd, for no whit mortal born was he)
"Bold derring-doer! reckless working wrong,
"To vex th' Olympian gods with archery!
"Athenæ, blue-eyed goddess, this one set at thee.
XLVIII.

"The fool! in mind not known hath Tydeus' son
"Who fights immortals not endureth long,
"Nor children him from war return'd will on
"His knees 'papa' him. So Tydides strong
"Beware, lest he thy mightier meet, and long
"Adrastian Ægialèa wise from bed
"Her servants rouse, bewailing that most strong
"Of Achives all, who her a virgin wed,
"The noble spouse of steed-subduing Diomed."

XLIX.

She spake, and wip'd from th' hand with both her own
The ichor. Heal'd the hand, assuag'd th' pain.
Then Herè and Athenè looking-on
With sharp words taunt Zeus Kronides were fain:
"Sire Zeus," blue-eyed Athenè speech began,
"Thee anger will my words? Sure Cypris there
"Hath coax'd some Achive dame her Trojan men
"Belov'd to join, and stroking down the fair
"'Gainst golden clasp hath scratch'd her soft hand
unaware."

L.

She said. Then smil'd the sire of gods and men,
And calling golden Aphrodite said:
"Not given thee, my child, war's labours been,
"Tend thou thy labours sweet of marriage-bed,
"These be b' Athenè and hot Ares sped."
Thus these to one another talkèd there,
Rush'd on Æneas war-stout Diomed,
Though him Apollo's self he was aware
Did screen with hands he'd yet for puissant god no care.
But he with eager longing burnt alway
To kill Æneas, and his armour take;
Thrice then he rush'd desiring him to slay,
And thrice his glist'ring shield Apollo strake.
When like a god again he'd onset make
With fierce rebuke far-darting Phoebus cried:—
"Bethink thee well, Tydides, and give back,
"Nor think to cope with gods. For not allied
"The race of deathless gods, and men on earth that bide."

He said. Tydides then gave back a space
Apollo the far-darter's wrath to shun.
Apart Apollo did Æneas place
In holy Pergamos, where stood his own
Fair fane, within whose ample shrine anon
Leto and Artemis, whom shafts delight,
Did him recure, and eke with lustre don.
But silver-bow Apollo form'd a spright
In semblance of Æneas, in like armour dight.

Trojans and godlike Achives round this spright
About each other's bosoms clave bull-hide
Huge shields orbicular, and bucklers light.
Phæbus Apollo to hot Ares said:—
"Ares, blood-stain'd, wall-batt'ring homicide,
"Wilt not from battle this man drive away,
"Tydides, who'd in fight Sire Zeus abide?
"For first wound Cypris in the wrist did he,
"And then upon myself he sprang like deity."
LIV.
This said, he sat on lofty Pergamus.
The Trojan files stirr'd Ares visiting,
Like Acamas, who Thracians' prompt chief was,
And Priam's Zeus-fed sons thus ordering
He spake: — "O sons of Priam, Zeus-fed king,
  "How long let Achives smite your people down?
  "Till battling they your well-built gates enring?
  "For down's a man, as Hector godlike one
  "We rank, Æneas lofty-soul'd Anchises' son;

LV.
" Fro' th' tumult let's our brave companion save."
So stirr'd he strength and courage in each one.
Sarpedon sharply chideth Hector brave: —
  "Where, Hector, is thy former courage gone?
  "Without or forces or allies, alone
  "Thy boast with kith and kin this town make good.
  "Of these perceive or see now can I none.
  "They cower as dogs before a lion would,
  "While we allies do fight, and have the foe withstood.

LVI.
" For I too an ally from far am come,
  "For Lycia's far, where whirling Xanthus flows.
  "Dear wife I left, and infant son at home,
  "And wealth whereat each poor man's envy grows.
  "Nathless I lead my Lycians, and dispose
  "Myself to fight the man, though here I've nought,
  "Bear off or drive th' Achaens could, to lose.
  "Yet thou dost stand and other folk bidst not
  "Abide, and in their wives' defence do battle stout."
LVII.

"Then have a care lest peradventure ta'en,
"As in the meshes of a gath'ring net,
"To foemen captives, and a prey ye been.
"All this behoves thee ponder day and night,
"And chiefs entreat, auxiliars call'd from far,
"To hold to 't firm, and shouldst sharp speech remit."

So spake Sarpedon. Hector from his car
Soul-stung by 's speech leap'd down y-clad in armour fair,

LVIII.

And shaking javelins keen the host he pac'd,
On ev'ry side arousing them to fight,
And kindled battle dread. They turn'd and fac'd
Th' Achæans there. Th' Argives in close ranks pight
 Awaited them, withouten touch of fright.
As wind in sacred floors chaff lifteth ethe
Where men are winnowing, and gold-tress'd bright
Demeter separates with strong winds' breath
The husk and grain, and chaff-heaps whiten underneath

LIX.

So white a-top with dust th' Achæans grew,
Which th' horses' feet up-cast to th' brazen sky
As back commingled they. For turn'd anew
The charioteers, and strength of hands they ply
And battle veil'd in night. And Troy's ally
Fierce Ares, pacing through, the bidding does
Of golden-sword Phæbus Apollo high,
Who him, Pallas Athenè gone, bade rouse
The Trojans' force. Danaians' helper sooth she was.
LX.
He sent Æneas forth from wealthy shrine,
And strength y-flong in people-shepherd's breast.
Æneas join'd his comrades, who were fain
To see him coming live and sound, possest
Of perfect strength, but question'd nought, too prest
With toil that Silver-Bow y-kindled had,
And man-bane Ares eke, and Strife of ceaseless zest.
Th' Ajaces twain, Odysseus, Diomed
Upstirrèd there the Danai to battle dread.

LXI.
Themselves nought fear'd the Trojans' strength, nor cries,
But waited them like clouds that Kronos' son,
In calm on mountains high, that tower-like rise,
Plants motionless, while sleeps the strength anon
Of Boreas, and strong winds every one
That with their shrill blasts blowing scatter wide
The overshad'wing clouds. So fearing none
The Danai did firm the Trojans bide.
Atrides pac'd the throng, and much commanding cried:—

LXII.
" O Friends, a valiant heart assume, be men.
" Respect each other in the conflicts dread;
" Shame-fearing men more savèd be than slain,
" For fugitives no glory springs, nor aid."
He spake, and javelin hurling there with speed
A foremost man, Æneas' friend, he smote,
Deicoon the high-soul'd Pergaside.
Him less than Priam's sons the Trojans nought
Receiv'd, for prompt among the foremost aye he fought.
His shield King Agamemnon smote with dart.
The shield not stay'd the spear, which through it drave
And pierc'd through belt his belly's lower part.
With crash he fell, his arms a dread sound gave.
Æneas slaughter'd two Danaians brave,
Diocles' sons, Cretho, Orsilochus.
Their sire in well-built Phera dwelt, and have
Store wealth he did, of lineage too he was
Of stream, through Pylians' land that flows, hight Alphœus,

Who 'gat Orsilochus, of many king.
Orsilochus 'gat high soul'd Diocles.
And did from Diocles twin-children spring
Cretho, Orsilochus fight-skill'd. And these,
Grown up, in sable ships across the seas
To horse-apt Ilium with the Argives go;
For Agamemnon, Menelaus please,
The two Atrides, they desir'd, and so
One end of death there both encompassing laid low.

Like lions twain, in mountain-summits high,
Bred 'neath their dam the forest's depths within,
That oxen snatch and fat sheep by and by,
And men's folds ravage till themselves be slain
With keen-edg'd brass beneath the hands of men.
So these beneath Æneas' hands subdued
Like lofty fir-trees fell. Them fallen then
Y-pitied Menelaus, th' onset-good,
Who through the front rank went, and arm'd in bright brass stood,
LXVI.

And shook his spear, for Ares spurr'd him on
Intending him b' Æneas' hands t' have sped.
Antilochus perceiving, Nestor's son,
Rush'd forward for folk-shepherd all y-drad
Lest suffer aught he might, and vain be made
Most grievously their toil. Those twain 'gan ply
Both hands and sharp-edg'd spears with purpose sad
To fight against each other eagerly,
When stood Antilochus by th' people shepherd nigh.

LXVII.

Though warrior prompt, Æneas did not bide
When twain he saw, each other standing nigh.
They when the dead they'd drawn to the Acheive side
To comrades' hands the sad pair flung, while they
Returning in the front rank fighting ply.
They slew Pylæmon, Ares' paragon,
Chief of the Paphlagonian warriors high.
Atrides Menelaus, spear-skill'd one,
Him standing smote with spear, and hit the collar-bone.

LXVIII.

Antilochus smote Medon charioteer,
Atymnius' son, as he the steeds turn'd round;
With stone his elbow hit. From 's hands fell there
I' th' dust the white-with-iv'ry reins to ground.
Antilochus with sword did on him bound,
And struck his face. Panting from car head-first
He fell i' th' sand on shoulders and on crown,
And long thus stood, in such deep sand y-thrust,
Till smote him there his steeds, and cast to ground in dust.
The whip'd Antilochus, and brave unto
Th' Achaean host. And Hector them espied
Mid ranks, and shouting loud did on them go.
With him the Trojans' strong phalanges hied,
Whom Ares and august Enyo guide.
She yielding battle's reckless uproar vast,
While Ares' hands his spear gigantic plied,
'Fore Hector now, and now behind him pass'd.
Him Diomed the battle-bold beheld aghast.

As when a man all inexperienc'd going
His journey through a wide outstretching plain,
Stands on a rapid river, sea-ward flowing,
And seeing it foam and roar runs back amain;
So back Tydides drew, and folk spake then:
"Friends, how we've godlike Hector wonder'd at,
"Such spear-man he, and warrior brave t' have been!
"But near him 's aye some god averting fate,
"Near him that Ares now, like mortal man doth wait.

"So, towards the Trojans facing, backward aye
"Retreat, nor wish contend with gods in might."
He said. The Trojans on them came a-nigh.
Then Hector two men slew well-skill'd in fight,
Menestheus, Anchialus on one car pight.
Them pitied mighty Ajax Telamon
Drew near, and stood, and hurl'd with javelin bright,
And Amphius smote, of Selagus the son,
Who dwelt in Pæsus, land-possession'd, wealthy one.
LXXII.
Fate led him Priam, and his sons to aid.
Him on his belt smote Ajax Telamon.
The long-shade spear fix in his belly did.
With crash he fell. Bright Ajax up did run
To spoil his arms. The Trojans' darts shower down
Keen, glist'ring. Many did his shield receive,
But he with heel upon the slaughter'd one
Pull'd out the brazen spear. His armour brave
He might not strip, upon him so the javelins drave.

LXXIII.
He fear'd the haughty Trojans circling round,
Who num'rous, valiant stood, and lances held,
Who him though huge, and strong, and high-renown'd,
Did from them thrust. So back he drew repell'd.
And thus they labour'd in the battle-field.
Tlepolemus, huge, valiant Heraclide
Against divine Sarpedon fate impell'd.
And these now in their course each other nigh'd
Grandson and son of Zeus, the cloud-compelling wide.

LXXIV.
Tlepolemus to him then speech began: —
"Sarpedon, Lycians' chief, for thee what need
"Be trembling here, in fight an unskill'd man?
"They lie who call thee aegis-arm'd Zeus' seed.
"For of those men thou lackest much indeed,
"Who sprang from Zeus among the men of old.
"But Hercules they say was of that breed,
"My sire, of stedfast valour, lion-soul'd,
"That for Laomedon's fair steeds came hither bold.
LXXV.

"With six ships only came, and fewest men
"Troy's town he sack'd, her streets all empty made.
"But dull's thy soul, thy people perishen.
"Nor wouldst thou much, methinks, the Trojans aid
"From Lycia come, however strong. Low laid
"By me thou'lt pass through gates of Hades down."
Sarpedon Lycian chief him answ'ring said:
"Tlepolemus! he sack'd Troy's sacred town
"All through a man's perverseness, fam'd Laomedon.

LXXVI.

"Who him, that well had wrought, with ill speech chode,
"Nor gave the steeds that he from far had come for here.
"Thee slaughter, and black fate I here forbode
"Through me. Thou'lt give me fame, quell'd 'neath my spear,
"And steed-fam'd Hades yield thy spirit dear."
Sarpedon spake. His ash spear lifted now
Tlepolemus. Their javelins long career
From both their hands at once. Mid neck of foe
Sarpedon smote. Right through the ruthless point did go.

LXXVII.

Black night enwrapt his eyes. But with long spear
Tlepolemus his foe's left thigh did smite.
Through went the eager point, the bone a-near.
But death his sire averts. His comrades bright
Now bare Sarpedon godlike from the fight.
And sore the long spear pain'd him trailing there.
But pull it from his thigh, that mount he might
His car, did no one think of, for they were
In eager haste, and such travail they round him bare.
LXXVIII.

Tlepolemus the well-greav’d Achives bare
From fight. Divine Odysseus 63 patient one
Perceiv’d. His heart was stirr’d. He ponder’d there
In mind and soul if first pursue the son
Of thund’ring Zeus, or Lycians smiting down
A many ’reave of life. ’Twas not in fate
High-soul’d Odysseus should the mighty son
Of Zeus with sharp brass slay. So where was great
The throng of Lycians did his mind Athenè set.

LXXIX.

Cäranus and Alastor there he slew,
And Chromius and Alcander, Halius there
Noëmon, Prytanis. More slaughter’d too
Divine Odysseus had, but quick aware
Huge helmet-glancing Hector did repair,
In bright brass harness’d, vanwards to affray
The Danai. His coming gladden’d there
Zeus’ son Sarpedon, who did doleful say:—
"Priamides, let me not lie th’ Achæans’ prey.

LXXX.

"But help, and then life quit me in your town,
"Since home I’m not to see, nor country dear
"To gladden wife belov’d, and infant son."
He said. Helm-glancing Hector answer’d ne’er,
But past him rush’d, intent at quickest there
Th’ Argives repel, of life strip many a one.
Godlike Sarpedon’s comrades plac’d him near
Ægis-arm’d Zeus’ fair beech. From thigh anon
Drew th’ ashen spear his friend belov’d, stout Pelagon.
LXXXI.

His spirit left him, darkness veil'd his eyes,
But he came-to, and breath of Boreas blowing
Revives his soul, as breathing hard he lies.
Th' Argives for Ares and arm'd Hector's showing
Ne'er turn'd to flight, unto their black ships going,
Nor forward bore in fight, but backwards aye
Retreated, Ares 'mong the Trojans knowing.
Whom first then there, and whom the last did they
Great Hector Priam's son, and brazen Ares slay?

LXXXII.

Teuthras divine, Orestes spur-steed one,
And Trechus the Ætolian arm'd with spear,
Œnomaus, Helenus Œnops' son,
Oresbius, nimble warrior girdled fair,
In Hyla dwelling, wealth engross'd his care,
By lake Cephissis. Near him others too
Boeotians dwelt in fertile district there.
When white-arm'd Herè goddess there did view
In fierce encounter perish so the Argive crew,

LXXXIII.

Straight to Athenè wingèd words she said: —
"Ah, ægis-arm'd Zeus' child, untiring one!
"Sure Menelaus promise vain we made
"That he should home, first taking Ilium's town,
"If thus we leave fell Ares rage alone.
"Of prompt aid think we too." She said. Agree
Blue-eyed Athenè goddess did. Anon
Went harnessing the steeds gold-bridled be
Herè goddess august, great Kronos' daughter she.
soon hebe to the car the curv'd wheels set
of brass, eight-spok'd, at th' iron axle's ends,
the felloe gold unwearing. over that
the brass tire, wond'rous sight, well-fitting bends,
and naves of silver also on both hands;
by gold and silver thongs the seat was hung;
each side the car a rim half-circling wends;
and from it forth the pole of silver sprung;
and on the end of this the fair gold yoke she strung.

the yoke-thongs golden, fair, she cast therein,
and 'neath the yoke the horses herè led
swift-foot, alert for strife and battle-din.
athenè, ægis-arm'd zeus' daughter dread,
her veil upon her father's pavement shed,
rich varied veil herself with hands had done.
and she, in drive-cloud zeus' own tunic clad,
for fell war arm'd, and did her shoulders don
with fringed ægis dread, that terror round y-ronne.

there strife, and strength, chill-fear pursuit therein,
there too the gorgon-head of monster dire,
fearful, horrific, ægis-arm'd zeus' sign.
her head did golden four-con'd helm attire,
that hundred cities' foot would scarce require.
' th' gleaming car she stepp'd, and seiz'd a spear
huge, pond'rous, strong, which she, the child of mighty sire,
smites heroes' ranks with, have offended her.
and herè prompt with whip now set the steeds-astir.
THE Iliad.

LXXXVII.
Heav'n-gates self-moving sound, which th' Hours do keep,
Whose charge Olympus, and the ample sky,
And theirs to ope or shut the dense cloud deep.
That way through these their goaded steeds they ply.
Zeus found they seated, from the gods away,
On many-neck'd Olympus' highest peak.
There white-arm'd Herè did the coursers stay,
And question'd Zeus supreme, and thus she spake:—
"Sire Zeus, not anger'd art that Ares should such havoc make?"

LXXXIX.
"He hath such folk Achæan causeless slain
"Unseemly! Grief to me. Delighted though
"Cypris, and silver-bow Apollo been,
"Who've stirr'd this madman, that no laws doth know.
"Sire Zeus wilt thou be wroth if Ares now,
"Severely smitten, I from fight expel?
Cloud-gath'ring Zeus made answer:— "To it thou,
"But set Athenè Spoiler on as well,
"Who chief is wont to bring upon him tortures fell."

LXXXIX.
He said. And white-arm'd Herè did comply,
And whipp'd the steeds that unreluctant flew
Midway between the earth and starry sky.
What space in air a man with eyes might view
On vantage-rock the dark deep looking to,
Leap'd at a bound th' immortals' steeds resounding.
When Troy they reach'd and flowing rivers two,
Simois and Scamander, streams confounding,
There Herè halting loos'd the steeds, with clouds sur-
rounding.
Then Simois ambrosial food up-sent.
The goddesses like timid doves a-wing
To aid the Argive warriors eager went.
But when their course did them to th' close ranks bring,
That, num'rous, brave the tame-steed Diomed enring,
And like to fierce devouring lions be,
Or boars, whose strength's in sooth no feeble thing,
There standing Herè shouts, in guise of Stentor she,
Huge brazen-voic'd, no fifty men could shout as he.

" Shame! Argives, ye disgrace! with forms so fair!
" While went to war divine Achilles high
" Went 'fore the Dardan gates the Trojans ne'er.
" They fear'd his mighty lance. But now they ply
" Far from the town the fight your ships a-nigh."
She said, and stirr'd their strength and courage keen.
Sought Tydeus' son Athenè Azure-eye,
And found the king by 's steeds and chariot sheen,
Cooling the wound, from shaft of Pandarus he'd ta'en.

Sweat gall'd him sore that 'neath the broad belt lay
Of orbéd shield. His tir'd arm ach'd with it.
He rais'd the thong, and dark blood wip'd away.
His horse-yoke touching, spake the goddess straight: —
" Sure son unlike himself did Tydeus get.
" Small-bodied Tydeus was, yet warrior-one.
" Whom fight and furious rush I would not let
" When th' Achives leaving, went as envoy on
" To Thebes among Cadmæans many he alone.
"Feast quiet in their hall enjoin'd I him.
But he, as erst his stout heart holding high,
The youths Cadmaen challeng'd, and o'ercame
In all with ease, so stood I his ally.
And thee too stand a-near and guard do I,
And bid thee fight against the Trojans bold.
Now harassing fatigue thy limbs aby,
Or faint fear seizeth thee, whom none will hold
"Henceforth for Tydeus' son, Ænides warlike-soul'd."

"I know thee, goddess, ægis-arm'd Zeus' child,
So will to thee speak freely, nothing hid.
Faint fear hath not, nor sloth o'er me prevail'd;
But I've thy mandates in remembrance held,
Thou didst command. Forbad'st me thou to fight
With gods immortal else in battle-field,
Unless Zeus' daughter Aphrodite might
Come forth to war, and her I should with sharp brass
smite.

"So I retreat myself, and have this way
The other Argives all assemble bade;
For Ares I discern, who sets th' array."
To him blue-ey'd Athenè answ'ring said: —
"Dear to my soul, Tydides Diomed,
By no means thou this Ares fear at all,
Nor of th' immortals any other dread,
Ally to thee so staunch am I withal.
But come, with whole-hoof'd coursers, first on Ares fall.
XCVI.

"And smite close-hand, nor headlong Ares dread,
This raging adventitious pest, that aye
Doth change. To me and Herè late he said
He'd Trojans fight, of Argives be th’ ally,
Now rank’d with Trojans these from mind puts by."
She said, and Sthenelus from steeds thrust straight,
Drawn back by th’ hand. Down leap’d he instantly.
The goddess prompt by Diomed took seat,
And loud the beechen axle creak’d beneath the weight.

XCVII.

For goddess dread it bore, and hero brave.
Seiz’d whip and reins Pallas Athenè. Right
On Ares first the whole-hoof’d steeds she drave,
Who Periphas had slain, gigantic wight,
Th’ Ætolians’ chief Ochesius’ offspring bright.
The blood-stain’d Ares slew him. Hades’ helmet did
Athenè don lest see her headlong Ares might.
When man-bane Ares saw the godlike Diomed
He left huge Periphas, where first he slain him had.

XCVIII.

Then straight he went at tame-steed Diomede.
When on each other rushing near they be,
First Ares aim’d o'er yoke and rein and steed
With brazen spear, to slaughter eager he.
This did Athenè blue-eyed deity
Thrust with her hand from car, that vain it went.
Then war-stout Diomedes made assay
With brazen spear. Pallas Athenè leant
Upon the spear, and in his groin by 's girdle sent.
There then she hit, and wounded him, and tore
His lovely flesh. And out she pluck’d again
The spear. And then did brazen Ares roar,
E’en as nine thousand shout or thousands ten
That strife of Ares join, embattled men.
Argives and Trojans were aghast with fright,
So lusty roar’d war-greedy Ares then.
And as from clouds a darkness as of night
Appears, which heat and rudely blowing wind excite.

So to Tydides did the brazen Ares seem
There with the clouds unto the broad sky going.
To th’ gods’ seat quick, Olympus steep, he came.
By Zeus Kronion sat heart-griev’d, and showing
Th’ immortal blood from out the wound down flowing,
And sore lamenting, wingèd words ’gan say:—
“Sire Zeus, moves not thy wrath such fell misdoing?
“We gods the bitt’rest things do suffer aye,
“All through our own contriving, men to gratify.

“Thee blame we all, that frantic child didst get
“Pernicious, aye ill deeds intent upon.
“We other gods here in Olympus set
“Do thee obey, and be conform each one.
“But her with word or deed thou checkest none,
“Indulging as begetter of this pest,
“Who Diomedes Tydeus’ high-soul’d son
“Hath stirr’d with rage th’ immortal gods t’ infest.
“He Cypris first did close-fight wound i’ th’ hand at wrist.
"On me then like a god he rush'd amain,
"But me my swift feet bore away, or woes
"I long had borne among the heaps of slain,
"My strength with brass beat out alive with blows."
Him answer'd drive-cloud Zeus with frowning brows:—
"Wail not, Inconstant, here, that art to me
"Most hateful of the gods Olympus knows.
"Aye dear to thee strife, wars, and battles be.
"Herè thy mother's fierce unyielding mind 's in thee.

"And her in sooth I scarce with words restrain.
"Through her methinks thou hast these pangs. But thee
"I'll not much longer leave to suffer pain,
"For thou'rt my son, thy mother bare to me.
"Had any other god begotten thee
"Thou pest, beneath th' Uranians long y-gone
"Thou'dst been." He said, and Pæon bade that he
Should heal him, who with suage-pain drugs laid on
Recur'd him straight. For he mortality had none.

As juice of fig white milk solidifies
All rapidly, that liquid is indeed
By mingler quickly turn'd. E'en in such wise
He heal'd impetuous Ares there with speed.
Him Hebé wash'd, in raiment fair array'd.
By Zeus he sat his glory joying in.
To great Zeus' house did Argive Herè yede
Returning with staunch-aid Athenè when
The man-bane Ares they had stay'd from slaught'ring men.
THE ILIAD.

BOOK VI.

I.
The Trojans and Achæans' combat dread
Now lone was left, and sore along the plain
The battle fiercely rag'd on either side,
As mutual hurl'd they brazen javelins keen,
Simois there, and Xanthus' streams between.
First Ajax Telamon, th' Achæans' wall,
A Trojan phalanx broke, and light let in
T' his mates, and chief one smote of Thracians all,
Eusorus' offspring Acamas, huge, valiant, tall.

II.
Him on his horse-hair thick-set helmet's cone
He smote. And fix into his forehead did
The spear-point brazen, piercing through the bone.
And darkness veil'd his eyes. Now Diomed,
The war-stout, slew Axylus Teuthranid,
Who dwelt within Arisbê, builded well,
A wealthy one; to men good will he had,
And harbour'd all, and did by way-side dwell.
None then of these did 'fore him step, and death repel.
III.

Him and Calesius smote, his servant, who
Then drave his steeds. So enter'd earth the pair.
Euryalus Opheltius first and Dresus slew,
T' Æsepus, then, and Pèdasus, he there
Went next, whom Naïad Abarbàrea bare
To fam'd Bucalion, who was son, they say,
Of fam'd Laomedon. His mother fair
Him, th' eldest born, in secret had. One day
Sheep shepherding Bucalion with the Naïad lay,

IV.

And thence conceiving, she twin children bare,
Whose strength and bright limbs loos'd Mecisteus' son,
And from their shoulders stripp'd their armour fair.
And war-stauch Polypætes there struck down
Astyalus. Odysseus slew anon
With spear Percosian Pedytes in fight;
And Teucer Aretaon, godlike one.
Antilochus there slew with javelin bright
Ablerus. Agamemnon Elatus did smite.

V.

By fair-flow Satniols he habited
In steepy Pedasus. Lëltus, too,
Smote Phylacus, as he before him fled.
And there Eurypylus Melanthius slew.
And Menelaus on Adrastus drew,
And seiz'd alive, whose scar'd steeds scour'd the plain,
And on a tam'risk striking, snapp'd in two
The chariot pole. And back to th' town again
They went, where, panic-struck, the others fled amain.
VI.
Himself from car roll'd out, the wheel a near,
Headlong i' th' dust on 's face. And by him stood
Atrides Menelaus, with long spear.
Adrastus clasp'd his knees in suppliant mood:—
"Take me alive, Atrides; ransom good
"Accept. For at my sire's much treasures be,
"Brass, gold, and quaint-wrought iron, whereof would
"My sire unending ransom give to thee,
"When in the Achæan ships alive he knoweth me.

VII.
He said, and mov'd his mind. He'd giv'n him soon
T' his servant to th' Achæan ships to take,
When towards him there did Agamemnon run;
And calling out, and chiding, thus he spake:—
"O soft-heart Menelaus! why for sake
"Of men this care? They've serv'd thee well at home
"These Trojans sure. Destruction all o'ertake!
"None 'scape our hands, not infant in the womb
"The mother beareth yet, let none escape the doom,

VIII.
"But all of them together perish quite
"From Troy, uncar'd, expungèd utterly."
He said, and chang'd his brother's mind, things right
Persuading. He with hand then thrust away
Hero Adrastus, whom, without delay,
I' th' flank the sovereign Agamemnon smote.
He fell back slain. Atrides, as he lay,
Heel plants on 's chest, and ashen spear pull'd out.
And Nestor, to the Argives calling, loud did shout:—
IX.
"Friends, hero-Danai, ye Ares' servants! Now
"Let none on spoil intent behind remain,
"With all he can unto the ships to go,
"But slay the men. At ease then through the plain
"You'll spoil the carcases of those you've slain."
He said, and stirr'd their souls. To Troy had gone
The Trojans, fear-struck, 'fore th' Achæans then,
But t' Hector and Æneas spake the son
Of Priam, Helenus, of augurs chiepest one: —

X.
"Æneas, Hector, on whom chiefly lies
"Trojans' and Lycians' toil: for chief ye be
"In fight and rede\textsuperscript{255} in every enterprise.
"Go everywhere and stay the people ye,
"And keep them 'fore the gates ere that they flee
"And in their wives' arms fall, their foemen's scorn.
"When all phalanges ye have set will we
"Here bide, and fight the Danai, though worn
"In sooth we are, for drives necessity forlorn.

XI.
"But, Hector, thou go city-ward, and tell
"Our mother that convening th' honour'd she's
"At blue-eyed Pallas' fane i' th' citadel,
"She ope the sacred dome's fair gates with keys;
"And veil, the largest loveliest she sees
"Within the house, and is her fav'rite one,
"She place at comely-hair'd Athenè's knees,
"And promise her within her fane anon
"Twelve kine to sacrifice, year-old, have goad not known:
XII.
"If she the Trojans' town but pity will,
"And wives and speechless babes. If Tydeus' son
"She'll keep from Troy divine, that warrior fell,
"That stirrer-up of fear, whom look upon
"I do as the Achæans' bravest one.
"Achilles prince of men so fear'd we ne'er,
"Though goddess-born they say. But rageth on
"This man with whom for strength may none compare."
He said. Nor Hector disobey'd his brother there.

XIII.
From car full-arm'd he leap'd to ground, and shook
His javelins keen, and through the host did pace
To stir to fight; and battle dire he woke.
They turn about, and firm th' Achæans face.
Th' Argives draw back and there from slaughter cease,
And thought some god had come from starry skies
To help the Trojans, they so turn'd a-pace.
And Hector to the Trojans shouting cries:
"Ye Trojans lofty-soul'd, and ye far-call'd allies,

XIV.
"Be men, my friends, your valour high recall,
"While I to Ilium wend, and bid them now
"Our counsellors, and wives the high gods all
"Beseech, and hecatombs to offer vow."
This said, helm-glancing Hector left them so.
His calves and neck the leathern rim doth smite,
That round his bossy buckler's edge did go.
Hippolochus' fair offspring Glaucus bright,
And Tydeus' son twixt hosts encounter'd, bent on fight.
XV.
When towards each other coursing near'd they, then
The first spake Diomed, of war-cry clear:
"Who, valiant one, art thou of mortal men?"
"In man-ennobling fight I've seen thee ne'er before."
"Before. But now thou all precedest here"
"In courage, thus my long-shade spear 't' abye."
"For hapless they whose sons my strength come near."
"But if immortal thou, hast from the sky"
"Come down, sky-dwelling gods contend with would not I."

XVI.
"Not Dryas' son in sooth, Lycurgus strong,
"Who strove with gods celestial long life knew;
"Who Dionysus' nurses did along
"Nisœus' consecrated mount pursue.
"They all to th' ground at once their thyrses threw,
"Sore beaten by Lycurgus homicide
"With ox-goad ruthless. Dionysus flew
"Affrighted plunging in the salt sea-tide,
"And Thetis to her breast receiv'd him terrified.

XVII.
"Such tremor seiz'd him at the man's rebuke,
"With whom then th' easy living gods were wroth.
"The son of Kronos him with blindness strook.
"Nor long thereafter lasted he in troth
"When all the gods immortal him 'gan loathe.
"So fight the blissful gods I would not fain.
"But if of mortals thou, that eat in sooth
"Earth's fruit, draw near, the sooner death t' attain."
Hippolochus' bright son him answer'd thus again:
XVIII.
"High-soul'd Tydides why enquire of race?
"For as of leaves the race of men is so.
"Wind sheds the leaves, and others in their place
"The budding wood puts forth, in spring-tide grow.
"And so men's race; for this doth spring, that cease and go.
"But wouldst thou learn these things, that thou mayst ken
"Our lineage well, which many men do know.
"Ephyra's town lies Argos' gulf within;
"There Sisyphus did dwell, the craftiest of men,

XIX.
"Sisyphus Âelide, who Glaucus 'gat.
"And Glaucus 'gat renown'd Bellerophon,
"Whom beauty, manliness engaging sweet,
"The gods vouchsaf'd. Ill towards him brood anon
"Did Prætus, who expell'd him from his town
"(The Argives' chief, for them t' his sceptre Zeus subdued).
"Anteia Prætus' wife had with this one
"Enamour'd lain, but ne'er persuade she could
"Bellerophon the wise, with goodly thoughts endued.

XX.
"She spake to sovran Prætus lyingly: —
"Die Prætus thou, or slay Bellerophon,
"Who would against my will have lain with me."
"She said, and hot wrath seiz'd the King thereon.
"To slay he shunn'd, from this he shrank, but on
"To Lycia him with fatal letters sped,
"Fell things in folded tablets he'd writ down
"T' Anteia's sire bade show to have him dead,
"But he to Lycia went, by th' gods' high conduct led.
When he to Lycia came, and Xanthus' waters,
Broad Lycia's king receiv'd him joyously.
For nine days feasts him, oxen nine he slaughters.
When peer'd rose-finger'd morn the tenth doth he
Then question him, his missives ask to see,
Whate'er for him he from king Prætus may,
His son-in-law, have brought. When ta'en had he
The fatal tablets, first he bade straightway
He should Chimaera the unconquerable slay.

Of race not human she, celestial, dire.
Lion-front, snake behind, she-goat mid-way,
Out-breathing dreadful force of flaming fire.
Yet her did he, the gods' signs trusting, slay.
And next he fought the famous Solymi,
Severest fight, he said, 'mong men he'd had.
Then slew the man-like Amazons. His way
From whence they set with crafty snare beside,
Ambush of men pick'd out, the best of Lycia wide.

These homeward ne'er return'd again, for slew
Them all renown'd Bellerophon the brave.
When him the king for god-sprung, valiant, knew,
Him kept he there, and eke his daughter gave,
And also half his kingdom's honor grave.
The Lycians too of land the largest share,
Vine-land and tilth, his portion set to have.
She to Bellerophon three children bare,
Isander, and Hippolochus, Laodamia fair.
"(Laodamia Zeus th' all-wise did bed.
"She bare Sarpedon, godlike warrior-one.)
"When hate Bellerophon the gods all did,
"About th' Alcian plain he wander'd lone,
"And paths of men did broken-hearted shun.
"His son Isander was by Ares slain
"Fighting the Solymi, of high renown.
"Smote her wroth Artemis, of golden-rein.
"Hippolochus 'gat me, from him I me maintain.

"To Troy he sent me, much on me impress'd
"To bear me well, excelling others e'er,
"Nor shame my father's race, who far the best
"Both in Ephyra, and broad Lycia were.
"And such my race, and blood I here declare."
He spake. Rejoic'd the war-cry Diomed,
And in the fruitful earth he thrust his spear,
And honied words to th' people shepherd said:
"My guest hereditary thou of old indeed.

"For godlike Æneus erst did entertain
"Renown'd Bellerophon in 's mansion fair
"As guest, and him for twenty days detain.
"And guest-gifts gave they one another there.
"Æneus a girdle gave of purple rare,
"Bellerophon a gold-cup bodied twain.
"Him did I leave at home, and here repair,
"Nor Tydeus call to mind, who left me then
"A child, when were at Thebes the folk Achæan slain.
XXVII.

"So now to thee am I thine host and friend
"In middle Argos, and the same to me
"In Lycia thou, when to that folk I wend.
"With spears then and in general fight will we
"Each other shun: for Trojans many be,
"And eke far-call'd allies, that kill I may
"Whomso a-foot I overrun, or me
"The deity vouchsafes put in my way;
"For thee Achæans many too that thou mayst slay.

XXVIII.

"But come let's interchange of armour make
"That these too here may know we boast to be
"Hereditary guests." Thus then they spake.
And from their steeds they sprang all eagerly,
And seiz'd each other's hands, and pledg'd them they
Their faith. And then Zeus Kronides divine
From Glaucus did all prudence take away.
And armour change with Diomed incline,
The gold for brazen, hundred oxen's-worth for nine.

XXIX.

As Hector reach'd the Scæan gates, and beech
About him Trojans' wives, and daughters run,
Of sons and brothers, friends and husbands each
Enquiring. Pray the gods he all anon
Successive bade, with woe fix'd many a one.70
He came to Priam's lovely mansion high,
With porches skilful-wrought adorn'd. Of stone
Well-polish'd too within it chambers lie,
Full fifty built, to one another joining nigh.
There Priam's sons do with their consorts bed.
His daughters' opposite within the hall
Twelve chambers roof'd of stone high-polishèd,
Each other nigh, where, with their chaste wives, all
The sons-in-law of Priam couch withal.
There Hector's gentle mother towards him came,
As to Laodice, so happ'd it fall,
She went, of all her daughters fairest dame.
T' his hand she clung, and utter'd word, and call'd by
name: —

"Son, wherefore rough war leaving hast thou come?
Press sore th' Acheans' fell sons fighting there
Against our town. And thee thy mind sent home
To lift i' th' citadel to Zeus in prayer
Thine hands. But stay, I'll bring thee sweet wine fair.
To father Zeus, and other gods first pour,
Then drink thyself, and so thy strength repair.
For much the tir'd man's strength doth wine restore,
As thou with fighting for thy friends art wearied sore.

Her answer'd then helm-glancing Hector great: —
No sweet wine bring me, honor'd mother dear,
Lest thou unlimb me, and I so forget
Both force and strength. With unwash'd hands I fear
To Zeus to pour the purple wine, for ne'er
Behoves to Kronos' cloud-compelling son,
Thus stain'd with blood and dirt, to offer prayer.
But thou t' Athena's fane, spoil-gath'ring one,
With incense go, the matrons gath'ring thou anon!
XXXIII.
"A veil the largest loveliest that lies
"Within the house, and is thy fav’rite one,
"That place on comely hair’d Athenia’s knees.
"Vow in her fane to sacrifice anon
"Twelve yearling goadless kine if Trojan’s town,
"And wives, and speechless babes she’ll pity here,
"And keep from sacred Ilium Tydeus’ son,
"That warrior fell, that stirrer up of fear.
"But thou t’ Athenia’s fane, the spoiler, now repair.

XXXIV.
"And I’ll go summon Paris, if he’ll deign
"To hear. Would earth might yawn beneath his feet!
"For him in sooth Olympius rear’d a bane
"To Trojans, and to high-soul’d Priam great
"And to his children. If that one the gate
"Of Hades enter I could see, my soul
"Its bitter sorrow would, I think, forget."
He said. She home did go, and maidens call, And they throughout the town conven’d the matrons all.

XXXV.
T’ her scented room she went, where quaintly wrought Fair veils, Sidonian women’s labours, be, Whom erst the god-shap’d Alexander brought From Sidon sailing o’er the wide-stretch’d sea, The self-same way led high-born Helen he. Of these, a gift t’ Athenè, one most vast Took Hecuba, of richest broidery, Shone like a star, and lay of all the last. She went her way, and matrons many follow’d fast.
XXXVI.

And now when they t' Athenè's temple came
I' th' citadel, to them the gates unbar
Did Cisseid Theano, lovely dame,
Tame-steed Antenor's spouse of cheeks so fair.
Athenia's priestess made the Trojans her.
With wailing all lift hands t' Athenè they.
The veil fair-cheek'd Theano taking there
On lovely-tress'd Athenia's knees did lay,
And Zeus the mighty's daughter thus beseeching pray:

XXXVII.

"August Athenia, guardian of our town,
"Divine of goddesses, oh, break the spear
"Of Diomed, and grant that headlong down
"He fall in front the Scæan gates a-near,
"And we'll twelve kine slay in thy temple here
"Goadless, year-old, if thou'lt compassionate
"The Trojans' town, and wives, and infants dear."
She spake. Pallas Athenè grants not that.
Thus these of mighty Zeus the daughter supplicate.

XXXVII.

Hector to Alexander's mansion came,
That splendid he himself had built with aid
Of men in fertile Troy of highest fame
As architects; who there for him had made
Dome, chamber, hall i' th' citadel beside
Priam's and Hector's both. There enter'd now
The Zeus-lov'd Hector, and in hand he sway'd
Th' eleven-cubit spear, whose point did show
All glist'ring 'fore him. Round it did a golden circlet go.
He found him in his chamber looking to
His armour beautiful exceedingly,
Both shield and cuirass handling, and crook'd bow.
Sat Argive Helen with her women by,
And bade her maids their lovely labours ply.
Him Hector ey'd, and chid with words severe: —
"Friend, ill thou keep'st this wrath; the people die
"Around our town and steep wall fighting here.
"For thy sake gird our city war and tumult drear.

"Chide wouldst thou any else thou sawest turn
"From hated war. But up then, lest anon
"With foe-men's fire our city quickly burn."
Him answer'd Alexander god-shap'd one: —
"Hector thou 'st fitly chid me, nor beyond
"What's just, and so I say to thee, and thou
"Attend and hear. I do from anger none
"Nor wrath against the Trojans seat me now
"Within my chamber, but would vent my sorrow so.

"With soft words now my wife persuading me
"Hath urg'd to war, which seems to me too best,
"For doth with men alternate victory.
"Come wait until in warrior-arms I'm drest,
"Or go, I'll follow thee, and, am possest,
"Soon overtake." He said. Him answer'd none
The helmet-glancing Hector, whom address'd
With honied accents Helen thus anon: —
"Brother of shameless me, woe-worker, hateful one!
XLII.

"O would the day first bare my mother me
"A whirlwind dire had snatch'd me up, and thrown
"On some bleak mount, or surge of sounding sea,
"Whose waves had whelm'd me ere these doings done.
"But since these things the gods determin'd on
"Would of some better man I'd been the mate,
"That of men's wrath, and many slights had shown
"Some sense. But this man's mind 's not firmly set,
"Nor will be e'er. The fruit whereof methinks he'll eat.

XLIII.

"But come thou now, and enter here, and sit,
"My brother, on this double seat; for thee
"The most doth toiling sore thy soul beset;
"And all too on account of shameless me,
"And through this Alexander's injury;
"Through us on whom an evil fate Zeus laid
"A song to men in after-times to be."

To her helm-glancing Hector huge then said:—

"Nay, Helen, seat me not, though kind thou'lt not per-
suade,

XLIV.

"For now my soul impels me on to aid
"The Trojans, who've great miss of me away;
"But this one urge thou, and himself too speed,
"That while I'm yet within the town he may
"O'ertake me. For from hence to home straightway
"I go, to see my servants there within,
"Dear wife, and infant son, for know not I
"If I shall e'er return to them again,
"Or now b' Achæans' hands the gods will have me slain."

"To her helm-glancing Hector huge then said:—

"Nay, Helen, seat me not, though kind thou'lt not per-
suade,"
XLV.

This said, helm-glancing Hector went away. His house soon reach’d he, where to dwell is good, But found not there white-arm’d Andromachè. With babe and well-veil’d nurse, in saddest mood, Wailing, and weeping on the tower she stood. Hector, when found he not his faultless spouse, Fro’ th’ threshold ask’d the maids ere thence he yode: — 
“ To me, now, maidens, truthfully disclose 
Where went white-arm’d Andromachè from out the house?

XLVI.

“ To either of my sisters did she go, 
Or brothers’ well-veil’d wives, or temple high 
Of great Athenia, where the dread power now 
The other fair-tress’d Trojans pacify ?” 
The thrifty stewardess did thus reply: — 
Hector, since utter truth thou ’st strictly bade, 
Nor sisters, nor thy brothers’ wives, nor high 
Athenia’s temple hath she visited, 
Where other fair-tress’d Trojans sooth the goddess dread.

XLVII.

“ To Ilium’s tower she went, for she had heard 
The Trojans worsted, th’ Achives’ strength was high. 
Like one distraught unto the wall she skirr’d, 
The nurse too bare the child.” She said, and fly 
From ’s house did Hector back the self-same way, 
Down the fair streets. When through the huge town he 
Drew near the Scæan gates, through which y-lay 
The road to th’ plain, came running towards him she 
His rich-dower’d wife, Eëtion’s child Andromachè.
XLVIII.

Eëtion did 'neath woody Placus house
In Hypoplacian Thebes, Cilicians' king.
His daughter brass-arm'd Hector did espouse.
Him met then she; her servant following
With babe on breast, the tender speechless thing,
Sole child of Hector, like a lovely star.
Hector Scamandrius, but "City's King," Astyanax, the others styl'd him e'er,
For sole defended Ilium Hector's guardian care.

XLIX.

Smil'd Hector on his child with silent look,
And weeping near him stood Andromachè,
And clung t' his hand, and call'd by name, and spoke:—
"Too bold! undo thee will thy bravery
"That pitiest not thy babe, nor hapless me,
"Who of thee soon shall widow'd be; for soon
"Th' Achæans rushing all will slaughter thee.
"But wanting thee 'twere best to th' grave go down,
"No comfort's left if thou shouldst die, but woes alone.

L.

"No father now, nor mother dear have I.
"Achilles slew my sire, and overthrew
"The lofty Thebes, the pop'lous city high
"Of the Cilicians, and Eëtion slew,
"But not of arms despoil'd; for this to do
"He had in awe, but burnt him clad in these
"His daedal arms, and mound upon him threw.
"The Nymphs around it planted elms, fair trees,
"Those ægis-arm'd Zeus' daughters th' Orestiades.
LI.

"The seven brothers mine i' th' palace too,
They all in one day went to Hades deep:
For all swift-foot, divine Achilles slew,
Tending the trail-foot beeves, and snow white sheep.
"My mother though who reignèd' in the steep
Wood-crown'd Hypoplaceus, when he'd away
"With other spoil brought here, he did not keep,
"But freed, when they did ample ransom pay.
"Her at my sire's shaft-loving Artemis did slay.

LII.

"But Hector thou, both father, mother dear,
And brother, art to me, thou husband mine.
"Take pity then, and in this tower stay here,
"Nor orphan make thy child, nor wife to pine
"In widowhood. By th' fig-tree bid remain
"The folk, where easiest mount the wall and town.
"There thrice th' Achæans' chiefs, th' Ajaces twain
"Have tried, Idomeneus of high renown,
"The two Atrides there, and Tydeus' high soul'd son.

LIII.

"Be 't some one skill'd in oracles hath told,
Or their own mind inspiring them hath led."
Her answer'd huge helm-glancing Hector bold:—
"All these I've thought of, wife, but much indeed
"The Trojans, and their long-veil'd wives I dread
"If coward like I turn from war aside.
"Nor prompts me so my soul, aye tutor'd
"T' excell, and 'mong the foremost fighting bide,
"My sire's high fame asserting, and mine own beside.
LIV.
"For well I know in mind and spirit clear,
The day will be shall Ilium overthrow,
Priam, and Priam's folk of th' ashen spear.
But not on me the Trojans' future woe,
Not Hecuba's, nor sovereign Priam's so,
Nor of my many valiant brethren weigh,
(Who'll fall i' th' dust by foemen's hands laid low),
As thine, when brass-clad Achives thee away
Sore weeping drag, and from thee take thy freedom's day.

LV.
"In Argos thou wilt weave at other's hest,
And from Messoïs or Hyperia bear
Water unwillingly in sooth, opprest
By sore compulsion thou. And then declare
Will one, the while he sees thee weeping there,
'Tis Hector's wife. He did in fight outdo
The tame-steed Trojans, when they fighting were
At Ilium.' Thus he'll say, thy sorrow too,
For such a man to end thy servile day, renew.

LVI.
"But me then dead the heapèd earth will hide
Or e'er the cry of thee being torn away
I hear." When radiant Hector thus had said
He held his arms out there to take his boy,
But back t' its nurse's bosom with a cry
The infant shrank, from th' aspect dire to hide
Of father dear. The brass and, cresting high,
The bushy horse-hair plume him terrified,
That from the helmet's summit nodding dread he spied.
LVII.
His sire and honor'd mother laugh'd. And straight
Bright Hector took from 's head the helm, and laid
It there upon the ground, all glist'ring bright.
And he himself, when kiss'd his child, and sway'd
Him dandling in his hands awhile, then pray'd
To Zeus, and other gods, thus speaking: — "Deign
" O Zeus, and you ye other gods beside,
" That this my son the Trojans all outshine,
" As I, like valiant, and in Ilium strongly reign.

LVIII.
" And grant that men of him hereafter say,
" ' Far braver than his father this one here,'
" As him from war return they see one day
" With slaughter'd foemen's bloody spoils appear,
" Rejoicing so in heart his mother dear."
He said, and child t' his wife's hands gave, who him
T' her fragrant breast receiv'd and laugh'd so drear.
Her spouse who saw had pity of the same,
And sooth'd her with his hand, and spake, and call'd by
name: —

LIX.
" My friend grieve not in soul too sore. For me
" Against my fate to Hades premature
" Will no man send. For from the destiny
" He 's born to first, of mortal men, be sure,
" Coward, or brave, can none escape procure.
" But now go home, and there applying thee
" To thine own tasks, the web and distaff, o'er
" Thy maids preside, and to their labours see.
" War 's all men's business born in Troy, and chief of me."
LX.
When thus he'd said, the radiant Hector took
His horse-hair crested helm. His dear lov'd spouse
Then homewards went, and often turn'd to look,
And tears abundant shed. And soon she goes
Where Hector homicide's fair dwelling rose;
There found her maids, and wail with all up-ta'en
They mourn'd yet living Hector in his house;
For from the war they thought he'd ne'er again
Return, nor 'scape th' Achæans' strength and hands unslain.

LXI.
Nor Paris linger'd in his proud abode,
But soon as donn'd his bright arms brass-inlaid,
His swift feet trusting, through the city yode. 53
And as when manger-fed the stabled steed
Breaks halter, stamping o'er the plain with speed,
Whose wont in river wanton bathe, lifts high
His head, with shaking mane his shoulders spread.
Him beauty-proud his knees bear rapidly,
Where his accustom'd haunts, and mares at pasture be.

LXII.
So Paris Priam's son down Pergamus,
In armour glist'ring like the sun, forth went
Exulting. Swift feet bare him. Quickly thus
His brother godlike Hector, as he bent
His steps from where he'd met his wife, he hent. 253
Speak first the god-shap'd Alexander did: —
"Sure brother thee though hasting I've detent
" By my delay, nor come to time as bid."
And him then answ'ring, helmet-glancing Hector said: —
LXIII.

"My friend none will, who judges right of things,
"Thy war-deeds blame, for thou art brave 'tis clear,
"But slack and wanting will. My heart it wrings
"The Trojans' shameful words of thee to hear,
"Who do for thy sake suffer toil severe.
"But come we'll settle this, if Zeus one day
"Vouchsafe to heaven's immortal gods we here
"Plant in our halls the cup of liberty,\textsuperscript{73}
"When we've from Troy the well-greav'd Achives thrust away."
THE ILIAD.

BOOK VII.

I.
So said, from out the gates rush'd Hector bright.
His brother Alexander with him went.
For in their minds both long'd to war, and fight.
As when the god a fav'ring breeze hath sent
To longing seamen, that be well-nigh spent
With toiling sore, belabouring the sea
With their so smoothly polish'd oars, and bent
Their toil-relaxèd limbs beneath them be.
Unto th' expectant Trojans so appearèd they.

II.
Then slew they, this, King Areithous' son Menesthius whose home in Arne lay.
Him Areithous 'gat, club-wielding one
And fair large-ey'd Philomeduse. With sway
Of spear did Hector sooth Eiöneus slay.
Smote 'neath the brim of brazen helmet stout
His neck, and loos'd his limbs. Glaucus that day
The Lycians' chief, with spear, where thick they fought,
Iphinous Dexias' son, his swift-steeds mounting, smote
III.

Right on the shoulder. From the steeds he slid,
His limbs unstrung. The goddess azure-eyed
Athenè there in that encounter dread
The Argives falling slain no sooner spied
Than rushing down Olympus' tops she hied
To Troy. Sprang tow'rd's her Phoebus gazing down
From Pergamus, who wish'd the Trojan side
Might win. And by the beech they met anon.
Her king Apollo first address'd, of Zeus the son: —

IV.

"So urgent wherefore from Olympus now
"Zeus' daughter, com'st thou, what strong will hath sent?
"To Danai the vict'ry give wouldst thou?
"Since not for Trojans slain dost thou relent.
"But, what were best, obey thou mine intent.
"Let's now the war and contest stop this day,
"Then fight they on till Ilium end, since bent
"To overthrow the town ye gods alway."
Him answ'ring did Athenè blue eyed goddess say: —

V.

"Be 't thus Far-Darter, for so purpos'd now
"Among the Trojans and Achæans I
"Am from Olympus come. But say then how
"Intendest thou this war of men to stay?"
Her answ'ring did Zeus' son Apollo say: —
"Let's now up-stir steed-taming Hector's might,
"That of Danaïans challenge one he may
"To single combat. Some one then to fight
"With godlike Hector will th' Achæans wroth incite."
VI.

He said. Nor did the goddess azure-ey'd Athenë not comply. The offspring dear Of Priam, Helenus, in mind desried What counsel pleas'd the gods consulting there. Then forth he went, and stood by Hector near And spake. "O Hector, Priam's offspring, thou, "That equall'st Zeus in counsel, lend an ear "Wilt thou to me thy brother? Cause then now "The other Trojans sit, and all Achæans too.

VII.

"Thyself th' Achæans' bravest then defy "To fight thee face to face in combat dread, "For not as yet 'tis fated thee to die. "For so I've heard the voice of gods." He said. And Hector hearing was exceeding glad, And forth he went into the midst, and there, His spear mid-grasping, Troy's phalanges stay'd, And they his warriors all thus seated were. And Agamemnon seats th' Achæans buskin'd fair.

VIII.

Athenë and Apollo Silver-Bow In vultures' guise on ægis-arm'd Zeus' tree, A beech, sat joying at the men below. Of these the ranks close-seated orderly With shields, and helms, and spears all bristling be. As when the West-Wind's roughness o'er the main Fresh blowing pours, and darkens all the sea. So th' Achives' files, and Trojans' on the plain Were set. And both addressing thus spake Hector then:—
"Hear, Trojans and well-greav'd Achæans, me, "While what my bosom prompts I utter now. "The truce Saturnius lofty thron'd we see "Hath not confirm'd, but still contriveth woe "For either side, until ye overthrow "The towers of Troy, or be yourselves subdued "Beside the ships that ocean-pacing go. "The chief ye have of Panachæan brood; "Of these whomso his courage pricks, and fight me would, "Let him from 'mong them all come out to me, "And champion it with godlike Hector here. "But this I say, and Zeus our witness be, "If me he slay with outstretch'd pointed spear, "My armour stripp'd to th' hollow ships then bear "He may, but home my corse restore, that they "The Trojans and the Trojans' wives, of fire "Partaker make me dead. If him I slay, "And Phæbus favour me, I'll strip his arms away, "And bear to Troy divine, and at the fane "Of Phæbus the Far-Darter hang them there, "But send the corse to th' well-built ships again, "That him th' Achæans of the comely hair "With all the due solemnities inter, "And by broad Hellespont his tomb up-heap. "Of men that will in future times be here "Some one will say, as he his course doth keep, "And sails in many-benchèd ship the wine-fac'd deep: —
XII.

"A man's tomb this who died in olden days,
A champion brave whom radiant Hector slew.'
Thus will he say, and no'er shall die my praise."
He said. And they all hush'd in silence grew,
To shrink ashamed, they dread th' encounter too.
At length did Menelaus rise, and he
With tauntings chid, and groaning spake them so:

"Ah me! ye boasters, Achaeans' women ye,
No longer men, disgrace how grievous, dire 'twill be,

XIII.

"If no Danaian now 'gainst Hector go.
But earth and water all become may ye,
Here sitting cow'd, inglorious each of you.
Against this one I'll arm myself. For high
"With gods immortal vict'ry's issues lie."
So having said, he donn'd his armour fair.
Then, Menelaus, had thine end been nigh,
In Hector's hands, for he past all compare
Thy stronger; but th' Achaeans' kings forth rushing seiz'd
thee there,

XIV.

And broad-rule Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Thy right hand grasp'd, and spake, and call'd by name:

"Thou ravest, Menelaus, Zeus-nurs'd one,
This madness fits thee not. Though grieving tame
Thyself, nor, out of strife, thy mightier aim
Great Hector Priam's son t' encounter, thou
When others are afraid. To meet this same
In man-ennobling fight Achilles too,
That is so much thy stronger, would himself be slow.
"But go thou now, amid thy comrades sit.
'Gainst this some champion else will th' Achives stir.
Though fearless he of fight insatiate,
I think he'll glad bend knee if 'scape he e'er
From raging battle and encounter dire."
And speaking thus the hero did persuade
His brother's mind, good things advising there.
And he persuaded was. And then right glad
His servants from his shoulders strip his armour did.

And Nestor 'mong the Argives rose and said: —
Ye gods, t' Achaia's land hath come what grief!
How would old horseman Peleus weep indeed,
The Myrmidons' good counsellor and chief,
Who erst at home could question me full lief
Of all the Argives asking, child and kin,
If these 'fore Hector quailing past belief
He hear, to th' gods his hands oft lifting then
He'll pray that soul quit body, and to Hades wend.

"Sire Zeus, Athenê, Phæbus, were I young!
As erst when fought at rapid Celadon
Pylians and spear-skill'd Arcads, must'ring strong,
At Jardan's streams, and walls of Phæa's town,
There stood forth godlike Ereuthalion,
That sovran Areïthous' arms did wear,
Great Areïthous, whom club-wielding one
Did men yclepe and well-zon'd women fair,
For that with bow he fought not, nor with lengthy spear,
"But warriors' ranks with mace of iron broke."

"And him with guile not strength Lycurgus slew,
In narrow pathway him at vantage took,
Where club availed not. Lycurgus threw
His spear the first, and thrust his midriff through,
And Ares' gift, his arms, took from him there.
These wore then he in fight. But old when grew
Lycurgus in his house, that armour fair
He t' Ereuthalion gave, his servant dear, to wear.

"These arms so wearing he defied the best.
They shrank aghast. None meet him durst. Then me
My mind to combat him advent'rous press'd.
Though youngest of them all yet fought him I,
And me Athenè gave the victory.
I slew that hugest, mightiest of men,
For bulk and length lay stretch'd enormous he.
Would I were young, and whole my strength had been,
Have one to fight with soon would crested Hector then.

"And you now who th' Achæans' bravest are
Encounter Hector yet ye be not fain."
Thus chode the Sire. Rose champions nine. But far
The first rose Agamemnon, king of men;
Brave Diomed Tydides next, and then
The two Ajaces rose, in valor clad.
Idomeneus came next, with him his friend
Great Merion match for slay-man Ares dread.
Eurypylus Evæmon's son then followed.
And up rose Thoas there, Andromon's son, 
Godlike Odysseus eke; for they did all
Desire to combat Hector godlike one.
Gerena horseman Nestor spake withal:—
"Now draw ye lots, and see to whom 'twill fall.
"For profit will th' Achæans well-greav'd he
"And profit too his soul, if 'scape he shall
"From raging fight and dire hostility."
He said. And they each one his lot mark'd speedily.

The lots they threw in Agamemnon's casque. 
The folk all hung suspense, and lifting high
Unto the gods their hands, thus one would ask,
With upturn'd gaze towards the ample sky:—
"Sire Zeus, vouchsafe the lot on Ajax lie,
"Or Tydeus' son, or else the very king
"Himself of rich Mycenæ." Thus said they.
Gerena Nestor shook the helm. The thing
They wish'd for, Ajax' lot did from the helmet spring.

A herald took the sign that throng all through,
And show'd th' Achæan chiefs in order right.
They each disclaim'd the sign that neither knew,
But through the throng when reach'd he him did write,
And in the helmet cast it, Ajax bright,
His hand he stretch'd. Did in it herald throw
The sign. He knew it straight with soul's delight,
And cast it at his feet, and spake then so:—
"O friends! this lot is mine, in soul rejoice I now,
"For Hector brave I think t' o' erthrow this day.
"But come now while my warlike arms I don
"Do ye to sovran Jove Saturnius pray
"In silence, so as not of Trojans known,
"Or e'en aloud, since fear we soothly none.
"For none by force me 'gainst my will shall move,
"Nor my unskill. Methinks I was not born
"Or bred in Salamis so dull to prove."
He said, and they then pray'd Saturnian sovran Jove.

And thus one spake, and ey'd the blue sky broad:—
"Sire Zeus, from Ida ruling, glorious, great!
"Grant Ajax vict'ry win, and brightest laud,
"But Hector if thou love and care for, yet
"An equal strength to both and glory set."
Thus spake they. Ajax arm'd in glist'ring brass.
When 'bout him donn'd his armour every whit,
He mov'd him then as Ares huge doth pass,
That war-wards goes 'mong men whom made Kronion has

In soul-consuming strife's high rage contend.
Such Ajax mov'd immense, th' Achæans' wall,
And smil'd with aspect dire, and he did wend
With feet beneath him striding long, his tall
Spear brandishing. And him the Argives all
Exceeding glad beheld, while shaking fear
Did on the limbs of ev'ry Trojan fall.
E'en Hector's soul then quail'd. But draw back there
Or fly t' his people might not he the challenger.
XXVII.

And onward Ajax came with tower-like shield
Of brass, compact of sev'n bulls' hides, that had
Erst Tychius wrought, who arm'rs all excell'd,
And dwelt in Hyla. Variegate he made
The shield. Se'en folds of fat bulls' hides, o'erlaid
With brass the eighth. This bearing 'fore his breast
Near Hector Ajax stood, and threat'ning said: —
"Now Hector, man to man, thou'lt have some taste
"What the Danaians' chief ones are, next him our best,

XXVIII.

"Achilles lion-heart, rank-shatt'rer75, who
"In crook'd sea-pacing ships lies raging high
"'Gainst Agamemnon people-shepherd now.
"But we be men withal to meet thee, aye
"And many such we have. But draw then nigh
"And battling now begin." To him did there
Of glancing helmet Hector huge reply: —
"O Zeus-sprung Ajax think not me to scare,
"Like some weak boy or woman all unskill'd in war.

XXIX.

"For well I know of fight, and slaughter too;
"I know at right I know at left to wield
"The tann'd-hide shield, and fight untir'd. I know
"In standing fight sound Ares' pace a-field;
"My chariot mounting too in battling skill'd
"Of horses fleet am I. But loth I were
"Such as thou art by privy watch t' have quell'd
"Thee here by cunning sleight, smit unaware,
"But openly if that I may." He said, and there
xxx.

His long-shade spear round brandishing he sent,
And smote on Ajax' dreadful sev'n-fold shield.
The outside brass that was the eighth it hent\(^2\),
And through six folds its course resistless held
The raging lance, but was at se'enth repell'd.
Next Zeus-sprung Ajax hurl'd the long-shade spear,
And smote Priamides' round orbéd shield,
And through the buckler bright the strong spear there
Did penetrate, and drove through dædal cuirass fair.

xxxI.

And on by th' groin the spear his vest cut through.
He stoop'd, and so black death escap'd. The twain
Together both their lengthy spears outdrew,
And like devouring lions then amain,
Or boars of no mean strength, fell-to again.
Priamides his mid-shield smote with spear.
The spear-point blunted, nor the brass broke in.
And Ajax leaping, struck his shield, and sheer
The lance went through, and him on-rushing smote severe.

xxxII.

It pierc'd his neck. The black blood forth did spout.
Hector did not the more from fight refrain,
But stepping back a stone in's strong hand stout
He took that black, rough, huge, lay on the plain.
Ajax' dire se'en-fold shield therewith amain
Mid-boss he smote. The brass about it rung,
And Ajax then a huger stone up-ta'en
Round whirl'd with all his strength gigantic flung,
And smash'd his shield, this mill-stone missile hurling strong.
XXXIII.

With knees y-bruis'd on's back outstretched d he lay
Grasping his shield. Him Phoebus rais'd again.
And now with swords at close-hand fought had they
Had not those messengers of Zeus and men,
The heralds there, quick interposed then.
The Trojans' one, one th' Achives' brazen clad,
Talthybius, and Idæus, prudent twain,
Betwixt them both their sceptres held. Then said
Herald Idæus, knowing well of prudent rede:

XXXIV.

"No more dear sons contend, nor battle mo',
"For both cloud-gath'ring Zeus loves equally,
"And warriors both ye are, we all do know.
"But night's at hand, 'tis good ye night obey."
To him did Telamonian Ajax say:
"Idæus, bid thou Hector this express,
"For he our chiefest challeng'd this day.
"Let him begin, he ceasing, I'll no less."
Him answ'ring then helm-glancing Hector did address:

XXXV.

"Ajax since thee the god gave stature, might,
"And sense, nor match at spear th' Achæans thee,
"Now let us cease from enmity and fight
"To-day. Hereafter fight till deity
"Shall separate us, and the victory
"To one vouchsafe. But draws already near
"The night, and good it is we night obey.
"So thou wilt by th' Achæans vessels cheer
"All that be chiefly there thy friends and comrades dear.
XXXVI.

"And I at sovereign Priam's mighty town -
"The Trojans and their long-veil'd consorts cheer,
"Who will to th' fane to pray for me have gone.
"Come gifts then give we one another fair,
"That Trojans and Achæans may declare,
"'In soul-consuming strife y-battled they,
"And reconcil'd in friendship parted there.'

This said, gave falchion silver-studded he,
With scabbard, and with baldric wroughten curiously.

XXXVII.

A girdle Ajax gave with purple bright.
They parting 76, this to the Achaean throng
And that to th' Trojans' went, who with delight
Beheld him live and sound there pace along,
From Ajax' force and hands resistless strong
Escap'd. To th' city led him they, that ne'er
Expected him in safety them among.
With Ajax, proud of vict'ry, th' Achives there
Well-greav'd to godlike Agamemnon straight repair.

XXXVIII.

When reach'd Atrides' tents, the king of men,
Wight Agamemnon, ox a five year male
For them to great Kronion slaughter'd then.
They flay'd it and prepar'd, and quarter'd all,
And skilfully then cut in pieces small,
And hung on hooks, and roasted it with skill,
And then the whole withdrew. When ces'd withal
Their labour then they banqueted their fill,
Nor to the equal banquet lack'd there aught of will.
XXXIX.

Atrides Agamemnon, broad of sway,
Grac’d Ajax with the length of chine entire.
When wish for meat, and drink they’d ta’en away,
Then he whose rede before found best, the Sire
Old Nestor first began good rede inspire,
And wisely spake: — “Atrides, ye beside
“O Panachæan chiefs, how slaughter’d dire,
“Long-hair’d Achæans have a many died!
“Whose blood swift Ares shed by fair Scamander’s tide,

XL.

“Whose souls to Hades went. With morning-shine
“Thou shouldst th’ Achæans stay from war while here
“Assembling we the corse wheel, with kine
“And mules. And burn them there the ships a-near,
“That each the bones may to his children bear
“When to our country we return again.
“And issuing forth we’ll heap around the pyre
“A single mound for all upon the plain;
“High towers build near, shall fence for us and ships main-
tain.

XLI.

“And gates we’ll in them make that well shall fit,
“That road may through them lie for steed and car,
“And deep trench dig a-near outside of it
“That either way shall men and horses bar,
“Lest storm-like burst 77 the haughty Trojans’ war.”
He said. The kings applauded all. Now met
At Ilium’s citadel the Trojans are
In troublous meeting rough at Priam’s gate,
And wise Antenor speaking first began debate.
XLII.

"Hear me ye Trojans, Dardans and allies!

"While what my soul within me prompts, I say.

"The Argive Helen, and the goods likewise

"Let us th' Atrides give to take away.

"But now we fight, and sworn oaths false gainsay.

"Till this we do no good atchieve we e'er."

He said and sat. Fair Helen's spouse straightway, The godlike Alexander, rose up there, Who answering him did thus in winged words declare:

XLIII.

"Antenor, thou no more as pleases me

"Haranguest of these things. Some better rede

"Thou couldst devise than this. But if it be

"Thy speech does from thine earnest now proceed,

"Then have the gods destroy'd thy wits indeed.

"But I'll harangue the tame-steed Trojans 'mong,

"And thus speak out. My wife I will not cede.

"The goods from Argos here I brought along

"I'll give up all, and others add to me belong."

XLIV.

He said, and sat. Priam Dardanides, A counsellor to match with gods, did rise, Who prudent them harangu'd, and spake to these: — "Hear me ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies,

"While speak I what my mind doth me advise.

"Now sup ye through the host as formerly.

"Keep guard remember, each with watchful eyes.

"Idæus shall to th' ships at break of day,

"And to th' Atrides, Agamemnon, Menelaus, say,
XLV.

"What Alexander saith, through whom arose
"Our strife. This prudent word too speak shall he,
"If they'll from roughly-sounding war repose
"Until we burn our dead, thereafter we
"Will battle on until the deity
"Do part us, and the vict'ry give to one."
He said. They hearken prompt, obedient be,
And supp'd in ranks throughout the host anon.
And to the hollow ships Idæus went at dawn.

XLVI.

He found then Ares' servants, Danai,
In council at Atrides' ship-stern met.
Amid them spake the clear-voic'd herald high:
"Atrides, and ye Panachæan great,
"Priam and other Trojan chiefs bid state,
"If ye'll assent, what Alexander says,
"Who caus'd our strife. The goods his ships did freight
"And he (would first he'd died) brought here o'er seas,
"He'll yield up all and of his own will add to these.

XLVII.

"But glorious Menelaus' virgin-spouse
"He'll yield not though the Trojans urgently
"Advise. This too they bade, if ye'll repose
"From rough-voic'd war till burnt our dead have we,
"We'll fight thereafter until deity
"Divide us, and to one or other side
"Vouchsafe the victory." He said, and they
Thereat in deepest silence all abide.
At length among them spake the war-stout Diomed.
XLVIII.

"Let none take goods of Alexander now,
"Nor Helen's self. A child may know withal
"That on the Trojans ruin hangs and woe."
He said. Th' Achæans' sons t' applauding fall,
Diomed Tame-steed's speech admiring all.
T' Idæus did King Agamemnon say: —
"Idæus, th' Achives' sentence hear'st withal
"Thyself, how answer they. Approve it I,
"But touching burning of the dead I not deny.

XLIX.

"To corpses of the dead no grudging grows
"To sooth them quick with fire when as they die.
"The truce shall Zeus, the thund'rer, witness, Herè's spouse."
This said, to th' gods he lifted sceptre high.
And back Idæus went to sacred Troy.
In session seated then the Trojans were,
And Dardans all assembled waiting they
Until Idæus came. Who coming there,
And standing in the midst, his message did declare.

L.

They then address'd them quick to bring the dead,
And wood procure. The Argives also hie
Forth from their well-bench'd ships to fetch the dead,
And wood procure. The sun now recently
Smote on the lands, ascending up the sky,
From Ocean up, the softly flowing, flowing deep.
They met, nor easy 'twas each man descry.
With water wash they off the gore, and heap
Them on the wagons there, and scalding tears they weep.
BOOK VII. 48—53.

LI.

But Priam all lamenting loud forbade,
So silent they the corpses on the pyre
Heart-griev’d dispose. When them with fire they had
Y-burnt, to sacred Ilium they retire.
So too th’ Achæans, of the buskins fair,
The corpses on the pyre heart-griev’d dispose,
Then seek their ships when burnt the dead with fire.
Now ere ’twas morn while yet the twilight shows
Then round the pyre a chosen band of Achives rose.

LII.

Around it on the plain one mound for all
Forth issuing they made, and near to it
They builded too with lofty towers a wall,
For them and for their ships a fence. And set
Within them also gates, that well did fit,
That road might through them lie for steed and car.
And deep trench dug a-near outside of it
Broad, huge; and palisadoes planted there.
Thus toiled they, th’ Achæans of the flowing hair.

LIII.

The gods that sat by Zeus the lightning-one
The brass-clad Achives’ huge work saw astound.
Earth-Shaker then, Poseidon, speech begun:—
“Sire Zeus, what mortal now on earth’s wide ground
“Will tell the gods his mind, and aim profound?
“Seest not th’ Achæans with the long hair dight
“By th’ ships a wall have built, and trench drawn round,
“Yet hecatombs to th’ gods none gave they bright?
“Its fame will be wherever spreads the morning light.”
LIV.
"They'll that forget which for Laomedon
"I and Phœbus Apollo toiling made."
Then wroth address'd him Zeus cloud-gath'ring one: —
"Earth-Shaker, thou the mighty, what hast said?
"Some other god might this contrivance dread
"For hands and strength inferior far to thee.
"Thy fame will be as wide as light is spread.
"But when th' Achæans homeward gone shall be
"This wall then shatt'ring thou shalt sweep it all to sea,

LV.
"And cover then again the mighty shore
"With sand. And so clean swept away and gone
"Th' Achæans' mighty wall." Thus talkèd o'er
These things with one another they. The sun
Now set, and the Achæans' work was done.
And through the tents beeves slaught'ring sup they there,
And ships from Lemnos were, that Jason's son
Euneus sent with wine. Him did the fair
Hypsipylè to Jason people-shepherd bear.

LVI.
Jason's son to th' Atrides sep'rately,
Agamemnon and Menelaus high,
Presented wine, a thousand measures free.
And of these Lemnian vessels, as they ply,
Their wine the comely-hair'd Achæans buy.
Some now with brass, and some with iron bright,
And some with hides, with beeves themselves some buy,
And some with slaves. Their banquet of delight
Prepar'd, the long hair'd Achives feast throughout the night.
LVII.

Within the town the Trojans and allies
Did like cheer hold. Deep counsell'd Zeus all night,
With thund'rings dire did woes for them devise,
And terror seiz'd on all, and pale affright.
Wine on the ground from cups they pour'd. No wight
Durst drink, but first to Kronos' son did make
Libation, then lie down, and gift of sleep partake.
THE ILIAD.

BOOK VIII.

I.

Morn saffron-veil'd o'er all the earth was spread, And lightning-loving Zeus the gods did there On many-neck'd Olympus' highest head Convene. Himself harangu'd them, and they were Attentive all:— "Hearken to me, and hear " All gods and goddesses the while what me " Prompts in my breast my soul I utter here. " See now no male nor female deity " To thwart adventure, or to frustrate my decree.

II.

" But do ye all assent united give, " That I the sooner bring these things to close. " But what so god apart I shall perceive " That to th' Achæans' aid, or Trojans' goes, " Back to Olympus smit with uncouth blows " He shall, or else I'll seize, and hurl him down " To gloomy Tartarus, dire seat of woe! " Afar, where 'neath the earth th' abyss profound, " And threshold brazen, and the iron gates are found,
'Neath Hades far, as 'bove the earth the sky.
"Me then how much the strongest he will know
"Of all the gods. But come ye then and try,
"Ye deities, that all may know it too;
"From Heav'n hang golden chain, and from below
"Grasp it ye gods and goddesses a-main
"Joining your strength, ye will not compass so
"To drag from heaven out unto the plain
"Zeus counsellor supreme, with all your toiling vain.

"But when in turn a mind to pull have I,
"With earth itself I'd drag, and with the sea,
"And round Olympus' top the chain then tie,
"And these in air all hanging high would be,
"So much are gods surpass'd, and men by me."
He said, and hush'd in silence grew they all,
And wonder'd at his speech, for roughly he
Harangu'd. At length among them did withal
These words Athene goddess, azure-ey'd, let fall.

"Our father Kronides, of rulers chief,
"Thy strength invincible we know full well,
"Yet for th' Achaean warriors feel we grief,
"Who perishing their evil fate fulfil.
"From war we'll yet abstain, since such thy will,
"But give the Argives counsel good will we,
"That they beneath thine anger die not all."
To her cloud-gath'ring Zeus spake smilingly: —
"Courage Tritogenia, offspring dear to me.
VI.

"'Twas with no willing mind in sooth I spake,
"For be indulgent always I were fain."
He said, and to the car his steeds did take,
Brass-footed, flying swift, with golden mane,
And clad in gold his flesh withal, and ta'en
His golden whip in hand wrought curiously,
His chariot he ascends, and whips them then
Upon their course. At once mid-way they fly,
All unreluctant 'twixt the earth and starry sky.

VII.

To Ida, and her many springs he came,
That mother of wild beasts, to Garg'rus where
A shrine and fragrant altar stood to him.
His steeds the Sire of gods and men stay'd there,
And from the chariot loos'd, and round them air
Abundant pour'd, and he himself anon,
Where the tall peaks their summits highest rear,
In glory sat exulting, gazing down
On the Achæans' vessels, and the Trojans' town.

VIII.

But they th' Achæans of the comely hair
Did at their tents now snatch their meal in haste,
And then their armour donn'd. In arms too were
The Trojans through the city also drest,
Though fewer they, yet prompt themselves address'd
For wives and little ones to fight their foes,
In this their sore extremity distrest.
The gates all open wide, forth rushing goes,
Both horse and foot, the folk, and tumult huge arose.
And when these rushing on in one place met,
Then shields, and spears, and might of mail-clad men
Together dash'd, and bossy bucklers set
Against each other hurtling. Rose the din
And shout, and moan of slaying and of slain,
And earth ran blood. And while 'twas morning still,
And sacred day yet grew, nor touch'd its wane,
So long did these each other seek to kill
With darts encount'ring fierce, and people much there fell.

And when the sun the mid-sky circling pac'd,
Took then his golden scales the Sire, and twain
Long-sleep death's destinies within them plac'd
Of tame-steed Trojans, and Achæan men
The brazen-clad, and balance mid-way ta'en
He rais'd. Down sank th' Achæans' fatal day,
And on the many-feeding earth sat then
Th' Achæans' destinies, while upwards fly
The Trojans' fates towards the broad extended sky.

From Ida loud he thunder'd, and sent down
Among th' Achæans blazing bolt, and they
In blank astonishment beheld astound,
And seiz'd them all pale horror and dismay.
Not durst in sooth Idomeneus that day,
Nor Agamemnon, nor Ajaces twain,
Those Ares' servants, venture there to stay.
Gerenian Nestor did alone remain,
Th' Achæans' watchman, who had follow'd also fain,
XII.
But fail'd his steed, that fair-tress'd Helen's spouse
High Alexander smote with arrow keen
Upon the crown, where horses' first hair grows,
I' th' skull a part most mortal. Stung with pain
It bounded up, for reach'd the shaft its brain.
Writhing it roll'd, and in confusion threw
The other steeds. While hastes with sword the Sire amain
To cut the traces, Hector's coursers through
The throng came swift, and that bold driver Hector drew.

XIII.
And there had now the old man surely died,
But saw him soon the valiant Diomed,
And urg'd Odysseus, shouting loud and cried: —
"Zeus-sprung Laertes' son, accomplished
"In wiles, Odysseus, whither thus in dread,
"Like some base hilding fleest thou through the throng,
"Thy back to th' foe? Take heed thou be not sped,
"Thrust through behind with spear as fly'st along.
"But stay, and save the Sire from this fell warrior strong."

XIV.
He said. Nathless that much enduring man,
Odysseus godlike heark'ned not, but on
To the Achæans' hollow vessels ran;
While to the front Tydides press'd alone,
And stood before the steeds of Neleus' son,
And spake words wing'd, him addressing he: —
"Sire, press thee warriors young, thy strength too gone,
"And harsh old age austere companions thee;
"Thy servant feeble, and thy horses laggard be.
"But come ascend my chariot now, and see
What Trojan steeds are like, how o'er the plain
Swift hither thither skill'd to chase or flee;
Which I have lately from Æneas ta'en,
Artificer of dread. Thy steeds let then
Thy servants look to, mine we'll onward now
Against the Trojans drive, steed-taming men.
That Hector also of himself may so
If in my hands my spear impatient rageth know."

He said. Gerenian Nestor charioteer
Complied. And Nestor's steeds Sthenelus then
And brave Eurymedon attended there,
The servitors and both right valiant men.
The other two Tydides' car ascend,
And Nestor took the reins wrought wondrously,
And lash'd the steeds. Nigh Hector quick they been,
At whom, as he came onward eagerly,
His spear the son of Tydeus hurl'd, but miss'd him he.

But servant his, high-soul'd Thebæus' son,
That held the reins, hight Eniopæus slew,
Smiting his breast. From off the chariot down
He fell. And back the steeds swift-footèd drew,
While ebb'd his soul, and strength. Deep anguish grew
In Hector's mind for his companion dear.
He left him there though griev'd, and went anew
To seek him out a valiant charioteer;
Nor long in sooth his steeds a driver wanting were.
For soon he found Iphitides, the brave
Archeptolemus, whom, anon upta'en
Into his car, the reins in hand he gave.
Then slaughter huge, and dreadful deeds had been,
And they at Ilium now like lambs penn'd in,
Had not in sooth of gods and men the Sire
Full soon perceiv'd, and dreadful thund'ring then
Sent 'fore Tydides' horses blazing dire
A thunderbolt. And fearful flam'd the sulph'rous fire.

The scar'd steeds 'neath the chariot shudd'ring shook;
The bright reins fell from Nestor's hands, and he,
Full sore afraid, to Diomed thus spoke:—
"Tydides, turn again thy steeds, and flee;
"Know'st not from Zeus no vict'ry comes to thee?
"Gives him the palm Zeus Kronides to-day,
"And us hereafter, if his pleasure be,
"He'll grant it eke. But no man hinder may,
"Strong though he be, Zeus' will, so all supreme his sway."

Him answer'd Diomed the battle-bold:—
"Yea, Sire, all this in sooth thou'st said aright,
"But this sore grief my heart, and mind doth hold,
"Hector one day harangue the Trojans might,
"And say, 'By me Tydides put to flight
"His vessels sought.' Thus boast will he, yawn wide
"May earth then 'neath my feet." To him then straight
Gerenian Nestor charioteer replied:—
"Nay, warlike Tydeus' son, what word is this thou'st said?
XXI.

"Though Hector recreant thee and coward call,  
"Trojans and Dardans he will not persuade,  
"Nor valiant shielded warriors' wives withal,  
"Whose vig'rous husbands in the dust were laid  
"Struck down by thee." To flight, so having said,  
He turn'd the whole-hoof'd steeds amid the rout  
Once more. Whilst on them pour'd the javelins sad  
Hector and Trojans there with fearful shout.  
And Hector of the glancing helmet call'd out:—

XXII.

"Tydides thee the swift-steed Danai  
"With seat, and meats, brim goblets honour now  
"The chief, but will henceforth despise thee they.  
"Turn'd woman hast thou; tim'rous girl then go,  
"Ne'er with my yielding scale our towers shalt thou,  
"Nor wives lead captive to the ships away.  
"Thy death I'll give thee first." While spake he so,  
Tydides anxious did revolving weigh  
If turn his steeds he should, and fight with him that day.

XXIII.

Thrice in his mind and spirit ponder'd he,  
And thrice from Ida's mountains thunder'd Jove  
The sign of alternating victory,  
In fight vouchsaf'd the Trojans from above.  
And Hector calling loud such speech did move:—  
"Trojans and Lycians, Dardan warriors, Friends!  
"Be men, call up your valour now, for Jove  
"Vict'ry and fame I know approving sends  
"To me. But to the Danai sheer loss portends.
"The fools! that now forsooth these walls devise,
"Worthless and weak, repel they will not me;
"My steeds the trench they've dug will leap with ease,
"But when I reach their hollow vessels see,
"Some mem'ry then of hostile fire there be.
"As burn with fire their ships I shall, and slay
"Th' Argives themselves, as in their ships they flee
"Amid the smoke astound, and in dismay."

He spake, and calling loudly to his steeds did say:—

"Xanthus, and thou Podargus, Æthon too,
"And gen'rous Lampus, now pay back to me
"The feeding full that hath bestow'd on you
"High-soul'd Eëtion's child Andromachè.
"You first with heart'ning wheat serves always she,
"And mingling wine, as needs your soul, applies
"Ere me she serve, who boast her spouse to be.
"Now haste, pursue, let's Nestor's shield make prize
"Golden with handles gold, its fame ascends the skies.

"Diomed's shoulders strip of cuirass bright
"Hephaistos quaintly wrought. These if we take
"Th' Achæans will to ship, I think, this night."

Thus vaunteth he. But Hérè then was wroth, and shake
She did upon her throne, and dread did quake Olympus long. Then to that deity
The great Poseidon turning her, she spake:—
"Earth-Shaker wide-prevailing, can it be
"That Danai thus die thou canst unpitying see?
"Fair gifts in Helice, and Ægæ these
Do bring thee store, and thou wouldst have them win.
If we that help the Danai did please
Repel the Trojans, and loud Zeus restrain,
On Ida chafing there he'd sole remain."
Her great Poseidon wroth made answer straight:
"Bold-spoken Herè, what word's this? Not fain
I were with Zeus Kronion that we fight
We other gods, since far exceedeth he in might."

Thus they discoursing spake. And now the space
The trench enclos'd was fill'd from ships to wall
With steeds and warriors crowding in apace:
For on them did that Ares' match withal,
Great Hector Priam's son, impetuous fall,
When Zeus gave him the palm. And he anon
With blazing fire had burnt their good ships all,
But Herè prompted Agamemnon soon,
Himself not slack, to urge th' Achæans quicker on.

To th' Achive ships and tents he bent his track,
With purple mantle in his stalwart hand.
And on Odysseus' ship, huge, whale-like, black,
That mid-way there was plac'd, he took his stand
That so his voice might either side command,
To Telamonian Ajax' tent extend
And to Achilles'. These their strength of hand
And valor trusting to, at either end
Had rang'd their ships. To Danai he shouted then:
"Shame Argives, ye disgrace! of outside fair!
"Where now those vaunts we were such valiant men?
"Vain vaunts ye utter'd erst in Lemnos there,
"Devouring plenteous flesh of straight-horn'd kine,
"And quaffing goblets crown'd with brimming wine,
"How not 'gainst hundred Trojans would each one,
"No nor 'gainst hundreds twain the fight decline.
"And now we match not Hector's self alone,
"Who will with blazing fire our vessels burn anon.

"E'er didst thou, Zeus, a mighty sovereign so
"Deceive with guile, so mar his wide-spread fame.
"Yet I thine altar fair ne'er pass'd I know,
"When luckless here in well-bench'd ship I came,
"But burnt beeves' fat, and thighs on all of them,
"To sack Troy's strong town longing eagerly.
"But now, O Zeus, grant this, my only aim,
"Permit us but ourselves to 'scape and flee,
"Nor thus by Trojans let th' Achæans slaughter'd be."

He said, and wept. The Sire with pity heard,
And safe his folk vouchsaf'd, and in the sky
An eagle swiftly sent, completest bird.
A fawn his talons clutch'd as he did fly,
Which down he cast Zeus' lovely altar nigh,
Where off'ring were th' Achæans sacrifice
To Zeus the source supreme of prophecy.
When sent from Zeus they saw the bird that flies
The Trojans then they charg'd, then did their spirit rise.
Then of the Danai, though many, none
Might boast he did his swift steeds sooner stay,
Cross trench, or fight the foe, than Tydeus' son.
Far first did he a Trojan warrior slay,
Phradmon's son Agelaus, that away
For flight his steeds had turn'd. Him turning round
He 'twixt the shoulders smote with spear, that stay
Did not, but through his chest quick passage found.
He fell from chariot, and his rattling arms resound.

And after him the two Atrides come,
Agamemnon, and Menelaus there,
Then, valor-clad, th' Ajaces. After whom
Idomeneus, and foll'wer Merion were,
That with man-slaught'ring Ares might compare.
Eurypylus, Evæmon's famous son,
Came next; and Teucer did the ninth appear,
Bending th' elastic bow, and stood anon
Behind the shield ensonc'd of Ajax Telamon.

Ajax his shield extends. The other spies
Amid the throng, and launching arrow keen
Transfixeth one, and as he falling dies,
Back steps the Archer seeking Ajax' screen
As child its mother's. Him with buckler sheen
He hides. What Trojan first then Teucer slew?
Orsilochus was first by him y-slain;
Ormenus, Ophelestes, Dætor too,
Chromius, and Lycophon the godlike, laid he low,
XXXVI.

And Hamopaon Polyæmon's son
And Melanippus. These he maketh lie
Successive all upon the fertile ground.
Him Agamemnon there beheld with joy
The Trojan ranks with mighty bow destroy,
And near him stood and spake: — "Dear Teucer thou,
" O prince and child of Telamon, still ply
" Thine arrows thus, and thou a light wilt grow
" To Danai, and Telamon thy father so.

XXXVII.

" He gave thee nurture, then a tiny thing,
" Receiving in his house though bastard thee,
" Him though afar wilt thou great glory bring.
" But this I tell thee, and perform'd 'twill be,
" If ægis-holding Zeus and Athenè
" Vouchsafe that I Troy's well-wall'd town o'erthrow,
" I'll give thee honour's guerdon first next me,
" Tripod or horses twain with chariot too,
" Or woman that with thee to the same bed shall go.

XXXVIII.

Him faultless$^{31}$ Teucer answ'ring thus replies: —
" Renown'd Atrides, me that am not slow
" Why urge? I cease not sure, what in me lies.
" For from the time we made them Troywards go,
" Their men I slay, encount'ring them with bow.
" Eight shafts long-barb'd I've sent. All fix'd them in
" Young warriors' flesh, but smite I may not so
" This raging hound." He said, and once again
A shaft at Hector sent, and smitten him had fain.
XXXIX.

But him he miss'd, and with his arrow there.
The brave Gorgythion, Priam's mighty son,
He smote upon the breast. Him she did bear
That came a bride from out Æsýma's town,
Goddess-like Castianira lovely one.
In gardens as a poppy hangs its head
That is with seed and vernal dews weigh'd down,
His head so hangs with helmet overweigh'd.
And now another shaft at Hector Teucer sped.

XL.

But then too fail'd, for Phoebus turn'd it by.
Archæptolemus, Hector's driver bold,
He smote upon the breast the nipple nigh,
As on he came. From out the car he roll'd.
The coursers swift their forward pace withhold,
While he with loosèd soul and strength there lay.
Sore grieved Hector mourn'd his comrade bold,
Yet left, and bade Cebriones straightway,
His brother, take the reins, who did not disobey.

XLI.

Himself y-sprong from glist'ring chariot bright
With fearful shout, and seiz'd a stone, and went
'Gainst Teucer straight with eager wish to smite,
Who bitter arrow had from quiver hent²⁵³,
And fitted to the string, and bow y-bent,
And, aiming at him, back the string had drawn,
When at his shoulder Hector hurling sent,
Where severs neck and breast the collar-bone,
A part most mortal, smiting him the jagged stone.
XLII.

The bow-string snapp'd, and at the wrist was numb'd His arm. He sank t' his knee, and dropp'd the bow. Nor Ajax when his brother there succumb'd Neglected him, but ran and round him so Encompassing, his shield did shelt'ring throw. Mecisteus Echius' child, and Alastor, His dear companions twain, him lifted now, And to the hollow ships sore groaning bore. The Trojans' vigour then Olympius rous'd once more.

XLIII.

To the deep trench they drove th' Achæans straight. And 'mong the foremost Hector glaring round Went in his strength. As trusting its swift feet Hangs at a boar or lion's heels a hound, Doth watch him turn, and still his haunches wound. Hector the brazen-clad Achæans so Pursued, the hind-most ever smiting down. They fled. And trench and palisadoes through They pass'd in flight. And many there the Trojans slew.

XLIV.

These by their vessels thus hemm'd-in abode. To one another calling they did raise To all the gods their hands, each praying loud. While Hector there his fair-man'd coursers plies On every side, and on them glares with eyes Of man-bane Ares, and of Gorgon dread. Them with compassion white-arm'd Here spies, And to Athenia straight wing'd words she said: — "Ah! child of Zeus, not heed we yet the Danai nigh sped?"
XLV.

"Their evil fate fulfilling they will die

"Through one man's force. For all resistless now

"This Hector son of Priam rages high,

"And work'd them hath in sooth abundant woe."

Her answer'd azure-ey'd Athené so: —

"This man had surely lost both strength and soul,

"By th' Argives in his native land laid low,

"But raves that sire of mine, with mind not whole,

"Unbending, aye perverse, that will my force controul.

XLVI.

"Nor calls to mind how oft I sav'd his son

"When him Eurystheus' labours sore oppress'd.

"Sky-ward he'd weep, and Zeus would send me down

"To succour him from heav'n. But in my breast

"Thoughtful and firm, could I these things have

"guess'd,

"When to strong-gated Hades sent was he

"To fetch the dog of Hades dire, detest

"From Erebus, he'd not assuredly

"The headlong streams of Styx' dark flood escapèd free.

XLVII.

"Now hates he me, and Thetis' will works out,

"Who kiss'd his knees, and took with hand his chin,

"Beseeching him t' avenge Achilles stout.

"But yet 'Glaucopis dear' he'll say again.

"But th' whole-hoof steeds thou harness for us twain,

"While I to ægis-arm'd Zeus' house do go,

"And don my arms for fight, and see if fain

"Plum'd Hector Priam's son will be, when through

"The bridge-like intervals of war ourselves we show."
XLVIII.

"Some Trojan, sure, shall satiate dogs and birds

"With fat and flesh, at th' Achive vessels smit."

She said, and Herè heark'ned to her words.
The gold-trapp'd coursers Herè harness'd straight,

Goddess august, the child of Kronos great.
Athenè, ægis-arm'd Zeus' daughter, on
Her father's pavement pour'd th' elaborate
Fair veil, her hands had made, and putting on
Cloud-girt Zeus' tunic, arm'd for tearful war anon.

XLIX.

On the bright car she stepp'd, and grasp'd her spear

Huge, massy, strong. Men's hero-ranks doth quell

Therewith the anger'd child of potent sire.

With whip did Herè swift the steeds impel.

Self-moving creak'd the gates where sentinel

The Hours that keep Olympus, and the sky,

And have to lift, and fall the thick cloud-veil.

Through these the goaded steeds then did they ply,

And wroth was Zeus when he beheld from Ida high.

L.

Rous'd Iris, gold-wing'd herald:— "Haste and go,

"Swift Iris, turn, nor let them further on,

"For we in war shall ill encounter so.

"But this I say, and 'twill in sooth be done,

"I'll in their chariot lame their steeds, and down

"Dash from their seat themselves, and break their car.

"Nor will in ten full years revolving round

"The gashes heal, where'er the lightnings mar:

"So may Glaukopis know if 'gainst her sire she war.
LI.

"Not Herè blame I thus, my wrath so rise,
"For cross me is her wont." He said, and she
Storm-footèd Iris on her message hies.
Down Ida's mountains went she hastily
T' Olympus long, and where the first gates be
Of many-valed Olympus them she met,
And stopp'd, and told Zeus' message: — "Whither ye?
"What madness drives? For Zeus will not permit
"Your aiding Argives. Thus too Kronos' son doth threat:

LII.

"He'll in your chariot lame your steeds, and down
"Dash from your seat yourselves, and break the car,
"Nor will in ten full years revolving round
"The gashes heal where'er the lightnings mar.
"So may'st thou know, Glaucopis, if thou war
"Against thy sire. He blames not Herè here,
"Nor is so wroth, for aye he's cross'd of her.
"But thou, O shameless hound, withouten fear,
"If thou presume 'gainst Zeus to lift thy pond'rous spear — "

LIII.

So said, away did swift-foot Iris go
And Herè then Athenè thus address'd: —
"Ah! child of Zeus, no longer I'll allow
"That we with Zeus for mortals' sake contest,
"Die they or live as haps. What deems he best
"'Twixt Trojans and Achaëans let him judge as fit."
She said, and th' whole-hoof'd steeds back turning press'd.
Th' Hours loos'd the fair-man'd steeds, and tied them at
Th' ambrosial cribs. And chariot 'gainst the bright wall set.
LIV.
The pair on golden couches sat among
The other gods, sore griev'd. And Zeus the Sire
From Ida to Olympus drove along
His steeds, and well-wheel'd car, and came to where
The gods then sat. The fam'd Earth-Shaker there
His coursers loos'd, and chariot in its nook
Put by, and 'fore it spread the curtain fair.
And wide-voic'd Zeus himself his seat then took
On golden throne, and 'neath his feet Olympus shook.

LV.
Athenè sat and Herè sole apart
From Zeus, nor spake him aught, nor question made,
But he perceiv'd, and said: — "Why thus at heart
"Are ye Athenè, now, and Herè sad?
"For in the man-ennobling fight ye've had
"No toiling long, the Trojans there to slay,
"On whom ye have your fearful anger laid.
"For such my strength, and hands' resistless sway
"Not all Olympus' gods united turn me may.

LVI.
"But fear first seiz'd your lustrous limbs ere seen
"War yet ye had, or wond'rous feats of war.
"But this I say, and it perform'd had been,
"By lightning smit ye'd not upon your car
"Return'd t' Olympus where the gods' seats are."
He said. Pallas and Herè groan'd with ire,
Close sat they woes for Trojans plotting there.
Athenè held her peace. 'Gainst Zeus her sire
Sore wroth she was, and seiz'd her wildest anger dire.
LVII.

Here her wrath not held, but answer'd so:
"Dread Kronides, what hast thou said? Full well
"Thy strength invincible we all do know,
"Yet for th' Achaean warriors sad we feel
"Who perishing their evil fate fulfil.
"From war we'll yet, if so thou bidst, abstain,
"But counsel good to th' Argives give we will,
"That all be not in thy displeasure slain."
To her in answer spake cloud-gathering Zeus again:—

LVIII.

"To-morrow morn yet stronger Kronos' son
"Mayst thou if 't please thee, ox-ey'd Herè, see
"An army huge of Argives smiting down.
"For cease from war strong Hector 'll not till he
"Uprouse Pelides by the ships, the day
"They at their ship-sterne fight in fearful strait
"About Patroclus slain. Such fate's decree.
"For thee though wrath I reck not, though thou get
"Where be of earth and sea the utmost borders set.

LIX.

"Iapetus and Kronos on the ground
"There sit, nor sun's bright lustre passing o'er
"Enjoy, nor winds, but Tartarus profound
"On every side. Though wand'ring to that shore
"Thou come I care not for thy wrath, since more
"Audacious thing than thou in sooth is none."
He said. Nor white-arm'd Herè answer'd more.
In ocean fell the lustrous light of sun
And drew black night on foodful fost'ring earth adown.
LX.

Unwish'd of Trojans sank the light, but glad
To th' Argives came thrice welcome pitchy night.
The Trojans then apart convening led
From ships to whirling river Hector bright,
Where clear of dead a space. They there alight
From off their steeds, and Hector speaking hear.
Th' eleven-cubit lance he held, and bright
The brass head 'fore him gleamèd of the spear,
And round it shining ran the golden circlet clear.

LXI.

On this he leant and spake wing'd words withal:—
"Hear Trojans, Dardans, and allies! E'en now
"The ships destroy'd and the Achæans all,
"Methought I should to gusty Ilium go;
"But darkness first hath come, and savèd so
"Argives and ships on fretted marge of sea.
"To sable night let 's now obedience show,
"Our meal prepare, and from the chariots free
"The fair-man'd steeds, and fling them food abundantly.

LXII.

"Fetch from the city oxen and fat sheep
"With speed, and gladd'ning wine, and bread too bring
"From home, and store of wood abundant heap.
"For through the night till morning's daughter spring
"Full many fires we'll burn that shall up-fling
"Their lustre to the sky, lest during night
"Th' Achæans comely hair'd endeavouring
"Do o'er the sea's broad backs direct their flight.
"See they their barks not mount in peace nor scathless quite,
LXIII.

"But each with wounds at home to look-to go
"With arrow smitten or with keen-edg'd spear,
"As on his ship he leaps. May others so
"To bring war woful melancholy here
"On us steed-taming Trojan warriors fear.
"Let Zeus-lov'd heralds order through the town
"The beardless youths, and hoary elders there
"About the city watch the towers upon,
"And women in their dwellings burn huge fire each one.

LXIV.

"Let constant guard be kept, for fear the town
"Some ambush enter, while the folk away.
"Be 't as I've said, ye high-soul'd Trojans, done.
"And now I've spoke what fitting was to-day;
"What fits the morn I'll mong the Trojans say.
"Zeus and the gods I trustful pray to sweep
"From hence these fate-conducted hounds away,
"Whom fates in sable ships brought o'er the deep.
"But we by night ourselves with watchful guard will keep.

LXV.

"By morrow's dawn we will, full harnessed,
"At th' hollow ships fierce battle rouse. I'll see
"If Tydeus' son, the mighty Diomed,
"Will thrust me from the ships, or whether slay
"Himself I shall with spear, and bear away
"The blood-stain'd spoils. His valor morn will try,
"If he my coming spear abiding stay.
"But 'mong the first, methinks, he'll wounded lie
"With many comrades round, when sun-rise lights the sky.
LXVI.

"Would that immortal, and from old age free,
"With honor such as men t' Apollo show
"Or Pallas, I in sooth might honor'd be
"So sure as day will bring the Argives woe."
He said. The Trojans shout applause. And now
The sweating steeds unyoking, each before
His chariot tied. From town they bring not slow
Sheep, oxen, wine, and bread, and gather store
Of wood. The scent from earth to sky the winds up-bore.

LXVII.

Elate on bridge of war so sat they down
All night, and fires a many kindled there.
As in the sky when round the glist'ring moon
The stars in all their loveliness appear,
And no wind stirs, apparent all and clear
The watch-towers, mountain-peaks, and thickets been,
And over-head th' unfathomable air
Opes wide, and all the countless stars are seen,
And in his heart the shepherd joyeth at the scene.

LXVIII.

In number so the Trojan fires between
The ships and Xanthus' streams 'fore Ilium seem.
A thousand fires were burning through the plain;
By each sat fifty in the blazing gleam.
The steeds white barley champ and oaten grain,
And nigh the chariots, waiting well-thron'd morn, remain.
Such watch the Trojans kept. While heav'n-struck flight, Chill fear's companion, th' Achives held, and woe Insuff'ralble did all the bravest smite.
As two winds stir the fishy sea, that so Both North and West from out of Thracia blow And sudden come: the dark flood lifts its crest, While from the sea abundant weed they throw. So torn th' Achæans' minds within each breast. Atrides then, his heart with heavy grief opprest,

Went forth and bade the clear-voic'd heralds call To th' gath'ring each by name, but silence keep. Himself the chief distrest. They seat them all Deject. Rose Agamemnon, and did weep As darkling water-fount that from a steep Goat-baffling rock its black stream poureth down. So he to th' Argives spake, and sigh'd deep:— "Friends, Argive chiefs and princes ev'ry one, "With mischief tangled me has Zeus high Kronos' son.
"Cruel! from well-wall’d Ilium’s overthrow
"He promis’d me return. Now bent on guile
"My folk so slain to Argos bids me go
"Disgrac’d. But such o’erpowering Zeus’ high will,
"Who many towns hath made their tops to vail,
"And will yet more, whose might ’s o’er every one.
"But come let ’s all do what I say, make sail
"And flee, and to our country dear be gone,
"Nor longer hope to capture Ilium’s wide-street town.”

"Thee crafty Kronos’ son but half-endow’d.
"With sceptre gave ’fore all rever’d to be,
"That chiefest strength yet gave not, fortitude.
"Friend, seem th’ Achæans’ sons indeed to thee
"So weak and spiritless as thou dost say?
"If thine own mind so urge return, then go;
"Thy way is clear thy many ships by sea
"That from Mycenæ came. We else I trow
"Long-hair’d Achæans here will stay, and Troy o’erthrow.
VI.
"If these too will, in ships then let them fly,
"Back to their native land. Not less will we,
"Continue fighting, Sthenelus and I,
"Until we shall an end of Ilium see:
"We came not here withouten deity."
He said, th' Achæans' sons with shouting did
Applaud him all, amaz'd admiring they
The speech of steed-subduing Diomed.
Among them rising Nestor charioteer then said:—

VII.
"Thou'rt chief in war, Tydides, and in rede,
"All passest of thy years. This speech of thine
"Blame or oppose no Achive will indeed.
"Nathless thou dost not counsel's sum attain,
"Thou'rt young and mightst my youngest son have been,
"Yet speak'st to th' Argive kings in prudent wise
"And sayst aright. But I thy senior then
"Will all discuss, and in my speech comprise,
"Which speech will none, not Agamemnon's self, despise.

VIII.
"A tribeless, lawless, hearthless man is he
"Whoever loveth war intestine, dire.
"But let us now in sooth obedient be
"To sable night, and supper straight prepare.
"And let the watchers each one couchen there
"Close by the trench we dug outside the wall.
"These mandates for the youthful warriors are.
"Then take the lead, Atrides, thou of all
"Supreme. The elders feast, behoves thee so withal.
"Tents full thou hast of wine, which bring to thee
"The ships of the Achæans every day
"From out of Thracia o'er the wide-stretch'd sea.
"Thou'st means of entertainment full. Thy sway
"O'er many. Many gath'ring then obey
"Thou him who counsels best. Good rede and bright
"All Achives need, when foes our ships a-nigh
"Burn many fires. Who could in these delight?
"Disperse our host, or save it will this very night."

He said. They gladly hear him and obey.
Forth haste the watchers arm'd. There Nestoride,
Folk-shepherd Thrasymèdes, there too they
Ascàlaphus, Iàlmen Ares-bred;
There Merion, Aphareus, Deipyrus sped,
And godlike Lycomèdes, Creon's son.
Se'en chiefs of watch there were. A hundred led,
Of warriors wielding lengthy spears each one.
Forth issuing these 'twixt trench and wall then sat them
down.

There fires they kindled each, and supper set.
Meanwhile Atrides led unto his tent
Th' Achæan elders all assembling met,
And there a banquet to their hearts' content
Before them plac'd. For meat and drink when sent
Away they had all appetite, and zest,
The sire first 'gan devise a craft intent,
Nestor, whose counsel erst had seem'd the best.
Who them all-prudently haranguing thus address'd:
"Atrides, thou most glorious, king of men,
"O Agamemnon, I'll in thee make end,
"With thee begin. For thou dost sovereign reign
"O'er many folk, and Zeus hath to thine hand
"Entrusted sceptre, and the laws that stand
"For thy consulting. Fits thee speak, and hear
"And crown what other's soul doth him command
"To speak for good. Since thy resolve, 'tis clear,
"Must hold. I'll utter what to me doth best appear.

"For better thought none other 'll think than this
"That I have thought before, and still do now,
"E'er since, Zeus-born, thou taking Briseïs
"Away from wroth Achilles' tent didst go.
"But not with our consent. For thee I trow
"Did I with many words dissuade. Nathless
"Thou yielding to thine own strong mind didst so,
"A man most valiant, whom the gods do grace,
"Insult, and torn away his prize dost still possess.

"Consult we how appeasing him persuade
"With soothing gifts, and gentle speech we may.”
To him men's sovran Agamemnon said: —
"O Father, thou dost of my folly say
"But truth. I've sinn'd, myself will not deny.
"For like a host the man so lov'd of Zeus,
"Who gracing him th' Achaean folk doth slay.
"But since I've sinn'd through mine ill mind's abuse,
"I would propitiate; and presents give profuse.
XV.
"The splendid gifts I'll name before you all.
"Sev'n tripods ne'er had fire, gold talents ten,
"Bright caldrons twenty, coursers twelve withal,
"Prize-winners strong, whose feet have prizes ta'en.
"Not poor a man nor lacking gold had been
"With all my whole-hoof'd steeds have won for me.
"And lovely work-skill'd Lesbian women se'en
"I'll give, which erst when Lesbos ta'en had he
"I chose, that fair beyond the tribes of women be.

XVI.
"I'll give him these. She'll with them be whom then
"I took, Briseis. Solemn oath I'll swear
"Her couch I've ne'er approach'd, nor with her been
"As is men's wont, and men with women are.
"All these at once. If Priam's city e'er
"The gods vouchsafe we take, lade ships he may
"With gold and brass when th' Achives booty share.
"And Trojan women twenty choose shall he
"Himself, that after Argive Helen fairest be.

XVII.
"But Achive Argos, breast of earth, if e'er
"We reach, as son he'd like my sole one be
"Orestes, held of me in foison there.
"And in my well-built palace daughters three
"Have I, Chrysothemis, Laodice,
"And Iphianassa. Her it likes him have
"Of these withouten dowry take he free
"To Peleus' home. And dotal presents brave
"I'll many give, as ne'er yet man to daughter gave.
XVIII.
"Sev'n peopled towns I'll give, Cardamylè,
Enòpè, Hira green, Phërae divine,
Anthéia eke, whose meads deep herbag'd be,
Æpeia fair, Pëdasus of the vine.
All these by sea, at Pylos' last confine.
There men in flocks and herds abounding stay,
Who'll honour him with gifts as one divine,
And splendid tribute 'neath his sceptre pay.
I'll these perform if he will put his wrath away.

XIX.
"Then let him yield. Stern Hades is unyielding,
So him of all the gods men most abhor.
Yield he to me, as power more sovereign wielding,
Who am in years too him so far before."
Gerenian horseman Nestor spake once more:—
"Atrides Agamemnon, king of men,
Renown'd, t' Achilles no mean gifts make o'er
Wouldst thou. Some choice men quick despatch we then
Shall to the tent of Peleus' son Achilles wend.

XX.
"But come, I'll choose out these, let them comply :
And first of all let Zeus-lov'd Phoenix lead,
Then Ajax huge, divine Odysseus high;
Hodius, Eurybates of heralds yede.
Bring water for our hands, bid prayer be made,
Zeus Kronides to pity us implore."
So speaking, word that pleas'd them all he said.
Quick on their hands the heralds water pour,
And then the youths with wine the mixing-bowls brim o'er.
XXI.

They dealt to all, and cups did auspicate; Libation done when drank their fill they sped From Agamemnon's tent. Injunctions strait And strict Gerenian horseman Nestor laid, Each eyeing, chief Odysseus, that persuade The faultless son of Peleus they should try. By shore of sounding sea they went, and pray'd Gird-earth, Earth-shaker earnest on their way, That easy move Æacides' firm mind they may.

XXII.

Myrmidons' tents and vessels reach'd they find Him. there, his soul delighting with the lyre Sonorous, lovely, cunning-wrought, and join'd With silver yoke. This from the spoils whilere He took when sack'd Eétion's city fair. So sooth'd his mind, and sang men's glorious deeds. Patroclus sole sat silent list'ning there Until Pelides end his song. Proceeds The embassage, the way godlike Odysseus leads.

XXIII.

They 'fore him stood. Achilles with surprise Up-sprang, with lyre in hand, and left his seat. Patroclus too, when seen the men, did rise. Swift-foot Achilles speaking them did greet: — "All welcome friends! Some need hath you beset "Whom I, though wroth, of Achives hold most dear." So brought them in Achilles swift of feet, On couches plac'd, and purple carpet-gear. Then quick address'd Patroclus who was standing near:—
"A largish bowl Menoetius' son now set,
"And wine mix strong, and cup for each one place
"For men most dear that 'neath my tent are met."

He said. Patroclus straight his friend obeys,
While he a flesh-tray flung i' th' fire's bright blaze.
Therein the back of sheep, and fat she-goat,
Therein, too, fatted boar's rich chine he lays.
Held these Automedon, Achilles cut.
These cut in morsels well he hung the spits about.

Menoetius' son, the godlike man, a fire
There kindled huge, and when the fire now had
Burnt down, and with'ring did the flame expire,
He stretch'd the spits o'er burning embers spread.
Show'red sacred salt as raise fro' th' stands he did,
And on the dressers all, when roasted, pour'd.
Patroclus serv'd in baskets fair the bread,
The meat Achilles, seated at the board
By th' opp'site wall, divine Odysseus facing tow'rd.

To th' gods make off'ring he Patroclus bade,
Who firstling morsels in the fire did fling.
They stretch'd their hands to th' food before them laid.
Quell'd thirst and hunger, Ajax motioning
To Phœnix made. Odysseus saw the thing,
And wine-cup filling pledg'd Achilles he:
"Achilles hail! Lack not good banqueting
"B' Atrides Agamemnon's tent do we,
"Nor here, where many grateful things for feasting be.
XXVII.

"But not for pleasant banquet-works we care."
"Calamity, O Zeus-fed, sore we see,
"And dread. And doubt if 'scape or perish there
"The well-bench'd ships, unless thy bravery.
"Thou don. For camp by th' wall and vessels they
"The haughty Trojans, and far-call'd allies,
"Burn many fires, through th' host, nor hinder'd say
"They'll longer be, but of the ships make prize.
"Zeus Kronides them fav'ring lightens from the skies.

XXVIII.

"And Hector in his strength round glaring dire
"Fierce rages, trusting Zeus he nought doth fear
"Or men or gods. Him frenzy doth inspire.
"He prays that morn divine may soon appear,
"And threatens he our vessels' prows will shear,
"And burn the ships with fire, th' Achæans kill,
"Astounded in the smoke the ships a-near.
"And sore I fear me in my mind that will
"Th' immortal gods these menacings of his fulfil.

XXIX.

"I fear in Troas perish is our fate
"From steed-apt Argos far. But up, and haste,
"If minded to defend, albeit late,
"From Trojan force th' Achæans' sons distrest.
"For sorrow will hereafter touch thy breast.
"No cure's for evil done. 'Fore-hand th' ill day
"Of Danai bethink thee how t' arrest.
"To thee thy father Peleus, when away
"From Phthia to Atrides sent thee, friend, did say:
XXX.

"My son, strength Hérè and Athenè 'll give
"If 't please them. Thou thy spirit keep controll'd
"I' th' breast; for better 's gentleness. And leave
"All noxious strife. So thee the more will hold
"In honor th' Argives all both young and old.' —
"So bade the Sire, but thou'st forgot. Thy bent
"E'en now relax, thine anger fierce withhold,
"Gifts worthy 'll Agamemnon give, relent
"But thou from wrath. What gifts he promis'd in his tent,

XXXI.

"If thou wilt hearken I'll recount them all:
"Sev'n tripods ne'er had fire, gold talents ten,
"Bright caldrons twenty, coursers twelve withal,
"Prize-winners strong, whose feet have prizes ta'en.
"Not poor the man nor lacking gold had been
"With all Atrides' steeds have borne away.
"And lovely work-skill'd Lesbian women se'en
"He'll give, which when thou 'dst Lesbos taken, he
"Did choose, that fair beyond the tribes of women be.

XXXII.

"He'll give thee these. She'll with them be whom then
"He took, Briseis. Solemn oath he'll swear
"Her couch he's ne'er approach'd, nor with her been
"As is men's wont, and men with women are.
"All these at once. But Priam's town if c'er
"Gods grant we take, thy ships lade shalt thou free
"With gold and brass when th' Achives booty share,
"And Trojan women twenty choose for thee,
"That after Argive Helen shall the loveliest be.
"But Achive Argos, breast of earth, if e'er
"We reach, his son thou 'dst like his sole one be,
"Orestes, held of him in foison there.
"And in his well-built palace daughters three
"He hath, Chrysothemis, Laodice,
"And Iphianassa. Her it likes thee have
"Of these, withouten dowry take thou free
"To Peleus, home. And dotal presents brave
"He'll many give, as ne'er yet man to daughter gave:

XXXIII.

XXXIV.

"Sev'n peopled towns he'll give, Cardamylè,
"Enòpè, Hira green, Pheræ divine,
"Antheia eke, whose meads deep herbag'd be,
"Æpeia fair, Pædasus of the vine,
"All near the sea, at Pylos' last confine.
"There men in flocks and herds abounding stay,
"Who 'll honour thee with gifts as one divine,
"And splendid tribute 'neath thy sceptre pay.
"He'll these perform if thou thy wrath will put away.

XXXV.

"But if Atrides thou dost so detest
"At heart, himself and gifts, compassionate
"The other Panachæans sore distrest
"Throughout the host, who'll thee in honor set
"As god. Of them thou 'dst have now glory great.
"For Hector now thou 'dst take, who'll come full nigh
"In 's rage distract, who boasts none him can mate
"Of all that ships brought here of Danai."

To him then spake swift-foot Achilles in reply: —
XXXVI.

"Zeus-sprung Laertes' son, in wiles deep-skill'd,
"Odysseus, now behoves me speak out plain
"E'en as I think, and will be sure fulfill'd,
"That none lamenting me beset again.
"For him I hate as gates of Hades e'en
"Who 'll one thing hide in 's breast, another say.
"I'll speak my mind. Not move me will I ween
"Atrides, nor the other Danai,
"Since small the thanks for fighting foes incessantly.

XXXVII.

"Like shareth if one lag, or vig'rous fight,
"Like honor too for coward and for brave,
"Dies as the sluggard, so the toiling wight.
"No profit of my mind's sore toil I have,
"That aye my soul to battle's peril gave.
"As bird its callow young whate' er of food
"It findeth brings, herself doth scant fare leave,
"So many sleepless nights, and days of blood,
"Men combating, I've spent, in these men's wives' sole feud.

XXXVIII.

"Twelve sooth with ships I've cities sack'd of men;
"On foot I think eleven Troas through.
"From all have treasures bright and many ta'en,
"And yielded all to Agamemnon, who
"Receiv'd them staying with the ships, and few
"Distributing, the many did retain.
"Gifts gav e to th' chiefs and kings, which keep they do
"Secure. From me alone of th' Achives hath he ta'en
"And keeps my pleasing spouse. Let him enjoy her then.
XXXIX.

"Why Argives Trojans fight? Why host thus far
"Atrides led? Was 't not for Helen fair?
"The only men that love their wives then are
"Th' Atrides? Brave and prudent every where
"Her that 's his own doth love, for her doth care.
"So from my soul I've this one lov'd albeit
"The captive of my spear. Now after her
"My prize he 's ta'en, and practis'd this deceit,
"Let him not try me more, he'll not persuade a whit.

XL.

"Let him with thee, Odysseus, and the kings
"Contrive from fire of foes his ships to keep.
"He hath withouten me done many things,
"A wall hath built, and trench before it steep,
"Broad, huge hath drawn, and stakes in-driven deep,
"Nor yet can slaught'ring Hector's force withstand.
"While I 'mong th' Acheives warr'd by th' wall he'd keep,
"Came but to th' Scæan gates and beech. A stand
"He made there once, and scarce escapèd from my hand.

XLI.

"Now since I'll fight not Hector godlike one,
"To-morrow, rites paid Zeus and gods as wont,
"My laden ships, when I've to sea drawn down,
"Thou'lt see, if 't please thee take thereof account,
"Full early sailing fishy Hellespont
"My barks, with men who'll no slack rowing ply.
"Fair passage if fam'd Shake-earth give upon 't,
"The third day gleby Phthia 's reach'd, where lie
"A many things I left here coming lucklessly.
XLII.

"More gold, red brass, fair women, iron bright
"Hence take I, mine by lot. My guerdon he
"Who gave it Agamemnon took, with slight.
"To him then all I've said speak openly,
"That other Achives too indignant be,
"If some Danaian yet he hopes to cheat,
"Aye clad in impudence. But eyes on me
"Let him, though bold, adventure not to set.
"I'll nought with him in rede or deed communicate.

XLIII.

"Me hath he ilk'd and wrong'd, but ne'er again
"With words will cheat. Enough. Let him be still
"And perish. Zeus all-wise his wits hath ta'en.
"His gifts I hate, himself I count at nil.
"Though give me ten or twenty times he will
"What now he hath or 'll come to him, or e'er
"Orchomenus or e'en Egyptian Thebes did fill,
"Where wealth's most hous'd, where gates a hundred
"Are,
"At each out pass two hundred men with steed and car.

XLIV.

"Though gifts he'd give as sand or dust, not me
"The more would Agamemnon turn aside
"Ere paid me all that vex-soul contumely.
"Atrides Agamemnon's daughter, bride
"Of mine should never be. Though lovely vied
"In form with golden Aphrodité she,
"And match'd in skill Athenè azure-ey'd,
"I'd wed her not. Some Achive else choose he
"Shall match with him of higher regal dignity."
XLV.
"If gods preserve and bring me home, for me
"Will Peleus' self for spousals wife provide.
"Achaean girls through Hellas, Phthia be
"No lack, whose chieftain-sires o'er towns preside.
"Of these the one that I shall choose, my bride
"Belov'd I'll make, and thither soothly does
"My manly soul vehemently now guide
"To wed a lawful wife, a fitting spouse,
"The wealth sire Peleus heap'd enjoying in repose.

XLVI.
"To me nought equals life, not all that fame
"Reports possest by Ilium's well-dwelt town,
"While peace was ere th' Achaens' sons yet came,—
"Nor all that rocky Pytho's fane of stone
"Phæbus Apollo's holdeth, darting one.
"By rapine may we beeves and fat sheep gain,
"And tripods too, and ruddy steeds be won;
"But soul of man will ne'er return again,
"Be seiz'd or ta'en, that past his fence of teeth 93 hath been.

XLVII.
"My goddess-mother, Thetis Silver-Foot,
"Hath said two several fates to death's bourn wend.
"If staying here I combat Ilium 'bout,
"Dies my return, my glory ne'er will end.
"If homewards to my country dear I bend,
"Dies bright renown, be long my life though will,
"Nor death o'ertake me with too speedy end.
"And I'd advise the rest that home they sail;
"For find the end of lofty Ilium now ye'll fail.
XLVIII.

"With hand doth wide-voic'd Zeus so cover it,
"Her folk take heart. But go, your message say
"To th' Acheive chiefs as envoys doth befit,
"That they devise some other better way
"That save their ships and folk Achæan may
"In th' hollow ships, as through my wrath doth fail
"Their now device. But Phœnix with us stay,
"To country dear to-morrow with me sail.
"That's if he please, for I'll not take him 'gainst his will."

XLIX.

He said. And all grew silent, wond'ring they
At this his speech, who rough denial gave.
At length did drive-steed Phœnix sire thus say,
And wept hot tears; for he sore dread did have
For th' Acheive ships:—"If, bright Achilles brave,
"Return thou hast in mind determin'd on,
"Nor wilt from raging fire the swift ships save,
"Since wrath has seiz'd thy soul, how then dear son
"Should I here reft of thee be left behind alone?

L.

"Me with thee sent Sire spur-steed Peleus when
"From Phthia to Atrides sent he thee,
"A child unskill'd in war, that's all men's teen,
"Unskill'd t' harangue where chieftains meet, so me
"He sent all these to teach thee, both to be
"Speaker of speech, of deeds a doer too.
"Wherefore dear son I'd not be left of thee,
"Though promis'd me a god to cause me mew
"Old age, and blooming youth as then make me anew;
LI.
"When fair-dam'd Hellas first I left to shun
"Strife with my sire Amyntor Ormenide,
"Wroth for his concubine, the fair-tress'd one
"He lov'd, my mother slighting whom he'd wed;
"Who on her knees besought me first to bed
"The concubine that th' old man her might hate.
"I did. My sire straight knew, and furies dread
"Invok'd, did curses on me imprecate,
"And pray'd no child of mine might on his knees be set.

LII.
"His curses, sooth, the gods fulfill'd withal,
"Infernal Zeus, Persephoneia dire.
"There could my mind no more endure at all
"To stay i' th' palace with my anger'd sire.
"Kinsmen and friends with prayers my stay desire,
"And store fat sheep they slew, and trail-foot kine
"With crumpled horn. And o'er Hephaistos' fire
"Were singeing stretch'd a many full fat swine,
"And from the old man's jars was drank abundant wine.

LIII.
"Nine nights by turns they watching 'bout me slept,
"Nor fires put out. By th' court-yard porch was one,
"In th' entrance-hall by th' chamber-doors one kept.
"But when on me the tenth dark night came down
"My well-join'd chamber-doors I brake anon
"And leap'd the court-yard fence with ease, to th' men
"That watch'd and women-servants unbeknown.
"I fled through Hellas wide, and Phthia then
"Sheep-mother fertile reach'd, where did king Peleus reign.
LIV.

"And willingly receiv'd and lov'd me he
"As sire his only son, begot when old
"To vast possessions heir. Rich made he me
"And much folk gave; at Phthia's bounds to hold
"O'er the Dolopians sway. So did enfold
"My heart's love thee, thou match for gods divine,
"That nor at home nor out, Achilles bold,
"Wouldst eat, till seated on these knees of mine
"With meat I fed thee, mincèd small, and proffer'd wine.

LV.

"Thou'st wetted oft my tunic on my breast,
"Out-sputt'ring wine 96 in froward infancy.
"Yea much I've borne and toil'd for thee, possest,
"That as the gods none issue gave to me,
"I would, godlike Achilles, make of thee
"A son might me from ill one day defend.
"Thy great soul curb, Achilles. Fits not be
"Relentless thou. The gods themselves do bend,
"Though they in excellency, honor, strength transcend.

LVI.

"For them with sacrifice and soothing vows,
"Libation, savor, men propitiate,
"Entreating if transgress or sin one does.
"For Prayers the daughters be of Zeus the great.
"Lame, wrinkled they, their eyes askance are set,
"And Mischief follow they with care to heal.
"But Mischief vig'rous, and of footing straight,
"Outruns them all, through earth beforehand still
"Afflicting men. And these behind redress the ill.
LVII.

"He that reveres Zeus' daughters drawing nigh,
"Him profit much, and praying hearken they.
"But who refuseth, and doth stern deny,
"To Kronos' son great Zeus they go and pray
"That Mischief foll'wing him with hurt repay.
"But thou, Achilles, let Zeus' daughters get
"The honor which the noblest minds doth sway.
"If gifts not brought, and others promis'd yet
"Atrides had, but kept his anger obstinate,

LVIII.

"Not I had bade thee cast off wrath, and aid.
"The Argives though they need. But now he'll straight
"Give much, and promise more. And men beside,
"The chief and choice of th' Achive folk, t' entreat
"Hath sent, to thee most dear. Whose speech and feet
"Put not to shame, though justly wroth before.
"For so the praises we have heard repeat
"Of heroes old, when seiz'd them anger sore,
"They'd gifts accept, hear speech, and then their wrath was o'er.

LIX.

"I call to mind a fact not late, but old,
"How 'twas. And, friends, I'll tell it all of you.
"Fought the Curetes with th' Ætolians bold
"At Calydon, and they each other slew.
"Defend fair Calydon th' Ætolians do,
"Which spoil in war would the Curetes brave.
"From gold-thron'd Artemis this evil grew,
"Wroth that his field's first fruits to her not gave
"Æneus, when hecatombs the other gods did have.
LX.

"To th' daughter sole of mighty Zeus gave none,
"Unheeding or forgot, in mind misled.
"Wroth then the Zeus-sprung arrow-loving one
"A wild boar sent, white-tusk'd and forest-bred
"That haughty Æneus' lands much mischief did;
"Tall trees with roots and apple-bloom o'erthrew
"In heaps. Him Meleager slaughtered,
"Æneus' son, who from cities many drew
"Hunters and dogs, for conquer it could not a few.

LXI.

"'Twas such. And many mount the dismal pyre
"It made. For 'ts head and bristly hide huge rout
"The anger'd goddess stirr'd and battle dire
"Twixt the Curetes and Ætolians stout.
"While Meleager, lov'd of Ares, fought,
"With the Curetes ill it far'd. For stay
"Without the wall though num'rous they could not.
"But wrath seiz'd Meleager, which doth sway
"And swell the mind of others, wise albeit they.

LXII.

"With 's mother he, Althæa, sore irate
"By 's spouse fair Cleopatra lay, whom bare
"Evenus' daughter ankled-delicate
"Marpissa t' Idas. Strongest he of men then were,
"And Phæbus face with bow he did for fair
"Sweet-ankled spouse. In palace her y-clepe
"Alcyonè did sire and mother dear.
"For like the sad Alcyonè did weep
"Her mother when Apollo capt'ring her would keep.
LXIII.

"With her thus Meleager gnaw-soul ire
"Y-brooding lay, enraged for that pray
"His mother did the gods with curses dire,
"Griev'd for his brother slain. In thresher's way
"She did with hands the fertile earth belay,
"Call'd Hades and Persephoneia dread,
"Crouch'd on her knees, with tear-wet breast, to sway
"The powers to kill her son. Through darkness did
"From Erebus Erinnys hear, to pity dead.

LXIV.

"Quick round the gates the din and tumult hot
"Of foesmen batt'ring 'gainst the towers rose high.
"And him th' Ætolian elders sore besought,
"And sent the gods' chief priests in embassy
"To him to come, and drive the foe away.
"And promis'd guerdon large, and bade him where
"Sweet Calydon's rich plain most fertile lay
"Choose fifty acres, one half vine-yard fair
"Unplanted tilth the other, for his sep'rate share.

LXV.

"And much sire drive-steed Æneus him implores,
"And threshold clomb of 's chamber roof'd high,
"To pray his son, and shook the well-join'd doors.
"Much him his sisters eke and mother ply
"With prayers, but he the rather doth deny.
"Much too his friends and comrades, held most dear,
"but none
"The more persuade his soul in 's breast could they
"'Ere batter'd oft his room, and mounted on
"The towers did the Curetes fire the mighty town.
LXVI.
"The lovely spouse of Meleager then
"With tears besought him, and did all things say
"What woes in captur'd city hap to men:
"Of town to ashes burnt, how men they slay,
"And babes and wives deep-bosom'd drag away.
"His soul was touch'd their doings ill to hear,
"And straight he went and did his flesh array
"In glist'ring arms. Th' Ætolians' day severe
"Averting then, and gave his mind its full career.

LXVII.
"But they the many fair gifts gave not now,
"Yet all the same their woe averted he.
"But in thy mind the like resolve not thou.
"To that point bring thee ne'er the deity.
"To aid when burn the ships far worse will be.
"For gifts then come. Thee th' Achæans will revere
"As god. If war thou enter giftless, thee
"They'll honor less, though war man-slaught'ring drear
"Thou quell." Him answ'ring spake swift-foot Achilles here:—

LXVIII.
"Phœnix, friend, father! Zeus-lov'd, I not need
"Such grace. I look for grace from Zeus' decrees:
"By th' curved ships a grace shall last while breath
indeed
"Stays in my breast, and stir my precious knees.
"This else I say, remember thou, my ease
"Of mind with weeping and lament perplex
"No more, hero Atrides thus to please.
"Him love not lest to me thy friend thou wex ²⁵⁵
"Abhor'd. Vex him thou shouldst with me who me doth vex.
LXIX.

"My equal reign, and half my honor share.
They'll tell their message. Stay thou here, and ta'en
Thy sleep on good soft bed, with morning fair
Consult we home to go or here remain."
He said, and made Patroclus silent sign
With brow for Phœnix bed to lay thick-strown,
That think to leave the tent for home again
They sooner might. Then rose that godlike one
And utter'd speech, great Ajax son of Telamon.

LXX.

"Zeus-sprung Odysseus, thou, Laertes' crafty son,
Let's go. Our speech it seems hath miss'd its end,
Take word though ill to th' Danai anon
We should, who sitting there do us attend.
Achilles holdeth wrath that will not bend.
And harsh no kepe of comrades' love hath ta'en
That we by th' ships to him 'fore all extend.
Relentless. Yet for slaughter'd brother e'en
A man accepteth mulct, or for a son that's slain.

LXXI.

"This 'mong his folk abides, much ransom paid,
The other's heart and high soul's sooth'd to take
The price. But fierce implacable have made
The gods thy soul, and all for one girl's sake.
Now seven offer we of loveliest make,
And much besides. Take softer mind to thee,
Respect thy roof whose shelter we partake
Sent by the Danai. And fain would we
Thy most belov'd and dearest of Achæans be.
LXXII.

Him answering spake Achilles swift of feet:

"O Zeus-descended Ajax Telamon,
"Thou prince of men. All to my mind most meet
"Thou 'st said. But swells my heart with wrath when on
"That man I ever think, that Atreus' son,
"Who me has made to be of no account
"The Argives 'mong, as some despised one,
"Some alien fugitive be held is wont.
"But ye depart, and this your embassage recount.

LXXIII.

"Of bloody war I'll nought ere Priam's son,
"Y-slaught'ring Argives, Hector the divine
"Do reach the tents, and vessels Myrmidon,
"And burn the ships. At tent and black ship mine
"Slack fight will ardent Hector I opine."

He said. Each took the cup, libation made,
Then back, Odysseus leading, home again.
Patroclus then his comrades and the maidens bade
For Phœnix at the quickest strew a good thick bed.

LXXIV.

They strew'd the bed as bidden, fleeces fine,
A rug, and finest linen of the best.
There lay the Sire, and waited morn divine.
Achilles in his tent's recess took rest;
By 's side his Lesbian captive, loveliest
Fair Diomedè Phorbas' child, lay down.
Elsewhere Patroclus couch'd, with whom did nest
The well-zon'd Iphis, whom that godlike one
Achilles gave, when Scyros ta'en, Enyæus' town.
LXXV.
When these Atrides' tents had reach'd, to greet
Them were with golden goblets sooth not slow
Th' Achæans' sons, each rising from his seat
With questioning. But first men's sovereign so,
King Agamemnon ask'd: — "Say, will he now,
" Much-prais'd Odysseus, th' Achives' high renown,
" Protect the ships from burning by the foe,
" Or not, his haught mind's wrath relaxing none?"
Then spake Odysseus, much enduring godlike one: —

LXXVI.
" Atrides Agamemnon, king of men,
" He will not quench his wrath, that doth inflate
" Him more. Thee and thy gifts he doth disdain,
" And with the Argives bids deliberate
" How th' Achive folk and ships to save. And threat
" He doth with morning light he'll draw to sea
" The well-bench'd ships, with oars on each side set.
" And he'd advise the rest sail home, since ye
" The end of lofty Ilium now will never see.

LXXVII.
" With hand doth wide-voic'd Zeus so cover it
" Her folk take heart.—So spake he. These too can,
" Who with me were, avouch the same, to wit
" Ajax and heralds twain, both prudent men.
" Phœnix there sleep he bade; and with him wend
" I' th' ships the morn to country dear, if he
" So please; for he'll not take him 'gainst the grain."
He said. And all then hush'd in silence be
In wonder at his speech, who spake vehemently.
LXXVIII.

Long silent th' Achives' sons dejected were; At length spake Diomed: — "Atrides thou, "Men's sovran Agamemnon, would thou 'dst ne'er "Pelides pray'd, gifts many off'ring so. "He aye was proud, thou 'st made him prouder now. "But leave we him to go or stay as fall "It may. He then will fight when him thereto "His spirit prompts, or deity shall call: "But come, with what I say be we compliant all.

LXXIX.

"Now take your rest, but first your hearts delight "With bread and wine, for strength and force is here. "When shineth rosy-finger'd morning bright "Quick place the folk and steeds the ships a-near, "And urge them, fighting in the front career." He said. Him all the kings applauding greet, Tame-steed Tydides' speech amaz'd to hear. Then to their tents, perform'd libation meet, They wend, and couching take the gift of slumber sweet.
THE ILIAD.

BOOK X.

I.

The other Panachæan chieftains slept
By th' ships all night, subdu'd with gentle sleep;
But not Atrides Agamemnon kept,
Folk-shepherd, slumber sweet, for thinking deep.
As fair-tress'd Here's spouse doth lightning keep,
Preparing mighty rain, or hail or snow,
When snow o'er-whitens all the glebes a-heap,
Or bitter war's huge throat. From 's heart's depths so
Sigh'd Agamemnon oft. His midriff shook below.

II.

Oft as he look'd to th' Trojan plain astound
He saw the fires 'fore Ilium burning were, with
With voice of pipes, and reeds, and murm'ring sound
Of men. When th' host and ships Achæan there
He saw, he pluck'd from head th' uprooted hair
To Zeus on high, and groan'd his noble breast.
And first to Nestor Neleus' son repair
Resolv'd, with whom devise some scheme might best
Deliv'rance bring to all the Danai distrest.
III.
He rose, with tunic clad his breast, and tied
Upon his shining feet his sandals fair,
Then round him wrapp’d a tawny lion’s hide,
Blood-red, that reach’d his heels. Then took his spear.
So Menelaus too a shudd’ring fear
Possess’d, nor slumber settled on his eyes,
Lest suffer might the Argives aught, who here
To Troy had come o’er vast extent of seas,
A war advent’rous bold up-stirring, him to please.

IV.
With skin of spotted leopard first he clad
His brawny back. And then he did uprear
His brazen helm and place it on his head;
And in his stalwart hand he took his spear;
And issu’d forth to wake his brother dear
Who o’er the Argives all did reign supreme
By ’s folk as god rever’d. In warlike gear
By ’s ship-stern arming him he found, and came
Most welcome. Menelaus brave first spake to him:—

V.
"Why honor’d brother harness’d thus? Wouldst ask
"Some comrade go the Trojans spy? But none
"I fear me much will undertake the task
"’Mong hostile men to go, and spy alone
"In stilly night. He’d be a stout-heart one."
Him answer’d sovereign Agamemnon thus:—
"We’ve need O Zeus-nurs’d Menelaus on
"Some cunning counsel light, may be of use
"Th’ Argives and ships to save, since chang’d the mind of
Zeus."
VI.
"He more affecteth Hector's sacrifice.
"For I've ne'er seen nor yet heard tell of one,
"A man in one sole day such things devise
"As Hector hath, Zeus-lov'd, to th' Achives done,
"Though not of goddess, nor of god the son.
"He's wrought what long in Argives' memories
"Will live. Such woes he's plann'd. By th' ships now run
"And Ajax call, Idomeneus likewise,
"And I'll to godlike Nestor go and urge him rise,

VII.
"If he will come to th' watchers' sacred band
"And counsel give; for him they chief obey,
"For 'tis his son that doth with Merion, friend
"Of King Idomeneus, the watchers sway.
"Whom gave we chief command." Then ans'ring say
Did Menelaus brave: — "What bidst me then
"Or what commandest? There with those to stay,
"Thy coming wait, or run to thee again
"When those I've told?" Then Agamemnon king of men:

VIII.
"Stay there for fear we one another miss
"By th' way, since through the camp roads many be.
"Call where thou comest, bid them watch; address
"Each man b' his father's name and family,
"And honour all, nor bear thee haughtily;
"For we must toil ourselves. For Zeus' intent
"Was from our birth t' inflict calamity."
He said, and, lesson'd well, his brother sent, While he himself to Nestor people-shepherd went.
IX.
And him by 's tent and black ship found he pight
On softest bed. At hand his weapons were,
The shield, and javelins twain, and helmet bright;
At hand the cunning wroughten girdle fair,
The sire was wont to gird him with whene'er
He arm'd for man-destroying war, and led
The folk. For sad old age he heeded ne'er.
Rais'd on his elbow, lifting up his head,
With speech he question'd Atreus' son, and said: —

X.
"Who by the ships thus roams the host alone
"At night, when other mortals sleeping been?
"Seek'st thou the watch, or of thy comrades one?
"Speak! Silent, come not near. What wouldst thou then?"
Him answer'd Agamemnon king of men: —
"O Nestor Neleus' son, Achæans' pride,
"Atrides Agamemnon do thou ken,
"On whom Zeus casteth toils 'fore all beside,
"While stir my limbs, and breath shall in my breast abide.

XI.
"I roam, for sits not on mine eyes sweet sleep,
"War and Achæans' woes forbid me rest.
"I fear for Danai. Nor firm doth keep
"My soul. But all astound and sore distrest
"Am I. My heart it leapeth from my breast.
"If thou canst aught (for sleep 's not come to thee)
"Let's to the watch and see, for fear, opprest
"With toil and sleep, they haply slumb'ring be,
"Their watch and vigilance forgetting totally.
XII.
"For foemen near encamp, nor aught we know
"But they by night may battle choose." Him then
Gerenian horseman Nestor answer'd so:
"Atrides Agamemnon, king of men,
"Renown'd! Not Hector's projects all I ween
"As he expects will Zeus the wise fulfil.
"But he'll himself with troubles more contend
"If once Achilles turn from anger fell
"His heart. But thee I'll follow sooth, with right good
will.

XIII.
"But others also let us rouse anon,
"Spear-fam'd Tydides, and Odysseus too,
"And Ajax swift, and Phyleus' valiant son;
"And if some one would forth to call them go,
"Godlike Ajax, Idomeneus I trow,
"Whose ships are farthest off, by no means nigh.
"But Menelaus dear and honor'd now
"I'll chide, nor, though thou'rt angry, hide it I,
"That thus he sleeps, and leaves thee sole these labours
ply.

XIV.
"Now stir he should and all the chieftains pray,
"For need hath come can borne no longer be."
Then Agamemnon king of men did say:
"Sire, blame him other ways I counsel thee,
"For often slack and loth to toil is he,
"Though not from sloth nor mind unskill'd, but look
"To me he doth, my leading waits to see.
"But now stood by me having far first woke,
"And him I've sent to summon those of whom thou'st
spoke.
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XV.

"But go we. Those we'll 'fore the gate o'ertake
"Among the watch, for meet I bade them there."
To him Gerenian horseman Nestor spake: —
"So 'll blame or disobey him any ne'er
"Of Argives, urge or bid he whomsoe'er."
He said, and donn'd his tunic 'bout his breast,
Tied on his shining feet his sandals fair,
In purple cloak did, buckling him, invest
Twofold and wide, on which the strong wool stood a-crest.

XVI.

And seiz'd his mighty spear brass pointed keen,
His way to th' brass-clad Achives' ships first took;
And Zeus-like counsellor Odysseus then
From sleep Gerenian horseman Nestor woke,
Loud calling. Straight the voice his senses strook.
He issued from his tent, and them address'd: —
"How is 't by th' ships through th' host ye wand'ring brook
"Alone b' ambrosial night? By need so press'd?"
Gerenian horseman Nestor answer thus express'd: —

XVII.

"Zeus-sprung Laertes' craft-accomplish'd son,
"Odysseus, chafe not. Woe hath th' Achives hent. 255
"But come we'll others summon fit upon
"Our flight or fight consult." He said. To 's tent
Then he the counsel-fraught Odysseus went,
Shoulder'd his varied shield, them follow'd then.
Their steps to Diomed Tydides bent,
They found him 'fore his tent with arms. His men,
Their heads upon their shields, around him sleeping been.
XVIII.

Their spears were on the spike ends fix'd upright. 
Like Zeus' own lightning shone the brass afar. 
But th' hero slept on wild bull's hide y-pight, 
And 'neath his head was stretch'd a carpet fair. 
Him stood Gerenian horseman Nestor near, 
Did rouse, and stir with foot, and plainly twit: —
" Up Tydeus' son. What all night sleepest there? 
" Seest not the Trojans on the plain's mound sit 
" A-near the ships, and small the space 'twixt us and it?"

XIX.

He said. Quick th' other sprang from sleep, and spake 
Wing'd words:" Hard art thou sire; toil stintest ne'er. 
" Are now no younger Achives who might wake 
" The kings each one, resorting everywhere? 
" But thou indomitable art O sire."
Again Gerenian horseman Nestor spoke: —
" Yea, friend, all this thou'st said aright and fair. 
" Sons have I famous sooth, and I have folk 
" And many, one whereof might go and these convoke.

XX.

" But reach'd th' Achæans hath sore need. For now 
" Doth stand on razor's edge t' Achæans all 
" Destruction dire or life. But do thou go, 
" And Ajax swift, and Phyleus' son up-call, 
" For younger thou and pitiest me withal."
He said. His shoulders th' other clad in skin 
Of tawny lion, huge, that to his feet did fall. 
He seiz'd his spear, and went and brought them in. 
They reach'd the gather'd watch, whose chiefs not slum-
b'ring ta'en,
XXI.

But watchful all sat arm’d. As dogs do hold
Hard watch o’er folded sheep, when wild beast heard
Through forest come from mountain to the fold,
Whereat huge din of men and dogs is stirr’d,
Their sleep destroy’d. So slumber sweet was scar’d
From eyelids theirs, who watch through night distrest,
And turn’d to th’ plain, ’gainst Trojans’ coming guard.
And them the Sire beheld with joyful breast,
And cheer’d with speech and wing’d words utt’ring thus
address’d: —

XXII.

"So watch my sons. Let sleep seize none, lest we
Our foemen’s sport become.” This said, anon
He cross’d the trench. And th’ Argive kings, that be
To council call’d, him follow’d. Merion
Accompanied, and Nestor’s brilliant son;
For those to hold consult did them invite.
When cross’d the trench in clear space sat they down
From fallen corpses clear, where back the might
Of Hector slaught’ring Argives turn’d at fall of night.

XXIII.

And there discours’d together seated they.
First spake Gerenian horseman Nestor so: —
"O friends, will not then some man here obey
"His daring soul, ’mong th’ haughty Trojans go?
"If haply he might take some laggard foe,
"Or chance some speech among the Trojans hear
"Of what they purpose ’mong themselves to do,
"If minded here to stay, the ships a-near,
"Or back to th’ town return, since vanquish’d th’ Achives here.
"All this might hear, then back to us from thence
"Unscath'd. Great 'neath the sky were his renown
"All men among with splendid recompense.
"For what so chiefs hold rule the ships upon
"Present him each with black sheep will anon,
"Ewe with her lamb. Possession past compare.
"At feasts and banquets too he'd aye be one."
He said. And they all hush'd in silence were.
Then Diomed of war-cry good spake 'mong them there:—

"O Nestor, me my heart and spirit high
"Impel within the camp of hostile men,
"Of Trojans here to enter, being nigh.
"But if some other man went with me, then
"'T were better cheer, more confidence I ween.
"Two going one doth 'fore the other spy
"What's good. But lone, though seeing it, less keen
"His wit, his counsel weak." Thus did he say,
And 'mong them many would with Diomed away.

Wish'd both Ajaces, Ares' servants. So
Wish'd Merion, much too wish'd it Nestor's son,
Wish'd it Atrides Menelaus too,
Wish'd it Odysseus, much enduring one,
Enter the Trojan throng. His soul was on
Some daring deed aye bent. The king of men
Great Agamemnon spake:— "O Tydeus' son,
"Dear to my soul, choose comrade whomso then
"Thou wilt, the best, for many they that eager been.
XXVII.

"Thou from respect leave not the best, and take
"The worse for mate, through modesty or care
"For race, not though more regal he." He spake
For Menelaus of the auburn hair
Afraid. Brave Diomed again spake there:—
"If mate myself thou'dst have me choose, then how
"Could I forget divine Odysseus e'er?
"Whose soul is brave, whose heart doth eager go
"To every toil, whom loves Pallas Athenè so.

XXVIII.

"If with me he, through raging fire our way
"We'd both win back, such things he knows to frame."
Patient divine Odysseus then did say:—
"Tydides, praise me not o'er much, nor blame.
"Thou talk'st to Argives knowing well the same.
"Let's go, the night declines, at hand is dawn,
"The stars far on their course. For what we aim
"Two parts of night are spent, the third alone
"Remains." This said, the twain their dreadful armour don.

XXIX.

A two-edg'd falchion gave to Diomed
The bide-fight Thrasymedes, since his own
I' th' ships was left, and shield. And on his head
A helm withouten rim or crest put on,
Cataetyx call'd, that youths are wont to don.
And Merion bow and quiver, falchion keen,
Did to Odysseus give, and then upon
His head he plac'd a helmet made of skin
That was with many thongs all firmly bound within.
Without did white-tooth'd boar's white teeth thick-set
On each side fasten it right skilfully,
Felt fitted-in between. At Eleon it
From Hormenid Amyntor formerly
Autylocus, strong house through piercing, took, and he
T' Amphidamas Cytherian gave 't anon
At Scandy; and Amphidamas to be
A guest-gift gave it Molus, who t' his son
Merion to wear it gave. This did Odysseus don.

The twain when clad in armour dire set out
And left the chiefs. A heron at their right
Pallas Athenè sent a-near their route;
With eyes they saw it not through dark of night,
But heard the clang. And at the bird delight
Odysseus felt, and to Athenè pray'd:
"O hear me, child of Zeus, the ægis-dight,
"In all my labours thou art by, nor hid
"From thee I stir; befriend me now, and grant thine aid.

"Grant back to th' ships we come with glory here
"Great work achiev'd, which shall the Trojans pain."
Next pray'd brave Diomed: — "Me too now hear,
"O tameless child of Zeus, go with me deign
"As with my father godlike Tydeus when
"To Thebes he went th' Achæans' messenger.
"B' Asopus th' Achives left and soft speech then
"To the Cadmæans took, but doings rare
"Perform'd returning, goddess, through thy aid and care.
xxxiii.

"So willing stand by me, and guard me now;
"I'll slay thee yearling heifer fronted wide,
"Untam'd, that ne'er man yet hath yok'd to plough;
"I'll slay thee this, and gild her horns beside."
So praying spake they, fav'ring ear applied
Pallas Athenè. Ended now their prayer
To Zeus the mighty's daughter, on they hied.
Like lions twain, through gloomy night they fare,
Through slaughter and through dead, through arms and
black blood there.

xxxiv.

Nor Hector would th' haught Trojans sleep permit,
But all the best, that chiefs and princes were,
Of Trojans call'd, and plann'd with them when met
His shrewd device: — "This work who 'll do me there
"For largess great? His guerdon ample were;
"For car I'll give, and high-neck'd steeds that be
"The best in th' Acheive vessels swift a pair,
"Who so 'll adventure win him fame, and see
"The swift ships close, if they be watch'd as formerly;

xxxv.

"Or now subdued beneath our hands, on flight
"They 'mong themselves consult, nor willingly,
"With grievous toil o'ercome, keep watch at night." He said, and they all hush'd in silence be.
Among the Trojans was one Dolon, he
Herald Eumedes' offspring, wealthy one
In gold and brass, ill-shap'd but rapidly
Could run. With sisters five was th' only son.
Who to the Trojans then and Hector thus begun: —
XXXVI.

"Hector, my heart and high soul prompts me nigh
"The swift ships draw, and reconnoitre there.
"But come now swear, with sceptre lifted high,
"The steeds and car with brass inlaid so fair,
"To give me, which renown'd Pelides bear.
"I'll no vain scout, inglorious, prove to thee.
"For through the host I'll go, and onward fare
"To Agamemnon's ship, where 'll haply be
"The chieftains met, consulting or to fight or flee."

XXXVII.

He said. In 's hands threw sceptre th' other one,
And sware: — "May Zeus himself be witness now,
"Herë's loud thund'ring spouse. Of Trojans none."
"Shall mount the steeds beside, but aye shalt thou,
"I say, in them delight." He said, and so
Forsware, but stirr'd him on, who instant then
About his shoulders cast his curvèd bow,
And donn'd a hoar wolf's hide. Of weasel skin
A helmet on his head, and seiz'd a javelin keen.

XXXVIII.

To th' ships from camp he turn'd to go, that ne'er
Would from the ships bring word to Hector back.
When left the throng of steeds and warriors there,
He eager went his way. Him on his track
Odysseus saw, and Diomed bespake: —
"Comes surely, Diomed, fro' th' camp this one,
"I know not if to spy our ships, or make
"Spoil of the dead. Let's leave him pass us on
"The plain a space, then swiftly rushing seize anon.
"But if upon his feet outstrip us he,
"Him towards the ships drive still fro' th' camp away,
"Threat'ning with spear, lest to the town he flee."
This said, out of the path 'mong corses lay
They down. Unconscious he ran swiftly by.
And when he 'd pass'd the length that furrows go
Of mules (for better be than oxen they
To draw in fallow land the well-built plough),
They on him ran. He hearing noise stood still, who now

Did them in 's heart his mates to fetch him guess,
From Trojans come by Hector sent. When nigh
They were some spear-throw off, or even less,
He then for hostile men did them descry,
And unto flight his nimble knees 'gan ply.
They after him pursued. And as a pair
Of saw-tooth'd hounds well-skill'd in chace do aye
Along a woodland track a hind or hare
Pursue, the which before them runneth crying there;

So Diomed, sack-town Odysseus, aye
Him intercepting from his folk pursue.
When with the watch he 'd mingled speedily
In 's flight to th' ships, strength then Athenè threw
In Diomed, that boast no Achive do
T' have smitten first, and come but second he.
Spear shaking spake strong Diomed unto
Him thus: — "Or stop, or I'll with spear catch thee;
"Nor long, methinks, thou'lt from my hand destruction flee."
XLII.

He spake, hurl'd spear and willing miss'd his man.
O'er whose right shoulder th' point of well-smooth'd
spear
Fix'd in the ground. He stood, and shook again
Stutt'ring with chatt'ring teeth, and pale with fear.
They panting reach'd and hands laid on him here.
He spake and wept:— "Alive O take ye me,
"Brass, gold, and much-wrought steel I've ample gear,
"Of which my sire large gifts will give when he
"Alive in the Achæans' ships knows me to be."

XLIII.

Odysseus mickle-counsell'd thus replies:—
"Cheer-up, nor death for thee in mind thus keep,
"But come now speak, and tell without disguise,
"Where thus to th' ships from camp go'st thou in deep
"Of night, alone, when other mortals sleep?
"Wouldst thou despoil some corse among the dead?
"Or sent thee Hector forth to spy and peep
"In th' hollow ships? Or thee thy spirit sped?"
Him answer'd Dolon then, whose limbs all shook with
dread.

XLIV.

"With much beguiling Hector me misled,
"Who fam'd Pelides' whole-hoof'd steeds to me
"Agreed to give, with car brass-garnish'd.
"Through black night bade approach the foe, and see
"If watch'd as heretofore the swift ships be,
"Or now subdued beneath our hands, on flight
"Ye 'mong yourselves consult, nor willingly,
"With grievous toil o'ercome, keep watch at night."
Then smiling spake to him Odysseus counsel-dight:—
XLV.

"Sooth now thy mind was bent on gifts not small —
"War-skill'd Pelides' steeds! Full hard they are
"For mortal men to tame, or drive withal,
"Except Achilles, whom a goddess bare.
"But this come tell me, and with truth declare.
"Where, coming here, folk-shepherd Hector now
"Didst leave? Where lie his arms? His horses where?
"And of the other Trojans also how
"They watch and bed? And what they counsel 'mong them show.

XLVI.

"Whether they minded be out there to stay
"Anigh the ships, or re-ascend to th' town,
"Since overcome th' Achæans sooth have they?"
Him answer'd Dolon then Eumedes' son:
"Full sure I'll tell thee these with falsehood none.
"Hector with those of council-rank who be,
"Holds council sacred Ilus' tomb upon,
"From tumult far. Of watch thou askest me,
"Hero, none fix'd doth guard the camp, t' its safety see.

XLVII.

"All Trojans who have hearths, and must, do keep
"Good watch, to vigil urge each other high.
"But their allies, invok'd from far, do sleep
"And leave the Trojans here their watch to ply.
"For they 've nor children, nor their wives a-nigh."
Him ans'ring wise Odysseus spake: — "But how?
"With tame-steed Trojans mix'd, or sep'rately
"Do they now sleep? Tell me that I may know."
Him Dolon then Eumedes' son made answer so: —
XLVIII.

"All this I'll truly tell thee too. By th' sea
"The Carians, crook-bow Pæons, Leleges,
"Caucones, and divine Pelasgi be.
"By Thymbra Lycians, Mysi proud; next these
"The tame-steed Phrygians, car-borne Mæones.
"But why these things each one inquire of me?
"If enter in the Trojan camp ye please,
"New come, apart and last the Thracians be.
"King Rhesus 'mong them, offspring of Eioneus is he.

XLIX.

"His steeds the loveliest, largest, I have seen,
"More white than snow, like winds they fleetly flee.
"His car well-wrought with gold and silver sheen,
"His arms are golden, huge, a sight to see;
"For mortal men not fit to wear they be,
"But gods. Now me to th' vessels swift bring nigh,
"Or bound with ruthless cords here leave ye me
"Until ye do return again, and try
"If spoken out the truth to you, or not, have I."

L.

Him eyed askance, and spake strong Diomed:—
"Think not t' escape now that we have thee, though
"Thou' st good things, Dolon, told. At ransom did
"We loose or leave thee, thou 'dst again unto
"Th' Achæans' swift ships come as spy to view,
"Or openly to fight. But if thou 'rt slain,
"Subdued beneath my hands thou ne'er wilt do
"The Argives harm," He spake. The other fain
Had with his large stout hand his chin imploring ta'en;
LI.

But Diomed with falchion rising strook
Him middle neck, and sever'd tendons twain.
Roll'd in the dust his head while yet he spoke.
They took the weasel-helm from 's head, wolf-skin,
Elastic bow, and lengthy spear. These then
T' Athenè, Spoiler, rais'd Odysseus high
In 's hand, and pray'd:— "Accept these, goddess, deign;
" Of gods Olympian first we'll call on thee.
" Then lead us where the Thracians' steeds and quarters be."

LII.

He spake, and from him rais'd them high, and on
A tam'risk hung, and added signal plain,
Pluck'd reeds, and tam'risk's leafy boughs broad-grown,
Lest miss them they through swift dark night again
Returning. On through arms and gore the twain
Proceed. Soon at the Thracians' ranks they were,
Who slept o'ercome with toil. Their bright arms lain
Beside them on the ground in order fair
In triple ranks, and nigh to each of steeds a pair.

LIII.

And Rhesus slept i' th' midst, swift steeds by 's side
To the car-rail tied with thongs. Him first did show
To Diomed Odysseus when he spied:—
" This, Diomed, 's the man; these horses too
" Are they that Dolon told of, whom we slew.
" But come, put forth thy strength. Behoves not thee
" To idle stand with arms. The steeds undo,
" Or slay the man, and leave the steeds to me."
He spake. Breath'd strength in 's mate Athenè Azure-eye.
LIV.

He slew around. Dire rose the moan of these
With falchion smit. The ground with blood grew red.
As lion on a flock that none o'ersees,
Of goats or sheep, doth rush with fierceness dread.
So on the Thracian men came Diomed,
Till twelve he'd slain. Odysseus wise, whome'er
Tydides slew, straight dragg'd by th' heels aside
To clear the way for th' steeds, lest corses scare
Them might to tread on, which unus'd to yet they were.

LV.

When Tydeus' son had reach'd the king, then him, Thirteenth, of precious life he reft, who there Breath'd hard. For stood at 's head an evil dream Oenides' son \(^{101}\) that night b' Athenè's care.
Meanwhile Odysseus th' whole-hoof'd horses fair Unloos'd and tied with thongs, and out the crowd Drave smit with bow, for splendid whip he'd ne'er From bright car thought of taking, where it stood. To godlike Diomed then whistling signal show'd.

LVI.

He stay'd revolving what more bold to do. If seize the car he should, where th' armour lay, Drag by the pole, or lifting bear off so, Or take from yet more Thracians life away. So ponder'd he till at his side did say Athenè thus: — "Think now of going back "To th' ships, bold Tydeus' son, lest with effray "Thou wend. Some other god may Trojans wake."
She said. He knew the goddess' voice when as she spake.
LVII.

Steeds quick he mounted. Them Odysseus strook
With bow. And they to th' Achives' swift ships fly.
Nor did Apollo Silver-Bow not look,
But saw by Tydeus' son Athené nigh,
And ent'ring Troy's huge host in anger high
Rous'd Rhesus' kinsman, brave Hippocoon.
He sprang from sleep, and empty space did spy
Where stood the steeds, while men in slaughter moan.
He cried aloud, his dear companion calling on.

LVIII.

Huge rose the Trojans' clang and din as they
Together ran, deeds marvelling at amain
Those men had done, then clear to th' ships away.
When these had reach'd where Hector's scout they'd
slain
Odysseus Zeus-lov'd did the steeds restrain.
Down leap'd Tydides; blood-stain'd spoils unto
Odysseus' hands he gave; remounted then
And whipp'd the steeds, that unreluctant flew
To th' hollow ships. For there with willing mind they go.

LIX.

And Nestor heard a sound the first, and said: —
"Friends, Argive councillors and chieftains ye!
"False shall I speak or true? My soul doth bid.
"Of swift-foot steeds a trampling sound doth me
"About my ears now strike. O might it be
"Odysseus and strong Diomed drave here
"The Trojans' whole-hoof'd steeds thus rapidly!
"But sore for th' Argives' valiantest I fear
"Lest from the Trojan throng they 've suffer'd aught of
drear."
Not all his speech he'd spoken when they came. These on the ground alight. And those with glee
With right hand, and with friendly speeches them
Saluted there. And first inquire did he
Gerenian horseman Nestor: — "Tell to me,
"Much-prais'd Odysseus, th' Achives' pride, how might
"You get these lovely horses? Enter'd ye
"The Trojan camp? Or on some god did light
"That gave you these, O how resembling sun-beams bright!

"I mingle with the Trojans constantly
"Nor by the ships methinks e'er linger do,
"Albeit warrior old in sooth, but I
"Such steeds saw never yet nor ever knew,
"But think some god hath met and giv'n them you.
"For loves you both Zeus cloud-compelling wide,
"And Zeus the aegis-holder's daughter too
"Doth love you, great Athene azure-eyed."
To him Odysseus mickle-counsell'd thus replied: —

"Neleian Nestor 102, Achives' pride, full well
"A god that would might better horses e'en
"Than these have giv'n. Their power doth so excel.
"These steeds thou ask'st of, Sire, new-comers been,
"Thracy. Strong Diomed their king hath slain,
"And comrades twelve by 's side, all men of note.
"A spy we slew by th' ships would make thirteen
"Whom to our host in sooth sent forth as scout
"Had Hector, and the Trojans to espy us out."
Thus having said, across the trench drave now
The whole-hoof’d horses he exulting there.
With him the other Achives joyous go.
When reach’d Tydides’ tent compact and fair
The steeds with thongs, all trimly cut with care,
They tied to th’ crib, whereat of Diomed
The swift-foot horses sweet grain munching were.
In ’s ship-sterne Dolon’s blood-stain’d trophy laid
Odysseus till t’ Athenè dedication made.

Themselves their mickle sweat did wash away
By plunging in the sea, and washen there
Both legs and neck, and round their thighs too they.
From mickle sweat when cleans’d had sea-wave fair
Their flesh, and they at heart refreshèd were,
In polish’d tubs they bath’d. When wash’d therein,
And them anointed had with oil the pair,
They took repast. T’ Athenè then divine
From goblet full libation pour’d of dulcet wine.
Morn from her bed by fam'd Tithonus now
Uprose to give to gods and mortals light.
Zeus bade to th' Achive swift ships Eris go, $^{103}$
Baneful, her hands with war's fell signal dight.
B' Odysseus' huge black ship she stood y-pight $^{255}$
That mid-point was, whence voice each way command,
Reach Ajax Telamon's pavilions might,
And Peleus' son's. Their good ships on the strand
Lay last, their valour trusting they and strength of hand.

There stood and call'd the goddess loud, and dire,
And shrill to the Achæans. Strength she threw
In every breast to war and fight, nor tire.
To them then war on th' instant sweeter grew
Than in their ships their land returning to.
Atrides call'd and th' Argives arm them bade.
Himself in dazzling brass he doth endue.
And first with lovely greaves his legs he clad
That featly fitted fair, and clasps of silver had.
III.

Next clad his breast with corselet Cinyras \textsuperscript{204} gave, Guest-gift, who 'd heard at Cyprus rumour high To Troy would sail in ships Achæans brave. This then he gave, the king to gratify. Ten plates it had \textit{cyànus}\textsuperscript{257} dark of dye And twelve were gold and twenty were of tin. Cærulean serpents rose the gorget nigh, On each side there like bow Kronion in The cloud a sign doth set to voice-dividing \textsuperscript{6} men.

IV.

And round his shoulders then his falchion slung Where glitter'd golden studs. The scabbard fair Of silver was, on golden thongs it hung. The strong man-shelt'ring shield much-wroughten rare He took, round which ten brazen circles were. In it of tin were twenty bosses white, One in the midst \textit{cyànus} dark was there. And Gorgon with its eye of freezing sight Thence look'd out dread, and round it Terror, round it Flight.

V.

Its thong of silver was, and on it too Cærulean dragon writh'd, whose heads were three, That, turn'd each way, from single neck out grew. On's head set two-rimm'd four-con'd helmet he With horse-hair plume o'er nodding fearfully. His hand did javelins twain brass-headed hold And keen. The brass flash'd upwards to the sky. Athenæ there, and Heræ thunders roll'd To grace Mycenæ's sov'reign, of abundant gold.
VI.
And each his charioteer then soothly bade
His steeds to keep in rank, the trench a-nigh.
Themselves on foot in arms full harnessed
Did rush. And 'fore the morn rose tumult high.
The trench reach'd first th' embattled infantry,
The horse a space behind. And evil stour^2^3^5
Stirr'd Kronides, and dews sent from the sky
All wet with blood, a sign he would full sure
Hurl many mighty heads to Hades premature.

VII.
The Trojans at the plain's mound stirring 'bout
Huge Hector, fam'd Polydamas now be,
And him, as god by Troy's folk rev'renc'd, stout
Æneas, with th' Antenorides three
Polybus, and Agenor brave, and he
Young Acamas, so like th' immortals bright.
Hector i' th' front with orbèd shield did ply.
As forth from clouds comes baneful star to sight
All glist'ring, then dark clouds re-ent'ring, veils its light.

VIII.
So Hector 'mong the foremost now appearing
Now rear-ward, dealt command. All brass he shone
Like ægis-arm'd Zeus' lightning-flash careering.
As reapers 'gainst each other working down
A swath their way in glebe of wealthy one
Of wheat or barley, quick the handfuls fall.
So Trojans, Achives at each other run
And slay. Of fell flight neither thought at all,
But in the battle equal bore their heads withal.
IX.

Like wolves they rush'd, and Eris working woes
Exulted looking on, sole deity
Among the combatants. For not with those
The other gods then were, but peacefully
Sat in their homes, where built them sep'rate be
Along Olympus' dells their houses fair.
But all drive-cloud Kronion blam'd that he
For Trojans purpos'd glory to prepare,
But nought for them did he the Father re ck or rare.

X.

Apart he sat his glory joying in,
And Trojans' town and Achives' ships did view,
And flashing brass, the slayers and the slain.
While morning was, and sacred day yet grew,
On both sides people fell, and javelins flew.
But when 'tis woodman's wont prepare his meal
In mountain-glen, who lofty trees doth hew
Till 's hands grow slack, and o'er his soul doth steal
A weariness, and wish for pleasant food he feel.

XI.

Then brake by valour the Danaians through
The columns, calling down the lines to cheer
Their mates. Sprang Agamemnon first, and slew
The King Biánnon, and his comrade dear,
Drive-steed Oileus, who from car drew near.
Him rushing smote Atrides on the brow
With lance. The stout brass helm not stay'd the spear,
Which through it pierc'd the bone, and scatter'd so
His brains about, and laid the ardent warrior low.
XII.

There left men's sov'ran Agamemnon those
Their bosoms bare when he'd their tunics ta'en.
Isus and Antiphus to slay he goes,
Bastard and lawful, Priam's offspring twain,
Both in one car; the bastard held the rein,
Bright Antiphus by 's side. These formerly
Achilles bound with pliant osiers thin,
On Ida's knolls when capture them did he,
As they were shepherding; then did at ransom free.

XIII.

Broad-rule Atrides Agamemnon smote
With lance the one on 's breast 'bove teat. On th' ear
With glaive struck Antiphus, from car hurl'd out.
Then quickly stripp'd them of their armour fair.
He knew them whom he'd seen by th' ships whilere,
- From Ida when swift-foot Achilles brought.
As lion doth a fleet stag's younglings tear,
And crush with ease, y-grip'd with strong teeth stout,
When coming to her lair he puts their young life out.

XIV.

And she though haply nigh can nothing aid,
But terror-struck through wood and brake she flees
At th' onset of the beast, a-sweat with dread.
So 'mong the Trojans none the fate of these
Could help, for them did fear of th' Argives seize.
Pisander and Hippôlochus keep-field, 105
Sons of Antimachus war-skill'd he sees.
Their father, brib'd by Alexander, held
They should not Helen to the auburn Menelaus yield.
XV.

King Agamemnon this man's sons now took,
That in one car alike the steeds did sway.
Their hands the bright reins slipp'd from. Panic-struck
They were, when, as a lion on his prey,
Atrides rush'd. And from the chariot they
Implor'd him thus:— "Alive O take us thou,
" Atrides, let us worthy ransom pay.
" Hath in his house Antimachus enow
" Of treasure, brass and gold, and much wrought-iron too.

XVI.

" Of these would father give thee gifts unending,
" When in the ships alive he knoweth us."
So they with tears to th' king their cause commending,
And honied words, but heard no honied voice:—
" If ye be sons of that Antimachus
" Who erst i' th' Trojan council bade them slay
" Menelaus, who with Odysseus was
" An envoy come, nor let them go away
" To th' Achives back, ye shall your sire's misdeeds repay."

XVII.

This said, Pisander, with a spear-thrust on
His breast, from off his steeds to ground he threw,
Who, dash'd to earth, there lay supine. Sprang down
Hippòlochus whom on the ground he slew
And lopp'd off both his hands, and sever'd too
From neck his head, which then amid the throng
E'en as a mortar rolling there he threw.
These left, he sped where most phalanxes strong
Were stirr'd. And with him went the well-greav'd Achives else along.
XVIII.

Foot slaughter'd foot, perforce compell'd to fly,
And horse slew horse. Fro' th' plain dust 'neath them rose
From horses' echoing feet, and brass they ply.
King Agamemnon there without repose
Still slaught'ring on, and cheering Argives goes.
As when destroying fire doth chance to light
Upon a wood unthinn'd, and each way blows
The veering wind, and bears it left and right,
And trunks and branches fall, by th' fire's resistless might.

XIX.

Beneath Atrides Agamemnon so
Fell flying Trojans' heads. And many too
The high-soul'd steeds with empty chariots go
The battle's bridge-like spaces thund'ring through,
Without their charioteers, that prostrate do
To vultures than their wives more grateful lie.
Zeus Hector then from darts, from dust outdrew,
From carnage, and from blood, and tumult high;
Atrides follow'd, shouting to the Danai.

XX.

And some by th' tomb of Ilus Dardan old
Mid-plain to th' beech-tree rush the town t' attain,
But shouting follow'd still Atrides bold,
While dust and gore his hands resistless stain.
And when the Scaean gates and beech they gain
They stand and wait each other. Some were yet
Like frightened beeves a-fleeing through the plain,
Which lion, in the milking-time of night,
Doth all affear; on one destruction 's sure to light.
Its neck he breaks with strong teeth seizing on,  
Then blood and entrails all devoureth free.  
So sovereign Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
Chac'd these, the hindmost slaught'ring aye. They flee,  
And many prostrate and supine there be  
B' Atrides' hands from chariot hurl'd. So ply  
He did his spear. When town and wall had he  
Nigh reach'd, the sire of gods and men from sky  
Came down, and sat on spring-fed Ida's summits high.

His hands grasp'd lightning; gold-wing'd Iris he  
To message stirr'd:— "Go, Iris swift, and say  
" To Hector, while king Agamemnon see  
" He shall i' th' front sweep warrior-ranks away,  
" Let him keep back, and bid i' th' dread array  
" The rest fight foe. But, smit with shaft or spear,  
" When on his car he springs, then strength to slay  
" I'll give to Hector, till the ships he near,  
" Until the sun shall set, and sacred night appear."

He spake, and wind-foot Iris swift obey'd.  
Down Ida's mounts to sacred Ilium sped;  
Found Hector, war-skill'd Priam's son, who staid  
By steeds, and car compact. And at his side  
Then standing nimble-footed Iris said:—  
" Priam's son Hector, Zeus-like counc'illor, me  
" The father Zeus these things to tell thee bade:  
" While sovrn Agamemnon thou shalt see  
" Rage in the front, the warrior-ranks destroying he,
XXIV.

"Do thou keep back, and bid in dread array
The rest fight foe. But, smit with shaft or spear,
When on his car he springs, then strength to slay
Will Zeus vouchsafe thee till the ships thou near,
"And sun shall set, and sacred night appear."
The swift-foot Iris went, when thus she’d said.
From car sprang Hector arm’d, and every where
Throughout the host keen javelins shaking sped,
And urg’d them on to fight, and kindled battle dread.

XXV.

They turn’d and fac’d th’ Achæans. Th’ Argives too
Made their phalanges strong. Th’ array set right,
Now face to face they stood. First forward flew
King Agamemnon, foremost far to fight.
Muses, whose dwellings in Olympus pight,
Say who encounter’d Agamemnon first,
Of Trojans or of fam’d auxiliars bright.
Iphidamas Antenorides first,
The valiant huge in gleby Thrace, sheep-mother, nurst.

XXVI.

And Cisseus him a child, brought up at home
His mother’s sire, who ’gat Theano fair.
To glorious puberty’s full measure come
He kept him, and his daughter gave him there.
Espous’d, from bridal chamber he whilere
Th’ Achæans’ rumour foll’wing voyagèd
In twelve curv’d ships. These in Percopè were
Then left, and he on foot to Ilium sped;
And now Atrides Agamemnon he encounterèd.
When these advancing now drew near, his throw Atrides miss'd. The spear did past him slide. Him smote Iphidamas cuirass below By th' belt, and push'd, and on stout hand relied, Nor pierc'd quaint belt. Far first on silver gride Did spear-point bent like lead. This grip'd with hand Like lion Agamemnon, ruler wide, Drew towards him, pluck'd from his, and then with brand His neck y-smote, and limbs relax'd upon the sand.

XXVIII.
There falling brazen sleep slept hapless he From wife afar in 's townsmen's aid. Though store He gave, no grace of virgin spouse did see. Gave hundred beeves and thousand promised more With goats and sheep whereof past counting o'er He fed. Him stripp'd Atrides, and anon Through th' Achive throng his lovely armour bore. Bright Coon saw, Antenor's eldest son, And anguish dimm'd his eyes to see his brother down.

XXIX.
He stood aside with spear from Atreus' son Conceal'd. Atrides' arm 'neath elbow smote. Through went the brass spear's point. Aghast thereon Men's sovrain Agamemnon fight slack'd nought, But rush'd with wind-fed spear on Coon stout, Who drew by th' feet Iphidamas along, Brother by 's sire, to the bravest calling out. 'Neath bossy shield him dragging corse through throng He smote with brazen spear, and limbs y-loosèd strong.
XXX.
His head he lopp'd upon Iphidamas.
Antenor's sons through king Atrides there,
Their fate fulfilling, so to Hades pass.
The king to other warrior-ranks with spear,
And falchion doth, and massy stones, career,
While blood wells warm from wound, but dry when flows
No more the blood pangs seiz'd Atrides. Shaft severe
When Herè's daughters, that of pangs dispose,
Th' Ilythiæ send, and woman feels in child-birth throes.

XXXI.
So through Atrides' strength shot agonies.
He sprang to car, and charioteer bade ply
The steeds to th' hollow ships. Heart-pain'd he cries
With piercing voice and loud to th' Danai:—
"Friends, Argive chiefs and couns'llors! Keep from nigh
"The sail-sea ships fell fight. For me doth here
"To fight all day the Trojans Zeus deny."
He said. To th' hollow ships his charioteer
The fair-man'd coursers lash'd. And eager they career.

XXXII.
Foam-fleck'd their chests, dust sprinkl'd 'neath them they
Th' afflicted king from battle bearing out.
Hector, on seeing Agamemnon go away,
'Gan loud to Trojans and to Lycians shout:—
"Ye Trojans, Lycians, Dardan warriors stout!
"Be men; your valour think of, friends, for gone
"Their best man is. Me glory gives past doubt
"Zeus Kronides. But th' whole-hoof'd steeds upon
"The Danai drive straight, and win the more renown."
XXXIII.

He said, and stirr'd the strength of each, as when
A hunter sets his white-tooth'd hounds upon
Lion or boar. So th' high-soul'd Trojans then
On th' Achives set did Hector, Priam's son,
Man-slaught'ring Ares' match. In front anon
He went. To th' fight, like storm o'erblowing, drave,
That stirring up the violet sea comes down.
Whom slaughter first, whom last, did then the brave
Hector Priamides, when Zeus him glory gave?

XXXIV.

Assæus first, Autonoïs he slew
Ophites, Dolops, Klytis' son, beside,
Opheltius also, Ageläus too,
Æsymnus, Orus, and the battle-bide
Hippénoüs, chiefs on Danaian side,
And then the multitude. And as when smite
The clouds doth Zephyrus with south-wind's stride
And whirlwind swift, waves rolling to their might
With tossing foam by wind up-snatch'd in fitful flight,

XXXV.

So thick were heads of common folk subdued
By Hector there. And now destruction dread
Had been and deeds past cure. Th' Achæans would
Their ships have sought in flight. But calling said
Odysseus to Tydides Diomed:
"Tydides, what can ail us to forget
"Our valour thus? Stand by me, friend, for sad
"Disgrace it were that wave-helm Hector get
"Our ships."—To him strong Diomed in answer set:
XXXVI.

"I'll stay and bear, though short our pleasure 'll be;
"For drive-cloud Zeus will rather might bestow
"On Trojans than on us." This said, did he
From chariot to the ground Thymbreus throw,
On left breast smit with spear. Odysseus so
The monarch's charioteer Molion slew.
These leaving there to war no more, they go
And spread confusion all that huge throng through.
As when two boars on hunters' dogs turn fiercely do,

XXXVII.

So these then turn'd again and Trojans slew.
Th' Achæans fleeing Hector breath'd now glad.
These took a car and men, plebs' bravest two,
Percosian Merops' sons, that knowledge had
'Bove all in prophecy, and sons forbade
To go to man-destroying war. Not they
Would heed, by black death's destinies y-lad.
Spear-fam'd Tydides Diomed that day
These reft of sense and soul, their bright arms took away.

XXXVIII.

Hippodamus, Hypeirochus, were slain
B' Odysseus. Then Kronion, looking down
From Ida equal fight did 'twixt them strain.
They one another slew. Now Tydeus' son
Agastrophus Pæonides upon
The groin y-smote with spear, whose steeds not nigh
For flight. He'd gravely err'd, for those withdrawn
His driver held apart, while he did ply
On foot among the foremost till he came to die.
XXXIX.
Hector through ranks quick saw, and on them sped
With shouts, and Troy's phalanges with him go.
Him saw aghast the valiant Diomed,
And, near him there, address'd Odysseus so:
"On us doth raging Hector roll this woe.
"Come, stand we firm, and waiting ward the same."
He said, and whirling, did his long spear throw,
And smote, nor miss'd, at head there taking aim,
The top of helm. Brass glanc'd from brass, to flesh not came.

XL.
Withstood it visor'd threefold helmet strong
Phæbus Apollo gave. Back swiftly reel,
And far, did Hector, mingling with the throng,
With stout hand lean against the ground, and kneel,
While round doth sable night his eyes conceal.
While sought his spear Tydides far among
The warriors, fix'd i' th' ground, come-to and feel
Himself did Hector. Back to car he sprung,
Avoided gloomy death, and drave amid the throng.

XLI.
With spear rush'd on and spake strong Diomed:
"Death now thou'rt 'scapèd, dog! Nigh thee this day
"Came ill. And thee again deliverèd
"Phæbus Apollo hath, to whom to pray
"Thou'rt wont, ere ent'ring javelins' tumult-fray.
"I'll end with thee if meet again we do,
"If any god by me as helper stay.
"I'll now the rest, catch whom I can, pursue."
He said, and Pæon's spear-fam'd son despoilèd whom he slew.
XLII.

But Alexander, fair-tress'd Helen's spouse,
At Tydeus' son, folk-shepherd, bent his bow,
By column couch'd of tomb men made t' enclose
The Dardan Ilus, chief died long ago.
From strong Agastrophus this, stooping low,
From chest bright corselet, shield from shoulder drew,
And massy helm. The other took his bow
By th' horn, and smote (whose shafts ne'er vainly flew)
His right foot's sole, and to the earth transfix'd it through.

XLIII.

He laugh'd out sweetly, sprang from ambush then,
And vaunting spake 107:— "Thou 'rt smit. No vain
shaft flew.
"Would 'twere thy flank I'd hit, and life so ta'en.
"From trouble breath'd had then the Trojans, who
"Dread thee as bleating goats the lion do."
To him spake undismay'd strong Diomed:—
"Archer, disgrace, bow-skill'd, girl-watcher thou!
"With arms if once were open trial made,
"Thee would thy bow, and cloud of arrows ill bestead.

XLIV.

"Thou 'st scratch'd my foot, vain boast! The blow I
slight;
"A girl or peevish boy had dealt as much.
"The dart of feeble, worth-nought man is light.
"From me far otherwise. My keen dart such
"It strikes him dead whom it but slightly touch.
"His wife, that teareth both her cheeks for woe,
"And orphan children, do the same avouch.
"And, redd'ning earth with blood, he lieth low,
"And rots. Birds 'bout him more 108 than women be I
trow."
He spake. Spear-skill'd Odysseus near him came, And stood before. 'Behind he sat him down, And drew swift shaft from 's foot. Shot through his frame 'Keen agony. He mounts his car anon' In haste, and bade his charioteer drive on To the hollow ships. For sore his heart did ache. Alone spear-fam'd Odysseus was, for none Of th' Argives stay'd, such terror all did take. He groan'd, and with his mighty soul communing spake:—

"Ah me! how I 'm beset! 'Twere ill to fly "Fearing the throng, and worse be ta'en alone. "Kronion 's turn'd the other Danai "To flight. Why reasons thus my soul? 'Tis known "That cowards are from battle quickly gone. "The valiant man should stand in fight the same, "Be smitten he, or smiting other one." As these in mind and soul with various aim He ponder'd, down the files of shielded Trojans came.

They girt him round, their bane amid them set, As round a boar when hounds and strong youths press, He doth from covert come his white tusk whet In crooked jaws. They 'bout him charge apace. A sound of teeth up-springs. But they nathless Do him through dread abide. So Trojans round Odysseus Zeus-belov'd did gird no less. And he with keen spear first with forward bound 'Bove shoulder smote Deiopites the renown'd.
XLVIII.

And Thoön then he slew, and Ennomus.
Chersidamas he wounded next i’ th’ waist
With spear, ’neath bossy shield, e’en as he was
From off his chariot leaping there in haste.
I’ th’ dust he fell, earth grip’d with ’s palm. Dismiss’d
Then these, Charops Hippasides with spear
He wounds, own brother he of Socus, graced
With lineage high. To aid his kinsman dear
The godlike Socus went. And spake, him standing near:

XLIX.

" Renown’d Odysseus, bent on wiles and moil,
" To-day the two Hippasides i’ th’ field
" Such men thou ’lt slay and of their arms despoil,
" Or smitten with my spear thy life wilt yield."

He said, and smote him on his orbéd shield.
Through glist’ning shield did mighty lance career,
And through the quaint-wrought cuirass on it held
Infixed, and from his ribs the flesh cut sheer.
Pallas Athené from his entrails stay’d the spear.

L.

Odysseus knew the dart not fatal. Back
He stepp’d, to Socus speaking: — “ Wretched wight!
" Destruction swift be sure is on thy track.
" With Trojans sooth thou ’st stay’d my further fight,
" On thee though here I say will slaughter light,
" And gloomy death, this day. Thy fame to me,
" Thy soul to steed-fam’d Hades thou, by th’ might
" Of this my spear subdued, wilt give.” Thus he,
And straight the other turn’d him then about to flee.
LII.

Him turning he mid-shoulders smote i' th' back
With spear, which drave through chest. With heavy sound
He fell. Divine Odysseus vaunting spake: —
"Socus! brave Hipparus' steed-tamer's son!
"O'erta'en thee hath death's dart; escape was none.
"Poor wretch! Nor father thee, nor mother will
"Thine eyes when dying close, but birds come down
"And tear, and cuff with pinions never still.
"For me when dead th' Achaens shall due rites fulfil."

LIII.

So saying war-skill'd Socus' mighty dart
From flesh and bossy-centred shield he drew.
When drawn, out gush'd his blood, perturb'd his heart.
Odysseus' blood when th' high-soul'd Trojans view
All at him went, each other calling to.
Retiring shouted he t' his comrades dear.
Thrice shouted loud as mouth of man could do,
Thrice Menelaus Ares-lov'd did hear,
And quickly sooth to Ajax spake, who then was near: —

"Zeus-sprung folk-ruler, Ajax Telamon!
"Patient Odysseus' shout I hear, as though
"The Trojans sorely press'd him there alone.
"And in the battle fierce cut off. Let's go
"Through throng, and help. Mishap I fear me so
"For him the brave, alone with Trojans round.
"Sore miss of him the Danai would know."

He spake and led. Him follow'd off the ground
The godlike man. Odysseus then Zeus-lov'd they found.
THE ILIAD.

LIV.
The Trojans round like rav’ning jackals be ’Bout wounded antler’d stag, a man hath smit With shaft from string. Whom scaping he doth flee On ’s feet while warm his blood, nor ’s limbs remit. But him, when swift shaft quelled, lacerate I’ th’ mountain-grove fierce jackals. Chance doth bring A lion fierce. They flee and he doth eat. And soothly so war-skill’d, craft-counselling Odysseus Trojans strong and many there enring.

LV.
With spear the hero rushing stemm’d th’ ill day. Ajax approach’d with tower-like shield, and near Him stood. The Trojans scar’d fled every way. By the hand him Menelaus, Ares-dear, Led out the throng till nigh the steeds career His servant drave. Then Ajax, leaping on The Trojans, Priam’s spurious offspring here Doryclus slew, then Pandocus anon Lysander, Pyrasus, Pylartes woundeth ev’ry one.

LVI.
As river swol’n to th’ plain runs winter-flowing From mountains down by Zeus’ showers forc’d along Dry oaks a many, many firs in going And mud it sweeps to sea. So Ajax strong, Pursued and routed through the plain that throng, Slaying steeds and men. Nor Hector yet had heard Who rag’d to th’ left, Scamander’s banks along Where most men fell, where tumult high toward Round Nestor great and brave Idomeneus upstirr’d.
LVII.
And Hector there with spear rough doings shows,
And horsemanship, and warrior-ranks laid low.
Nor blench'd had th' Achives, but from fight the spouse
Of fair-tress'd Helen, Alexander, so
With triple-barbed arrow from his bow
Machaon people-shepherd's battling stay'd
And lest he fall if battle 'gainst them go
Were valour-breathing Achives sore afraid.
And straight Idomeneus to godlike Nestor said:

LVIII.
" Neleian Nestor, Achives' glory great!
" Come mount thy car, Machaon with thee wend,
" The whole-hoof'd steeds to ships at quickest set.
" Physician's worth doth many men's transcend
" To cut out shafts, with soothing med'cines tend."
He said, and Nestor mounts, Machaon too
Asclepias', fam'd physician's, son ascend
Did by his side. He whipp'd the steeds. They flew
To th' hollow ships alert, for inclination drew.

LIX.
Cebriones perceiv'd the Trojans fly,
As he by Hector rode, and him address'd:
" Hector, we combat here the Danai
" At rough-voic'd battle's verge extreme. The rest
" Trojans and steeds together crowd distrest.
" Telamon Ajax routs them. Him I know,
" His broad shield should'ring. Car and steeds let's haste
" Where one another horse and foot o'erthrow
" In evil strife, and doth the tumult quenchless grow."
This said, he whipp'd the fair-man'd steeds with thong
Shrill sounding. They when felt the strokes quick drew
The chariot Trojans and Achæans 'mong,
O'er shields and corses trampling. Blood imbue
Did th' axle all, and chariot-rims, where to
Steeds' hoofs wheel-felloes eke up-spatter'd gore.
Enter the warrior-throng and break them through
He long'd, upon them leaping. Fell uproar
He sent the Danai, nor long from spear forbore.

To other files with spear and sword he sped,
And stones, but shunn'd Telamon Ajax' fight.
High-thron'd sire Zeus smote Ajax there with dread.
He stood astound, and se'en-hide shield y-pight
Behind, retreated as some wild beast might,
Still eyed the throng and turning, knee 'fore knee
Scant mov'd. So dogs and swains a-watch all night
Fierce lion drive from stall where oxen be,
Nor let him eat the oxen's prime though eager he.

Eager for flesh he rushes but in vain.
Upon him thick the darts from strong hands fly,
And blazing torches, fearing which, though fain
At morn with sorrowing mind he goes away.
So Ajax sad at heart unwillingly
The Trojans left, in fear for th' Achives' fleet.
As ass through boys to corn-field forceth way
Slow pac'd, whose ribs have cudgels many split,
And ent'ring there the standing corn, doth browse and eat.
LXIII.
Beat him with sticks the boys, their strength but slight
And scarce drive off when he with food is fill'd.
On Telamonian Ajax huge so smite
Did Trojans, and far-called allies mid-shield
With spears, and still pursued. Of battle-field
High daring Ajax thought, and turn'd to stay
Troy's columns now, and now to flight would yield;
He all opposed lest reach the swift ships they.
Fierce stood 'twixt Trojans and Achæans he mid-way.

LXIV.
The darts, from stout hands hurl'd, his mighty shield
Some bite, endeav'ring on. But most mid-way,
Ere white flesh reach'd, do stand upon the field
Eager on flesh to glut. When him that way
Perceiv'd the show'ring darts so thick belay
Eurypylus, Evæmon's offspring bright,
He rush'd t' his side, bright spear without delay
Hurl'd, and 'neath mid-riff in his liver right
Did Apisàon Phausiades folk-shepherd smite,

LXV.
And loos'd his knees. Eurypylus up-ran,
And from his shoulders stripp'd his armour so.
But him when Alexander, god-shap'd man,
Saw thus with Apisàon's armour go,
Quick at Eurypylus he drew his bow.
The shaft his right thigh smote. The reed then broke,
And sore his thigh 'gan ache. Death shunning now,
Back to his fellows' throng he him betook,
And loudly shouting to the Danai thus spoke: —
LXVI.

"Friends, Argive chiefs, and councillors! from flight
"O turn and stand! From Ajax th' evil day
"Avert. With darts opprest in evil plight
"I think not he 'll from rough-voic'd war away.
"By Telamonian Ajax huge O stay."

Wounded Eurypylus thus spake. And so
They clos'd-up, should'ring shields, with spears on high.
To them went Ajax straight, but fac'd the foe
When reach'd his friends. So there they fought as fire
doth glow.

LXVII.

Nestor the mares Neleian sweating bare
From fight. Machaon, too, folk-shepherd rode.
Him saw swift-foot Achilles godlike there.
For he upon his whale-like ship's stern stood,
And conflict hard, and tearful chace then view'd.
His comrade quick Patroclus spake he to,
Calling from ship. Who heard, from tent issued
Like Ares he; beginning of his woe.
First spake t' his friend Mencetius' val'rous offspring so:—

LXVIII.

"Why callest me, Achilles? Me dost need?"
Swift-foot Achilles answer'd him: — "Divine
"Mencetius' son, dear to my soul! Indeed
"Now at my knees will th' Achives I opine
"Be praying. Reach'd them hath, past bearing, tine."
"Zeus-lov'd Patroclus go ask Nestor who
"The wounded man he bears from fight. Behind
"He seem'd Asclepias' son Machaon. View
"His eyes I did not. Past me swift the horses flew."
'Twas thus he spake. Patroclus did obey
His lov'd companion there, and ran and went
Past th' Achives' ships and tents. And meanwhile they
When reach'd they had of Neleus' son the tent
To mickle-feeding earth they made descent.
The horses then the old man's servant there,
Eurymedon, from chariot loosing hent.253
On shore they stand to th' breeze, their tunics air
From sweat, the tents then ent'ring sit on couches fair.

For them did Hecamedè, lovely tress'd,
A beverage mix. From Tenedos the sire
Did bring her when Achilles laid it waste.
She was high-soul'd Arsinous' daughter fair.
Her th' Achives chose for him so past compare
For rede. To them fair table first she set
Cyànus-footed257, smooth. And brass tray ther
And onion eke drink-relish, thirst to whet,
Pale honey, bread of sacred barley meal110 by it.

And lovely cup, the sire from home had brought,
With gold-studs gemm'd, she set. Its handles four.
Two golden doves did feed each one about,
And underneath two stems the same upbore.
Another 'd mov'd it scarce with moiling sore
From table full. Sire Nestor lifts with ease.
In this did goddess-woman mingling pour
Them Pramnian wine, and grate therein goat's cheese
With brazen rasp, and white meal sprinkled on to these.
LXXII.

And bade them drink when mixture made aright.
When drinking quench'd their parching thirst had those
Discouraging with each other they delight.
Patroclus godlike man at entrance shows.
Seeing whom the Sire from splendid seat arose,
And brought him in by th' hand, be seated bade.
Patroclus spake, declining to repose:—
"No sitting, Zeus-nurs'd Sire, thou'lt not persuade.
August is he who sent me here, and to be held in dread.

LXXIII.

"He asks what wounded one you bring. But now I know
"Machaon people-shepherd 'tis I see.
"And now t' Achilles back to tell my news I go.
"Well know'st thou, Zeus-nurs'd Sire, what man is he,
"How dread! He'd blame the blameless easily."

Geranian horseman Nestor made reply:—
"Why plains Achilles th' Achives' sons that be
"With javelins smit? Nor knows through th' host how high
"Stirs grief; how wounded smit by th' ships the bravest lie.

LXXIV.

"Struck Tydeus' son, strong Diomed, doth lie
"Wounded 's Odysseus, Agamemnon too,
"Stricken 's Eurypylus with shaft on thigh.
"This other late I brought from battle, who
"Was with an arrow smit, from string that flew.
"Achilles brave not pities Danai
"Nor heeds but waits till, spite what Argives do,
"Our swift ships burn with foe-men's fire a-nigh
"The sea, and in succession slain ourselves we die.
LXXV.
"For troth my strength is not as heretofore
"It was in active limbs in all their play.
"Would I were young with vigour as of yore
"When 'twixt th' Elei rose and us a fray
"'Bout cattle-lifting, when myself did slay
"Itymoneus Hypeirochides bright
"Of Elis. I reprisals drove that day.
"Him fighting for his herds 'mong foremost smite
"I did with spear. His boorish people fled in fright.

LXXVI.
"Spoil from the plain on all sides driving sweep
"We did exceeding much. Of oxen were
"Full fifty droves, as many flocks of sheep
"And herds of swine; broad flocks as many there
"Of goats; thrice fifty steeds of chesnut hair,
"All mares, and foals with many. These by night
"Unto Neleian Pylos, city fair,
"We drove. And Neleus did in soul delight
"So much had fall'n to me, that went so young to fight.

LXXVII.
"Heralds at dawn call'd those to come that had
"Aught owing them in Elis the divine.
"The Pylians' chief men met, and portionèd.
"(For claims had on the Epèans many then
"When few and troubl'd we in Pylos been.
"For came and vex'd us Hercules whilère
"In former years, and all our best were slain.
"For Neleus' sons renownèd twelve we were,
"Of whom alone I'm left, the rest all perish'd there.
LXXVIII.

"Thence bold the brazen-clad Epeans heap
"Upon us injuries, devising wrong.)
"The Sire a herd of beeves, huge flock of sheep
"Three hundred chose, and shepherds too along.
"On Elis the divine he'd claim full strong.
"Four steeds, prize-winners, went with cars to gain
"The prize, a tripod to be run for 'mong
"Them there. Augeias, king of men, detain
"Them did. But driver griev'd for 's steeds sent back again.

LXXIX.

"My Sire at words and doings anger'd so
"Took largely then of these. The rest to share
"He gave to th' folk lest any one should go
"Through him defrauded of his portion fair.
"All this we did, and rites i' th' city there
"To th' gods perform'd. The third day came then they
"With whole-hoof'd steeds, a multitude they were.
"With them the Molions harness'd in array
"As yet but boys, and little skill'd in battle-fray.

LXXX.

"A city Thryoessa on a hill
"Afar by Alpheus stands the utmost town
"Of sandy Pylos. This they siege with will
"T' o'erthrow. But when the plain they'd travers'd, down
"Olympus did to us Athenè run
"At night to arm. The people, summon'd Pylos through,
"Slack'd not but were alert for war. My armour don
"Neleus forbade, and hid my horses too,
"Nor deem'd that aught of warlike labours yet I knew.
LXXXI.

"Yet I excell’d our horsemen though on foot,
"Athenè so did me in battle guide.
"The Minyeius doth b’ Arena shoot
"I’ th’ sea. There Pylian horse blest morn abide,
"There flock’d the foot. Thence sacred Alpheus’ tide
"With all our harness’d host at noon we gain,
"Where sacred rites to Zeus the mighty paid,
"To Alpheus was a bull, bull to Poseidon slain,
"And heifer to Athenè of the azure eyen.

LXXXII.

"Then through the army in our ranks we sup
"And in our armour slept we every one
"By th’ river-streams. Th’ Epei proud were up
"And, bent on spoiling it, begirt the town.
"But first to them was work of Ares shown.
"When peer’d the sun ’bove ground, we join’d in fight,
"Our prayers to Zeus and to Athenè done.
"When Pylians and Epei met, first smite
"A man did I, and took his steeds, that Mulius hight;

LXXXIII.

"Augeas’ son-in-law. He th’ eldest had
"The auburn Agamedè, she who knew
"All healing herbs by ample earth are fed.
"Him coming on with brazen spear I slew.
"He sank i’ th’ dust; upon his car I flew
"And stood i’ th’ front. Th’ Epei fled with fear
"When fallen him, that led their horse, they view,
"So brave in fight. Like whirlwind I career,
"Took fifty cars, two hurl’d from each beneath my spear.
LXXXIV.
"Th' Actorian youths, the Molions eke I'd slain
"But them their Sire, Earth-Shaker wide of sway
"Deliver did, and all in darkness screen.
"Zeus gave the Pylians mighty strength that day.
"For through the shield-like plain \textsuperscript{111} we chace, and slay,
"And gather arms until our steeds we drave
"Where rich in corn Buprasium, Petra lay,
"Olenia and Alesium, and where gave
"Its name Colonè. There Athenè turn'd our people brave.

LXXXV.
"My last man slain, I ceas'd. Th' Achæans drave
"Back from Buprasium unto Pylos then
"Their rapid steeds. And all then grateful gave
"To Zeus 'mong gods, to Nestor praise 'mong men.
"And such I was if e'er I was 'mong men.
"Achilles' worth sole profits him. He may
"Methinks when th' host 's destroy'd hereafter plain.
"O friend! thus thee Menætius bade, the day
"From Phthia to Atrides sent he thee away.

LXXXVI.
"We being within, I and Odysseus, well
"Heard all in th' house he bade. For come we were
"To house of Peleus, where 'tis good to dwell,
"Folk gath'ring we throughout Achaia fair.
"Within we found Menætius hero there,
"Thee and Achilles. Drive-steed Peleus old
"To thunder-loving Zeus fat thighs of steer
"In straw-yard burning was. His hands did hold,
"As on burnt off'ring wine he poured, the cup of gold.
LXXXVII.

"Ye were 'bout ox engag'd preparing flesh when we
At th' entrance stood. Achilles rose astound,
And brought us in by th' hand, bade seated be;
All guest-things proper plac'd as hosts are bound.
And when of meat and drink our fill we'd found,
I speech began, and you to join us press'd.
Ye both were prompt. Much they enjoin'd and sound.
On 's son Achilles Peleus Sire impress'd
To bear him bravely aye, and still excel the rest.

LXXXVIII.

"Thee thus enjoin'd Mencetius Actor's son: —
'My child! Achilles is of birth more high,
But elder thou, though he the stronger one.
Speak him good rede, advise, and lead the way.
For good he'll hear.' 'Twas thus the Sire did say.
But thou 'st forgot. Yet might'st e'en now commend
'T' Achilles war-skill'd this, if he 'll obey.
Who knows, god fav'ring, if his spirit bend
Thou mayst, persuading. Good 's the counsel of a friend.

LXXXIX.

"But if in 's mind some oracle he shun,
If aught from Zeus his mother 's told. To fight
Yet send he thee with forces Myrmidon,
And that too in his comely armour dight.
So taking thee for him the Trojans might
From war abstain, and Achives' brave sons then
Take breath, distrest, from war some respite slight.
With ease all fresh you 'd thrust those wearied men
In fight from ships and tents back to their town again."
He said, and stirr'd his soul. By th' ships he ran
T' Æacides Achilles. When a-near,
In running, drew Patroclus to that godlike man
Odysseus' ship, where court and market were
And to the gods erected altars fair,
Wounded Eurypylus Evæmon's son
With shaft in thigh, from fight came limping there.
The liquid sweat ran head and shoulders down,
Black blood from painful wound out-gush'd. His sense yet
sound.

Mencætius' brave son pitied him as he
Beheld, and wing'd words spake compassionate:—
"Hapless Danaian chiefs and rulers ye!
"From friends and country far thus satiate
"In Troas here swift dogs must ye with fat?
"Eurypylus, O say, thou Zeus-nurs'd hero high,
"Withstand huge Hector do th' Achæans yet,
"Or by his spear subdued already die?"
To him Eurypylus the prudent made reply:—

"Zeus-nurs'd Patroclus, fence will be no more
"For Achives, but i' th' black ships fall will they.
"For all that were the valiantest before
"I' th' vessels smitten now, and wounded lie
"By Trojans' hands, whose strength augmenteth aye.
"But save me ta'en to th' ship. The shaft cut out
"And wash with water warm black blood from thigh,
"Sprinkling fam'd drugs, to thee Achilles stout
"Reveal'd, whom Chiron, that most just of centaurs, taught.
"For Podalirius and Machaon, those
"Physicians, one in tent doth wounded lie,
"And needs skill'd leech himself. The other does
"I' th' plain the Trojans' battle fierce aby'e."
Then did Menoetius' valiant son reply:—
"How will these doings end? What shall we do,
"Hero Eurypylus? A word to say
"Unto war-skill'd Achilles now I go,
"Gerenian Nestor, Achives' guardian, charg'd me to.

"Nathless I 'll not omit to care for thee
"Thus pain'd." He said, and ta'en 'neath bosom led
The people shepherd t' his pavilion he.
The servant saw and hides of oxen spread.
There stretch'd him out, then cut from thigh with knife
he did
Keen bitter shaft, and wash'd the gore away
With water warm, and bitter root applied,
Bruis'd in his hands, which healing did allay
His every pang. The wound dried up, the blood did stay.
THE ILIAD.

BOOK XII.

I.
Thus at the tents Machaon's valiant son
Wounded Eurypylus recur'd. Meanwhile
Th' Argives and Trojans mingling battled on.
Nor longer might Danaians' trench prevail,
Nor wall, built 'bove it broad, for th' ships avail.
A trench they 'd drawn around, which ships and prey
Immense might safe enclose, but they did fail
T' immortal gods bright hecatombs to pay.
So built i' th' gods' despite, it reach'd no distant day.

II.
While Hector liv'd, and rag'd Achilles high,
And sovr'an Priam's city stood unta'en,
Th' Achæan's mighty wall did firm abye;
But when the Trojans' bravest all were slain,
And Argives smitten some, some did remain,
And in the tenth year ta'en was Priam's town,
And th' Argives home in ships return'd again,
Poseidon and Apollo to throw down
The wall conspir'd, a strength of rivers bringing on,
III.

All that from Ida’s mountains seaward flow, 
Rhesus, Heptàporus, Caresus there, 
And Rhodius, Granicus, Æsepus, so 
Divine Scamander, eke Simōis where 
I’ th’ dust fell shields, and helms, and lineage fair 
Of demi-gods. Their mouths all joining, he, 
Phœbus Apollo, nine days batter’d e’er 
Full-stream the wall, and Zeus unceasingly 
Did rain to send it quicker rolling down to sea.

IV.

And lead Earth-Shaker did himself the way, 
Trident in hand, and with his waves up-rout 
Foundations all of piles and stones, that they 
Th’ Achæans toiling laid, and all about 
Fair-flowing Hellespont he smooth’d it out, 
And hid the mighty shore again with sand, 
The wall destroy’d, and turn’d the rivers stout 
To th’ stream each erst was wont flow through the land. 
These would Poseidon and Apollo after take in hand.

V.

Then fight and noise the well-built wall rag’d round 
And sound the struck towers’ timbers. Quell’d by might 
Of Zeus’ scourge th’ Argives, shut i’ th’ ships astound, 
Fear Hector, dire artificer of flight. 
And he as erst like tempest rag’d in fight. 
As when with dogs and hunters hath to do 
A boar or lion, glaring in his might, 
They form in square, and stand and wait him so, 
And javelins hurling many from their hands they throw.
VI.
His stout heart quails not, flies not. Valour slay Him doth, and oft he turns men's ranks to try. Where'er he charges there men's ranks give way. So Hector pac'd the throng, and mates did ply, And urge to cross the trench. Their steeds were shy And on the brink there stood they neighing loud. For them the broad trench sore did terrify, Which neither overleap, nor cross they could, So steep the slopes on each side all around it stood.

VII.
And sharp stakes hedg'd its top, thick set and strong, Th' Achæans' sons 'gainst foes a fence had pight. There steeds uneath wheel'd car could draw along. The foot nathless were fain if so they might. Polydamas to Hector valiant wight: — "Hector, and chiefs of Trojans and allies! "The swift-steeds drive o'er trench were folly quite, "'Tis difficult to cross, for in it rise "Sharp stakes, and by them close th' Achæans' wall like-wise.

VIII.
"For horsemen there could not descend nor fight, "A strait where they methinks would wounded be. "If Zeus high thund'ring willeth them to smite "And Trojans succour, would 'twere instantly, "And far from Argos perish namelessly "Th' Achæans here. But haply turn should they, "And chace fro' th' ships and trench encounter we "I think no messenger will back to say "I' th' town how th' Achives turn'd again in battle-fray.
IX.

"But come, comply we all with what I say.
"Our servants keep the steeds the trench beside,
"While we on foot ourselves in arms array,
"And joining, follow Hector. Us abide
"Will th' Achives not if near their end betide."

Thus spake Polydamas. Safe counsel too
Pleas'd Hector. Straight from car full panoplied
He sprang. No other Trojans muster do
On steeds, but sprang to ground when Hector thus they view.

X.

And each his charioteer then soothly bade,
The steeds in order hold the trench beside.
And they in ranks the while themselves array'd,
And 'neath their chiefs in squadrons five divide.
With Hector and Polydamas some hied,
The most and bravest they and eager were
To fight by th' ships, and break the bulwark wide.
Cebriones went third, for with the car
Left Hector one, Cebriones' inferior far.

XI.

Paris, Alcathoüs, Agenor led
A part, while Helenus a third band fair
Join'd with Deiphobus the god-shap'd sway'd,
Priam's two sons, and third did Asius fare,
The Hyrtacide, whom from Arisba bare
His big bay steeds from river Selleïs.
A fourth Anchises' son, Æneas there
Did sway, with whom Antenor's sons, y-wis
Archilochus and Acamas, to whom no fight amiss.
XII.
Sarpedon there the fam’d auxiliars led,
And with him Glæucus and Asteropæus brave
He took, that valiantest the rest out-did,
All but himself who no compeer did have.
And these, when interlock’d their bucklers, drave
Fierce on the Danai, nor deem’d that they
Could aught but fall, their sable ships their grave.
The Trojans else and fam’d allies that day
Blameless Polydamas’ good counsel did obey.

XIII.
But Hyrtacides Asius, prince of men,
Would not his steeds and driver leave, but nigh
The swift ships came with these. The fool! that then
Fate could not shun with steeds and car, and fly
Exulting back to gusty Ilium high.
For first fell fate him compassing had ta’en
Idomeneus Deucalion’s javelin by.
To the vessels’ left he charg’d, where from the plain
With steeds and cars th’ Achæans back return’d again.

XIV.
And thither steeds and chariot drive did he,
Nor found the folding portals clos’d, nor bar,
But men the same wide open held, that through them flee
Safe to the ships some comrade might from war.
And there with high thoughts drave he straight his car.
His folk with shrill cry follow, deeming slain
Th’ Achæans helpless in their black ships there
Must fall. The fools! I’ th’ gates then met they twain,
The sons of Lapithæan warriors, valiant men.
XV.

Strong Polypoetes, king Pirithous' son
Was one, and there, resembling Ares, bane
Of mortals, was Leonteus th' other one.
Before the lofty portals stood the twain,
Like high-head oaks i' th' mountains, that sustain
The wind and wet all days continually,
With ample roots out-stretching far fix'd in.
So these two now on hands and strength rely,
And mighty Asius' coming wait, nor deign to fly.

XVI.

To th' well-built wall, with tann'd-hide shields on high,
Came shouting those that sovereign Asius 'bout,
And round Íämenus, Orestes ply
Asius' son Acamas, and Thoon stout,
And eke Ónomaus. The twain within 'gan shout
To th' well-greav'd Achives to defend with might
Their ships. When rush to th' wall the Trojan rout
They saw, and rose Danaian's cry and flight,
Then forth the pair rush'd out before the gates to fight.

XVII.

Like two wild boars that in the mountains hear
Of men and dogs the coming noisy throng,
And slant-ways rushing wood break 'bout them sheer
By th' roots uptorn. While sound of tushes strong
Upsprings till they be laid their length along;
So on the breasts of these incessantly
The glist'ring brass with frequent buffets rung.
For fierce did combat they with valour high,
And on their folk above, and on their strength rely.
And stones from well-built wall they flung defending
Themselves, their tents, and vessels swift. Like snow
By strong cloud-driving wind out-pour'd, descending
Thick on the earth all-nourishing below,
So from the hands of Achives missiles flow,
And of the Trojans. Helmets echo make
With mill-stones smit, and bossy bucklers so.
Full sorely groan'd, and both his thighs y-strake
Then Asius, son of Hyrtacus, and wrathful spake:—

"Sire Zeus, thou 'st sure grown falsehood-loving quite!
"For ne'er would Achive heroes I did say
"Withstand our hands resistless, and our might.
"But like lithe-waisted wasps or bees are they,
"That make their homes beside some craggy way,
"Nor leave their hollow house, but there remain,
"'Gainst hunters battling for their young alway;
"So these will from the gates, although but twain,
"No whit recede, until they slaughter or be slain." 112

He said, but speaking so Zeus' mind mov'd nought,
Who will'd that Hector's should the glory be.
Others at other gates fierce battle fought,
But like a god tell all were hard for me.
All sides by th' wall rag'd fierce exceedingly
Strange fire of stone! 113 Th' Argives in evil plight
Their ships defend. Grie'd was each deity
All that Danaians' helpers were in fight.
To battle now the Lapithæ address their might.
Strong Polypetes then, Pirithous' son,
Smote Damasus through brass-cheeked helm with spear;
The brass helm stay'd it not, but through the bone
The brass-point brake, and all within did smear,
And mar the brains, and quell'd him mid-career.
And Pylus next and Ormenus he slew.
Leonteus, Ares' branch, did th' offspring dear
Of Sire Antimachus there slaughter too,
Hippomachus, with spear his girdle smiting through.

And then from scabbard drawing falchion keen,
He first Antiphates did rush through throng
And close-hand smite, who fell to earth supine.
Menon, Iamenus, Orestes, flong
He then all stretch'd on fertile earth along.
While they did pluck from these their warlike tire,
Polydamas and Hector did the strong
Youths most and bravest follow, with desire
To break there through the wall, and burn the ships with fire.

They pond'ring anxious stood the trench beside,
For bird there came, when cross fain would they o'er,
A soaring eagle did their left divide,
And blood-red serpent, huge in 's talons bore,
That liv'd and breath'd, nor mem'ry yet forlore
Of fight, but, writhing back, his captor stong
I' th' breast by neck, who from him tortur'd sore
There cast to earth the snake amid the throng,
And screaming thence away flew with the breeze along.
XXIV.
Aghast the Trojans saw the agile snake,
Zeus th' ægis holder's signal, 'mid them lie.
Polydamas by Hector standing spake:—
"Hector, thou blam'st me in th' assemblies aye
"Though couns'lling right, for aught beyond to say
"The private man in counsel fitteth not,
"Nor e'er in war, but thine authority
"Still swell. But what seems best I'll speak it out.
"Let's not go fight the Danai the ships about.

XXV.
"'Twill be methinks as Trojans did betide.
"A bird there came when cross fain would they o'er,
"A soaring eagle, did their left divide,
"And blood-red serpent huge in 's talons bore
"Alive, which quick he cast away before
"His lov'd home reach'd, or to his young y-ta'en.
"So we if th' Achives' wall and gates by power
"We burst and th' Achives yield, yet shall we then
"Fro' th' ships in order that way not return again.

XXVI.
"For Trojans many we shall leave, whom will
"With brass in ships' defence th' Achæans slay.
"So would an augur answer who had skill
"In signs, and him the people would obey."
Him eyeing askance did glance-helm Hector say:—
"Polydamas, thy speech now suits not me,
"Speak rede thou know'st that 's better every way.
"But this thou say'st if sooth thine earnest be
"Then have the gods themselves thy wits destroy'd for thee.
Thou bidst loud-thund’ring Zeus’ designs forget,
That promis’d me himself approving high.
Thou bidst on stretch-wing birds observance set,
For which not turn aside nor care do I
If to the right to east and sunward fly,
Or to the left to darkling west they wend.
Let us with mighty Zeus’ designs comply,
Who mortals and immortals doth command.
One augury is best, to fight for native land.

But why should’st thou fear war and fight? For we
The rest by th’ Argive ships might all be slain
And thou not fear to fall; for lacks in thee
A firm-fight, battling heart. But if abstain
From fight thou dost, or mak’st from war refrain
Another one by thy persuasions bent,
Smit with my spear thy life shall straight be ta’en.”
This said, he leads. They shouting with him went
And thunder-loving Zeus from Ida’s mountains sent

A storm of wind that straight to th’ ships drave dust,
Dull’d th’ Achives’ sense, gave Hector glory high
And Trojans, who his signs and own strength trust,
And break th’ Achæans’ wall gigantic try;
The turrets there and bulwarks tore away,
And pillars lever’d up, which th’ Achives set
I’ th’ ground to buttress up their towers thereby.
These tore they down, through th’ Achives’ wall to get
So trusting. But the Danai not yielded yet.
XXX.

With oxen's hides the bulwarks they defending
Thrust back the foes that near'd the wall. The twain
Ajaces cheer'd from towers, on all sides wending
Th' Achæans' strength upstirring there anain.
And this with honied words, and that again
With harsh rebuk'd whom seen to battle slow:
"Friends, Argives! whoso best, who middling then,
"Who worse; for all in war not like. But now
"There's work for all, and this yourselves in sooth do know.

XXXI.

"Let not a man to th' ships, because he hear
"This one so threat'ning, turn him back, but go
"Right onwards ye, and one another cheer.
"If grant us Zeus, Olympian-lightner, so,
"Th' attack repell'd to th' town then chase the foe."
I' th' front thus they arous'd th' Achæans' fight.
And as full thickly fall the flocks of snow
On wintry day when Zeus, the counsel-dight,
Is mov'd to snow on men, his weapons brings to sight. 115

XXXII.

Lulls winds asleep 116, then pours, nor ceases ere
High mountains' summits, headlands' tops he hide,
And blooming plains, and men's rich labours fair;
On th' hoar sea shed, and ports, and sea-shore wide,
Stays it th' upwashing wave, but all beside
Is cover'd up with Zeus' storm's over-fall.
So stones from them flew thick on either side
At Trojans these, from Trojans those withal
At Achives hurl'd. And uproar rose along the wall.
XXXIII.
Nor Trojans sooth with brilliant Hector had
E’en then broke through the portals of the wall
And lengthy bar, but Zeus deep-counsell’d made
His son Sarpedon on the Argives fall,
Like lion on the crook-horn kine withal.
Before him straight he held his fair round targe
Of brass. With beaten brass the smith had all
O’erlaid, and sewn inside skins thick and large,
And golden rods continuous round its circling marge.

XXXIV.
This ’fore him held, and shaking javelins twain,
He went like lion mountain-bred, that long
In want of flesh, by stout heart stirr’d, is fain
Attempt the sheep, and comes to th’ sheep-fold strong.
Though find he shepherd-men that them among
With dogs and spears do watch the sheep, away
He’ll not without attempt, but drag along
He will, in-leaping ’mong them there, his prey,
Or else himself doth javelin hurl’d by swift hand slay.

XXXV.
Divine Sarpedon’s soul so urg’d him on
T’ attack the wall, and break the bulwark through.
To Glaucus straight Hippolochus’ brave son:—
“O Glaucus, why in Lycia is ’t they do
“With seat and meats, full cups, extol us two,
“Look up to us as gods? Large portion fair
“We till by Xanthus’ banks with soil to grow
“Both wine and corn. ’Mong Lycians foremost e’er
“Now fits we stand, and brunt of raging battle bear.
XXXVI.

"That thus may stoutly-cuirass'd Lycians say
"Not unrenown'd our kings rule Lycia bright.
"Fat sheep and choicest dulcet wine do they
"Consume. But then all excellent their might,
"Since they amongst the foremost Lycians fight.
"This war escaping if we should, my friend,
"Be aye from age and death exempted quite
"Not 'mong the foremost then would I contend
"Myself, nor thee to man-ennobling battle send.

XXXVII.

"But now that myriad fates of death there be
"Which mortal can nor shun nor turn aside
"Let's go and glory give, or take it we."
He said, nor Glaucus flinched nor complied.
Huge band of Lycians leading straight they hied.
Them Peteus' son Menestheus saw aghast.
His tower it was they, fraught with mischief, nigh'd.
In search of chief through th' Achief towers he cast.
His eyes for aid t' his comrades 'gainst destruction vast.

XXXVIII.

He saw th' Ajaces, war-insatiate pair,
Standing, and Teucer, just come forth from tent,
At hand. Yet not his shouting reach'd him there,
So huge the din: to heav'n the uproar went
From batter'd shields and plumèd helmets sent,
And from the gates. For at them stood the foe,
And strove to break by force, on ent'ring bent.
Herald Thoûtes sendeth he to Ajax:—"Go,
"Thoûtes, run and call th' Ajaces; call the two;
XXXIX.

"For that were best of all. Dire loss will here
"Be soon. Those Lycian chiefs so tempest down\textsuperscript{117},
"That erst were wont through fiercest fights career.
"But if they 've also toil and conflict yon,
"Then come the valiant Ajax Telamon
"Alone, and Teucer follow skill'd with bow."
He said. The herald slights not, but did run
Along the brass-mail'd Achives' wall and go
And by th' Ajaces stand, and straight address'd them so:—

XL.

"Ajaces! brass-mail'd Argives' chiefs, in troth
"Go yonder urgeth Zeus-nurs'd Peteus' son
"To share somewhat their toil. He'd rather both,
"For that were best of all. Dire loss will soon
"Be there, those Lycian chiefs so tempest down
"That erst were wont career fierce battles through.
"But if there's toil and conflict here, alone
"Then Ajax Telamon the valiant go,
"And Teucer follow him, so skilful with the bow."

XLI.

He said. Huge Ajax Telamon complied.
Quick wing'd words t' Oiliades spake he:—
"Here Ajax and strong Lycomèdes bide,
"The Danai to battle urging ye,
"While I go yon and fight, and presently
"I will return, when I 've deliver'd them."
This said, went Ajax Telamon away,
His brother Teucer too, whose sire the same.
With them Pandion bearing Teucer's bow there came.
XLII.

When reach'd they lofty-soul'd Menestheus' tower,  
Within the wall they went where toil'd those,  
For on to th' bulwarks came with whirlwind stour  
The Lycians' chief and couns'llors brave. Oppose  
Them they in conflict dire. The war-cry rose.  
First Ajax Telamon a man doth slay,  
Sarpedon's friend, Epicles brave. He throws  
At him a jagged stone that in his way,  
Enormous, on the battlement the topmost lay;

XLIII.

With both hands held it scarce in 's prime had one  
Of mortals now. But he did lift, and throw,  
And smash'd his four-con'd helm, and crush'd each bone  
In 's head. From tower, like diver, plung'd the foe.  
Life left his bones. And Teucer shot with bow  
Glaucus, Hippolochus' brave son, whom saw  
He then with bare arm rush to th' wall, and so  
Made cease from fight; who did by stealth withdraw,  
Lest wounded seeing him some Achive might with words  
o'ercraw.  

XLIV.

Sarpedon sorrow seiz'd at Glaucus gone  
As soon as he perceiv'd. Nathless the fight  
Forgat not he, but there Alcmamon, son  
Of Thestor, did with spear assailing smite,  
And drew it out. Foll'wing to th' spear forth-right  
He fell. His arms rang 'bout him brass-inlaid.  
Sarpedon bulwark seiz'd with hands of might,  
And pull'd, and down came all. And bare was laid  
The wall above, and road for many thus he made.
Him Ajax, Teucer, both assail'd. And this
His man y-shelt'ring shield 's bright belt on 's breast
With arrow smote. But Zeus averts y-wis
Fate from his son, lest at the ships opprest
He die. On 's shield forth leaping Ajax thrust.
Through went his spear, and him, though eager, stay'd.
He yields a space. But not retires, for trust
To win him glory there his spirit did.
To th' godlike Lycians turning then he call'd, and said:—

"Lycians, why valour slack? 'Tis hard for me,
"Though strong, to break and set to th' ships a way.
"All follow. Work of many best will be."
He said. They rev'rent hear their sovereign say,
And round their couns'lor-king thick gather they.
The Argives stronger their phalanges make
Within the wall. Great work before them lay.
For neither Lycians brave the wall could break
Of Danai, and so their way to th' vessels take;

Nor yet the valiant warrior-Danai
Were able e'er from wall the Lycians then
To thrust away, when once they drew a-nigh.
And as two men for bound'ries strife maintain
In common ground, with meas'ring rods the twain,
In scanty space contending for their right.
So these the bulwarks part; o'er which amain
About each other's breasts they cleaving smite
The bull's-hide shields orbicular, and bucklers light.
XLVIII.
In flesh were many smit with brass severe,
Both those that turning did the back lay bare,
And many through the very buckler sheer.
With men's blood towers and bulwarks everywhere
Be sprent by Trojans and Achæans there,
Yet could they not make th' Achives fly. Both be
As scales wool-working honest dame with care,
While holding weight and wool, trims equally,
That for her children earn a scanty wage may she.

XLIX.
Of these so equal war and battle hung
Ere Zeus gave higher fame to Priam's son,
Brave Hector, who to th' Achives' wall first sprung,
And calling to the Trojans, shouted: — "On!
" Ye tame-steed Trojans! th' Argives' wall break down,
" And on their ships then fire strange burning throw."
He urgent spake. With ears heard every one,
And straight to th' wall in column rush they so,
And on to th' battlements, spears pointed wielding, go.

L.
And Hector seizing bare a stone, that stood
Before the gates, and, broad at base, above
Was sharp, which scarce two men the strongest could
Of folk from ground to wagon lev'ring move
As men be now. He wields with ease, for Jove
The son of crafty Kronos made it light.
As shepherd beareth eath ram's fleece that prove
Doth little weight to him, in one hand pight,
The stone so lifting bare to th' gate-planks Hector bright.
LI.

These fenc'd the gates, strong fitting bivalve, high.  
Two bolts alternate fasten'd them inside.  
One key for all.  He went and stood full nigh,  
And mid-most struck with all his strength applied,  
And to enhance the blow stood straddling wide.  
The hinges both he brake.  By 'ts weight roll'd down  
The stone within.  Loud creak'd the gates.  Abide  
Could not the bolts.  On all sides shatter'd thrown  
Were then the planks by force impetuous of the stone.

LII.

In Hector sprang with aspect like swift night,  
And gleam'd in brass that flesh encircled dire.  
Two darts he held.  None meet and stop him might  
Save gods, when in the gates he sprang.  Like fire  
His two eyes blaz'd.  He turn'd with voice t' inspire  
The Trojans climb the wall.  His voice they heard,  
And scal'd the wall and pour'd through gates.  Retire  
On every side did Danai, and skirr'd ³  
To th' hollow ships, and mighty tumult was upstirr'd.
THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.

I.
Zeus when he'd Trojans set and Hector nigh
The ships, by these to toil and ceaseless care
He left them, while his lustrous eyes to spy
The earth he turn'd, where horsemen Thracians were,
And close-fight Mysi, Hippomolgi fair,
Milk-fed, long-liv'd, of men most just. Nor bend
To Troy did he his lustrous eyes, for ne'er,
He thought, would any of th' immortals wend
To help the Trojans, or the Danai defend.

II.
Nor vain Earth-Shaker's watch, who view'd the fight
From wood-crown'd Thracian Samos wond'ringly
From th' highest peak; whence seen all Ida might
And Priam's town, and ships Achæan be.
There come fro' th' deep he sat, and griev'd to see
Th' Achæans by the Trojans thus subdued.
And wroth with Zeus down mountain steep went he
With striding feet. The long hills shook, and wood
Beneath Poseidon's feet immortal as he strode.
III.

Three strides he took, the fourth t' his goal he came
To Ægæ, where in sea-depths palace rare,
Gold, glist'ring, undecaying, built for him.
Arriv'd, the steeds to car he harness'd there
Brass-footed, swift, with manes of golden hair.
With gold his flesh y-clad, the whip took he,
Of gold well-made, and clomb his chariot fair.
O'er wave he drove, and sea-beasts in their glee
From all their haunts came forth, rejoic'd their king to see.

IV.

With joy the sea disparted. On they flew
Nor underneath was brazen axle wet.
To th' Achive ships the bounding steeds him drew.
There lies in depths o' th' deep a cavern great
'Twixt Tenedos and rugged Imbrus set.
Stay'd steeds Shake-Earth Poseidon there, untied
From car, ambrosia gave, cast o'er their feet
Gold fetters break not, loose not, so t' abide
Their king's return, who to the host Achæan hied.

V.

The Trojans sooth united all, like flame
Or tempest, foll'wing Hector Priam's son,
All eager, noisy, shouting, onwards came,
And thought th' Achæans' ships to seize anon
And there th' Achæans slaughter every one.
Gird-earth, Earth-Shaker, though, from depths of sea
Poseidon coming, stirr'd the Argives on.
With Calchas' form, and voice untiring, he
Th' Ajaces first address'd, though prompt themselves they be.
VI.

"Ajaces, ye th' Achæans' folk will save
"With thought of valour, none of chilly flight.
"Elsewhere I fear not Trojans' strong arms brave
"Who've scal'd the wall *en masse*. For buskin-dight
"Achæans bear will all. Yet I 'm in fright
"We suffer aught where rabid, like the flame,
"Leads Hector, Zeus the mighty's son self-hight.
"May you then thus some god your souls inflame
"To stand up strong yourselves, and others urge the same.

VII.

"Him then though eager drive from swift ships out
"E'en though Olympius self hath stirr'd him so."
This said, Gird-earth, Earth-Shaker them y-smote
With sceptre, and did vigor in them throw,
Their limbs, their hands and feet made nimble grow.
And as a hawk swift-pinion'd taketh wing
And doth, from steep rock rising, headlong go
To chace a bird i' th' plain: so did the king
The Shaker of the earth, Poseidon from them spring.

VIII.

First knew Oilean Ajax swift and said
To Telamonian Ajax: — "Ajax, we
"B' Olympian god in prophet-guise are bid
"To fight by th' ships. For prophet Calchas he
"The Augur's not. For I behind did see
"His steps in going, calves and feet. For know
"The gods is eath. And in my breast to me
"My soul is stirr'd to war and fight, and so
"For battle yearn my hands above, my feet below."
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IX.

Him answ'ring Telamonic Ajax said:—
"So 'bout my spear my strong hands yearn, and higher
"My spirit swells, and I am onwards sped
"Of both feet under me; my strong desire
"Alone t' encounter Hector's quenchless fire."

To one another so discoursing those,
With fighting joy the god did them inspire.
Meanwhile Gird-Earth doth hindmost Achives rouse,
Who by the vessels swift their wearied hearts repose,

x.

Whose limbs y-loosèd were with grievous toil;
While sorrow in their souls doth rise to see
The Trojans scale the mighty wall with coil.
They saw, and tears shed 'neath their brows, for flee
They thought they should not this calamity.
But Shake-Earth coming rous'd the ranks with ease.
On Teucer first and Lëitus came he,
Peneleus, Thoas, and Meriones,
Dei.pyrus, Antilochus, war-skilful these.

xi.

With wing'd word urg'd them he:—"O Argives, shame!
"I'm sure our ships were safe if ye but fight.
"But slack sad war, and now's the day that tame
"Us will the Trojans. Gods! How strange a sight
"And dire mine eyes behold, unthought of quite
"By me, the Trojans at our ships! who erst
"Were like the deer that take through forest flight,
"And jackals', leopards', lions' prey through hurst
"At random wander weak, for combat never nurst.

x
XII.

"So Trojans erst th' Achæans' hands, and might
"Would ne'er stand up against one jot, but now
"Far off the town by th' hollow ships they fight,
"Through leader's wrong, and folk's remissness slow,
"Who wroth with him their ships defend not, though
"They 're by them slain. Wrong hath Atrides done,
"The hero broad-rule Agamemnon, so
"To have dishonour'd Peleus' swift-foot son,
"But us on that account slack war behoveth none.

XIII.

"Quick heal we this, for souls of brave men heal. 120
"Nor longer well your strenuous valour slack
"Can ye, the army's valiantest. I feel
"The man's not wrong who, weak, from war hangs back.
"With you I'm wroth at heart. O sloths, ye'll make
"With this your sluggardise soon worser woe.
"Think each of shame and blame his doings track.
"Huge strife is up. By th' ships fights Hector, who
"War-valiant, strong, hath broke the gates and long bar
through."

XIV.

Gird-Earth 121 exhorting thus th' Achæans mov'd.
Stood strong phalanges round th' Ajaces twain,
Which Ares coming had not disapprov'd,
Nor yet stir-folk Athenia. Choicest men
And best bide Hector and the Trojans then.
Spears close to spears, on bucklers bucklers rest,
Shield shield, helm helmet, man doth man sustain,
And horse-hair plumèd helms, with dazzling crest,
Touch'd as they nod. So serried close they stood com-
press'd.
XV.
And spears were bent by strong hands brandishèd,
And fain would onward they, on fight intent,
But first, the Trojans charg'd. And Hector led,
Who rush'd like rolling stone from cliff-brink sent
By torrent flood, when tempest-rain hath rent
Its holdings on the rugged rock. Away
It leaps and flies, and echoes turbulent
Wakes in the wood, and doth for nothing stay
Till reach'd the plain, where eager roll no more it may.

XVI.
So Hector 'd threaten'd eath to reach the sea,
Achæan ships, and tents. But reach'd th' array
Of dense phalanges stood close grappling he.
Him th' Achives' sons thrust back with falchions' sway
And twin-edg'd spears. He rough repuls'd gave way,
And shouting loud address'd the Trojan throng:—
"Trojans, and Lycians, close-fight Dardans, stay,
"Keep firm. Th' Achæans will not stop me long,
"Tower-fashion though they have themselves embattled
strong.

XVII.
"But to my spear, methinks, they 'll yield anon
"If truly Here's lofty thund'ring spouse,
"The chiefest of the gods, hath urg'd me on."
This said, doth each one's strength and spirit rouse.
Deiphobus, high-thoughted, pac'd 'mong those,
Priamides, with buckler round held out
Before. Light footing 'neath his shield he goes.
Merion at him aim'd shining spear, and smote,
And miss'd not, on his bull's hide orbèd buckler stout.
XVIII.

But pierc'd not through. For first the lengthy spear Snapp'd at the stem. Deiphobus before Him far thrust out the bull's hide shield; for fear He did the war-skill'd Merion's lance. Back bore The hero to his comrades, chafing sore For vict'ry both, and spear that brake. He goes To th' ships and tents Achæan back once more To fetch a lengthy spear, he'd left 'mong those In 's tent. The rest fought on, and war-cry quenchless rose.

XIX.

First Telamonian Ajax slew a man, Brave Imbrius, steed-rich Mentor's son, who had Dwelt in Pedæus ere arriv'd han Th' Achæans' sons. The spurious child he did Of Priam, fair Medèsicastè, wed. Danaian ships arriv'd, to Troy he went, 'Mong Trojans shone, with Priam habited, Who grac'd him like his sons. On th' ear him hent Telamon's son with lengthy lance, then spear out-rent.

XX.

He fell, as on a mountain-top, that 's round Far seen, an ash brass-hewn vails earth-ward low Its tender leaves. He fell, his brass arms sound. Forth Teucer rush'd, to spoil his arms not slow, And at him Hector shining spear did throw. He saw and scantily 'scap'd the brazen spear, Which Ktæatus Actorion's offspring so, Amphimachus, as he to war drew near, Smote on the breast. He fell. His arms resounded drear.
XXI.

Rush’d Hector temple-fitting helm from head
To tear of brave Amphimachus the stout.
Ajax at rushing Hector bright spear sped,
But flesh not reach’d, ’twas cover’d all about
With dreadful brass. But buckler’s boss he smote
And him with great strength thrust. He back did fare
From both the dead. Th’ Achæans drew them out.
And Stichius and divine Menestheus there,
Athenian chiefs, Amphimachus to th’ Achives bare.

XXII.

Th’ Ajaces bent on war drew Imbrius off.
As lions twain from saw-tooth’d dogs a goat
Do seize, and bear through tangled bushes rough,
And high ’bove ground do in their jaws hold out,
So him high holding both Ajaces stout
Of arms despoil’d. Oiliades his head,
Wroth for Amphimachus, from soft neck smote,
And like a bowl then sent it rolling mid
The throng. Fall in the dust at Hector’s feet it did.

XXIII.

And then at heart full wroth Poseidon grows,
For grandson slain in combat fierce. Career
He did to th’ Achives’ ships, and tents, and rouse
Danaians, working Trojans sorrow drear.
Idomeneus the spear-fam’d met him here,
From comrade coming; who ’d from fight but late
Come to him, smit i’ th’ knee with brass severe.
Bare him his mates. His charge to th’ leeches set,
This left his tent, to battle eager back to get.
King Shake-Earth spake, and Thoas' voice put on, Andræmon's offspring, who th' Etolians sway'd Through Pleuron all and lofty Calydon, Whom as a god his people honored.

"Idomeneus, O Cretans' chief, where fled
"The threats th' Achæans' sons did Trojans threat?"
Idomeneus, the Cretans' chieftain, said: —
"O Thoas, not a man's to blame for it,
"That I do know. For war we lack not skill nor wit.

"None is there whom detains disheart'ning fear;
"Nor doth to terror yielding any shun
"Pernicious war. But seems that perish here,
"From Argos far, th' Achæans every one
"Disgrac'd would pleasure Kronos' mighty son.
"But Thoas, thou war-prompt in former tide
"Another seeing slack, wouldst urge him on.
"So slack not now, but urge each man beside."

To him Poseidon then, that shakes the earth, replied: —

"Idomeneus, may that man never back
"From Troas more return, but here the prey
"And sport of dogs become, whoso would slack
"With willing heart his battling fierce this day:
"Now take thine arms and come. For we away
"Must haste. We'll profit haply since we're twain.
"Men's valour join'd avails though feeble they.
"But we with valiantest can fight maintain."

This said, the god to fight of men return'd again.
XXVII.

Idomeneus, when reach'd his well-built tent,
In fair arms clad his flesh, two spears did take,
And went likelightning, Kronos' son in hand hath hent,
And doth to men from sheen Olympus shake,
A signal shown. Its flashings bright outbreak.
So as he ran the brass shone 'bout his breast.
Merion, his servant good, did towards him make,
By 's tent, who brass spear fetching thither press'd.
And him the strength of King Idomeneus address'd: —

XXVIII.

" O Merion, Molus' swift-foot son, most dear
" Of friends. Why com'st thou, leaving war and fight?
" Art smit? With spear-point gall'd? Or seek'st me here
" With news? To sit in tents I've no delight,
" But would to war." Spake Merion, prudent wight:—
" Idomeneus, O brass-clad Cretans' head,
" I'm come to fetch what spear remain there might
" I' th' tents. For break the one that erst I had
" In smiting shield of haught Deiphobus I did."

XXIX.

Him answer'd then Idomeneus withal,
The Cretan's chieftain: — "Spears, if so inclin'd,
" Be 't one or twenty, leaning 'gainst the wall
" Within the tent all glist'ring thou wilt find,
" I've ta'en from Trojans slain. For I 've no mind
" At distance from my foes to stand and fight,
" And therefore spears and bossy shields are mine,
" And helms, and coats of mail refulgent bright."
And him Meriones then answer'd, prudent wight: —
XXX.

"I too possess, within pavilion mine,
"And sable ship, much Trojan spoils y-pight,
"But these be not at hand. Nor, I opine,
"Am I forgetful aught of val’rous might,
"But in the front in man-ennobling fight
"Do stand, whene’er the strife of war doth grow.
"To other brass-arm’d Achive hap I might,
"Battle unseen, but thou, methinks, should’st know."

Idomeneus, the Cretans’ chief, him answer’d so: —

XXXI.

"I know thy valour. This why talk of then?
"For if by th’ ships were now the best pick’d out
"For ambush, (where men’s valour most is seen,
"Where who’s the coward’s shown, and who the stout.
"For much doth coward’s colour change about,
"Of him not firm the soul in mind distrest,
"And knees doth shift, on both feet sits the cow’ring lout,
"While flutt’ring beats his heart within his breast,
"Expecting death. Nor may his teeth for chatt’ring rest.

XXXII.

"But valiant warrior’s colour changes not,
"Nor is he sore dismay’d when couching low
"In ambush first, but in encounter hot
"At soonest longs to mix.) There none I trow
"Would blame thy force or hands, for, toiling so,
"If smit in fight, or close or distant be ’t,
"Not neck behind, nor back touch would the blow,
"But on thy bosom, or thy belly beat,
"As thou wert rushing on where foremost warriors meet.
XXXIII.
“Of this come let’s no more stand talking now
“Like babes, lest some past measure blame us here.
“But go to th’ tent, and strong spear take thee thou.”
He said. Meriones, swift Ares’ peer,
Took quickly from the tent a brazen spear.
Idomeneus then sought he battle-bold.
As man-bane Ares war-wards goes and Fear,
With him his lov’d son, fierce and uncontroll’d
Doth wend, who hath appall’d e’en warrior stedfast soul’d.

XXXIV.
From Thrace with th’ Ephyri these armour don
Or with the Phlegians brave. But to the two
They hearken not, but glory give to one,
Merion, Idomeneus, men’s chieftains, so
In dazzling brass y-clad to battle go.
First Merion spake: — “Deucalion’s offspring, where,
“To th’ army’s right, or midst, or left, wilt thou
“Enter th’ array. In fight so worsted ne’er
“Methinks were the Achæans, of the comely hair.”

XXXV.
Him Cretan chief, Idomeneus, address’d: —
“To fend the centre ships be others pight,
“Th’ Ajaces twain, and Teucer, th’ Achives’ best
“At archery, and good at stedfast fight.
“They ’ll Hector, Priam’s son, war-eager wight
“And strong employ. Though war he’s bent upon,
“Not eath he ’ll quell their stalwart hands and might,
“And burn the ships, unless great Kronos’ son
“Himself send brand upon the swift ships blazing down.
XXXVI.

"Not yield would Ajax Telamon to man
"That's mortal and Demeter's fruit doth eat,
"And crush with brass and mighty stones we can.
"Achilles e'en, rank-shatt'rer, he might meet
"In stand-up fight, though not so swift his feet.
"So we 'll to th' left, that whether we renown
"Give them, or others us, we soonest weet."

He said, and Merion, Ares' paragon,
Until they reach'd the part he bade, went pacing on.

XXXVII.

They seeing Idomeneus, for strength like flame,
In varied arms, himself and servant, go
Through th' host exhorting, on him all they came.
Contention fierce doth round the ship-sterms grow.
As tempests drive, when piping winds do blow,
What time most dust 's upon the road, which they
Gath'ring a heap in mighty cloud up-throw:
E'en thus their battle join'd, who through th' array
With keen-edged brass each other eager sought to slay.

XXXVIII.

The man-devouring battle bristled o'er
With long flesh-cutting spears, that grasping tight
They wielded there. And eyes were daz'd before
The brazen gleam from helmets flashing light,
From breast-plates burnish'd fresh, and bucklers bright
Of these encount'ring. Stout were he of heart
Who'd seen unmov'd their toiling with delight.
The mighty sons of Kronos either part
Espousing work'd the warrior-heroes grievous smart.
XXXIX.

Zeus would that Hector and the Trojans won,
To grace Achilles swift. Nor utterly
Would have th' Acheans slain 'fore Ilium's town,
But Thetis and her brave son honour'd be.
Rouse th' Argives did Poseidon, th' hoary sea
By stealth emerging from, them mickle griev'd to view
By Trojans quell'd, and wroth with Zeus was he.
The race of both the same, like lineage too,
But Zeus he was the elder born, and more he knew. 124

XL.

So shunn'd Poseidon giving open aid,
But secret did as man the host excite.
And they fierce strife and fell war's cable sway'd,
Alternate straining, break the which none might;
Nor slack, that loos'd the knees of many a wight.
Though gray, did leap, and to Danaïans shout,
Idomeneus, and Trojans mov'd to flight,
For there Othryoneus, who 'd late from out
Cabesus come, at rumour of the war, he smote.

XLI.

Fairest he wooed of Priam's daughters bright,
Cassandra dowerless, vowing derring-do 255 ,
To drive th' Acheans' sons, in their despite,
From Troy. Old Priam promis'd her, and so
He on that promise fought. At him did throw
Idomeneus a well-aim'd glitt'ring spear,
As proud he pac'd along. Nor ward the blow.
Could coat of brass he wore. Mid-belly sheer
It pierc'd. With sound he fell. His foe did boastful
jeer:
"Othryoneus, of all men, thee indeed
I praise, if thou to Priam Dardan's son
Keep promise all. He daughter promised.
And soothly this we promised had, and done,
Given of Atrides' daughters fairest one
From Argos fetch'd to wed, if verily
For us thou 'dst capture Ilium's well-dwelt town.
But come along, at ships that traverse sea
Of nuptials we'll confer; no niggard fathers we."

This said, him dragg'd fell fight along
Idomeneus. Up Asius came a-foot,
Before his steeds, that breath'd on 's shoulders strong
As them the driver held. He 'd fain have smote
Idomeneus, who fore-hand pierc'd his throat
Below the chin, and spear sent driving through.
He fell as fall an oak, or poplar mote,
Or lofty pine, in mountains shipwrights do,
For ship-wood, with their axes freshly sharpen'd hew.

So he, before his car and horses here,
Lay stretch'd, and ground his teeth, the dust and gore
Convulsive clutching. While his charioteer
Distraught had not the mind he had of yore,
Nor durst turn back his steeds and scape before
His foemen's hands. Antilochus Stay-fight 125
His midriff struck with spear. Nor coat he wore
Of brass suffic'd, but through mid-belly right
It pierc'd. He panting fell from well-wrought chariot bright.
XLV.
The steeds brave Nestor's son Antilochus
Fro' th' Trojans drave to th' Achives buskin-dight.
Drew nigh t' Idomeneus, Deiphobus
For Asius griev'd, and aim'd a javelin bright.
Idomeneus, of brass spear catching sight,
Escap'd it, hid by shield that, rounded true
Of hides compact, and brass out-flash'ng light,
He bore, and which had fitted handles two.
With this he screen'd him quite; the brazen spear o'erflew.

XLVI.
Graz'd by the spear the shield did hollow ring,
Nor hurl'd his stalwart hand in vain, but smote
Hippàsides Hypsènor, people-king,
'Neath midriff liver pierc'd, and knees so stout
Straight loos'd. Deiphobus 'gan boastful shout: —
"Aveng'd is Asius. Journeying though he be
"To Hades, mighty janitor, no doubt
"He'll joy at heart I've sent him company."
He said, and grief to th' Achives grew, as boasted he.

XLVII.
Main grief did brave Antilochus affect,
Who vex'd forgat not yet his mate. Career
He did to screen him, and with shield protect.
Him then Mecisteus, Echius' son, drew near,
And eke divine Alastor, comrades dear,
And groaning bare to th' hollow ships from fight.
Idomeneus, his huge force slack'd not here,
But long'd some Trojan still to clothe with night,
Or fall himself, so save th' Achæans loss he might.
XLVIII.

Came Zeus-nurs'd Æsyétas' offspring dear
Alcàthoüs, Anchises' son-in-law, whose bride
His eldest girl, Hippodamia fair.
She was of sire and mother's heart the pride
At home, her youth's companions far outvied
For loveliness, for labour, and for mind,
So spous'd her noblest man through Troas wide.
Him 'fore Idomeneus subdue, and blind
His lustrous eyes Poseidon did, and bright limbs fett'ring bind.

XLIX.

Flee back he could not nor avoid, but like
Some high leaf'd tree or column, stiff he stood,
As him that hero there Idomeneus did strike
Mid-breast with spear, and brake brass corselet good,
That fence his flesh of yore from mischief could.
It crackled cleft by spear. With sound he fell,
The lance in 's heart, which, throbbing, th' iron-shod
Butt-end of spear at every heaving swell
Did cause to shake. And then the strength of mighty spear
was still.

L.

Idomeneus loud boasting shouts: — " Think'st thou,
" Deiphobus, we 're quits, one slain for three,
" To vaunt so vain. Thyself, friend, stand me now,
" What scion of Zeus I 'm hither come, to see.
" First Zeus 'gat Minos, Creta's watchman he,
" Minos 'gat fam'd Deucalion, offspring dear,
" Deucalion me begat, a king to be
" In Crete o'er many men. Ships brought me here
" To thee, thy sire, and other Trojans bane severe."
LI.

He spake. Deiphobus within him weigh'd,
If of the Trojans lofty soul'd he should
Go back, and fetch some comrade to his aid,
Or whether single-handed try he would.
To him then so revolving seem'd it good
Æneas seek; and last of all th' array
Found him, who chaf'd at godlike Priam stood,
That him, though brave, 'mong warriors honour pay
Did not. Whom then approaching he wing'd words did
say: —

LII.

"Æneas, Trojan chief, behooves thee now
"Thy sister's husband succour, if so be
"The care of kin affect thee aught. Come thou,
"We 'll help Alcathoüs, who formerly
"As sister's spouse at home did nurture thee.
"Him now spear-fam'd Idomeneus hath slain."
He said, and stirr'd his soul in 's breast. And he
Straight sought Idomeneus for fight full fain.
But not Idomeneus did boy-like fear attain.

LIII.

He stay'd. As mountain-boar on strength relies,
And doth men's coming, noisy throng, await
In desert spot, with bristling back, and eyes
That flash out fire, and doth his tushes whet,
All eager men and dogs to overset.
So firm spear-fam'd Idomeneus did bide
Æneas coming swift. T' his comrades straight,
Ascalaphus, and Aphareus, espied,
Deipyrus, Merion, and Antilochus he cried.
These urging then wing’d words address’d them he:—
“Come help me, friends, thus lone, Æneas sore
I fear, the swift of foot, that comes on me;
For great at slaught’ring men in fight his power,
And, greatest strength of all, he’th manhood’s flower.
But were we of an age, and thus opin’d,
Much laud would he or I bear from this stour.”
He said, and they then all, as of one mind,
Drew close with shields, that on their shoulders slop’d in-clin’d.

Æneas called t’ his comrades, seeing there
Deiphobus, and Paris, and Agenor too,
The brave, that Trojan leaders with him were.
Then soothly after him the people drew,
As follow ram the sheep from pasture do
To drink. And shepherd doth at heart delight.
So joy’d Æneas’ soul in ’s’breast to view
So following him a crowd of warriors bright.
These ’bout Alcàthoüs with long spears close in fight.

And dread the brass resounded ’bout each breast,
As they each other aim’d at through the throng.
But two men warriors there, that all the rest
Surpass’d, and paragon’d with Ares strong;
Æneas and Idomeneus, did long
With ruthless brass each other’s flesh t’ have rent.
Æneas at Idomeneus first flong,
Who saw and shunn’d brass spear; to earth then went
Quiv’ring Æneas’ dart, from stout hand vainly sent.
LVII.
Idomeneus the while mid-belly smote
Œnòmaus. The brass, then bursting through
The corselet's hollow, ripp'd his entrails out.
I' th' dust he fell with hand earth clinging-to.
Idomeneus indeed from corse out-drew
His long-shade spear, but could not armour fair
From shoulders strip, the darts so 'bout him flew.
Nor longer firm his limbs for charging were
To get his own spear back, or shun another's there.

LVIII.
So warded woful day in standing fight,
Nor bare him swift his feet from war to flee.
At him retiring slow hurl'd javelin bright
Deiphobus, who grudge kept constantly,
But then too miss'd. Ascalaphus smote he
With lance, high Ares' son: through shoulder went strong spear.
I' th' dust he fell, and clutch'd convulsively
The ground. Nor shouting Ares strong did hear
As yet of son so falling in the fight severe,

LIX.
But on Olympus' top was seated he
'Neath golden clouds, by Zeus' high purpose pight,
Where shut from war the gods immortal be
Beside. And these now rush to close-hand fight
About Ascalaphus. Snatch'd helmet bright
Deiphobus from Ascalaph. Then bound
Did Merion, match for Ares, forth, and smite
His arm with spear. From out his hand to ground
The oblong helmet soothly falling did resound.
And Merion forth like vulture sprang again,
And from his arm's end pluck'd the javelin stout,
And back t' his mates. The other's brother then,
Polites, him with arms encircled 'bout
His waist, and drew from rough-voic'd battle out.
Till reach'd swift steeds, in rear of fight that stood
With charioteer and chariot quaintly wrought;
To th' town him groaning sore in woful mood
They bare, while gush'd from freshly wounded arm the blood.

The rest fought on, and quenchless war-cry rose,
Æneas forward rush'd, and on the throat
Brave Aphaerus, that him did there oppose,
Caletor's son, with spear keen-pointed smote.
Head droop'd aside, and with it buckler stout
And helm. Surounds him spirit-quelling death.
Antilochus watch'd Thoon turn about,
And rushing wounds him; vein all severeth
That to the neck doth reach, and back through traverseth.

This then he sever'd quite. The other down
I' th' dust fell on his back, both hands stretch'd out
To comrades dear. Antilochus rush'd on,
And arms from shoulders stripp'd, and look'd about.
The Trojans standing round from all sides smote
His fair broad shield, but fell brass drive within,
And graze Antilochus' soft flesh could not,
For so Poseidon, Shake-the-Earth, did screen
The son of Nestor mid a many javelins keen.
For he was never once withouten foes,  
But ever busy in their midst. His spear  
Is ne'er at rest, but aye at work it goes,  
Brandish'd and brisk. In mind he purpos'd here  
To hurl at one afar, or battle it near.  
Of him so aiming Asius' son was ware,  
Brave Adamas, and mid-shield smote with spear  
Keen-pointed rushing nigh. Point blunted there,  
Grudging such life, Poseidon of the dark-hued hair.

And there it stay'd, like stake that 's burnt in fire,  
In buckler of Antilochus, half on the ground.  
T' his friends' throng fain he 'd 'scaping death retire,  
But Merion foll'wing him with spear did wound  
Below the navel, where is Ares found  
To hapless mortals worst. There javelin strong  
Infix'd. He sway'd to th' blow, and struggled round  
The spear, like ox reluctant that with thong  
Herdsmen in mountains bind, and drag by force along.

So smit short time he struggled, no long while  
Till drawing nigh pluck'd out from flesh his spear  
The hero Merion. Night his eyes did veil.  
Helenus smote Deipyrus\textsuperscript{126}, temple near,  
With Thracian falchion huge, helm sev'ring sheer,  
Which fell to th' ground and stray'd. And as i' th' fight  
Roll'd 'mong th' Achæans' feet it did career  
One pick'd it up. Enwrapt his eyes dark night.  
Atrides Menelaus sorrow'd at the sight.
LXVI.
Threat'ning king hero Helenus he went,
And keen spear shook, whose bow in hand y-pight.
The twain drew nigh. With beechen spear one meant
To aim, and one from string with arrow light.
Then Priam's son his breast with shaft did smite
On corselet's hollow. Arrow glanc'd away,
As from broad winnowing fan with bounding flight
Black beans or peas in threshing floor by sway
Of whistling blast, and sturdy winnower's strong hands' play.

LXVII.
From glorious Menelaus' corselet so
Far glanc'd, far flew fell shaft. But Atreus' son,
Brave Menelaus, hand that held smooth bow
Y-smote. In bow through hand brass spear drave on.
T' his comrades' throng back went he death to shun.
His dangling arm dragg'd spear along the ground,
Which high Agenor drew from hand anon,
And hand with sheep's wool 128 skilful winding round
With sling, that servant held to people-shepherd, bound.

LXVIII.
Pisander straight at Menelaus bright
Career'd, to death's term drawn by fate severe
To be, O Menelaus, quell'd in fight
By thee. When these were come each other near
Atrides miss'd, for glanc'd aside the spear.
Bright Menelaus' shield Pisander strook
But pierce the brass could not for block'd it here.
The buckler broad. And snapp'd at stem y-broke
The spear. But he was glad and did for vict'ry look.
LXIX.
Silver-stud sword Atrides drew, and sprong
Upon Pisander, who 'd neath shield a fair
Brass axe on olive handle smooth and long.
They met. Helm-cone this smote of thick horse-hair
'Neath crest, whom as he came smote th' other where
Brow meets the nose. The bones crash'd in his head.
His eyes at 's feet i' th' dust fell bleeding there.
He bent and fell. With heel his foe did tread
His breast, and spoil his arms, and vaunting word he said:

LXX.
"Leave now swift-steed Danaians' ships will ye,
"Haught Trojans, satiate ne'er with war-cry drear!
"Insult nor shame ye stint not cast on me.
"Vile dogs! that thund'ring Zeus' dread wrath not fear,
"Guest-god who 'll one day raze your city sheer.
"My virgin bride and chattels store ye 've ta'en,
"And causelessly, she gave you guest-like cheer.
"And now ye cast i' th' ships that cross the main
"Fell fire, and slay th' Achæan heroes ye would fain.

LXXI.
"But ye'll one day though eager stay from war.
"Sire Zeus! they say thou dost transcend in mind
"All men and gods. From thee though all these are.
"Thou to injurious Trojans show'st so kind,
"Whose rage is aye unjust, who fill ne'er find
"Of woful war. Men cloy of each delight,
"Sleep, love, sweet song, and dance of which inclin'd
"A man would rather glut his appetite
"Than war. But Trojans sooth insatiate are of fight."
LXXII.

So said, give gory spoils, from carcase ta'en,
T' his mates did Menelaus, and career
'Mong foremost. Him attack'd Harpalion then
Of king Pylaemenes the son, who here
To Troas warring came with father dear,
But ne'er saw country more. Atrides nigh
He smote mid-shield but could not pierce with spear.
T' his friends' throng back he turn'd from death to fly,
And, lest with brass one wound him might, did round him spy.

LXXIII.

Merion at him departing brass-shaft sends
And smote right haunch; to bladder way it found
'Neath bone. There sitting down in hands of friends
Out breathing life like worm stretch'd on the ground
He lay. The black blood flow'd, earth wetting round.
And him the high-soul'd Paphlagonians tend,
And lift on car for sacred Ilium bound,
Sore griev'd. With them the Sire in tears doth wend,
Nor vengeance any for his slaughter'd son obtain'd.

LXXIV.

But Paris sore was wroth him slain to see
His guest 'mong Paphlagonians was this one.
For him so wroth sent brazen arrow he.
Was one Euchenor Polyides' son
The seer, rich, brave who did at Corinth wone
Who knew his fate yet cross'd in bark the main.
For oft to him had Polyides shown
That he with dire disease at home would wane,
Or be among th' Achæans' ships by Trojans slain.
So Achives' hard mulct shunn'd and sickness dread, Mind's dolours not to bear. Him Paris smote 'Neath jaw and ear; his soul his limbs soon fled And seiz'd him darkness drear. And so they fought Like raging fire. Nor Zeus-lov'd Hector aught Had heard, or known of folk by Argives slain Upon the left, where soon had th' Achives raught Full vict'ry; Gird-the-Earth, Earth-Shaker, then So stirr'd the Argives, helping them with strength amain.

But Hector kept where first leap'd gates and wall, And dense Danaïans' shielded ranks broke through, Where they on hoar sea's shore the ships withal Ajaces' and Protesilaüs' drew; Where wall most low, where men and horses too Most fierce in fight. And there Boeotians were, Long-rob'd Ionians, Locrians, Phthians, who With fam'd Epeans stopp'd him eager there Fro' th' ships, but from them flame-like Hector godlike thrust could ne'er.

Th' Athenians' best led Peteus' offspring on, Menestheus. Phidas, Stichius, Bias sped With him. Th' Epeans Meges, Phileus' son, Amphion, Dracius lead. The Phthians did Medon and bide-the-fight Podarces head. Godlike Oileus' bastard, Medon, who Was Ajax' brother, dwell from 's land he did In Phylacè, for man, own brother to The step-dame Eriôpis, King Oileus' spouse, he slew.
LXXVIII.

Iphiclus Phylacides' son was he, 
Podarces. Arm'd 'fore Phthians brave they fought 
For th' ships in the Bœotians' company. 
Ajax Oiliades the swift of foot 
Not stirr'd from Ajax Telamon a jot, 
But as in field draw plough dark oxen do 
Alike. Much sweat at horns' roots breaketh out, 
And polish'd yoke alone doth part the two 
Down furrow-straining as the share the glebe cuts through.

LXXIX.

So these conjoin'd by one another stood. 
Friends valiant many follow'd Ajax Telamon, 
That took his shield when toil and sweat subdued 
His knees. But follow'd there Oileus' son 
No Locrians brave. For stiff fight stomach none 
Had they, nor horse-tail'd helmets brasen had, 
Nor orb'd shields, nor beechen spears, but on 
Their bows and well-twist wool relying, sped 
To Troy. Shafts show'ring thick, Troy's ranks they scattered.

LXXX.

And those in front then soothly all bedight 
In cunning wroughten arms with Trojans fought 
And Hector brass array'd. Conceal'd from sight 
These ply their shafts behind. Nor Trojans aught 
Remember'd fight, by arrows so bestraught. 
And then from ships and tents sore smitten had 
In flight the Trojans windy Ilius sought, 
Had not Polydamas stood near and said 
To Hector brave: — "Hard art thou Hector to persuade.
LXXXI.
"Because to thee the god works warlike gave,
"Wouldst thou in counsel too 'fore others be?
"But thou canst all things ne'er together have.
"To one war's deeds, to one gave deity
"The dance, t' another song and minstrelsy;
"And Zeus set wisdom in another's breast,
"Which many taste, which cities saves, but he
"Doth know it chief by whom it is possesi.
"But I will utter what to me doth seem the best.

LXXXII.
"On all sides burns war's wreath encircling thee,
"And high-soul'd Trojans since they scal'd the wall
"Some have with arms withdrawn, some battling be
"'Gainst many few, 'bout ships dispers'd withal.
"Retire and hither all the chiepest call,
"And then upon the whole consult may we,
"If on the vessels many-bench'd to fall,
"Should god indeed vouchsafe us mastery,
"And then if back fro' th' ships withouten injury.

LXXXIII.
"For much I fear th' Achæans will repay
"Yesterday's debt. For one 's by th' ships whose greed
"Is war, who 'll not from fight entirely stay
"I think." So spake Polydamas. His rede
As safe pleas'd Hector. Arm'd he sprang with speed
From car to ground, and wing'd words him address'd:—
"Polydamas, here keep the bravest. Yede
"Yonder will I to meet the war, and haste
"Back hither, when on them I've mandates strict imprest.
LXXXIV.
He said and rush'd, like snowy mount\textsuperscript{133} appearing, Through Trojans shouting and allies he flew. And these then all the voice of Hector hearing Swift to Polydamas the valiant drew. But Hector foremost ranks went searching through, Deiphobus; and King Helenus' might\textsuperscript{122}, Asiades Acamas, and Asius too, To find, of Hyrtacus the offspring bright, But these no more he found unslain nor scathless quite.

LXXXV.
By th' Acheive ships some slain by Argives lay, And some by th' wall smit close or distant were. At tearful battle's left did he straightway Find Alexander, spouse of Helen fair, Cheering his mates to fight, and chid him there: — "Vile Paris, fair-form'd, woman-mad, thou wight "Deceptive, where's Deiphobus, and where "Be now of sovran Helenus the might "Asiades Acamas, and Hyrtacus' son Asius bright?

LXXXVI.
"And where's Othryoneus? Now headlong down "Will Ilium high, now safe's thy ruin\textsuperscript{134} dire." To him spake Alexander, god-shap'd one: — "Hector, since blame the guiltless thy desire, "At other times far more from war retire "I might. Though coward gat not mother me. "Since thou our comrades' fight by th' ships didst fire, "Unceasing fought with Danai have we. "But these the friends thou askest after smitten be.
LXXXVII.

"Deiphobus, and royal strength alone
Of Helenus are gone, i' th' hand the twain
With long spears smit. Death hinder'd Kronos' son.
Now lead where prompts thee heart, and mind, and fain
Will we together after thee amain,
Nor valour lack methinks to strength's extent,
For past his strength to war may none attain
Though prompt." With this the hero did content
His brother's mind. And where most rag'd the fight they went,

LXXXVIII.

'Bout Cèbrion, Polydamas, Phalces
Orthæus, Polypœtes godlike wight,
Palmys, Ascanius, Morys, twain be these
Hippotion's sons with yester-morning's light
From rich Ascania come in turn to fight
Impell'd by Zeus. Like tempest-winds they went
That from Zeus' thunder on the plain do smite,
With uproar stir the deep, waves turbulent
On loud sea swell, and foam, these first, those after sent.

LXXXIX.

So Trojans some before some rank'd behind
Follow'd all bright with brass their chiefs a-field.
Lead did, like Ares bane of human kind,
Hector Priamides, and 'fore him wield
Thick-hided, round, with much brass fenc'd, his shield.
And round his temples quiver'd helmet bright.
He pac'd phalanges round, and tried if yield
To him, 'neath buckler footing forth, they might.
But did not in their breasts th' Achæans' souls affright.
And Ajax first him challeng'd forth to fight
Gigantic striding out: — "Come hither nigher
"My friend, why wouldst thou thus the Argives fright?
"Of battle not unskill'd are we, but dire
"Afflicts us Achives scourge of Zeus the Sire.
"Destroy our ships thy mind did soothly ween,
"But we too 've hands will force thee to retire.
"For long ere that, thy well-dwelt city ta'en
"Beneath our hands will utterly destroy'd have been."

"But to thyself I say the time is near
"When fleeing thou to Zeus the Sire wilt pray,
"And other gods immortal, that career
"More swift than hawks thy fair-man'd horses may
"Dusting the plain, and bearing thee away
"To th' town." Flew as he spake a bird t' his right,
A soaring eagle. Th' Achive folk's array
Shout, cheer'd with th' omen. Answer'd Hector bright: —
"Ajax, vain prater, what hast said, huge braggart-wight?

"For would that I were so the son for aye
"Of Zeus the ægis-arm'd, and borne had me
"Here' august, and that so honour'd I
"Might like Athenè and Apollo be,
"As woe to Argives all to-day will see,
"And thou slain 'mong them if my long spear wait
"Thou durst. 'Twill tear thy tender flesh for thee,
"And Trojan dogs and birds with flesh and fat
"Thou by th' Achæans' ships wilt falling satiate."
And he when thus he'd spoken led the way,
And after him with awful shout they hied
And shout withal the people did behind.
And Argives eke with answ'ring shout replied
On th' other hand, nor valour slipp'd from mind,
But did advancing Trojans' bravest bide.
Reach'd æther and Zeus' beams the noise on either side.
THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIV.

I.

Not Nestor 'scap'd the shout, though drinking he. T' Asclepias' son wing'd words he spake: — "Divine Machaon, think how will these doings be, " For more by th' ships than usual I opine " The shout of vig'rous youths. But darkling wine " Sit now and drink, until warm bath prepare, " And wash from clotted gore that wound of thine, " Shall Hecamedè of the tresses fair. " But I'll to th' watch-tower swift, and know what's doing there."

II.

So having said, a buckler there he hent That was his son's, a cunning-wroughten shield Of tame-steed Thrasymedes, which i' th' tent With brass all glist'ring lay. For he 'd a-field His father's buckler with him ta'en to wield. Strong spear brass-headed keen took then the Sire withal Stood forth his tent, and work unmeet beheld, Those routed, these that foll'wing on them fall O'erweening Trojans, and o'erthrown th' Achaëans' wall.
III.

As when the huge sea darkens, swelling dumb,
And eyes the shrill winds' courses swift and strong
In vain. It rolls not either way till come
The wind decisive down from Zeus y-flong.
The Sire so ponder'd two ways, if mid-throng
Of swift-steed Danai himself to throw,
Or to the people-shepherd pace along,
Atrides Agamemnon. Pond'ring so
He judg'd it best in search of Atreus' son to go.

IV.

Those battling-on meanwhile each other slay.
Sounds stubborn brass, that 'bout their flesh was set,
As falchions them and twin-edg'd spears belay,
And Nestor there the Zeus-fed sovereigns met
Going up fro' th' ships, who all with brass were smit,
Tydides, and Odysseus, and the son
Of Atreus Agamemnon. Far from fight
Their ships were drawn the hoar sea's shore upon.
The first to th' plain with wall built round the sterns
they 'd drawn.

V

For hold could not the shore, though wide withal,
The ships entire. The folk were crowded in.
So drew them rank on rank and filled up all
The shore's long mouth, 'twixt promontories twain
These then to view the fight and tumult fain
Leaning on spears troop'd thither, sore distrest
Their souls within them. Whom Sire Nestor then
Met, and affrighted each Achaean breast,
And him King Agamemnon speaking thus address'd:
VI.

"O Nestor Neleus' son, Achæans' pride,
"Why left man-wasting war com'st here? I dread
"Strong Hector's kept the word that former tide
"He 'mong the Trojans speaking threatenèd,
"Ne'er back to Troy fro' th' ships till burnt he had
"Those ships with fire and slain ourselves. He said
"And all's fulfilling now. Assuredly,
"Ye Gods! have other well greav'd Achives laid
"Wrath like Achilles in their minds at me
"And so to fight by th' ship-sterns they unwilling be."

VII.

Gerenian horseman Nestor then replies: —
"These very things are done, nor differently
"Could lofty thund'ring Zeus himself devise.
"The wall is down, to which so trusted we
"A breachless fence for ships and selves to be.
"And by the swift ships those have battle stout
"Incessant. Looking long ne'er wouldst thou see
"On which side th' Achives stirr'd are put to rout,
"They 're so promiscuous slain; to sky ascends the shout.

VIII.

"Let's think how these will be, if profit thought.
"For us to enter fight I'd not advise;
"For fight the wounded man by no means ought."

Then Agamemnon king of men replies: —
"Nestor, since at the ships' sterns battle lies,
"Nor wall avails nor trench, which toiling rear
"Did Danai to them, and ships likewise,
"They 'd hop'd a breachless fence. So Zeus severe
"Would far from Argos th' Achives perish'd nameless here.
IX.
"I knew when prompt he help'd the Danai,
"I know it now that those like blest gods he
"Doth honour, and our strength and hands up-tie.
"But to the thing I say let's all agree,
"And ships that first be station'd nigh the sea
"Draw all, and launch in sacred sea, and right
"I' th' deep with anchors firmly fix them we
"Till night immortal comes. If keep from fight
"The Trojans then, withdraw the vessels all we might.

X.
"Flee woe albeit by night's no blame. For flying
"'Scape woe is better than be ta'en.” Then said
Odysseus, counsel-traught, askance him eyeing:
"What word, Atrides, hath thy teeth's fence fled
"Infatuate! Would some worthless host thou 'dost led,
"Not us, whom Zeus from youth to age t' achieve
"Hard wars vouchsaf'd, till each of us be dead.
"Thus wouldst thou Trojans' broad-street city leave,
"On whose account we do with woes so many grieve?

XI.
"Silence! lest hear some other Achive do
"This speech, which no man with his mouth would say,
"That in his mind fit things to utter knew,
"A scept'r'd one, and whom such folk obey,
"So many as the Argives thou dost sway.
"And now thy scheme I blame it utterly,
"That midst the din of battle join'd dost say
"We should the well-bench'd ships draw down to sea.
"So things to Trojans past their hopes, though victors, be,
XII.

"On us dire ruin fall; for battle will
"Th' Achæans not while ships drawn seawards be,
"But, slack'ning fight, look back. Thy scheme then ill
"Must work, O prime of men."

Him answer'd he, Men's sovr'an Agamemnon: — "Thou dost me,
"Odysseus, sharp rebuke. 'Gainst will I ne'er
"Bade Achives draw their well-bench'd ships to sea.
"And now would one might better rede declare
"Than this, or young or old; to me he welcome were."

XIII.

Then war-stout Diomed: — "The man he's near!
"Thou seek'st, nor long we'll search if ye'll comply,
"Nor each be wroth; I'm youngest 'mong you here.
"My race from valiant sire, from Tydeus, I
"Do boast, whom hides at Thebes earth heapèd high.
"To Portheus were three children of renown
"In Pleuron did and Calydon abye
"Agrius, Melas, third the horseman-one,
"Œneus, my father's sire, whose virtue all outshone.

XIV.

"There Portheus stay'd. Sire did at Argos' house
"Wand'ring. So Zeus and other gods decree.
"One of Adrastus' daughters did espouse,
"In rich house dwelt, and lands enow had he
"Wheat-sown, store planted gardens 'bout it be.
"He'd many flocks, and Achives all out-vies
"At spear. A truth, and must have heard it ye
"So not as one of coward race despise
"Ye me when I do utter speech, and well advise.
XV.

"Though wounded, let's to war; there's need for it.
"We'll there from battle keep ourselves y-pight
"Past reach of darts, lest wound on wound one get;
"But others there exhorting we'll incite
"That do by choice hold back, and will not fight."

He said. They hear him gladly and consent,
And turn'd to go, and Agamemnon bright
Men's sovran led. Nor famous Shake-Earth hent A watching vain. In old man's guise to them he went.

XVI.

Atrides Agamemnon's right hand took,
And wing'd words spake: — "Atrides now delight
"Achilles' fierce soul will in 's breast to look
"On th' Achives' flight and death. For sense how slight
"Soe'er he's none. So perish he and smite
"Him may some god with shame. Nor yet with thee
"Be gods quite wroth. The broad plain's dust in flight
"Up stir will Trojan chieftains yet, whom see
"Thou shalt from ships and tents unto their city flee."

XVII.

This said, he shouts and skirrs the plain along.
As men in war, nine or ten thousand shout
That join in Ares' strife. A voice so strong
From breast great Shake-Earth sent. And courage stout
Gave each Achæan's heart to fight it out.
And gold-thron'd Here, on Olympus' height
That stood, beheld with eyes him pacing 'bout
And busied there in man-ennobling fight,
Her own and husband's brother knew with heart's delight.
XVIII.

Zeus sitting on the highest peak she spied
Of Ida many-rill’d, and did detest.
August then ponder’d Here ample-eyed
How she Zeus’ sense, that ægis dire possest,
Might cheat. And this t’ her mind seem’d counsel best.
To Ida go when fair array’d. He might,
By beauty smit, desire take loving rest
B’ her side. In sleep of softness and delight
She’d steep his eyelids then, and heart of prudence quite.

XIX.

She sought her chamber, made her by her son
Hephaistos, stout doors fitting door-posts tight,
With secret key, ope which gods else could none.
And ent’ring there she clos’d the door-folds bright.
First with ambrosia cleans’d her sweet flesh quite
From every stain, with oil anointed her
Ambrosial, sweet, with passing fragrance dight,
Which if in Zeus’ brass pavèd house one stir,
The scent through sky would reach the very earth afar.

XX.

Her lovely flesh anointed so, and hair
Comb’d out, she braids with hands her shining tresses
From that immortal head, ambrosial fair.
In robe ambrosial, made b’ Athenè, dresses,
She ’d wrought with care and fill’d with quaint devices,
With gold-clasp buckled it t’ her breast. And zone,
With hundred tassels dight, her waist compresses.
With ear-rings did her well-pierc’d ear-tips don
Three-gemm’d elaborate, whose mickle grace outshone.
XXI.

From head the stately goddess veil'd with fair
New veil, and white as is the sun. And tied
'Neath shining feet her comely sandals there.
And all her person's decking done, she hied
From chamber; Aphrodite call'd aside
From other gods, and speech to her thus made:—
"Wilt grant, dear child, my wish? or be denied"
"Must it because with wrath thy mind is sway'd"
"That I the Danai, and thou dost Trojans aid?"

XXII.

Zeus' daughter Aphrodite made reply:—
"Herè, dread power, great Kronos' daughter, say
"What 'tis thou wilt; my mind bids do 't if I
"To do 't am able, and be done it may."
Herè august spake subtly:— "Give me pray
"That love now, and desire, wherewith thou so
"Immortals all and mortal men dost sway.
"For visit th' ends of fruitful earth below,
"And Ocean Sire, and Tethys, mother of the gods, I go.

XXIII.

"They in their homes did tend and nurture me,
"From Rhea ta'en, when wide-voic'd Zeus did send
"Kronos beneath the earth, and fruitless sea.
"To those I go, their bitter strife to end;
"For long time now they 've mutually abstain'd
"From bed and love, since wrath fell on their mind.
"If these with words persuading I could bend
"Their heart that they in bed and love be join'd,
"Then aye of them should I be call'd rever'd and kind."
Smiles-loving Aphroditê in reply
Did then address her thus: — "In sooth request
"Of thine we may not, ought not to deny,
"Who dost in arms of Zeus the mightiest rest."
She said, and broider'd girdle loos'd from breast,
Quaint-wrought, where all her fascinations lay,
Where love, desire, and lovers' meeting blest,
And sweet discourse, that fool the wisest may.
This in her hand she plac'd, spake word, and thus did say:—

"This girdle take, and in thy bosom lay,
Quaint-wrought, where all things be. I think not thou
Wilt back without thine aim."
Thus did she say,
And large-eyed Hereë smil'd, and smiling so
Embosom'd it. And home did Aphroditê go,
The child of Zeus. Rush'd Hereë from Olympus high,
Pieria and Emathia did o'ergo,
And horsemen-Thracians' snowy hills o'erfly
O'er topmost peaks, nor once to ground her feet apply.

From Athos down she went to th' welt'ring deep,
To godlike Thoas' town came speedily,
To Lesbos, where she met Death's brother, Sleep,
And clung t' his hand, spake word, and nam'd him she:—
"Sleep, king of gods and men, if word from me
Thou heark'nedst erst, do now comply again,
And I 'll be grateful all my days to thee.
"The lustrous eyes of Zeus let slumber gain
As soon as I with him in dalliance sweet have lain.
XXVII.
"I'll give thee gifts; fair throne, gold undecaying,
"Hephaistos it, my both-feet-lamèd son,
"Shall make, beneath thy feet a footstool laying,
"To put at feasts thy shining feet upon."
To her sweet Sleep then answ'ring spake anon: —
"Herè, dread power, great Kronos' daughter, know
"Of everlasting gods another one
"Lull easily I might, and e'en the flow
"Of Ocean's stream, prolific source whence all things grow.

XXVIII.
"But Zeus, the son of Kronos, soothly I
"Would not approach, I would not lull indeed,
"Unless that he himself did call me nigh.
"Thy former hest hath taught me better rede.
"The day that daring one, of Zeus the seed,
"From Ilium sail'd, when town of Troy o'erthrown.
"Then ægis-arm'd Zeus' senses lull I did
"Pour'd 'bout him sweet. Thou mischief of thine own
"Didst ply, and stir the sea with blasts from tempests blown.

XXIX.
"To well-dwelt Cos without his friends him brought
"Hadst thou when Zeus awoke. Sore wroth was he,
"And toss'd the gods through th' house. Me chief he sought,
"And would have hurl'd, destroy'd, from sky to sea,
"But Night, that quelleth gods and men, sav'd me,
"To whom I fled. He paus'd, though wroth, afraid
"To do what would to Night offensive be.
"Now do this other hard thing me persuade
"Thou wouldst." August and large-eyed Herè answer made: —
XXX.

"Sleep, wherefore these in mind so dwell upon?
"Dost think that wide-voic'd Zeus will Trojans aid
"As he was wroth for Hercules his son?
"But go. Of younger Graces one to wed
"I'll give to thee, as partner of thy bed,
"Pasithea, desired aye of thee."
She spake, and Sleep rejoic'd, and answ'ring said:—
"Come now, by dread Styx' water swear to me,
"With one hand fruitful Earth, with one take marble Sea.

XXXI.

"So be our witnesses all gods below
"That Kronos do surround, thou wilt as bride
"Of younger Graces one on me bestow
"Pasithea, for whom all days I've sigh'd."
He said. Nor white-arm'd 142 Herè not complied,
But sware as bid, and all gods' names did say,
That Titans hight, 'neath Tartarus abide.
When sworn and ended oath, left mist-clad they
Lemnos and Imbros' town, accomplish'd swift their way.

XXXII.

Reach'd Ida, wild beasts' mother, many-rill'd
Lecton, where first left sea, on land they ply,
And 'neath their feet a-top the forest thrill'd.
There Sleep remain'd ere him Zeus' eyes espy;
And clomb a lofty pine, that to the sky
Through air up-grew, of Ida's trees most tall.
There mid thick boughs of fir he sat on high,
Like that shrill bird on mountains found withal
Which Chalcis gods y-clepe 143, but men Cymindis call.
XXXIII.

Swift Herè did to Gargarus career,
The lofty Ida's peak. Beheld her straight
Cloud-gath'ring Zeus, and did no sooner see her
Than Love his keen sense cover'd with his net,
As when in love's embraces first they met,
When they did bed and nought did parents know.
'Fore her he stood, spake word, and such speech set: —
"Bound whither, Herè, down Olympus so
"Here hastest? Car nor steeds there be on which to go."

XXXIV.

Herè august him answer'd guilefully: —
"To fruitful earth's extremities I'd wend,
"Sire Ocean, Tethys eke, gods' mother see,
"Who in their homes did nurture me and tend.
"To these I go their bitter strife to end.
"For long time past have they, since anger high
"Fell on their souls, from bed and love abstain'd.
"And steeds at much-rill'd Ida's foot abye,
"That me will carry over wet and over dry.

XXXV.

"For thy sake here I'm down Olympus come,
"Lest thou be after wroth, if silent I
"Should go to deeply-flowing Ocean's dome."
Her answer'd drive-cloud Zeus. "Go by and by,
"Herè, thou thither canst. Turn we and lie
"In dalliance now. For so did love's full tide
"My soul for woman or for goddess high
"Ne'er quell. Not when I lov'd Ixion's bride,
"That bare Peirithöus, who with the gods in wisdom vied.
XXXVI.
"Not so I lov'd sweet-ankled Danaë
"Acrisius' child, who Perseus bare, that shone
"All men among. Nor Phoenix' daughter, she
"The fam'd afar, who Minos did my son
"And Rhadamanthus bear me, godlike one;
"Nor Semelè, nor yet Alcemèna fair.
"Stout-heart Herakles bore me she in Thebès' town,
"But Semelè did Dionysus bear,
"Delight of men. Nor fair-tress'd queen Demeter e'er.

XXXVII.
"Nor glorious Leto, no, nor even thee,
"Did I so love as I do love thee now,
"Such longing sweet hath ta'en its hold on me."
Majestic Herè subtly answer'd: — "How!
"Redoubted Kronides, what word hast thou
"Just spoke? If now in dalliance thou wouldst lie
"On Ida's tops, where open all I trow,
"What if of gods eternal one espy
"Us sleeping here, and tell it all the gods on high?

XXXVIII.
"Not I would to thy house again return,
"Uprising from such bed. For that would be
"A shame indeed. But if thou dost so yearn,
"And this so please thy mind in verity,
"Thou 'st chamber, son Hephaistos built for thee,
"And solid doors made fit the door-posts high;
"Let's there to couch, since thou 'dst now bed with me."
To her cloud-gath'ring Zeus did thus reply: —
"Herè, fear not that us will god or man espy.
XXXIX.

"With such a golden cloud I'll cover thee
That not e'en Helios' self could see us through,
Whose eye most penetrating is to see."

Spake Kronos' son, and spouse t'his arms he drew,
And 'neath them Earth fresh-sprouting grass upthrew,
And dewy lotus, crocus, daffodil,
That thick and soft from ground did lift the two.
Therein they bed, and round them to their will
Fair golden cloud y-spread, whence glist'ring dews distil.

XL.

So calm the father slept on Gargarus' steep,
By love and sleep subdued. In 's arms his spouse.
To th' ships Achæan running sweetest Sleep
To tell the news to Hold-Earth Shake-Earth goes,
And standing nigh, in wing'd words did disclose:
"Prompt now the Danai, Poseidon, aid,
And give them glory now a space, while doze
Doth Zeus. For 'bout him slumber sweet I 've laid.
"Him by deceit to bed with her hath Herè made."

XLI.

He said, and went to men's fam'd tribes away.
Him to Danaians' aid so pricking on,
Who 'mong the foremost sprang, and thus did say:
"Argives, yet leave we Hector, Priam's son,
Vict'ry, to take our ships and win renown?
For he so weens, and boasts, since in his ire
Achilles in the hollow ships doth wone.
But we of him shall have no great desire,
If but the rest of us each other aid with fire.
XLII.

"With what I 'll utter all comply, and dight
"In bucklers, best and largest through the field,
"And heads defended well with helmets bright,
"The while our hands do lengthy lances wield,
"Let 's on, and I will lead, and think that yield
"Though eager sooth will Hector Priam's son.
"And staunch-fight whoso shoulders smallish shield
"To worse man give it, and the big shield don."
He said, and hearken'd and obey'd him every one.

XLIII.

And these the kings themselves, though wounded, range, Tydides and Odysseus, and the son Of Atreus; travers'd all, their arms they change, Brave donn'd brave arms, gave worse to worser one. And when their flesh in bright brass clad, then on They went, and them Poseidon Shake-Earth led, Whose stout hand grasp'd dire falchion long that shone Like lightning-flash, 'gainst which might none make head In woful stour, but kept men back its very dread.

XLIV.

The Trojans also on the other side The radiant Hector rang'd. And then y-pight War's fiercest conflict straining soothly plied Dark-hair'd Poseidon, radiant Hector bright, For Trojans this, for Argives that did fight. Sea dash'd the Argive tents and ships before. With war-cry huge they close, such uproar might The surging swell ne'er sound with 'gainst the shore From sea when drives it Boreas' imperious blore.146
XLV.
Nor crackling so of raging fire 'mong trees
In mountain-thickets breaking out enough
To burn the forest all. Nor yet the breeze
Against the high-hair'd oaks so soundeth bluff'.
When chief it rages blust'ring fierce and rough,
As Trojans' and Achæans' cry did grow,
Loud shouting as they rush t' encounter tough.
At Ajax first did radiant Hector throw
A spear as he against him fac'd, nor miss'd his blow,

XLVI.
But smote where two belts gird his breast, one hung
The shield, and one the silver-studded brand.
These fend his tender flesh. And Hector sting
With wrath that vain his dart had flown from hand,
Avoiding death, retir'd t' his comrades' band.
Aim'd at him, going, Ajax Telamon
A stone, of those that propp'd the ships on land
And roll'd at fighters' feet. Uplifting one
He smote 'bove buckler's rim nigh neck his breast upon.

XLVII.
He hurl'd and sent it like a top, and round
And round it twirling flew. And as an oak
Torn by the roots comes toppling to the ground,
'Neath Zeus the father's strong and sudden stroke,
Whence stench of sulphur dread; that who doth look
Thereon doth lose all heart if he be near.
So dire Zeus' bolt. To ground in dust so strook
Fell Hector's strength. From hand escap'd the spear,
Shield to him clave and helm; his quaint arms echoed drear.
XLVIII.
With clam'rous shouting huge upon him ran
Th' Acheans' sons, and hop'd to take him they,
And thick they hurl'd the spears, but ne'er a man
Strike close or far the people-shepherd may,
For so the bravest guard him every way,
Polydamas, Æneas, godlike one,
Agenor, and Sarpedon, who did sway
The Lycians, faultless Glaucus too, and none
Were slack besides, but shields held 'fore him every one.

XLIX.
And him uplifting in their hands y-pight
They carried from the moil till came they where
His swift steeds stood, in rear of war and fight,
Driver and quaint-wrought car. Him then they bare
Groaning to th' town. When ford of Xanthus fair
They reach'd, whose lovely stream in eddies flies,
Whom Zeus immortal 'gat, him lift they there
From car to ground, and on him as he lies
Pour water. He reviv'd and look'd up with his eyes,

L.
And sitting on his knees brought up black blood,
Then fell to earth again. His eyes dark night
Obscur'd, for yet the stroke his soul subdued.
Th' Argives, on Hector leaving 'fore their sight,
Rush'd on the Trojans more intent on fight.
Oilean Ajax swift far first did there
Leap forth with keen-edg'd spear and Satnius smite
Enopides, whom nymph a Naid fair
To Enops, feeding herds by banks of Satnio\textsuperscript{148}, bare.
LI.

Him then Oileus' offspring spear-fam'd wight
Smote in his flank to him approaching near.
Supine he fell. Join'd round him fearful fight,
Trojans and Danai. T' avenge him here
Polydamas Panthōïdes Shake-spear
Came forth, and Prothoènor's shoulder smote
Arc'ilycus' son. Pierc'd shoulder sheer
The lance. He fell, and earth with hand stretch'd-out
He clutch'd. Polydamas did glory much and shout:—

LII.

"Not vain the dart from stalwart hand leap'd out
"Of lofty-soul'd Panthōïdes I ween,
"But of you, Argives, I do nothing doubt,
"Some one the same hath in his body ta'en,
"On which on 's way to Hades' house to lean."
Th' Argives were chaf'd him boasting thus to hear.
Chief war-skill'd Ajax' soul was touch'd with teen,
The son of Telamon, whom fell he near.
At him departing then he hurl'd a glitt'ring spear.

LIII.

Polydamas himself black death did shun
By leaping brisk aside. But did indeed
Receive the javelin there Antenor's son,
Archilochus, whose death the gods decreed.
Smote him at joint where neck doth head succeed,
The spine's last joint, and cut both tendons through.
Far first to ground head, mouth, and nostrils did,
'Fore legs and knees of him there falling, go.
Ajax to fam'd Polydamas then call'd out so:
"Ponder, Polydamas, tell true the case.  
Was this man slain for Prothoènor one  
To match? Not base he seems, nor sprung from base;  
Tame-steed Antenor's brother he, or son.  
Near kin he seems." He said, to him though known.
The Trojans griev'd. Then Acamas about  
His brother stalking did with spears strike down  
Bœotian Pròmachus that corse drew out  
By th' feet. Much gloried Acamas, and loud did shout:—

"Argives, shaft-skill'd, that full of threat'nings be,  
Sooth not alone to us travail and woe,  
But thus be slaughter'd too sometimes will ye.  
Ponder how sleeps your Promachus laid low  
By spear of mine, that brother's were-geld go  
Not long unpaid, and so would each desire  
In's house leave brother will t' avenge him know."  
He said, and boasting mov'd the Argives' ire,  
But chief did soul of Peneleus, the war-skill'd, fire.

He rush'd on Acamas, who stay'd not there  
King Peneleus' assault, who smote anon  
Ilioneus, flock-wealthy Phorbas' heir.  
Him Hermes lov'd 'fore Trojans every one  
And riches gave. Ilioneus alone  
To him his mother bare. There smite him did  
The king 'neath brow the eyes' foundations on,  
Thrust eye-ball out, through eye the javelin sped  
And occiput. He sat and both his hands outspread.
LVII.

Peneleus sharp sword drawing mid-neck strook,
And dash'd to earth with helmet's self the head,
Spear still in th' eye. Like poppy-head up took
He show'd the Trojans, boasting word he said:—
"Trojans, Ilioneus' dear father bid
"And mother in their mansion mourn; for she
"Promachus' consort Aegènorid
"Her spouse come back will greet not glad when we
"Th' Achæans' sons from Troy in ships return o'er sea."

LVIII.

He spake, and on them all pale terror fell,
Each look'd about how headlong death to shun.
Say Muses, in Olympian homes that dwell,
Who of th' Achæans' gory spoils first won
From foe when turn'd the fight Earth-Shaking one?
First Ajax Telamon kill'd Hyrtius who
Did lead the Mysi, and was Gyrtius' son.
Antilochus did Phalces, Merm'rus too
Despoil. And Merion Morus and Hippotion slew.

LIX.

And Teucer soothly Prôthôus struck down
And Periphetes eke. Atrides too
Did Hyperenor, people-shepherd one,
Wound in the flank, and tap his entrails through
Did tearing brass. Fro' th' wound his soul out flew,
And darkness there his eyes up-cover'd quite.
But most Oileus' swift-son, Ajax, slew,
For like him sooth on foot was never wight
For chasing flying men, when Zeus doth stir to flight.

AA
THE Iliad.

BOOK XV.

I.
And when the palisadoes and the moat
They 'd past through flying, and a many died
Beneath the hands of the Achæans stout.
By th' cars they check'd their flight, and there abide
All pale with fear, and sorely terrified.
Zeus woke on Ida's heights by Herè lying,
The golden thron'd. Up-sprung he stood, and spied
The Trojans and Achæans, Trojans flying,
Argives in chace, and King Poseidon 'mong them plying.

II.
I' th' plain saw Hector lie, his mates him 'bout,
Hardbreathing and distraught, who blood out-spu' th,
For not th' Achæans' feeblest him y-smote.
The Sire of gods and men beheld with ruth,
And Herè eyed askance, and spake: — "Hath sooth
" Thy guile, false subtle Herè, stay'd from fight
" Hector divine, and scar'd his folk. In truth
" I know not but thou 'lt fruit of thine ill sleight
" Again first eat, and I shall thee with scourgings smite.
III.

"Forget'st when hanged'st high to feet I hong
"Two anvils, hands with gold band breachless tied?
"Thee hung in cloud and sky the gods through long
"Olympus griev'd at, but could by thy side
"Not loose, for I had ta'en and hurl'd who'd tried
"From threshold forth to earth scant breath'd. Not me
"Fierce wrath for sacred Hercules so plied
"Whom thou, with Boreas tempests stirr'd, hadst sent
"To fruitless sea, then brought to well-dwelt Cos with fell intent.

IV.

"Him thence I freed, to steed-apt Argos brought
"Who'd much endur'd. Of this remind I thee
"That guile thou cease, and know if stead thee aught
"T' have come fro' th' gods, in dalliance lain with me,
"And so deceiv'd." He said, and shudd'ring she
Large-eyed majestic Here wing'd words said: —
"Now witness Earth and broad Sky 'bove us be,
"And stream of Styx, with underchannell'd bed,
"That oath to blissful gods the greatest and most dread,

V.

"Thy sacred head, that nuptial couch of ours,
"Which I would not forswear, avouch not sent
"By me Poseidon Shake-Earth Trojan powers
"And Hector harms, helps those. His own mind's bent
"Impels. Doth Achives slain by th' ships relent
"To see. But thither go I'd him advise
"Where thou the Cloud-Compeller wouldst he went." She said. Men's Sire and gods' with smiles replies
And her in wingèd words address'd he on this wise: —
VI.
"If soothly thou, then, Herè, large-eyed queen,
"Wouldst 'mong th' immortals sit and think with me,
"Poseidon, though averse, would soon I ween
"Change sense to yours and mine. If true this be,
"And spoken from thy heart, betaking thee
"To th' gods' tribes bid now Iris come down here,
"And bow-renown'd Apollo, too, that she
"Go to th' Achaean folk of brazen gear,
"And King Poseidon bid cease fight, and home career."

VII.
"Phæbus Apollo 'll Hector rouse to fight,
"New strengh inspire, his pangs forgot, that gall
"His soul. But th' Achives will again to flight
"Inglorious turn, till fleeing they do fall
"On Peleus' son Achilles' ships withal.
"He 'll stir his friend Patroclus, whom with spear
"Will radiant Hector slay 'fore Ilium's wall
"When that he'th slain young warriors many here,
"Among them too my son, divine Sarpedon dear."

VIII.
"Whereat Achilles wroth will Hector slay
"Whenceforth fro' th'ships the chace I'll constant set,
"Till Ilium high b' Athene's counsel they
"Th' Achaëans take. My wrath I'll not remit
"Nor other gods aid Danai permit
"Before Achilles' wish fulfilled be,
"As first I promis'd him confirming it
"With head the day that Thetis touch'd my knee,
"And pray'd me grace Sack-town Achilles." Thus spake he.
IX.
Nor goddess white-arm’d Herè disobeyed,
Down Ida’s heights t’ Olympus long she hies,
And as man’s thought up-springs, who ’th journey made
O’er mickle land, thinks in his bosom wise,
“ ’Twas there I was, or there.” Thoughts many rise.
So eager swift majestic Herè flew.
And reach’d Olympus steep, and did surprise
In Zeus’ house met the gods immortal, who
At sight of her all rise, and pledge in goblets do.

X.
Leaving the rest, from fair-cheek’d Themis take
She did the cup, who first came running here
To meet her, and wing’d words addressing spake: —
" Herè, why com’st thou, thou dost seem so drear?
" Thee Kronos’ son, thy spouse, sure ’s strook with fear.”
Her answer’d goddess white-arm’d Herè so: —
" Ask me not, goddess Themis. How severe
" His mind and overbearing thou dost know,
" But lead the gods in th’ house to th’ equal banquet thou.

XI.
" And these things too, with all th’ immortals hear
" Thou shalt, what woful doings meditate
" Doth Zeus. Nor think I aught the soul ’twill cheer
" Of all, be ’t gods or mortals, though as yet
" Each now hilarious to the banquet set.”
Majestic Herè sat when spoke she had.
The gods through th’ house of Zeus were mov’d thereat.
She laugh’d with lips, but forehead show’d not glad
Above her eyebrows dark, and wroth to all she said: —
"Insensate we at Zeus who rage distraught,
Or yet restrain him wish, nigh drawing we,
By words or force. For he apart heeds nought,
Nor 's mov'd, but weens 'mong deathless gods that he
In strength and power 's the best exceedingly.
So take whate'er he send you every one.
For harm's now happ'd to Ares, seemeth me,
For slain in fight most dear of men, his son
"Ascalaphus, whom mighty Ares calls his own."

'Twas thus she spake, and Ares then y-smote
His brawny thighs with open palms. In tone
Of wailing them address'd: — "Now blame me not,
Ye dwellers in Olympian homes, if down
To th' Achive ships to 'venge my slaughter'd son
"I go, though 't be my doom, and Zeus' bolt smite
"Me through, mid corses, blood, and dust y-thrown."
He said, and straight bade Terror and Affright
His horses yoke. Himself his glist'ring armour dight.

Then had some other greater more severe
From Zeus t' immortals wrath and anger been
Had not Athenè, who for gods did fear,
Sprung out the porch, and left her seat and ta'en
From head his helm, from shoulders buckler sheen,
From 's strong hand pluck'd brass spear, and fix'd up-right.
Rebuk'd hot Ares then with chidings keen: —
"Furious, insane, thou 'rt lost. Hast ears y-pight
"In vain to hear, have sense and shame then perish'd quite?
XV.

"Hear'st not what goddess white-arm'd Herè said? "Who sooth from Zeus Olympian came but now. "Or wouldst thyself store ills accomplished
"Return perforce t' Olympus griev'd, and so "To all the other gods work mighty woe? "Trojans and high-soul'd Achives straight he'll quit, "And come t' Olympus, us in tumult throw, "One after other seize, deserving it "Or not. So I arede thee wrath for son remit.

XVI.

"Better than he for hands and strength is slain, "Or will be. All men's race from death to screen "Were hard." She said, and Ares set again On's seat. Apollo call did Herè, queen, From house, and Iris, messenger between Th' immortal gods, and wing'd words spake then she:— "Zeus bids ye quick to Ida go, and when "Ye are arriv'd, and face of Zeus shall see, "To do whatso exhorteth and commands you he."

XVII.

This said, back pac'd then Herè, stately dame, And seated her on throne. Those rushing fly, To much-rill'd Ida, wild beasts' mother, came, And wide-voic'd Kronides on Gargarus high Found seated. Clouds sweet-scented 'bout him lie. 'Fore drive-cloud Zeus arriving stand did they, Nor he with wrathful mind did them espy, For quick did they his consort's words obey. And first to Iris he these wingèd words did say:—
"Hence, Iris swift, Poseidon tell from me
All this, nor herald false. Bid him leave fight,
And to the gods' tribes wend, or sacred sea.
But if my words he 'll not obey, but slight,
Let him in mind and soul then weigh it right,
Nor dare, though strong, to wait my coming near.
For I 'm his stronger far, I say, in might,
And elder eke. Not shrinks his spirit dear
To call himself my equal, whom the others fear."

He spake. Obey'd him wind-foot Iris fleet
Down Ida's heights to sacred Ilium went,
As when from clouds flies snow or chilly sleet,
By force of sky-y-clearing Boreas sent.
So rapidly swift Iris flew intent.
Nigh Shake-Earth stood and spake:—"A word to thee,
Dark-hair'd Gird-Earth, I bring from Zeus the great,
To cease from war and fight enjoins thee he,
And to the gods' tribes wend, or else to sacred sea."

"If thou his words obey not, but misprise,
He threatens hither, strength to strength to fight,
He 'll come. And shun his hands doth thee advise,
For he 's thy stronger far, he saith, in might,
And elder eke. But thy dear heart thinks slight
To call thyself his match whom others dread."
To her then much enrag'd spake Shake-Earth bright:—
"Ye gods! He hath though strong full proudly said,
If me like-rank'd by force he ' ll stop, consent not had.
XXI.

"We're brethren three, to Kronos Rhea bare,
"Zeus, I, and Hades third, that rules the dead.
"All shar'd in three, each took his honour's share.
"I th' hoary sea to always dwell-in had,
"When lots were shook, and Hades darkness dread,
"And Zeus took ample heav'n in clouds and sky.
"Earth and Olympus long, were common made
"To all. So live by will of Zeus not I,
"So quiet he, though strong, in his third part abye.

XXII.

"With hands not me as base intimidate
"Will he. Daughters and sons it better were
"With bouncing words assail, whom he begat;
"They to his ord'ring will perforce defer."
Him answer'd wind-foot speedful Iris there:—
"Thus then indeed dark-hair'd Gird-Earth from thee
"Shall I to Zeus this word rude rugged bear?
"Or change wilt aught? for chang'd great souls can be.
"Thou know'st th' Erínnyes follow 151 th' eldest constantly."

XXIII.

And her Poseidon Shake-Earth then address'd
In answer:— "Iris, goddess, spoke hast thou
"This word as is most fitting, sooth, and best.
"'Tis good when messenger what's fit doth know.
"But this sore grief touch'd heart and spirit so,
"When one of equal lot and equal fate
"He would forsooth with angry words o'ercrow.
"But now indeed I'll yield albeit irate,
"But this I'll tell thee else, and this with soul I'll threat.
XXIV.

"If verily without consent of me,
"And of drive-spoil Athenè, Herè too,
"And Hermes, and the King Hephaistos, he
"Shall lofty Ilium spare, nor will o'erthrow,
"And Argives vict'ry give, this let him know,
"'Twixt us will wrath past healing be." With this Shake-Earth did leave th' Achæan folk, and go
And plunge in sea. Him th' Achive heroes miss.
Then to Apollo spake cloud-gath'ring Zeus y-wis: —

XXV.

"Go then, dear Phæbus, unto Hector now,
"The brazen helmeted; for soothly down
"To sea divine already wends I trow
"Gird-Earth Shake-Earth, our anger dire to shun.
"For of that fight had others also known
"Who be the gods below 'bout Kronos set.
"But this for me and him is better done,
"Fearing my hands, t' have yielded ere we met,
"For it had not been ended sooth withouten sweat.

XXVI.

"But in thine hands the fringed Aegis take,
"And at them sorely shaking it affright
"Th' Achæan heroes. But, Far-Darter, make
"Thy special care the radiant Hector bright.
"Rouse in him mickle-strength until in flight
"Th' Achæans ships and Hellespont attain.
"Thenceforth I'll think by word and deed aright
"How th' Achives from their toil shall breathe again."
He said nor disobey'd the Sire Apollo then.
Went Ida's heights like fleetest falcon down,  
Dove-slaught'ring bird, most swift of wingèd crew,  
Found godlike Hector, war-skill'd Priam's son,  
Who sat, not lay. His soul reviv'd, he knew  
His comrades round. Sweat ceas'd, breath freer grew,  
Since rous'd him sense of Zeus the Ægis-dight.  
Far-dart Apollo spake as near he drew: —  
" Why, Hector, Priam's son, in feeble plight  
" Dost sit fro' th' rest apart? Doth dolour on thee light?"

Him glance-helm Hector then in feeble state  
Address'd: — " Who, best of gods, art thou, that so  
" Dost me now face to face interrogate?  
" Knowst not at me, who laid his comrades low,  
" By th' Achives' ships' sterns Ajax stone did throw,  
" And smite my breast, mine eager valour stay?  
" I thought to th' dead and Hades' house to go  
" This day, for I was breathing soul away."
To him did then far-darting King Apollo say: —

" Be bold now, Kronos' son such aid doth send  
" From Ida thee to succour and stand by,  
" Phœbus Apollo Gold-sword, who defend  
" Of yore am wont both thee and city high.  
" Come now, and num'rous horsemen that they ply  
" To th' hollow ships their coursers fleet excite,  
" While go before, and steeds' road smooth, will I,  
" And the Achæan heroes turn to flight."
So said, he breath'd on people-shepherd mickle might.
XXX.
As stabled steed at manger barley-fed
His halter breaks, and trampling scours the plain
To bathe in flowing river wont, and head
He holdeth high exulting, while his mane
About his shoulders shakes. Him beareth vain
Of lustihood, his knees full eath toward
His custom'd haunts, where mares a-pasturing been.
So Hector quick plied feet and knees, and stirr'd
The horsemen, when the voice of deity he'd heard.

XXXI.
And as when hounds or hunters antler'd stag
Or wild goat chase, but who not catch him may,
So screen him shady wood or lofty crag,
Their noise man'd lion stirs, who in their way
Appears, and makes them flee, though eager they,
So them the Danai in troops pursue
With twin-edg'd spears and falchions, smite and slay
Till Hector, come to th' ranks of men, they view,
Then courage fell to feet, astound with fear they grew.

XXXII.
Spake Thoas then, Andræmon's offspring, who
Th' Ætolians' chiefest was, who dart could aim,
In stand-fight good. In counsel Achives few,
When youth with words contended, him o'ercame.
Who them haranguing wise such speech did frame: —
"Ye gods! what marvel do I look upon!
"He's up again, scap'd death, this very same,
"This Hector, who in soul we'd hop'd each one
"Had died beneath the hands of Ajax Telamon.
XXXIII.

"Some god hath Hector sav'd, who knees did loose,
"Of many Danai. As 'twill, I say,
"Now be. For not without loud-sounding Zeus
"Such champion fierce he stands. Let 's all obey
"The word I'll speak. To th' ships send crowd away,
"While we, who boast us th' army's best, do swink255
"And stand the brunt. So met first check we may
"With lifted spears. For he, though hot, I think,
"From ent'ring throng of Danai in soul will shrink."

XXXIV.

He said, and glad they hear him and obey.
Ajax, Idomeneus, and Teucer there,
Merion and Meges, Ares' match, th' array
For battle's fierce encounter straight prepare
'Gainst Hector and the Trojans, all that were
The bravest calling, while the common rout
Did back unto the ships Achæan fare.
'Embodied Trojans them the first y-smote,
And Hector led them on, gigantic striding out.

XXXV.

Phæbus Apollo him did go before,
With cloud-veil'd shoulders, Ægis swift he had
Dire, round y-fring'd and stately, which the smith of yore
Hephaistos gave to Zeus, to wield to th' dread
Of men. With this in hands the folk he led.
'Embodied Argives wait. Shrill clamour sprong
On either side. From string the arrows sped,
And many darts from stalwart hands were flong,
Some fasten'd in the flesh of youthful warriors strong.
XXXVI.
Many between ere tasted flesh did stand
I' th' ground, and yearn for flesh. While movelessly
Phœbus Apollo th' Ægis held in hand,
The darts on both sides flew, and people die.
But when to face he eyed the Danai,
And shook it, shouting he both loud and deep,
They, spirit-quell'd, forgat their valour high.
As two wild beasts rout drove of beeves or sheep
At dead of night, when he 's away that them should keep,

XXXVII.
So fled th' Achæans, spiritless, unbrave,
For on them sooth Apollo sent affright,
But Trojans and to Hector glory gave.
And man then man amid the scatter'd flight
Y-slaughter'd there. And Hector sooth did smite
Stichius and eke Arcesilaus too.
One led Bœotians brazen-corselet-dight,
One was high-soul'd Menestheus' comrade true.
Æneas Medon there, and Iasus y-slew.

XXXVIII.
Oileus' bastard, Medon, Ajax' brother,
In Phylacë, from 's land he habited.
Brother of Eriopis, his stepmother,
Oileus' spouse, he slew. Th' Athenians' head
Was Iasus, of Sphelus Boucolide
Reputed son. Polydamas Mecisteus slew,
Polites Echius, in front fight. So did
Agenor Clonius. Smote on shoulder too.
Paris Deiochus in front rank fleeing. Brass drave through.
XXXIX.
While those despoil'd their arms, th' Achæans all
I' th' deep-dug trench, and stakes y-plunging fly
This way and that, and seek perforce the wall.
And Hector to the Trojans shouted high,
To rush to th' ships and gory spoils leave by:
"Whomso fro' th' ships elsewhere I see retire,
"His death I'll work, nor him shall, though he die,
"Brothers and sisters cause partake of fire,
"But dogs shall 'fore our city drag him at desire."

XL.
So saying, he with whip on shoulders smote
The steeds, and cheer'd through ranks the Trojan crowd.
And they with him together all did shout,
With menacings, and well-carr'd horses rode
And tumult dire. Phæbus Apollo yode
Before. Each bank that trench profound o'erhang'th
Thrust eath with feet i' th' midst and bridg'd a road,
Both long and wide, as far as spear-throw's length
Would reach, when spear a man doth hurl to try his
strength.

XLI.
Through it in troops they pour. With Ægis he
Apollo led. Fell'd eath th' Achæans' wall.
As child the sand it shapes at play by th' sea,
Doth then with hands and feet confuse it all.
So then didst Phæbus mickle care and moil
Of Argives mar, themselves didst drive to flight.
By th' ships they stop, to one another call,
And there to all the gods in that ill plight
Their hands uplifting pray aloud did every wight.
Chief th' Achives' watch Gerenian Nestor there
Did pray with hands to starry sky extent:
"Sire Zeus, if one in corn-rich Argos e'er
Return of thee with bulls and sheep's thighs Brent
Implor'd, and thou didst promise and consent,
"Think on 't Olympius, keep off th' evil day,
"And Trojans quelling th' Achives thus prevent."
Thus spake he praying. Thunder'd loud straightway
Wise Zeus, who heard the Sire, the son of Neleus, pray.

Trojans as ægis-arm'd Zeus' mind they 'd known,
On Argives rush'd the more, on fight intent.
As sea's broad swell o'er ship's walls crests anon
By force of wind, that waves chief swelleth, sent.
So Trojans on the wall with outcry went
Steeds driving they by th' sterns with spears fight nigh
These from their steeds, those black ships mounting pent
Long spears that in their ships for sea-fight lie
Compact with brass-heads furnish'd, these they wield from high.

While Trojans and Achaeans fought by th' wall
Outside swift ships, Patroclus sat i' th' tent
Of valour-fond Eurypylus withal,
And cheer'd with talk, his woful wound y-sprent
With drugs for black pains healing excellent.
But when the Trojans force the wall he spies,
While cry of Danai with flight y-blent
Arose, he then exclaim'd, and smote his thighs
With down-turn'd hands, and thus with voice lamenting cries:
XLV.

"Eurypylus, I may not more abye
"With thee, although thou need. A-foot 's dread fight.
"Let servant entertain thee; haste will I
"Unto Achilles, him to war excite.
"Who knows but him, god fav'ring, move I might,
"Advising? Friend's advice is soothly good."
This said, his feet remov'd him. Firm y-pight
Th' Achaean's wait the Trojans, but ne'er could
Thrust them from ships away, although they fewer stood.

XLVI.

Nor yet the Trojans ever break through could
Danaians' phalanxes, and penetrate
Among the tents and ships. But as the wood
For building ships the levelling line makes straight
In skill'd wright's hands, whom doth indoctrinate
Athenè with her rules all art to know.
So equal stretch'd their war and fight was set.
Others at other ships were battling so,
But Hector did against the glorious Ajax go.

XLVII.

These 'bout one ship had toil. Nor could they aught
This drive out that, with fire set ships a-light,
Nor th' other this, when god him near had brought.
Caletor, Clytius' son, then Ajax bright,
To th' ship fire bringing, breast with spear did smite.
He fell with crash. From hand the torch fell out.
When Hector saw with eyes his kinsman's plight
'Fore black ship fall'n i' th' dust, to warlike rout
Of Trojans and of Lycians calling he 'gan shout:—
XLVIII.

"Trojans, and Lycians, close-fight Dardans brave,
From battle do by no means now recede
Within this narrow strait. The son come save
Of Clytius, lest th' Achæans him despoil
Of arms, who 's fall'n by th' ships in battle-moil."

This said, at Ajax glitt'ring spear he threw,
Which missing him did Mastor's offspring foil,
Lycophron, Ajax' servant, Cyth'ran who
Dwelt with him since of godlike Cyth'rans man he slew.

XLIX.

His head 'bove ear with keen brass smote, who then
Near Ajax stood. Supine i' th' dust adown
By th' vessel's stern he fell. Limbs loos'd been. 153
Ajax aghast t' his brother spake anon:—
"Dear Teucer, slain 's our faithful friend, the son
Of Mastor whom, Cythera come from, we
Did like our parents honour where we wone.
Him high-soul'd Hector 's slain. But where now be
Thy swift-fate shafts and bow, Apollo gave to thee?"

L.

His brother heard, and ran, and him stood nigh
With bounding bow, and hold-shaft quiver on,
And quick at Trojans let his arrows fly,
And Clitus smote, Pisenor's son,
Friend of Panthôides, renownèd one,
Polydamas. Reins holding steeds he plied,
And where were ranks most troubled drove to dön
Hector and Trojans grace. But soon betide
Did him, though bold, a woe that none could turn aside.
LI.

Fell shaft smote neck behind. From chariot there
He fell. Steeds back'd and void car shook. Anon
Was King Polydamas thereof aware,
And stood 'fore steeds and them t' Astynous gave, the son
Of Protiaon, charging him thereon
Keep steeds in sight, then mix'd in fight again.
Teucer once more at Hector, brass-clad one,
Took shaft, and fight by th' Achives' ships refrain
Had made, and, striking him there battling, soul had ta'en.

LII.

But 'scap'd not Zeus' keen sense, who Hector kept
And Telamonian Teucer rest of fame,
In good bow well-twist string in drawing snapt,
That shaft brass-heavy wand'ring swerv'd from aim.
Bow dropp'd from hand. T' his brother did exclaim
Teucer aghast: — "The deity our schemèd fight
"Cuts short. Bow flung from hand, broke string, the
same
"New-twist that I to-day tied on, that might.
"Securely bear the leaping arrows' frequent flight."

LIII.

Huge Ajax Telamon did then reply: —
"Friend, leave the bow and frequent arrows quite,
"Which some god's marr'd that envies Danai.
"But long spear handling, shield on shoulder pight,
"The Trojans combat, other folk incite.
"That not with ease they get, though victors they,
"Our well-built ships. And we will think on fight."

He said. Bow th' other put in tent away,
And 'bout his shoulders did a shield four-hided lay.
LIV.

On stout head well-wrought helm horse-tail'd did don,
Crest nodding dire. Strong spear brass-headed keen
He took, and running stood by Ajax soon.
Hector, when Teucer's shafts so marr'd he 'd seen,
To Trojans and the Lycians shouted then:
"Trojans and Lycians, Dardans battling nigh,
Be men, my friends, and stoutly you demean
By th' hollow ships, for seen with eyes have I
From Zeus y-spoilt a mighty man's artillery.

LV.

"Eath known 's Zeus' might to men, some makes he grow
In fame, and some impairs, and help will not.
Now 'bateth Argives' strength he aids us, so
Fight all by th' ships. And whoso strook or shot
Shall reach death's term let die. Not mean his lot
To die his native land defending here,
While safe his wife and children safe he 'th got,
And house and heritage, if back career
Th' Achæans with their ships to native country dear."

LVI.

He said, and each man's force and soul did stir.
And Ajax eke his comrades there did cheer:
"Shame, Argives! Now be slain it better were
Or sav'd, than not from ships thrust mischief drear.
Deem ye when wave-helm Hector's gotten sheer
Our ships, can foot it to his land each wight?
Or urging all his folk do ye not hear
This Hector bent on setting ships a-light?
'Tis not to dancing, sure, he bids them come, but fight.
"For us no counsel is, no better rede
"Than this, in battle close, mix hands and might.
"'Tis better perish here at once indeed
"Than live, and wear away in grievous fight
"Thus vain by th' ships, by men inferior quite."

His speech stirr'd soul and strength of every one. Hector slew Perimèdes' offspring, Schedius hight, The Phocians' chief, and Ajax there struck down Laòdamas, that led the foot, Antenor's son.

Polydamas Cyllenian Otus slew, Phylides' friend, who led th' Epeans high. Him Meges saw, and hurl'd at. Slant withdrew Polydamas. The spear did past him fly. Apollo would not Panthus' son should die In foremost rank. With spear did Meges smite Cræsmus mid-breast. With sound he fell thereby. From shoulders Meges stripp'd his armour bright, At whom rush'd son of Lampus, Dolops, spear-skill'd wight.

(Begat him Lampus, valiantest of men, Son of Laomedon, most skill'd in fight.) With spear he smote mid-shield Phylides then, Close-thrust, whom sav'd the corselet stout he dight With well-knit parts, which erst did Phyleus wight Bring from Ephyra, from Sellëis river. Euphetes, king of men, his host, that worn it might In battle be, did give it, fence 'gainst foemen ever. Him erst it did, does now son's flesh from death deliver.
LX.
But Dolops' brazen horse-tail'd helmet's crown
Meges with keen-edg'd spear a top did smite,
And lopp'd off horse-hair plume. The whole came down
Upon the ground i' th' dust with crimson bright.
While fought him he, and ween'd to win the fight,
Came Menelaus brave t' his help. Aside
He stood with spear unseen, and smote him right
On shoulder from behind. Through bosom hied
The eager point beyond, he headlong down did slide.

LXI.
And these to strip his arms from shoulders run.
But Hector called t' his kith, and first he chid
Strong Melanippus, Hicetàon's son,
Who trail-foot beeves erst in Percotè fed
While foes yet far. When came in ships oar-sped
The Danai, he back to Ilium came;
Excelled 'mong Trojans, dwell with Priam did,
Who as his children honour'd him the same.
Him Hector then rebuk'd, spake word, and call'd by name.

LXII.
" Are we, O Melanippus, so remiss ?
" Does not thy heart now slaughter'd kinsman pain ?
" Seest not how these 'bout Dolops' arms y-wis
" Do busy them ? But follow me amain,
" For Argives fight we must, nor part again
" Until we slaughter them or they from crown
" Take Ilium high, her denizens y-slain."
He spake and led. Him follow'd godlike one.
And rous'd the Argives there huge Ajax Telamon.
"O Friends, be men, and shame in mind y-ta'en
"Each other rev'rence in the conflicts dread.
"Shame-fearing men more saved be than slain.
"For neither glory springs nor any aid
"In sooth for fugitives." 'Twas thus he said.
They to repel the foe themselves desire,
And cast in mind his word. Ships fence they did
With brazen wall. Stirr'd Trojans Zeus the Sire,
While Menelaus brave Antilochus did fire:

"Antilochus, than thou Achæans none
"More young, more swift of foot, so strong to fight
"When leaping forth thou smit'st some Trojan down."
This said he went, and him he did excite,
Who sprang from foremost rank, aim'd javelin bright,
And look'd about. From man so aiming spear
Back Trojans drew. Nor hurl'd he in vain, but smite
Did breast by teat, to battle drawing near,
High Melanippus, Hicetaon's offspring dear.

With crash he fell. His armour on him rung.
Antilochus rush'd forth, as runneth hound
At stricken fawn, which, as from lair it sprung,
The hunter struck, with loos'd limbs brought to ground.
So did on thee, O Melanippus, bound
Bide-fight Antilochus, to take from thee
Thine arms. But Hector saw, through fight around
To meet him ran. Not stay'd though warrior he
Full strong, but like a beast that's mischief done did flee,
LXVI.
Which, slaying dog or herdsman by the oxen, flies Ere throng of men collect. In such wise fled Nestorides. On whom with horrid cries Trojans and Hector pour'd the javelins sad. He stood and turn'd when friends' throng reach'd he had. The Trojans on like raving lions went To th' ships, and Zeus' commands accomplishèd, Who still their strength increas'd, but spirit shent Of Argives, glory reft, and those still onward sent.

LXVII.
To Hector glory give his mind did will On curvèd ships strange quenchless fire to fling, And Thetis' monstrous prayer entire fulfil. For Zeus, of counsel wise, did wait this thing With eyes to see, from burnt ship splendour spring. Thence would he set the Trojans' backward flight Fro' th' ships, and glory to Danaians bring. So minded, he by hollow ships excite Did Hector, Priam's son, himself full eager wight.

LXVIII.
He rag'd as Shake-spear Ares, or fierce fire On hills doth rage in forest-thickets deep. And foam was at his mouth, and flash'd out dire His eyes neath fearful brows. With sway and sweep 'Bout temples helmet dread did moving keep As Hector fought, whose help was Zeus from sky Who'd on him sole 'mong many honour heap, For brief his date. His fated hour to die, Impell'd by Pallas through Pelides' strength, drew nigh.
LXIX.
He 'd fain have broke men's ranks with fierce endeavour
Where he most throng and fairest arms doth spy,
But could not so break through, though raging ever,
So column'd firm they stood, like rock that high
And huge doth stand the hoary sea a-nigh,
And doth the piping winds' careering sweep,
And burly waves that 'gainst it dash, abye.
Danaians so 'fore Trojans stedfast keep.
But he all flashing fire upon the crowd doth leap.

LXX.
He dash'd as when impetuous wind-fed wave
On swift ship strikes, which foam all covereth,
And wind's dread blowing on the sail doth rave,
The seamen quake in soul, so scant\textsuperscript{155} scap'd death.
In Achives' breasts their soul so travaileth,
But he as lion fierce on herd doth light,
Which vast fen's meadow moist depastureth,
Unnumber'd beeves, whose herdsman knows not quite
If with the beast for curv'd-horn ox y-slain to fight.

LXXI.
'Mong foremost beeves or last he paceth aye.
Leaps lion midst them, and devours a steer,
The rest all flee. So Achives then did fly
'Fore Hector and Sire Zeus. Sole smote he here
Mycenian Periphètes, offspring dear
Of Copreus, King Eurystheus' messenger
To Hercules. Ill father 's more than peer,
The son for feet and fight, all virtues rare,
And sense, with Mycenaëans' chiepest might compare.
LXXII.
So he to Hector greater glory gave.
For turning he on buckler's rim did tread,
Which reaching heels he bore from darts to save.
Stumbling he fell supine. The helmet dread
'Bout temples of him falling echo'd.
Quick Hector saw, and ran, and stood a-near
And pierc'd with lance his breast, and smote him dead,
Close by his friends, who griev'd but could not comrade
dear
Assist, for they themselves the godlike Hector fear.

LXXIII.
And now they face the ships, and all around
Lay th' outward ships, which first were drawn on land.
On pour'd the foe. From foremost ships gave ground
Th' Argives perforce, but made at tents a stand,
Nor scatter through the camp but closely band.
For fear restrain'd them there, and shame's appeach.
And they with ceaseless cheer each other mann'd.
But chief by parents dear adjuring each
Did th' Achives' watch, Gerenian Nestor, them beseech:—

LXXIV.
" Be men, O friends, and rev'rence other men,
" Remember each your children, wives, and store,
" And parents, if alive or dead they been,
" By these not present here I you implore
" To stand up strong, and turn to flight no more."
His speech stirr'd strength and soul of every wight,
Athenè heav'n-sent cloud, that was to-fore
Their eyes, remov'd. To each side was there light
Immense by th' ships, and in the all-pernicious fight.
And Hector they perceive, war-vig'rous wight,
And his companions, those that stay'd behind
And battled not, and those that fought the fight
Beside the vessels swift. Nor was the mind
Of large-soul'd Ajax yet aloof resign'd
To stand, the other Achives' sons among,
But ships' decks pacing strode in val'rous kind.
Huge ship-fight spear in hands he wielded strong
Compact with hoops, and two and twenty cubits long.

As man, that 's skill'd to ride on steeds, picks out
From many horses four, and drives them he
From plain to city large through folk-throng'd route,
And him a many men and women see.
He stumbles ne'er, but as his horses flee
Alternate leaps from one to other aye.
So Ajax many ships' decks there that be,
With huge stride pac'd. His dread shout reach'd the sky,
As ships and tents defend he bade the Danai.

Nor Hector stay'd in Trojans' mailèd throng,
But as on flock of birds swoops eagle red,
Of geese, or cranes, or swans y-neckèd long,
By river feeding. Dark-prow'd ship a-head
So Hector rush'd at. Zeus him onward sped
With mighty hand, and did his folk excite.
By th' ships again encounter keen they had.
Thou wouldst have thought with fresh unwearied might
They 'd then first battle join'd, so eagerly they fight.
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LXXVIII.
Thus thought the combatants. Th' Achæans ill
Ne'er ween'd to scape, but die. Each Trojan thought
To burn the ships, and Achive heroes kill.
So minded they against each other fought.
And Hector hold of pace-sea ship's stern caught,
Fair ship and swift through sea to plough its way
And had to Troy Protesilæus brought,
But ne'er to 's land took back. In close fight they
Th' Achives and Trojans 'bout this ship each other slay.

LXXIX.
Assault of bows or darts at distance nought
They wait, but close with one consent they stood
And sooth with axes keen, and twy-bills fought,
Huge swords, and spears that cut on both sides could.
And many black-heft, huge-hilt falchions good
Some out the hands, some off the shoulders fall
Of men that fought. Dark earth the while ran blood.
Nor Hector, once y-ta'en the stern, slack'd hold at all,
But, stern-end kept y-gript, did Trojans ord'ring call:

LXXX.
"Bring fire, and rousing battle all unite,
"For Zeus a day worth all hath giv'n us now
"To burn the ships that came in gods' despite,
"And us through elders' fault work'd many a woe,
"Who, me that wish'd to fight by th' ships, let go
"Would not, and folk kept back. If Zeus marr'd then
"Our minds, now prompts and stirs us he." 'Twas so
He spake, and they on Argives rush'd more fain,
Nor, sore beset by darts, could Ajax more remain.
LXXXI.

But did expecting death a space retreat
To se’en-foot bench, from good ship’s deck retire,
There watching stood, with spear fro’ th’ ship still beat
The Trojans off, whoe’er brought restless fire,
And urging Danai he shouted dire:
“Friends, Ares’ servants, hero-Danai!
“Be men, O friends, let valour firm inspire.
“Or think we that behind us helpers lie?
“Or better wall, from men to keep calamity?

LXXXII.

“No tower-fenc’d city’s near, whose people sent
“By turns might save. In strong-arm’d Trojans’ plain,
“From country far, we stand, by sea y-pent.
“In hands then ’s safety, not in slack’ning fight, y-lain.”
He said, and rag’d with keen-point spear amain.
What Trojan so to th’ hollow ships drew near
With burning fire, at Hector’s urging fain,
Him Ajax aye receiv’d with keen-point spear,
And twelve before the ships in close-fight smote he here.
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BOOK XVI.

I.

For th' ship so fought they. But Patroclus stood
B' Achilles, people-shepherd, scalding tears he shed
As black fount pours from goat-shunn'd rock dark
flood.

Swift-foot divine Achilles pitièd,
Beholding him, and wing'd words to him said:
"Why dost like little girl, Patroclus, weep?
"That runs by 'r mother, take her up doth bid,
"And pull b' her gown, and her though hasting keep,
"And to be taken up doth look at her and weep.

II.

"Like such thou shedst, Patroclus, tender tear.
"Wouldst aught announce to Myrmidons or me?
"Or hath from Phthia news sole reach'd thine ear?
"Alive Mnætius, Actor's son, and he
"'Mong Myrmidons Æacian Peleus be.
"For both of whom, if dead, 't were with us woe.
"Or for the Argives mourn'st thou, them to see
"By th' hollow ships for their unright laid low?
"Speak out, nor hide it in thy mind, that both may know."
Sigh'd heavily, and him then thus address'd
Horsemanto Patroclus: — "O, Achilles, son
" Of Peleus, thou th' Achaens' mightiest!
" O be not wroth, such woe weighs Achives down!
" For all that were the valiantest time gone
" From far or close-hand struck i' th' vessels lie,
" For shot's strong Diomedes Tydeus' son.
" Spear-skill'd Odysseus eke, and Agamemnon nigh
" Were struck. And shot's Eurypylus with shaft in thigh.

Them drug-skill'd leeches tend, their wounds cure.
" Thou 'rt hard, Achilles. Wrath ne'er seize on me
" As keepest thou, of ill-starr'd valour, sure!
" What after-born for thee will better be, 158
" If thou from Argives' fell calamity
" Avert not? O relentless, of a truth
" Not horseman Peleus father was to thee,
" Nor Thetis mother. Blue sea, and uncouth
" High rock engender'd thee, thy soul's so void of ruth."

If oracle thou shun, or aught told thee
" From Zeus thy mother, me quick send I pray,
" With other Myrmidons, thine arms give me
" To don. Danaians' light become I may.
" If me for thee the Trojans take, and stay
" From fight, th' Achaens' warlike sons worn out
" Will breathe again, brief respite from affray.
" For fresh we'll eath those battle-wearied rout,
" And to their city drive from ships and tents about.
VI.

"'Twas thus he pray'd unwise. For self he did
Sad death, and fate, implore in asking so."
Then sighing deep, swift-foot Achilles said:
"Ah me, Zeus-sprung Patroclus, what sayst thou?
Not oracle I heed that I do know,
Nor aught from Zeus did honour'd mother say,
But wounds my heart and soul this grievous woe
When man will mulet his fellow, take away
"His prize, for that forsooth he holdeth stronger sway.

VII.

"Woe 's this to me, in soul I 've suffered pain.
Girl th' Achives' sons had guerdon chose me, won
By mine own spear, when well-wall'd city ta'en,
Her back hath Agamemnon Atreus' son
Torn from my hands like mean land-louping one.\(^{263}\)
But leave we these as past. Be wroth for aye 's not right,
Though I 'd not meant slack wrath ere ships mine own
Had shout and battle reach'd. But lead thou, dight
With my fair arms, the war-fond Myrmidons to fight.

VIII.

"Dark cloud of Trojans girds the ships, while hold
Scant space the Argives coop'd by sea-shore pight,
And all the Trojans' town throng thither bold,
For front they see not of my helmet bright
Flash near, or soon they 'd ditches in their flight
With corse fill had towards me mildness known
King Agamemnon. Leaguer'd host they fight,
Nor spear of Diomedes Tydeus' son
In 's hands doth rage to keep death off Danaians yon.
Nor aught I hear Atrides' voice call out.
From hated head, though urging Trojans ring
Doth Hector homicide's, while they with shout
Hold all the plain, th' Achæans vanquishing.
Yet so Patroclus on them stoutly spring.
Keep mischief from the ships, lest burn them they
With raging fire\textsuperscript{160} and bar return. This thing
As I shall put it in thy mind obey,
And me from all Danaians bring much fame away.

Fair girl restore me, bright gifts give will those.
But foe from ships repuls'd, return, and though
Vouchsafe thee glory Herè's thund'r'ing spouse,
To fight withouten me wish not the mo'
With war-fond Trojans. Thou 'dst disgrace me so.
Nor yet exulting thou in war and fight
Y-slaught'r'ing Trojans on to Ilium go.
Fr' Olympus one o' th' gods e'erlasting might
Come down. Far-dart Apollo doth in them delight.

But back return when thou hast made it light\textsuperscript{161}
By th' ships, and them i' th' plain let battle on.
Sire Zeus, Athenè, and Apollo! might
As many as there be of Trojans none
Escape from death, nor yet of Argives one!
But only we destruction so eschew,
Troy's sacred battlements o'erturn alone."
To one another thus discours'd the two.
Nor longer Ajax stay'd\textsuperscript{162}, the darts so gall him do.
XII.
Quell'd him Zeus' rede and hurling Trojans high,
And 'bout his temples did dread ringing yield
Bright helmet strook. On well-wrought bosses aye
'Twas smote. Left shoulder weary wax'd to wield
The firmly grasp'd and rapid glancing shield.
Nor could they drive him back that on him set
With darts. But panting sore in that hard field
Down him from all his limbs ran mickle sweat,
Nor breath could he for ill to ill y-cleaving get.

XIII.
Tell me, Olympus-dwelling Muses, how
Fire first reach'd th' Acheive ships. Stood Hector near
And Ajax' ash-lance smote on shaft below
The head with falchion huge, and sever'd sheer.
Wields Ajax Telamon this maimèd spear
In vain. Far from him rang the brazen head,
Falling to ground. Ajax in 's mind with fear
Gods' doings saw, how marr'd Zeus thund'rer dread
All scheme of fight, and vict'ry will'd to Trojans had.

XIV.
He shrank fro' th' darts. They fire that tireth not
On swift ship flung. Flame quenchless down it dread
Pour'd swift as fire, and stern enwrayt. Then smote
His thighs Achillès, to Patroclus said:—
"Up now, guide-steed Patroclus, Zeus y-bred,
"For foe's fire's strength by ships I see. Be ta'en
"Let not the ships, lest flight no more be had.
"Arms quickly don, and I'll the folk convene."
'Twas thus he said. Patroclus donn'd the armour sheen.
XV.
And first in lovely greaves his legs he drest,
With silver buckles clasp'd. And next put on
The quaint-wrought starry cuirass 'b'out his breast,
Cuirass of Æacus' swift-footed son.
O'er shoulder silver-stud brass sword was thrown,
Then huge and solid shield. On vig'rous head
He did well-wroughten horse-tail'd helmet don,
Whose waving crest above it nodded dread,
And two strong darts he took, his hands all featly sway'd.

XVI.
Æacides' spear only took not too,
Huge, heavy, strong, no Achive might aspire
To wield. Achilles sole to wield it knew.
A Pelian ash, that Chiron gave his sire
From Pelion's top, to heroes' slaughter dire.
Quick yoke the steeds he bade Automedon,
Whom next rank-shattering Achilles higher
Than all he honour'd. And most faithful one
In fight he was to bide the foemen's coming on.

XVII.
Automedon 'neath yoke the swift steeds led,
Xanthus and Balius. These with winds would fly.
To Zephyr them Podargè Harpy bred
In meadow grazing, Ocean's stream a-nigh.
To side-rein faultless Pedasus did tie.
'Twas ta'en b' Achilles with Eëtion's town,
And mortal yet with deathless steeds did vie.
Achilles arm'd the Myrmidons anon
And went through all the tents, and made them harness don.
XVIII.
As rav'ning wolves, whose hearts have strength past speech,
Huge antler'd stag in mountains slaught'ring rend,
While waxen red with blood the jaws of each,
In pack to darkling water-fountain wend,
And dark stream's surface lap with thin tongues' end,
Y-belching gore. While fearless in each breast
Their spirit is, and belly doth distend.
Myrmidons' chiefs and leaders with such zest,
About swift foot Æacides' brave servant press'd.

XIX.
'`Mong them Achilles warlike stood, and did
Both horse and shielded men exhort amain.
Fifty swift ships they were Achilles led,
The Zeus-belov'd, to Troy. Each did contain
Companions at the row-banks fifty men.
Five made he captains, sooth to lead them on
In whom he 'd trust. Himself supreme did reign.
One band Menesthius, of quaint-wrought habergeon,
Y-led, who was the Zeus-sprung river Sperchius' son.

XX.
Fair Polydora, Peleus' child, the same
To ne'er-tire Sperchius bore (the god did woman bed)
But 'twas to Perieres' son in name,
To Borus, who with large gifts her had wed.
Another leads Eudorus, virgin-bred,
Whom lovely dancer Polymela bare,
Old Phylas' child. Lov'd her great Argicide,
Whose eyes 'mong singers her in chorus fair
Of gold-shaft sounding Artemis beheld whilere.
Straight mounting upper room did Hermes lie
Secret and still with her. She bare bright son,
Eudorus, runner swift and warrior high.
When Eilithyia, travail-ruling one,
Brought him to light, and splendour of the sun
He saw, then took her home for vast gifts told
Echechleus' mighty strength, old Actor's son.
Bring up and cherish then did Phylas old,
As his own son, the boy, and him with love enfold.

The third led brave Pisander, Maimal's son,
Who pass'd all Myrmidons with spear to fight
Next to Pelides' friend. The fourth led on
Old drive-steed Phenix. Fifth, that faultless wight,
Alcimedon, Laërceus' offspring bright.
When all with chiefs he 'd set, Achilles said:
“Ye Myrmidons, let none of threats lose sight,
That in the ships ye 've Trojans threatened
All through the time of wrath, and me thus challenged.

‘Hard son of Peleus, nurs'd thy mother thee
To wrath, thou cruel, that by ships keep'st still
Reluctant friends. With barks that traverse sea
Let's home, since on thy soul hath anger ill
Thus fallen.' Gath'ring round ye 've oft your will
Thusspoke. Now fight's huge work erst wish'd for shows.
There each stout heart 'gainst Trojans fight his fill.”
He spake, and each one's strength and soul did rouse.
The warrior-ranks, when heard their king, more densely close.
XXIV.

As joins a man with close-fit stones a wall
Of mansion high, the wind's rough force to breast,
So fitted helms and bossy shields withal.
Shield shield, helm helmet, man on man y-prest,
And horse-hair plumed helms with dazzling crest
Touch'd as they nod, so serried close they stood.
And warriors twain then arm'd 'fore all the rest,
Patroclus and Automedon, whose mood
Was one, for fight in front of Myrmidons they would.

XXV.

Achilles went t' his tent. Op'd coffer's lid,
Fair dædal chest, that Thetis Silver-foot
Had placed in 's ship; replenish it she did
With vests, and fence-wind cloaks, soft rugs to boot.
There was his well-wrought cup, whence none else mote
Drink dark-fac'd wine. Nor he to gods beside
The father Zeus libation pour'd thereout.
This taking from the chest, he purified
With sulphur first, then wash'd in limpid water's tide.

XXVI.

Wash'd hands, and drew dark wine, then stood mid-ring;
And pray'd and pour'd out wine, and gaz'd to th' sky,
From thunder-loving Zeus not hid: — "O King,
" Dodonian Zeus Pelasgic, that not nigh
" Dost dwell, wintry Dodona's ruler high!
" Thy Selli, priests with unwash'd feet; dwell round
" And couch on earth. Thou heard'st my word when I
" Erst pray'd, and 'venging me didst sorely wound
" Th' Achæan folk. Now too this wish of mine be crown'd,
XXVII.

"By th' ships I stay, but send my friend to fight
With many Myrmidons. Fame grant him thou,
O wide-voic'd Zeus, and heart in 's breast excite
That Hector ken if servant ours do know
To war alone, or, but when I too go
To Ares' combat, rage his hands severe.
And when fro' th' ships he 'th war and tumult so
Repell'd, return him me to th' swift ships here,
"Unscath'd with all his arms, and close-fight comrades dear."

XXVIII.

'Twas thus he praying spake, and Zeus all-wise
To him did hearken, and in sooth some del
The father grants his prayer, some del denies.
From ships he granted war and fight repel,
Denied return from battle safe and well.
Libation done, with prayer to Zeus the Sire
He enter'd tent, plac'd cup the chest intill,
Then came and stood 'fore tent, with strong desire
To view the Trojans' and Achæans' conflict dire.

XXIX.

With brave Patroclus harness'd in array
High-thoughted went to rush on Trojans these.
And on the instant then outpouren they,
Like way-side wasps, which boys to vexen please
Whose wont those way-side dwellers aye to tease,
Thoughtless! to many working woe thereby.
For them if man, who that way voyages,
Disturb unconscious, they stout-hearted high
Their offspring to defend do one and all outfly.
XXX.

With hearts like theirs the Myrmidons pour'd out
Fro' th' ships. Rose quenchless shout. T' his mates
'gan cry
Patroclus loud: — " O Myrmidons, ye stout
" Comrades of Peleus' son, Achilles high,
" Be men, my friends, mind val'rous constancy,
" And grace Pelides, th' Argives' bravest one,
" By th' ships let us his servants battling nigh.
" That broad-rule Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
" His folly know th' Achæans' best t' have honour'd none."

XXXI.

He said, and each one's strength and spirit stirr'd.
Trojans they charg'd en masse. To th' Achives' shout
From ships around an echoing dire was heard.
When Trojans saw Mencætius' offspring stout,
Servant and self in bright arms harness'd out,
Their souls perturb'd, phalanges troubled be.
Swift-foot Pelides had by th' ships they thought
Cast wrath aside, and chosen amity.
Each look'd about what way destruction dire to flee.

XXXII.

And first Patroclus hurl'd with glitt'ring spear.
Right in the midst where throng the most they did,
High-soul'd Protesilæus' ship's-stern near.
Pyræchmus smote, who horsemen-Pæons had
From Amydon, broad-flowing Axius led.
Him on right shoulder smote. Cry out and fall
Supine he did. Were round him seiz'd with dread
His Pæon mates, Patroclus so on all
Sent fear, their chief y-slain, at fight their best withal.
XXXIII.

And from the ships they drave them and put out
The burning fire. Half burnt upon the shore
The ship was left, and Trojans put to rout
With tumult strange, and Danai out-pour
Through th' hollow ships, and quenchless rose uproar.
As when from mighty mountain's summit high
Wield-lightning Zeus thick cloud expels to-fore,
Watch-towers, bluff peaks, and thickets all to th' eye
Appear, and boundless ether openeth from the sky.

XXXIV.

Foe's fire from ships so thrusting, Danai
Did breathe a space, but fight grew nothing slack,
Nor headlong 'fore th' Achæans warlike fly
Did Trojans yet away from vessels black,
But still stood out, and but perforce gave back.
There man slew man amid the scatter'd fight
Of chiefs. And first Mencetius' brave son strake,
Just as he turn'd, Areilycus wight
On thigh with keen-edg'd spear, and brass he thrust
through quite.

XXXV.

Brake bone the spear. To ground he fell on 's face.
Brave Menelaus Thoas' breast, where nigh
The shield 'twas bar'd, did smite, and limbs unbrace.
Phylides did Amphiclus rushing eye,
And, fore-hand with him, smite at end of thigh.
Man's muscles there be thickest. Spear-point sheer
Through tendons cut, and darkness clouds his eye.
Of Nestor's sons, Antilochus with spear
Atymnios smote. Through flank did brazen lance career.
XXXVI.
'Tore him he fell. Maris with spear, irate For's brother, on Antilochus did run, And stood 'fore corse. His stroke anticipate Did Thrasymèdes aiming, godlike one, Nor miss'd his shoulder. Spear point crush'd the bone, And arm from muscles tore. With sound he fell: Night veil'd his eyes. To Erebus thus down Went Amisòdarus' two sons, that well Hurl'd spear, Sarpedon's mates, whom brothers twain did quell.

XXXVII.
'Twas Amisòdarus that unquell'd thing Chimaera rear'd, the bane of many men. Ajax Oiliades did forward spring And Cleobulus seize alive, hemm'd in By th' crowd. Smote neck with huge-hilt falchion then, And loos'd his strength. The sword all blood-warm grew. Red death and fate relentless clos'd his e'en. Again Peneleus rush'd, and Lycon who With spears each other 'd miss'd, for hurl'd in vain the two.

XXXVIII.
To it with swords they ran, and Lycon strook The horse-tail'd helmet's crest. To shivers sprung By th' hilt his sword. His neck Peneleus took 'Neath ear. The blade all enter'd, solely hung By th' skin the head, and were his limbs unstrung. Merion with swift feet Acamas o'erta'en, Right shoulder smote as on t' his steeds he flung. He sank from car. Pour'd darkness round his e'en. Idomeneus smote Erymas on mouth with javelin keen.
XXXIX.
And onward travers'd, underneath the brain,
The brazen spear, and white bones did divide.
His teeth out-shaken were, and eyes the twain
Y-fill'd with blood, which at his mouth beside
And nostrils forth he breath'd, gaping wide.
Veil'd him death's cloud. Danaian chiefs each one
Thus slew his man. On lambs and kids, if tide
Through shepherd's fault the flock be scatter'd, run
I' th' mountains eager wolves, that watch and tear the weak
things down.

XL.
So Danai on Trojans fiercely set,
And these of flight tumultuous them bethought,
And did their stedfast valour all forget.
And ever with his spear huge Ajax sought
The brass-mail'd Hector, who in war well-taught,
With bull's hide buckler cov'ring shoulders stout,
Watch'd arrows whiz, spears sounding as they fought,
And knew the battle's vict'ry chang'd about,
Yet stay'd and sav'd his lov'd companions in the rout.

XLI.
As from Olympus comes a cloud to th' sky
From sacred Æther, when a storm Zeus breeds,
So from the ships rose flight and battle-cry.
Nor they recross'd the trench as order needs. Arm'd Hector thence on swift-foot horses yedes,
But Trojans left, whom trench in their despite
Detain'd. In trench store draw-car rapid steeds
Brake poles and kings' cars left. Patroclus wight
Pursued, and did Danaians sore to Trojans' hurt excite.
XLII.
These scatt'ring fill'd all ways with noise and rout.
Dust-storm 'neath clouds rose high. Back-strain'd to th' town
The whole-hoof'd steeds. Patroclus drave with shout
Where folk most throng'd. 'Neath wheels were men hurl'd down
From cars, and hurtling chariots overthrown.
O'er trench the steeds immortal swift y-sprong,
Bright gift the gods gave Peleus. Eager on
They went. His soul for Hector call'd, for long
He did to smite. But him bare off swift steeds and strong.

XLIII.
As dark earth all oppress'd 'neath tempest lies
In autumn-day, when sudden flood of rain
Zeus pours, when fierce his wrath 'gainst men doth rise
That justice in th' assembly forceful strain,
And right thrust out, no kepe of gods' wrath ta'en.
Their rivers all a-running overflow,
And many a hill-slope torrents cut off then,
To th' blue sea rushing, groaning as they go,
From mountains headlong, and the toils of men o'erthrow.

XLIV.
The Trojans' steeds so running sorely groan.
Patroclus the phalanges first in 's way
O'erta'en, drave back to the ships, nor to the town
Would suffer to ascend, albeit they
Full eager were, but chasing them did slay,
The river, ships, and lofty wall between,
And made a many then their were-geld pay.
With bright spear first smote Pronous, where seen
By th' shield his breast. With crash he fell. His limbs y-loosèd been.
XLV.

Patroclus next on Thestor, Enops' son,
That cow'ring sat on polish'd chariot, flew,
Who 'd dropp'd distraught the reins. By 's side anon
Right cheek he smote with spear, teeth piercing through,
And him o'er chariot-rim with spear out-drew.
As man on high rock sits with bright brass hook
And line, from sea draws sacred fish, so too
With bright spear he from car him gaping took,
And on his mouth dash'd down, whom, falling, life forsook.

XLVI.

Rushing Euryalus with stone he smote
Mid-head, that in stout helm all split in two.
To earth he fell, and crush-life death about
Him pour'd. Then Erymas, Amphot'rus too,
Epaltes, and Tlepolemus then, who
Damastor's offspring was, Echius, Pyres,
And Ipheus and Evippus eke he slew,
And Polymelus also Argeades;
Successive all on fertile earth he prostrates these.

XLVII.

Sarpedon, when he saw that smitten down
His mates, the beltless-mail'd, on this wise be,
Beneath Patroclus' hands Menetius' son,
To th' godlike Lycians call'd he chidingly:—
"Shame, Lycians! whither fly? Be valiant ye,
"I'll meet this man myself, and who 'tis ken
"So strong. Work'd Trojans many woes hath he,
"Since knees he 's loos'd of many mighty men."
He said, and sprang to ground full arm'd from chariot
then.
XLVIII.

Patroclus, seeing this, from chariot sprang.
As crook-claw'd vultures twain of curvèd bills do ply,
That fight on lofty rock with scream and clang,
So these on one another rush'd with cry.
And them beholding did with pity spy
The crafty Kronos' son. To Herè then,
His spouse and sister, spake he:— "Woe am I
"If 'tis Sarpedon's fate, most dear of men,
"To be beneath Menœtius' son Patroclus slain.

XLIX.

"My heart yearns two ways indeterminate,
"Him snatch'd alive from tearful fight away
"In Lycia's people opulent to set,
"Or 'neath Menœtius' offspring's hands to slay."
Large-ey'd august did Herè answ'ring say:—
"Dread Kronides, what utt'rest thou to me?
"A mortal man, and doom'd this many a day,
"Wouldst thou from death the melancholy free?
"Then do. We other gods though will not all agree.

L.

"This else I say, in mind revolve it do:
"Send'st thou Sarpedon home alive, will none,
"Think'st thou, of other gods desire it too
"From battle fierce to send his cherish'd son?
"For many fight round Priam's mighty town,
"Immortals' sons 'gainst whom thou 'st fearful ire.
"But if so dear, so pity dost this one,
"Him soothly suffer thou in battle dire
"Beneath Patroclus' hands, Menœtius' son, t' expire.
LI.

"When quit him soul and life, him hence to bear
"Send Death and dulcet Sleep, till Lycia wide
"They reach. Him friends and kinsmen bury there
"With mound and column will. For of the dead
"This is the honour sooth." 'Twas thus she said,
Nor Sire of gods and men did disobey,
But on the earth some bloody drops he shed
To grace his son, whom must Patroclus slay
In fertile Troas far from native land away.

LII.

As near they drew Patroclus smote y-wis
I' th' groin Sarpedon's servant, strenuous wight,
Fam'd Thrasymed, and loos'd his limbs. Him miss
Sarpedon did, who next hurl'd javelin bright,
But did steed Pedasus' right shoulder smite
With spear. It groan'd, out-breathing soul away,
And screaming fell i' th' dust. Its soul took flight.
Apart stood th' other steeds, yoke creak'd and they
The reins confus'd as side-rein courser sprawling lay.

LIII.

For this found cure spear-fam'd Automedon:
Long sword from stout thigh drew, and cut away
The side-rein steed, nor slack'd. The steeds anon
Righted and drew to rein. Once more did they
The warriors meet in soul-consuming fray.
With bright spear miss'd Sarpedon. Point of dart
Left shoulder of Patroclus pass'd astray,
Who next hurl'd spear, nor weapon vain did part
From 's hands, but smote where midriff girds the close-
pack'd heart.
He fell as falls an oak or poplar tree,
Or tall upshooting pine, that shipwrights do,
As timber, for the building ships to be,
With fresh-set axes in the mountains hew.
So he 'fore steeds and car lay stretch'd out too,
And clutch'd the gory dust, with dying cry.
As tawny stout of heart 'mong trail-foot crew
A bull, that lion, which on herd doth fly,
Hath slaughter'd, doth 'neath jaws of lion groan and die.

So, by Patroclus slain, indignant here
The shield-arm'd Lycians' chieftain groan'd, and he
His comrade call'd by name: — "O Glaucus dear,
" 'Mong men thou warrior, much behooveth thee
" Play champion now, and warrior bold. Then be
" Sad war thy wish if brave. First seeking out
" The Lycians' chiefs, and urging them that me,
" Sarpedon, they defend go all about.
" And then thyself for me with spear do battle stout.

" For thy reproach shall I from henceforth be,
" And shame for all thy days, if soothly shall
" Th' Achæans of mine arms despoilen me,
" Who in this battle of the ships do fall.
" But bear thee stoutly, rouse the people all."
He said, and death o'er eyes and nostrils grew.
Patroclus on his breast doth heel instal,
From flesh pluck'd spear, which midriff did ensue
And so at once his soul with spear-point out he drew.
LVII.

And there the Myrmidons detain'd the steeds
That panting thence all eager would have skirr'd
When left the monarchs' cars. In Glaucus breeds
Sore anguish when his comrade’s voice he heard.
Aid him he could not, and his heart it stirr’d.
His arm with hand he squeeze’d, for pain’d him there
The wound that Teucer, who on wall did guard
His folk from ill, him rushing dealt whilère
With bow. Far-dart Apollo thus did he invoke in prayer:—

LVIII.

"Hear king, that somewhere art in Lycia’s folk
"The rich, or Troy’s. On all sides hear canst thou
"The troubled man, and trouble’s on me broke.
"Wound have I grievous thus, my hand is through
"Transfix’d with pangs. Nor can the blood thereto
"Be stanch’d. The anguish weighs my shoulder down.
"Spear firmly grasp I can’t, nor forward go
"And foemen fight. And slain’s our bravest one,
"Sarpedon, child of Zeus, who succours not his son.

LIX.

"O sovereign, heal my grievous wound, allay
"My pangs, and grant me vigour, that incite
"My Lycian mates to battle strong I may,
"And fight myself for th’ corse.” So pray’d the wight.
Phæbus Apollo heard him, and forthright
His pangs assuag’d, and from his wound so sad
The black blood stanch’d, his soul endued with might.
Glaucus perceiv’d in mind, exceeding glad
That heard his prayer the mighty god so promptly had.
THE Iliad.

LX.
To fend Sarpedon he doth all sides pass,
And stir the Lycian chiefs. To th' Trojans strode
He then, to Panthus' son, Polydamas,
And brave Agenor; and t' Æneas yode
And Hector brazen-arm'd, and near him stood,
And wingèd words on this wise soothly spake:—
"Now, Hector, thou allies forget'st for good,
"Who far from friends and country for thy sake
"Lose life, yet thou no kepe to succour them dost take.

LXI.
"Sarpedon's down, the shield-arm'd Lycians' head,
"Who Lycia kept with judgment and with might,
"Whom 'neath Patroclus hath brass Ares sped
"With spear. Stand by him, friends, nor bear the slight
"That spoil his'arms and do his corse despite
"Should Myrmidons, in wrath for Danai,
"Whom we with spears by swift ships slew in fight."
He said. And Trojans grief past bearing high
For him who, though an alien, was their town's defence abye.

LXII.
For follow'd him much folk, and aye their head
In battle he. Now eager went they right
At Danai. Them soothly Hector led
Wroth for Sarpedon. Th' Achives doth incite
Mencetius' son, Patroclus' heart of might,
Who did th' already prompt Ajaces call:—
"Ajaces now resolve to stoutly fight
"As erst your wont 'mong men the best withal.
"A man is down, Sarpedon, first that leap'd th' Achæans' wall.
LXIII.

"But O if seize and do him a despite,
"And from his shoulders strip his arms away,
"Or there against us combating we might
"Some friend of his with brass relentless slay!"

He said, and prompt to drive the foe were they.
With strengthen'd columns Trojans, Lycians sped,
And Myrmidons and Achives to the fray,
And join'd in fierce encounter 'bout the dead,
And shouted dire, the warriors' armour clashing dread.

LXIV.

And Zeus fell night stretch'd o'er the combat dire
To make for 's son belov'd fell toil of fight.
Trojans made dark-ey'd Achives first retire,
For slain was Myrmidons' not basest wight,
High soul'd Agàcles' son, Epigeus hight,
That godlike erst did well-dwelt Budium sway;
But when he had y-slain his kinsman bright,
Then did he supplicant come, and Peleus pray,
And Thetis Silver-foot. Companion sent him they

LXV.

With rank y-shattering Achilles out
To steed-apt Ilium, Trojans there to fight.
Him seizing corse with stone bright Hector smote
On th' head, which clave within stout helmet quite
In twain. Prostrate he fell on corse y-pight,
Around him pour'd soul-quelling death. Then rue
Patroclus did his slaughter'd comrade's plight,
And he the combatants went rushing through
Like rapid hawk that daws and starlings doth pursue.
LXVI.
At Lycians so, drive-steed Patroclus! run
And Trojans didst, heart-wroth for comrade's sake.
And Stheneläus there Ithämen's son
On neck with stone he smote, and tendons brake.
The foremost back with Hector bright betake.
And far as long spear's cast, a man might throw
That in contention doth endeavour make,
Or else in war at life-consuming foe,
So Trojans back, so Achives onward thrusting go.

LXVII.
But Glaucus first, the shield-arm'd Lycians' head,
Fac'd round, and lofty soul'd Bathycles slew,
Chalcon's dear son, that house in Hellas had,
In weal and wealth did Myrmidons out-do.
Him Glaucus sooth mid-breast with spear ran through,
Quick turning round when him he'd reach'd in chace.
With sound he fell. Th' Achæans sorely rue
That fell so bright a man. But at the case
Much Trojans joy'd and stood, and round him throng'd a-pace.

LXVIII.
Achæans valour not forgat, but on
With force they went. And Merion there a Trojan slew,
Laðgonus, stout warrior, valiant son
Of Zeus Idæan's priest Onetor, who
From folk had grace as to a god is due.
'Neath ear and jaw he smote him. Quickly went
From limbs the life. Dread darkness o'er him drew.
Æneas brazen spear at Merion sent,
Whom pacing there he thought beneath his shield t' have hent.
LXIX.

But he perceiving shunn'd the brazen dart,
And forward stoop'd. Behind him javelin long
Fix'd in the ground. The javelin's hinder part
Did shake. Then strength remitted Ares strong.
Æneas' quiv'ring spear went earthward, sprong
From stalwart hand in vain. And spake then he,
Æneas, who in soul with wrath was stong:—
"Merion soon stay'd thee, dancer though thou be,
"My spear for ever had, if I had smitten thee."

LXX.

Him spear-fam'd Merion answer'd:—"'T were for thee,
"Though strong, Æneas, hard to quell, I trow,
"The strength of all men, whosoe'er it be
"That 'gainst thee comes, since mortal too art thou.
"Could I with brass spear strike thee full thou'dst now,
"Though strong and trusting to thy hands, renown
"On me, on steed-fam'd Hades' soul bestow."
He said. Him chid Menœtius' valiant son:—
"Why talkest, Merion, thus, although a valiant one?

LXXI.

"For sharp words, friend, will Trojans corse not quit
"Ere earth hold some. In hands war's business lies,
"In council words'. So speech to swell's not fit,
"But fight." This said he leads, and with him hies
The godlike man. As woodmen's din doth rise
In mountain-thickets, which afar one hears,
So din of these from broad earth upward flies
From brass and shields, the well-wrought hides of steers,
As batter'd them the falchions and the twin-edg'd spears.
LXXII.
Not shrewdest might Sarpedon recognise
With darts, and blood, and dust from head to foot beset.
They throng his corse as in a stall the flies,
That buzzing round the milky pails do get
In hour of spring, when milk the pails doth wet.
So throng the corse did these. Nor Zeus turn'd e'er
From battle fierce his lustrous eyes, but at
Them still did gaze. And much he ponder'd there
In mind about Patroclus' death, with anxious care.

LXXIII.
If now in fierce fight him bright Hector there
Should on divine Sarpedon slay with spear,
And of his armour strip his shoulders bare,
Or yet augment to more their toil severe.
So pond'ring deem'd he best brave servant here
Of Peleus' son Achilles should to th' town
Trojans and Hector of the brazen gear
Drive back, and 'reave of life full many a one.
On Hector first he sent a craven spirit down.

LXXIV.
Ascending car, he turn'd to flight, and bade
The other Trojans fly. Of Zeus he knew
The sacred scales. Nor mighty Lycians stay'd,
All fled when they their king heart-riven view
On th' heap of dead; on whom fell many too
When that Kronion mighty contest drave.
From shoulders they Sarpedon's armour drew,
Brazen and bright, which to his comrades gave
To bear to th' hollow ships Menœtius' offspring brave.
Then spake t' Apollo drive-cloud Zeus: — "Now go,
"Dear Phœbus, cleanse from gore Sarpedon, freed
"From darts. Take him afar, and wash in river's flow,
"Anoint him with ambrosia, and in weed
"Immortal clad, commit to guides of speed,
"To Sleep and Death the Twins. Him soon they 'll bear
"To ample Lycia's wealthy folk indeed.
"And friends and kinsmen him will bury there
"With tomb and column eke, for such the dead man's share."

He said, nor did Apollo disobey
His father there in sooth, but swiftly go
Th' Idæan mountains down to th' dreadful fray.
Divine Sarpedon straight he lifts from darts, and so
Far thence convey'd and wash'd in river's flow,
Anointed with ambrosia, clad in weed
Immortal, and swift guides committed to,
To Sleep and Death the Twins, that him indeed
In ample Lycia's wealthy folk deposited with speed.

Patroclus there, and eke Automedon,
Urging the steeds in chace of Trojans sped
And Lycians, to his hurt, infatuate one!
Had he Pelides' mandate hearkenèd
Black death's pernicious fate he would have fled.
Zeus' rede aye passeth men's; he puts to flight
The strong, and 'reaves of vict'ry him whom led
He haply hath himself, and urg'd to fight.
'Twas he did then his soul within his breast excite.
THE Iliad.

LXXVIII.

Who first who last didst slay, Patroclus, there
When unto death the gods did call thee on?
Adrastus first, Autonoës there were
Echeclus, Pèrimus of Megas son,
Epistor, Melanippus, and anon
Elasus, Malius, and Pylartes. Slain
Were these. The rest of flight thought every one.
Then high-gate Troy th' Achaean sons had ta'en
Beneath Patroclus' hands, who rag'd with spear amain,

LXXIX.

But Phoebus stood on tower, with ill device
Towards him, and Trojans help'd. Patroclus wight
Went thrice at th' high wall's elbow. Phoebus thrice
Foil'd him, and smote with hands immortal buckler bright.
A fourth time on he rush'd, as some god might,
When threat'ning spake Apollo, Far-Dart one:
"Zeus-sprung Patroclus, back. 'Tis not in fate y-pight
That by thy spear the haughty Trojans' town,
"Or by Achilles', far thy stronger, be o'erthrown."

LXXX.

'Twas thus he spake. Patroclus far recedes
To shun far-dart Apollo's wrath. Then stay
By Scæan gates did Hector th' whole-hoof steeds
In doubt to fight, back rushing to the fray,
Or shouting bid by th' wall collect th' array.
Phæbus did form of man, strong, vig'rous, don,
And near him stood as he these things did weigh.
Like Asius seem'd, of Hector tame-steed one
The uncle, Hecuba's own brother, Dumas' son.
LXXXI.

He dwelt in Phrygia, by Sangarius' streams.
So guis'd Apollo spake: — "O Hector, why
"Surceasest war? for thee it ill beseems.
"Thy weaker were as much thy stronger I,
"Thou 'dst to thy hurt left war. But come now ply
"Thy stout-hoof'd steeds Patroclus-ward, whom seize
"Thou mayst if grant thee fame Apollo high."
Through men's toil back the god when spoken these.
Steeds war-wards drive bright Hector bade Cebriones.

LXXXII.

Apollo went and enter'd throng, and on
The Argives sent ill tumult, glory gave
Trojans and Hector. Hector left alone
The other Danai, nor slew, but drave
His stout-hoof'd coursers at Patroclus brave.
From steeds Patroclus sprang. In left hand spear,
In right seiz'd white rough stone, could hand encave.
Straining he threw and miss'd his man, but near,
Nor vain the throw, but struck down Hector's charioteer.

LXXXIII.

Cebriones, fam'd Priam's bastard son,
Steeds reining, he on brow with sharp stone smote.
Both eye-brows pebble took. Nor hold could bone.
His eyes upon the ground i' th' dust fell out
Before his feet, and he, as diver mote,
From quaint car pitch'd. From bones his life doth flee.
Then him, Patroclus horseman, thou didst flout: —
"Ye gods! how brisk a man, how nimbly he
"Doth dive! had this but happen'd now in fishful sea!
LXXXIV.

"He'd seeking oysters satiate many a one,
"From bark so leaping, though full rough the sea,
"As now to th' plain from steeds brisk dives he down.
"Among the Trojans soothly divers be."

He said and on Cebriones went he
With lion's strength, that wasting folds around
Is smit i' th' breast, whom slays his bravery.
So on Cebriones, Patroclus, bound
Didst thou! while Hector too from horses sprang to ground.

LXXXV.

These 'bout Cebriones like lions fought,
In mountain-tops for slaughter'd stag that fight,
Both famish'd, both with soul intrepid, haught.
So 'bout Cebriones two lords of fight,
Menetius' son, Patroclus, Hector bright,
Would gash with ruthless brass each other's breast.
Nor Hector slack'd his hold on head y-pight
Patroclus held by th' foot. Meanwhile the rest
Trojans and Danai in fierce encounter press'd.

LXXXVI.

As Eurus and the South-wind quarrel make
In mountain depths, and forest deep, where grows
The beech and ash and long-bark'd cornel, shake;
While these to buffets fall with reaching boughs,
And mighty din, and crashing clamour grows.
So Trojans, Achives, leaping slaught'ring go,
Nor once of baneful flight bethought them those.
Darts many round Cebriones they throw
That fix, and arrows, too, that leap from string of bow.
LXXXVII.
And many mighty stones their bucklers smote
That round him fought. In whirl of dust he lay
In large space large, his horsemanship forgot.
And while the sun to mid-sky made his way,
The darts on both sides smite and people slay.
But when the sun his course'gan westward keep,
Th' Achæans did 'gainst fate prevail i' th' fray.
Hero Cebriones from javelins' heap
They drew, from Trojans' din, and arms from shoulders strip.

LXXXVIII.
On Trojans rush'd Patroclus, bent on ill.
Thrice rush'd like Ares swift with fearful cry,
And thrice nine men he slew. When fourth time still
Godlike he rush'd, thy end of death was nigh,
Patroclus! Met thee Phœbus dread in high
Encounter. Him i' th' throng he not descries
Who veil'd in darkness came. Behind him nigh
He stood, and back and shoulders broad likewise
Y-smote with down-turn'd palm. Round whirl'd his dizzy eyes.

LXXXIX.
From head Apollo dash'd his helmet. Roll'd
'Neath steeds' feet rang the vizor'd helm. With gore
And dust its horse-hair crest was all befoul'd.
Nor dust might soil that horse-tail'd helm before,
That, fending head and graceful forehead, wore
Achilles godlike man. To Hector here
Zeus gave 't on's head to wear, destruction sore
'Twould bring him soon. In's hands the long-shade spear
Huge, heavy, strong with brazen head all shatter'd sheer.
From arm fell reach-foot shield with thong to ground.
Zeus' son Apollo loos'd his habergeon.
Distraught with bright limbs loos'd he stood astound.
Him from behind on back mid-shoulders one
With bright spear smote, a Dardan, Panthus' son,
Euphorbus, who before his equals far
At spear and horsemanship and swift feet shone.
And erst had hurl'd full twenty men from car
When first he came with chariot there to learn of war.

He first, Patroclus, hurl'd a dart at thee,
Nor quell'd, but ran and mix'd again i' th' rout.
Ash spear from flesh out-pluck'd. In fight not he
Abide Patroclus, though unarmed, mote.
Patroclus, quell'd by spear, and god's stroke, sought
His fellows' throng. But Hector saw with spear
So smit high-soul'd Patroclus pace thereout,
And arm'd with javelin through the ranks drew near,
And smote him in the flank, and brass drave through it sheer.

He fell with heavy sound, and grieved sore
Th' Achaeans' folk. And as by strength amain
A lion quells in fight a huge strong boar.
In mountain-tops stout-hearted fight the twain
For some small spring, where both to drink are fain.
The lion doth the boar, much panting, slay.
So from Mencætius' son, who 'd many slain,
Hector Priamides took life away
With spear. And boasting o'er him wingèd words did say:
xciii.

"Patroclus, thought'st thou waste our town to lay,
"And Trojans' wives their freedom's day y-ta'en
"Send in thy ships to country dear away?
"Thou fool! 'Fore these would Hector's swift steeds strain
"With feet to war. Myself with spear amain,
"Who war-fond Trojans do surpass, had from them staid
"The servile day. Thee vultures on this plain
"Shall eat. Thee, wretch, could not Achilles aid,
"Though strong, who stay'd behind, and much to thee departing said:—

xciv.

"'Come not, drive-steed Patroclus, back to me
"To th' hollow ships, ere pierc'd the blood-stain'd mail
"On slay-man Hector's breast.' Thus spake to thee,
"And mov'd thy witless mind." With voice of ail
Patroclus spak' st: — "Now, Hector, freely rail!
"Zeus Kronides and Phæbus vict'ry clear
"Give thee. 'Twas they did o'er me eath prevail,
"And arms from shoulders strip. Had twenty here
"Like thee encounter'd me, they 'd died beneath my spear.

xcv.

"Fell fate and Leto's son have slaughter'd me,
"Euphorbus eke of men. But third despoil'st me thou.
"I tell thee, bear 't in mind. Not long thou 'lt be.
"For death and strong fate 's near thee even now,
"'Neath fam'd Achilles' hands to make thee bow."
Concluding death round veil'd him as he spake.
From limbs fled soul to Hades, wailing how
Its lot was sad that manhood must and youth forsake.
To him so dead such speech did radiant Hector make.
“Patroclus, why foretell me speedy death?
“First fair tress’d Thetis’ son, Achilles, might,
“Who knows? lose life by my spear smit.” He saith,
And brass spear pluck’d from wound, heel on him pight
And push’d supine from spear. Then godlike wight
Automedon he sought with spear up-lift,
Swift-foot Pelides’ servant, whom to smite
He long’d. But bore him off the coursers swift
Immortal, which the gods gave Peleus, brilliant gift.
Nor soothly not perceive did Atreus' son, Ares-lov'd Menelaus, when in fight Patroclus was by Trojans quell'd, but run Through front ranks did in brass all-glist'ring bright, Went round him as round calf its mother might First calving, wailing, young before had ne'er. So round Patroclus Menelaus bright Did go, and spear and round shield fore him bear, Intent to slaughter him who 'gainst him came so e'er.

Nor Panthus' spear-skill'd son not heeded here, Patroclus fall'n, but near him stood and said, Addressing Menelaus, Ares-dear: — " Atrides Menelaus, Zeus-y-bred " Folk-chief retire, leave gory spoils and dead. " None sooner, Trojans or allies did there " Patroclus smite with spear in combat dread. " So high renown let me 'mong Trojans bear " Lest thee I smite, and from thee soul y-cherish'd tear."
III.

Then wroth spake auburn Menelaus so:—
"Sire Zeus! unseemly is o'erweening boast;
"Not panther's spirit such, nor lion's, no,
"Nor deadly boar's, whose spirit hugest most
"Within his breast doth rage in strength robust,
"As Panthus' spear-skill'd sons do ween in pride.
"Yet tame-steed Hyperenor had small gust
"Of youth when me he jeer'd, and me did bide,
"And call'd me meanest warrior on Danaians' side.

IV.

"Nor did, methinks, on feet returning he
"His wife belov'd and honour'd parents cheer.
"So sooth thy strength I'll loose if thou wilt me
"Abide. But I areed thee back career
"To th' crowd, nor 'gainst me stand, lest ill severe
"Do on thee fall. When done a fool may know."
He said, but not persuades. He answer'd here:—
"Now, Zeus-bred Menelaus, shalt thou so
"My brother 'venge, by thee, as thou dost boast, laid low,

V.

"And widow'd hast his wife in deep recess
"Of chamber new, and grief untold and woe
"T' his parents set. But I shall maken cesse
"The anguish of those wretched ones, I know,
"If that thy head and armour bearing throw
"In Panthus' and in noble Phrontis' hands I might.
"Nor longer shall untried the task be now
"Nor void of strife, nor valour, nor affright."
He said, and did his all-sides-equal buckler smite,
BOOK XVII. 3—8.

VI.
But brass not broke, point bent on buckler stout.
Atrides Menelaus second tried
With brazen spear, and father Zeus besought.
On throat's root smote his foe, that backward plied.
To th' blow he leant, and on stout hand relied.
Through tender neck came out the point of spear.
He fell with sound, his clashing arms collide.
Blood-wet his locks, that with the Graces' peer,
And braids of hair all wasp'd with gold and silver gear.

VII.
And as a man doth some luxuriant plant
Of olive rear in solitary spot,
Where water bubbleth up withouten scant,
Fair blooming tree, which breezes all about
Do shake, which brightest flowers all blossoms out,
When sudden comes a blast with whirlwind down
Immense, that doth the tree from trench up-root
And lay by th' ground. Euphorbus, spear-skill'd one,
Panthoïdes, so slay and spoil did Atreus' son.

VIII.
As mountain-lion courage trusting eath
On fairest ox of grazing herd doth fall,
Whose neck he breaks y-grip'd with stubborn teeth
At first; then blood and entrails lappeth all,
Fierce rending him, while dogs and herdsmen bawl
Around, but from afar, nor venture e'er
To close with him. Pale fear doth them enthrall.
So no man's soul of these in breast did there
Encounter with the glorious Menelaus dare.

E E
IX.

Atrides eath the arms of Panthus' son
Had ta'en, but Phœbus envied him the fame,
And stirr'd up Hector Ares' paragon.
Disguis'd as Mentes Cicons' chief he came,
And wing'd words speaking, him address'd by name:—
"Now Hector, runn'st thou chacing what will ne'er
Be caught, war-skill'd Pelides' steeds, which tame
Or drive were hard for mortal men soe'er
Except Achilles, whom immortal mother bare.

X.

"Meanwhile hath Menelaus, warlike son
Of Atreus, in Patroclus guarding kill'd
Panthöides Euphorbus, bravest one
Of Trojans, and from vig'rous valour still'd."
This said, and sought men's moil the god. Then thrill'd
Through Hector's darken'd soul severest woe,
And down the files he gaz'd and quick was skill'd
Who 'twas the fair arms stripp'd, and who lay low
Stretch'd on the ground, whose blood from wound receiv'd did flow.

XI.

Through front rank arm'd in glist'ring brass he flew,
E'en as Hephaistos' quenchless flame, with cry
Most shrill. Nor Atreus' son his cry not knew,
But to his valiant soul did speak, and sigh:—
"Ah me! if leave these radiant arms should I
And leave Patroclus, who for my sake's in this plight,
I fear Danaians' wrath if any spy;
If Hector and the Trojans sole I fight
Through shame, then me alone surround a many might.
XII.

"For glance-helm Hector here brings Trojans all.
"Why reasons thus my soul? In god's despite
"When man fights man a god doth grace, soon fall
"On him will loss. Blame no Danaian might
"Who sees me yield to Hector, who doth fight
"By th' god. But could I war-stout Ajax hear
"We'd think of battle both, and to it right
"Though 'gainst a god, so sav'd we corse so dear
"T' Achilles, Peleus' son. Of ills 't were least severe."

XIII.

While thus he ponder'd mind and soul, on drew
The Trojans' files, and led them Hector bold.
Retir'd he leaving corse, oft turning too
Like bearded lion doth, which dogs and men from fold
Expel with spears and shout. A shudd'ring cold
O'er stout heart creeps, and loth leaves mid-fold he.
Thus leave did Menelaus, so controll'd,
Patroclus there; but friends' throng reaching turn'd to see
Where Ajax huge, the son of Telamon, might be.

XIV.

Him soon he spied at left of all the fight,
Who strength'ning friends to battle stirr'd, for dread
Phæbus Apollo strange had on them pight.
He went, and ran, and near him stood, and said: —
"Here, Ajax, haste we for Patroclus dead,
"And bring Achilles back the naked corse;
"The arms hath wave-helm Hector ta'en." He said,
And stirr'd in war-skill'd Ajax' soul remorse.
Through front doth he with auburn Menelaus course.
Hector Patroclus, stripp’d of bright arms, drew,
To lop with keen brass head from shoulders sheer,
And corse in triumph drawn\(^{173}\) to give unto
The Trojan dogs. With tower-like shield draw near
Did Ajax. Hector did t’ his friends shield career,
Mount car in haste, gave Trojans armour sheen,
To take to th’ town, that great his fame appear.
Ajax with ample shield did stand, and screen
Ménéthius’ son, as lion guard its young is seen;

Which leading whelps i’ th’ wood by hunters met
Exults in strength, whose brows entire drawn down
Do shroud his eyes. Such guard did Ajax set
Patroclus round. On his side Atreus’ son
Brave Menelaus stood, and sorrow’d on.
Then Glaucus Lycians’ chief Hippolochide
To Hector frowning spake in chiding tone: —
“Hector, fair-form’d, of martial valour’s mark how wide!
“A fugitive, thy fame of brave is misapplied.

“Now think how town and tower to save alone
“With folk in Ilion born. No Lycian will
“For th’ town go fight Danaians. Grace is none
“Withouten end be fighting foemen still.
“Save meaner man o’ th’ throng, 0 thou most ill!
“How wilt when thou’st Sarpedon, guest and friend,
“To Argives left to spoil, and mock their fill?
“Who did thy town’s behoof and thine much tend
“Alive, and now from dogs thou durst not him defend.
XVIII.

"So now what Lycian hearkens me will home.
"Troy's doom is clear. Had now bold spirit been
"And firm in Trojans, as doth men become
"That strife with foes for country wage, I ween
"Patroclus dragg'd in Ilium soon we'd seen.
"Had he king Priam's mighty town indeed
"But enter'd dead, and him from fight we'd ta'en,
"Th' Argives Sarpedon's comely arms with speed
"Would loose for price, and we himself to Ilium lead.

XIX.

"For servant's slain of man that's Argives' best
"By th' ships, and battlers-close his servants be.
"But thou 'gainst Ajax brave not venturest
"To stand, his eyes in foemen's battle see\textsuperscript{174},
"And face in fight, since much thy stronger he."

Him wave-helm Hector eyeing askance replied:
"Why, Glaucus, that art such, speak haughtily?
"O friend, I thought in mind thou hadst outvied
"The rest whoc'er they be in fruitful Lycia bide.

XX.

"Thy mind now blame I quite, that say'st I'll not
"Huge Ajax face. Nor war nor steeds' din fright
"Can me. But ægis-arm'd Zeus' rede I wot
"Is aye too strong, who puts the brave to flight,
"Of vict'ry robbeth eath, or stirs to fight.
"But come, stand by me, friend, my labour see
"If I all day as say'st be slothful wight,
"Or if of Danai some valiant he,
"Defending dead Patroclus, shall be check'd by me."
XXI.
So saying, shouting call'd to Trojans he:—
"Trojans and Lycians, close-fight Dardans too,
"Be men, my friends, of valour mindful be,
"While I renown'd Achilles' arms endue
"Comely, ta'en from Patroclus whom I slew."
So saying, Hector did, helm-glancing one,
Leave raging war, and on swift feet pursue
His mates, soon caught, not far, that to the town
Were bearing then the famous arms of Peleus' son.

XXII.
He chang'd arms apart from tearful fight,
And his to take to Troy divine gave Trojans bold,
And arms of Peleus' son Achilles dight,
Immortal, which the gods that heav'n do hold
Erst gave his sire, and he t' his son when old.
But old in father's arms grew not the son.
Him Zeus apart, by whom the clouds controll'd,
Beheld divine Pelides' harness don,
And shook his head, and commun'd with his soul thereon.

XXIII.
"Ah, hapless! not of death dost think, though near,
"But in immortal arms dost thee array
"Of man most excellent, whom others fear,
"Whose friend, the gentle, valiant, thou didst slay,
"From head and shoulders arms ill strip away.
"But now much power I'll give thee to requite
"That ne'er 'll receive of thee return'd from fray
"Andromachë Pelides' armour bright."
Kronion spake, and with black brows approv'd it right.
XXIV.

Arms Hector fit. Him Ares warlike, dread, Enter'd. His limbs were fill'd with strength and might. He 'mong the fam'd allies, loud shouting sped, And in high-soul'd Pelides' armour bright Seem'd such. He went with words each one t' excite, And Mesthles, Glaucus, Medon eke urg'd on, Thersilochus, Asteropæus wight, Disenor, and Hippothous anon, Phorcys, and Chromius, Ennomus sooth-saying one.

XXV.

And these exhorting, wing'd words he spake:— "Ye myriad tribes, auxiliar neighbours, hear! "Not seeking multitude, nor for its lack, "I summon'd each from out your cities here, "But that the Trojans' wives and younglings dear "Ye prompt defend from Achives brave. And so "I wear the folk with gifts, and food to cheer "Your hearts each one. So turn, each forward go "To die or 'scape. For such war's tryst twixt foe and foe.

XXVI.

"Who drags Patroclus, dead although he be, "To th' tame-steed Trojans, Ajax giving place, "I'll yield him half the spoils, keep half for me, "And like to mine he 'll honour have and grace." He said. They rush'd on Danai apace With lifted spears, and thought in mind they should The corse from Ajax Telamonian race. Then Ajax spake to Menelaus, th' onset-good:—
"O friend, O Menelaus, Zeus-y-bred!
"Not we, I think, shall back from war career.
"Not for Patroclus' corse am I in dread,
"Who 'll Trojans' dogs and birds soon satiate here,
"As for my head, lest happen aught, I fear,
"And thine. For Hector all hath wrapp'd about
"In cloud of war. To us destruction 's clear.
"But call Danaians' best. Some hearken mote."
He said. Obey'd him Menelaus battle-stout.

And shouting to Danaians, shrill he cried: —
"Friends, Argives' heads and chiefs, that Atreus' son
"Agamemnon, and Menelaus' side
"In public drink by, and command each one
"His folk. From Zeus comes grace and honour down.
"Spy out each chief were hard in any sort,
"Such strife of war doth rage. But now come on,
"Self-prompted some, nor with his mind comport
"Patroclus should of Trojan dogs become the sport."

He said. Heard swift Oileus-Ajax soon,
And first came towards him running, through the fight.
Next came Idomeneus and Merion,
His foll'wer, slay-man Ares' peer. One might
In mind name many after did excite
Th' Achaeans' fray. On them first Trojans smote,
And Hector led. As Zeus-sprung river right
At outflow 'gainst the stream the raging surges flout,
While shores around do roar, the sea y-belching out.
So rose the Trojans’ cry. Th’ Achæans stood
Round Menœtiades, and one mind bore,
Y-fenc’d with brazen shields, while mickle cloud
Did round their glist’ring helms Kronion pour.
Nor hated he Menœtius’ son before
When servant of Æacides alive,
But hates he should the sport of foes be tore
By Trojan dogs. So urg’d his friends to strive
In his defence. First Trojans back th’ Achæans drive,

Who left the corse and fled. Nor one of them
Could high-soul’d Trojans slay with spear though fain,
But ’gan draw off the corse. Not long from him
Might Achives be, for turn’d them soon again
Ajax, who did for form and deeds transcend
Danaians all, next Peleus’ faultless son.
Through foremost ranks he rush’d with force amain
Of boar i’ th’ hills, that dogs and men anon
Scatters, when them a-through the glen he turneth on.

Bright Ajax, son of famous Telamon,
So Trojans’ columns scatter’d where he came,
Who busy ’bout Patroclus, to their town
Had thought to drag him off, and win them fame.
By th’ foot Pelasgic Lethus’ son, by name
Hippòthous, him drew fierce fight a-down
With thong ’bout ankles’ tendons bound. His aim
Hector and Trojans pleas’ring. Evil soon
Upon him came, which, though they wish’d, avert could none.
XXXIII.
Rush'd at him son of Telamon through throng,
And close-hand through the brass-cheek'd helmet smote.
To shivers horse-tail'd helm round spear-point sprong
Smitten with mighty spear, and hand so stout.
The brains by th' socket, from the wound gush'd out,
All blood. His strength was loos'd there. His hand
Let go the lofty-soul'd Patroclus' foot,
And he a-near him prostrate on the sand
Fell on the corse, far from Larissa's fertile land.

XXXIV.
Nor nurture he repaid his parents dear,
Short-liv'd by high-soul'd Ajax' lance struck down.
But Hector aim'd at Ajax glitt'ring spear,
Who saw, and brass spear did by little shun,
Which Schedius smote, of Iphitus the son,
Phocæans' bravest far, in town of fame,
In Panopeus, o'er many reigning he did wone.
'Neath collar bone he smote him; through the same,
Forth at the shoulder's end the brazen point out-came.

XXXV.
With crash he fell, his arms y-clatt'ring sound
Upon him. Ajax there mid-belly smote
The war-skill'd Phorcys, Phænops' son, that round
Hippothous to guard him pac'd about.
Burst corselet's hollow, brass drew entrails out.
I' th' dust he fell, and clutch'd the ground. Drew-back
Front rank with Hector bright. Loud th' Argives shout,
Draw off the dead, both Phorcys thence and eke
Hippothous, and harness from their shoulders slack.
Then Trojans, 'neath Achæans Ares-dear, 
Had, quell'd by cowardise, to Ilium gone, 
And Argives, by their strength and valour sheer, 
Against the fate of Zeus, the vict'ry won, 
But urg'd Apollo's self Æneas on, 
Did form of herald Periphas endue, 
Epýtides, who 'd by th' old sire Anchises grown 
As herald old, whose mind sweet counsel knew.¹⁷⁶

Then spake Zeus' son Apollo, him so lik'ned to:—

"Æneas, how then in a god's despite 
"The lofty Ilium c'er defend could ye? 
"As I've seen other men, that on their might 
"And fortitude relied, and bravery, 
"And multitude, and folk that fearless be. 
"Zeus wills us vict'ry far 'fore Danai, 
"Yourselves do fear-struck fly nor fight." Thus he. 
Æneas knew far-dart Apollo high 
When he beheld, and loud he 'gan to Hector cry:—

"Hector, and chiefs of Trojans, and allies, 
"What shame if, 'neath Achæans Ares-dear, 
"We go to Ilium, quell'd by cowardise! 
"O' th' gods, too, one hath told me, standing near, 
"High Zeus in fight abets and helps us here. 
"So let 's at Danai, nor eath shall they 
"With dead Patroclus to the ships career." 
This said he sprang, and stood far-front the fray. 
They turn'd and stood against th' Achæans in array.
XXXIX.

Æneas smote Leocritus with spear,  
Arisbas' son, bright friend of Lycomede.  
Him pitied valiant Lycomede, drew near,  
Hurl'd lance, and pierce 'neath chest i' th' liver did  
Folk-shepherd Apisàon Hippaside.  
Straight slack'd his knees. From rich Pæonia came,  
And next Asteropæus shine he did  
In fight. Asteropæus brave had ruth o' th' same,  
And forward rush'd, and fight with Danai did aim,

XL.

But could not yet, so fenc'd with shields they were,  
That round Patroclus stood spears 'fore them held.  
Much Ajax visits all, enjoining there.  
None backwards from the corse, he bade, should yield,  
None fight 'fore other Achives far a-field,  
But still about him go and battle nigh.  
So bade huge Ajax. Earth with red blood spill'd  
Was wet. The dead they fell each other nigh,  
Trojans alike, auxiliars bold, and Danai.

XLI.

For these not bloodless fought, though fewer fell  
By far. For through the throng, aye mindful they  
From one another stress of toil repel.  
And so like fire they fought. Nor wouldst thou say  
That sun was safe at all, or moon that day,  
For wrapt in darkness those that valiantest  
Stood round dead Menætiades i' th' fray.  
The other Trojans sooth, and buskin-drest  
Achæans, free beneath the open sky contest.
XLII.
Abroad was spread the sun’s keen radiance bright,
And not a cloud from all the land there shows,
Nor from the hills. These, ’tween whiles resting, fight,
Stand far, each other’s sad darts shun, while those
I’ th’ midst from war and darkness suffer woes;
With fell brass bravest worn. Two men heard nought.
Antiochus nor Thrasy med yet knows
That famous man, renown’d Patroclus, dead, but thought
Alive i’ th’ foremost tumult he the Trojans fought.

XLIII.
These watchful, eyeing comrades’ death and flight,
Were battling on apart. For so whilere
Enjoin’d had Nestor, urging to the fight
From darkling ships. But to those others there
All day arose huge strife’s contention sare.
With toil and sweat unceasing aye the knees,
And calves, and feet, of each one ’neath him were,
And hands and eyes befoul’d, as batt’ld these
Round servant brave of him swift-foot Æacides.

XLIV.
As when a man gives hide of some huge bull
T’ his folk to stretch, and drunk with fat ’s the skin,177,
They take it, stand apart, and stretch, and pull
In ring. Straight wet comes out, fat enters in
As many pull. All equal them between
’Tis stretched. This way and that, in small space so
Both tugg’d the corse. Draw which their souls did ween
The Trojans Iliumwards, th’ Achæans though
To th’ hollow ships. About him tumult wild did grow.
Not stir-folk Ares, not Athenè then, 
Though seiz'd with wrath, had blam'd it, looking on; 
Such toiling sore that day of steeds and men 
Did Zeus about Patroclus stir. And known 
Had not as yet Achilles, godlike one, 
Patroclus dead. For far from ships they fought, 
Away beneath the wall of Ilium's town. 
That he was dead he ne'er in mind had thought, 
But that alive he would return when gates he'd raught.

For he not hop'd at all that he'd the town 
Without himself, or with him, overthrow. 
This heard apart he'd oft from 's mother known, 
When Zeus' decrees she us'd to tell him, though 
Not then she told what happ'd, how great a woe, 
That dearest friend should die. And soothly they 
About the corse with pointed lances so 
Incessant charge, and one another slay. 
And thus would one of th' Achives, brazen kirtled, say:

"O friends, 't were not t' our famereturn did we 
'To th' hollow ships. But black earth rather yawn 
'T us all. For us such better far would be, 
Than suffer tame-steed Trojans to their town 
Should drag this one away, and win renown." 
Of high-soul'd Trojans thus would talk a wight:— 
"Friends, though our fate to be alike struck down 
At this man's side, let none withdraw from fight."
So soothly one would say, and comrades' force excite.
XLVIII.
So battl'd these, and iron uproar right
To brazen sky there came through barren air.
Steeds of Æacides, apart from fight,
Did weep when they of driver slain were ware
Fall'n in the dust 'neath slay-man Hector there.
Automedon, Diores' mighty son,
With sharp thong whips them oft, oft speaks them fair,
Oft threats, yet they nor back to th' ships upon
Broad Hellespont, nor to th' Achæans' fight would run.

XLIX.
But as a column bideth firm, that o'er
A dead man's tomb or woman's standeth, so
Remain'd they moveless, lovely car before,
And to the ground their heads y-fixèd low,
Hot tears from eyelids mourning driver flow
To th' ground. Fresh mane in both was soil'd y-shook
From yoke-loop nigh the yoke. Kronion though
Beheld them mourning thus, and pity took,
And shaking there his head unto his soul he spoke:—

L.
" Alas, ye wretched! wherefore gave you we
" To mortal man, to Peleus then the king?,
" You that unaging, and immortal be?
" That ye 'mong woful men have suffering?
" For sure there's not than man more woful thing
" Of all that on the earth do breathe and crawl.
" With you and daedal car go charioting
" Shall not though Hector, Priam's son, at all.
" I'll not permit. Is 't not enough he 'th arms, and boasts
   withal?
LI.

"I'll cast you strength in knees and soul to save
"From fight to th' hollow ships Automedon.
"These give I fame to slay till bench'd ships brave
"They reach, sets sun, comes sacred darkness down."
So saying mighty strength he breath'd upon
The steeds. They shook the dust from mane, and tore
Trojans and Achives 'mong with car whereon
Automedon did fight, for comrade grieving sore.
With steeds, like vulture after geese, he onwards bore.

LII.

For eath he could from din of Trojans flee,
And easy chasing through much throng career,
But slay the men o'erta'en that could not he,
For no way might he sooth, when he was here
Alone on sacred car, both charge with spear,
And check his steeds. At length beheld him one
With eyes, Alcimedon his comrade dear,
Who was Æmonides Laërceus' son,
Who stood behind the car, and spake t' Automedon: —

LIII.

"Automedon, what god put in thy breast
"Ill rede, of good sense reft? In front rank lone
"Fight Trojans! Slain's thy friend, and Hector drest
"Exults in armour of Æacus' son."
Spake then Diores' child, Automedon: —
"Alcimedon, what Achive else thy peer
"Immortal steeds to check or urge, save one,
"Patroclus, who alive as charioteer
"Might match with gods? But death and fate have
reach'd him here.
LIV.

"But thou take whip and shining reins, I'll down
"From steeds and battle it." So spake the wight.
Then sprang to speed-fight car Alcimedon,
With whip and reins full soon in hands y-pight.
Down leap'd Automedon. Him Hector bright
Perceiv'd, and straight address'd Æneas nigh:
"Æneas, chief of Trojans brazen-dight,
"Steads of swift-foot Æacides I spy,
"That forth to war with worthless charioteers do ply.

LV.

"Take them methinks I should if willing thou
"In soul. For they against us rushing on
"Would venture not to stand and fight, I trow."
He said. Complied Anchises' valiant son.
Straight went the twain, their shoulders bulls' hides don,
Y-tann'd and stout, which mickle brass did overlay.
And Chromius and Arétus, god-shap'd one,
Went both with them. In mind much hopèd they
To slaughter those, and drive the long-neck'd steeds away.

LVI.

Fools! they 'd not bloodless back fr' Automedon,
Who Zeus implor'd, while strength and bravery
His dark mind fill'd. He spake t' Alcimedon,
Staunch friend: — "Alcimedon, steeds far from me
"Not keep, but on my back let breathing be.
"Not Hector, Priam's son, will stint of might
"Ere mount Achilles' fair man'd horses he
"And slay ourselves, put warrior-ranks to flight
"Of Argives, or be ta'en 'mong them that foremost fight."
LVII.
Th' Ajaces, Menelaus eke, so said,
He call'd:— "Ajaces Argives' chieftains ye,
"And Menelaus there, to guard the dead
"And stem men's files, leave some that bravest be,
"And us alive from evil day set free.
"For storm-like here through tearful battle ply
"Hector, Æneas, Trojans' best that be.
"And sooth on knees of gods these things do lie.
"For I'll hurl too. Have care of all will Zeus most high."

LVIII.
He said, and long-shade spear y-brandish'd sent,
And smote Aretus' orbèd shield, which save
Did not from spear, but brass right through it went.
Through belt in bottom of his belly drave.
As strong youth doth of salvage bull, 'hind horns y-clave
With hatchet keen, cut through all sinew sheer.
The beast up-springs and falls. The warrior gave
Like leap, and fell supine. In him the spear
In entrails quiver'd keen, and limbs were loosèd here.

LIX.
And Hector at Automedon did throw
With glitt'ring spear, but he did 'fore him look,
And shunn'd the brazen lance. For forward low
He stoop'd. Long spear behind him with the stroke
Fix'd in the ground, and spear-tail quiv'ring shook,
And there did force of mighty Ares fall.
And now close-hand to swords they'd them betook,
But prompt th' Ajaces parted them withal,
Who came a-through the throng at their companions' call.
LX.
Of these then half afraid again withdrew
Hector, Æneas, Chromius, god-shap'd one,
And let Aretus lie heart-piercèd through.
His arms took Ares' match, Automedon,
And vaunting spake: — “For dead Menœtius' son
“Heart's pain I've somewhat eas'd, though worser slain.”
He said, and gory spoils up-piling on
The car himself ascends, while blood doth stain
Both hands and feet, like lion bull devouring fain.

LXI.
Once more about Patroclus strain'd strong fight
Severe, and full of tears. And from the sky
Descending did Athenè strife excite.
For wide-voic'd Zeus to stir the Danai
Did send her down when chang'd his purpose high.
As Zeus to mortals sets his purple bow
From Heaven forth, a sign that war is nigh,
Or winter bleak, that maketh men forego
Their toils on earth, and mischief to the flocks to grow.

LXII.
So she in purple cloud did her invest,
Enter th' Achaæans' throng, and each incite.
First Atreus' son exhorting she address'd
Then near her, Menelaus, valiant wight.
And Phœnix' form and voice unwearyed dight: —
“Disgrace will on thee, Menelaus, fall
“If trusty comrade of Achilles bright
“The swift dogs tear beneath the Trojans' wall.
“But bear thee stoutly, and arouse the people all.
THE ILIAD.

LXIII.

Then Menelaus, battle-stout, replied:—
"O Phœnix, aged sire, that grant me would
"Athenè strength, and darts' force draw aside!
"Then to defend Patroclus I had stood,
"Who dying touch'd me sore. But dire and rude
"The strength of fire hath Hector homicide,
"Nor stints to rage with spear. Zeus grants him laud."
He said. Athenè, goddess azure-eyed,
Was glad he pray'd to her 'fore all the gods beside.

LXIV.

In's shoulders force, and in his knees she set,
Fly's boldness eke in bosom, which, albeit
From men's flesh often brush'd, is eager yet
To bite. For blood of man to him is sweet.
With courage so his dark heart grew replete;
He sought Patroclus, hurl'd the glitt'ring spear.
Among the Trojans Podes was, to weet,
Eëtion's son, rich, brave, whom Hector here
Most honour'd of the folk, his friend and boon-companion dear.

LXV.

I' th' belt him auburn Menelaus smote,
Rushing to flight, and brass pierc'd through. A-down
With crash he fell. Drew corse from Trojans out
T' his friends' throng Menelaus, Atreus' son.
By Hector stood Apollo, urg'd him on
Like Phaenops Asiades, his dearest guest
Of all, and in Abydos sooth did wone.
So guis'd, far-dart Apollo him address'd:—
"Thee, Hector, fear will what Achæan of the rest?
LXVI.

"Fear'st Menelaus so, weak warrior erst,
"But now from Trojans sole bears corse away,
"Slain too thy staunch friend, fighting 'mong the first,
"Podes, Eétion's son." Thus did he say.
Grief's dark cloud veils him. Bright in brass array
He rush'd though foremost. Take fring'd ægis bright
Did Kronides, and clouds round Ida lay.
Loud thund'ring light'ned, shook it and y-pight
To Trojans vict'ry, and th' Achæans turn'd to flight.

LXVII.

Penëleus the Boëtian first led flight,
Spear-smit on top of shoulder graz'd, who aye
Fac'd round. Scarce touch'd the bone spear-point of
wight
Polydamas, who 'd hurlèd drawing nigh.
And Hector close-hand Léitus, the high
Magnanimous Alectryon's son, y-smote
I' th' hand at wrist, and staid from fight; who spy
A'round him did with fear, nor ever thought
In mind again with Trojans, spear in hand, t' have fought.

LXVIII.

As Hector chacèd Lëitus, him smote
Idomeneus by teat mail'd breast upon.
At stem the long spear brake. The Trojans shout.
He at Idomeneus, Deucalion's son,
In 's chariot aim'd; scant miss'd. But smote of Merion
The squire and driver Coeranus, that him
Had follow'd out of Lyctus' well-built town.
For leaving well-bench'd ships at first he came
On foot, and had to th' Trojans yielded mighty fame,
LXIX.

But Coeranus up-drove without delay
The swift-foot steeds. To him indeed a light
He came, and fenc'd from him the ruthless day,
But self lost life 'neath slay-man Hector's might,
Who him beneath the jaw and ear did smite.
Spear thrust out teeth, and tongue y-slit. He slid
From car, while stream'd the reins on ground y-pight,
And these with hands from ground then Merion did
Stoop down and take, and to Idomeneus he said:

"Whip now the steeds till vessels swift thou gain.
"Strength's not th' Achæans' more, thou know'st." He said.

Idomeneus the steeds of comely mane
Whipp'd to the hollow ships. On soul fell dread.
Nor Zeus from Ajax brave nor Menelaus hid
Gave change-sides vict'ry to the Trojans so.
Discourse huge Ajax Telamonian led:
"Ye gods! the very simplest now may know
"That doth on Trojans glory Zeus the Sire bestow.

LXX.

"For all their darts do hit whoe'er may send,
"Coward or brave. Zeus guides them all indeed.
"While all our darts in vain do ground-wards wend.
"But come, bethink us of some goodly rede,
"How we may drag the corse away, and yede
"Ourselves a joy unto our friends again,
"Who hither looking grieve, and soothly drede
"We shall not slay-man Hector's strength sustain
"And hands resistless more, but fall by th' black ships slain."
LXXII.

"Would friend there were might quick bear message here
"To Peleus' son; for knows I think not he
"The tidings sad that dead's his comrade dear.
"But 'mong th' Achæans such I not yet see,
"For wrapp'd in darkness they and horses be.
"Sire Zeus! draw th' Achives' sons from darkness thou,
"And make it clear, and grant with eyes to see,
"And in the light destroy if 't please thee so."

He said. The father pitied him whose tears did flow,

LXXIII.

And straight the darkness sooth he scatterèd,
And thrust the cloud aside. The sun shone out,
And all the fight appear'd. Then Ajax said
To Menelaus, good at battle shout: —
"Now Menelaus, Zeus-fed, look about.
"If seest yet living Nestor's high-soul'd son,
"Antilochus, bid quick t' Achilles stout
"He go, and tell his much-lov'd friend is down."

He said, and heark'ned Menelaus, war-shout one.

LXXIV.

And forth he went as doth a lion when
He mid-fold leaves, whom doth a-weary make
His constant harassing of dogs and men,
Who choice of oxen will not let him take,
But watching keep throughout the night awake.
With greed of flesh he springs, no profit had
So thick from strong hands spears against him shake,
And blazing torches eke, whereat in dradde
Though eager he with morn deports in spirit sad.
LXXV.
So Menelaus, good at battle-shout,
Did all unwilling from Patroclus go;
For much he dreaded that th' Achæans mote
Through terror leave him there a prey to th' foe.
Much charg'd he Merion and th' Ajaces so:—
"Ajaces, Argives' chiefs, and Merion see
"That some one sad Patroclus' mildness now
"Remember. Kind to all he knew to be,
"While yet alive. But caught of death and fate is he."

LXXVI.
Away went auburn Menelaus high,
Gazing around like eagle, who, 'tis said,
Hath sharpest sight of birds beneath the sky.
From whom aloft not swift-foot hare in 's bed,
Is hid 'neath bush of tresses broadly spread.
He on him darts and life quick taketh he.
So then, O Menelaus, Zeus-y-bred,
Through throng of many friends bright eyes of thee
On all sides turn'd, yet living Nestor's son to see.

LXXVII.
Him soon he spied at left of all the fight
That urg'd his mates, to battle stirr'd. Stood near
And spake then auburn Menelaus bright:—
"Hither, Antilochus, Zeus-bred, and hear
"The tidings sad. Would it had happen'd ne'er!
"Thyself I think beholding now wilt ken
"On Danai the gods roll'd loss severe.
"Vict'ry 's the Trojans', th' Achives' best is slain,
"Patroclus, whom the Danai do miss amain.
LXXVIII.

" T' Achilles run, to th' Acheive ships, and say,
" If quick he 'll save by th' ship stript corse. For wears
" His arms the wave-helm Hector." He did say.  
Antilochus aghast with horror hears,
Long seiz'd him lack of speech. His eyes with tears
Did fill. His lusty voice within him clave.
Nor Menelaus' hest he not reveres,
But sped to run, and arms to comrade gave,
Laòdocus, who th' whole-hoof horses near him drave.

LXXIX.

Him weeping, bare his feet from fight, the ill
Account unto Achilles Peleus' son
Conveying he. Nor then thy soul did will
Indeed, O Menelaus, Zeus-fed one,
To help the comrades worn from whom had gone
Antilochus, though sore was Pylians' need,
But Thrasymèdes godlike sent he on
To them, and to Patroclus hero yede
He did, and by th' Ajaces stood, and straightway said:

LXXX.

" Him I've despatch'd to th' rapid ships to go
" T' Achilles swift of foot. Nor thinketh me
" He 'll come, though wroth with godlike Hector so,
" For not unarm'd will fight with Trojans he.
" Ourselves then best of counsel think of we
" How corse drag off, and how ourselves anon
" From Trojans' clamour death and fate may flee."
Him answer'd then huge Ajax Telamon:
" Thou 'st all said right, O Menelaus of renown;
LXXXI.

"But thou and Merion lift the corse anon,
"And bear from moil. Behind will fight we twain
"Trojans and Hector brave. We're wont as one
"In name and spirit Ares fierce sustain,
"And by each other stand." He said. They strain
And lift with arms the corse. With huge uproar
Shout Trojan folk, who see the corse upta'en
By th' Achives thus, and rush as on a boar
That's wounded rush the hounds the hunter-youths before.

LXXXII.

At times they run to tear him fain, but when
Turns on them he, that doth on strength rely,
On all sides flee. So trooping Trojans then
With swords and spears y-thrusting follow'd aye.
But when th' Ajaces turning them abye,
Their colour chang'd, nor one of them did dare
Rush forth, and for the corse contending try,
So fiercely these the corse and eager there
Unto the hollow ships from out the battle bare.

LXXXIII.

Their fight grew fierce as raging sudden fire
That comes and burns men's town. In mighty flame
Their homes consume, and wind's strength rages dire.
On these of steeds and warrior-men the same
As forth they went rough-sounding tumult came.
And these as mules, their strong force round them thrown,
From mountain draw down rugged path a beam,
Or shipping timber huge, their soul o'erdone
Both with fatigue and sweat, as they be toiling on.
LXXXIV.

So corse bear eager they. Behind restrain
Th' Ajaces did the foe, as wooded-mound
Stems water, mound that's stretch'd o'er all the plain,
Which e'en strong rivers' roughest streams doth bound,
And all repelling, guides to level ground,
Nor break it through their streams for all their might.
So stemming Trojans' battle were th' Ajaces found.
The foe still follow, chiefly twain, the wight
Æneas, old Anchises' son, and Hector bright.

LXXXV.

As cloud of starlings or of daws do fly
With shrilly scream, a hawk espying out
That slaughter brings small birds. With shrilly cry
So 'fore Æneas eke and Hector stout
The youths Achaean, fight forgetting, ply.
Fair weapons many fell in trench and 'bout
Of flying Danai, and battle ceased not.
These fought like burning fire. T' Achilles went
Antilochus, a swift-foot messenger,
And found him 'fore the high-stern'd ships intent
In mind, things pond'ring which accomplish'd were.
Who sigh'd, and with his high soul commun'd there:—
"Why crowd again to the ships astonied
"Through th' plain th' Achæans of the comely hair?
"Pray gods have wrought not what 's disquieted
"My soul, which me my mother erst foretold, and said,

"That of the Myrmidons the bravest one,
"While I was yet alive, should soothly, sped
"Beneath the Trojans' hands, leave light of sun.
"For sure Menætius' valiant offspring 's dead,
"Hapless! Yet him, foe's fire repell'd, I bade
"Return to th' ships, nor fight with Hector bold."
While these he weigh'd in mind and spirit sad,
Drew near fam'd Nestor's son, while scalding roll'd
His tears adown, as he the woful tidings told:—
III.

"Ah! war-skill'd Peleus' son, thou'lt hear sad news,  
"Would ne'er had been! Patroclus slain. They fight  
"For 's naked corse. His arms doth Hector use."
He said. And him dark cloud of dolour dight.  
With both hands ta'en black ashes pour'd he right  
On 's head, and comely visage did disgrace.  
To nectar'd tunic clave black ashes pight,  
And he i' th' dust did huge in hugest space  
Lie stretch'd, and tearing with his hands his hair deface.

IV.

The maidens whom Achilles and Patroclus won  
In war, did, griev'd in soul, all loudly wail,  
And forth around war-skill'd Achilles run.  
All beat their breasts, the knees of each did fail.  
Antilochus on his side too did wail  
And weep, and hold Achilles' hands, for he,  
In 's stout heart groaning, fear'd his throat withal  
He'd cut. So dire his cry. From depths of sea  
His mother heard, by 'r Sire, the old man, seated she.

V.

She shriek'd, and goddesses quick round her were,  
All the Nerèides from depth of sea.  
Glauce, Cymèdocè, Thallà there,  
Nesæa, Speio, Thoa, eke and ox-eyed she  
Halia, Cymòthòë, Actæa be.  
There Melita, and Limnoreia go,  
And eke Iæra, and Amphithoë.  
Thither Agave, Doto, Proto so,  
And there Pherousa, and Dynàmenè not slow.
VI.

Dexamènè Amphinomè there also do,
With Kallianeira, Doris, Panopè,
And famous Galatèa haste; Nemertes too,
Apseudes, Kallianassa Clímenè,
There Ianassa, Ianeira be,
Maira, Orithyia, and the fair-
Tress'd Amatheia. And in depth of sea,
What Nereids else there were. Bright cavern rare
They fill'd. All beat their breasts. Lament led Thetis
there.

VII.

"Hear, sister Nereids, that hearing know
"May all what griefs be in my soul. Ah me!
"How wretched I, who 've bravest borne to woe,
"Who 've brought forth son renown'd, most valiant he,
"Of heroes chief, who 's run up like a tree.
"Him having nurs'd, like plant in fertile spot,
"In curv'd ships I to Ilium sent from me
"Trojans to fight, whom home return'd thereout,
"Again receive in house of Peleus I shall not.

VIII.

"For while he lives and sun-light sees, ill cheer
"He 'll have, nor profit aught my going may,
"Nathless I 'll go, and see my son, and hear
"What grief hath seiz'd him who from fight doth stay."
She said, and left the cave. With her away
Weeping they went. Around them swell of sea
Did break, and gleby Troas reaching, they
The shore ascend in file, where crowdingly
Ships Myrmidon drawn round Achilles swift-foot be.
IX.

Him groaning deep his mother stood beside,
And shrieking shrill the hand of this her son
She clasp’d, and wailing, wing’d words to him said: —
“Why weepest, son? What grief hath lighted on
Thy soul? Speak out, nor hide. The things are done
Of Zeus, that thou with up-lift hands didst pray;
All th’ Achives’ sons to th’ ships recoil fordone
And thee do lack, and suffer things unseemly they.”
To her did, sighing deep, swift-foot Achilles say: —

X.

“My mother, these in sooth Olympius did,
But what’s my pleasure since my friend is gone,
Patroclus? whom of all friends as my head
I priz’d. Him have I lost. Hector doth don
His stripp’d arms huge, to gaze with wonder on,
Beauteous, which gods gave Peleus, presents rare,
The day that thee in bed of mortal one
They set. Would with the sea-immortals there
Thou ’dst stay’d, and Peleus had to wife some mortal fair.

XI.

But now will on thy soul huge sorrow be
For son yslain, whom home return’d thou ’It not
Again receive. My soul not urgeth me
To live, or bide ’mong men, if Hector mote
Not first lose life by spear of mine y-smote,
Menætius’ son Patroclus’ death so pay.”
Him answer’d Thetis, hot tears pouring out: —
Thou ’rt early doom’d my son, what dost thou say?
On thee quick after Hector fate will then have way.”
To her swift-foot Achilles, sighing, said:
"At once I'd die, since I my comrade slain
Was not to aid, who far from 's land is dead
For want of one to save from ill. Again
I go not home. I 've to Patroclus been
No light, nor friends who 've else by Hector died,
But sat by th' ships on earth a burden vain,
Though such, no brass-arm'd Achive with me vied
In war, albeit in council better be beside.

"Would strife from gods and men were perish'd,
And wrath, that wise makes harsh, which sweeter mo'
Than dropping honey doth in men's breast spread!
Like smoke. For me hath Agamemnon men's king so
Made wrath; but these, as things done long ago
We 'll pass, though griev'd; need quelling soul in breast.
Now that dear head's destroyer catch I go,
Hector, and then I 'll fate receive when best
Deems Zeus fulfil it, and immortal gods the rest.

"For not Heracles' strength did fate eschew,
Though dear to Zeus Kronion king. But him
Did fate, and Here's rugged wrath subdue.
So I, if me befall a fate the same,
Shall lie when dead. But now I 'd win me fame,
And with both hands her tender cheeks to tear,
Cause Trojan, or deep-bosom'd Dardan dame,
Who, wiping tears and sobbing frequent there,
Will know how long from war I must have kept whilere.
"From fight not keep me, fond. Thou 'lt not persuade.'

Spake goddess Thetis, Silver-Foot: — "Yea, son,
'Tis true. Nor ill is it thy comrades worn to aid
"From ruin fell. But goodly arms thine own
"The Trojans have, brass, glist'ring, which doth don
"Helm-glancing Hector's self, exulting he,
"But not for long, methinks. His death draws on.
"But thou not enter Ares' fight till me
"Returning here again thou with thine eyes shalt see.

"At morn I 'll come, with sun-rise, armour fair
"From king Hephaistos bringing." Thus said she,
And left her son, and t' her sea-sisters there
She turn'd, and said: — "To th' sea's broad bosom ye
"Go Sire marine and father's dwellings see,
"And tell him all. To long Olympus' height
"I go t' Hephaistos, famous smith, if he
"Will give my son fair arms, all dazzling bright."
'Twas thus she spake. At once the swell of sea they
dight.182

T' Olympus goddess Thetis, Silver-Foot,
Departs, the armour fair to bring her son.
Her feet t' Olympus bare her. With strange shout
Th' Achæans flee from Hector slay-man one,
And to the ships to Hellespont be gone.
Patroclus there Achæans buskin-dight,
Achilles' servant's corse from darts drew none.
Caught him had folk, and steeds, and Hector wight,
King Priam's son, again, like flaming fire in might.
XVIII.

Thrice him behind by th' feet seiz'd Hector bright,
Eager to draw, and loud to th' Trojans cried,
And thrice th' Ajaces twain, in valour dight,
Thrust him from corse, but he on force relied,
And would at times through tumult rush, or bide
At others standing still, and shout he would,
But ne'er gave back at all. So turn aside
A tawny lion from his carcass-food
Night-watching shepherds may not in his hungry mood.

XIX.

So could not both Ajaces brave the son
Of Priam, Hector, from the corse affright,
Who 'd drawn it off, and boundless glory won,
But ran to Peleus' son fr' Olympus' height,
On message wind-foot Iris him t' excite,
Unknown of Zeus and gods. Her Herè had
Despatch'd. And wing'd words spake she near him pight:
" Up, Peleus' son, of all men most y-drad,
" Patroclus help, for whom by th' ships there's battling sad.

XX.

"They slaughter one another. These, indeed,
"The carcass of the dead defending, fight,
"Which forth to drag to windy Ilium yede
"The Trojans on, but chiefly Hector bright
"Would drag it fain. The head his mind bids smite
"From tender neck, and fix on stake the same.
"But up, no longer lie. Awe touch thy sprite
"That dogs of Troy should do Patroclus shame,
"For thine the wrong, if on the corse disgrace there came."
Swift-foot divine Achilles answer'd:—
"Iris, O goddess, who of gods then thee
"To me sent messenger?" To him then said
Again swift wind-foot Iris:— "Here me
"Did send, Zeus' stately spouse. Nought knoweth he,
"The high-thron'd Zeus, nor gods immortal, they
"That round the mickle-snow Olympus be."
Her answr'ing did swift-foot Achilles say:—
"How then can I, while they 've my arms, go forth to
th' fray?

XXII.
"My mother dear forbade my arming ere
"Mine eyes beheld herself return'd, and said
"She 'd bring me from Hephaistos armour fair,
"Nor know I whence with fair arms else be clad,
"Save shield of Ajax Telamoniade.
"But he, I judge, 'mong foremost in the fray,
"Rages with spear around Patroclus dead."
To him did wind-foot Iris swift then say:—
"Well sooth do we too know the comely arms have they.

XXIII.
"Yet at the trench thyself to th' Trojans show,
"Who, fearing thee, abstain from battle might,
"And th' Achives' warlike sons have breathing so
"Fatigued, a little breathing from the fight."
So having said took swift-foot Iris flight.
Zeus-lov'd Achilles rose. Athenè 'bout
His shoulders strong the fringed ægis dight,
His head the goddess crown'd with cloud about
Golden, and kindl'd flame that dazzling flash'd thereout.
XXIV.

As smoke from city rising mounts to th’ sky
From far from isle round which be battling foes.
While these, all day with horrid Ares try
From city theirs. Sun down no sooner goes
Than thick the torches flame, whose splendour shows,
Upspringing high, that dwellers round may see,
If they’ll with ships come help in battle those.
So from Achilles’ head doth radiance flee
To th’ sky. And at the trench outside the wall stood he,

XXV.

Nor Achives join’d, but kept wise best of mother.
Standing he shouts. Pallas Athenè eke
Call’d out. And huge ’mong Trojans rose the pother.
As clear the voice when trumpet shrill doth speak
When girt’s a town with foemen, which its ruin seek,
So voice then of Æàcides was clear.
When heard Æàcides’ brass voice grew weak
The souls of all. The fair-man’d steeds career
With chariots back, for eyeing coming woes they fear.

XXVI.

Drivers aghast the fire unresting spy
Dreadful o’er th’ head of Peleus’ high-soul’d son
A-blaze up-lit b’ Athenè, goddess azure-eye.
Thrice shouts by trench Achilles, godlike one,
And thrice did thrill of fear through Trojans run
And fam’d allies. Twelve bravest perished
By th’ cars and spears. Th’ Achæans glad anon
From darts Patroclus drew, and laid on bed,
And comrades dear stood round, and lamentation made.
With them swift-foot Achilles follow'd too,
And hot tears shed to see his faithful friend
Lie on the bier, with keen-edg'd brass pierc'd through,
Whom he to war with steeds and car did send,
And who to him far other back doth wend.
To ocean's streams sent Herè oxen-eyed
Th' untiring Sun, unwilling to descend.
Sun sets, nor more Achæans godlike plied
The grievous fight, and battle inj'ring either side.

And Trojans eke from fight retiring there
The swift-foot steeds from car unharnessed,
And council hold, or e'er for supper care.
Th' assembly stood, for sit none durst; such dread
Seiz'd all because appear'd Achilles had,
Who 'd long indeed surceasèd woful fight.
Prudent Polydamas debate then led
Panthöides, who past and future sole saw right,
And Hector's comrade was, both born the self-same night.

But one in speech and one at spear indeed
Excell'd. He wise did them harangue, and say:
"Now well consider, friends. For I arede
"To th' town now go, nor sacred morning stay
"I' th' plain by th' ships. We're far from wall away.
"While this man rag'd at Agamemnon bright,
"Th' Achæans sooth were easier met i' th' fray,
"And cheerful I by th' swift ships pass'd the night,
"Expecting take the both-sides-oar-urg'd ships we might.
"But now swift-foot Pelides fear I sore.
"Of soul impetuous, he'll not bide i' th' plain
"Where Trojans and Achæans heretofore
"I' th' midst did force of Ares share, the twain,
"But fight our city's self and wives to gain.
"But let's to th' town, mind me, for 'twill be so.
"Now Night doth Peleus' swift-foot son restrain
"Ambrosial. If he catch us here, I trow,
"At Morn, when arm'd he comes, then him will some one know.

"Who 'scapes will sacred Ilium reach right glad,
"And dogs and vultures Trojans many 'll eat.
"Would 't were unheard! My words if ye, though sad,
"Will hear, our power we will in-gath'ring seat.
"Our town its towers and lofty gates with planks that meet,
"Long, polish'd, interjoin'd, will safely guard.
"And early we will morn full harness'd greet,
"And man the towers, so wishing he 'll find hard
"To come fro' th' ships, and fight us with the wall toward.

"He 'll back to th' ships when long-neck'd steeds t' his fill
"He's cours'd outside, nor 'll let him rush i' th' town
"His soul, nor 'll waste it he. First eat him will
"Swift dogs." Him wave-helm Hector wroth look'd on
And spake: — "Polydamas, things please me none
"Thou say' st, that we i' th' town go coop again.
"Not had your fill shut up in towers time gone?
"Of Priam's city erst did part-voice men
"All speak, for mickle gold and brass it did contain.
XXXIII.

"But now the precious hoards fro' th' houses be
"Consum'd. Possessions many sold and gone,
"To Phrygia went and pleasant Mæonie;^184,
"When mighty Zeus was wroth. Now when the son
"Of crafty Kronos grants me win renown
"By th' ships, and shut th' Achæans in by th' sea,
"Fool, broach no more such rede to th' folk. For none
"Will of the Trojans sooth comply with thee,
"Nor I permit. Now what I say all hearken ye.

XXXIV.

"Take supper now in bands throughout the host;
"Of watch be mindful, keep each one awake.
"Of Trojans who for 's goods^185 is anxious most
"Collect, and gift for host's consumption make.
"Them better any than th' Achæans take.
"Early at morn our harness don will we,
"And by the hollow ships sharp battle wake.
"If sooth by th' ships arise, and wills it he,
"Godlike Achilles, 't will for him the harder be.

XXXV.

"Him I'll not shun in roughly sounding fray,
"But stand and face. Let him prevail, or I
"Common's Enyalus^186, doth slayer slay."
So Hector spake. The Trojans plausible cry.
Fools! reft their sense Pallas Athenè high.
For Hector couns'ling ill they 'plaud, but none
Polydamas, who 'd counsell'd well, set-by.
Then through the host they sup. Th' Achæans moan,
And all night long lamenting o'er Patroclus groan.
To them continuous wailing Peleus' son
Did lead, and on his comrades' bosom lay
His man-y-slaught'ring hands, and frequent groan.
As bearded lion, when his cubs away
Hath hunter, meaning hunt the stag that day 187,
From thick wood stole. He comes, and grieves, and track
Doth many a vale, if of the man he may
The footsteps find. For him sore wrath doth take.
So 'mong the Myrmidons he deeply sigh'd and spake:—

"Ye gods! that day I utter'd speech, how vain,
In 's house Menoetius hero cheering there;
Said I 'd to Opus bring his son again,
Renown'd, when Ilium ta'en, with booty's share.
But Zeus not all fulfils men's hopings fair,
For both alike earth redd'ning doom'd to stain
In Troas here. Since me returning ne'er
Will horseman Peleus old in 's house again
Receive, nor Thetis mother mine, but earth will here detain.

"Now since, Patroclus, after thee it is
I go 'neath earth, I 'll not inter thee ere
I 've head and armour hither brought y-wis
Of Hector lofty-soul'd, of thee the slayer.
And at thy pyre of Trojans' offspring fair
Twelve throats I 'll cut, in wrath for thee so slain,
And thou 'lt meanwhile lie thus by th' curv'd ships there.
Deep-bosom'd Trojan dames and Dardans plain
About thee shall and weeping night and day remain.
XXXIX.

"Whom we ourselves by force and long spear won,
"Wasting rich towns of part-voice men." This said,
Commands his mates Achilles, godlike one,
That fire quick round the tripod huge be made,
Patroclus wash from gore. In bright fire laid
The wash-bath tripod they, and pour’d in water, while
Thereunder wood they lit. The fire it play’d
’Bout tripod’s bulge. I’ th’ singing brass when boil
Did water, wash’d and bath’d him they in unctuous oil.

XL.

His wounds with ointment nine year old they brim,
On bed then place, with softest linen don
From head to foot, with white sheet over him.
Then all night round swift-foot Achilles groan
The Myrmidons, Patroclus there bemoan.
Spake Zeus to Herè, wife and sister she: —
"Herè, large-eyed august, the thing thou ’st done
"Arous’d swift-foot Achilles. Sure from thee
"Thyself y-sprong the comely-hair’d Achæans be."

XLI.

August him answer’d Herè, oxen-eyed: —
"Dread Kronides, what speech hast utter’d now?
"E’en man to man will by his purpose bide
"Who ’s mortal, nor such counsel kens, then how
"Should I, of goddesses the chief I trow,
"Both for my birth, and that I ’m ’clep’d thy spouse,
"For over all immortals rulest thou,
"Should I with Trojans wroth not work them woes?"
To one another there discours’d such matters those.
XLII.

T' Hephaistos' house the silver-footed Thetis came, Immortal, starry, brazen it outvied
Th' immortals' domes. And made it he the Lame. She found him sweating, busy, occupied
By 's forge. Full twenty tripods that should hide By 's firm-built mansion's wall was working he, And made them each on golden wheels to glide, To come self-mov'd, where met th' immortals be, And self-mov'd home again; a wondrous thing to see!

XLIII.

Finish'd thus far, but dædal ears thereto Not yet. To fit which bands he cut. The same While he with wise heart wrought, near Thetis drew, Silver-foot goddess. Saw her as she came Fair Charis, of the head-band bright, whom Both-feet-Lame Renown'd espous'd. She clung t' her hand, speech set, And spake: — "Why com'st thou, Thetis, long-veil'd dame, "Rever'd, belov'd, t' our house? Not oft as yet "Hast been. Come in, that I the guest-meal 'fore thee set."

XLIV.

This said, august the goddess led the way, Plac'd her on throne, fair silver-studded, made With skill, and stool beneath her feet there lay. Then call'd Hephaistos, famous smith, and said: — "Hephaistos, hither, thee doth Thetis need." Her answer'd Both-feet-Lam'd, of highest fame: — "Goddess, to me august rever'd indeed "Hath come, who sav'd me when on me there came "Far-fallen pain, through shameless mother's rede to hide me lame.
XLV.

"Soul's pangs I'd borne but then in bosom me
"Eurynomè and Thetis shelter gave,
"Back-flowing Ocean's child, Eurynomè.
"With them nine years I wrought quaint things i' th'cave,
"Curv'd bracelets, clasps, and cups, and chains. Vast murm'ring wave
"Did yeasty Ocean round. Of gods and men none knew,
"But Thetis and Eurynomè that save
"Me did. She comes now here. Behoves I do
"To Thetis comely-hair'd pay all a sav'd life's due.

XLVI.

"But thou set 'fore her guest-meal fair and good,
"While I put bellows by and tools." He said, And huge from stithy up the fire-god stood, Limping, whom legs beneath him weak upstaid. Bellows away from fire he drew, and laid In silver chest all tools wherewith he wrought. With sponge wipe face, and hands, and strong neck did, And hairy chest. Then tunic donn'd, and stout And massy sceptre ta'en, went limping forth thereout.

XLVII.

With toil sustain the king attendants who Of gold do like to living damsels show. For sense in heart is theirs, voice have they too, And strength, and works, y-taught of gods, they know. So ply they 'bout the king, who painful, slow Nigh Thetis came, on bright throne sat. And grew T' her hand, spake word, by name addressing so:— "Why, long-veil'd Thetis, honour'd, lov'd, unto "Our house hast come? Not oft thou comest hitherto.
XLVIII.

"Speak out thy thought. My soul to do it 's fain
"If I can do it, and it can be done."
Then Thetis weeping answer'd him again:—
"Hephaistos, doth there in Olympus wone
"Goddess with woes of mind like anguish which the son
"Of Kronos, Zeus, hath brought of all on me?
"To man Peleus AEacides alone
"Hath me subdued, of all the powers of sea.
"To bed with man I 've borne, but most unwillingly.

XLIX.

"In 's house lies dreary age's pris'ner 190 he,
"But more 's for me. When son he gave to bear
"And rear, of heroes chief that ran up like a tree.
"Him nurs'd as plant in fertile spot and fair,
"I sent in curvéd ships to Ilium there,
"Trojans to fight. Receive him shall I none
"To Peleus' house again returning e'er.
"And while he lives and sees the light of sun
"He 'll sorrow sooth. Nor aid him could I thither gone.

L.

"A girl, which th' Achives' sons his guerdon chose,
"From 's hands king Agamemnon 's torn away.
"So griev'd he eats his soul. Trojans enclose
"Th' Achaeans by their ships. None issue may
"Thereout. And him the Argive elders pray,
"And count him o'er a many presents bright.
"Himself repel their ruin did denay.
"Patroclus though, in his own armour dight,
"And with him eke much people sent he forth to fight.
LI.

"All day they fought by th' Scæan gates, and had the town
"Taken that day, had not Apollo slain,
"Woes dealing there, Menætius' valiant son
"In foremost rank, and fame made Hector gain.
"Now to thy knees I come, if thou wilt deign
"My swift-fate son give shield and helmet stout,
"And comely greaves with clasps, that fealty join,
"And corselet eke. For all his staunch friend, smote
"By Trojans, lost. Soul-griev'd he lies on ground stretch'd out."

LII.

To her the all-renowned Both-feet-Lame
Made answer then: — "Cheer up, disquietude
"Of soul have none for these. I would the same
"From death harsh-sounding him conceal I could
"When grievous fate draws nigh, as armour good
"Shall sure be his, and such admir'd indeed
"Of many men, view them whoever would."
This said, did leave her there, t' his bellows yede
And set them to the fire, and bade to work proceed.

LIII.

On furnaces full twenty bellows blew.
A manageable blast of every kind
They sent. And as he wrought it brisker grew
At times, or slack'd again, if so in mind
Hephaistos will'd, and as the work inclin'd.
Untiring brass, and tin, i' th' fire he cast,
And precious gold, and silver eke, and then
The mighty anvil to its place he pass'd,
In hand took hammer huge, held tongs with th' other fast.
And first he made the shield, immense and strong,
Adorn'd on every side. Bright border round,
Glist'ring threefold, and from it silver thong.
Five folds had shield itself, and in its bound
Quaint things his wise heart wrought with cunning bond.
Therein the earth, therein the sky and sea,
Untiring sun, full moon, and wherewith crown'd
The heavens, constellations all made he.
The Pleiads, Hyads, eke Orion's strength\textsuperscript{122} there be,

And Arctus, which men also call the wain,
Which there doth turn and watch Orion e'er,
But sole lacks Ocean's baths.\textsuperscript{192} Good cities twain
Of part-voice\textsuperscript{6} men he made. And weddings were
In one, and feasts. The brides from chamber fair
With lighted torches led they through the town;
Rose "Hymenæus" high. Youths circled there
In dance, while pipes and harps among them soun\textsuperscript{193}
And at their doors stood women, wond'ring every one.

Folk throng the market-place. Strife rose. Two men
For slain man's were-gild\textsuperscript{149} strive. That all is paid
One tells the folk, one saith he nought hath ta'en.
Both wish 'fore judge thereof be trial made.
The folk cheer both as they would either aid.
The heralds still'd the folk. The elders sate
On polished stones, in sacred circle laid.
With high-voic'd heralds' wands\textsuperscript{194} in hands y-set,
The parties waving them, their cause alternate state.
LVII.
And 'mid them there two talents lay of gold,
To give to him should cause the justest say.
The other town two hosts in leaguer hold,
Glist'ring in arms. Of two things one would they:
To lay it waste, or bear the half away
What pleasant town contain'd. Nor these gave ear,
But for an ambush them by stealth array.
The wall their wives and speechless children dear
Stand on, and keep, with men opprest by age severe.

LVIII.
They went. Pallas Athenè, Ares lead
Both gold, in golden raiment eke array'd
And comely, large, full-arm'd, like gods indeed,
On each side plain. The folk were smaller made.
And these when reach'd the spot for ambuscade
By river, cattle's wat'ring place, thereby
Y-clad in shining brass they ambush laid.
Two scouts apart fro' th' folk were set to spy
When thither sheep or trail-foot oxen came a-nigh.

LIX.
And soon they came with shepherds twain that play'd
On pipes, nor thought of snare. These see and run,
And herds of beeves, and white sheeps' fair flocks made
Quick prize, and shepherds slew. Who siege the town,
And sat in council then, when din and sown 103
Of oxen heard, on toss-foot horses straight
They mount in chace, and quick on them come down.
These stand and fight by river's banks a fight,
And one another there with brazen spears they smite.
There Strife and Tumult, Fate pernicious, throng.
Held man fresh-wounded one, one wounded nought,
One dragg'd a corse by th' feet through fight along
In raiment clad, which stains from men's blood caught.
They mingled there like living men, and fought,
And mutual dragg'd off corse of the slain.
There fallow soft, rich fertile land he wrought
Broad, thrice-plough'd, many ploughers were therein,
That turn'd the teams, and thither drove and back again.

As plough-land's end they turning reach, one came,
Plac'd in their hands sweet wine a cup.  And they
To th' furrows turn, reach deep field's end their aim.
It blacken'd after them, like plough-field lay
Although of gold, 'twas wrought such wondrous way.
And royal deep-cropp'd field he made, where men
Did reap.  And in their hands sharp sickles play,
And thick along the furrow handfuls rain.
And some the binders of the sheaves in sheaves constrain

Sheave-binders three there ply; and boys behind
Up-take the handfuls in their arms in haste.
A king with sceptre silent, glad in mind
Stood by.  Heralds 'neath oak prepare repast
Apart, 'bout ox employ'd they 'd slaughter'd vast.
Much meal maids mix for workers in the field.
Heavy with grapes a vineyard eke he trac'd,
Fair, golden, that its clusters black reveal'd,
And propp'd on rows of silver poles appeared in the shield.
LXIII.

And azure fence around, and trench he drew
Of tin, with one sole path unwinding, where
The porters go, when they the vintage do.
And little maids and youths soft-thoughted there
The luscious fruit in woven baskets bare.
A boy with harp sonorous them among
Harp'd sweetly, 'Linus' under-chanting fair
With slender voice. They burst in choruss'd song
And shout, and with their feet went tripping it along.

LXIV.

A drove of straight-horn'd beeves he wrought. Of tin
And gold the beeves were made. These forth with low
From stall to pasture rush, where flow'd with din
A river, where the waving rushes grow.
And golden herdsmen four with th' oxen go,
And nine swift-footed dogs attend them do.
Dread lions twain 'mong foremost oxen show
That groaning ox have gripp'd. Him bellowing drew
They off, and hounds and youths then after them pursue.

LXV.

These twain indeed, uprenging there the hide
Of that huge ox, lapp'd th' entrails and black blood,
And herdsmen all in vain pursued and tried
To halloo on the dogs, who bite not would,
But from the lions shriauk. Though near they stood
Nathless, and bark'd, but still avoiding keep.
And Both-feet-Lame renown'd made pasture good
In pleasant forest glen for snow-white sheep,
Full broad, and stalls, and tents, and sheep-folds roofed deep.
And varied dance wrought famous Both-feet-Lame,
Like that which Dædalus in Cnossus wide
Made erst for Ariadnè fair-tress’d dame.
There youths and lovely maidens dancing glide,
And join’d their hands with palm to palm applied.
Thin linen veils had these, those tunics don,
Y-woven well, and bright as oil beside.
And these did comely garlands soothly crown,
Gold swords had those which hung from golden baldric down.

Sometimes they’d circling run with feet of skill,
With ease as when a potter takes in hand
Fit wheel, and sits and tries if run it will;
Sometimes run back in rows. While round the band
Of dancers fair a throng of people stand
Delighted. Tumblers twain there lead the song
Amid them twirling. There too wrought his hand
The force immense of river Ocean strong
That rim of quaint-wrought shield as border ran along.

When shield he’d wrought immense, and solid there,
He wrought him corselet more than fire-gleam bright,
And wrought him helmet, temples fitting fair,
Of dædal art. Gold crest thereon y-pight.
And wrought him greaves of ductile tin and light.
Fam’d Both-feet-Lame all th’ arms so finishing,
Set them before Achilles’ mother’s sight.
Like hawk did she from snow-Olympus spring,
With glist’ring arms that from Hephaistos she did bring.
THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIX.

I.

Morn, saffron-veil'd, from Ocean's streams arose,
That carry light to gods and men she mote.
Thetis to th' ships the god's gifts bearing goes,
And o'er Patroclus found her son stretch'd out,
Weeping aloud, friends many him about
Lamenting there. The goddess near him stood,
And clung t' his hand, spake word, and thus besought:
"My child, him leave we, though in sorr'wing mood,
"Who from the first by th' gods' contrivance was subdued.

II.

"But thou the bright arms take Hephaistos made
"So fair. Man such on shoulders wore yet none."
This said, the goddess 'fore Achilles laid
The armour down. The daedal things all sown
Fear seiz'd all Myrmidons. And look thereon:
None durst, but quak'd. But in Achilles ire
Grew more as he beheld. His two eyes shone
'Neath eye-lids dread, and show'd like flaming fire.
The gods' bright gifts he glad doth handle, and admire.
III.

When gladden'd soul these things beholding, he
Words wingèd to his mother straightway said: —
"Mother, these arms a god did give, and be
"Immortals' works, which mortal man ne'er made.
"Now I will harness me, though sore afraid
"Mencætius' valiant son meanwhile the flies
"Will enter by the wounds spear open laid,
"And worms there breed, and serve the corse in shameful wise,
"Now life is fled, and so the flesh all putrifies."

IV.

Then goddess Thetis Silver-foot replies: —
"Son, be not anxious thou for these. I'll try
"To drive from him the teasing swarms of flies
"That feed on men, who slain of Ares die.
"Yea, though the whole year round he there should I'
"His flesh shall aye keep firm, or better e'en.
"But thou t' assembly call th' Achaiæans high,
"And wrath 'gainst Agamemnon, king of men,
"Renounce, for war quick arm thee, don thy valour then."

V.

This said, she gave him force of daring high,
And in Patroclus' nostrils nectar red,
And eke ambrosia dropp'd that firm abye
His flesh. By shore of sea Achilles sped,
And stirr'd th' Achaiæan heroes, shouting dread.
All erst who staid by th' ships, who steersmen be
And rudder wield, ship-stewards eke, who give out bread,
These went t' assembly then, him there to see
Achilles sooth, from woful war so long abstain'd had he.
VI.
And limping went those Ares' servants twain
Tydides bide-fight\(^3\), great Odysseus, these that on
Their spears y-leant, for still their wounds did pain.
They went and sat in front th' assembly down.
Men's sovran, Agamemnon, second one,
Came wounded too, whom smote in fierce affray
With brass spear Côon had, Antenor's son.
And when the Achæans all were met, straightway
Among them rising did swift-foot Achilles say: —

VII.
" Atrides, sooth for both this better were
" For thee and me, when heart-vex'd rag'd we twain
" In gnaw-soul strife about a girl, if her
" I' th' ships had Artemis with arrow slain,
" The day that I'd Lyrnessus wasting ta'en.
" Achives so many 'd not 'neath hands of foes
" While I was raging bit the boundless plain.
" Hector and Trojans' boot it was; Achives be those
" Who 'l1 long my wrath and thine remember, I suppose.

VIII.
" But pass we these as done, though griev'd we be,
" And soul in breast subdue we thorough need.
" Now sooth I'11 cease my wrath, for fits not me
" Aye obstinately rage. But come, with speed
" Bid comely-hair'd Achæans war-wards yede,
" That I may issue forth, and Trojans try
" If they 'l1 pass night by th' ships. But some indeed,
" I think of them will bend knee joyfully
" Who e'er from raging fight from 'neath our spear can fly."

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IX.

He spake. Well-greav'd Achæans sooth were glad
That Peleus' high-soul'd son did wrath remit.
'Mong them men's sovran, Agamemnon, said,
Nor 'mong them stood, but spake where he did sit:
"Friends, heroes, Danai, ye Ares' servants, fit
It is that him who stands ye hear. Nor should
Ye interrupt. 'Twere hard for wisest wit.
'Mid men's much clamour hear or speak who could?
He'd hamper'd be, although a speaker loud and good.

X.

"I'll to Achilles speak my mind, but ye
The other Argives eke attend, and know
Each one my speech. Achæans oft to me
Such speech have said, and me accus'd, although
Not I to blame, but Zeus and Fate I trov,
Haunt-air Erinnys eke. Fell Atè they
Did in my soul there at th' assembly throw
When took Achilles' prize myself that day.
What could I do? The god's will hath through all its way.

XI.

"Atè, Zeus' daughter dread, who injures all
Pernicious. Soft her feet, which never set
To ground doth she, but walk men's heads withal
To injure men. One else she caught in net;
For Zeus of yore she hurt, the chiefest yet
Of gods and men, they say. But him whilere
Did Herè, female-like, with craft out-wit,
The day Alemenè was about to bear
The strength of Hercules in Thebes wall-cinctur'd fair.
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XII.
"Glorying to th' gods he spake: — 'Now hear me ye, "All gods and goddesses, the while I say "What in my breast my spirit prompteth me. "For hard-birth Ilithya shall this day "Show forth to light a man whose regal sway "Shall over all his neighbours round extend. "His race of men are of my blood.' Straightway "August spake Herè, who did guile intend: — "'Thou'lt sure be false, nor crown thy speech with answ'ring end."

XIII.
"Swear me Olympus mighty oath, that reign "O'er all his neighbours round in sooth shall he, "Who falls this day 'twixt woman's feet of men "That of thy very blood and lineage be.' "She said. Nor Zeus her craftiness did see, "But swore great oath, whence mickle harm him grew. "Quick Herè left Olympus' top, and she "Soon reach'd Achaic Argos, where she knew "Was Sthenelus' Persides' noble consort true.

XIV.
"With child of son in seventh month was she; "Him, short his month, she drew to light, but staid "Alemènè's birth, and check'd th' Ilythiæ. "To Zeus Kronion came herself, and said: — "'Sire red-bolt Zeus, word in thy mind be laid "Now born 's a man of mark, shall Argives sway, "Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus, the Perseïde, "Thy race, who fitly govern Argives may.' "She said, and deep in 's soul keen anguish smote its way.
XV.

"By bright-hair'd head he seiz'd Atè in his ire,
"And great oath swore, t' Olympus and the starry sky
"Should ne'er return all-inj'ring Atè dire.
"He said, and whirling hurl'd from starry sky.
"She soon to men's works came. Through her still sigh
"Did he his dear son's shameful toil to view,
"Eurystheus' tasks. So while huge Hector high
"Helm-waving by their ship-sterns Argives slew,
"Th' Atè which harm'd me first forget I could not too.

XVI.

"Since Atè seiz'd and Zeus took sense from me,
"I 'd fain be reconcil'd, huge ransom pay.
"But rise to war and stir the folk with thee.
"I 'll give all gifts that promis'd yesterday
"Odysseus in thy tent. Or if thou 'lt stay,
"Though prest for war, the gifts shall servants take
"From out my ship, and bring to thee away,
"To see what gifts for reconcilement's sake
"I 'll give." Then answ'ring him swift-foot Achilles
spake: —

XVII.

"Atrides, king of men, most glorious thou,
"Agamemnon, gifts give or keep doth rest with thee
"As fit. But speedy fight let 's think of now;
"Here fits not spin out time, or loit'ring be,
"For yet great work's undone. When one shall see
"Again Achilles 'mong the foremost smite
"With brazen spear the Trojan columns, he
"Of you remember then with man to fight."

Him answ'ring spake Odysseus, craft-accomplish'd
wight: —
XVIII.

"Not so, divine Achilles brave, while fast
"Th' Achæans sons to Ilium them incite
"To combat Trojans. Time no little last
"The battle will, when men's phalanges join in fight,
"And spirit breath'd of god in both y-pight.
"But bid by th' swift ships Achives feed anon
"Of bread and wine, for this is force and might.
"For man, indeed, all day till set of sun
"Against the foe contend withouten food can none.

XIX.

"For though in soul he'd fight, yet ere he knows
"His limbs grow heavy, thirst and hunger seize.
"His knees they waxen feeble as he goes.
"But who doth him with wine and food appease,
"Will battle it with foes all day with ease.
"For bold his heart within his breast, nor ere
"They all from fight retire do aught his knees
"A-weary grow. But do thou order there
"The people now disperse, and bid repast prepare.

XX.

"The gifts let Agamemnon, king of men,
"Amidst th' assembly set, so shall th' Achæans there
"All see with eyes, and eke thy soul be fain.
"And 'mong the Argives let him stand, and swear
"That couch with her, or join embraces, ne'er
"Did he as men, O king, with women do.
"Then be thy soul in breast serene and fair.
"And he i' th' tents with feasts shall sooth thee too,
"Superb, that lacking nought there be of what's thy due.
"Atrides, thou t' another juster then
"Wilt be. Whom first he wrong'd should king appease."
To him spake Agamemnon, king of men: —
"I joy to hear thee, Laertides,
"Thou 'st all well summ'd and spoke. I 'll swear to these.
"Prompts me my soul, I 'll not to th' god forswear.
"Achilles stay awhile, though war-ward he's
"In haste. Stay, too, the rest, until they bear
"The gifts from out the tents, and firm we covenant there.

XXII.
"Thyself I bid best youth of Achives pick,
"From ships fetch gifts we promis'd yesterday
"T' Achilles. Bring the women too. And quick
"A boar for me, through th' Achive host, to slay
"To Zeus and Helios, Talthyb choose." Then say
Swift-foot Achilles did: — "Atrides, thou
"Renown'd men's sovran Agamemnon may
"This better be when fight hath ceas'd, and so
"Doth not the ardour fierce within my bosom glow.

XXIII.
"Now slain they lie, whom Hector, Priam's son,
"Subdued when gave him glory Zeus. Haste ye
"To meat, I 'll now to war stir th' Achives on,
"Fasting, unfed. By sunset let there be
"Huge meal prepar'd, when insult veng'd have we.
"For sooner down my throat nor drink shall wend
"Nor meat, while dead within my tent doth he
"With keen edg'd brass lie pierced through, my friend,
"Whose feet are turn'd to th' porch, whom comrades
wailing round attend.
"Therefore it is of these I take no kepe,
"But slaughter, blood, and warriors' grievous groan."

Him answ'ring spake then he of counsel deep,
Odysseus: — "O Achilles, Peleus' son,
"Of all Achæans far the strongest one,
"Better than I, at spear far stronger thou,
"Yet I in foresight cast much farther on on¹⁹⁹,
"For older I, and know more things, I trow.

"Bear with my speech, then, let thy heart within thee now.

"Soon grows of fight to men
"Where brass most thickly stalks on ground doth pour,
"But scant the harvest when the scales incline
"Doth Zeus, who is men's arbiter of war.
"With stomach should th' Achæans not deplore
"The dead. For all days thick and many they
"That fall. When could we sorrowing give o'er?
"The dead we bury must, let die who may,

"And keep a constant mind, and mourn him for the day.

"And who are left of hateful war 'tis fit
"That we both drink and food remember do,
"The more 'gainst warrior-foes to battle-it
"Withouten cesse or stint. Our flesh thereto
"With brass indomitable round endue.
"Let none expecting other summons stay.
"Such summons soothly cause he 'll have to rue
"Who 's left in Argives' ships. Lets all away,

"On tame-steed Trojans rush, and wake up sharp affray."
XXVII.

He said, and chose as mates high Nestor's seed,  
And Meges, Phyleus' son, and Thoas, Merion  
With these, and Creon's offspring, Lycomède,  
And Melanippus. Tent of Atreus' son  
They went to. Word was spoke, and deed was done.  
From tent se'en tripods brought, which promis'd he,  
Ten caldrons bright, twelve steeds. Brought out anon  
Se'en women fair, that skill'd in labours be.  
And eighth Briseïs brought, of cheeks so lovely she.

XXVIII.

Gold having weigh'd full talents ten, Odysseus goes  
'Fore th' Acheive youths that presents bearing ply,  
Which set mid-meeting, Agamemnon rose.  
Talthyb, folk-shepherd, godlike-voic'd stood nigh,  
Holding a boar. With hands the knife, that aye  
B' his sword's huge scabbard hung, Atrides drew;  
From boar first bristles cut, then, hands on high,  
He pray'd to Zeus. While Argives all as due  
There list'ning to the king in silence seated view.

XXIX.

He pray'd and spake, and gaz'd at th' ample sky: —  
"First Zeus now witness, gods' supreme and best,  
"And Earth and Sun, Erinnes eke that aye  
"'Neath earth do men afflict who've oath transgrest,  
"I've not the girl Briseïs e'er carest,  
"Or touch'd, be 't on her couch, or other way.  
"Stainless and pure she in my tent did rest.  
"If aught's forsworn in this, gods on me lay  
"All pains they cast on those who sin by perjury."
XXX.

He said, and with fell brass slit throat of boar,
Which Talthyb to th' huge deep of hoary sea
Whirl'd, food for fish. Achilles, rising 'fore
The war-fond Argives, spake:— "Sire Zeus, from thee
" Dire woes on men, for soul in breast of me
" Had ne'er Atrides stirr'd, nor girl c'er ta'en
" In my despite with ill intent, but he
" Zeus will'd Achæans many should be slain.
" Now go to your repast, and we 'll to fight again."

XXXI.

This said, dismiss'd he meeting quick. And they,
Each one to his tent, dispers'd. To th' presents see
Did Myrmidons, and to Achilles' ship convey.
These set i' th' tents, and cause the women seated be,
While servants bright drove steeds to stud. But she
Briseis, like the golden Aphrodite there,
When pierc'd with brass she did Patroclus see,
On him she flung with piercing cry, and tear
With hands her bosom did, and tender neck, and face so fair.

XXXII.

That goddess-woman wept, and thus did say:—
" Patroclus, thou to wretched me most dear
" In soul, alive I left thee going away
" From tent, now dead, thou prince, I find thee here
" When I return; so woe on woe career
" Doth aye with me. The husband gave they me
" My sire, and mother, slain I saw with spear
" Before our town, and dearest brethren three,
" Whom did same mother bear, all dead, alas! they be.
XXXIII.

"Thou wouldst not suffer me to weep, when slew
"Achilles swift of foot my husband there,
"And godlike Mynes' city overthrew,
"But of divine Achilles didst declare
"Thou 'd'st make me virgin-spouse, to Phthia bear
"I th' ships, 'mong Myrmidons at wedding high
"Wouldst feast it. So I mourn thee dead, that e'er
"Wast gentle." Spake she weeping. Women by
Lament Patroclus seem, but o'er their sev'ral sorrows sigh.

XXXIV.

Drew round Achilles th' Acheive chiefs, and pray'd
Him eat. But he with groaning did denay:—
"If, friends, ye 'll hearken, do not me persuade
"With drink and food to sate my soul, I pray.
"Sore grief hath reach'd me. I'll till close of day
"Endure." This said, kings else dismiss'd he here,
But both Atrides and Odysseus stay,
Nestor, Idomeneus, and Phoenix dear,
The horseman old. Him sorr'wing sore they fain would
cheer.

XXXV.

Nought cheer'd his soul ere battle's bloody jaws
He'd enter'd. Sigh'd and spake rememb'ring he:—
"Thou hapless erst most dear of friends, it was
"Thyself i' th' tent didst set sweet meat for me,
"Careful, and quick when Achives prompt would be
"'Gainst tame-steed Trojans tearful war to bring.
"Now liest slain. Fast shall assuredly
"From drink and food, though both be here, sore lan-
guishing
"My heart for thee. I cannot suffer worser thing.
"Not if I heard of father's dying, who
In Phthia haply now sheds tender tear
For such son's lack, that in strange country do
For odious Helen's sake fight Trojans here;
Or him, in Scyros nurs'd, my son so dear
If yet he liveth, Neoptolemus,
of godlike form. This hope did soul erst cheer,
From steed-apt Argos I should sole of us
In Troas die, but thou return to Phthia prosperous;

"My boy with thee in swift black ship shouldst take
From Scyros off, and all things to him show,
My wealth, and slaves, and house high roofed eke.
For Peleus is already dead, I trow,
Or scantly yet alive, from sor'wing so,
In drear old age expecting of me aye
The tidings sad when of me dead he 'll know."
He spake and wept. The elders each thereby
Rememb'ring what they 'd left at home do groan and sigh.

Kronion pitied, who beheld them weep,
'T Athenè wing'd words spake he presently: —
"My child from good man dost thou quite then keep?
Is not Achilles more a care to thee?"
He sooth before the ships, that high-stern'd be,
Sits mourning comrade dear. And while the rest
Go to their meal, unfed and fasting 's he.
But nectar and ambrosia sweet in 's breast
Go thou instil, lest he by hunger be opprest."
So saying, he th' already willing one
Athenè stirr'd. And like sea-eagle there
Of ample pinions, and of shrilly tone,
From Heaven sprang she down a-through the air.
Th' Achæans through the host then arming were.
Dropp'd nectar in Achilles' breast with sweet
Ambrosia she, lest joyless hunger wear
His knees. She to her mighty father's seat
Return'd. And they pour'd forth apart fro' th' vessels fleet.

As snow-storms thick and chill fly forth from Zeus,
'Neath blast of Boreas æther-born. So were
From ships the helmets glist'ring borne profuse,
Boss'd shields and arch'd-plate corselets, ash spears fair.
The splendour rose to sky, and earth all laughèd there
'Neath gleam of brass. Sound rose men's feet beneath,
And midst them harness'd him Achilles rare,
The godlike. Gnashing was there of his teeth,
And his two eyes outshone, as when one fire-flame seeth.
XLII.

As when at sea to sailors sheweth light
Of burning fire, in mountains blazing high
In lonely spot, while them in their despite,
Storms drive to fishy sea from friends away
So from Achilles' shield doth radiance fly
Through air, from comely daedal shield. His helmet stout
He rais'd, and set on 's head. Like star i' th' sky
Shone forth the horse-tail helm. Shook all about
The thick gold hair wherewith Hephaistos had the cone
set out.

XLIII.

And of himself in arms then made assay
Divine Achilles, if they fit him true
And in them had his radiant limbs their play.
Folk shepherd lift, as were they wings, they do
From ground. Next father's spear from stand he drew,
Huge, heavy, strong. No Achive might aspire
To wield; Achilles sole to wield it knew;
A Pelion ash that Chiron cut his sire
In Pelion's top, to be to heroes slaughter dire.

XLIV.

The horses there in sooth Automedon
And Alcimus preparing harness do,
And yoke-thongs lovely had the horses on,
And 'bout their jaws the bridles then they threw,
And reins to seat compact back tight'ning drew.
Bright hand-fit whip y-grasp'd, to car sprung stout
Automedon. Arm'd went Achilles too
Behind, and like a glist'ring sun shone out
In harness bright, who dire t' his father's steeds did
shout: —
"Xanthus and Balius, ye renown'd afar
"Podarges' children, think another way
"How safe to bring the driver of your car
"Back to Danaians' host when slack we fray\textsuperscript{201},
"Nor like Patroclus leave him dead." Then say
'Neath yoke did swift-foot Xanthus, head hung low,
With mane that strewn on ground from yoke-ring falling lay,
Him white-arm'd Herè goddess did endow
With speech: — "We 'll surely, strong Achilles, save thee now.

XLVI.
"But near 's thy dying day, though we no wise
"To blame, but god and fate prevailing e'er.
"Nor did by slowness ours nor sluggardize
"Arms from Patroclus' shoulders Trojans tear.
"But him that chief of gods, whom fair-tress'd Leto bare,
"'Mong foremost slew, and gave to Hector fame therefrom.
"With blast of Zephyrus we 'd pace it yare,
"That swiftest is, they say. But 'tis thy doom
"Thyself by god and man to be by force o'ercome."

XLVII.
And when in sooth thus far he 'd spoken, stay
Th' Erinnyes did his voice. And anger'd high
To him did nimble-foot Achilles say: —
"Xanthus, to me death wherefore prophesy?
"Not needed thee, for here my doom to die,
"From sire and mother far, myself well know,
"Yet cease I 'll not till to satiety\textsuperscript{202}
"Of war I 've Trojans drove." He said, and so
'Mong foremost shouting made the whole-hoof'd horses go.
THE I LI A D.

BOOK XX.

I.
By th' curv'd ships so th' Achæans arm'd round thee, O Peleus' son, insatiate thou of fight.
I' th' plain's high ground the Trojans their side be. Zeus Themis bade t' assembly gods invite There, on the many-val'd Olympus' height. All ways she went to Zeus' house calling there. Rivers, save Ocean, absent was no wight, Nor nymphs, of whom are lovely groves the care, And springs of rivers, and the grassy meadows fair.

II.
At mansion these arriv'd of drive-cloud Zeus, I' th' polish'd porch they sat, the which Hephaistos did For Zeus the Sire with wisest heart produce. In Zeus' house met they. Shake-Earth too did heed The goddess, and from sea to th' others yede, And midst them sitting, aim of Zeus enquire: — "Why, Lightning-one, dost gods t' assembly bid "Again? 'Bout Trojans and Achæans, Sire, "Hast some design? Nigh breaking out's their battle dire."
III.

Him answ'ring spake the drive-cloud Zeus: — "Thou dost,
" O Shake-Earth, know the counsels of my breast
" For whom you 're call'd, my care though die they must.
" I'll stay, and sit upon Olympus' crest
" And please my soul beholding. Ye the rest
" Go 'mong the Trojans and Achæans down,
" And aid ye either side as each thinks best.
" For Trojans, if Achilles fight alone,
" Will not for smallest space bear Peleus' swift-foot son.

IV.

" Him erst beholding they were wont to quake.
" Now wroth his soul for comrade's death I fear
" He 'll wall itself 'gainst fate o'erthrow." So spake
Great Kronides, and kindled fight severe.
The gods, with minds oppos'd, no sooner hear
Than they to battle wend. To ship-fight down
Here, Pallas Athenè eke career,
And Girder of the Earth, Poseïdaôn,
Luck-bringing Hermes eke, for soul of prudence known.

V.

And there Hephaistos, too, with them along,
Round glaring in his strength, and limping is,
Whom underneath him bear his legs not strong.
To th' Trojans wave-helm Ares went y-wis,
Phæbus th' unshorn, shaft-loving Artemis,
Leto and Xanthus, Aphrodité fond
Of smiles. And while the battle gods doth miss,
Th' Achæans much prevail, now 'mong them found
Achilles, who from woful war so long did stond.
VI.
Fear seiz'd the trembling Trojans' knees each one
When swift Pelides bright in arms they spy,
Like man-bane Ares. But to men's throng down
When came th' Olympians rose contention high.
By trench stir-folk Athenè now did cry
Without the wall, and now by th' sounding shore.
And Ares, too, like whirlwind dark did ply,
From citadel to Trojans calling roar,
Or nigh Simois run, Callicolonè o'er.

VII.
When both sides th' happy gods upstirrèd then
The battle join'd, and heavy strife out-brake,
And thunder'd dread the Sire of gods and men
From high. Poseidon, too, beneath did make
Vast earth and mountains' lofty peaks to shake.
All much-rill'd Ida's roots, and summits high,
And Trojans' town and ships Achæan quake.
Which king of nether world did terrify,
Aidoneus, who aghast from throne upstarted with a cry.

VIII.
Shake-Earth Poseidon would, he fear'd, the earth him o'er
Break through, and unto men and gods disclose
The dire wide-stretch'd abodes which e'en the gods abhor.
So great the din of gods encount'ring rose.
For King Poseidon Phæbus did oppose
With wingèd shafts. 'Gainst Enyalius stout
The goddess azure-ey'd Athenè goes.
'Gainst Herè, Gold-shaft 203, she of hunter's rout,
Shaft-loving Artemis, Far-Darter's sister, fought.
'Gainst Leto Hermes strong, Luck-bringer, stood.
Oppose Hephæastos that deep-eddying river,
Which gods call Xanthus, men Scamander, would.
So gods fought gods. Achilles though did ever
Find Hector, Priam's son, through throng endeavour;
For with his blood glut Ares, warrior strong,
His soul in its fierce purpose did persèver.
Æneas there, Apollo Stir-the-throng
Straight rous'd 'gainst Peleus' son, and in him vigour flong.

In voice Lycaon seem'd he, Priam's son.
So 'guis'd Zeus' son Apollo him address'd: —
"Æneas, Trojans' chief, threats whither gone
"By thee to th' Trojan kings o'er wine exprest,
"Of fighting Peleus' son Achilles breast to breast?"
Æneas answ'ring spake: — "Wherefore hast thou,
"Priamides, me, though unwilling, prest
"'Gainst Peleus' high-soul'd son to fight. Not now
"First time I've 'gainst swift-foot Achilles stood, I trow.

"He's me before with spear elsewhere made flee
"From Ida, where our beeves he drave away,
"Lyrnessus took, and Pèdasus, but me
"Zeus sav'd, who gave my swift knees strength to play.
"B' Achilles and Athenè quell'd that day
"I'd been. She goes before him, making light,
"And him with spear bade Leleges and Trojans slay.
"Wherefore not man can 'gainst Achilles fight,
"Some god's aye near, averting what him injure might.
XII.
"His dart besides doth aye fly straight, nor cease.
"Ere flesh of man it pierce. If god now fair
"Would hold the scales of war, me then with ease
"O'ercome he 'd not, how brazen all soe'er
"He boast him." Spake Zeus' son, Apollo, there: —
"Thou, hero, too, pray gods eterne; for thee,
"They say, Zeus' daughter, Aphrodite, bare,
"And from a god inferior sooth is he.
"For one 's from Zeus, and one from th' old man of the sea.

XIII.
"Th' unflinching brass bear straight, nor let him fright
"With big words thee at all, or threats." He said,
And breath'd in people-shepherd mickle might,
Who, arm'd in glist'ring brass, through foremost sped.
Anchises' son through throng of men, not hid
From white-arm'd Herè, went 'gainst Peleus' son.
She call'd the gods, and word thus uttered: —
"Poseidon and Athenè, think upon
"These things within your minds, resolve what shall be done.

XIV.
"Gone 's that Æneas, arm'd and glist'ring he
"In brass, 'gainst Peleus' son. But him incite
"Phæbus Apollo did. But come now, we
"Will turn him thence, or one of us, y-pight
"B' Achilles' side, will give him mickle might,
"That he of courage stint not when he knows
"Love him the chiefest of inmortalts bright.
"For profitless have hitherto been those
"Who would in war defend the Trojans from their foes.
"Let 's all Olympus leave, and mingle in
This fight, lest hap him aught 'mong Trojans there
This day. He 'll after take what Fate did spin
At birth i' th' thread, when him his mother bare.
But if from god's voice these he hear not scare
It will Achilles when a god to th' fight
Doth come. For when they show them, dreadful e'er
Are gods." Then spake Poseidon, Shake-Earth hight: —
"Here, do not past reason rage; in thee it is not right.

"I'd not drive gods to fight, not we that are
The stronger much. But let us go, on watch-place sit
Away from road, and leave to men the war.
If Ares 'gin, or Phœbus battling it
Achilles to restrain, and will not fight permit,
From us will instant there upkindle stour's 255
Fierce strife, and soon I think they 'll battle quit,
And back t' Olympus to the other powers
Of sky return, subdued beneath these hands of ours."

So saying, Dark-Hair to the heap'd wall led,
Which high for Hercules, the godlike one,
Had Trojans and Pallas Athenè made,
That he the sea-beast might avoiding shun 204,
When chacing him from plain to shore 'twould run.
There sat Poseidon, th' other gods also,
And breachless cloud did 'bout their shoulders don,
Sat facing, on Callicolone's brow,
Thou, bowyer Phœbus, town-destroying Ares thou.
XVIII.  
Thus they on each side seated pond’ring were,  
Their counsels o’er, but hard-couch war would none  
Begin. But them did Zeus, high thronèd stir.  
With mortals all y-fill’d the plain, with brass it shone  
Of men and steeds, and with their coming-on  
Together earth did quake. Two men of might,  
Their valiantest, forth to th’ encounter run  
I’ th’ middle space, and eager both for fight,  
Anchises’ son, Æneas, and Achilles, godlike wight.  

XIX.  
Æneas first doth threat’ning forth career,  
And nods with helmet stout, while nimble shield  
’Fore breast he held, and brandish’d brazen spear.  
Pelides opposite rush’d forth a-field,  
Like rav’ning lion, men would fain have kill’d,  
And all the village hunts; he goes, nor heeds  
At first, but soon as smites him lusty shield  
With spear, he turns with opening jaws. Foam breeds  
About his teeth, and groans his heart that nothing dredes.  

XX.  
And flanks and haunches he doth soothly smite,  
And scourge with tail, this side and that y-long,  
And doth himself to battle there excite,  
And glaring fierce is borne by ’s strength along,  
To slay some man, or die in foremost throng.  
So force and lofty soul Achilles stir  
To go and meet stout-heart Æneas strong.  
When these advancing near each other were,  
Swift-foot divine Achilles first did speech prefer:—
XXI.

"Æneas, wherefore passing through such folk dost stand?
"Does thee thy soul impel with me to fight,
"From hope the tame-steed Trojans to command
"With Priam's rank? But me e'en shouldst thou smite,
"He'll not for that place in thy hands such right;
"For sons he hath, is firm, nor weak of will.
"Or that fair portion Trojans grant thee might,
"Vine-land and tilth to cultivate, if kill
"Thou dost but me? But hard, I trust, thou'llt find it still.

XXII.

"Thee erst, methinks, I've elsewhere made to fly.
"Hast thou forgot when thee by th' beeves alone
"Down Ida's mountains chac'd on swift-feet I
"With speed? Thou, flying, turn'dst not then, but on
"Fledst to Lyrnessus thence. I took the town,
"Zeus and Athenè aiding onset mine,
"Women I captive led, my booty won.
"But sav'd thee Zeus, and other powers divine,
"But will not now, although thou think it, I opine.

XXIII.

"I 'rede thee back to th' throng, nor me abide
"Ere mischief come. When done one kens, although
"A fool he be." Æneas thus replied: —
"Pelides, me with words think not t' o'ercrow
"Like infant thus. For I myself could so
"Reproaches speak, and words that cutting been.
"Each other's birth and parents we do know,
"For mortal men's fam'd words we've heard I ween.
"By sight not mine hast thou, nor thine have I e'er seen.
"They speak thee sprung from Peleus, faultless one,
"Thy mother fair tress'd Thetis of the sea.
"I boast me born high-soul'd Anchises' son,
"And Aphrodite mother is of me.
"One side this day a son will weeping be,
"For part and leave the fight by boy's words cow'd
"We'll not, methinks. But since our pedigree
"Thou'dst learn, that ken thou mayst what's known to th' crowd,
"First Dardanus beget did Zeus, that driveth cloud.

"He built Dardania; sacred Ilium yet
"I' th' plain not made of part-voice men a town.
"Their homes round much-rill'd Ida's foot still set.
"Of Dardanus king Ericthonius son,
"Who was of mortal men the wealthiest one.
"Whose steeds i' th' marsh three thousand grazèd fair,
"Female with tender foals all proud they run.
"Boreas did love them as they feeding were,
"And with them lay disguis'd, as horse with dark-hued hair.

"And these conceiving thence twelve foals did bear,
"Which, when on fruitful earth they sporting be,
"O'er ears of corn would run, nor break them e'er,
"And when they sport on ample backs of sea
"O'er broken billows' hoary foam would flee.
'Gat Ericthonius Tros, should Trojans lead,
"And sovrán Tros had sons reproachless three,
"Ilus, Assàracus, and Ganymede,
"Which last did match with gods, in beauty mortal men exceed.
"Snatch'd him the gods that Zeus pour wine he might
For 's beauty's sake, and 'mong immortals wone.
Ilus begat Laomedon, fam'd wight.
Beget Tithonus did Laomedon,
Priam, and Lampus, Clytius, and the one
Hight Hicetàon, Ares' branch. But he
Assàracus 'gat Capys, who for son
Anchises had, and 'gat Anchises me.
Priam 'gat Hector. Blood and lineage such I boast
to be.

Men's valour Zeus augments, and doth decrease
'E'en as he will. Of all is strongest he.
Let us this talking as of children cease,
Thus standing 'mid th' array'd hostility.
Ill words on each side many speak could we,
Nor ship of hundred oars the weight could bear.
Alert is mortals' tongue, words many be
All sorts therein. Words' field is broad. Whate'er
The word thou utterest, the like in turn thou 'lt hear.

What need we strife and wrangling? Squabbling so,
Like women, who with gnaw-soul strife irate
Mid-street abusing one another go,
Much true, much not, as anger doth dictate.
My valour not with words will thou abate
Ere we 've together fought. But come, draw near,
That one another's spears we taste." With that
He drave on dreadful shield his brazen spear.
The mighty shield about the spear-point rung out drear.
XXX.

Pelides held with stout hand out aghast
The shield from him, and thought without a-do
Would lofty-soul'd Æneas' spear have past,
Nor, simple man, in mind and spirit knew
That gods' resplendent gifts not eath subdue
Can mortal men; to them they 'll not give way.
Nor then war-skill'd Æneas' strong spear through
The shield did break. The gold, god's gift, did stay.
Two folds nathless it pierc'd, three yet behind there lay.

XXXI.

For five folds on it Curvèd-feet o'erlaid.
Two brazen, two of tin, that inside went,
And one of gold, on which the brass spear staid.
Achilles next the spear long shad'wing sent.
Æneas' all sides equal shield²⁰⁶ it hent,
A-top of rim, where thinnest brass doth run,
And leather on it thinnest. Through it went
The Pelion ash. Beneath it shield did sown.
Æneas bent aghast, shield from him held the stroke to shun.

XXXII.

The eager lance did o'er his back career,
And fix i' th' ground two circles bursting through
Of screen-man shield. He, shunning lengthy spear,
There stood, as in his eyes vast terror grew;
Fear-struck, the spear fix'd nigh. Achilles drew
His falchion keen, and rush'd all eager on
With fearful cry. Then in his hand, what two
Could carry not as men be now, a stone
Æneas took, and wield it could with ease alone.
XXXIII.

Him rushing had Æneas smote with stone
On helm or shield that fends destruction sad.
Him reft of life with sword had Peleus' son,
If not soon seen Shake-earth Poseidon had,
And word to th' gods immortal instant said: —
"Gods sad hath me high-soul'd Æneas made,
"Who 'll soon to Hades, by Pelides sped.
"Whom did far-dart Apollo 's words persuade,
"The fool, for him he 'll nought from dire destruction aid.

XXXIV.

"Why suffer woes now should this blameless one,
"Causeless for griefs we should on others lay?
"Good gifts aye gives he gods in sky that won.
"But come, we 'll snatch him now from death away
"Lest Kronides, if him Achilles slay,
"Be wroth. 'Tis fated he escape, that die
"Not seedless Dardan's race from light of day,
"Whom lov'd by far the most Kronion high
"Of all the children borne him mortal women by."

XXXV.

"For now Kronion Priam's race doth hate.
"Now shall Æneas' strength 122 o'er Trojans reign
"And children's children born hereafter late."
Here large-ey'd august him answer'd then: —
"Shake-Earth, be with thy soul then counsel ta'en
"To save Æneas, or to leave him die,
"Though good, by Peleus' son Achilles slain.
"For we two many oaths have sworn on high,
"Mong all the gods, Pallas Athenè, eke and I,
XXXVI.

"From Trojans ne'er their evil day to turn,
"Not when all Troy with fierce fire burnt appears
"A-blaze, when it th' Achæans' brave sons burn."

This soon as Shake-the-Earth Poseidon hears,
Through fight he goes, and through the throng of spears
To where Æneas and Achilles be,
And straight with darkness he the eyes enspheres
Of Peleus' son Achilles. Eke did he
Brass spear from lofty soul'd Æneas' buckler free,

XXXVII.

And plac'd it then Achilles' feet before,
But drave Æneas up from earth on high.
O'er many heroes' ranks, steeds many o'er,
Did by the godhead's hands Æneas fly,
And reach'd impetuous fight's extremity,
Where Caucons them to battle harness'd.
To him Shake-Earth Poseidon came a-nigh
And him addressing wing'd words he said:—
"Æneas, thee fool-hardy thus, what god e'er bade

XXXVIII.

"To war and fight against Achilles, who
"Thy stronger is, to gods a dearer wight?
"But thou retreat whene'er thou meet'st him do,
"Else thou 'lt to Hades' house in fate's despite;
"But when Achilles meets his doom, then fight
"In foremost ranks do thou, in fearless wise,
"For thee despoil none other Aehive might."

This said he left him there when ceas'd t' advise,
Then straight dispers'd strange darkness from Achilles' eyes.
Out from his eyes look largely then did he,
And groaning to his soul stout-hearted say: —
"Ye gods! what wonder 's this with eyes I see?
This spear lies on the ground, but I no way
See him I sent it at, and wish'd to slay.
Æneas dear t' immortal gods must be,
Though I his speech to empty boast did lay.
But let him go: to try again at me
He 'll have no mind, who now from death doth joyful flee.

"But come, war-fond Danaians urging on
Forth will I go, and other Trojans try."
He said, and sprang to th' ranks, and bade each one: —
No more from Trojans keep, Achæans high!
But man to man go battle eagerly.
Since hard it is for me, albeit stout,
That chace so many, fight them all should I.
Not Ares, who 's a god, n' Athenè mote
Go through such jaws of fight, and fairly work it out."

"But what I can with hands, and feet, and might
Not slack at all, methinks one jot shall I,
But through their ranks I 'll go, nor will delight,
Methinks, what Trojan comes my spear a-nigh."
So stirr'd he them. While did to Trojans cry
Bright Hector 'gainst Achilles urging he: —
Brave Trojans fear not Peleus' son, for I
With words could fight th' immortals, though 't would be
Full hard with spear, since they much stronger are than we.
XLII.

"Achilles all his words not carries out
"This does, that cuts midway. I'll meet him, though
"Like fire his hands, his hands like fire, red hot
"As iron be his soul." He urg'd them so.
Spears Trojans lift, join battle with the foe,
And tumult rose. Phœbus Apollo near
To Hector stood and spake: — "Ne'er battle mo
"'Fore field Achilles but with throng y-fere
"Receive him, lest with sword he smite thee, or with spear."

XLIII.

He said. In men's throng Hector plung'd and dradde
Did god's voice speaking heard. Achilles on
The Trojans ran with soul in valour clad,
And shouted dire. First slew Iphition
Renown'd, that much folk led, Otrynteus' son,
Whom Naïad-nympth t' Otrynteus sack-town bare
'Neath snowy Tmolus Hyda's wealthy town.
Him as he rush'd divine Achilles there
With spear smote middle-skull, which clave in two halves fair.

XLIV.

With crash he fell. Divine Achilles vaunts: —
"Lie there, Otrynteus' son, of men most dread,
"Die here, although thy race the lake Gygæus haunts,
"Where father's lot by fishy Hyllus' bed
"And whirling Hermus." Vaunting thus he said.
Night veil'd the other's eyes. Th' Achaæans' steeds
I' th' front rank him with wheels to pieces tread.
Next on fence-fight Deucalion he proceeds,
Antenor's son. On temple smote. Through brass-cheek'd
helm it yedes.
XLV.

Not brazen helm withstood, but did there through
The eager spear-point break the bone, and brain
All mar within, and eager him subdue.
With spear Hippodamas in mid-back ta'en,
Who leaving car fled 'fore him, smote he then,
Who soul breath'd out, and roar'd as bellow might
Bull dragg'd round th' Heliconian king amain
By youths, in whom doth Shake-the-Earth delight.
So him there roaring left his bones his manly sprite.

XLVI.

'Gainst godlike Polydorus, Priam's son,
He went with spear. Him sire forbade to fight,
Because of all he was his youngest one
And dearest, all surpass'd with feet so light.
In 's folly then foot-virtue show'd to sight,
And front ranks cours'd till lost his spirit dear;
For him swift-foot Achilles, godlike wight,
As on he rush'd, mid-back y-smote with spear
Where belt-rings golden join with cuirass folding here.

XLVII.

Out opposite came spear-point, navel through,
T' his knees he slid and shriek'd. Dark clouds his eyes.
He bends and draws his entrails him unto.
When Hector there his brother Polydorus spies,
Who on the ground his entrails holding lies,
Dark cloud his eyen bedims. He can ne mo
Keep off, but straight against Achilles flies
Like fire, with brandish'd spear. Achilles though
When saw sprang up for joy, and spake exulting so:
XLVIII.

"Near is the man who's most my soul y-stong,
"Who's slain my valued friend. Each other shun
"Through bridges of the war we shall not long."
And eyeing Hector fierce he said: — "Come on,
"So quicker meet thy doom." But frightened none
The wave-helm Hector bold address'd him so: —
"With words me like an infant, Peleus' son,
"Think not to scare. For I myself do know
"To utter galling speech, and sharp reproaches throw.

XLIX.

"I know thou 'rt strong, superior far to me,
"But this upon the knees of gods doth lie
"If, though thy worser, I thy soul from thee
"Spear-hurling take; for point to spear have I."
He said and hurl'd the spear. Athene by
A breath it from Achilles turn'd away,
Soft breathing; back to Hector made it fly,
And there before his feet the weapon lay.
Achilles eager rush'd with fearful shout intent to slay.

L.

But him Apollo snatch'd with ease thereout
As god, and him in mickle darkness dight.
Thrice did Achilles godlike, swift of foot,
With brass spear rush, and thrice deep darkness smite.
A fourth time rushing like a god in might,
Dire threat'ning, he then wing'd words did say: —
"Thou'st death now 'scapèd, dog. For near thee pight
"Was ill. Phœbus Apollo thee away
"Hath snatch'd, to whom thou must, ere spears en-
count'ring, pray.
LI.

"But thee I'll surely finish by and by,
"Pursuing after, if will unto me
"One of the gods be also an ally.
"Now Trojans else I'll chace, whoe'er it be
"I catch." This said smote Dryops mid-neck he With spear, who fell at 's feet. Him there he left, And lam'd with spear Demuchus in the knee, Philetor's brave huge son, and then he cleft h mighty falchion him, and so of life bereft.

LII.

Laògonus and Dardan, Bias' sons, He rushing smote from steeds to ground both these; One smote with spear, one close with sword he wounds. But met him Tros Alastor's son, and knees Embrac'd to pity him, and living please Dismiss, not slay, but of like age have ruth. The fool, nor knew he'd not persuade with ease. In no sweet mood the man, nor soft-soul'd sooth, But fierce exceedingly. So clasp'd his knees the youth,

LIII.

T' implore him fain. But he with sword did smite His liver, which outslid, and bosom dear With black blood fill'd. His eyes were veil'd in night, Of life bereft. Next Mulius standing near He smote i' th' ear with lance. Through th' other ear The brass point came. Then in Agenor's son, Echeclus, thrust he large-hilt falchion sheer, Through midst of skull. Sword blood-warm grew and on His eyes red death and fate o'erpow'ring seiz'd anon.
LIV.
Deucalion then, where tendons do unite
Of elbow, there through arm brass spear right out
Transfix'd. Arm-hamper'd he with death in sight
Awaited him, who there his neck y-smote,
And helm with head far flung. From spine-joints spout
The marrow did. And stretch'd on earth he lay.
But he went on 'gainst Peireus' offspring stout,
Rigmus, who 'd come from gleby Thrace away.
In midriff him he smote, in belly spear did stay.

LV.
From car he fell: Then smite his charioteer,
Hight Areithoiis, as steeds away
He turn'd, Achilles did, mid-back, with spear,
And push from car. The steeds were in effray.
As drives through vallies deep strange fire its way
From mountain parch'd, and burns t' its depths the
wood,
While all sides driving wind the flames doth sway,
So all about he raged like a god
With spear to chase and slay, and dusky earth ran blood.

LVI.
As when a man doth broad-brow'd oxen yoke
That they on level floor white barley tread,
Which soon 'neath lowing oxen's feet is broke,
So 'neath Achilles th' whole-hoof'd steeds the dead
And bucklers trode. With blood was axle red
Beneath, and eke the rims round chariot twain
With gouts of blood from steeds' hoofs spatterèd,
And tires of wheels. But grasp his glory fain
Pelides still with gore did hands resistless stain.
When ford of fair-flow river's whirling stream
Of Xanthus reach'd, from Zeus immortal sprong,
There severing drove he plainward part of them
To th' town, where scar'd th' Achæans fled along
The former day when rag'd bright Hector strong.
There pour'd they flying. Here're them before
For hindrance darkness spread. And half the throng
To deep-flow river silver-eddied bore.
There plung'd with din, deep waters sound, and echoing banks do roar.

With shrieks they swam about in eddies turning.
As locusts forc'd by fire uprise in flight
To th' river, when unresting fire is burning
With sudden drift, and plunge i' th' flood for fright.
So deep-whirl Xanthus' roaring stream did quite
With men and steeds, that fled Achilles, fill.
But left on bank his spear the Zeus-sprung wight
'Gainst tam'risk propp'd, and like a god intill
The flood he leap'd with sword alone, and purpos'd doings ill.
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III.
He smote on every side; dire groanings be
Of sword-smit folk. With blood grew water red.
And as from dolphin huge the fishes flee,
And crowd safe harbour’s nooks, since him they dread,
Who ’ll eat whate’er he catch, so Trojans fled,
And crouch’d ’neath banks dread river’s streams adown.
But he, when hands with slaught’ring wearied,
From river chose twelve youths alive t’ atone,
For wight Patroclus dear, Menætius’ slaughter’d son.

IV.
These out he drew, like fawns all stupefied,
And then with well-cut thongs, which wear did they
On twisted coats, their hands behind them tied,
And gave t’ his mates to th’ hollow ships away
To take. Then back he rush’d, intent to slay.
There Dardan Priam’s son he met, who flee
From river did, Lycaon. Former day
Him ta’en from father’s land perforce had he
By night attack, who was with brass from wild fig-tree

V.
Lopping young boughs, to serve for chariot-rim.
On whom Achilles came, a woe unthought,
And then in well-built Lemnos sold he him,
Ta’en in the ships. Whom son of Jason bought.
A guest-friend, paying th’ high sum ransom raught,
Imbric Eëtion, loos’d him thence and sends
T’ Arisba the divine. Escap’d, he sought
His father’s house. Eleven days he spends,
From Lemnos so return’d, rejoicing with his friends.
VI.

Him on the twelfth, the god did cast again
Into Achilles' hands, that him should down
To Hades send, though go he would not fain.
When him divine Achilles, swift-foot one,
Saw, void of helm and shield, that spear had none,
(On ground he'd flung them all, for toil and sweat
Of 'scaping river had his knees fordone)
To his high soul the hero spoke irate:—
"Ye gods! what wonder 's this before mine eyes is set ?

VII.

"The high-soul'd Trojans sure, whom I did slay,
"Will up from murky darkness rise again
"As this has come, who 'd fled his evil day
"At sacred Lemnos sold. Not him detain
"Could hoar salt sea, which many 'gainst the grain
"Doth keep. But taste our spear-point sooth shall he,
"That I may so perceive in mind, and ken
"If thence he 'll come again, in like sort free,
"Or 'll keep him give-life earth as strong man keepeth she."

VIII.

He pond'ring stood. Astound drew th' other near
To touch his knees, and fain would ill death shun
And dusky fate. Achilles lifts long spear,
Intent to smite. But he doth crouch, and run,
And take his knees. O'er 's back the spear y-gone
Fix'd in the ground, of man's flesh craving fill.
With one hand suppliant he his knees, with one
He grasps the pointed spear, nor leave it will
But wingèd words address'd him there beseeching still:—
IX.
"Thy knees I clasp, Achilles, me regard
"And pity, suppliant thine, Zeus-sprung, to be
"Regarded. First I tasted at thy board
"Demèter's fruit the day thou captur'dst me
"In well-till'd field. From sire and friends with thee
"To sacred Lemnos ta'en, didst sell me so
"For hundred beeves. At thrice I 'd ransom me.
"This day's my twelfth in Ilium, much my woe,
"And in thy hands again doth me my hard fate throw.

X.
"Zeus hates me sure, again t' have given thee me.
"My mother bare me short while here to stay,
"Daughter of Altes old, Laòthôè;
"Altes, who war-fond Lèleges doth sway
"In Pèdasus, where Sàtnio winds its way.
"His daughter Priam had; with many more.
"And two of us she bare, and both thou 'lt slay.
"One 'mong the foremost foot thou quell'dst before,
"When didst with sharp spear smite the godlike Polydore.

XI.
"And now will unto me be evil here
"Assuredly, for I thy hands to shun
"Expect not now the god hath brought me near.
"But this I say. Think on 't, and slay me none,
"I 'm not of womb that Hector is, the one
"Who slew thy friend, the valiant and the meek."
'T was thus address'd him Priam's radiant son,
With words implor'd, but heard harsh voice: — "Not seek
"Thou fool! to shew me this; of ransom do not speak.
"For ere indeed Patroclus followed
"His fatal day, 't was pleasanter to me
"Trojans somewhat to spare. I've captured
"Many alive and sold. But death now flee
"Shall none, whom in my hands the deity
"'Fore Ilium casts of all the Trojans more,
"And chiefly who of Priam's children be.
"So diè too thou, my friend, why vain deplore?
"Died e'en Patroclus, who was thee so far before.

"And seest not me, who comely am and great,
"Of worthy sire, bare goddess-mother me?
"Yet e'en on me will death and mast'ring fate
"At morning, or at dusk or mid-day be,
"When slays me one in battle; smiteth he
"With spear or arrow from the string." He said.
The other sank unstrung both heart and knee,
Let go the spear, and sat with both hands spread.
And then Achilles drawing keen-edg'd falchion did

By neck smite clavicle. The two-edg'd blade
All enter'd. Prone on earth he fell stretch'd out,
And black blood flow'd, and ground all wet it made.
Achilles him i' th' river flung, by th' foot
To float, and eke with wing'd words did flout:—
"There lie 'mong fish, who 'll fearless lick for thee
"Thy blood from wound. Nor mother lay thee mote
"On bed and mourn. Thou 'lt by Scamander be,
"The whirling river, roll'd to bosom broad of sea.
"Leaping through swell will fish dark ripple shun And eat Lycaon's fat. Consume ye so, Till Ilium blest I take. Ye 'fore me run, I slay behind. Not river's eddied flow Shall serve, to whom store bulls ye slay, and throw In 's eddies whole-hoof'd steeds alive. So may Ye die ill death, till pay it all of you Patroclus' death, and Achives' loss, whom slay Ye did by th' hollow ships, the while I was away."

He said. The river wroth at heart did weigh How he should stop Achilles' work, and keep The Trojans from their bane. Meanwhile to slay All eager did Pelides with the sweep Of long spear on Asteropæus leap, Pelegon's offspring, broad-flow Axius' son And Peribœa's. Th' eddying river deep Did lie with her, the daughter, th' eldest one, Of Acessamenus. On him did then Achilles run.

From river 'gainst him foe with two spears stood, Whom Xanthus heart'ned, wroth for warriors slain Achilles slew in 's stream nor pity would. When on each other rushing near'd the twain First spake divine swift-foot Achilles then: — "What man and whence art thou durst me abye? "For hapless they whose sons my force sustain." To him did Pelegon's bright son reply: — "Of race then wherefore ask, great-soul'd Achilles high?
"Pæonia's far-off fertile land I'm from,
And long-spear Pæon warriors lead. 'T is now
Th' eleventh morn since I've to Ilium come;
My race from Axius that doth broadly flow,
Axius that fairest water doth out-throw
On earth. Who 'gat the spear-fam'd Pelegon;
He me, they say. Now let's to battle go,
Achilles bright." He threat'ning spake. Whereon
Achilles rais'd the Pelian ash. Two spears at Peleus' son-

Asteropæus' hero sent, for he
Was ambidexter. And with one spear smote
The shield but pierc'd not. Gift of deity,
The gold, held good. Where right arm elbow'd out
Graz'd th' other dart, and forth did black blood spout.
Dart fix'd in earth, and crav'd of flesh its fill.
Achilles straight-fly spear at second bout
Sent at Asteropæus bent to kill,
But miss'd of him, and lofty bank it smote intill.

I' th' bank Pelides sent th' ash spear mid-way,
And on him sprung with sword from thigh drawn out.
He did in vain Achilles' spear essay
From bank to pluck, with stalwart hand and stout;
Thrice tried to pull by shaking it about,
Thrice fail'd his strength. A fourth time he did try
If ash spear of Æacides he mote
By bending break. But him Achilles nigh
First reft of life, his belly smote the navel by.
XXI.

On ground gush'd entrails out. Dark veil'd his eyes. Achilles as he panteth sprang on 's breast, And arms despoils, and vaunting thus he cries: —
"So lie. With strong Kronion's sons contest"
"Was hard for thee, though River-sprung. Thou sayst"
"From broad-flow River is thy race. But mine"
"To be from mighty Zeus I do protest."
"'Gat me a man o'er Myrmidons doth reign,"
"Peleus Æacides. But Æacus from Zeus divine:"

XXII.

"As Zeus than sea-flow River 's stronger, so"
"Zeus' race than rivers'. Thee is mighty River nigh,"
"If aid he can. Fight Zeus Kronion though"
"He'll not. With him not Achelous high,"
"Nor deep flow Ocean's mighty strength will vie,"
"From whom all rivers are, and sea entire,"
"And fountains all, and deepest wells' supply."
"E'en he doth fear the bolt of Zeus the Sire,"
"And thunder dread, when out of heaven it crashes dire."

XXIII.

He said, and pluck'd the brazen spear from bank, And left him there, when he his life had ta'en, That lay i' th' sands in darkling water dank. About him eels and fishes busy been, And eat the fat, and gnaw the kidneys clean. He went 'gainst Pæon horsemen-warriors on, Who fled to eddying river when they 'd seen In battle violent their bravest one By force with falchion quell'd 'neath hands of Peleus' son.
XXIV.
Thersilochus and Mydon slew he then,
Astypylus and Mnesus, Thrasius eke,
Oeneus and Ophelestones. Pæons slain
Had swift Achilles more, but wroth out-brake
Deep-eddying River, guis'd as man, and spake
From 's depths: — "Achilles, strongest art of men, the worst
"For impious deeds, and gods thy side aye take.
"If Trojans all Zeus grant thee slay, yet first
"Drive them from me to th' plain, then do thy deeds accurst.

XXV.
"My pleasant streams do with the corses fill,
"Nor can I pour my flood to sacred sea,
"Chok'd up with dead, but thou destroyest still.
"Come cease. For seiz'd hath awe, folk-prince, on me."
Swift-foot Achilles answ'ring spake: — "'Twill be
"As bidst, Zeus-nurs'd Scamander, by and bye,
"But I 'll haught Trojans cease not slay till we
"Do shut them in the town, and I do try
"With Hector face to face, if me he quell or him shall I."

XXVI.
He said, and Trojans chacèd like a god. Address'd
Apollo then the eddying River deep: —
"Ah, Silver-Bow, Zeus' child, Kronion's hest
"How 'st kept, that bade thee Trojans aid and keep
"Till sun-down come, and shade o'er rich earth creep?"
He said. From bank Achilles plunging threw
Himself i' th' midst. Wroth River swell'd a-heap,
Did stir up all his waves, and dead out-spew
A many, he 'd enow of which Achilles slew.
XXVII.

These on the strand he cast, and bellow'd loud
As any bull, but did the living save,
And in his deep and mighty eddies shroud.
Dire 'gainst Achilles stood the swell'd-up wave,
Full on his shield the burly current gave.
Keep firm on feet he could not it before.
To huge and well-grown elm with hands he clave,
Which fell by th' roots, and bank all with it tore,
Fair stream with full boughs check'd, all falling in, and
bridg'd it o'er.

XXVIII.

From deep he sprang, on swift feet rush'd to flee
By th' plain aghast. Nor ceas'd the god, but rose
Dark cresting, that divine Achilles he
From work might stop, and Trojans screen from woe.
A spear-throw's length Pelides leaping shows
Black eagle's force, that hunter, and most strong,
And swift of birds. So he; and as he goes
The brass about his bosom dread y-rong.
Oblique he fled, the flood behind him roaring sweeps along.

XXIX.

As cutting trench from some black-water spring,
A man doth through his plants and gardens lead
A stream of water, spade in hand, and fling
The rubbish out from trench; as stream doth yede
All pebbles roll beneath, but on with speed
It murm'ring flows adown the slope so well,
It doth o'ertake the man, and him precede.
So still o'ertook Achilles River's swell,
Albeit speedful he, for gods so mickle men excel.
XXX.

Oft as Achilles stand and face it would,
To know if all th' immortals of the sky
Did will his flight, the Zeus-sprung River's flood
Wash'd o'er his shoulders. He with feet sprang high,
Perturb'd. Tiring his knees doth river ply
Swift-running 'neath, sweeps dust from 's feet away.
Pelides cried and gaz'd t'wards ample sky:—
"Sire Zeus, will wretched me no god this day
From river save, hereafter hap to me what may?"

XXXI.

"None so to blame of habitants of sky
"As mother dear, who sooth'd with lies, and said
"I should 'neath wall of armèd Trojans die,
"By rapid arrows of Apollo sped.
"Would Hector 'd slain me, bravest here that's bred,
"He'd valiant slain, despoil'd me 'd valiant one.
"Now die a woful death I'm destinèd,
"By river huge enclos'd, as swine-herd²¹⁴ drown
"In crossing torrent might, when wintry floods come down."

XXXII.

He said. Poseidon and Athenè near
Him stood anon, to men y-likèned.
With hand each hand they take, with words they cheer,
And speech to them Shake-Earth Poseidon led:—
"Pelides, fear not much, do nothing dread,
"'Mong gods such helpers, Zeus approving, we,
"I and Pallas Athenè to thy aid.
"Be quell'd by River is not fated thee,
"But he'll desist anon, as thou thyself shalt see."
XXXIII.

"But we would, if thou 'lt hear, good rede propose:
"Slack not thy hands from war, of both sides bane,
"Ere dost in Ilium's famous walls enclose
"The Trojan folk who 'scape. But, Hector slain,
"To th' ships return. We grant thee glory gain."

So saying these do 'mong th' immortals go:
But he, by th' gods' hest stirr'd, did wend to th' plain,
Which flood outpouring all did overflow;
Slain youths' fair arms and corsets float a many to and fro.

XXXIV.

Up sprang his knees 'gainst current rushing straight,
Nor stopp'd him River broad, such vigour gave
Athenè him. Nor did Scamander bate
Of strength, but wroth 'gainst Peleus' son high wave
Upcrest, and shout, Simöis' help to crave:
"Let's both, dear Brother, this man's force restrain;
"King Priam's town he '11 soon o'erthrow, nor brave
"In fight will Trojans him. Come, help amain,
"And streams and torrents flood with all thy springs contain.

XXXV.

"Uplift thy mighty flood, stir tumult high
"Of logs and stones, that this fierce man we stay
"Who now prevails, who e'en with gods would vie.
"His strength shall not avail, nor form, I say,
"Nor comely arms, which we in slime will lay
"In vortex deep conceal'd. We '11 roll him so
"In sand, much gravel pouring round, that they
"Th' Achaæans to collect his bones not know,
"So deep he will be hid 'neath heap we '11 o'er him throw.
XXXVI.

"There'll be his tomb, no need of mound to pour
"When th' Achives bury him." He soon as said
Wroth 'gainst Achilles rose, and swell and roar
In fury did, with foam, and blood, and dead.
The Zeus-sprung river's purple swell o'er's head
Up-stood erect, and seiz'd on Peleus' son.
Herè exclaim'd, and for Achilles dread
She did huge whirling river'd sweep him down.
So to Hephaistos son belov'd she spake anon: —

XXXVII.

"Arise, my son, to battle, thou the Lame,
"For thee will whirling Xanthus meet in fight,
"Methinks. But help thou quick, show mickle flame.
"Of Zephyrus and South that waves doth white,
"I'll go a tempest dire from sea excite,
"Shall Trojans' heads, and armour, burn withal
"With burning shrewd. By Xanthus' bank y-pight
"Burn up the trees, on him make fire to fall,
"Nor yet with honied words, nor threats be mov'd at all.

XXXVIII.

"Nor cease thy strength till shouting I give sign,
"Then indefatigable fire restrain."
She said. Hephaistos darted fire divine.
And first the fire y-kindled in the plain,
And burnt the dead, of which it did contain
A many that Achilles slaughter'd had.
The plain all dried, fair water check'd, as when
In autumn season Boreas blowing sad
Quick dries fresh-water'd garden, making gard'ner glad.
XXXIX.

So plain all dried, and burnt the corses were,
But he bright flame on river turning threw.
Burnt elms and willows eke, and tam’risks there,
Burnt lotos, rushes, and cyperus too,
Which round fair River’s streams abundant grew.
The eels and fish in th’ eddies were opprest,
That hither thither plung’d fair streams a-through
By wise Hephaistos’ blast full sore distrest.
Burnt River’s strength, spake word, and him by name address’d:

XL.

"Hephaistos, thee no god can match. Not I
"Will battle thee with flaming fire of thine.
"Cease strife. Drive Trojans let Achilles high
"Fro’ th’ town. For strive and help what business mine?"

Burning he spake, while boil’d his streams divine.
As cauldron heats within ’neath mickle sway
Of fire, while melteth fat of fatted swine
All bubbling up, as dry logs round they lay.
So heat fair River’s streams and water boils away.

XLII.

Flow on he ’d not, but check’d his course opprest
With wise Hephaistos’ blast. Then much implore
Herè he did, and wingèd words addrest:
"Why, Herè, does thy son afflict so sore
"My stream of all? Than I be others more
"To blame of all who succour Trojans may.
"But if thou so command I’ll sure give o’er,
"But he too cease. I’ll further swear it, yea,
"From Trojans ne’er will I avert their evil day.

ll 2
XLII.

"Not when all Troy's with fierce fire waste, when they
  "Th' Achæans' warlike sons shall burn it down."
This heard, did Herè, white-arm'd goddess, say
T' Hephaistos son belov'd: — "Hephaistos, son
  "Renown'd, desist; fits not for mortal one
  "Immortal god thou vex." She said. Strange fire
Hephaistos quench'd. The river back did run
In 's channel fair. So, Xanthus quell'd, retire
From contest they; whom Herè stay'd despite her ire.

XLIII.

On th' other gods fell heavy strife, and sore;
Their souls breath'd discord, and with tumult drear
To it they fell. And broad-stretch'd earth did roar,
And huge sky trumpeted, and Zeus gave ear,
That on Olympus sat. In 's spirit dear
He laugh'd for joy to see the gods contest.
Apart they stood no more. But with his spear
Of brass shield-piercing Ares forward press'd
Against Athenè, and with chiding speech address'd: —

XLIV.

"Why, dog-fly, dost thou set the gods to strive,
  "Thou over-bold? Thy proud soul thee hath sent.
  "Forget'st how Diomed Tydides drive
  "Thou didst to wound me? Plain to see a javelin hent
  "Thyself sent'st at me, comely flesh it rent.
  "So now I think to pay thee what thou 'st wrought."
He said, and smote fring'd ægis eminent
And dire, not bolt of Zeus subdue it mote.
On this the blood-stain'd Ares her with long spear smote.
XLV.
She, stepping back, with stout hand seiz'd a stone
That black, and rough, and huge, lay on the plain,
By men of yore a land-mark set, which thrown
Smote Ares' neck, limbs loosing. Acres se'en
In 's fall he cover'd, hair with dust did stain.
His arms resound. Pallas Athenè there
Laugh'd out, and wing'd words spake in boasting vein:
"Not yet how much thy stronger, fool, aware
I boast to be, that thou to cope with me shouldst dare ?

XLVI.
"Th' Erinnyes of thy mother so 'll be paid,
"Who anger'd means thee ill, since thou forsake
"Th' Achæans wouldst, and break-truce Trojans aid."
She turn'd her lustrous eyes, as thus she spake.
Zeus' daughter Aphrodītē him, that brake
In frequent groans, there led by th' hand y-ta'ën,
Who scarce his scatter'd senses could retake.
Her soon as goddess white-arm'd Herè 'd seen
Quick to Athenè spake these wingèd words the queen:

XLVII.
"Ye gods! of ægis-holding Zeus thou child
"Indomitable, her the dog-fly view
"Again lead forth the man-bane Ares wild
"From raging war through throng. But thou pursue."
She said. Athenè, joying so to do,
Gave chace and rush'd. With stout hand smote her breast,
Her knees were loos'd, and eke her dear heart too.
So both there prostrate earth all-feeding press'd.
She gloried o'er them, and in wingèd words address'd:
XLVIII.

"Would all were such who with the Trojans hold
"And do against the armèd Argives fight;
"Were e'en as Aphrodite patient, bold,
"Who came in Ares' aid t' oppose my might,
"We long ago from war had ceased quite,
"And down had Ilium's well-built city kest."

She spake. Smil'd Herè, white-arm'd goddess bright.
King Shake-the-Earth Apollo thus address'd: —
"Phæbus, apart why stand we? Fits not now 've begun
the rest.

XLIX.

"'T were sooth a shame withouten combat we
"T' Olympus Zeus' brass-pavèd house should go.
"Begin! for younger thou, and 't were in me
"Not meet, who first was born, and more do know.
"Thou fool! Hast thou a senseless heart that so
"Forget'st what bear for Ilium did we two
"Alone of gods, when we from Zeus did go,
"And serve Laomedon the whole year through
"For hire agreed, who show'd and told us what to do?

L.

"For Trojans town and wall I built indeed,
"Beauteous and broad, that town none break through
mote.
"Thou, Phæbus, trail-foot crook-horn kine didst feed
"The much-glen woody Ida's heights about.
"But term of hire when pleasant Hours had brought
"All payment fierce Laomedon denied
"To us, and, threat'ning there, dismiss'd with nought.
"And thee to sell he threaten'd did beside
"In distant isles, thy hands and feet upon thee tied.
LI.

"And crop the ears of both he would, he said.
"We back with anger'd souls ourselves betake,
"Wroth for the hire he promising not paid.
"Yet thou his folk dost grace, nor trial make
"With us how Trojans, that their covenant break,
"May with their babes and chaste wives perish quite."
To him the King far-dart Apollo spake: —
"O, Shake-Earth, thou 'dst not say I was a wight
"O'er wise were I with thee for mortals' sake to fight.

LII.

"Poor miserable things, that for their hour,
"Like to the leaves, all full of life and gay,
"Do flourish, and the fruit of earth devour,
"Then lifeless perish. But without delay
"Let's fight surcease, while fight it out do they."
This said, he turn'd him back. For shame forbade
Meet father's brother hand to hand i' th' fray.
Him chode his sister sore, the wild beasts' dread,
The woodland Artemis, and word opprobrious said: —

LIII.

"Dost flee, Far-darter? And Poseidon so
"All vict'ry leave, thee light triumphant o'er?
"Thou fool, why dost thou bear in vain thy bow?
"In father's halls let me not hear thee more
"Boast 'mong th' immortal gods as heretofore,
"That 'gainst Poseidon battling thou 'dst abide."
She said. Nor spake Far-dart Apollo more.
But anger'd much did Zeus' majestic bride
With words opprobrious there the Arrow-loving chide: —
"How'dst thou now, shameless, like to stand 'gainst me?
I'm hard t' oppose, though bowyer thou. Y-pight
Hath Zeus a lion unto women\textsuperscript{216} thee
To slay at will. I' th' mountain better smite
Wild beasts and deer, than with thy stronger fight;
But if thou 'dst battle try, that thou may'st know
How stronger I when thou 'dst oppose my might."
This said, both hands at wrist with left hand so
She grasp'd, and with her right from shoulders pluck'd the bow.

**LV.**

Wherewith she smiling smote her on the ears,
Who writh'd and turn'd; out fell the arrows fleet.
The goddess weeping fled, as dove that fears
A hawk doth fly to hollow rock's retreat,
Whose fate it is not to be ta'en that heat.
So weeping fled she, bow too leaving there.
Thus herald Argicide did Leto greet: —
"Leto, I will not fight thee. Hard it were\textsuperscript{217}
Contend with Zeus the cloud-compeller's consorts fair.

**LVI.**

"So freely boast 'mong gods immortal me
T' have quell'd by force and might." 'T was thus he said,
And Leto bow and shafts collects that be
I' th' dusty whirlwind all sides scatterèd.
And ta'en th' artillery back t' her daughter sped.
Olympus reach'd Zeus' brass-pav'd house secure,
At sire's knees sit and weep the virgin did.
The veil about her shook. Then to him drew her
Sire Kronides, and sweetly laughing spake unto her.
LVII.

"Who's thee, dear child, of habitants of sky
"So serv'd as if thou'dst open evil done?"
Spake well-crown'd she, that stirs the hunters' cry:—
"Thy spouse did hurt me, Sire, that white-arm'd one,
"Here, from whom th' immortals' strife begun." 218
To one another thus they talk'd withal.
Phebus Apollo Ilium's sacred town
Enter'd, who fear'd for well-built city's wall,
Lest maugre fate that day it by Danaians fall.

LVIII.

But they the ever-living gods beside
Do back t' Olynpus wend. Some in their ire
And others much exulting in their pride,
And sat them by their cloud-compelling Sire. 219
Trojans and whole-hoof'd steeds Achilles dire
Y-smote. As when the smoke to broad sky goes
Of burning town where gods' wrath sendeth fire,
So did Achilles cause the Trojans toil and woes.

LIX.

Stood aged Priam on the sacred tower,
And saw Achilles huge, and 'fore him fly
The routed Trojans fugitive. Nor power
Was any there. The Sire then with a cry
Did to the ground from tower descending hie
And charg'd far-fam'd gate-keepers wall a-near:—
"Stretch'd wide hold gates in hand till town thereby
"Folk flying enter. This Achilles here
"Is nigh that routeth them. There'll be dread things I fear.
LX.

"And when within the wall they breathe shut in,
"Then close the well-fit folds, for I'm afraid
"This dreadful man the very wall will win."
He said. They op'd the gates, and bars undid.
A refuge gave the gates wide open laid.
Forth sprang Apollo, Trojans from their bane
To keep. For town and high wall straight they made,
All parch'd with thirst and dusted from the plain,
The fugitives, while he with spear pursued amain.

LXI.

Huge rage aye held his heart, who 'd win renown.
Ta'en high-gate Troy had Achives' sons ere long,
Had not Apollo stirr'd Antenor's son,
Divine Agenor, faultless man and strong,
And in his heart a daring boldness flong,
And by him stood from death's rough hand to fend.
'Gainst beech he leant, much cloud about him hong.
Agenor, seeing sack-town Achilles wend
That way, did stand, and waiting much in heart perpend.

LXII.

T' his stout heart groaning spake he: — "Should I flee
"Fore strong Achilles, whither frightened fly
"The rest, he'd catch and slay unwarlike me.
"And if now, leaving these be routed by
"Achilles, Peleus' son, on feet I ply
"Elsewhere from wall away to th' Ilian plain,
"Reach Ida's heights, and thickets enter I
"And wash at evening might in river fain,
"And so refresh'd from sweat, to Ilium wend again.
LXIII.
"But wherefore doth my soul such reas'ning make?
"He 'd see me plainwards turning from the town,
"And chacing me with swift feet overtake.
"Then death and fate I could no longer shun,
"For he of men 's by far the strongest one.
"But if before the town I 'gainst him came,
"I might the first in 's flesh the sharp brass run.
"One soul he hath, men mortal him proclaim:
"But son of Kronos Zeus companions him with fame."

LXIV.
This said, he turn'd and fac'd Achilles, so
His stout heart long'd for fight. With such career
From deep glen panther doth at hunter go,
Nor shrinks, nor quails, though barking loud he hear;
And though they 'forhand smite him far or near,
Not stints of vigour till he fight or die,
Albeit that he be transfix'd with spear.
So bright Antenor's son, Agenor high,
Then would not flee until he did Achilles try.

LXV.
With all-sides-equal shield before him pight,
He aim'd at him with spear, and shouted so:—
"Thou sure didst hope in mind, Achilles bright,
"This day the haughty Trojans' town t' o'erthrow.
"Fool! 'bout it will be wrought yet mickle woe,
"For many valiant men therein are we.
"For parents dear, and wives, and sons, I trow,
"We 'l l Ilium 'fend. But here thy fate on thee
"Will come, terrific though, and warrior bold thou be."
LXVI.
He spake, and hurl'd with stout hand jav'lin keen,
Nor miss'd, but leg beneath the knee he hit.
About it greave of tin, new wroughten sheen,
Resounded dire. Back sprang from brass so smit
The dart, nor pierc'd, the god's gifts hind'ring it.
Pelides charg'd Agenor, godlike wight,
But glory win Apollo 'd not permit,
But snatch'd him out, in mickle darkness dight,
And sent him forth in peace to go away from fight.

LXVII.
But Peleus' son by guile from folk he drew,
For 'fore him Far-Dart like Agenor stood,
And he did haste with feet and him pursue.
And while through wheat-sown plain he chace him would,
And turn'd towards Scamander's deep-whirl flood,
A little 'fore him did Apollo run,
Beguiling him, who thought he catch him should.
Meanwhile the frighted Trojans, thronging on,
Reach city joyful, where, shut in, they fill the town.

LXVIII.
Nor durst they stay the town and wall before,
And one another wait, and know who flees,
Or who in battle's dead, but eager pour
To th' city every one whom sav'd his feet and knees.
THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXII.

I.

So through the city scatter'd these like deer
Cool'd off their sweat, and drank and thirst allay'd,
'Gainst bulwarks fair reclin'd. Th' Achæans near
The walls with shields aslope to shoulders laid.
But Hector fate pernicious chain'd, and made
'Fore Ilium there and Scæan gates abye.
To Peleus' son, Phæbus Apollo said: —
"Why, chacing me, Pelides, swift feet ply,
"Since thou but mortal art, and god immortal I?

II.

"Thou know'st not I 'm a god, so ragest sheer
"Leav'st work with Trojans, whom thou didst affray,
"Who 're shut i' th' town, while thou hast turnèd here.
"I am not mortal, me thou can'st not slay."
Swift-foot Achilles wroth to him did say: —
"Me hast thou injur'd, O Far-Darter, sore,
"Thou cruellest of all the gods, away
"From wall t' have turn'd me. Surely else before
"They 'd Ilium reach'd had bit the ground a many more.

* l. l. 7
III.

"And mickle glory now thou'rt ta''en from me,
"These saving eath that dost no vengeance dread.
"Had I the power I'd venge me though on thee."

To th' town with high thoughts turn'd he when he'd said,
And like a win-prize chariot-courser sped,
That straining runneth swift o'er plain. So plies
Swift feet and knees Achilles there. Whom did
The agèd Priam first behold with eyes
Rush o'er the plain as bright as Autumn's star doth rise,

IV.

Whose clear beams 'mong a many stars outshine
At dead of night, Orion's dog by name.
And very lustrous 't is, and evil sign;
Much fever to poor mortals brings the same.
So shone the brass on 's breast, who running came.
Cried out the Sire, and head did buffet rude
With uplift hands, and screaming loud, exclaim,
Imploring there his son belov'd, who stood
Without the gates, and eager fight Achilles would.

V.

Speak piteous did the Sire, and hands extend: —
"Hector, dear child, this man wait not alone
"Without the rest, lest quick thou meet thine end,
"Quell'd by Pelides, who's the stronger one
"By far. The wretch, would gods him doated on
"As I. Soon dogs and vultures him stretch'd out
"Would eat, and from my heart sore grief be gone.
"Who me hath reft of many sons and stout,
"That he hath slain, or sold to far-off isles remote.
VI.

"And now there are two children, Polydore
"And eke Lycaon, whom I cannot see
"'Mong Trojans shut i' th' town. These to me bore
"That prime of women, hight Laöthoë.
"In camp, if living, ransom them will we
"With brass and gold. We have thereof at home.
"Much gave his child, Sire Altes, famous he.
"But if they 're dead, and gone to Hades' dome
"To mine and mother's soul, their parents, woe will come.

VII.

"To th' rest o' th' folk 't will be less lasting woe
"If thou too die not, by Achilles slain.
"Enter the wall, my child, and save thou so
"Trojans and Trojanesses, nor let gain
"Great glory Peleus' son, thy dear life ta'en.
"Me too the woful, while I've senses rue,
"Whom Kronides in old age causeth wane
"In bitter fortune, me the hapless, who
"Must many woes of slaughter'd sons and ravish'd daughters view;

VIII.

"Chambers laid waste, babes slaughter'd, dash'd to ground
"Sons' wives by Achiles' dire hands dragg'd away,
"And last myself before my front gates found,
"When smites me one with keen-edg'd brass that day,
"Limbs reft of life, my own dogs eat me may,
"Fed in my house, that watch'd my doors, by board did sit,
"Yet drink my blood with madden'd rage will they,
"And lie i' th' porch. The young doth not a whit
"Uncomely lie, who's slain in war, with keen brass smit.
IX.

"For all that's seen is fair in him though dead.
"But when hoar head and hoary chin withal,
"And what beside of old man slaughter'd
"Dogs mar, to mortals 'tis most sad of all."
Thus said the Sire, his hoary locks 'gan maul,
And pluck from head. But Hector's purpose wrest
Could not. Whose mother weeping on the wall
Her bosom bar'd, with other hand her breast
Held up, and, weeping, him with wingèd words address'd:—

X.

"Hector, my child, respect thou these, and me
"Myself compassionate, if e'er have I
"This breast to sooth thy troubles proffer'd thee.
"Think on 't my son; and this man raging high
"Within wall fight, nor champion him abye
"The fierce. For should he slay thee, scion sweet,
"Wail thee on bed should not who bare thee I,
"Nor yet thy rich-dower'd wife; but fierce dogs fleet
"Would thee far off from us by th' Argives' vessels eat."

XI.

So weeping these address'd their cherish'd son,
Imploring much, but mov'd not Hector's soul,
Who waited huge Achilles coming on.
As mountain-serpent waits a man in 's hole,
And, poison-fed, 'neath anger's fierce control
Looks forth terrific, coiling lair about.
So Hector, keeping quenchless courage whole,
Yields not, but 'gainst a tower, that jutteth out,
His bright spear leant, and spake perturb'd t' his spirit stout:—
XII.

"Ah me! if wall and gate I pass, anon
"Polydamas his taunting on me throws,
"Who urg'd me lead the Trojans to the town
"The fatal night divine Achilles rose.
"I'd not. 'T was best, though, what he did propose.
"Now through my fault I've made the people die,
"Trojans and long-veil'd Trojanesses those
"I dread, lest one should say, a worse than I,
"'Hector's destroy'd the folk for that he did on's strength rely.'

XIII.

"Thus will they talk. For me 't were best that I
"Achilles face and slay, returning so,
"Or, slain by him, 'fore city glorious die.
"But bossy shield, and massy helmet though
"Should I lay down, prop spear 'gainst wall, and go
"Myself and meet renown'd Achilles there,
"And Helen promise him, and with her too
"The goods, yea, all that Alexander e'er
"Brought in the hollow ships to Troy of treasures fair;

XIV.

"All these with her who caus'd the strife give back
"To Atreus' sons, and eke with Achives share
"What else this city hides. And Trojans make
"Swear solemn oath they'll nothing hide whate'er
"This pleasant city holds, but halve it fair. 221
"Why reasons thus my soul? If I go pray
"And sue to him, compassionate he'll ne'er,
"Nor rev'rence me; but so unarm'd will slay
'Light as a woman, when I've put my arms away.
XV.

"No tryst by oak or rock with him, I trow,
"As maid and youth, as youth and maiden do.
"'T were best we join in strife, so soonest know
"Whom glory gives Olympius of the two."

He pond'ring stay'd, while near Achilles drew
Like Enyalius shake-helm warrior-one.
And at right shoulder Pelion spear so true
Terrific shook. And brass about him shone
Like light of blazing fire, or of the rising sun. 222

XVI.

Trembling seiz'd Hector when he saw, nor bide
There durst he more, but left the gates to flee.
Pelides rush'd, and on swift feet relied.
As mountain-hawk, of things that flying be
Most swift, eath chaceth fearful dove, while she
Obliquely flies: he near with shrilly cry
Darts frequently, for bent to seize her he.
So this flew eager straight, while trembling fly
Did Hector 'neath the Trojans' wall, and swift knees ply.

XVII.

Past watch-tower and the wind-vex'd wild fig-tree,
Still underneath the wall they driving go
Along the wagon-road, until they be
At fair-flow springs arriv'd where fountains two
From eddying Scamander gushing flow.
One runs with water hot, from which there goes
A smoke around as burning fire would throw;
The other cold as hail in summer flows,
Or chilly snow or crystal that from water grows.
XVIII.

Beside them close broad washing tanks there were Goodly, of stone, wherein their costly gear Erst wash did Trojans' wives and daughters fair In peace, ere came th' Achæans' sons. Past here One flying, th' other chacing, they career. Brave fled before, but chac'd him better one Full swift. Since not for ox or bull's hide mere They strove, men's prizes of a foot-race won, But they for very life of tame-steed Hector run.

XIX.

Round bounds as whole-hoof'd steeds that oft win prize Run swift, when some great stake is to be won, Tripod or woman, for a man that dies. So these did thrice encircle Priam's town On rapid feet: the gods all looking on. Gods' sire and men's 'gan speech upon this wise:— " Ye gods! a man belov'd there chacèd run " Around the wall I see with these mine eyes. " My heart's for Hector griev'd, who 's burnt me many oxen's thighs,

XX.

"A man that's mortal, long to fate decreed
Wouldst thou again set loose from death severe?
Do. But all other gods we'll not accede."
Spake Zeus, the cloud-compeller: — "Never fear,
Tritogeneia, thou my offspring dear!
Not willing spake I, but would thee toward
Be mild. Do what to thee doth fit appear,
Nor cease." So saying, he Athenè stirr'd,
Already eager; down Olympus' tops she skirr'd.

XXII.

Achilles swift doth Hector still pursue.
In hills as after stag's fawn foll'weth hound,
Starting from lair, through vales, and glens a-through,
And him though trembling hid by bushes round,
Yet tracking him he runneth till he's found.
So Hector from Pelides swift not hid,
Oft as he would to th' gates Dardanian bound,
And rushing straight for th' towers well-builted made,
If him so from above they might with javelins aid.

XXIII.

So oft did he him overrunning make
To turn away to th' plain. While he to th' town
Flew ever near. As in a dream o'ertake
One cannot him that doth before him run,
This cannot 'scape, nor catch him th' other one,
So this can't catch, nor 'scape can th' other wight.
But how so long could Hector death's fate shun,
But that at last Apollo him in flight,
Drew near, and did his strength and rapid knees excite?
T' his folk Achilles sign'd with head, nor would
At Hector let fell darts be flung, lest fame
One hurling win, and he come second should.
But when a fourth time to the springs they came,
The Sire took golden scales, and put in same
Two fates of long-sleep-death.²²³ Achilles' one
And one of Hector, who did horses tame.
Mid-ta'en he rais'd. Sank Hector's doom'd day down,
And went to Hades. Phoebus left him there alone.

To Peleus' son blue-eyed Athenê drew,
And wing'd words goddess spake, him standing nigh:—
"Now Zeus-lov'd bright Achilles, shall we two
I hope, to th' Achive ships bring glory high,
Slaying Hector, spite his battle-greed. For fly
Us more he can't, though far-dart Phoebus might
'Fore Zeus, the ægis-holding, prostrate try.
But thou now stand, take breath. I'll to this wight,
And so persuade him face to face with thee to fight."

So spake Athenê. He obey'd full fain,
And stood, brass-headed ash-spear leaning on.
Him left, she godlike Hector doth attain;
Deiphobus' strong voice, and form doth don,
And near him standing wing'd words spake anon:—
"Brother, sore drives thee swift Achilles high,
Chacing on rapid feet round Priam's town;
But come let's stand, and fighting him abye."
To her did Hector huge of glancing helm reply:—
XXVII.

"Deiphobus, before of brethren thou
"Most dear, which Hecuba to Priam bare,
"But thee in soul do I more honour now
"That didst when saw'st with eyes for my sake dare
"Come out fro' th' wall, the rest remaining there."

Spake then Athênè goddess azure-eyed:—
"Brother, our sire and mother dear with prayer
"Embrac'd by turns my knees, and friends beside,
"There to remain besought, all were so terrified.

XXVIII.

"But vex'd my mind within me bitter pain.
"Now straight let's eager fight, of spears no spare,
"And find out if Achilles, we two slain,
"Will bloody spoils to hollow vessels bear,
"Or be beneath thy spear subdued there."

This said, Athênè guileful went before.
When on each other coming nigh they were,
First spake helm-glancing Hector huge:— "No more
"From thee, O Peleus' son, I'll fly as heretofore.

XXIX.

"Thrice fled round Priam's city huge have I,
"Nor durst thy coming wait. Now pricketh me
"My soul to face thee, slaughter thee, or die.
"But let's to th' gods appeal. They best will be
"Our witnesses, and compacts oversee.
"I'll not misuse thee, if win battle now
"Vouchsafe me Zeus. I'll take thy life away,
"But, when I've stripp'd thy comely arms, allow
"Th' Achæans take thy corse, Achilles. So do thou."
XXX.

Him eyeing askance swift-foot Achilles spake:—
"Hector detested, name not pact to me.
"As lions ne'er with men can covenant make,
"Nor ever wolves and lambs in soul agree,
"But still to one another hostile be,
"So thou and I be friendly never could,
"Nor truce at all subsist 'twixt me and thee
"Till one do fall, and satiate with his blood
"Stout warrior Ares. Summon all thy hardihood.

XXXI.

"Thou 'dst need be spear-man, warrior bold this day.
"Thou 'scap'st no more, thee 'll 'neath my spear subdue
"Pallas Athenè. Now thou 'lt all repay
"My comrades' woes, with spear you raging slew."
He said and long-shade spear y-brandish'd threw. Shunn'd it bright Hector, who did forward look, And seeing crouch'd. The brass spear over-flew, And fix'd i' th' ground, which up Athenè took, Back gave t' Achilles. Knew not Hector, shepherd of the folk.

XXXII.

Then Hector spake to Peleus' faultless son: —
"Thou 'st miss'd, nor know'st, godlike Achilles bright,
"From Zeus my fate. Thou 'st said. But thou art one
"Wordy and craft of speech, would'st me affright
"Strength to forget and valour. But in flight
"My back thy spear will pierce not, I opine,
"But meeting thee in bosom thrust it right,
"If gods so will. Now shun brass spear of mine.
"Would that receive it all thou might'st in flesh of thine!
XXXIII.

"For war would then to Trojans lighter be,
"If thou wert kill'd, their greatest bane, I wot."
He said, and long spear whirling hurl did he,
Nor miss'd, but 'mid shield of Pelides smote.
Far shook from shield the spear. Grew Hector hot,
That rapid dart in vain from hand did fly.
Downcast he stood, for ash-spear else he'd not.
White-shield Deiphobus he call'd, and high
Did shout, and long spear ask him. He though was not nigh.

XXXIV.

Then Hector knew, and said: — "Call me to death
"The gods. Deiphobus I thought was here,
"But he's within the wall. Deceiv'd me hath
"Athenè. Now fell death's not far, but near,
"And no escape. This thing was aye more dear224
"To Zeus, and Far-Dart, son of Zeus. Yet aid
"Me erst they willing did. Now fate severe
"Hath caught me. But I'll not be basely sped,
"But do great deed shall unto after times be said."

XXXV.

So saying, falchion keen he drew, that by
His side did hang, huge, strong, exceeding much,
And turning rush'd, as eagle soaring high
Doth swoop to th' plain through darksome clouds to clutch
A tender lamb or fearful hare. E'en such
Did Hector rush and keen-edg'd falchion wield.
So rush'd Achilles too at his approach.
Dire anger fill'd his soul. Before him shield
Comely and dædal-wrought his bosom all conceal'd.
Nods four-con'd gleaming helm. Shook gold hairs bright Wherewith Hephaistos thick did crest supply. As star 'mong stars at milking time of night, Yea Hesperus, the fairest star of sky, So shone sharp spear-point, which Achilles high In right hand shook, who Hector ill intending, His fair flesh where to wound him best did spy. His body else were brass arms fair defending He gat Patroclus slaught'ring, and his armour from him rending.

Where clavicle doth neck from shoulder part Show'd place by throat where life's destruction 's quick. There eager in him drave Achilles dart. The point went forward through his tender neck, Nor yet did brass-charg'd spear the windpipe break. So words in answer he could somewhat say. I' th' dust he sank. Achilles boasting spake: — "Hector, thou thought'st thee safe when thou didst slay "Patroclus; spoiling him, nor fearing me away.

"Fool! his avenger, stronger far than he, "Still left was I in th' hollow vessels there, "Who 've loos'd thy knees. The dogs and vultures thee "Shall rend. To bury him will th' Achives care." Spake languid wave-helm Hector: — "'T is my prayer, "Yea, by thy soul, thy knees, and parents thine, "Me by th' Achæans' ships let dogs not tear. "But thou shalt brass enough and gold full fine "As gifts receive, which give thee 'll sire and honour'd mother mine.
XXXIX.

"Give home my corse, that so partake of fire
"Trojans and Trojans' wives may make me dead."
Him eyed askance swift-foot Achilles dire:—
"Dog! knee not me nor parents name," he said;
"I wish that me my rage and spirit led
"To eat thy slic'd flesh raw, that me so sore
"Hast serv'd. So none shall keep from dogs thy head,
"No, not though gifts ten times, or e'en a score,
"As many here they brought and weigh'd, and promis'd more.

XL.

"Not thee thy weight in gold though Priam pay,
"Shall mother, who did bear thee, lay on bed
"And weep, but dogs and birds shall on thee prey."
To him helm-glancing Hector dying said:—
"I see thee as I knew, that thee persuade
"I should not. Iron sooth thy soul. Think still,
"With thee may gods through me be angered,
"The day that Paris and Apollo will
"Thee by the Scaean gates, albeit valiant, kill."

XLI.

And him now final death as thus he spake
Did cover round. From limbs his spirit fled,
Its woful fate lamenting, to forsake
Its youth and vigour thus. And him though dead
Godlike Achilles thus address'd, and said:—
"Die thou. I'll meet my fate when good appear
"To Zeus it shall, and deathless gods beside."
This said, he pluck'd from corse the brazen spear,
Laid it aside, and stripp'd from shoulders gory warrior-gear.
XLII.

And other Achives' sons about him run,
And Hector's wondrous form and stature they
Admiring stand, and wound him every one.
And gazing thus, would each t' his neighbour say: —
"How easier Hector's handled than the day
"He burnt the ships with flaming fire." So would
They talk, and stand, and wound him as he lay.
Him thus swift-foot Achilles did denude,
And then wing'd words address'd th' Achæans as he stood: —

XLIII.

"Friends, Argive chiefs, and princes, since 't is so
"The gods have given us this man conquer, he
"That more than all the others wrought us woe,
"Come round their city armed wend will we,
"And Trojans try, and how they 're minded see,
"If they 'll quit citadel, now Hector's slain,
"Or dare abide although no more he be.
"But why so reason⁹ is my spirit fain?
"Patroclus by the ships a corse, unwept, unburied, doth remain.

XLIV.

"And him I 'll not forget" as long as I
"Mong living am and stir my knees. Not though
"Forget they may in Hades those who die.
"I 'll there my comrade dear remember so.
"Now, Achives' sons, let 's Pæon chaunting go
"To th' hollow ships, and take this man. For won
"Much fame have we in Hector slain, I trow,
"Whom Trojans held as god a-through their town."
He said, and uncouth deeds 'gainst godlike Hector pon-
dered-on.
XLV.
Of both feet tendons pierce from heel he did
To ankle, ox-hide thongs insert, and tie
From car, and let hang down, and drag his head.
Then car ascends, and bright arms lifteth high,
And whips the steeds, who not unwilling fly.
As dragg'd the corse a cloud of dust arose.
His dark hair shaketh, head in dust doth lie
So graceful erst, which Zeus now lets his foes,
There in his native land, in shameful wise dispose.

XLVI.
So dust all foul'd his head. Then tore her hair
His mother, dazzling veil far from her thrown,
And shriek'd aloud, her son beholding there.
Cried piteously his sire. The folk with moan
Were seiz'd, and lamentation through the town.
And 't was as though all Ilium high had been
With fire a-burning from its summit down.
The folk his sorrow-madden'd sire restrain
Scarce could, who issue forth from Dardan gates would fain.

XLVII.
All he besought, and roll'd i' th' dust about,
And each man by his name he call'd upon:—
"Cease, friends, though anxious, me alone from out
"The city let to th' Achives' ships be gone.
"I'll pray this man so fierce, who 'th dire deeds done,
"If years consider, pity age will he.
"For is indeed his father such a one
"Peleus, that him begat, the bane to be
"Of Trojans sure, but most of all woes laid on me."
XLVIII.

"He's slain me many sons y-flourishing,
"But all I not lament, though griev'd, as one
"For whom sharp sorrow 'll me to Hades bring,
"Hector. Would in these arms he'd died! Then moan
"And weep our fill we should: she, hapless one,
"His mother, that did bring him forth, and I
"Myself." So spake he, weeping there. And groan
With him his citizens for sympathy.
To Trojan dames led Hecuba lament with frequent sigh:—

XLIX.

"Son, wherefore live should wretched I, and woe
"Endure now thou art dead? By night and day
"I' th' town my boast, and gain of all wast thou
"Of Trojans and their dames, who thee alway
"Held as a god. In thee their glory lay,
"While thou didst live. But thee, alas! detain
"Death and thy fate." Thus weeping she did say.
Nor Hector's spouse yet knew. For none had been
To tell her true her husband did without the gates remain.

L.

A web she wove in lofty house recess'd,
Bright twofold web, and flowers inweaving pight,
Through house she bade her maidens lovely tress'd
Set fire round tripod huge, that bath there might
Be hot for Hector 'gainst he came from fight.
Fool! knew not him Athenè, azure-eye,
From baths afar b' Achilles' hands did smite.
From tower she heard a wailing and a cry,
Her limbs did quake, her shuttle fell to th' ground thereby.
She spake again t' her maidens lovely tress'd:—
"Come, two attend me, I 'll what 's doing see.
"For mother's voice I heard, and in my breast
"Leap'd to my mouth my heart. Knees under me
"Are stiff. Woe near to Priam's sons must be.
"Far from mine ear such word! But sore I dread
"For valiant Hector mine, b' Achilles he
"Is sole cut off fro' th' town, and plainwards sped,
"And made to cease that fatal boldness that he had.

"In throng he 'd stay not, but run far before,
"In valour yield to none." She said, and through The house, like mænad, heart-a-quaking, tore.
Her maids with her. When tower she came unto, And throng of men, she stood on wall to view, And saw him dragg'd 'fore th' town. In careless wise Him towards th' Achæans' hollow vessels drew The rapid steeds. Black night doth veil her eyes. Backwards she falleth straight, and there a-swooning lies.

Far from her head the shining head-bands brave Were pour'd, the snood, hair-net, and plaited tie, And veil that golden Aphrodite gave, The day that Hector brought her from the high Eëtion's house, who gave large gifts thereby. Sisters-in-law about her stood enow, Her 'twixt them held, that seem'd of grief to die. She breath recover'd, sense returning so, 'Mong Trojan dames did speak, and weep, and sighs out-throw:
LIV.

"O, Hector, woe is me! Born both of us
"Like doom'd; in Troy in Priam's palace thou,
"And I in Thebes, wood-grown Hypoplacus
"Eëtion's house, who infant me to woe
"Bred woful. Would he 'd ne'er begot! Now go
"Dost thou to Hades' house, in earth's depths down,
"And me, in heavy sorrow widow'd so,
"Leav' st in the house. Him, too, thine infant son,
"Whom thou and I the hapless 'gat, thou 'It profit none,

LV.

"Now Hector thou art dead, nor thee will he.
"Though Achives' tearful war he 'scape, yet woe
"And toil will aye be his. His lands will be
"Bounds-shifted him. And orphanage doth so
"Strip child of playmates, make his head hang low.
"Cheeks wet with tears. Seeks father's friends, poor youth,
"Plucks this by cloak, and that by vest, who though
"They proffer him a little cup in ruth,
"It wets indeed his lips, but wets not palate sooth.

LVI.

"And one, whose parents live, will him thrust out
"From feast, misuse with taunts, with hands will beat:—
"'Plague on thee, go; thy sire feasts with us not.'
"Weeping the boy 'll t' his widow'd mother get,
"Astyanax, that on sire's knees did eat
"But marrow erst, and sleekest fat of sheep,
"And, tir'd with play, when took him slumber sweet,
"Then in the bed in nurse's arms he 'd sleep,
"On softest couch, his heart with pleasures fill'd a-heap.
LVII.

"Now much will suffer, father missing, he,
"Astyanax, whom Trojans that name call,
"Since sole thou guardedst gates and long-stretch'd wall.
"By th' curv'd ships now will far from parents thee
"The brisk worms eat when dogs are fill'd withal.
"Naked thou art, thy clothes in house uplaid,
"Graceful and delicate, by hands of women made.

LVIII.

"These all I 'll burn with burning fire, for thee
"They 'll profit nought, since in them thou 'lt not lie.
"From Trojans thence and Trojanesses be
"Some glory thine." She weeping spake. The women groan and sigh.
THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIII.

I.

So through the town they mourn. Th' Achæans though When to the ships and Hellespont they get, The rest dispersing, each t' his tent they go, But Myrmidons Achilles would not let Disperse. T' his war-fond friends discourse he set: — " Ye swift-steed Myrmidons, my comrades dear, " Let's not from cars loose whole-hoof'd horses yet " But to the steeds themselves, and cars draw near," And o'er Patroclus weep, for such of dead 's the honour here.

II.

" But when we've sated us with mourning sad " Then loosing steeds we 'l1 all here supper have." He spake. They all lament. Achilles led. Thrice round the corse the well-man'd steeds they drave, Weeping. And Thetis grief impassion'd gave. Wet were the sands, and warriors' arms were wet With tears, so miss they chace-foe warrior brave. Pelides 'gan the full-sobb'd deep regret, And man y-slaught'ring hands on comrade's bosom set: —
III.

"Rejoice, Patroclus, c'en in Hades there.
"I've all fulfill'd that erst I promised,
"Dragg'd Hector here to give to dogs to share
"And twelve at pyre bright Trojans' sons behead
"Here will I, wroth for thee so slain." He said,
And plann'd 'gainst Hector most unseemly deeds;
Stretch'd him on's face beside Patroclus' bed
In dust. Then doff his armour each proceeds,
Brazen and dazzling bright, and loose the neighing steeds.

IV.

B' Achilles' ship sat myriads. Made them he
Fair fun'ral feast. White oxen stretch'd y-slain
With iron many, many sheep there be,
And bleating goats. Store white-tooth'd fatted swine,
Stretch'd 'fore Hephaistos' flame a-swaling been.
About the corse ran copious blood y-shed.
But him the king swift-foot Pelides then
Th' Achæan kings to Agamemnon led,
And scant prevail'd with him for comrade so heart-angered.

V.

Reach'd Agamemnon's tent they th' heralds bade
Set fire round tripod huge, if so from gore
They might Pelides wash himself persuade.
But stedfast he refus'd, and oath he swore: —
"By Zeus most high, that rules immortals o'er,
"No washings touch this head till on the fire
"I set Patroclus, and his mound do pour,
"And shear these locks. For second woe so dire
"Ne'er 'll reach my heart while 'mong the living I respire.
VI.

"But now in sooth let's yield to th' banquet sad."
"At morn, men's sovran Agamemnon, thou"
"Bid wood be brought, and plac'd as fitting had"
"For corse that hath 'neath darkness deep to go,"
"That this one fire unresting burn up so"
"Quick from our eyes\(^{230}\), and folk to work be gone."

He said. They hearken prompt withouten mo,
And quick preparing supper every one
They feast. And will to equal banquet wanted none.

VII.

When wish for drink and food they 'd ta'en away,
T' his tent each went to sleep. But on the shore
Of much-resounding sea Pelides lay,
'Mid many Myrmidons y-groaning sore,
In open spot, where on the strand y-bore
Th' upwashing waves. When slumber seize
Him did, and loose his soul from cares, and pour
About him sweet, (for tir'd his radiant knees
In Hector's chace at Ilium, haunt of every breeze,)

VIII.

Came there the spirit of Patroclus sad,
In all things like, in stature, lovely eyes,
And voice, and body with like garments clad.
At 's head he stood, and spake him on this wise:—
"Thou sleep'st Achilles, me forgot. Misprize"
"Me didst not living but now dead. But soon,"
"That I pass Hades' gates, mine obsequies"
"Perform. For souls, the ghosts of those who's labour's done\(^{231}\),"
"Drive me afar, and suffer me consort past river none.
THE Iliad.

IX.
"'Fore broad-gate Hades' house I roam in vain.
"But give me now thine hand, I ask it thee
"Lamenting. For from Hades not again
"I come when mak'st of fire partaker me.
"For not alive apart from friends shall we
"Together sit consulting. But mine heart
"Fell fate's devour'd, that was from birth to be.
"Thou like the gods, Achilles, on thy part
"'Tis fated that to die 'neath noble Trojans' wall thou art.

X.
"This else I'll say, and urge if hear wilt me,
"My bones from thine, Achilles, do not lay.
"As bred together in your house were we
"When brought me there from Opus young away
"Menœtius, through sad homicide the day
"That the son of Amphidamas I'd thoughtless slain
"Unwilling, wroth when we at dibbs did play.
"Me horseman Peleus, then in's house y-ta'en,
"Did educate with care, and nam'd me servant thine.

XI.
"So also let the bones then of us twain
"The self-same vase, the golden Amphora
"Thine honour'd mother gave to thee, contain." Him answ'ring did swift-foot Achilles say: —
"Why, cherish'd head, com'st here on me to lay
"Thine hests in each of these? All shall take place
"As thou hast said. Thy bidding I'll obey.
"But nearer to me stand, and let's embrace
"Each other for a while, and bitter grief solace."
XII.
He spake. His stretch’d arms nothing grasps, for goes
The spirit underneath the ground like smoke
With gibb’ring cry. Amaz’d Achilles rose,
Hands smote together, word of sorrow spoke: —
" Gods! e’en in Hades’ house then there’s a stroke
" Of soul, a phantom, heart though none there be.
" For by me’s stood all night, in sorrow broke
" And wailing, sad Patroclus’ soul. And me
" Each sev’ral thing enjoin’d. And wondrous like was he."

XIII.
He said, and stirr’d in all impassion’d woe.
Rose-finger’d Morn appear’d while mourning stood
They round the corse. King Agamemnon so
Stirr’d mules and men to bring on all sides wood
From tents. And stirr’d them Merion, warrior good,
Servant of valour-fond Idomeneus.
They went with axe in hand, cut timber could,
And well-twist ropes. The mules precede, and thus
O’er many ups and downs they went, and forwards and across.

XIV.
But when they reach’d the wooded slopes, indeed,
Of Ida many-rill’d, then straight they hew
With long-edg’d brass the high-hair’d oaks with speed,
Which fall with mickle din ; these splitting through
Th’ Achæans fasten’d then the mules thereto.
These measur’d with their feet the ground, and glad,
And eager for the plain, through brush-wood drew.
The hewers all bare logs. So Merion had,
Servant of valour-fond Idomeneus, them bade.
By th' shore they flung them where design'd huge mound,
For self and for Patroclus, Peleus' son.
When wood immense they 'd cast upon the ground
All sat and stay'd. Achilles bade anon
The Myrmidons to gird them every one
Their brazen armour, yoke to chariot steed.
These straight arose, and quick their armour don,
Cars warriors mount and charioteers. Precede
The horse, and cloud of foot innumerable after yede.

Mid them his friends Patroclus bore, and dead
Cover'd with hair they from them cut, and on him threw.
Behind godlike Achilles held the head,
And did bright friend to Hades sending rue.
And when to th' place Achilles bade they drew,
They set him down, and wood up-heap'd him store.
Swift-foot Achilles this resolv'd to do.
From pyre he stood, and auburn locks he shore
Which for the river Sperchius flourishing he 'd kept before.

Gazing on wine-fac'd deep spake groaning he:—
"Sperchius, in vain Sire Peleus vow'd mine hair
"To native land return'd he 'd shear to thee,
"And holy hecatombs up-offer there,
"And slaughter fifty rams by th' fountains where
"Thy sacred field and fragrant altar lay.
"So vow'd the Sire. Thou 'st not fulfill'd his prayer.
"Since back to country dear no more I may,
"These locks I 'll to Patroclus give, to bear upon his way."
XVIII.
This said in lov’d companion’s hands the hair
He plac’d. Grief’s passion stirr’d in all. And they
Till sun-light down had mourn’d, but sudden there
Achilles did to Agamemnon say:—
"Atrides, thou whose hest do chief obey
"The folk, though fit that grief we satisfy,
"Yet these to get them supper send away
"From pyre. We whom it most concerns will ply
"This task. But let the chieftains here with us abye."

XIX.
Men’s sovran Agamemnon, hearing this,
Dismiss’d the folk to th’ equal ships. But stay
The mourners there, and heap up wood y-wis,
And make a pyre of hundred feet each way,
And corse on top of pyre heart-griev’d they lay.
Much sheep, and crook-horn beeves of trailing foot
At pyre they skin and dress. From all away
Took fat, and wrapp’d the corse Achilles stout
From head to foot, and heap’d flay’d carcases about.

XX.
And jars he set of honey and of oil
’Gainst bier y-leant. Four long-neck’d horses flong
Quick on the pyre, and groan’d sore the while.
Nine table-dogs did to the king belong;
He casts on pyre two slain from them among.
Then cast twelve radiant youths, of high-soul’d Trojans
came,
With brass he’d slain. For ill he purpos’d strong.
Fire’s iron strength he set to feed on same,
Then cried aloud and call’d on comrade dear by name:—
Rejoice, Patroclus, e'en in Hades' dome.
All I perform, that erst I promised.
Twelve noble youths from high-soul'd Trojans come,
All these shall fire devour. But Hector dead,
I'll give not unto fire, but dogs to eat." He said,
Threat'ning. But dogs not plied round him their toil.
Zeus' daughter Aphrodite keep off did
Dogs day and night. Anointed him with oil
Roseate, ambrosial, she, that him none dragging mar nor spoil.

And over him did bring a darksome cloud
Phœbus Apollo, plainwards from the sky,
And all the place corse occupied enshroud,
For fear the force of sun should forehand dry
The body, and the nerves, and limbs thereby.
The pyre would burn not of Patroclus dead.
This else resolv'd swift-foot Achilles high:
From pyre he stood apart, and two winds pray'd,
Boreas and Zephyrus, fair holy gifts y-promisèd

Pouring from golden cup he mickle there
Implor'd them come, and quick burn corse with flame,
Make wood to burn. Swift Iris heard his prayer,
And to the winds his messenger she came.
At blustrous Zephyr's house were met the same
A-feasting. Iris running stood upon
The stony threshold. Soon as seen the dame,
All rose, and call'd her to him every one,
But she to sit refus'd, and speaking thus begun:
XXIV.

"No seat. For back to streams of Ocean where
In Æthiop's land with hecatombs they greet
The gods I go the sacred things to share.
But Boreas and Zephyr loud entreat
Achilles doth, and promise off'rings meet,
To come, and pyre where doth Patroclus lie,
Whom mourn all Achives, stir to burning heat."
She said, and went away. With tumult high
They rush abroad, and make the clouds before them fly.

XXV.

And soon they come a-blowing on the sea,
Whose swell was stirr'd beneath their shrilly blore. 14
Arriv'd at fertile Troas when they be,
On pyre they fell. Strange burning fire doth roar.
All night the flame of pyre they vexen sore,
Shrill blowing. And Achilles swift all night
From golden vase with double cup doth pour
The drawn out wine on ground, and wetteth quite
The earth, Patroclus' soul invoking, hapless wight.

XXVI.

As mourns a father, bones of son a-burning,
That bridegroom doth to parents' sorrow die.
So mourn'd Achilles, bones of friend a-burning.
He crept by th' pyre, and did incessant sigh.
When day-star came a-telling earth that light was nigh,
Whom foll'wing spreadeth Morning saffron-veil'd the main,
Then slack'd the pyre, and ceas'd the flame. And fly
The winds returning to their home again,
Through Thracian sea, that groans and swells in high dis-
dain.
XXVII.

Pelides from the pyre apart lay down 
A-weary. Him sweet slumber sudden took,
But those were gather'd all round Atreus' son,
And coming him their noise and tumult woke.
He sat upright, and word to them he spoke:—
"Atrides, chieftains Panachæan ye,
"First all the pyre with bright wine let us soak
"And quench what fire there is. Collect then we
"Menœtius' son Patroclus' bones, discerning which they be.

XXVIII.

"To know them 's eath. They lie 'mid pyre, while those
"Be at its edge apart steeds mix'd with men.
"In golden urn and folded fat enclose
"We them, till Hades' house me also screen.
"Large mound I bid not make, but in the mean,
"And after build it broad and high shall they,
"Th' Achaëans that do after me remain
"In ships of many banks." Thus did he say,
And swift-foot son of Peleus sooth do these obey.

XXIX.

First quench they pyre with wine all sparkling bright,
Where came the blaze, and deep the ashes fall.
Weeping their meek companion's bones so white
In golden urn, and folded fat withal
They gather, wrap in finest linen pall,
And set i' th' tents. Then mark'd the mound, and laid
Round pyre the base, and pour'd earth heap'd up tall,
And mound so pour'd return'd. Achilles stay'd
The people there and session large them seating made.
XXX.
And from the ships he brought the prizes out,
Caldrons and tripods, steeds and mules y-pight,
And also sturdy heads of oxen stout,
And well-zon'd women eke, and iron white.
And first to horsemen fleet set prizes bright
To win. Fair woman skill'd in works, and rare
Ear'd tripod meas'ring score and twain for wight
Who should be first. And set a six-year mare
Unbroke, with foal of mule, for who came second there.

XXXI.
For third a caldron free from fire as yet,
Fair, holding measures four, without a speck;
And for the fourth of gold two talents set.
For fifth did twin-ear'd, unfir'd phial stake,
Then upright stood, and word to Argives spake: —
"Atrides, and Achæans buskin'd fair
These prizes wait the charioteers to take.
If for another th' Achives' contest were
"I sure should win, and to my tent chief prizes bear.

XXXII.
"Ye know how much my steeds excelling be,
"For they're immortal, them Poseidon gave
"Peleus my sire, who trusted them to me.
"But I will stay and eke the whole-hoof'd steeds that have
"Such vigour lost of charioteer so brave,
"Gentle, who liquid oil would on their mane
"Oft pour, and first with limpid water lave.
"But grieving now they stand, on ground y-lain
"Their hair profuse. There griev'd at heart now stand
the twain."
XXXIII.

“But ye the rest throughout the host prepare
“Whoever of Achæans doth on steed
“Rely, and on his well y-joinèd car.”

Pelides spake. The horsemen rose with speed. Eumelus, king of men, did far precede, Admetus' son, and well could chariot sway. Next him Tydides rose, strong Diomede, And harness’d Trojan steeds he 'd former day Ta’en from Æneas whom Apollo snatch’d away.

XXXIV.

Next him rose Menelaus, auburn-hair, Zeus-sprung Atrides. Rapid steeds anon He harness’d, Aithè, Agamemnon's mare, And own Podarges. Gave her Atreus' son Anchises' child, Echëpolus, that on To wind-vex’d Ilium he not with him go, But there in pleasance stay. For he did won In Sicyon broad, and Zeus did him endow With mickle wealth. This mare that long’d to run they harness now.

XXXV.

Antilochus then fourth fair horses speeds, Bright son of Nestor high-soul’d sovran, seed Of Neleus. Pylos-bred his swift-foot steeds Drew car. Nigh stood the Sire, and prudent rede Discours’d to him, who also knew indeed: — “Antilochus, though young thee 've cherish’d so “Zeus and Poseidon, and such car-skill taught, that need “There is not much to teach thee, who dost know “Full well round bounds to make the horses featly go.
XXXVI.

"But slow thy horses run, whence harm I ween."
"Their steeds are swifter, though themselves they be"
"Not shrewder than thyself at counsel keen."
"But come, dear son, and skill of all kinds see"
"Thou bear in mind, lest prizes from thee flee."
"By skill than strength the woodman prospers more;"
"By skill the pilot on the wine-fac'd sea"
"Doth steer swift ship, that winds do vexen sore;"
"By skill so chariot-driver triumphs chariot-driver o'er"

XXXVII.

"Who trusteth steeds and car unwise doth sway"
"About. His steeds o'er course at random fly"
"Uncheck'd. But he that's skill'd, though drive he may"
"Worse steeds, still marks the bound, and turns it nigh,"
"Nor 'scapes him tighten'd reign when first to ply,"
"But steady keeps, him watching that 's before."
"Clear mark I'll tell thee, will not 'scape thine eye."
"Stands a dry stump, some fathom so or more"
"'Bove ground, of oak or fir, that rotteth not with shower."

XXXVIII.

"White stones, a pair, support it, where the way"
"Doth narrow. Smooth is chariot course around,"
"Be 't dead man's monument of olden day,"
"Or post that men of yore fix'd in the ground."
"Swift-foot Achilles makes it now the bound."
"This hugging close drive steeds and chariot nigh."
"Thyself in well-wove chariot bending stond"
"A little to their left. And right steed ply"
"With goad and cheer, and reins in hand let loosely lie."
XXXIX.

"To bound let left-hand steed approach so near,
"That nave of well-wrought wheel shall seem to thee
"To graze its top, but see that stone thou clear,
"Lest steeds thou wound, and shatter chariot, glee
"And sport for others, thy disgrace 't will be.
"But if thou 'rt wise, my son, keep watchful eye.
"If once thou pass the bound then will not he
"That follows overtake, or pass thee by,
"Not though behind he did divine Areion ply,

XL.

"Adrastus' courser fleet, a god's its race,
"Nor those Laomedon's, here famous bred."
So spake Neleian Nestor, and in 's place
Sat down, when sum of each t' his son he 'd said.
And Merion fifth fair horses harnessed,
They mounted cars, and lots in helmet threw.
Achilles shook. Out Nestor's son's lot fled,
Antilochus. The next Eumelus drew,
Whom did Atrides Menelaus, spear-renown'd, ensue.

XLI.

Next him 't was Merion's turn to drive. And so
Was last, far best, Tydides, steeds to ply.
They stood in rank. Achilles bounds did show
In smooth plain far, and plac'd a watcher by,
The godlike Phœnix, father's squire, to eye
The race, and truth thereof report. And they
Together all o'er steeds lift whips on high,
And smite with thongs, with eager words inveigh.
These rapid scour the plain with speed from ships away.
Dust 'neath their chests like cloud or tempest rose,
Manes toss'd i' th' breeze. Cars now on fertile ground
Would go, now spring up high. In seat did those
Who drave them stand. The heart of each did bound,
Eager to win. They urg'd with shout and sound
The steeds who flew, and dust stirr'd through the plain.
But when the rapid horses reach'd the bound
Of course, and turn'd to hoary sea again,
The worth of each was seen, when steeds their running
strain.

Swift then Eumelus' rapid steeds career.
Them Diomedes' Trojan steeds ensue,
Nor far apart were they, but very near,
And seeming as they 'd mount his chariot, drew,
And on Eumelus' back and shoulders blew
Hot breath. They fly with heads that him o'erhong,
And now had pass'd, or vict'ry twixt the two
Made doubtful, but 'gainst Tydeus' son was strong
Phæbus Apollo's wrath, who from his hands bright whip
y-flong.

Then from his eyes the tears in anger flow'd,
For those still faster coursing he doth view,
While hinder'd his do run withouten goad.
Apollo's harmful craft Athenë knew
'Gainst Tydeus' son. Folk-shepherd quick pursue
She did, restore his whip, his horses rouse.
Then on Admetus' son the goddess drew,
And wroth brake horses' yoke. And each way those
The horses start aside. To ground the car-pole goes.
XLV.

Himself from chariot roll'd by wheel he lies,
Nose, mouth, and elbow torn, and forehead brave
Above the eye-brows bruis'd. And both his eyes
Did fill with tears. In 's throat his clear voice clave.
Tydides passing th' whole-hoof'd horses drave
Far 'fore the rest. Such strength Athenê breeds
In those his coursers, him high glory gave.
Next him Atrides Menelaus yedes,
Of auburn hair. Antilochus exhorts his father's steeds:—

XLVI.

"On quick, your utmost strain. 'tis not indeed
"Bid you with steeds of war-skill'd Tydeus' son
"Contend. For unto them Athenê speed
"Hath granted now, bestow'd on him renown.
"But quick o'ertake the steeds of Atreus' son.
"Be not out-stript, lest shame pour on you she,
"Aithê the mare. Ye 're best, why be out-run?
"But this, I say, which shall accomplish'd be,
"Have care from Nestor, people-shepherd, shall not ye;

XLVII.

"With brass he 'l slay you both if slack we bear
"The worser prize. On, then, at top of speed.
"This I 'll contrive, by guile to pass him where
"Narrows the way. 'T will 'scape me not indeed."
He said. The king's rebuke they fear, and yede
Quick'er a while. In hollow road soon spied
A strait Antilochus of battle-greed.
A cleft i' th' ground it was, where, winter-tide,
Had gath'ring water burst the way, deep place out hollow'd
wide.
XLVIII.

There Menelaus shunning wheel-shock drew.
Drave whole-hoof’d steeds Antilochus aside
From way, and somewhat swerving did pursue.
Atrides fear’d. T’ Antilochus he cried: —
"Driv’st madly. Check thy steeds, the way ’s not wide,
"Antilochus. Thou’lt pass in wider soon
"Lest both thou hurt if ’gainst my car thou ride."
He said. Antilochus drave fiercer on,
And urg’d his steeds with goad, as though he’d heard him none.

XLIX.

As far as quoit from shoulder hurled goes,
That young man hurls to make of strength assay,
So far their steeds do run. But fell back those
Of Atreus’ son, who did his driving stay
Lest whole-hoof’d horses clash in narrow way,
And comely cars o’erturn, and fall they there
I’ th’ dust, on vict’ry bent. Then chiding say
Did Menelaus of the auburn hair: —
"Antilochus, than thou more baneful mortal ne’er.

L.

"Away with thee! Not truly judge thee wise
"Did we Achæans sooth. But bear away
"Thou shalt not yet withouten oath the prize."
This said, he cheer’d his steeds, and thus did say: —
"Stand not heart-grieving there, do not delay,
"For feet and knees they’ll tire in their career
"Sooner than you; for both lack youth do they."
’T was thus he spake. The king’s rebuke they fear,
And onwards swifter run, and soon to them were near.
The Argives there in circus seated view
The steeds that dust through plain upslinging fly.
Steeds Cretans' chief Idomeneus first knew,
Who 'bove th' assembly sat on watch-tower high,
And driver yet afar he knew by 's cry,
And noted foremost steed did recognize,
Which all else red, yet did on 's forehead lie
White spot, and round as is the moon. Then rise
He did, and speech to th' Argives utter on this wise:—

"O friends, that Argives' chiefs and princes be,
"Do I alone discern the horses here,
"Or see them also you? Other to me
"In sooth the foremost horses do appear,
"And other seemeth too the charioteer.
"Hurt, perhaps, i' th' plain, who were the best do lie,
"For first I saw them round the post career,
"But now I cannot them at all descry,
"Though all the Trojan plain mine eyes do searching spy.

"Sure slipt the reins, unable driver 's been
"Round post restrain, and turn it with success;
"But falling there hath broke the car, I ween,
"And they 've left road when rage did them possess.
"But rise yourselves and judge. For I confess
"I see not clear. But seems Ætolian-bred
"The man, a ruler 'mong the Argive race,
"Steed-taming Tydeus' son, strong Diomed."
Him scornfully rebuk'd Oilean Ajax swift, and said:—
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LIV.

"Idomeneus, why prate so? These be now
"Afar the toss-foot mares, through vast plain yede.
"Nor art so youthful 'mong the Argives thou,
"Nor in thy head thine eyes so sharp to heed.
"But still thou prat'st with words when is no need
"For thee to chatter, when thy betters by.
"These be the foremost steeds as erst indeed
"Eumelus owns, who holding reins doth ply."

Him answer'd then enrag'd the Cretans' chieftain high:—

LV.

"Ajax, best brawler, evil-tongu'd; but last
"Of Argives in all else, of soul uncouth,
"Let's tripod stake, or cauldron on this cast;
"Atrides Agamemnon make we both
"The judge if mares be foremost. So the truth
"By loss thou 'lt know." He said. Oileus' son,
Swift Ajax, rose with words to answer wroth.
And strife between the two had farther gone
Had not Achilles' self upstood, and spoke to them anon:—

LVI.

"No more now bitter words exchange ye ill,
"Ajax, Idomeneus. 'T is fitting none.
"You'd blame another for 't. But sit ye still
"I' th' cirque, and watch the steeds. They will anon
"Be here, on vict'ry bent. Ye then each one
"The Argives' steeds which last which first will know."

He said. And driving near came Tydeus' son,
Plying shoulders still with whip. The steeds up-throw
Their hoofs, and quick accomplishing their way they go.
LVII.
With dust-drops aye they spatter charioteer.
Car deck'd with gold and tin doth steeds ensue,
Nor mark of wheels behind doth much appear
In the fine dust, so swiftly sooth they flew.
Mid-cirque it stood. The steeds much sweat out-threw
From neck and chest to ground. Himself y-sprong
To ground from car, all glist'ring bright to view,
And whip 'gainst yoke he leant. Nor loiter'd long,
But eager take the prize did Sthenelus the strong.

LVIII.
And woman gave t' his mates to lead, and tripod ear'd
To bear, then horses loos'd. Steeds next doth ply
Antilochus Neleian, who career'd
By guile not speed 'fore Menelaus high.
Yet Menelaus kept his swift steeds nigh.
As far as steed from wheel that king apace
Draws o'er the plain with car. Whose tail-hairs fly
And wheel-tire touch. So close he runs that space
There is not much as over mickle plain they race.

LIX.
So far was Menelaus distanc'd there
B' Antilochus. Quoit's cast at first but soon
Fetch'd up. Such force had Agamemnon's mare
The well-man'd Æthê. Had they further run
He'd caught him, or made doubtful who had won.
Merion, Idomeneus' brave foll'wer though,
Was left of Menelaus of renown,
A javelin's cast. His fair-man'd steeds were slow,
And he the worst at race to make a chariot go.
And last of all the rest Admetus' son
Came trailing lovely car, and 'fore him did
The horses drive. And him the swift-foot one
Divine Achilles seeing pitied.
'Mong th' Argives standing, wingèd words he said:
"Best man the last the whole-hoof'd horses plies,
"Yet be to him as fit apportionèd
"Second, and Tydeus' son take chiepest prize."
He said, and all applaud the thing he did advise.

He'd given him sooth the mare as judg'd it good
Th' Achæans, but Antilochus anon,
The high-soul'd Nestor's offspring, there upstood
Answ'ring on right Achilles Peleus' son:
"Achilles, thou wilt me if this be done
"Much anger. Thou my prize wouldst take away,
"Since hurt his car and steeds, himself being one
"Of mickle skill. But then behoov'd him pray
"Unto the gods, and then he'd not drove up the last to-
day.

If him thou pitiest, and mind so leads,
"There's in thy tent much gold, and brass there lies,
"And sheep thou hast, and slaves, and whole-hoof'd
steeds.
"Of these hereafter give him better prize,
"Or now at once, that thee th' Achæans praise.
"This mare I'll not give up. For her contend
"With me who will with hands in manly wise."
He spake. Achilles smiling did attend,
Pleas'd with Antilochus who was his valued friend.
And him wing’d words address’d he in reply:—
"Antilochus, of things at home y-pight
"Thou bidst me give Eumelus. Do ’t will I;
"And corselet, from Asteropæus wight
"I took, will give, of brass, with pouring bright
"Of tin around; rare gift and excellent."
This said, he bade from tent dear comrade hight
Automedon to bring it forth, who went
And brought and gave ’t Eumelus, which he joyful hent.253

Heart-griev’d rose Menelaus, anger’d deep
Against Antilochus. The herald plac’d
Sceptre in ’s hands, bade Argives silence keep.
Then spake the godlike man: — "Erst wise what hast
"Thou done, Antilochus? Thou hast disgrac’d
"My manhood, injuring my steeds, thine own
"Driving before, although far-slower pac’d.
"But come ye, Argives' chiefs and princes, on
'This case between us judge, and favour neither one.

"Let none of brazen-mail’d Achæans say
"That Menelaus hath by fraud borne down
"Antilochus, and ta’en his mare away,
"Whose steeds were worse, but he the better one
"For force and skill. But I will judge, and none
"Methinks will blame me of the Danai,
"For right shall be. Antilochus, come on,
"Zeus-bred, as just. Stand steeds and chariot by,
"And hold in hand the flexile whip, that erst didst ply.
"Touch now the steeds, by gird-earth Shake-Earth swear
Not willing thou didst stop by guile my car."
Prudent Antilochus replied: — "Forbear
Me now, King Menelaus, who am far
Thy younger. Older, worthier thou. What are
Youth's trespasses thou know'st how they exceed.
Too nimble mind, which counsel scant doth mar.
So then thy heart forbear. I'll give the steed
I took; and if some greater thing thou wouldst indeed,

"That I've at home, I'll instant give it thee,
Sooner than all my days, O Zeus-bred one,
Fall from thy grace, to th' gods a sinner be."
So spake, and steed led high-soul'd Nestor's son,
And gave to Menelaus' hand. Whereon
His heart grew glad, as dew doth corn-ears make,
When bristle all the fields with corn up-grown.
So, Menelaus, joy thy soul did take.
And him addressing then these wingèd words he spake:—

"Antilochus, I'll yield, though wroth. Not mad
Nor light wast erst! 'T was youth sense master'd now.
Best shun to cheat thy betters. Mov'd me had
None other of th' Achæans soon, I trow,
But much hast suffer'd, much hast toiled thou,
And thy good sire, and brother eke, for me.
So to thy prayer I'll yield, and steed also
That's mine will give; that these too here may see
There's no o'erweening soul implacable in me."
LXIX.
He said, and mare to lead Noëmon gave,
Friend of Antilochus. Bright cauldron then
He took. Gold talents twain did Merion have
Fourth as he drove. The fifth prize did remain,
Ear'd phial. Unto Nestor this up-ta'en
Achilles gave, through Achives session bore:
"Take, father, this memorial-gift retain
"Patroclus burying, whom thou 'lt no more
"'Mong Argives see. I give thee this without contending
for.

LXX.
"For thou 'lt not box nor wrestle, javelin-game
"Not try, nor race on foot. Harsh age doth weigh
"On thee." He said, and gave t' his hands, who same
Took glad, and winged words address'd him: — "Yea,
"All these, my son, thou dost most justly say.
"Not firm my limbs, my friend, nor feet, nor stir
"My arms at shoulders now with nimble play.
"But would that young, and whole of strength I were,
"As when th' Epèans mighty Amarynceus did inter,

LXXI.
"There in Buprasium. Games the king's sons set.
"Epei, Pylians bold, Ætolians none
"There match'd me. Enops' son at fist I beat,
"Hight Clytomede; and wrestling Pleuron-one
"Anceus who upstood. With feet out-run
"Iphiclus swift I did. With spear o'er-cast
"Phyleus and Polydore. With steeds alone
"Actorion's sons by number me surpass'd,
"Jealous of vict'ry, since best prizes left to last.
LXXII.

"Twins were they. One held reins, the reins held aye
"One whipp'd the steeds. Such was I once, but now
"Such works be younger men's. Sad age must I
"Obey, but then 'mong heroes shone. But go,
"Perform to friend the games funereal thou.
"This willingly I take, my heart is glad,
"Thou thinkest aye of me, well-wisher thine, nor how
"I should by th' Achives be in honour had
"Forget'st. So give thee gods sweet recompense." He said.

LXXIII.

Pelides pac'd th' Achæans' mickle throng,
When praise all heard from Neleus' son he had.
Hard-boxing prizes set. A mule full strong
Six years, untam'd and hard to tame he lad
And tied i' th' cirque. And plac'd for vanquished
Round cup, then stood, and Argives word address'd:—
"Atrides, and Achæans buskin-clad,
"Two men from these we bid that are the best
"With fist uplifted high they striking here contest.

LXXIV.

"To whom Apollo staunchness\textsuperscript{236} gives, and all
"Th' Achæans know't, strong mule to tent shall lead;
"But vanquish'd shall round goblet take withal."
He said. Rose strong huge man who did exceed
In boxing-skill, Epëus, who was seed
Of Panopeus. Strong mule he touch'd, and cried:—
"Come near who goblet round will take indeed,
"Take mule, methinks, no Achive will beside
"O'ercoming me. On being best myself I pride.
"Is 't not enough I'm worse in battle? None
"In every work a skilful man will make.
"But this I say, and sooth it shall be done;
"I'll flesh quite burst, and bones together break.
"His friends then stay together here to take
"Him hence away beneath my hands subdued."
He said. And all grew silent as he spake.
Sole godlike man Eurýalus up-stood
The son of king Mecisteus who, Talaion's brood,

When ÓEdipus deceas'd, to Thebes did wend
'To th' fun'ral games, o'ercame Cadmæans all.
Whose son spear-fam'd Tydides now did tend,
And cheer with words, much wishing vict'ry fall
To him. First girdle 'fore him cast withal,
Then gave him well-cut thongs from wild-ox slain.
Mid-cirque these girded go, and fight install,
And lift oppos'd their mighty hands the twain
At once, and to it fell, stout hands commix'd amain.

Dire crash of jaws arose. Their limbs out-pour
On all sides sweat. Divine Epéus rose
And him round gazing smote on ear. No more
He stood. Limbs sank. As fish when Boreas blows
Up leaps to weedy shore, then o'er it close
Doth dark swell straight. So leap'd he up y-smote.
With hand high-soul'd Epéus rais'd him; those
His friends around from circus led him out
With trailing feet, out-spewing blood, and rolling head about.
LXXVIII.

Him leading they among them set distraught,
And went and took round cup. Pelides though
Third other prizes for hard wrestling brought,
And there unto the Danai did show
For conq'ror tripod huge, on fire would go,
Of oxen twelve its worth th' Achæans make.
The conquer'd man should woman, who did know
Works manifold, and worth four oxen, take.
Then up he stood, and 'mong the Argives word he spake:—

LXXIX.

"Arise now, ye who 'll try this contest too."
He spake. Huge Telamonian Ajax rose,
Rose wise Odysseus eke, that cunning knew.
And, girding them, forth went mid-circus those,
And, grip'd with stalwart hands each other, close,
As rafters cross, which builder of renown
In high house sets against strong wind that blows.
And then their backs indeed, do creak and sown,
By strong hands stoutly pull'd, and moist'ning sweat ran down.

LXXX.

On sides and shoulders thick the whelks spring out,
Redd'ning with blood. So eagerly they long
For vict'ry there, for tripod cunning wrought.
Odysseus trip could not nor lay along,
Nor Ajax him. Odysseus' strength stood strong.
When well-greav'd Achives 'gan a-weigher be,
Then spake huge Ajax Telamon:— "Zeus-sprong
"Son of Laertes, craft Odysseus, me
"Uplift or thee will I. And Zeus all these o'ersee."
LXXXI.

He said, and lifted him. Odysseus though
Forgat not guile, but smote at bend of knee
Behind, and loos'd his limbs, on back did throw.
On chest Odysseus fell. The people see
And are astound. Then second lifted he,
Divine Odysseus, that could much sustain;
Stirs him a-bit, from ground not lifts; for knee
Did bend, and on the ground there fell the twain
By one another near, and them the dust doth stain.

LXXXII.

Rising they ’d third time striven, but in troth
Achilles’ self upstood, and did denay: —
"No longer strive, nor hurt yourselves. Of both
"Is vict'ry, equal prizes bear away.
"Go, that contend now other Achives may."
He said. They heark'ned, and full prompt obeyed,
Did wipe off dust, in garments them array.
And quick Pelides other prizes laid
For swiftness. Silver bowl elaborately made,

LXXXIII.

Six-measur’d, earth's most lovely 't was, for wrought
It had Sidonians skill’d. O'er darksome sea
Phænician men, in sooth, the same y-brought,
And set in port for Thoas gift to be.
This from Eunæus Jason's son to free
Lycaon Priam's son, Patroclus gat.
Which now Achilles set for's friend, that he
Who fleetest was a-foot make prize of that.
For second prize he plac'd enormous ox, and fat.
LXXXIV.
Half talent gold he set for last, and stood
Erect, and words to th' Argives spake:— "Come on,
"Ye who this contest too adventure would."
Uprose Oilean Ajax swift anon,
And up Odysseus wise, then Nestor's son,
Antilochus, who did all youths out-speed
A-foot. In rank they stood. B' Achilles shown
The term, from lists they start. Quick takes the lead
Oiliades. Divine Odysseus next doth yede.

LXXXV.
And near as is to well-zon'd woman's breast
Leash-rod, which she with hands doth tighten aye,
From shuttle drawing woof, and near her chest
Still keepeth it, so ran Odysseus nigh,
And in his foot-prints trod, or ere could fly
The dust from thence dispers'd. Pour'd on his head
Hot breath, still running, swift Odysseus high,
And shouted all Achæans as he sped
On vict'ry bent, and eager him encouragèd.

LXXXVI.
When near the end of course, Odysseus prayer
In mind t' Athenè, azure-eyed, preferr'd: —
"Hear, goddess, aid my feet." So praying there
He spake, and him Pallas Athenè heard,
Did limbs, and feet, and hands, with swiftness gird.
But when at point to dart on prize the twain,
Then Ajax running slipp'd, b' Athenè marr'd,
Where slaughter'd lowing oxen's dung y-lain,
Which for Patroclus had swift-foot Achilles slain.
LXXXVII.
His mouth and nostrils fill’d with oxen’s dung.
So bowl up-took, that much enduring wight,
Divine Odysseus, who before him sprung.
And take the ox did he then, Ajax bright,
And stood with hands on horns of field-ox pight.
And dung out-sputtering spake ’mong Argives he: —
"Sure goddess marr’d my feet. As mother might
"Stands by Odysseus aye, and aids him she."
He said, and at him they all laughen pleasantly.

LXXXVIII.
Antilochus the last prize taketh so,
And smiling did to Argives words address: —
"I speak to you of what ye all do know,
"How yet th’ immortals men more ancient grace.
"Than I whit older ’s Ajax. But of race
"Preceding, and of former men this one,
"A crude old man, they say; ’tis hard to pace
"With him a-foot for Argives, save alone
"Achilles.” Thus he said, extolling Peleus’ swift-foot son.

LXXXIX.
Him answ’ring then with words Achilles said: —
"Antilochus, for thee not spoke in vain
"This praise shall be. Half-talent gold I ’ll add.”
He spake, and plac’d in ’s hands, who took it fain.
Pelides next a long-shade spear up-ta’en
Did bring, and in the midst of circus lay,
With shield, and helmet, armour erst of slain
Sarpedon, which Patroclus took away.
Erect he stood, and word did ’mong the Argives say: —
"Two men for these we bid, who are the best,
Their arms endue, take brass that flesh doth brast,
And with each other 'fore the throng contest.
To him that doth, at fair flesh making thrust,
Through arms touch that within, and black blood first,
I'll give this silver-studded falchion fair,
Thracian, which from Asteropæus erst
I took. These arms let both in common bear,
And goodly banquet eke I'll cause for them in tent prepare."

He said. Then rose huge Ajax Telamon,
Rose, too, Tydides, mighty Diomed.
Their arms each side from crowd apart they don,
And, battle-eager, at each other sped
With fiercest looks. Seiz'd all Achæans dread,
When on each other running nigh they were.
Thrice sooth they rush'd, and thrice close onset made.
Ajax the all-sides-equal buckler there
Y-smote but reach'd not flesh, for inside fenc'd it cuirass fair.

Tydides o'er huge shield at neck would strike
With bright spear's point. Th' Achæans fearing there
For Ajax, bade them cease, take prizes like.
The hero gave Tydides mighty falchion fair,
With scabbard bringing it, and well-cut baldric rare.
Pelides rough cast iron globe did lay,
Which wont Ection's strength to hurl whilere,
Whom did swift-foot divine Achilles slay,
And this with other chattels brought in ships away.
XCIII.

He stood and utter'd speech the Argives 'mong: —
" Arise who will this contest also try.
" Though fertile fields be his outstretched long
" He 'l1 have for use while five full years do fly,
" Shepherd or ploughman, he will have it nigh,
" Nor lacking iron need to seek the town."
He said. Rose bide-fight Polypætes high,
Leonteus' mighty strength, gods' paragon,
And Telamonian Ajax, and Epëus godlike one.

XCIV.

They stood in rank. Took globe, and rolling launch
It did Epëus. Th' Achives laugh thereon.
And second hurl'd Leonteus Ares' branch,
Third hurl'd it mighty Ajax Telamon
From stout hand past the marks of every one.
But when took bide-fight Polypætes high
The globe, as far as staff 's by ox-herd th'own,
Which whirling doth through herds of oxen fly,
So far beyond them all he threw. They utter cry.

XCV.

Strong Polypætes' comrades then arose,
With sovereign's prize to th' hollow ships they go.
For archers he doth iron dark propose,
Ten axes eke, half-axes ten bestow.
And ship's mast set of dark cærulean prow
Afar in sand. And timid dove by th' foot
Thereto with thin cord tied, and bade with bow
They shoot. And who the timid dove y-smote,
Take axes all, and bear them to his tent he mote.
XCVI.

"But whoso hits the string, and bird doth miss,
"Inferior sooth is he, and shall for prize
"The semi-axes have." When spake he this,
Then did King Teucer's strength to this emprize,
And Merion eke, Idomeneus' good servant, rise.
The lots y-ta'en in helmet shaken were.
First lot had Teucer. Arrow straight he plies,
And sent it strong; to th' King though vow'd not there
Of firstling lambs a hecatomb to offer fair.

XCVII.

The bird he miss'd; for Phæbus grudg'd the thing,
But cord he smote, where bird by th' foot was tied.
The bitter arrow sever'd there the string,
And up she flew to th' sky, and down did slide
The string to ground. Th' Achæans shouting cried.
And Merion hast'ning snatch'd from 's hands away
The bow. But shaft, he'd ready kept, applied,
And to Far-dart Apollo, sans delay,
Vow'd firstling lambs a goodly hecatomb to slay.

XCVIII.

Aloft beneath the clouds he there doth view
The fearful dove, and her y-circling round
He smote i' th' midst beneath the wing, and through
The arrow went, and back unto the ground
Infix'd at Merion's feet. The bird doth stond
On ship-mast perch'd of the cærulean prow,
And droop'd her neck, and wings y-flutter'd fond.
But life from limbs soon fled; far thence below
She fell. The people gaz'd astound to see it so.
XCIX.

Up took Meriones all axes ten,
Teucer to th' hollow ships th' half-axes bore.
Pelides sooth a spear long-shadow'd then,
And fireless cauldron setteth them before,
Of worth an ox, with flowers enamell'd o'er,
Mid-cirque he set. Rose spear-men, Atreus' son,
Great Agamemnon, of wide-ruling power,
Idomeneus' brave servant, Merion.
To them spake he Achilles swift-foot godlike one: —

"Atrides, for full well we know thou art
"Surpassing all how far, in puissance how
"Indeed the best, most skill'd to hurl the dart,
"This prize to th' hollow ships take with thee thou,
"And spear to hero Merion give we now
"If thou in mind so will; I but advise."
He said. Men's sovran Agamemnon so,
Yielding to Merion brazen spear, complies.
To Talthyb herald th' hero gave his lovely prize.
THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIV.

I.
Dissolv'd th' assembly, and the people there
Disperse to th' ships that swiftly sail the deep.
These supper and sweet sleep t' enjoy prepare.
Achilles, friend rememb'ring dear, doth weep,
Nor taketh him the all-subduer sleep.
Toss to and fro he doth, and more and more
Patroclus' force and strength regretting keep;
What things he 'd wrought with him, what sorrows sore
Endur'd, and wars of men, rough billows crossing o'er.

II.
Rememb'ring these, he plenteous tears doth pour,
On sides now lain, now back, now face; then rose
And wander'd sad along the briny shore.
Nor unobserv'd of him the morning shows
O'er sea and strand. He doth swift steeds dispose
And yoke to car, to chariot Hector tie,
To drag behind, and dragging thrice he goes
Round tomb of dead Menætius' offspring high,
Then rests in tent, but him in dust leaves stretch'd on face
to lie.
III.

Him Phœbus kept from shame. O’ th’ man he’d ruth
Though dead, with golden ægis screen’d, whereby
Not dragging tear him he, who, raging sooth,
Hector ill treats. Him gods with ruth espy,
And steal him urge scout Argeiphontes high.
This rede pleas’d all but Here not, nor strong
Poseidon, nor the Virgin Azure-Eye.
They kept as erst, blest Ilium all along
Detesting, Priam, and his folk, for Alexander’s wrong,

iv.

Who goddesses that came t’ his dwelling slighted,
Her prais’d who fatal joyaunce promis’d.
And when now thence had morn the twelfth uplighted,
Phœbus Apollo ‘mong th’ immortals said:—
“Hard are ye, gods pernicious! Hector did
“Fair beeves and goats’ thighs burn to you, who’ll none
“Endure that he be rescued now, though dead,
“That him his wife and mother eke, and son,
“And father Priam, and his people look upon,

v.

“Who’d burn him soon with fire, each fun’ral rite
“Perform. But, gods, ye’ll aye this truculent
“Achilles aid, though neither just nor right
“His mind; whose purpose stern in breast relent
“Doth ne’er. Like lion he, of savage bent,
“That stirr’d by strength and spirit high is fain
“Men’s flocks t’ invade, to feast him thence intent,
“So hath Achilles sooth all pity slain;
“No shame hath he, which mickle mars or aideth men.
VI.

"For he that lose a dearer even should,
"A brother of same womb or son, yet when
"He had bewail'd him, 'bate his sorrow would.
"For soul for suff'rance fates have set in men;
"But he doth Hector 'reave of life, and then
"To chariot tie, and drag round tomb of friend,
"Though small his grace or profit whence I ken.
"For though he's brave he may ourselves offend,
"And senseless earth it is that he doth raging shend."

VII.

To him then white-arm'd Herè anger'd spake: —
"'T were as thou sayst, O Silver Bow, if peer
"Thou canst then with Achilles Hector make.
"But mortal's Hector, breast of woman mere
"He suck'd. Achilles is a goddess' seed. I rear
"Her did, and consort her to man commend,
"To Peleus, who t' immortals was so dear;
"The nuptials you, ye gods, did all attend,
"And 'mong them thou didst feast with harp, O faithless
aye ill-doers' friend!"

VIII.

Her answ'ring cloud-compelling Zeus address'd: —
"Herè, be not too wroth with gods. Not one
"Shall th' honour be to both. But Hector's best
"Belov'd of gods 'mong men in Ilium wone.
"And so of me. Sweet gifts he stinted none,
"For ne'er mine altar miss'd of banquet fit
"Libation, or of fume; which meed's our own.
"Let's thought of stealing Hector bold remit,
"Which may not be without Achilles knowing it.
IX.

"His mother aye \(^{241}\) doth watch him night and day.
"But if o' th' gods one Thetis call to me,
"I'll shrewd word tell her how Achilles may
"From Priam presents get, and Hector free.”
Rose storm-foot Iris messenger to be.
'Twixt Samos and rough Imbros did she spring
I' th' darkling deep. The lake did groan, but she
Reach'd depth like plummet on ox-horn, a thing
To greedy gulping fishes doth destruction bring.

x,

Thetis she finds in hollow cave, and round
Her sit the other goddesses of sea.
She in the midst deplores her son renown’d,
For die in Troy from country far must he.
Stood near and spake then Iris, swift-foot she: —
"Up, Thetis; calls thee Zeus, of deathless rede.”
Spake Thetis goddess Silver-foot: — "Why me
"Calls the great god? For 'mong th' immortals yede
"I am asham’d. My spirit’s woes all count exceed.

XI.

"Nathless I'll go. Not vain what speaketh he.”
The goddess took her veil, so having said,—
Black veil, a garment blacker could not be.
She starts. Swift wind-foot Iris 'fore her led.
Around them both the sea asunder fled.
The shore ascending rush they to the sky.
Loud Kronides they find where gathered
Sat th’ other blessèd gods that be for aye.
By Zeus the Sire she sat, Athenè making way.
XII.

Herè t' her hand gave goblet golden then,
And cheer'd with words. And Thetis' drank, and so
Gave 't back. 'Gan speech the Sire of gods and men:—
"Thou 'rt come t' Olympus, goddess Thetis, though
"In grief, and in thine heart forgetless woe.
"I know 't; but why I call'd thee here I'll speak.
"Nine days doth discord 'mong th' immortals grow;
"'Bout Hector's corse, sack-town Achilles eke.
"To stir keen Argeiphontes on to steal 't they seek.

XIII.

"But I 'll this grace Achilles grant, and so
"Regard and friendship past t'wards thee maintain;
"But quick to th' host thy son commanding go.
"Say gods are wroth, and of immortals main
"I'm wroth, that mad he 'll by curv'd ships detain,
"Nor ransom'd Hector loose. But fears he me,
"He 'll Hector loose. But Iris I 'll ordain
"To high-soul'd Priam go, that son he free,
"To th' Achives' ships with gifts to sooth Achilles going he."

XIV.

'T was thus he spake. Nor soothly not comply
Did goddess Thetis Silver-Foot, but went,
And rushing down Olympus' summits high,
T' her son's pavilion came. Him in lament,
And groaning found, and 'bout him diligent,
His comrades busy dinner do prepare.
Huge woolly sheep was slain them in the tent.
Close to him sat his honour'd mother fair,
And sooth'd with hand, spake word, by name address'd him there:—

r r 4
"My child, how long y-griev'd, and sad wilt eat
"Thy heart? Nor bread nor bed rememb'ring thou,
"Though good with woman have communing sweet?
"For thou 'lt not live me long, for near thee now
"At hand is death and mast'ring fate, I trw.
"But hear me quick. Zeus' messenger to thee
"Am I. The gods are wroth, he says, and mo
"Than all himself, that thou so mad wilt be,
"As Hector keep by th' curved ships, nor ransom'd free.

"But free at ransom then the corpse." Replied
Swift-foot Achilles: — "Come with ransom one,
"And take the corpse, since so himself decide
"Olympius doth." So mother much with son
By th' gather'd ships in wing'd words talkèd on.
To Ilium Kronides doth Iris speed: —
"Swift Iris, from Olympus' seat begone,
"And bid at Ilium high-soul'd Priam yede
"To th' Achives' ships, to have his son at ransom freed.

"And take t' Achilles gifts to pacify
"His soul. And go alone, nor man beside
"Of Trojans thither him accompany.
"But herald somewhat aged with him ride,
"That shall the mules and well-wheel'd wagon guide,
"And corpse bring back, divine Achilles slew.
"Of death let him not think nor fear; provide
"I will such consort Argeiphontes, who
"Shall him conduct, conduct Achilles' presence to.
XVIII.

"And when he's brought within Achilles' tent
"He'll slay him not, but from all others fend.
"Not senseless wanton he, nor negligent
"Of right, but ruth to suppliant will 'extend."
He said. With message storm-foot Iris wend
To Priam's did. And findeth wail and woe.
Sat children round their father reverend
I' th' hall, their garments wet with tears that flow.
Sire midst them wrapt in cloak close drawn that form did show.

XIX.

Much dirt did head and neck of sire, which heap
He did with own hands rolling in 't, display.
His daughters through the house, and sons' wives weep,
The many and the brave rememb'ring they,
That rest of life by hands of Argives lay.
The messenger of Zeus by Priam stood,
Whom trembling seiz'd, till she did whisp'ring say: —
"Fear not, O Priamus of Dardan brood,
"To bode thee ill I come not here, but mean thee good.

XX.

"A messenger am I to thee from Zeus,
"Who far yet cares for thee, is touch'd with ruth.
"Olympius bids thee godlike Hector loose,
"And gifts t' Achilles take his soul shall sooth.
"Alone, nor with thee Trojan else in truth.
"An elder herald with thee wend, who may
"Drive mules and well-wheel'd wagon, and to th' town
"Bring corse, which did divine Achilles slay.
"Nor death be in thy mind, nor thee let aught effray.
XXI.

"Such guide shall tend, yea, Argeiphontes thee,  
"Who 'll bring thee to Achilles close. When tent  
"Thou 'rt in of great Achilles, slay thee he  
"Will not himself, but others all prevent.  
"Not senseless wanton he, nor negligent  
"Of right, but piteous suppliant man will spare."

This said, away the swift-foot Iris went.  
He bade his sons mule-wain well-wheel'd prepare,  
And on it wicker body fasten eke with care.

XXII.

Himself to scented chamber did descend,  
Cedar, high-roof'd, where mickle wonders be.  
Wife Hecuba he call'd, and said: — "My friend,  
"Olympian herald 's been from Zeus to me  
"To go to th' Achives' ships, and dear son free,  
"And gifts to sooth Achilles take. But speak  
"How in thy heart now seemeth this to thee?  
"For much myself doth mind and spirit eke  
"Impel th' Achæans' ships and ample host to seek."

XXIII.

He spake. The woman shriek'd, and answer'd then: —  
"Ah! where 's thy prudence fled for which time gone.  
"Wast fam'd 'mong subjects, and 'mong stranger-men?  
"How wouldst to th' ships Achæan wend alone  
"To that man's eyes, who many a valiant son  
"Has slaughter'd thee? Of iron sure thine heart.  
"If thee now catch, and set his eyes upon,  
"That cruel faithless man he 'll not thy smart  
"Pity or heed. In chamber sitting then let's weep apart.
XXIV.

"So from the first to him o'ermast'ring Fate,
"When bore him I, in natal thread y-sponge
"That he from parents far should swift dogs satiate,
"Through that strong man; whom could I fasten on
"And liver eat, my deeds should quite my son.
"For him not playing coward did he slay,
"Who stood for Trojans and their dames, nor shun
"Him did, nor harbour'd thought to flee away."

To her again did god-shap'd aged Priam say: —

XXV.

"I'd go; not keep me, nor mine ill bird be
"In th' house. Thou 'lt not persuade. If mortal bade,
"Were 't prophet, augur, priest, this thing to me,
"Pronounce'd it false, and kept aloof I had;
"Now heard the god and seen, I go; not said
"In vain that word; but though it be my fate
"To die by the ships of th' Achives brazen-clad
"I'm willing. Let Achilles slay me straight,
"So I my son embrace, and sorrow's longing satiate."

XXVI.

He said, and op'd of chests the lids so fair.
Thence took twelve veils, exceeding bright to view,
Twelve single cloaks, as many carpets there,
As many mantles, vests as many too.
Then gold he brought, and weigh'd twelve talents true.
Two tripods bright, four cauldrons eke, and one
Fair cup, the Thracians gave when there he drew
In embassage; great gift, but spar'd it none
In th' house the sire. For he so long'd to free his son.
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XXVII.

He drove from porch all Trojans, roughly chode:—
"Hence, wretches vile! Have ye at home then no
"Bewailment, that ye come and grieve me would?
"Or think ye light Zeus Kronides such woe
"Gives me to lose my bravest son? But know
"Will you, for easier to th' Achaeans ye
"To slaughter now he's dead. Before it, though,
"Or e'er the ravag'd city waste I see
"With these mine eyes, may I in house of Hades be."

XXVIII.

He said, and drave the men with staff. They run,  
By th' old man press'd. Who sons doth sharply twight;  
Helenus, Paris, godlike Agathon,  
Pammon, Antiponus, and, good at fight  
Polites, and Deiphobus, and wight  
Hippothoüs, and noble Dios high.  
All nine the old man chideth in despight:—
"Make haste, ill children, shameful. Would that by
"Swift Achive ships in Hector's stead ye all did slaughter'd lie.

XXIX.

"Ah, hapless me, who sons the bravest have  
"In Troas broad begot, whereof there's none  
"I say now left me. Mestor, godlike brave,  
"And Troilus, the chariot-fighting one,  
"And Hector, like a god 'mong men, nor son  
"Of mortal man in sooth appeared he,  
"But of a god. These Ares hath fordone,  
"The sheer shames left, that cheats and dancers be,  
"Can tread a measure, lambs and kids among the people plunder free.
XXX.

"Will ye the wain for me not ready make
"With speed, and these things all upon it lay,
"That we perform our journey?" Thus he spake.
Fearing their sire's rebuke, his sons obey,
And mule-drawn well-wheel'd wagon forth convey,
Fair, newly made; and body on it strong
They tied, and drew from peg mule-yoke away
Of box, and boss'd, well set with rings. The thong
With yoke they brought out eke, and 't was nine cubits long.

XXXI.

And this, indeed, they make fealty fast
To end of well y-polish'd pole applied,
And on the peg of pole the ring they cast,
And fasten thrice to boss on either side.
Tie down, and end of thong thereunder slide.
From chamber bring, and heap on wagon fair
Vast price he did for Hector's head provide.
And then draught-mules strong hoofed yok'd, that were
Those erst the Mysians gave to Priam, presents rare.

XXXII.

And Priam's horses eke 'neath yoke they led,
The which at well y-polish'd manger fair
The aged sire himself attending fed.
But these in mansion high yoke did the pair
Herald and Priam, wise of rede they were.
And near them Hecuba a sorri'wing came
Soul-cheering wine right-hand in gold-cup bare,
To make libation ere they go. The dame
Before the horses stood, spake word, and call'd by name: —
XXXIII.

"Take, pour to Zeus the Sire, pray home again
"To come from foes, if soul so urge thee ply
"To th' ships, though I would not. But do thou then
"To th' Cloud-compeller pray, Kronion high,
"Idæan, who doth Troas all espy,
"And ask for bird, swift messenger, most dear
"To him of birds, of greatest strength, to fly
"To th' right, that thou with eyes perceive it here,
"And, trusting it, to ships of swift-steed Danai career.

XXXIV.

"But if his messenger not granteth thee
"The wide-voic'd Zeus, then bid thee go not I
"To th' Argive ships, though thou all eager be."
To her spake god-shap'd Priam in reply: —
"Woman, this urgent hest I 'll not deny.
"Lift hands to Zeus is good, who pity deigns."
This said, the sire urg'd stewardess hard by
On 's hands pure water pour. The servant stands
The basin holding eke, and pitcher in her hands.

XXXV.

So having wash'd, from spouse he cup did take,
And mid-court standing pray'd, pour'd wine, the sky
Up-gazing at, and utt'ring word he spake: —
"Sire Zeus, from Ida ruling, glorious, high!
"Grant that t' Achilles welcome, pitied I
"May come. Grant bird swift messenger, most dear
"To thee of birds, of greatest strength, do fly
"To th' right, that I with eyes perceive it here,
"And, trusting it, to ships of swift-steed Danai career."
XXXVI.

So spake he praying. Zeus deep-counsell'd heard,
And straight an eagle sent, of birds most sure;245
Dark hunter, Percnus eke they call the bird.
Wide as expands a lofty chamber's door
Of wealthy man, which key can well secure,
So were his wings on each side stretching far.
To th' right they see him city rushing o'er.
They see it glad, their souls delighted are.
In haste ascends the sire his well-y-polish'd car.

XXXVII.

From porch he drave, and sounding corridore
Preceding him the mules did pace, that drew
The four-wheel'd wagon. Drave these on before
Idæus wise. Behind the steeds ensue,
Which swift the sire with whip drave city through.
His friends attend him all, and him amain,
As one to death departing, wail they do.
When down the city they had pass'd to th' plain,
To Ilium back return'd his sons and sons-in-law again.

XXXVIII.

Nor were the two from Zeus the wide-voic'd hid
There in the plain. Beholding, pitied he
The sire. To dear son Hermes quick he said:—
"Hermes, who chief dost love t' associate free
"With man, and hearest whom it pleaseth thee,
"To th' Achives' ships go guide thou Priam's way,
"That no Danaian else may know or see,
"Ere Peleus' son he reach." Thus did he say,
Nor did the guiding Argeiphontes disobey.
XXXIX.
And quick 'neath feet he tied his sandals fair,
Ambrosial, golden, which do him o'er deep,
And o'er the boundless land, with wind-blasts bear.
Took wand wherewith men's eyes he's wont to steep
In slumber whom he will, or wake who sleep.
With this in hand, strong Argeiphontes flies
To Troy, and Hellespont doth swiftly sweep.
And onward went in princely youth's disguise,
Of that most graceful age, when beard's first down doth rise.

XL.
These, when they drove past Ilus' burly tomb,
Did mules and steeds to drink at river stay,
For o'er the earth was coming evening's gloom.
Now herald sees from them a little way
Hermes, and did to Priam speak, and say: —
"Reflect, Dardanides, of thought there's need.
"A man I see will us, I think, soon slay.
"Come, let 's with horses flee, or with him plead,
"And clasp his knees, if pity us he will indeed."

XLI.
'T was thus he spake. The old man's senses were
Confusèd all, and he was sore afraid.
Upbristled on his bending limbs the hair.
Astound he stood. Nigh drew The-One-to-Aid 246,
And took the old man's hand, and ask'd, and said: —
"Where drivest, sire, the steeds and mules by night
"Ambrosial, when be mortals else a-bed?
"Dost thou not fear th' Achseans, breathing might,
"That, foes to thee implacable, be near y-pight?"
XLII.

"If one of these should chance to spy thee now
"Through swift dark night, that dost such treasures bear,
"What wouldst resolve? Not young thyself art thou,
"And old man eke is he thy foll’wer there,
"To fight a man, if one t’ assault thee were.
"But I’ll not harm thee; nay, ’gainst others aid.
"For thee to father dear do I compare."

Him god-shap’d aged Priam answer made:—
"These things indeed, dear son, are even as thou’st said.

XLIII.

"But yet some god hath stretch’d his hand o’er me,
"Who sends to meet me opportune i’ th’ way
"A guide of form and shape admir’d, like thee,
"Who ’rt wise of sense; thy parents, happy they."

To him spake guiding Argeiphontes:—“Yea,
"All these, old man, thou speakest fit and fair,
"But come now, tell me this, and truly say:
"Art sending much bright treasures anywhere
"To men of other lands, for safer keeping there?

XLIV.

"Or leave ye now already every one
"The sacred Ilium in your mickle dread,
"Since slain such man the valiantest, your son,
"Second in fight to no Achæan-bred?"

Him answ’ring aged god-shap’d Priam said:—
"Who art thou, kindest? parents who are thine,
"That speak’st so fair of hapless son that’s dead?"

Spake guiding Argeiphontes:—“Thou design
"To try me dost, of Hector questioning divine.
XLV.

"Him oft in man-ennobling fight I've seen
With these mine eyes, when by the ships he smote
The Argives, them with brass y-slaught'ring keen.
We stood astound. Achilles us would not
Let fight; his wrath 'gainst Atreus' son was hot.
His servant I, in one good ship we came.
I'm Myrmidon. Polycot me begat;
A wealthy man, and aged, e'en the same
As thou. Six sons are his, and me the seventh name.

XLVI.

"Lots cast, 't was mine to leave. And now i' th' plain
From ships I'm come. At morn, will set th' array
By th' town the dark-eyed Achives, who disdain
The sitting idle here. Nor check them may
Th' Achaens' kings, for war so eager they."
Him answer'd aged Priam god-shap'd one:—
If Peleus' son Achilles' servant, say
The whole truth out; is yet by th' ships my son?
Or, limb-meal torn, t' his dogs hath him Achilles thrown?"

XLVII.

Spake guiding Argeiphontes in reply:—
Sire, eaten him nor dogs nor birds obscene
Have yet. But he b' Achilles' ship doth lie
I' th' tents the very same. He hath so lain
Now morn the twelfth, nor yet his flesh doth rot,
Nor eat him worms, that eat men war y-slain.
Him sooth Achilles dear friend's tomb about
Doth ruthless drag when morn appears, yet mars him not.
XLVIII.
"Thou 'dst wonder coming thou, so dewy there
"He lies, the blood all wash'd, from stain he's free;
"His wounds are clos'd, though many sooth they were
"The brass had gash'd him with. 'So tend for thee
"Blest gods thy son, though dead. Heart dear was he
"To them." He said. Rejoic'd, the sire replied:—
"My son 't is good t' immortals due gifts we
"Should give. For ne'er my child until he died
"Forgot in 's house the gods that in Olympus bide.

XLIX.
"So him in death's fate self remember they.
"But come, from me this beauteous goblet take,
"Guard me, and with the gods conduct my way,
"Till tent of Peleus' son I reach." Then spake
Guide Argeiphontes:—"Sire, thou 'dst trial make
"Of me a youth; thou 'It not persuade me though
"Without Achilles' knowledge gifts to take,
"For him I dread, and shrink in heart also
"From cheating, lest there come upon me after woe.

L.
"Thy careful guide, I 'd go to Argos bright
"In vessel swift, or footing with thee yede.
"None would with thee, thy guide despising, fight."
This said, the Helper sprang to car and steed,
And seiz'd the whip and reins in 's hands with speed,
And breath'd in steeds and mules a vigour rare.
When at ships' towers arriv'd, and trench indeed,
Watchers had supper just begun prepare.
Pour'd sleep upon them all, the guiding Argus-slayer.
LI.

He straight op'd gates, and bars thrust back, and brought
Priam within, and presents rich on wain.
Achilles' high tent reach'd, for king y-wrought
By Myrmidons with shaven firs, o'erlain
With downy reeds from meadows mown y-ta'en.
Round it they 'd made the king a huge court-yard,
With stakes thick set. One bar doth door restrain,
Of fir, the which Achæans three up-barr'd,
And three it took to ope the door's enormous guard,

LII.

But close it could Achilles e'en alone.
To th' sire then helpful Hermes openèd;
Brought in bright gifts for Peleus' swift-foot son;
And from the horses sprang to ground and said: —
" Sire, I'm a god immortal, Hermes. Bade
" Me Zeus, the father, to companion thee.
" Now back I go again who 've thus far led,
" Nor meet Achilles' eyes! 'T would blameful be,
" That thus immortal god grace mortal openly.

LIII.

" Thou ent'ring clasp the knees of Peleus' son,
" And him by sire, and fair-tress'd mother pray,
" And son, to move his soul." This said, and on
To long Olympus Hermes went his way.
From car sprang Priamus. But there to stay
Idæus left, with steeds and mules in care.
Straight went through house the sire without delay,
Where wont to sit Achilles was, the Zeus-belov'd, and there
He findeth him. Apart his comrades sitting were.
Automedon and Alcimus sole wait.
He'd appetite with food just ceas'd t' appease,
Eating and drinking. Near was table yet.
Huge Priam enter'd unobserv'd of these,
Stood near, and clasp'd with hands Achilles' knees,
And kiss'd those dread man-slaught'ring hands that slew
Him many sons. As man mischance doth seize
In 's land t' have slain a man, he cometh to
Strange folk to wealthy man's: amaze takes all who view.

So 'mazed Achilles Priamus divine
To see. The rest astound each other eye.
Implores him Priam:—"Think of father thine,
" Godlike Achilles, old and e'en as I,
" On threshold sad of age. Him dwellers-by
" May press, when woe and war to ward is none.
" Yet him that thou 'rt alive they certify,
" So joyeth he in soul, keeps hoping on
" To see from Troy return'd his much beloved son."

" But wretched I, who 've best sons 'gotten me,
" In Troas wide. None 's left me. Fifty were,
" When came th' Achaean's sons. Of one womb be
" Nineteen. The rest in th' house my women bare.
" Hot Ares knees of most hath loos'd whilere.
" My sole son, who did them and town defend,
" Thou 'st lately slain, for country battling there,
" Hector; for whom to th' Achives' ships I bend
" My steps to ransom him of thee, and gifts I bring
withouten end."
LVII.
"Revere the gods, Achilles, pity me,
"Thy sire rememb'ring. I though more to rue,
"Who've borne what none e'er did on earth that be,
"To lips raise hand of man, my son that slew."
This said, stirs grief for father in him who
Thrust gently back the sire. Rememb'ring those,
This 'fore Achilles stretch'd doth Hector now
Bewail, while mourns Achilles now the woes
Of father, now Patroclus. Through the house their wail
arose.

LVIII.
When sated grief divine Achilles sooth,
And from his heart and limbs desire had fled,
He rose from seat, with hand rais'd sire in ruth,
Of his so hoary chin, and hoary head,
And wingèd words addressing him he said: —
"Ah, hapless! that dost mickle woes endure,
"How hast to th' ships Achæan venturèd
"To th' eyes of man, who many not obscure
"Of sons hath slaughter'd thee? Thy heart is iron sure.

LIX.
"But come, sit thou on seat, and sorrow so
"In heart let's suffer lie, though grieved we.
"For profit none there is of icy woe.
"Thus gods to wretched mortals did decree
"Sadly to live; themselves from care are free.
"For twain the casks that on Zeus' threshold lie,
"Of gifts he gives; these good, those evil be.
"To whom commix'd gives Zeus the Thund'rer high;
"He lights on ill at times, on better by and by.
LX.
"Whom from the ill he gives, a man forbid,
"Him hunteth rav’ning woe on sacred earth.
"He roams by gods and men unhonour’d.
"So gods gave Peleus glorious gifts from birth,
"Who did all men in bliss and wealth outworth,
"Rul’d Myrmidons, for spouse he, mortal one,
"A goddess had. This ill thereto, a dearth
"Of reigning children gave the god. For none
"Had he but sole begot untimely doomèd son.

LXI.
"Him old I tend not, but in Troas bide
"From country far, thine and thy children’s bane.
"Thou, sire, we’ve heard, wast rich in former tide.
"What Lesbos doth ’bove Makar’s seat contain,
"And Upper Phrygia, Hellespontic main,
"These, sire, didst pass in wealth and sons, they say,
"But since this scourge the gods did thee ordain,
"Thy town man-slaught’ring doth and battle-fray
"Begirt. But bear thou up, nor mourn in soul alwày.

LXII.
"For grieving thou wilt nought avail thy son,
"Nor raise him up, ere ill thyself abyè.
"Him answer’d aged Priam, god-shap’d one:—
"Nay, seat me not, Zeus-nurs’d, while Hector lie
"Doth in the tent uncar’d. Quick loose that I
"With eyes behold. Accept the gifts which we
"Have mickle brought thee. These may’st thou enjoy,
"And reach thy native land since thou hast me
"Myself first suffer’d live, and light of sun to see."
Swift-foot Achilles frowning did exclaim: —
"Vex me no more, old man. For Hector free
"Myself intend. From Zeus with message came
"Mother that bare me, child of sire of sea.
"I know thee, Priam, thou 'rt not hid from me.
"Some god thy guide to th' Achives' ships hath been.
"No mortal durst approach, though vig'rous he,
"The host. He had not past the watch unseen,
"Nor 'eath undone the bars of these our doors, I ween.

"Wherefore no more with sorrows trouble now
"My soul, lest thee, old man, I not within
"My tent permit, albeit supplicant thou,
"And so against the hests of Zeus I sin."
He said. The trembling sire from speech doth lin.
From house Pelides, lion-like, from door
Out-sprang. Not sole, but follow'd servants twain,
Automedon, and Alcimus, whom 'fore
All friends Achilles honour'd, now Patroclus was no more.

And these the horses then and mules unyoke,
And th' old man's calling-herald in they led,
And set upon a seat. And then they took
From out the wagon well-y-polish'd
The ransom infinite of Hector's head.
But left two cloaks, and tunic newly spun,
With which to wrap for carrying home the dead.
Calling the maids he bade them wash anon,
And him anoint apart, that Priam should not see his son,
Lest haply he indeed heart-grieving may
His anger not restrain at sight of son,
And him Achilles heart-y-stirred sly
And hests of Zeus transgress. When maids had done
The washing and anointing him, and thrown
About him wrapping vest, and stately pall,
Achilles' self him lifts to th' bed. And on
To polish'd wain his mates lift corse withal.
Achilles cried aloud, by name did comrade call:

"With me, Patroclus, be not wroth, if thou
" In Hades hear I 've godlike Hector freed
" 'T' his sire, who's brought fit price. I'll thee endow
" With fitting share." This said, to tent doth yede
Achilles, sits in dædal seat indeed,
He'd left against the wall. To Priam spake:
" Thy son is loos'd, old man, as thou didst plead,
" And lies on couch, and soon as day doth break,
" Thyself shalt see, and bear him off. But now let's
supper take.

For even Niobè, of tresses fair,
" Remember'd food, to whom twelve children lay
" Dead in her house. And daughters six there were,
" Six comely sons. These did Apollo sly
" With silver bow, enrag'd with Niobè.
" Shaft-loving Artemis slew those; for fain
" Their mother 'd fair-cheek'd Leto match, and say
" Herself had brought forth many, she but twain,
" And yet by those, although but two, were all y-slain."
"Nine days in blood they lay. For none there were
To bury them: transform the folk to stone
Kronion did. But them the tenth inter
Did verily the gods in sky that wone.
She thought of food when wearied making moan.
And now in rocks or desert mountains she
In Sipylus (where goddess-nymps are known
To haunt, by Achelous footing free),
There o'er her woes from gods she broods, though stone she be.

Let us two think of food, old man divine,
And then thy son to Ilium taking rue,
For much thou mourn him must, that son of thine."
This said, Achilles rose, and white sheep slew,
Flay'd it his friends and trimm'd in order due.
In pieces skilful cut, and hang them did
On hooks and featly roast, and all withdrew.
Automedon at table set the bread
In baskets fair. Achilles meat distributed.

To th' food that ready lay stretch hands did these,
And when with meat and drink they sated be
Then soothly Priamus Dardanides
Did at Achilles gaze admiringly;
Such and so great, so like the gods was he.
Achilles so at Priam, Dardan's son,
To hear his speech, his noble form to see.
When, at each other gaz'd their fill, they'd done,
Him first address did aged Priam, god-shap'd one:
LXXII.

"To bed now me dismiss, Zeus-nurtur'd wight,
"As soon as possible, that, lying down,
"We may with slumber sweet ourselves delight.
"For 'neath their lids mine eyes have closed none
"Since lost his life beneath thy hands my son;
"But still my many woes a-pond'ring o'er,
"And roll'd in court-yard dirt did constant groan.
"But now I taste of bread and dark wine pour
"Adown my throat, which I had tasted not before."

LXXIII.

He said. Achilles mates and maidens bade
Lay beds in porch. Thereo'er rugs purple cast
And carpets spread, place mantles wool-y-clad
To cover them. The maids with torches pass'd
From house, and beds a pair they strawèd fast.
Him gibing spake Achilles swift of feet: —
"Couch, sire, outside, for fear some council-class'd
"Achaean hither come; for come and seat
"Them here in council aye it is their wont as meet.

LXXIV.

"If see thee one of these through swift black night,
"Folk-shepherd Agamemnon tell would he,
"Whence grow delay of corse's ransom might.
"But plainly tell me this: what days would be,
"To bury Hector in, enow for thee;
"That I refrain so long, and people too
"Restrain." Spake god-shap'd Priam old: — "If me
"Thou suffer godlike Hector's fun'ral through
"Perform, Achilles, thou 'dst a thing most grateful do.
LXXV.

"Thou know'st we're coop'd i' th' town, and far the wood
"To bring from mount, and Trojans sore afraid.
"Nine days bewail him in the house we should,
"The tenth inter, and feast for folk be made,
"And on th' eleventh mound be o'er him laid,
"And on the twelfth, if need, we'll fight again."
Swift-foot divine Achilles ans'ring said: —
"These, Priam old, shall as thou sayst remain,
"I'll war so long a time, as thou hast bade, restrain."

LXXVI.

So having soothly said, he then doth seize
The sire's right hand by th' wrist, lest hap he may
Within his soul be fearful. There then these
In porch of dwelling slept in such array,
Herald and Priam, prudent-minded they.
But in strong tent's recess Achilles slept,
And by his side fair-cheek'd Briseis lay.
The other gods and warriors steed-adept
Did sleep throughout the night, by gentle slumber kept.

LXXVII.

But sleep not aidful Hermes seiz'd, who weigh'd
In mind how Priam might from ships be brought
Unknown to th' sacred watch. He stood at 's head
And spake: — "Old man, hast thou of ill no thought,
"Who sleep'st mid foes, when thee Achilles nought
"Hath hurt? Thou 'st loos'd thy son and gavedst much,
"But thou 'dst alive at thrice that sum be bought
"By thy remaining sons from out their clutch,
"Should Agamemnon or Achaëans know thee such."
LXXVIII.

He said. The old man fear'd, wak'd herald there.
Yok'd Hermes steeds and mules, and drave with speed
Himself through th' host none knowing. When they were
At ford of fair-flow river Xanthus, seed
Of deathless Zeus, to long Olympus yede
Doth Hermes back. Morn saffron-veil'd is spread
O'er all the earth. Steeds driving they proceed
To th' town with tears and groans. Mules bare the dead.
None else of men or well-zon'd women them discovered.

LXXIX.

Cassandra, though, like Aphrodite golden,
Ascending Pergamos, hath father dear
On car with call-town herald first beholden,
And him too seen by th' mules y-stretch'd on bier.
She shriek'd and call'd through all the town: — "Come here,
" Trojans and Trojanesses, Hector see,
" If living his return from fight did cheer
" You e'er. Great joy to town and folk was he."
She said. None left i' th' town, or man or woman, be.

LXXX.

Came boundless grief on all. Him met they nigh
The gates with corse. First spouse and mother tear
Their locks, and on to well-wheel'd wagon fly
To touch his head. And weeping round them were
The throng. And all the day they 'd Hector there 'Fore gates bewail'd, till sun had set i' th' sky,
But Priam did from car to folk declare: —
" Let me now pass with mules, then satisfy
" Yourselves with weeping, when y-ta'en him home have I."
LXXXI.
He spake. They part and make for wagon way, 
And body to his splendid house they bring, 
And then upon a piercèd bedstead lay; 
Set singers by to lead lament, who sing 
The dirge, women with groans accompanying. 
Led whose lament white-arm'd Andromachè, 
And head of Hector man-y-slaughtering 
Held in her hands: — "O husband mine," quoth she, 
"Thou ’st young lost life, and widow’d left in mansion me,

LXXXII.
"And child so young, which thou and I ill-starr’d 
"Begat. Reach manhood he I think will ne’er, 
"But town first fall since perish’d thou, its guard, 
"Who it, chaste wives, and speechless babes whilere. 
"Didst fend. They ’ll soon to th’ hollow ships repair, 
"And I with them. And thou, too, child, wilt go 
"With me; work works unseemly toiling there 
"For master harsh. Or seiz’d by the hand will throw 
"Thee from the tower to woful death some anger’d foe,

LXXXIII.
"Whose brother Hector slew, or sire, or son. 
"’Neath Hector’s hands so many Achives hent. 
"With teeth the ground. In fight no honied one 
"Thy sire. So him through town the folk lament. 
"Past speech giv’st parents woe and dreriment, 
"But chief on me hast, Hector, sorrows pight, 
"Dying thou ’st not from bed thine hands extent 
"To me, nor utter’d pregnant word, I might 
"With tears be constant thinking on, by day and night."
LXXXIV.
So spake she weeping, and the women groan.
Then Hecuba the fierce lament did lead: —

"Hector, thou to my soul the dearest one
By far of all my children wast indeed,
"When living. Dear thou wast to th' gods, who heed
"Thee do in very death's extremity.
"Mine other sons, whom he of swift-foot speed
"Achilles spar'd, them sold 'yond fruitless sea,
"To Samos, Imbros, and inhospitable Lemnos he.

LXXXV.
"Thee reft of life with long-edg'd brass, he 'bout
"His friend Patroclus' tomb oft dragg'd in vain
"Whom slewest thou. But him so rais'd he not.
"Now dewy thou, and fresh in th' house y-lain,
"Like one Apollo Silver-Bow hath slain,
"Coming with gentle shafts." So spake she word,
And wept, and rous'd unending sorrow's pain.
To them lament then Helen led the third: —
"Hector, thou to my soul 'fore brothers all preferr'd.

LXXXVI.
"My spouse is god-shap'd Alexander, who
"Brought me to Troy. Would first I'd died. This year
"The ninth since I came hither, and withdrew
"From native land. Yet ne'er ill-word did hear
"Unkind from thee. But whoso chide severe
"Of brothers, sisters, brothers' veil'd wives would
"Or mother (for the sire's aye kind as father dear)
"Thou still with words admonishing withstood
"With thy so gentemindedness, and words so kind and good.
"So thee I mourn, and me unfortunate
"With grievèd heart. In Troas broad I've none
"Friendly or kind. For me they all do hate."
She spake and wept. The crowd immense do groan.
To th' folk spake Priam old: — "Bring wood to town,
"Ye Trojans now. Nor have in soul a fear
"Of Argives' ambush close. For Peleus' son
"Dismissing me from sable vessels here,
"Promis'd to harm us not ere morn the twelfth appear."

'T was thus he spake. They yoke to wagons there
The beeves, and mules, and quick assembled those
Before the town. And nine whole days they were
Collecting wood immense. And when arose
The tenth bright morn, that light to mortals shows,
Forth weeping bring they valiant Hector stout,
Set corse on lofty pile, and fire dispose.
When dawn-sprung Morn, rose-finger'd, peepeth out,
The folk collect renowned Hector's pyre about.

When met together these assembled been,
First all the pile, where force of fire extends,
Extinguish they with darkling wine, and then
White bones collect his brethren, and his friends,
Mourning, and many a tear their cheek descends.
And these, in softest veils of purple so
Enwrapt, their care to golden-chest commends,
And deep in hollow trench deposits low,
And over it a many mighty stones they strow.
Mound quick they pour'd, set watchers all around
Lest on them rush well-greav'd Achæans might.
Then back they went so having pour’d the mound,
And full assembling banqueted a banquet bright
In house of Priam Zeus-y-nurtur’d king.
And thus they tended there the tame-steed Hector’s burying.

END OF THE ILIAD.
NOTES.


Throughout the following translation the syllable eus, in proper names is, except where otherwise pointed, taken as a diphthong, and pronounced so as to rhyme with "use," the noun, "profuse," "obtuse," &c. Peleus, therefore, will be a disyllable, and Zeus a monosyllable, as in the original Greek.


I incline to think that in the original this is meant emphatically "themselves;" and the language of one who considered the body the principal, and the soul but secondary; a sentiment intimately connected with the notions the ancient Greeks entertained of a future state.

To dogs a prey. Dogs are mentioned, but all "the beasts of the land" that prey on the dead, may very well be included, presenting a picture identical with the Scriptural description:—"The dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the air, and the flesh of thy saints unto the beasts of the land." Psalm, lxxix. 2.


"And make them skirr away, as swift as stones, Enforced from the old Assyrian slings." Henry V. Act. 4. sc. 7.


Literally "dream-monger;" dream interpreter does not answer the idea; for the party consulted, supplied both dream and interpretation; like the dreamer of dreams, mentioned in Scripture. Deut. xiii. 3.


The reader unacquainted with Greek, may not be displeased to learn that our word "sceptre," which we only know as an emblem of authority, comes from that language, where its primary signification is "staff," from σκῆπτρον to lean; and its secondary, an emblem of authority, a sceptre. Of the importance attached to which the passage before us is one instance, and the elaborate account of that of Agamemnon, at Book II.
another. The word does not appear, in poetry at least, ever to have lost its original simple signification of walking-stick or staff. Homer employs it in both senses. Probably in those simple times the instrument performed both functions, and the monarch's walking-stick was also his sceptre; and only a sceptre, because its owner was not a private man. In the following passage, from the soliloquy of Adrastus in the late lamented Mr. Justice Talfourd's noble tragedy of Ion, the two meanings are marked with classic precision:

"He must fall,
Or the great sceptre, which hath sway'd the fears
Of ages, will become a common staff
For youth to wield, or age to rest upon,
Despoil'd of all its virtues."

Ion. Act ii. sc. 1.


Part-voice i.e. voice-dividing. Μῆροψ, a philosophic and distinctive characteristic of the human race, as alone gifted with speech, properly so called. For using the voice as a medium of communication is not distinctive, since the lower animals do that, and with much variety of tone. But with them the voice is rather emitted in a succession of cries, in which the stream of sound is not broken up into short significant portions or joints, as it were (articulos), as in the vast variety of human tongues, through all of which, even to the most barbarous among them, man still stands out conspicuous, as —

"The creature sole of speech articulate,"

Note 7. Book I. stanza 30. As Peirithous.]

The translator craves the reader's indulgence to pronounce Peirithous, in this instance, as three syllables, with the second short. Exadus, may be more easily accepted as three, as "ius" so readily melts into one. The suppression of the final of Polyphemus is another licence, which will perhaps be conceded in consideration of the stress of metre, and the determination to give the proper names in the order of the original.

The mountain Phere. ] These are said to be the Centaurs, a people, as it is fabled, half horse, half man; which those who rationalize the ancient myths, explain as being a people who used to ride on horseback, before that accomplishment was general. The Greeks, we must in that case suppose, though using horses in chariots, were as little aware of the real connection between the horse and his rider, even among their close neighbours, as the Peruvians, to whom the animal was unknown, at the first invasion of the Spaniards. Nothing, however, in Homer shows him to have been acquainted with the poetic monster. Nor are the Phere
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described as differing from other warriors. I have accordingly retained the Greek appellation in preference to the usual translation of Centaurs, as that would have seemed to be adopting the myth.

Note 8. Book I. stanza 35. Bade cleanse.]

An historical instance of the religious ceremony of purifying an army, not for plague, but under circumstances no less fatal to its well being, viz. mutiny and mutual distrust, occurs in the Retreat of the Ten Thousand:—Παραπνοούντος δὲ Ξενοφώντος καὶ τῶν μάντεων συμβουλευόντος, ἔδοξε καὶ καθάραι τὸ στράτευμα. καὶ ἐγένετο καθαρμός. ΞΕΝΟΡΗΩΝ, Anab. Lib. v. c. 7. § 35.


I have left out κούρης, "the girl Briseis;" and with the less scruple that I do not attach that emphatic force to it that some do, as who should say "sent such august messengers on so unworthy an errand as that of a female slave." For I can see no disparagement of Briseis on the part of Achilles throughout the poem, nor why there should have been. The ground of his non-resistance to Agamemnon's demand of her is distinctly stated, that he treats it as a resumption by the Achæans of their former voluntary gift. Disparagement of that gift would have answered no purpose.


The sea among the breakers would be covered with foam, and therefore at the shore the sea is properly termed ἀλὸς πολιτικ. But troubled in mind, Achilles, gazing out, as it were, to the ends of the deep, where the appearance was more calm, the darker aspect of the element is aptly expressed by οἵνοπα πόντον, "the wine-faced or purple deep." For the accuracy of which latter epithet hear Mr. Warburton:—"It was blowing very fresh as we ran out to sea under a close-reeded main-sail; but the sun shone brightly, and the waves were of the purple colour that they wore to Homer's eyes." The Crescent and the Cross, 8th ed. p. 222.


The posture of prayer among the ancient Greeks would appear to have been after the Oriental fashion, so far at least as regards the position of the hands, which were not closed together, as with us, but extended and spread out. So among the Jews, among whom, as in Exodus, ch. 9. vv. 29, 23. "spread abroad," the hands is expressive of the act of prayer. And in that magnificent account of the dedication of the Temple, 2 Chronicles, ch. vi., we find at verse 5, that Solomon stood before the altar in the presence of the congregation of Israel, and "spread forth his
hands." Our opposite practice of joining the hands together in supplication, whence comes it? Is it derived from the form of homage of the feudal system, in which the vassal, kneeling down before his Lord, joined his hands together and placed them within his Lord's, repeating, "I become your man," Jeo deveigne votre home, &c. ? or were the homage formulæ borrowed from some earlier ceremonial in the religion of the people who introduced it?

**Note 12.** Book I. stanza 53. *And cups did auspicate.*

I trust to be excused for coining a word by Anglicising the Latin expression for the Greek. I know of no one word in our language that answered it, and to have endeavoured to give it by way of paraphrase seemed awkward, and involved dwelling longer on this, compared with other parts of the affair, than our poet has done in the original, and so injuring the symmetry of the narrative. The ceremony according to some (for there is great difference of opinion upon the passage) appears to have been to commence by pouring out a little by way of libation, in honour of the gods, and then handing the cups round to the guests from left to right. For this the Latin expression, it would seem, was "auspicari poculis," and the Greek ἴπαρχεσθαι ἐπαύεσθαι. Heyne, however, is against the libation, observing that the guests performed that for themselves.

**Note 13.** Book I. stanza 55. *Up they drew.*

It was customary with the ancients to draw their ships up on the beach, much as fishermen do their smacks on our sea-coast. The Achæans' ships, it may not be amiss to observe, were in the Iliad drawn up high ashore, so that there was a space between them and the sea, available in a way that would not be here with a tidal sea.

**Note 14.** Book I. stanza 67. *Down driven.*

Observe "driven" not "fell" φίρόμην, for Hephaistos might predicate of himself and the other Olympians, like Moloch in the Paradise Lost:

"For in our proper motion we ascend
   Up to our native seat; descent and fall
   To us is adverse."

The expression becomes highly significant of the force with which the luckless deity was hurled through the air; a force that in a whole day had not spent itself when he pitched in Lemnos.

**Note 15.** Book I. stanza 68. *With wisest heart.*

This expression reminds one of the Scriptural characteristic of the cunning workman, as in Exodus xxxvi. 2: — "And Moses called Bezaleel
and Aholiab, and every wise-hearted man, in whose heart the Lord had put wisdom."

**Note 16. Book II. stanza 1. Round the fleet.**

For the rhyme's sake I have said fleet, but must caution the reader against supposing there is any such collective name in the original. Their power of combined action in nautical affairs had not advanced to the point of requiring such collective designation. Two ships or two thousand, they were but so many single ships, and formed no aggregate whole.

**Note 17. Book II. stanza 1. Pernicious Dream.**

The reader will observe that Dream, "Oρειφος, is a real entity in the Homeric mythology; a god as individual as Sleep, Night, Aurora, or the others.

**Note 18. Book II. stanza 5. And to the dusky realm.**

This line is not in the original. Alas for the pressure of rhyme there was no help for it. I have, however, in the addition preserved the personality of Dream, which Pope, not perceiving, has treated him as a dream, and dissolved him like mist.

**Note 19. Book II. stanza 6. Still the voice divine.**

"The voice divine" i.e. the voice of the god Dream; another proof of his personality.

**Note 20. Book II. stanza 7. Olympus long.**

I have usually translated μακρός in its primary meaning of "long" instead of "tall." The form of the mountain, perhaps, as a long range or ridge, was what Homer had in view in this almost constant epithet, and never, I think, its altitude, which he sufficiently designates by "snowy" "of abundant snow," &c. To express the distinction, I should say that to Teneriffe he would never have applied μακρός, while of the Hog's Back, Guildford, though it had out-topped the Andes, it would have been an inseparable epithet. He applies the term to walls; but I should say in the sense of "long walls," and to trees, but it is usually in connection with the wood-cutter's craft, and therefore probably a designation of length, as they lay along the ground, and not of altitude; for which υψηλός is his word. Accordingly, when he speaks of a lofty wall, it is τέτειχες υψηλός, and when of a lofty house we have δῶματος υψηλόω and not μακρόω. And if he variously designate a wall by μακρόω or υψηλός, according to its length or altitude; the towers, as admitting but of one point of view, their altitude, he constantly designates as πύργους υψηλούς, the lofty towers.

The elders, γέροντες, those who with the sovereign were wont to form the council, which, being composed principally of the elder chiefs, would take its name from that circumstance, although including members whose rank or prudence, notwithstanding their youth, entitled them to a place in it. The case was the same with the senators of the Latin polity, so called from the "senes," or old men of which their assembly was originally composed, and with the Ealdermen of the Anglo-Saxons also, for a similar reason.


I find myself compelled to differ from Mr. Grote, in his estimate of the relevancy of this speech, as well as from his view of the situation and conduct of Agamemnon at this juncture. Hist. of Greece, vol. ii. 2 ed. p. 95. It is not necessary here to discuss the powers and influence of the Agora, though I am inclined to rate its general importance higher than Mr. Grote has done, in his able examination. For, however feeble the influence of such an assembly in ordinary times, yet on occasions of great emergency it would rise into an importance proportionate to the monarch's need of its active and cheerful co-operation. And this is precisely the case here. Agamemnon, by the alienation of Achilles had deeply offended the whole army, whose position had become very unpalatable to those predatory warriors, by the withdrawal of so large a force with the chieftain who had led them on so many profitable excursions. For the predatory character of the war must not be lost sight of, for an instant. Whatever the power of Agamemnon in collecting those various chiefs in one common enterprise, he could only keep them together as long as they found it profitable by the plunder it enabled them to acquire. Accordingly, we find that the war had hitherto been but a series of predatory expeditions by detached portions of the host, which, under the conduct chiefly of Achilles, had been so successful as to account for the troops not having hitherto been drawn from such profitable, and genial employment, in order to act with their united force in prosecution of the more arduous, and less certainly attainable object of their main enterprise. The importance of this predatory warfare in its gainful aspect, and the prominence of Achilles as the main mover in it, are pointedly dwelt on in the speeches of the latter in the First Book, and in the Ninth where he enumerates the towns he had taken in these excursions, and reproaches Agamemnon with wanting the spirit to take part in them, though ready enough to engross the largest share of the booty, and concludes with the reflection that he would not get much in that way, now that he had affronted the bravest of the Achaeans. For Achilles well knew his importance, and the effect of his withdrawal. The indignation of the Achaeans at the conduct of Agamemnon, or rather at
its consequences to themselves, is accordingly intense, and that very indignation it is which subsequently prompts the audacious attack of Thersites on Agamemnon:—

\[\text{τῷ δ' ἄρ' Ἀχαῖοι}
\]

\[\text{'Εκπάγλως κοτέντο, νεμέσσηθέν τ' ἐν δυμῷ.}
\]

B. 222.

The army is therefore in the worst possible temper to be called on to do battle in a general engagement. Agamemnon feels the difficulty, which in his case is twofold. How can he get the troops to act at all? and in the next place, what if he be defeated in the engagement? What will then be his position, who has first weakened the host by the alienation of their bravest warrior and his adherents, and then forced them to battle in the absence of the only one who could have rendered victory secure? He has but one resource therefore, he must contrive to be urged to what he desires, and, feigning reluctance to fight, yield only to the pressing entreaty of the host. This is the only way of attaining his object, and at the same time escaping responsibility. The dream does not remove his anxiety in this respect; for, though it operates to urge himself to battle, it fails to make any strong impression on the secret council that he first summons to consult with upon it. Nestor, indeed, seconds the monarch's design very heartily; but not with the same faith in the dream itself, which he would rather appear to treat as an invention of the sovereign. And in his blunt military freedom the old warrior is at little pains to disguise it. "Had any else" he says, "told us this dream, we had pronounced it a falsity, and kept aloof; but now affirms it he who holds him chief amongst us. So let us arm the Achaeans' sons if we can." The absence of any expression on the speaker's part of faith in the phenomenon is remarkable. There is bare acquiescence in the design of the king, and that with doubts of success. To have related this dream to the Agora therefore, and still more to have ordered the troops to march to battle on the strength of it, without taking steps to ascertain their temper, would have been hazardous in the extreme. The necessity of previously sounding them is shown by the result. He finds they are heartily sick of the enterprise, and quite ready to re-embark. What would have been the effect of ordering these troops to march against the enemy? Whatever the authority of the monarch, the general must have felt the thing was impossible. The speech is then a necessity. And the conduct of it is no less artful and well devised. To troops that were at all in a temper for his design that speech contained its own antidote. For he counsels flight, indeed; but suggests better reasons for remaining, viz. the pledged promise of Zeus to their success, and the disgrace, after so long a struggle, of being foiled by a feebler foe. The object of the speech is so far answered in ascertaining the temper of the people, which proves more discouraging even than he had anticipated, and in
relieving himself from blame in the event of their being ultimately brought to do battle, and its going against them. The chiefs on their part work out his views, and, through the instrumentality of Odysseus the people are brought back, and in the second assembly, restored by the same wise agency to good humour, in the most natural way possible. And the conclusion of all is that Agamemnon finds himself at the head of a flourishing army, eager and urgent for battle. A state of things which I am unable to conceive any more feasible method of bringing about, than that in which it is effected in the poem. All the circumstances grow out of the nature of the case so easily as almost to take away the credit of invention from the poet, whose exquisite art makes choice at every step appear a necessity.

Note 23. Book II. stanza 15. Fell mischief's net extends.]

ἀργ ἵνεδης βαρέῃ. Valde me irretivit errore. Damm. Similar reference of disaster to the Supreme Power, and with a similar metaphor occurs, Job xix. 6.:—"Know now that God hath overthrown me, and hath encompassed me with his net."


Observe "long" not "high," as some translate it; for elevation is not the feature of resemblance, but the extent of undulation, long, far-stretching waves. Elevation of the waves above the general surface could not characterize the oscillations of a crowd, which must, so to speak, be all on the same plane. The second simile employed in illustration appears to me conclusive on the subject; for the successive undulations of a field of corn, as the breeze sweeps over it, cannot with any propriety be called high waves, though they are aptly designated as long. See also Note 20.


In the original Zephyrus, which the classical reader will not require to be cautioned against confounding with the gentle Zephyr of modern poets. Zephyrus, true to its etymology, had little of the gentle about it; violent, turbulent, and overbearing, it was rather the "wild West-wind" of Shelley's poem.

Note 26. Book II. stanza 23. Is't thus that home, &c.]

Observe the conspicuous position in which the poet places his favourite Odysseus. Herè directs Athenè to stop the Achæans' flight. Athenè delegates her office, ipsissimis verbis to Odysseus, in full confidence of the mission being accomplished by this her alter ego. The handling of Odysseus' character all through the poem, makes one feel that the author of the Iliad would not be satisfied until he had achieved an Odyssey also.
NOTE 27. Book II. stanza 25. *In council what reveal.*

Odysseus alludes to the council called by Agamemnon, at which it was determined to convoké the subsequent assembly, and sound their sentiments in the way proposed by Agamemnon. Odysseus was of course known to be of that council. The drift of his observation, therefore, is this:—"More took place there than you know of. Agamemnon in advising flight was only sounding you."


In order to perceive the full force of the expression "sole contending," as indeed of the whole of this speech of Odysseus, we must advert to the critical temper of the assembly. See Note 22. For Thersites, with all his venom, is only uttering their sentiments. For all the Achæans, it is said, were exceedingly angered at Agamemnon. The problem was to check this before it reached a more general expression, before some worthier mouth-piece of the popular indignation were found. Odysseus accordingly loses no time, but is suddenly at his side. And, not to run counter to the too manifest feeling of the assembly, he cleverly isolates Thersites by addressing him as "sole contending with the king." He relegates the main question of their return as premature, and at once fastens on Thersites as abusing Agamemnon for the presents made him by the Achæan chieftains of their own free will. With this he safely threatens future, and inflicts present chastisement on the helpless and unlucky orator, with whom the audience no longer feel the necessity or inclination to make common cause, but on the contrary grow exceedingly merry at their late champion's expense.


Heyne remarks on the seeming discrepancy between the offensive weapons and the defensive, and appears to think it one proof of a spurious line. It strikes the present translator as the reverse, and that the thing stated was a fact, and handed down as remarkable, and therefore properly adverted to.


Διὶ μὴν ἀτάλαντος. This, and similar phrases, imply no direct comparison with the Deity, nor irreverent or light estimate in the poet's mind of supernal power, but a mere expression of the confidence men felt in the hero's advice, as if they had consulted an oracle. Much as the sacred historian speaks of Ahithophel. "And the counsel of Ahithophel, which he counselled in those days, was as if a man had inquired at the oracle of God." 2 Samuel xvi. 23.

Nireus is thrice named by way of emphatic introduction of a man remarkable for his beauty alone, in order to notice the superiority of Achilles in even that particular, and not, I think, for the reason suggested by Cowper.

The epithet "faultless," applied in the succeeding line, and elsewhere to the son of Peleus and others, is not meant of his moral qualities, but of his form and bearing, on which the Greeks were wont to lay exceeding stress. The epithet conveyed the same idea as the Hebrew account of Absalom—"But in all Israel there was none to be so much praised as Absalom for his beauty: from the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him." 2 Samuel xiv. 25.


Observe here the metaphor drawn from a sick bed, see note 120 to Book XVIII. stanza 13.

Note 33. Book II. stanza 88. *Protesilau*s.*

The reader who may be unacquainted with Wordsworth's beautiful poem in connection with this chief's history, will do well to read the "Laodamia."

Note 34. Book II. stanza 100. *Saw never I.*

Colonel Mure, whose literature of ancient Greece with be found a perfect treasure-house for the student of Homer, treats this account of the Greek army as but an hyperbolical common-place, introductory to the Trojan march from the city: to the present translator however, with deference to so able an expositor of a favourite author, it seems otherwise. It is probable that the Achæans had never before attacked with their whole force, but only by detachments, some in one part and some in another. Indeed during the first nine years of the siege, a considerable portion of the army must have been employed on predatory and collateral excursions. The account Achilles (Book IX. st. 38.) gives of the towns he had taken, shows the important part these subsidiary expeditions formed in their military doings. And one of these, in which Chryseis was captured, could not have long preceded the application of her father for the release of his child. If this view be correct, then there is peculiar significance in the recommendation by Dream to Agamemnon to arm the host, παροδιη, implying that up to that time they had fought by detachments only. See Note 22.


Priam's strength, for Priam himself. See Note 122.

The insect alluded to is the cicala, well known in those parts. Pope has rendered it grasshopper, and inadvertently adds, that they "send a feeble voice;" whereas the point of the comparison in the original is the reverse. The old warriors' corporeal vigour was gone, but their voice was vigorous enough, loud clear-voiced orators were they. The following notices will not, it is hoped, be thought an improper extension of this note. The word in the original is τίρτας, which Messrs. Liddell and Scott, in their valuable Greek Lexicon explain as follows:—Τίρτας, "a kind of grasshopper, Lat. cicada, a winged insect fond of basking at noon on single trees or bushes, when the male makes a chirping noise by striking the lower membrane of the wing against the breast. This noise was so pleasant to the ear of the ancients, that their poets are always using it as a simile for sweet sounds, as II. 3. 151; Hes. Op. 580; Sc. 373; and Plato calls them Μούσων προφήται, Phædr. 262 D: cf Voss, Virg. Ecl. v. 77. People kept them, as now in Spain, in rush cases, and fed them with γιγκέτων, Theocr. i. 52. Mel. 112. The Greeks ate their larvae."

Speaking of Estremadura, Mr. Ford in the matchless Hand-book informs us that "all the tuneful tribe of *Cicalas* enliven the solitudes with their rejoicings at heat, insomuch that the phrase indicative of their chirping, canta la chicharras, is synonymous with our expression the 'dog-days.' These shrill *Cicalas* that make their life one summer day of song, hide in the pollard olives, heard not seen; *vox*, as Lipsius said of the nightingale, et præterea nihil. It is affirmed that only the male makes these noises; and poets, for whom we do not vouch, assert that—

"'The chirping cicad leads a merry life,
And sings because he has a voiceless wife.'"

The Spaniards, like the ancients, delight in the *Grillo*. The first thing Sancho gives his boy is *una jaula de grillos*, and this, a large black cricket, is sold in the markets in small wire cages; by one of these Cabeza de Vaca, when sailing to the Brazils, was thus saved. The insect, bought by a sailor, had been silent in the wide seas; but suddenly chirped, when the vicinity of rocks was suspected, which, an instant look out being made, were discovered close ahead." Ford's Hand-book for Spain, p. 520.

I have extended the above extract so as to include the black cricket, on account of its similar character and position in the affections of the Southern people. Hear now what testimony the author of Eothen bears to the 'feeble voice' of our chirping friends:—"We entered the great Servian forest. Through this our road was to last for more than a hundred miles. Endless and endless now on either side, the tall oaks closed in their ranks, and stood gloomily louring over us, as grim as an army of giants with a thousand years' pay in arrear. One strived with
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listening ear, to catch some tidings of that forest world within, some stirring of beasts, some night bird's scream; but all was quite hushed except the voice of the cicalas that peopled every bough, and filled the depths of the forest through and through with one same hum everlasting—more stilling than than very silence.” Eothen, p. 26. in Traveller's Library.

In the following graphic description, with which I shall conclude this note, the Italian poet would not seem to share in the southern taste for the little minstrel's melody:

"Percote il Sole ardente il vicin colle,  
E del calor, che si riflette addietro,  
In modo l'aria, e l'arena ne bolle,  
Che saria troppo a far liquido il vetro.  
Stassi cheto ogni augello a l'ombra molle,  
Sol la cicala col nojoso metro,  
Fra i densi rami del fronzuto stelo  
Le valli, e i monti assorda, e 'l mare, e' cielo."

*Orlando Furioso*, Canto viii. st. 20.

**Note 37. Book III. stanza 33. Atrides with his hands.]**

I am tempted here to invite the reader's attention to the Epic manner, which delights in painting to the eye; and therefore, instead of stating, as we might, that Atrides drew his knife, it is shown in the doing by noting the members employed in the operation. The sacred writers afford similar instances, "And his hand fetcheth a stroke with the ax to cut down the tree." Deut. xix. 5. "David took an harp, and played with his hand." 1 Sam. xiv. 23. In the passage before us in the text we have "hands" in the plural; because both hands probably were used, as the knife would fit tight in the case, or else drop out as it hung loose. One hand on the handle therefore, and one on the sheath would be employed in disengaging it. And as a painter would represent both hands, the painter-poet names them. This pictorial style is characteristic of all ancient writers in what may be styled an Epic state of society, in which men love to have everything told out to them, and nothing left to conjecture. And this is imitated by subsequent writers, who desire to represent their manner, as Virgil, for instance, than whom none better understood in what Epic excellency consists. And the non-Epic character of the Æneid, in spite of all his efforts, was probably the real ground of its illustrious author's reported dissatisfaction with it. He appreciated Homer, and desired to produce a noble epic poem upon his model, and felt that he had failed, but probably laid the fault on himself, when it was partly in his age, and partly in his subject, which lay in unknown and shadowy ground, too remote from
his own experience, which with every one is shaped by the age in which he lives. For the poet who undertakes to write as though in an age remote from his own, is at a disadvantage which no amount of genius will compensate. The experience of his life is all but thrown away, and the myriad inappreciable links that connect him with his own age and country, are broken, and it is impossible for him to supply their place in the field he has chosen, for the very reason that they are inappreciable, and therefore not transmitted so as to enable later generations to realize them with any thing like the unerring, and unconscious accuracy of a contemporary. He has all to conjecture and realize from his own imagination at work on alien matter, or make out by painful research, with no experience to aid him, while the contemporary poet he imitates had but to transcribe his own feelings, and what everywhere lay in and around him.

Note 38. Book III. stanza 35. With ruthless brass.]
Brass rather than iron appears to have been the staple material for cutlery in the Homeric age, and that for offensive weapons, as well as defensive. There seems an impropriety, therefore, in refraining from using the proper word, and substituting steel, as more familiar to modern ears.

Note 39. Book III. stanza 41. Shield it strooke.]
"With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke."
Spenser, Faerie Queene.

Note 40. Book III. stanza 48. Part-voice men.]
See ante. Note 6.

Note 41. Book III. stanza 51. The handmaids.]
These are the two that accompanied her when she left the house at the summons of Iris.

Note 42. Book III. stanza 51. Smiles-loving Aphrodite.]
"Smiles-loving," not "laughter-loving." Smiles enhance the beauty of the countenance, which mickle laughter might discompose. "Laughter-loving" is rather characteristic of a romp, and hath its charms also; but, however ringing and silvery, is not of that higher order of beauty and demeanour, that mingled tenderness and dignity, which was Homer's ideal, and Shakespeare's also I doubt not, when it is noted of one of his heroines that —

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman."
Note 43. Book III. stanza 53. But be we reconciled.]

Φιλόγος of the original may stand for friendship, or sexual connection. The former, if it refer, as I think, to their misunderstanding; the latter, if to what succeeds: in which sense the word undoubtedly occurs towards the close of the speech.

Note 44. Book IV. stanza 1. With taunting words, &c.]

I find myself again under a necessity of differing from Mr. Grote, who in his valuable history, vol. ii. p. 254. instances this speech as betraying a purpose at variance with that of the First Book. His words are as follow:—“Forgetful of his promise to Thetis in the First Book, Zeus discusses nothing but the question of continuance or termination of the war, and manifests anxiety only for the salvation of Troy, in opposition to the miso-Trojan goddesses, who prevent him from giving effect to the victory of Menelaus over Paris, and stipulated restitution of Helen; in which case of course the wrong offered Achilles would remain unexpiated.”

To myself, I confess, this speech has always appeared highly subtle, and characteristic; and like the speech of Agamemnon in the Second Book, intended to produce a result at variance with the seeming design of the speaker. For Zeus, like Agamemnon in the Second Book, chooses here to be urged into what he had previously determined on, but was opposed in before. For Zeus, it will be observed, is speaking here with no serious expectation of acquiescence, but only to irritate and anger Herè. επειράτο Κρονίδης ἐρθιζέμεν Ἡρην. And for what purpose? In order, by alluding to his known partiality for the Trojans, to bring her, in combating it, to become prime mover in renewing hostilities, and making compromise between the belligerents impossible. The wile succeeds, and she, that in the First Book reprehended his purpose of favouring the prayer of Thetis, now urgently asks to do what will bring about a state of things which will work out to the full the designs of Zeus,

“How best to work Achilles honour meet,
And slay Achaeans many round their fleet.”

Iliad, Book II. st. 1.

The result is that in prosecuting her own designs, Herè is furthering the will of Zeus, which she had so stoutly opposed, and is bringing that will to accomplishment by the very thing she is now asking in apparent opposition to him. Διὸς ὑ' ἐκλειτερο βουλή. And the counsel of Zeus is accomplished, as announced in the exordium of the poem. I will not insist on the parallelism between this speech and that of Agamemnon in the Second Book, nor between the quarrel of the two principal heroes on earth, and that of the two principal deities in Olympus in the First Book; but I do think that the passage before us strikingly exhibits the
tendency of the Greek mind to depict itself in its notions of Deity. For there was nothing from which the Greek mind so instinctively recoiled as from the exertion of brute force. And it is accordingly by subtlety and superior intelligence that the supreme Zeus performs his decrees in preference to force; to which, or the threat of it, he only resorts in the last extreme, when outraged à l'outrance, as in the first and eighth books. It is the knowledge, also, more than the force of the Gods of Olympus, that regulates their scale of rank. The supremacy of Zeus over the powerful Poseidon is ultimately referred to his knowing more (καὶ πλείονα ἀναγνώστηκεν.) Il. N. 355.) and Ares the strong is always quelled by the wise Athenè. This leaning sprang from the leading characteristic of the Greek mind, "the spontaneous movement of Grecian intellect," as Mr. Grote has well expressed it, "sometimes aided but never borrowed from without, and lighting up a small portion of a world otherwise clouded and stationary." For originality is ever creative while the instinct of force is appropriation. The former is self-sufficing, or at least is not driven out of itself by hungry necessity, but can revel in riches all its own, while the latter exists but in controlling alien wealth and alien energy.

Note 45. Book IV. stanza 1. Aidsful staunch Athenè.]

Ἀλαλκομενής, staunch defender, which rendering I think preferable to that which would make the word an epithet of Athenè from the Boeotian town Alalcomeneæ. The apparent congruity of the latter, as answering to the local epithet applied to Herè in the same line, is only apparent. There is an appropriateness in suggesting the local designation of Herè, from the connection of the Atrides family with the place alluded to, which is altogether wanting in the other case. For it is difficult to see how Athenè's worship at Alalcomene, more than any other locality in Greece, connects her with Menelaus. But, taken the other way, every thing falls to its place, and the comparison, the παρακλητὴν character of the speech, is complete. Here are two deities on the side of Menelaus, viz., Herè, who as the tutelar deity of Argos is peculiarly called on to be alive to the interests of the Ἀργεῖον chief, and Athenè, from whom, in her character of "staunch defender and ally," we look for no remissness in the cause of her "protegé," and yet they sit at their ease and look on, while the other one's sole protectress, smiles-loving Aphrodité, from whom such earnestness was less to be expected, never leaves him, but is ever at hand to succour and defend, and has now delivered him when at the point of destruction.

It would be quite in the taste of the old allegorical expounders of Homer, expositors whose conclusions the bard would have repudiated with some impatience, to harp here upon the same string, and observe,
that where the resources of wealth and valour and wisdom have failed: love alone has often succeeded.

**Note 46. Book IV. stanza 2. This one.]**

I. c. Paris. Bear in mind that gods have him in sight, and Zeus is pointing to him.

**Note 47. Book IV. stanza 11. Faultless.**

This is spoken of the form, and not of the mental or moral qualities of Lycaon. See ante, note 31.

**Note 48. Book IV. stanza 13. Stripped his bow.]**

The original is ἔσυλα, in which the scholiast curiously enough perceives an expression of the sacrilegious character as well as the stealthiness of the act, ἔσυλα: ὅτι ἤσυλλε ἐμελλε κλέπτειν τὴν πρᾶξιν καὶ λύειν τὴν τῶν ἔσυλν πίστιν ὡς ἱερόπλακος. The translator, however, can discern no such allusive reflection here on the moral quality of the action, but rather the poet’s usual painter-like manner of placing the action “coram oculis,” as it were before you. Ἐσύλα means “stripped,” and “stripping his bow” would be taking off the covering or case in which it was kept, when not required for immediate use. And the fact of its being in its case brings pointedly before one’s eyes the peaceful posture of the two armies, and their little expectation of hostilities. Had they been ready for battle, the bow would have been out of its case. We have “stripped” because the case was probably of a flaccid, wrapping form, and so would be taken off the bow, as armour might be off a warrior. Accordingly we have in the original the same word to express that and the stripping a man of his armour. The French word “dépouiller” answers it precisely.

**Note 49. Book IV. stanza 18. But seeing string and barb.]**

The string with which the arrow-head was bound to the reed. The sight of this and of the beard of the arrow reassured him, as to the depth the weapon had pierced, that the wound was not mortal.

**Note 50. Book IV. stanza 37. Who from his car, &c.]**

This obscure passage has given rise to much conjecture among commentators ancient and modern. The various views taken of it by the former are noted by Clarke from Eustathius, and commented on. 1st, That Nestor bids him, who captures an enemy’s chariot, not to lose time in driving off the prize, but go on fighting the foe. 2ndly, That he who, ousted of his own chariot, ascends a comrade’s, should not presume to drive, as the horses are strange to him, but fight with the spear. 3rdly, That if one be ousted from his own chariot and wishes to mount that of a comrade, the latter should stretch out his spear for the other to help
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himself up by. 4thly, That instead of helping him, up the comrade is in such case directed to thrust him off with his spear, that he may not disturb the array. Clarke concludes in favour of the last construction. Against it, however, it may be urged that unless you translate ὁπεξισθήσως in the passive, "let him be poked at with a lance," the construction of the sentence is opposed to it. For the one who leaves his own chariot is the one who is the subject of the verb. I should much incline to Heyne's rendering, that the charioteer is directed to aim at his foe with the out-stretched spear, understanding the direction to point in that case at the superiority of close-fight charging with spears over that of relying on missiles, as hurling the lance at a greater distance. The force of the chariot's motion being thrown into the tight-grasped spear, the foe could not stand before the shock; but the weapon, if it snapped not, must either pass through him, or thrust him from his car. And here it is observable that ὁπεξισθήσως ἔγγειε seems to have been the term for thrusting with the spear, as contradistinguished from hurling it. The Abantes (II. B. 543.) are described as such warriors. Heyne's interpretation, however, is open to this objection, that Nestor appears to be giving an instruction against a casualty, common indeed, but still a casualty, that might happen to a charioteer apart from his companions, viz. that of leaving his chariot, from whatever cause—a broken axle suppose, or slaughtered steed, and having to mount the chariot of one of his comrades. Such a casualty is appropriately described by the language of the text ἐς ἐκ νηπίῳ, in the singular, which would not be so appropriate of a general direction as to what, when it happened, would happen to all, viz. the rencontre with hostile chariots. I agree with Heyne that the charioteer leaving his chariot is the party directed to use the spear, and that against his foe. But whether the ἐπετρέπει ἄρματα designate a hostile or a friendly chariot is the point. I incline to the latter; in which case the direction is identical with the 2nd in Clarke's above-mentioned summary from Eustathius. The dismounted warrior taken up into another's chariot is directed to confine himself to the character of combatant, and not take the reins, where the horses being strange are less likely to obey his voice than that of their owner;—a caution the more necessary, as it would seem to have been a usual courtesy for the owner of the car to give the new comer the option of driving or fighting, where the parties were of equal rank. See E. 229. 232. where Lycaon declines driving on this very ground of being stranger to the steeds. But where an inferior ascended the car, he would be expected, but for this direction, to take the reins. With this construction the ἀνείδοσως of the passage seems more complete, the positive injunction bearing a significant relation to the negative, as both rest upon the same caution, not to rely upon the ἵπποστινη, or horsemanship, of the warrior.

"Ερκος ἐδώντων, fence of teeth, i.e. the lips, as fencing or covering the teeth when silent; but this of course on the supposition of teeth being the subject-matter screened or guarded, but not if teeth be the material of which the fence is composed. For in that case ἐρκος ἐδώντων would be a poetic periphrase for the teeth themselves, and allude to their fence-like arrangement in rows within which the tongue lies enclosed.

Note 52. Book IV. stanza 42. *Telemachus' loved sire.*

This style of self-description by Odysseus is something so peculiar, and so unlikely to have suggested itself to the poet, that one is disposed to regard it as historical in its character, and really customary with Odysseus, and so rank it among the minor evidences of the reality of the dramatis personae of this magnificent epic. The phrase occurs before, as the reader will recollect, in the objurgation Odysseus bestows on Thersites in the Second Book,—a link, by the way, connecting that Book in authorship with the present.


Intervals between the columns, which, serving to pass to and fro, suggest the notion of bridges. Not merely the space dividing the two hosts, but the intervals that separated the several portions of each host within itself.

*Yede.*] Yede, past yod, yode, to go.

Then bade the knight his lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herself withdraw aside.

_Faery Queene._

Note 54. Book IV. stanza 57. *Such Simoësius.*

Here by way of note the translator takes leave to transcribe the following from Col. Mure's valuable work:—

"The comparison of the fall of Simoësius to that of a poplar tree shows the antiquity of the practice still common in Southern Europe, of trimming up the stem of that tree to within a few feet of the top. The resemblance between this tuft and the plumy helmet of the warrior here forms the main point of the figure."—Col. Mure's _Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece._

Note 55. Book V. stanza 25. *And 'tis true.*

Here ἄπεκεια is rendered as an adverb with Damm, rather than as an adjective with Clarke and Pope. For, notwithstanding the explanation about stained armour, an emphatic assertion of its being true blood would be very trivial. But stating that though it is true the arrow drew blood,
yet it only irritated the chieftains, appears more to the point, as making out the leading proposition of Lycaon, viz. the failure of his bow.


The point of the epithet would seem to lie in the command of prospect to be obtained from the top of the house, a prominent feature in oriental architecture; and not that the roof of the house was higher in proportion to the building than other houses; and certainly not, as it might be with us, opposed to flat-roofed, for all the roofs were flat.

Note 57. Book V. stanza 27. Or thou take this.]

"Take this," probably pointing to the spear as he spoke.

Note 58. Book V. stanza 30. On our steeds.]

The reader, who may need the information, is requested once for all to remember that the Greeks of Homer’s time did not back their steeds. So that "climb or mount their steeds" really meant ascend their chariots, and horseman meant charioteer; and in the latter case, with no violence to language, meaning one that had to do with horses, though not using them in the same way as the term implies with us.

Note 59. Book V. stanza 32. Wide-voiced Zeus.]

I fear that "wide-voiced" is the proper rendering of ειρύοςα, although one could have been better pleased with the suggested intellectual of "broad-browed." "Wide-voiced," however, denotes the impression made on the senses by the god’s thunder, leaping from end to end of heaven’s broad cope; and being a more tangible appeal to the sense is, therefore, more likely to have been the poet’s meaning than the other.

Note 59. Book V. stanza 34. Tough-skinned Ares.]

For so I render ταλαφωςιος with Damn, rather than "invictus" with Clarke, Heyne, and others. The former rendering points to Ares’ imperviousness to mortal weapons, and is peculiarly significant here as enhancing the subsequent feat of Diomed, who, with his Pallas-guided spear, pierces that tough skin, and sends its owner roaring to Olympus. Should, however, the common version be preferred, the line would run by substituting "unconquered Ares" for "the tough-skinned Ares."

It has also been rendered "with shield of tough bull’s hide." See Liddell and Scott’s Lexicon, 3rd ed., ad vocem; but this would seem to be scarcely warranted by the etymology, which includes neither "shield" nor "bull." A "shield of tough bull’s hide" was, moreover, too common an accoutrement of the warrior to make the epithet distinctive. And although the latter feature be not conclusive, it may yet rank as an ingredient of preference for the other version.

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Note 61. Book V. stanza 40. *Her soft arms' extremity.*

"Arm's extremity," i.e. the hand; for Χειρ of itself oftener designates the entire limb from the shoulder to the fingers. For want of advertising to this, Cowper, in translating the passage at *Iliad* xxiii. 626-7, has mistaken a very natural account that Nestor gives of the effect of age in impairing his activity, viz., that his arms no longer move so nimbly at the shoulders as in his youth. Cowper, taking Χείπες for the hands, and puzzled probably to connect their motion with the shoulder, would appear to have conceived them to be drawn back to that part, and then darted forward. For he makes Nestor say, that they

No longer, darted from the shoulder, spring
At once to battle.

This could be but an occasional movement of the hands or hand, for it is scarcely applicable to the shield-arm, and would be very arbitrarily and vaguely put for that general use of them adverted to by Nestor, who, as I understand it, simply meant that his spear-arm and his shield-arm (ἀμφοτέρωθεν) no longer moved so nimbly at the shoulders as in his youth. For at the shoulder, be it remembered, weariness in the play of the weaponed arm would first be felt.


The reader is requested to accept "papa" as a verb, and he will then have, with a change of tense, the exact English of the original παπαύζωσι.

Note 63. Book V. stanza 78. *Divine Odysseus.*

I have mostly rendered δόξα by "godlike," or "divine," instead of "noble," because nobility in the Homeric age, and long after, being grounded on a supposed descent from the gods, the term "godlike" or "divine," seemed better to preserve the Greek idea on the subject. And to do this where possible I conceive to be a translator's duty, rather than to substitute a supposed equivalent drawn from modern manners, and so lead to resemblance being inferred where none exists. This supposed divine origin of kings and heroes was a prominent feature of the heroic age, and, inseparably linked with their mythology, has little that resembles it in our times. The nearest approach was perhaps the now almost equally fossil notion of the right *jure divino* in kings to govern.

Note 64. Book V. stanza 86. *Would scarce require.*

*Scarce require,* i.e. it was large enough to furnish material for helmets of the foot soldiers of a hundred cities.
Note 65. Book V. stanza 103. *Had any other god.*]

"*Had any other god begotten thee,*" &c. This part is pointed at Ares' strictures on the partiality of Zeus for Athene, on the score of parentage. Zeus answers in substance, that Ares has to thank that parental partiality for not being expelled Olympus altogether. Ares' own expression *αἰτετός*, which he applied to Athene, is in the original retorted on him. I have rendered the word by "pest."

Note 66. Book VI. stanza 15. *Of war-cry clear.*]

The original *Βοῆν ἀγάθωρ*, literally "good at war-shout," is variously rendered, according as the shout is referred to the individual, or the host. If to the host, then it may characterize his demeanour at the period of its taking place, and the phrase designate him as good at a charge or onset, or generally of valiant bearing in battle, *pugnā strenuus*. But if the shout be understood of the individual, then it may denote a characteristic of no mean importance for a warrior in those days, in the absence of military instruments of music, viz., that of being loud and clear-voiced in giving the various military directions, and able to sound a charge where there was neither trumpet nor drum as substitute for the human voice. In the present translation the phrase has not always been rendered the same. Voss, in this passage and elsewhere, translates it *Rufus im Streit*, but whether uniformly I have not observed.

Note 67. Book VI. stanza 18. *For as of leaves.*]

"As the green leaves on a thick tree, some fall, and some grow, so is the generation of flesh and blood, one cometh to an end, and another is born."—Ecclesiasticus xiv. 18. In observing the coincidence of ideas in the two writers, it must not be forgotten that Homer is the more ancient.

Observe, also, what appears to be an expression of botanical truth in our poet's account; for the connection of the falling of the leaf with the pushing forth of the bud of the new one, by cutting off its supply of sap, a fact of comparatively recent observation among the moderns, would seem to be here alluded to, and that pointedly. For the buds are said to put forth in the place of the falling leaves, which is an autumn operation; but the growth or expansion of the bud is expressly referred to the spring, as distinguished, it would seem, from its putting forth.

Note 68. Book VI. stanza 20. *He'd writ down.*]

The translator believes writing was not unknown in the Homeric age, nor to the poet, and that Bellerophon's were written credentials. For the information of the unlearned reader, however, it is but just to observe, that the original may apply either to hieroglyphic, or painting,
or writing, and, therefore, not of itself conclusive on the question. In
translation the necessity of choosing a meaning causes the ambiguity to
disappear.


This phraseology must not be understood to imply any known anger
of the gods against Bellerophon, but to express the inference drawn
from his calamity, melancholy madness probably, which, according to
ancient notions, would only fall on one with whom all the gods were
displeased. This reference of calamity to divine infliction as a mark of
divine displeasure, would seem to have been a very prevailing notion.
The friends of Job inferred sin from his visitation. And our Saviour's
disciples enquired what particular crime of himself or his parents had
cased the blind man's calamity. Prosperity was regarded as the sole
test of divine favour. How "sweet" may be "the uses of adversity"
was pre-eminentiy a Christian revelation.

Note 70. Book VI. stanza 29. *With woe fixed many a one.*

The meaning of the two lines is this:—He bade all in succession
implore the gods in this the hour of public peril; and the news he
brought from the field was matter of private sorrow to many a one, at
hearing of a brother, friend, or husband fallen in the battle.


Pressure of rhyme has induced me to insert a translation of Astyanax.


This would seem to be the only instance in the Iliad of a woman
described as reigning.

Note 73. Book VI. stanza 63. *Cup of liberty.*

Cup of liberty, i.e. the cup or bowl filled to celebrate the liberation
of their city from its perils.


* I.e. glad to sit down and rest. Observe the epic tendency to depict
instead of mentioning merely, and here with the poet's usual discrimi-
nation. We have "bend knee" for "sit down," as the knees bend in
that posture; but it is noticed here because the knees, the seat of
strength, first show fatigue. The firm-braced knee marks the fresh
warrior; the bent knee the warrior fatigued; while the knees of the
warrior slain are said to be "loosed."
Note 75. Book VII. stanza 28. Rank-shatterer.]

“Rank-shatterer,” breaking the enemy’s ranks, and not “Deserter,” breaking away from his own, as some, whose opinion is entitled to great consideration, would render it. Ajax is not disparaging Achilles, but, on the contrary, admitting frankly and freely his superiority, and postpones himself and his comrades to that rank-shattering lion-hearted hero, but says that “such as we are there are plenty of us, Hector, both able and willing to encounter thee.”

The word ῥηξάνωρ occurs elsewhere, as at II. xiii. 324., and xvi. 146. 575., not in disparagement, however, where none could have been intended, but always expressive of warlike prowess; an epithet, in fact, which Nestor had paraphrased in his account of the club-wielding Lycurgus, σιδηρείγ κορύνη ῥηγνυσκε φάλαγγας.—II. vii. 141.

Note 76. Book VII. stanza 37. They parting, this.]

So ends this combat between Hector and Ajax, the epic value of which, inter alia, is to show, coram oculis, that, as Hector and Ajax fought without victory declaring for either, Ajax is inferior to Achilles, with whom such equal contest had been impossible; but that he is superior to all the Achæans beside is shown by their praying that the lot might fall upon Ajax. Who does not see the Achilleid character denied to these very books, where, in the absence of Achilles, attention is constantly drawn to him?

Note 77. Book VII. stanza 41. Lest storm-like burst.]

The epic significance of the wall-building is to enhance the value of Achilles, whose absence had made it necessary. And from the extent of Hector’s subsequent success with the wall, we may well suppose he would have entirely succeeded without it; and so the wisdom of Nestor is shown in advising its erection. As to choosing this juncture for building the wall, it appears to me natural enough. The wall is built when the Greeks are victors, and so able to build it, but not until the secession of Achilles, because they had not needed it before. The Greeks, indeed, were victors; but it was apparent to them that the victory was not of that decisive overwhelming character that they were used to while Achilles was with them, whose prowess it was that kept the foe from venturing far beyond their walls—narrow limits, within which the first day of his reappearance in the Achæan host again reduced them.

Note 78. Book VII. stanza 42. Hear me, ye Trojans.]

The epic value of this scene is its showing, coram oculis, the injustice
of Priam and his sons in this reiterated refusal to do right, and end the war, so depriving them of the reader’s sympathy.

Note 79. Book VII. stanza 47. Virgin-spouse.

Virgin-spouse, κοπρικήν ἄλοχον, i.e. the wife he married when a virgin, as opposed to one who had been the wife of another.


Those who think this book languard and adding nothing to the action, would do well to observe that in it the Trojans and Achæans assume a position which they had not done during the whole war, viz., that all possibility of accommodation is now at an end, for the Achæans will not now accept what at any other period they appear to have been open to, the restoration of Helen herself. It is henceforward war to the death. This confidence and resolve on the part of the Achæans, and their expectation of ending the war by their own strength, without the aid of Achilles, make their subsequent disastrous position, and the necessity of his intervention for their deliverance, the more striking. The book that puts this state of things clearly before one’s eyes cannot be considered other than epically necessary to the conduct of the poem. The epic value of the combat of Ajax and Hector, and of the building of the wall, as enhancing the importance of Achilles, has been alluded to in former notes.

Note 81. Book VIII. stanza 1. O’er all the earth was spread.

Pope has translated it “sprinkled with light,” but Milton felt the reality of the beautiful phenomenon far better:

Pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower.
Paradise Lost, book iv.

Note 82. Book VIII. stanza 6. ’Twas with no willing mind.

This part of the speech of Zeus Pope has altogether omitted. I treat τοι as a particle, and not as a pronoun, differing from those who think that Zeus’ expressed desire to deal mildly was limited to Athenæ. On the contrary, he seems to me to be expressing his general reluctance to swerve from his usual course of mild indulgence, and I accordingly translate it “with no willing mind,” instead of “not in earnest;” for he was in earnest, though reluctantly so. Calm serenity, difficult to disturb, is characteristic of Zeus. Hence, when he is roused, the gods are described as not only awed, but amazed as at a thing unusual.

This ascent or descent of the scales, for which Eustathius somewhat fancifully accounts, presents no difficulty on examination. At first sight indeed, it would seem that the ascending scale should denote the loser. And Milton, accordingly, in his magnificent application of this classic image, to which as usual he adds tenfold lustre, makes Satan’s scale kick the beam. But observe here what are weighed. It is not the Trojans and Achaeans themselves, actually or symbolically, nor their good fortune, but the two destinies of death respectively attached to them. When that of the Achaeans, therefore, weighed down the scale, then did their evil destiny literally *preponderate.* And so far then the *sinking* scale became the “sequel of fight.” These κιστεί, I incline to think, were real beings in Homer’s mind, and not mere avoirdupois weights. Dark and shadowy there they sit, not unconscious of their mysterious functions. The whole machinery may possibly belong to an earlier and more eastern mythology. For a mention of them consistent with supposing them living beings, see II. ii. 302.

Note 84. Book VIII. stanza 25. *Xanthus and thou Podargus.*

These are significant names in the original, and mean respectively Gold-coloured, Swift-foot, Bay-coloured, and Lightning. This address of Hector to his horses, which may seem too lively a stroke for our habits, would not be thought exaggerated by a Spaniard. See Mr. Ford’s inimitable Hand-Book of Spain, where the muleteers are described as talking to their animals by name in a manner that relieves Homer from any imputation of travelling out of his ordinary literal truth in the present instance.

Note 85. Book VIII. stanza 44. *Each praying loud.*

This their praying aloud each for himself, instead of one of them as usual leading, strongly marks their consternation and confusion.

Note 86. Book VIII. stanza 52. *Lift thy ponderous spear.*

This leaving a sentence unfinished is what the rhetoricians style aposiopesis, and is said to mark emotion or awe. See Quint. ix. 2. To whatever use the figure may have been ultimately put, I am inclined to think it originated in superstition, and that it was in the Greek mind intimately connected with their aversion to utter the ominous. Of this we have a remarkable instance in the exordium of Demosthenes’ Oration De Coronâ, where the orator, on the point of alluding to the possible adverse decision of his audience, checks himself, and declares that he will utter nothing ominous at the outset of his harangue: ἀλλ’ ἐμοὶ μὲν ——, οὐ βουλομαι ἐς ἐν χερές εἶπετίν οὐ δέν ἄρχομενος τὸν λόγον. The
figure, it will be remembered, occurs in the first book of the Iliad, at stanza 65., of the present version, where Hephaistos cannot bring himself to utter out what Zeus could do with the gods if he had a mind. Some such classic recollection was probably in Milton's mind when he made Belial characterise Moloch's speech as casting "Ominous conjecture on the whole success."—Par. Lost, b. ii. l. 123. A similar spirit doubtless dictated the courtly epithet of Eumenides, or gentle-minded, which the Greeks applied to the Furies.

This dread of uttering certain phrases from fear of some unknown consequences would appear not to have been confined to ancient times, nor to classic ground. Mr. Layard, in his "Nineveh and its Remains," speaks of the Yezidis as nervously shrinking from the utterance of certain words remotely allusive to the "Gentleman in Black." "So far," he says "is their dread of offending the evil principle carried, that they carefully avoid every expression which may resemble in sound the name of Satan, or the Arabic word for 'accursed.' Thus, in speaking of a river, they will not say 'Shat,' because it is too nearly connected with the first syllable in 'Sheitan,' the Devil, but substitute Nahr. Nor for the same reason will they utter the word Keitan, thread or fringe. Naal, a horse-shoe, and Naal-band, a farrier, are forbidden words, because they approach to Naan, a curse, and Maloun, accursed."

Note 87. Book VIII. stanza 59. In ocean fell.]

This expresses the suddenness of the transition from day to night in those latitudes, which we in our part of the world do not appreciate, being more accustomed to the stealing twilight, so charming a feature in our more northern sky. And Milton chose for the nonce to ignore in that particular the natural features of the site usually assigned to Paradise, when Eve is made to say,

Sweet is the coming on
Of grateful evening mild.

In this local peculiarity of climate perhaps we are to look for the appropriateness of "swift," or "sudden," as applied to night, θον ἐν ὕκτα μέλαναν, II. x. 394. An epithet truly which, in the absence of twilight or gloaming, well belongs to it; for swift, indeed, in that case, is both her coming and departure.

Note 88. Book IX. stanza 2. Goat-baffling.]

So have I rendered ἀγ'λαφι, literally "left of the goats," i.e. too sheer and steep for even their nimble clambering.

Note 89. Book IX. stanza 15. Ne'er had fire.]

I. e. never used. I should have written new, but that involves their age,
and they might have come from Achaia, and so been nine years old. Cowper seems strangely puzzled with the epithet, which he renders "unsullied by fire" and in a note asks how it was that these were yet unsullied? The epithet clearly negatives any notion of Agamemnon presenting Achilles with his old pots and pans that might have been in use simmering on the fire any time during the nine years of the siege.

Note 90. Book IX. stanza 17. Without dowry take.]

_ I.e. without the gift made by the bridegroom to the parents of the bride._ There is no disguising the fact, however decorously veiled, that the daughters of those days were parted with for a consideration. To modern notions the transaction was not perhaps distinguishable from a sale, just as the Circassians and Georgians part with their progeny in these days, though not so indiscriminately as to the purchaser; the purchaser or husband being ascertained, and the position of the bride very different. One uses the word dowry, but the unclassic reader must of course keep in mind that it was not what the wife brought with her, but what was paid for her, and that, although resembling the modern dower, as being out of the property of the husband, it differed in the material point of not being for the benefit of the wife. We read, it is true, of the rich-dowered Andromache in a different sense, but Hector's was an exceptional case probably, like this of Achilles. The rule was, that the father of the bride should receive the presents, except where the high eligibility of the bridegroom reversed or relaxed it. By the laws of Solon the sale of daughters or sisters into slavery was forbidden; a "prohibition which," as Mr. Grote (Greece, vol. III. p. 186.) observes, "shows how much females had before been looked upon as articles of property."

Note 91. Book IX. stanza 34. Wrath will put away.]

Here ends the repetition of Agamemnon's message. The rest of his speech, which he had probably meant to be also conveyed to Achilles, Odysseus prudently suppresses, as doubtful how it might affect his sensitive auditor. See next note.

Note 92. Book IX. stanza 44. Of higher regal dignity.]

_Literally "more kingly," βασιλευτερός._ The consideration which attached to the regal dignity being among that strong-handed people based upon the reality of power, and wealth and command of resources of the monarch, was proportioned to that power and wealth, irrespectively of his personal qualities. In modern Europe, heraldically speaking, and by diplomatic courtesy, all kings may be of a rank without reference to their power; but the practical-minded Greeks squared their theory with their practice and the actual state of things. The king of a large
territory and great resources therefore, as his power was greater, so also was he more of a king (Βασιλεύτερος) than his inferior in those particulars, however august the lineage of the latter, and however transcendent his personal qualities. But, amid this general appreciation of what may be called the dignity of outward circumstance, there would always be some impatient of its claims, whenever they trench on what the mind is wont to consider the more intrinsic merit of personal excellence; and in drawing the line between the τὰ ἐφ’ ἡμῖν and the τὰ οὐκ ἐφ’ ἡμῖν their disposition to emphasise the distinction in favour of the former would be no whit the less that their own claims were involved in it; and the higher the claims to distinction in every other respect the more would an emulous mind feel and fret at the one point in which its consideration was impaired. And this would appear to have been the position of Achilles. Transcendent in all things save one, viz. the accident of superior power and dominion, he finds that one sufficient to outweigh all his services, and all his merit with his companions in arms, who allow his adversary to have his way on a critical occasion, and to outrage and insult him in a quarrel occasioned by his advising for the general good. And Nestor, in his very anxiety to reconcile the chiefs, had unconsciously touched the sore point of the young warrior in urging him to yield on account of the superior rank and power of his opponent; an argument of such common acceptance, that its unpalatableness to the individual was not suspected by the well-meaning old man at the time, nor by Agamemnon afterwards, who uses here the very same argument (though Nestor by this time would appear to have dropped it) in his instructions to the ambassadors.

Καὶ μόι ὑποστῆτω δὸςων βασιλεύτερος εἰμι.
Iliad, ix. 160.

Odysseus wisely omits this recommendation. See preceding note. But, though the thing is not alluded to at this interview, we see all the more how it rankled with Achilles by the sneering emphasis with which he recommends that Agamemnon provide himself with a son-in-law more suited to him, one that would be more of a king.

δοσις οἱ τ’ ἐπέικε, καὶ ὃς βασιλεύτερος ἐστιν.
Iliad, ix. 392.

Note 93. Book IX. stanza 46. Fence of teeth.]
See note 51.

Note 94. Book IX. stanza 52. My angered sire.]
The four verses which follow here in the original were struck out of the text by Aristarchus. Pope has restored them in his translation, and his
example has been followed by Cowper and by Mr. Sotheby. I have
omitted them in the present version; for, with deference to such
authority, I confess to thinking the Greek critic was right in rejecting the
lines, though not in the reason ascribed to him by Plutarch. It is less
the atrocity of the contemplated crime than its utter improbability
and want of motive that would make me consider them spurious.

**Note 95. Book IX. stanza 52. Infernal Zeus.**

Infernal Zeus, i.e. Pluto or Hades, who is called the Zeus of the
infernal regions. Persephoneia is the Proserpina of the Latins.

**Note 96. Book IX. stanza 55. Out sputtering wine.**

Pope in a note on this passage has the following:—"In the original
Phoenix tells Achilles that, as he placed him in his infancy on his lap he
has often cast up the wine he had drunk upon his clothes. I wish I had
an authority to say these verses were foisted into the text; for, though
the idea be natural, it must be granted to be so very gross as to be
utterly unworthy of Homer: nor do I see any colour to soften the
meanness of it: such images in any age or country must have been too
nauseous to be described." Pope's disgust was very natural, but it was
founded on mistake. He evidently thought the little Achilles was in
the habit of being made drunk by Phoenix, and vomiting in the bosom
of his tutor. A filthy image indeed, without even the redeeming quality
of "natural" that Pope would concede to it. But, happily, there is no
foundation for it in the original, which simply speaks of blurtling wine upon
his tunic, without a word of that wine coming from the stomach of the
infant, or having been tasted by him. It only mentions, at line 485. of
the original, that Phoenix proffered it, olivov εἰς αὔξων. Repletion, with its
unseemly consequences, is not once hinted at throughout the description.
The animal propensities which it would imply are, on the contrary,
distinctly negatived, the voracious child being described as refusing food
at the hands of any but Phoenix himself. The whole passage is indeed
one of those exquisite pictures that stamp Homer the poet of mankind,
and shows the universality of his sympathies, which seized the relations
of life with a grasp for which nothing was too extensive, nothing too
minute. To my mind this picture of Achilles' infancy starting up amid
the rough doings and perplexities of adult warriors is unspeakably beau-
tiful; and its intrinsic truthfulness any one, in any age or country, I suppose
could verify. The attachment of an infant to grown up manhood is of
itself a beautiful thing; nor will those who have once witnessed it require
any other key to the meaning of this passage. The child's loving
confidence in the beloved object is manifested by a thousand little pranks
in which those who love not children see but the expression of wanton freak;
but in which others, with more probability, discern a faith as large as
the love that prompts it; for children do nothing by halves, like or dislike, it is "totus in illis" with them. They love with their souls, and think there is no bottom to that love in themselves or others; and they love to show how much they are loved, and will, in their way, play more trying freaks with their big friend before others than when by themselves, if only to show the extent of their influence; and it is a churlish mistake to ascribe any graver motive to their little trespasses, and a grievous damage of their young dream to roughly awaken them to a sudden sense of what may be conventionally due on the score of years. Phœnix was not of that cast. And when the wayward boy, who would eat nothing from any hand but his, did, in roguish waggery, instead of drinking from the proffered cup, blow into it and spirt the contents over the tunic of his friend, the warrior would laugh out lovingly at his adopted son's vivacity, and the guests would laugh, and the little Achilles be beside himself for very glee; and, as they were a good-humoured people, the "inextinguishable laughter" would have reached its height had any then suggested that old Phœnix was one day to figure as a monster that made his young charge drink till he vomited. Our bard himself, however, might take it more seriously; he would feel indeed that Pope had done him justice in being reluctant to ascribe to him a coarseness of which he was incapable; but what would the old Chian have thought of Chapman, who had no compunction in fathering him with the following burlesque bestiality: —

"My bosom lovingly sustained the wine thine could not bear."

Note 97. Book IX. stanza 60. *Forest bred.*

So have I translated χλόουρν, assuming it to be an epithet of the boar without being at all satisfied that it is the proper rendering of this disputed passage.

Note 98. Book X. stanza 2. *Fires fore Ilium were.*

I trust that the suppression of the relative here and elsewhere, so convenient for the translator, will not be deemed inadmissible by the reader, when he considers how often we resort to it in such familiar phrases as "The way we went," "We took all he had," "The man we spoke of," "The man we met."


This solemn asseveration was fulfilled to the letter, though not in the sense of the speaker; no other Trojan did mount those steeds, but Hector little thought he would be shortly dragged at their heels. These passages, in which the speaker unconsciously touches on what is connected with his own fate, have much pathos, and are quite in the Greek style. Sophocles has turned it to wonderful account in the
celebrated passage in the Oedipus Tyrannus, where the Theban king, in pronouncing the ban on the unknown murderer of Laius, is imprecating curses on himself.

**Note 100. Book X. stanza 53. Athene Azure-eye.]**

"Azure-eye," for "Azure-eyed," will not, I trust, be considered strange or uncouth; such epithets being in perfect accordance with the genius of our tongue as "Edward Long-shanks," and not "long-shanked."

**Note 101. Book X. stanza 55. Ænides' son.]**

Ænides' son, i.e. son of the son of Æneus, viz. Diomed, whose father Tydeus was the son of Æneus.

**Note 102. Book X. stanza 62. Neleian Nestor &c.]**

A modern's answer would probably have been direct, passing from the first to the fourth line of the stanza, but religious feeling in accordance with those times, and the character of Odysseus required him to pay the preliminary homage to the god's power of giving good gifts, lest he might appear to disparage them by not noticing Nestor's speech in that respect.

**Note 103. Book XI. stanza 1. Eris go.]**

Eris, Strife, a goddess like the rest. The Greek name is here retained, but elsewhere I have not scrupled to translate it Strife, which we have as little difficulty in personifying as Sleep, Death, &c., and are therefore not driven to retain the original nomenclature.

**Note 104. Book XI. stanza 3. Cinyras gave.]**

Cinyras, I have made here a dissyllable by elision of the middle one. Mr. Sotheby, in his translation of the same passage, is an authority for so using it.

**Note 105. Book XI. stanza 14. Hippolochus Keep-field.]**

"Keep-field," is Chapman's happy rendering of the epithet μενεχάρμης or μενεπτόλεμος in another place, to which I am unable to refer the reader.

**Note 106. Book XI. stanza 30. Th' Ilithiæ.]**

I have found it convenient to adopt Pope's spelling and quantity for this word, pronouncing it as a trisyllable with accent on the second. The word is properly of four syllables, Ilithyæ, with accent on the third.

**Note 107. Book XI. stanza 43. And vaunting spake.]**

Observe that there is no vituperation or disparagement in the speech.
of Paris, which, on the contrary, is highly complimentary to his antagonist. Indeed, there is a polish about all that falls from the graceful Alexander, which makes his character very interesting for the period and state of society. From his influence over the Trojans, there must have been a greater amount of sympathy between them than appears at first sight, and would seem to disclose a more advanced state of refinement than prevailed among the Achaeans, with whom he would with his character have held no place at all. For they were too rough to appreciate, and would have condemned him as effeminate. We are apt to underrate him from the nature of the offence connected with his history, the running off with another man's wife; but in so doing, we judge him by a standard not recognised by his contemporaries, whether foes or friends. Hector blamed his abduction of the wife, whose husband he has not afterwards the courage to encounter in fight. It is the cowardice that he blames, and the consequences to his country of the escapade, and not any breach of the marriage law. The Achaeans' sentiments are expressed by Menelaus, and the gravamen of the charge against Paris is violated hospitality. Had he eloped with the daughter of Menelaus, without paying the usual dowry to the father, his guilt in the Achaeans' eyes had probably been the same, neither more nor less.

Note 108. Book XI. stanza 44. Birds 'bout him more.]

Chapman strangely enough translates it thus: — "And leaves limbs more embraced with birds than with enamoured dames," thereby giving a coarseness and want of aptness to a comparison, which in the original is singularly to the point. For γυναῖκες here signifies not "wives," but "women," and alludes not to the loves of the warrior, but to the deprivation of funeral rites, of which the women wailing round the corpse formed a principal feature,—much like the Irish wake. Hector, in speaking of the disposal of his body in the event of falling in the combat with Ajax, alludes to the part the women take in the ceremony.

Σῶμα δὲ όλατ’ ἐμοὶ δῆμον πᾶλιν, ἢφρα πυρὸς μὲ
Τρῶες καὶ Τρῶων ἔλοχοι θεαίχων ταῦτα.

IIiad, Book VII. 79.

Note 108. Book XI. stanza 62. With sorrowing mind.]

These terms we are scarcely in the habit of applying to the animal creation, but with the ancients it was different. To the level of humanity they made no scruple of lowering their gods, or of raising the inferior creation. The same terms are employed in the original to denote the sentiments of Ajax, and the sensations of the animal.
NOTES.

Note 110. Book XI. stanza 70. Bread of sacred barley meal.]

παρ' ἀλφίτων ἴεροθ ἀκτήν. There is a difference of opinion as to the precise meaning of the original, upon which the classic reader will of course consult the authorities, and judge for himself. Sufficient it for others to observe that the original might bear a construction not inconsistent with a "parraiach" reflection. As to the epithet "sacred," it may not be superfluous to warn some of my readers against inferring that "consecrated" bread was set before our heroes. Such epithets, be it observed once for all, were among the ancient Greeks of constant application to every object on which they set a value, whether the produce of nature or of art, applied however to the object in kind, and not to the particular portion before them; spoken for example of corn, wine, oil, in the general, as who should say he partook of that sacred thing, corn, that divine substance, wine, and not that the particular portion before the speaker was hallowed in the sense, for instance, of the shew bread of the Jews. The custom sprang from their constant habit of referring all things, good or evil, to the agency or inspiration of the gods. Even their very crimes and follies they shouldered off upon their deities. Between their gods and themselves the practical difference, in their minds, seemed to have turned upon power and longevity. Life in Olympus among the immortals, and life on the earth among their worshippers, mutually reflected each the other. So that religion and the business of life went on together with very little of that setting apart which characterises modern life amongst us. Every-day life was mixed up with every act of religion, and religion with the doings of every-day life: the course of which it impeded the less, that there was hardly a passion it thwarted, or an action it forbade, against which any society in any age or country would not have risen, on the bare instinct of self-preservation. We must not therefore mistake the observances of an easy faith for piety in the modern sense. All formal religions have a tendency in their votaries to allow the substance and spirit to evaporate in outward observances. And the religion of ancient Greece was purely formal, destitute alike of spirit and substance. Influence on the mind, to form, to purify, to elevate, it neither possessed nor aimed at. What influence in this way could a religion have in which self-restraint as a duty nowhere appears? Or what self-restraint could be imposed by a faith, that gave such latitude to men's passions and propensities? St. Paul's picture of paganism was true to the letter. The crimes in that frightful catalogue the pagan religion no where forbade, and in many parts, on the contrary, incorporated in its worship. Those who slight the influence of christianity on the world's history, cannot have sufficiently dwelt on the state of society which preceded it. What we call morality as a popular possession has risen and spread with the rise and progress
of revealed religion. Civilisation will not account for the higher tone amongst us. For where society had reached its highest pitch in this respect, there all that we most abhor flourished the most. Abstract from the civilisation of modern Europe Christianity and its influences, and who will guarantee the moral superiority of our civilisation to that of the age of Pericles, or of Augustus? The problem of man’s existence here and hereafter, and his position as a moral agent, appear to have been objects quite beside the pagan scheme, which as a guide was worse than nugatory. And if society in the Homeric age were free from the vices of later times, the cause will be found in the simple and unartificial life of that period, and not in the religion.

Note 111. Book XI, stanza 84. Shield-like plain.] It will be seen that I have followed Clarke’s text διὰ ἄσπιδεος instead of διὰ σπιδεος, but not his adopted translation of “stratum clypeis,” “shield-strewn,” which as an epithet seems open to the objection of not being characteristic. For amid that general wreck of warlike implements, and the dead and the dying, horses and men and chariots, the attention would probably not be particularly detained by the “strewed-shields.” But “shield-like” presents a significant feature peculiarly characteristic of that battle-field, fought on a plain where the eye ranging on all sides could find no limit but the visible horizon, which circling round would give it the appearance of the convex surface of a shield. The epithet therefore at one stroke brings before one the nature of the ground and its vast extent. The truthfulness of the description, and its significance, any one may verify for himself the first time he is out of sight of land in a smooth sea, still sailing and still the centre of seemingly the same circle. If this rendering be correct, and it is one suggested by the ancient critics, then we have another among the countless instances of Homer’s appealing to the eye, which perhaps he does in preference to the imagination more than any other poet. I mean that he takes one to the spot, as it were, touching off his pictures so as to make that prominent, which would be so were we present, and saw with the bodily instead of the mind’s eye. Poets, on the other hand, whose descriptions appeal more to the imagination, may choose certain features of the scene, and the reader’s imagination will accept and dwell on those, to the exclusion of other features suppressed by the poet, but which might however thrust themselves on the notice of one who saw the reality. This eclectic manner has its uses, and is by modern poets turned to great account; but it is not in Homer’s manner, nor I think in the manner of any ancient poet in the earlier periods of society, but altogether the growth of a later age, when men’s minds embody a vast amount of experience and information more extended in the aggregate, but withal for the most part taken at second hand and less personal than in those early times, when the
narrower cycle of knowledge was more easily travelled over by the individual.

Of any man's sum of knowledge at the present day how little is other than historic. What does the lawyer, the physician, the soldier, the farmer, and the priest, the naval man and the statesman, know from personal experience beyond his own calling? Historically they all know something of each, and listen with more or less of interest to narratives that turn upon litigation, or accidents to the human frame, on battles, by land and by water, rustic scenes and employment, disputes of theologians and strokes of policy, ocean's doings and of those that "go down to the sea in ships." But how few, beyond their own line, could appreciate the actual truthfulness of what is presented to them, or who would not take for matter of course things that the technical man knows to be as impossible as the wildest fiction of the middle-age romances. A poet dealing with such an audience has therefore a latitude of selection, of making features prominent for his purpose which are not so in the reality, by suppressing in the narrative what could not be sunk before the eye had the party been present. And though his battle displease the soldier, his shipwreck the literal mariner, and his horseman, like the statue of King Charles at Charing Cross, offend the groom, who all carry the impressions of their bodily eye-sight with them, in what pertains to their calling, too predominately to make allowances, yet the bulk of his auditors, who have no such experience to violate, will be content. But it was not so in the early state of society, where, as in the Homeric age, one individual would often unite all functions in his own person. So that the painter-like character of the poet was probably a result of necessity, and the law of probability as existing in the minds of his audience rather than of choice. The difficulty that painters lie under in this respect is strikingly illustrated by Raphael's cartoon of the Miraculous Draught of Fishes. There the problem was to deal with the scenery, the sea, the ship, the actors and the action. The action, the miraculous draught, and its effect on the minds of the dramatis personæ were to be shown; but the play of countenance of the actors could not be seen at a distance, which would enable the eye to take in the boat and the scenery. Nothing was left the painter therefore but to select one feature to the disparagement or suppression of another. He has accordingly suppressed the boat, artistically reducing it to the symbol of a boat. The most inexperienced eye perceives at once that for a literal ship it is wholly inadequate, that it could not for an instant sustain the weight of human life upon it, let alone the draught of fish. And accordingly it affords a topic of easy criticism to numbers who go away wondering at such a blunder in the great painter, without reflecting that what a child must detect could hardly have escaped a Rafaelle's atten-
tion. Something of the restriction that the painter lies under, viz., of correction by eye-sight experience, lay, though in a less degree, on the poet in those times, among that out-door people, who were in the habit of seeing all that he saw. From which I would draw this corollary, that what would contradict the senses, and appear uncouth to an actual spectator, could not be the true construction in any disputed passage of our poet.

**Note 112. Book XII, stanza 19. Slaughter or be slain.]**

Clarke translates it until they "be slain or taken," "vel interficiantur vel capiantur." But not correctly. See Heyne's note ad. loc. An additional reason against Clarke's rendering may be suggested, viz. that it conveys a statement rather unusual in the heroic speeches, viz. the alternative of death or capture, whereas they seem always to have dwelt on slaying their foe, and in no one instance do I recollect that the possible capture is hinted at. They made prisoners, but never talked of it beforehand, but rather of the anticipated feast the vultures and dogs would have of their adversary's carcase. With the interpretation of Clarke, however, the versions of Chapman, Cowper, and Mr. Sotheby are accordant.

**Note 113. Book XII, stanza 20. Strange fire of stone.]**

The original of this is an exceedingly difficult passage. Chapman treats the fire as supernatural, relying on θεσπιδωτες, and gives it very spiritedly,

The Trojans fought not of themselves, a fire from heaven was thrown,
That ran amongst them through the wall, mere added to their own.

But this is not supported by the original in the connection of λαίνων and πυρ, nor I think sufficiently grounded on that basis of real and literal that forms the substratum out of which Homer's highest passages appear to grow. Cowper and Mr. Sotheby treat it as a shower of missiles, or as Mr. Brandreth renders it, "a ceaseless fire of stones arose" So Voss, "stieg schrecklicher Feuerorkan auf, Prasselnder Steine." But this rendering, if it deal with λαίνων, leaves the meaning of πυρ untouched, unless by the lurking anachronism of referring the later metaphorical use of the term "fire," as denoting any brisk discharge of missiles, to a period anterior to the use of fire-arms. Pope, who not often grapples with a difficulty, does here as usual take the suggestion that the words singly offer, and we have "stony showers," "a blaze of flames" "and the flash of arms," but nothing to help us in connecting λαίνων with πυρ. Heyne balances the difficulties rather feebly, and in his usual surgeon-like
fashion grasps at the knife. Damme would connect λαἶνον with πεῖχος, and so render it "stone wall." Against whose authority I would with diffidence observe, 1st. That the distance between them is not in Homer's usual manner, especially where the postponed word is not made the cushion of a fresh clause, but breaks off dead, as in this place. 2nd. That "stone wall" injures the graphic character of the description, and very much abates the alarm we should otherwise feel, by connecting the mischief with its antidote; for whatever we anticipate from the ἴσπικαῖς πῦρ or strange fire, we take comfort when reminded that it falls on a wall of stone, and are inclined to think that, for the nonce, it could scarcely have lighted on a better place for the Achæans.

Upon so obscure a passage it is with anything but confidence that I add my own opinion, that πῦρ literally means fire, and not metaphorically, and suggest the possible alternative of λαἶνον designating either:—1st. Some bituminous substance by which the fire was produced, and which when not ignited, resembled a stone, a descriptive epithet in that case like our name for sulphur, brimstone or burnstone. And, who knows? may have been the forerunner of the Greek fire, and then ἴσπικαῖς indeed. Or 2nd. That the ignited substance was attached to a stone, and so hurled at the wall's defenders. The fiery missiles in either case might, by an easy metaphor, be styled a stony fire, λαἶνον πῦρ.

Note 114. Book XII. stanza 23. Flew with the breeze along.]

Heyne has a long note in which the meaning of the phrase in the original is discussed. To the present translator it seems clear enough, not that the eagle flew swift as the wind, but that in his wounded state he let himself be floated down the breeze.

Note 115. Book XII. stanza 31. His weapons bring to sight.]

"Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? Or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail, which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war?" — Job. xxxvii. 22, 23.

Note 116. Book XII. stanza 32. Winds lull asleep.]

In the original we have a snow-piece, not sketched, but painted; the distinct enumeration of the several features of which suggests the gradual snowing up of the landscape,—snowing up to a certain point, when the painter-poet pauses to take a glance at the whole, and perceives that all else is covered up, save the sea, whose up-washing wave borders the mantle of white on that side. By gradual snowing up, I mean getting deeper and deeper, but all over simultaneously alike, and not first one part of the landscape, and then another, as Pope renders it:

And first the mountain-tops are covered in
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore.

T T 4
Heyne suggests a suspicion of the authenticity of lines 285, 6, of the original (an fatus rhapsodi sint), although he admits that they may have been thrown in by the poet himself for ornament’s sake. The reader, however, will perhaps agree with the translator in thinking that the picture had been incomplete without them,—especially if we take Homer’s manner into account. Our poet, as I have had occasion to observe before, always takes you to the spot, and omits nothing that on the spot would force itself on your attention. But what eye could contemplate such a scene, and fail to be struck with the absence of snow on the water? The lines in the original have to my mind the poet’s stamp upon them. Adaptation of sound to sense is open to difference of opinion, but I think the dullest ear must perceive the floating flow of the 285th line,

Κύμα δὲ μὲν προσπλάζον ἐρύκεται, ἄλλα τε πάντα,

and the peculiar beauty of προσπλάζον, which, with its sibilants and their collocation and its own position in the line, is so imitative of the splashing swell of sea. The surge runs up in the initial dactyl, swells to its height in the succeeding spondee, and, discharging itself in the next long syllable, runs off in the dactyls that follow. Conceive a spondee at the beginning of the line, or the last syllable of προσπλάζον made long by position, and the effect would be lost.

Always keeping to my main purpose in a literal translation, I must here observe to those unacquainted with the original that προσπλάζον means “approaching” “coming to” though humouring the verse, I have rendered it “upwashing wave.” And further that κύμα does not mean precisely “wave,” viz. a portion of the water that rises above the rest, and of which a great number present themselves at once, but rather a swell of the sea before it breaks into waves. At least I fancy so, for, in fact, I have often felt at a loss to realize to my mind the precise idea the poet meant to convey on various occasions by this word. It has not been my good fortune to have visited the Mediterranean, but those who have, and especially that part off the coast of Asia Minor or the Levant, would probably find an appropriateness in his account of the motion of the waters, as well as other particulars which must escape one who has never seen other than a tidal ocean. The circumstance of there being no tides in the Mediterranean, but only a current always setting one way, would, I suppose, cause it under the action of the winds to present phenomena quite different to seas, where the sweep of the winds is crossed by tides setting in one direction, and after a time returning in another. The expression κύμα may have a significance, therefore, in the Mediterranean, which would be wanting in the broken surface of the sea in other parts. “The Levantine Sea,” says Mr. Warburton, “is seldom without a swell.”

εἴβορατ, "weighed down." The word in the original is so repeatedly employed in describing a tempest, that I cannot help thinking the association entered into the poet's meaning here; and I have rendered it accordingly, by giving expression to what may be called a latent metaphor in the original.

Note 118. Book XII. stanza 43. *With words' o'er craw.*

The reader familiar with Spenser will not require a note, which is only meant to fortify the translator's use of the word by that poet's authority.

Then 'gan the villein him to over-craw

Faërie Queene, B. 1, c. 9, st. 50.


Literal accuracy is so characteristic a feature of Homer's poetry, that I trust to be excused for so frequently impressing it on the attention of those readers who, accustomed to the license of modern poets in this particular, might fail to observe what they were not expecting. To that truthfulness so graceful a homage is paid by the author of Eothen, as to this very passage, that I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of transcribing his words for the reader's benefit:—"And now it was that my eyes were greeted with a delightful surprize. Whilst we we were at Constantinople, Methley and I had pored over the map together; we agreed that, whatever may have been the exact site of Troy, the Grecian camp must have been nearly opposite the space betwixt the islands of Imbros and Tenedos.

Μεσογγὸς Τενέδου καὶ ιμβρον παξαλεντος

But Methley reminded me of a passage in the Iliad in which Neptune is represented as looking at the scene of action before Ilium from above the island of Samothrace. Now Samothrace, according to the map, appeared to be not only out of all seeing distance from the Troad, but to be entirely shut out from it by the intervening Imbros, a larger island, which stretches its length right athwart the line of sight from Samothrace to Troy. Piously allowing that the dread Commotor of our globe might have seen all mortal doings, even from the depths of his own cerulean kingdom, I still felt that, if a station were to be chosen from which to see the fight, old Homer, so material in his ways of thought, so averse from all haziness and exaggeration, would have meant to give the god for his station some spot within the reach of men's eyes from the plains of Troy. I think that this testing of the poet's words by map and compass may have shaken a little of my faith in the completeness of his knowledge. Well,
now I had come, there, to the south, was Tenedos, and here, at my side, was Imbros—all right, and according to the map but aloft, over Imbros—aloft, in a far away heaven—was Samothrace, the watch-tower of Neptune! So Homer had appointed it, and so it was: the map was correct enough, but could not, like Homer, convey the whole truth. Thus vain and false are the mere human surmises and doubts which clash with Homeric writ!" Eothen, chap. 4.


Their instinctive love of the beautiful would appear to have led the Greeks to treat as morbid every deviation from that balanced condition of the passions and faculties in which beauty resides no less than in the just proportion of the parts that make up our physical frame. Tranquility and repose would seem to have formed the basis of their ideal of beauty, from which violent perturbations of mind and contortions of body were alike excluded. This dictated the expression of suppressed agony in the principal figure of the Laocoon, where perhaps an inferior artist, or among a different people less austere in their notions, would have indulged in contortions natural perhaps to the situation, but pre-eminently distasteful to the Greek mind. A similar feeling marked their oratory, which in the highest fervour of eloquence never lost its self-possession, and always, I believe, subsided towards the close of the speech into a comparatively equable and tranquil tone, most agreeable to a Greek audience, though a modern might think it flat and flagging and, prefer an oration that ends with a burst. To return, however, to the subject of this note, violent anger appears to have been uniformly treated as a disease, a deviation from the healthy or normal condition, and designated accordingly. Hence the reluctance of the Greeks to fight is here, in the text, attributed to their wrath against Agamemnon, a condition from which, it is said, from their superior nature, they will soon heal. So Achilles is elsewhere represented as lying "sick of his wrath," κεῖτο—χωμενος. β.688. κεῖτ' ἀπομηνίσας, β 772. This habit of treating any deviation from the perfect or normal condition of mankind, bodily and mental, led to the indulgence with which want of courage would seem to have been regarded, as if it were a morbid state of the individual over which he had no control, and from which he could not recover; recovery from their besetments being only for the well-conditioned and nobler natures—ἀκεσταὶ τοι φρενες ἐσθλῶν' N. 115. From the less happily constituted less was expected.

οδὸν ἤν ἦγορε

"Ανδρὶ μαχεσαλίμην δότις πολέμοιο μεθεί,
Δυργὸς ἐδών.—N. 117.

*Tαυίγωκ*, girding or grasping the earth; an epithet of Poseidon or Neptune.


Strength, or might, of Idomeneus. Hence, a very common Hellenism, which I have occasionally retained in the translation. We have something which at bottom is near akin to it, in such titular expressions as His Majesty, His Grace, His Highness, which manifestly mean the Majesty of the Queen, the Grace of the Duke, the Highness of the Prince. For Majesty, Grace, Highness, substitute "Strength," and for Queen, Duke, Prince, the name of each, and we have the Greek idiom at once.

Note 123. Book XIII. stanza 29. *And therefore spears.*

*Therefore, i.e.,* in consequence of fighting close-hand instead of at a distance, he was enabled to despoil his foe, a great point in the warfare of those days. Something of the intrepid character of the speaker is shown by his quietly accounting for the store of arms he had, without seemingly thinking of the personal risk incurred in the method of acquiring them. The sensitiveness of Merion, however, took it otherwise, and he accordingly vindicates himself from a reproach as undeserved as it was foreign to the intention of the unconscious speaker.


A curious illustration of the early acceptance of the aphorism, "knowledge is power."

Note 125. Book XIII. stanza 44. *Stay-fight or hide-fight.*

Epithet like Beau-clerk, Long-shanks, Lion-heart, &c.


The reader is requested to pronounce Deipyrus as a trisyllable, by suppression of the y.

Note 127. Book XIII. stanza 60. *Arm's end.*

See note 61.


Sheep's wool, the material of a sling, or its lining. See, further on, stanza 79, where "twisted sheep's wool" is put for the sling itself.

Note 129. Book XIII. stanza 75. *Hard mulct shunned.*

Hard mulct, i.e., blame. With this sensitive and high-spirited people the heaviest mulct or fine, far transcending all pecuniary penalties,
was loss of estimation among their fellows. How nervously they shrank from blame we have an instance in this very Book, where Idomeneus, conversing with his officer Merion, concludes their conversation with observing on the chance of some of one blaming them severely. The Greeks, however, of a later age had so far outgrown the feeling, that the Scholiast, not noticing the significance of the expression, takes the word to have been used in its ordinary and literal sense, and, as if its meaning had altered with the lapse of years, intimates that in his time they used the word 'blame'—"θῶην: νῦν την μέμψιν." Schol. A.

Note 130. Book XIII. stanza 79. Well-twist wool.]

Well-twist wool, i. e., slings made of that material.

Note 131. Book XIII. stanza 81. Which many taste.]

The 734. line presents one of the few obscure passages in the original. Heyne, as usual, suspects interpolation, and the construction certainly is not in Homer's usual transparent manner. But, if I rightly understand the verse, it is quite in keeping with the speech of Polydamas, and the ambiguity perhaps intended. For, half warning, half sarcasm, while delivering a moral sentence it points at the source of Hector's being so "hard to persuade," viz., his lack of that wisdom which its possessor is never slow to recognize in himself or another. And, so understood, it links admirably with the succeeding line; while the whole, if decorum had allowed of his speaking to his impetuous chief in full freedom, would have run thus:—"Divers gifts to divers persons. To one, warlike deeds, &c., meaning Hector, to another, dance; another, song and harp, meaning perhaps Paris; to another wisdom, of which wisdom many enjoy the fruit, but which he is the chief one to recognize by whom it is possessed. You are not that one, and therefore may disregard my advice, as on a former occasion. (See Book XII. stanza 26.) Nevertheless I will utter forth what to me seems the best."

The sentiment, in its contrast of those who enjoy the fruits of wisdom with those who recognize herself, reminds one of the poor wise man who by his wisdom delivered the city (Eccles. ch. 9. v 15.); and that "wisdom is justified of her children," (Luke ch. 7. v 35.)

I am as little inclined to reject the 731st line—"Δλλαξεροχηστιν. In Polydamas there seems a vein of sarcasm and subtlety with his undoubted wisdom. He cares not to refrain from a fling at his antagonist in council, Hector; but yet will not do it coarsely. The rough contrast of military prowess with wisdom might have proved too much for the stomach of his auditor. So he gives the question a broader scope, and breaks what might be offensive in his denial of a quality, to which his auditor might not be content to forego some claim, by interposing,
other points of excellency to which he had neither claim nor inclination, viz., those points for instance, in which Paris excelled—dancing, and harp, and song. Here, again, in glancing from one brother to another, he indulges his vein of sarcasm against the family, with which it would seem that he was not on the best of terms. Polydamas, it will be remembered, is more than once brought forward as opposing the overweening influence of the Priam family to the public detriment, and may be considered, if not as the mouth piece of the people, yet as expressing the sentiments of a considerable section. The speech seems to me very subtle, just verging on the offensive, which it approaches but to recede. So that Hector, had he the time to have weighed the matter, could scarcely have determined its character, and yet must have had a feeling that the acuter intellect of Polydamus was having a hit at him. But here, as usual, the manner is so plausible, and the advice itself so sound, though at Hector’s expense, that he could scarcely take umbrage.

Eustathius, it is true, snubs the line as an interpolation, unsuited to the sense of the passage and the poet’s drift, who was simply comparing valour and prudence. *Judicium verissimum.* Offendid versus quoties-cunque attentâ mente legi, saith Heyne, who has at all times a Wolffish appetite for destruction in these matters.

**Note 132. Book XIII. stanza 83. For one’s by th’ ship.**

Observe the allusion to Achilles, like a cloud looming in the distance.

**Note 133. Book XIII. stanza 84. Like snowy mount.**

This simile is meant to denote the stature of Hector. A snowy or snow-capt mountain must necessarily be lofty, and its summit often shows above the mountains not so covered. In like manner Hector’s white plumes towered above the rest of the host he was passing through. The reader will recollect that Hector’s gigantic stature is often mentioned.

**Note 134. Book XIII. stanza 86. Now safe’s thy ruin.**

Our English idiom corresponds with the Greek, for we say “He is safe for a reprimand,” meaning he is sure to get it.

**Note 135. Book XIII. stanza 88. Cebrion.**

I venture on this contraction for Cebriones, by analogy with Merion for Meriones, the loss of the final syllable in both cases naturally drawing the accent back to the first—a great convenience for the verse. Should the license however be considered too much, I must excuse myself on the hard-case plea—the difficulty of the verse, and the scrupulousness with which I avoid deranging the order of the names as
given in the original: point to which none of the metrical translators have I believe attended.

Note 136. Book XIV. stanza 5.  *Promontories twain.*]
Rhætium and Sigæum.

Note 137. Book XIV. stanza 5.  *Affrighted.*]
The chieftains were alarmed, because they knew that extreme indeed must be the urgency that should withdraw Nestor from the heat of the battle.

Note 138. Book XIV. stanza 17.  *Her own and husband's brother.*]
Zeus, Herè, and Poseidon being children of Kronos, Herè, on marrying Zeus, would stand in the twofold relation to Poseidon of own sister and brother's wife.

Note 139. Book XIV. stanza 19.  *The scent through sky.*]
Among the German critics there are who have suspected these lines to be spurious, because of the hyperbole. But what hyperbole? Celestial odours may well transcend *cua de Cologne*, of which it might indeed be hyperbolical to say, that shaking a bottle of it on the banks of the Rhine would transmit the fragrance to the sky. But this was better than Farina's best. The pleasant scent, moreover, of the fresh-mown hay, even in this dull clime of ours, shall commend itself to the nostrils of the homeward bound, who is yet miles from the shore. Shall not, then, the full flush odours of the South spread through space like the air itself? Assuredly. And here again we have, after all, but another of Homer's literal terrestrial experiences applied to matters celestial.

Note 140. Book XIV. stanza 25.  *And in thy bosom lay.*]
The commentators seem perplexed about this direction. For the girdle, say they, is not worn *in the bosom*, but, at most, *below* it, round the waist. Heyne concludes that *εγκαταθεσθαι κόλπῳ* is περιβήσθαι. I confess to seeing no necessity for such construction of a passage which seems to me plain enough. The difficulty arises from supposing Aphroditè was performing such a work of supererogation as to instruct Herè on what part of her person she was to wear an article of female attire. Nothing of the kind, I conceive, was intended. Herè was neither directed to put, nor did put on the girdle immediately she received it; but put it by, snug and safe, until she should presently require it. And this was not surely in her visit to Sleep, who needed not the exercise of those fascinations which were better reserved for Zeus. Nor am I sure that her putting on the girdle thus early might not have grounded a suspicion of setting her cap at old Hypnos himself, and given occasion...
for chatter to the scandal-mongers of Olympus. We may conclude, therefore, that Homer tells us true, and that she did not then put on the girdle, but carefully deposited the same in her bosom. By which it would appear, that the women in his time, like little girls as well as grown women of the lower order in more modern times, were given to entrusting there little valuables to that part of their person, which, with little girls, would seem to have been, before the present style of dress, something like the schoolboy's pocket, though not quite such an omnipium gatherum. In Herè's time they probably wore no pockets, and as yet reticules were not; so how could the goddess have better disposed of the precious loan than in the way suggested?

Note 141. Book XIV. stanza 26. Death's brother sleep.]

In these, and similar personifications, I have not thought it necessary to retain the Greek names, because we have the ideas and the personification they represent in our own tongue. And I saw no advantage to the English version in writing Oneiros, Hypnos, and Thanatos, instead of Dream, Sleep, and Death.

Note 142. Book XIV. stanza 31. Nor white armed Herè.] These epithets are not employed at random, but, where they are not rather titular than qualitative, have usually some significant relation to the action or situation of the person at the time. And here, accordingly, as in the act of touching Earth with one hand and Sea with the other, the arms of Herè would be very conspicuous; the painter-poet, by a single stroke, directs attention to them by the epithet "white-armed." He says nothing here of her large eyes, nor of her august presence; we have neither ποτνα nor βοοπιγ, though we had both at the conclusion of the 29th stanza; for there the majestic goddess, taking umbrage at Sleep's hesitation to comply with her request, those large eyes, fixed on him with a haughty eloquence, not less forceful than her tongue, were as proper to be mentioned as they are here properly left out. And there would have been no point in speaking of her white arms at that time, when they would probably fall within the folds of her drapery as she stood, although here they challenge notice, when the action and attitude expose them.

Other instances abound of this discriminative character in the epithets, which the reader may find for himself. To enable him to do so, I have striven hard to give the exact epithet of the original, and when several epithets or appellations occur together, without my being able to express them all, I have endeavoured, to the best of my judgment, to retain the significant one. As, for instance, here, where the original runs, "goddess white-armed Herè," I have rejected "goddess," and retained the other epithet, not being able to preserve them both. It will be seen, then, that
NOTES.

this scruple deprives me of the convenient license of applying an epithet in one place because it had been used in another.

Merely titular epithets, however, are excepted from the scope of this note, such as "Swift-foot," so constantly applied to Achilles. These epithets rather class with such as William Rufus, Athelstone the Unready, Edward Long-shanks, Charles the Bold, &c., and are, of course, not amenable to the same poetic law for their use.

Note 143. Book XIV. stanza 32. Which Chalceis gods yclepe.]

What if this difference of appellation, of which such frequent mention is made by Homer, should point at difference of races, whose tongues respectively, as the language of the conquerors and the conquered, the ruling race and the subordinate, are designated as the language of gods and of men? And if so, it would be something in the style of the Hebrew appellation "gods," to designate their magistrates and judges, as in the following passages:—"Then his master shall bring him to the judges," Exod. xxi. 6. "The master of the house shall be brought to the judges," Exod. xxii. 8. "Thou shalt not revile the gods, nor curse the ruler of thy people," ibid., v. 28. In all which passages the word in italics is the rendering for one and the same word, δηλῆς, with one and the same signification, although in the last instance our translators have expressed its literal meaning rather than its English equivalent. In the sense of "judges" you have the dual enunciation so frequent in Scripture. The same Hebrew word occurs Psalm lxxxii. 1, where, if rendered "judges" instead of "gods," the passage would have a significance not so apparent in its present form, and, expressed at length, would run somewhat thus,—"Among men the judges decide, but the judges themselves are judged of God:" a reference to the supreme divine government in the affairs of men which does not so distinctly appear in the present version. As the passage now stands, it might be quoted as authority for the existence of the false gods involved in the assertion of their subordinate character, even as Josephus interprets the above-quoted passage—Exod. xxii. 28. "thou shalt not revile the gods,"—as conveying a command to respect the idols of the heathen. ἐλασφημεῖτο δὲ μὲνεὶς Θεοῦς, οὐς πόλεις ἀλλαὶ νομίζουσιν: μη συλζν ιερὰ ξενικά, μὴ δ' ἀν ἐπωνομασιένοι τὴν Θεῷ κειμήλιον λαμβάνειν. Antiq. IV. 8 & 10. Καὶ περὶ γε τοῦ μητεχιενάζειν μήτε βλασφημεῖν τοὺς νομίζομένους Θεοὺς παρ' ἐτέροις, ἀντικερα χριν ὁ νομοθέτης ἀπείρηκεν, αὐτῆς ἔνεκα προσήγορίας τοῦ Θεοῦ. Con. Apion. II. 33.

Note 144. Book XIV. stanza 39. That even Helios.]

Helios, i.e. the Sun, for it must be borne in mind that Apollo had not yet come to be considered the Sun-god, as he was afterwards.
Note 145. Book XIV. stanza 41. Men's famed tribes.]

Κλαυτὰ φυλ' ἀνθρώπων. The passage has attracted the attention of the ancient commentators without eliciting much in the way of satisfactory explanation. The suggestion, however, with which Eustathius concludes his note, viz. that κλαυτὰ may be in contradistinction to the lower animals, is not unlikely: λέγει δ' ἀν ἠσως κλαυτὰ φυλὰ ἀνθρώπων ως πρὸς διαστολήν τῶν τοῦ ἄλογου ζωὺν εἰδών. The explanation of the Villoison Scholiast, BL. I do not profess to understand, nor its application, as it is merely declaratory of the functions of Hypnos when he gets among the κλαυτὰ φυλα, without touching the real difficulty of the epithet κλαυτὰ. There can be no doubt but that κλαυτὰ φυλα is distinctive, either of men as compared with the lower animals, suppose, as Eustathius suggests, or of men as between themselves. Against the former there is this, that the distinction was as applicable to the people he was leaving as to any other tribes he could go to. But if the distinction be of men as among themselves, then who are the κλαυτὰ φυλα? In the absence of anything better, I would suggest that perhaps our old friends the Ethiopians are intended, who seem to have kept a sort of open house for the deities It is to be hoped, however, in that case, for the credit of their activity, that they were not in the habit of entertaining Hypnos for the orthodox period of twelve consecutive days.

Note 146. Book XIV. stanza 44. Imperious blore.]

Blore, the act of blowing, a blast. Chapman employs the word in his translation.

Note 147. Book XIV. stanza 45. High-haired oaks.]

Ὑψίκομος, high-haired, lofty-foliaged. This epithet perhaps denotes not so much the actual loftiness of the tree as the disposition of its foliage, of which the bulk grows nearer the summit than in some other trees. Thus the broad head of the oak contrasts with the poplar. Ὡψίκομος might indeed refer to the fashion of trimming up the trees to a head by lopping the lower branches to within a few feet of the top, as is common in those parts to this day. See Note 54. But there are passages as at Iliad XXIII. 118., where of course the high-haired oaks could not have been artificially dealt with.

Note 148. Book XIV. stanza 50. Satnio.]

Cowper is authority for the word. Chapman has made a curious blunder here in making the Naïad feed the herds of Enops.

Note 149. Book XIV. stanza 55, were-gild.]

"Were-gild, the price or fine set on a head for the murder of a man."
Bailey's Dict. "Every man was valued at a certain sum, which was called his *were*, and whoever took his life, was punished by having to pay this *were*. The *were* was the compensation allotted to the family or relations of the deceased for the loss of his life. But the Saxons had so far advanced in legislation, as to consider homicide as public as well as private wrong. Hence, besides the redress appointed to the family of the deceased, another pecuniary fine was imposed on the murderer, which was called the *wite*. This was the satisfaction he rendered to the community for the public wrong, which had been committed."—Turner's Anglo-Saxons, 7th ed. vol. 2., p. 438. It is the compensation to the relatives alone that is in question in the original, and therefore, though not fixed on beforehand by general law, but a matter of agreement, I believe, between them and the offender afterwards, it is yet sufficiently expressed by *were-geld* or *wer-gild*, a word which is omitted indeed by Johnson, and other modern lexicographers, but should, I think, be retained; for although the legal idea it represents has passed for ever from our laws and manners, the historic value remains.

Note 150. Book XV. stanza 9. *In Zeus' house met.*

I know not if the grandiloquence of any will take umbrage at my preferring where I can to translate ἐβοίως, "house" in preference to "palace," "mansion," &c, although it belong to a god, a prince, or a noble. Such rendering seems to me nearer to the original. For in those days of simplicity they had not yet come to have a separate name for the habitation of the prince, and the private man. Indeed such distinctions do not so readily spring up in homogeneous and original languages as in tongues more mixed and derivative. The richness of the latter in such expressions results from the people borrowing of a foreign tongue a word, which haply means the same thing and in no higher sense than the word they have already in their own, and which in favour of the new comer they often degrade to a lower signification. The Germans, for instance, are content to seat Pharaoh on a *stool* (stuhl) while we grace him with a throne, but borrow the word from the Greek, where it has no exclusively royal application, but is a plain seat that may serve prince or peasant. Our word "mansion" again for a gentleman's residence, is a borrowed term, which in its literal meaning no way differs from our vernacular "abode."—This denization of foreign terms to express ideas we had no word for, or to give greater precision to those we have, is undoubtedly a source of great wealth to the language, but we must not grow too fastidious to the neglect of our more homely and familiar expressions. Still less, I think, should we insist on importing them into translations from a language or work, which does not present the distinctions they convey, and so make the original author say what he did not say, and lead readers
to suppose distinctions like those amongst us to have prevailed in early times whether they did or not. And this is no trivial matter for the higher purposes of translation. For if a people have, for instance, no separate designation for the abode of those who hold rule among them and those who do not, it may perhaps arise from the line of de-
marcation between the two classes being less distinctly drawn than in countries where such designations are found, or it may arise from the peculiar character of the language—in either case forming a character-
istic which it seems careless and unphilosophic to lose sight of. In con-
clusion, as an illustration of the permanent influence of religious ideas in resisting changes in language, I may be permitted to allude to one case, in which the usual designation for the abode of potentates is nobly rejected. For all, from the prince to the peasant I suppose would concur in refusing any similar substitute for the "House of God." How poor and trivial, if not irreverent, would "palace" read in comparison. "Temple," even with all its noble associations, comes not up to this house-
hold, endearing, and vernacular phrase.

Note 151. Book XV. Stanza 22. Th' Erinnyes follow.]

Follow, i.e. attend on the eldest born to avenge any injury done to his birth-right, or detract to his claim to consideration on the part of the junior members of the family. Such was the admitted character of the 'droit d'ainesse' in Olympus and among the ancient Greeks. The argument of Iris is in other words as follows:—"Noble minds change their purpose when reflection shows they would be wrong in persisting, and you will reflect that in the capacity of your elder brother, Zeus has claims on your respect, the violation of which the Erinnyes that guard them will not fail to resent."

Note 152. Book XV. Stanza 41. Pray aloud did every wight.]

Note the confusion they were in. The prayer was usually led by one, but here in their consternation each prays for himself.

Note 153. Book XV. Stanza 49. bs looséd been.]

The constant reference to the visible which marks the epic manner gives point to this and similar expressions which have less signi-
ficance for us. "He loosed his strength," "his limbs were loosed," λυσε μένος, λύντο δέ γυνα. To us they stand as a paraphrase for death, which, though a consequence of it, they depict less vividly than to the ancient Greeks. Fancy, however, the attitude of the eager warrior, his every muscle braced to tension with vigour and military ardour, and then of a sudden the whole muscular fabric relaxed before the death stroke, and we shall find the λυσε μένος and λύντο δέ γυνα have indeed a significance that tells to the eye.

With brazen wall, *i.e.* with phalanx of warriors clad in brass.

Note 155. Book XV. Stanza 70. *So scant scaped death.*

I do not think any general peril of sea is here alluded to, as the Scholiast would seem to suggest in quoting the saying of Anacharsis, the Scythian, who asking one of the sailors "How far are we from the water," and learning it was four finger-breadths, added "Then so far also from death." A clever saying, but applicable to every boat in water of drowning depth, however calm the element; while here on the contrary, as I think, the particular and momentary danger of the blast of wind and a large wave simultaneously striking the ship to the risk of its capsizing is alluded to,—a situation to which the expression *πυρθων* of the original is peculiarly applicable, for narrow indeed is their escape. The force of *ἐκ-φέροντα* also points the same way, for they are borne out of it for that bout, however liable to a recurrence of the danger. The force of *ἵππος*, immediately preceding, I take to be "from under" the huge wind-inflated wave that has burst over the vessel, covering it with foam.

Note 156. Book XV. Stanza 79. *Off the shoulders.*

The sword in its scabbard hung by a belt which was slung over one shoulder. Hence the frequent expression of "the sword on shoulders" "or about the shoulders hung," &c.


The word in the original is *ἀφλαστον, aplustre,* and was the specific name for the curved end of the stern with its ornaments. This is an instance of Homer's directness, who called things by their proper names, and never shrank from a technical designation, or took refuge from it in a paraphrase or supposed poetic substitute. Technical terms are, as a general rule, avoided in poetry, and Falconer's "Shipwreck," for example, has been censured for too liberal a use of them. But on this subject I think a distinction should be taken. Technical terms which designate single objects or incomplex operations are best expressed by the term appropriated to them, as "stern," "bow," "rudder," "steer," "tack," "furl," &c. where no poetical purpose can be gained by a circumlocution such as "the hinder part of the ship," "the front of a ship," "that wherewith a ship is swayed," &c. Such handling might furnish middling conundrums, but it is not poetry. But technical terms which designate processes involving several subordinate operations may be very profitably dismissed on occasion, and the operations themselves be described in detail for the sake of bringing them more prominently before the eye, or on other occasions as properly retained. The difference in the two cases may be instanced
by the word "launch," which is a technical term, the use of which would hardly be denied to a poet, nor yet the liberty of enumerating, if it answer his purpose, the subordinate operations, such as placing the rollers, adjusting the ropes, &c. which concur in producing the result.

**Note 158. Book XVI. Stanza 1. Goat-shunned rock.**

Goat-shunned, *i.e.* so steep that the very goats cannot climb it. Observe, too, a little before, the aptness of the other epithet, μελάνυφρος, black water, and its harmony with this; for the rock is so sheer and steep that it presents no inequalities for the nimble goat to clamber by, and therefore no jutting projections to break the water into whitening foam, or into many surfaces, flashing light from every point, but smooth and sheer the water glides adown it in one unbroken sheet, transparent and dark, from the rock that shows through it, and from its own smooth surface, that like a mirror reflects the light but at a particular angle.

**Note 159. Book XVI. stanza 5. Danaans' light became.**

Light, *i.e.* assistance, succour, deliverance,—"That I may become their deliverer. I have rendered it literally to preserve the metaphor, which is identical with the favourite one of the Hebrews, who constantly use darkness for tribulation and distress.

**Note 160. Book XVI. stanza 9. With raging fire, &c.**

Col. Mure, in Lit. Hist. Greece, vol. 1., impugns the authenticity of these lines in the original.

**Note 161. Book XVI. stanza 11. Made it Light.**

Note the resemblance to the Hebrew manner of using light and darkness respectively as metaphors to express trouble and deliverance.

**Note 162. Book XVI. Stanza 11. No longer Ajax stayed.**

The narrative of the battle is here resumed from where it broke off at the conclusion of the preceding book.

**Note 163. Book XVI. stanza 15. O'er shoulder.**

O'er shoulder, *i.e.* the belt suspending the sword, and that by which the shield was supported, were passed over the shoulder.

**Note 164. Book XVI. stanza 16. Ajaxides' spear.**

The original of these four lines, Heyne, with his wonted alacrity, would join Zenodotus in rejecting, although for a different reason. I can subscribe to neither. The elder commentator is reported to have inquired what kind of spear that could have been which heroes even were unable to move or lift. To which the answer is patent. Homer has
not so described it. Lift the spear many doubtless could. (The strength of Ajax was not inferior to that of Achilles.) But shake the spear, \( \pi \alpha \lambda \lambda \epsilon \nu \) — wield it as a spear should be wielded, and bring out its capabilities, that is what Homer says Achilles alone knew how to do. That it was not a mere question of thews and sinews only, but of skill, perhaps the very expression \( \epsilon \pi \sigma \tau \alpha \rho \omicron \) itself would show. And if Achilles excelled his contemporaries in gymnastic vigour and agility, he might wield a weapon suited to his capabilities, though it surpassed theirs. Especially would this be so, did it happen to be one with which he had opportunities of practising from boyhood. In superior practice possibly lay the superiority, the opportunity of acquiring which with that particular weapon is suggested in the passage itself, which states the spear to have been his father's and the gift of Charon, so that the matter falls strictly within the range of the probable, the limits of which the sober-minded Greek always evinces an instinctive aversion to transcend. And one object of this note was to draw the reader's attention to that quality of the poet as being conspicuous even where he has been called to account for a seeming want of it.

Heyne's reason for repudiating the lines, is that they occur at Book XIX. l. 388. (stanza 43. of the present version), where they are appropriate, and have been, he says, transferred here, where they are useless in a negative sense! In substance, that though it is very proper to state further on that Achilles took down this spear, yet in this place, when you are told that Patroclus took Achilles' arms, enumerating greaves, cuirass, helmet, sword, shield, &c., all which were subsequently captured, it was useless to add that he did not take the spear also. The reader, however, will perhaps agree with me in thinking that such mention was, on the contrary, imperative here, in order to account for the presence of the weapon in the tent of Achilles by and by. Indeed, the whole is in perfect keeping, and shows the poet's usual thought and dexterity in meeting objections without appearing to do so. For what more natural, in recounting the weapons taken, than to mention the one weapon left behind? But why left? Because he could not have wielded it; and no disparagement either to Patroclus, for no Achaean could but Achilles only, who had that skill, acquired probably at his father's, whose spear it was, presented him by Chiron.

This matter of the spears is one among the many minuter points that, to my mind, have a smack of the historical in the legend. The facts as known had probably associated Achilles and his spear, which none but himself could wield, and therefore the poet's glorious fiction of arms wrought for his hero by the god Hephaistos himself was not allowed to embrace this; for I suppose none will accept the childish solution, that the god, being a worker in metal and with fire, did not achieve a spear because of the wooden part of it.
On the subject of wielding the spear of Achilles, how far it was a matter of practice and address may be illustrated by an anecdote of our Henry VIII. and his long sword; of which the following account is given in the Athenæum, for January 15th, 1853, in reviewing vols. 6. to 11. of the State Papers. "Henry the Eighth had sent the young Francis the First a sword,—one of those weapons of tremendous length and weight, of which examples are shown in the Tower, and in the use of which Henry was peculiarly dexterous. Francis received the weapon with astonishment. He who, it will be remembered, threw Henry the Eighth in wrestling, tried to wield the cumbrous instrument in vain. He thought it impossible for any man to use it; but one of his courtiers, who had been in England, assured him that he had seen King Henry handle a sword heavier than that as nimbly as could be. But the feat, as we learn, was one of dexterity, or even of trick, rather than of strength. Henry had disclosed to the Frenchman that he managed it by means of a peculiar gauntlet, and proud of his success, had taken his hearer's promise not to reveal the secret."

Whatever allowance be made for the specific device of the gauntlet, a handsome balance will still be left to the account of dexterity acquired by practice with the particular weapon.

Note 165. Book XVI. stanza 17. To Zephyr.

Observe that Zephyrus was not, as with us, a gentle wind, but a strong west wind violent and swift.

Note 166. Book XVI. stanza 21. With love enfold.

So have I rendered ἀμφαγαπαζόμενος.


Pope accentuates the penultimate, while the Greek has the antepenultimate long.

Note 168. Book XVI. stanza 41. As order needs.

Heyne observes, that the prediction of Polydamas, at Book 12. (stanza 25 of this version), is here fulfilled.


Note the transition to the apostrophe, and again the return to the third person.

Note 170. Book XVI. stanza 89. In's hands.

In his hands; viz. of Patroclus.

Hyperenor's death is mentioned at the latter end of the 14th Book, 1. 516. of the original, and stanza 59 of this version.


The exact signification of ἐσφικτο, literally "wasped," has been the subject of much discussion: see Heyne ad. loc. Some resemblance to the appearance of a wasp was probably alluded to; the pinched appearance of part of its body, as some suppose, or perhaps also as I am inclined to think, the speckled appearance of gold and silver wire entwined with it, probably in rings.


Eustathius and Heyne agree in regarding this as an anticipatory justification of Achilles' treatment of Hector himself. The knowledge of his intentions is brought to our hero's knowledge by Iris. See stanza 20. of this book.


This I am inclined to think means standing so close as to see the colour of his eyes—and reminds one of the officer's charge to his troops, to hold their fire until they were so close on the enemy as to see the colour of their eyes.


To rase, to pluck, Douglas. Germ. reissen. Alem. razen, rapere. Rasshe is used in the same sense in old English, "I rasshe a thing from one, I take it from him hastily. He rasshed it out of my hands or I was ware." Palsgr. Jamieson's Dictionary abridged by Johnstone, 1846.

In the above quotation, Rasshe, whatever its original, must have come to us immediately from the French arracher.


Note 177. Book XVII. stanza 44. *Drunk with fat.*

Drunk with fat, μεθίνουσαν ἀλοιφή. This bold metaphor calls to mind the expression in Isaiah, xliii. 24., "Nor hast thou made me drunk with the fat of thy sacrifices," as it is rendered in the margin of the authorised version according to the literal and primary meaning of the Hebrew שׁלמה.
The same word occurs Isaiah, xxxiv. 7., and again so rendered in the margin, and at Lamentations, iii. 15., and there so rendered in the text of our version.


A similar expression, Cowper has remarked, occurs in the Proverbs of Solomon. "The lot is cast into the lap, but the disposal thereof is of the Lord." But Col. Mure in the following extract from his valuable work, gives a different turn to the metaphor: "The Greeks in every age were in the habit of writing on their knees. In various classical texts, comprising what is perhaps the earliest technical allusion to the habits of the literary profession, this custom is specified in terms almost identical with those employed by Homer:—

ενθεκ' δοιδήσ

ην νέον ἐν δέλτοισιν ἐμοῖς ἐπὶ γαύνασι θῆκα

Batrochron 2. sq.

Still more immediately in point is a passage of the Republic of Plato, where the philosopher, in alluding to the judgment of mortals after death, describes Lachesis as holding on her knees the written reports of their past lives and future destinies: προφήτην λαξέοντα ἐκ τῶν τῆς Δαξίσεως γοννάτων κλήρους τε καὶ βίων παραδείγματα. Add to this the ancient proverb where Jupiter is described as consulting, literally looking down into his parchment roll of fate: ὁ Ζεὺς κατεῖδε χρόνως εἰς τὰς δουθέρας."


Note 179. Book XVII. stanza 61. *Changed his purpose.*

Not that his purpose had changed, in the sense of altering his mind, but that his original plan was now taking this turn, and coming to its second or sequel part, which gave victory to the Danai, as the first part subjected them to defeat.


The original is γυμνός, naked, which, applied to a warrior, means that he is without armour, and not stark-naked as a modern would understand it, and bare-skinned as in the statue of Achilles in Hyde Park.


Run up, ἀνέδραμε. Observe the similarity of the idioms, which would have led me to retain the English phrase, even were I averse to its familiarity. For, as I have said before, I do not think that epic dignity in Homer's notion was at all concerned in eschewing familiar phraseology. Some passages in Aristotle might seem to favour a different opinion, but it should be remembered that he was speaking to a people of remarkable
simplicity of diction, whose tendencies, as the Anthology shows, were quite in the opposite direction to the grandiloquence of some moderns. Aristotle would hardly have considered cautions against too familiar speech were requisite in an age that could relish Hervey's Meditations, and much else that used to win applause under the designation of "sublime language."

Note 182. Book XVII. stanza 17. They dight.] Dight, i.e. clothed themselves with the water by plunging into it. By this word I have attempted to give some notion of the original ἕντατ'v, moved thereto the rather, be it confessed, that the rhyme was convenient.

Note 183. Book XVIII. stanza 27. Th' untiring Sun.] Helios. The reader will observe that in those cases in which we have the word, and where the original is not important to the personification, I have not thought it necessary to give the Greek name. It will be remembered also that the identification of Apollo with the sun had not obtained in Homer's time, but that the sun-god was a distinct personage, viz. Helios, though Eustathius and other Greek commentators themselves confound the distinction, and refer the ideas that prevailed in their own day, to earlier periods without regard to the chronology of their introduction. To this we owe the anachronism of explaining the pestilence in the first Book as arising from the Greeks' unhealthy encampment in a swampy ground, and the sun drawing up the exhalations and producing a plague: whereas Apollo, the agent of their visitation, is so represented as the god of healing, who could bring on or remove at pleasure the diseases which were so entirely under his control.

Note 184. Book XVIII. stanza 33. Mæonie.] For this convenient form of Mæonia Chapman is my authority.

Note 185. Book XVIII. stanza 34. Who for's goods.] This is aimed at Polydamas, who was very wealthy, and who, Hector would insinuate, had given counsel with a view to preserve his wealth.

Note 186. Book XVIII. stanza 35. Enyalus.] Enyalus, another name for Ares or Mars. The sentiment is equivalent to saying that the fortune of war favours sometimes one party and sometimes another, and that although Achilles had hitherto been victorious, it did not follow that he would continue to be so. Observe the artistic effect of this speech, the vaunt and the insult, which make it impossible for him to draw back and shun Achilles subsequently, which
but for this he might have done, and that without contravening the code of honour of those days, which was not so exacting as to require a warrior to fight one that overmatched him. How far he was influenced by the remembrance of this incident appears in his soliloquy before the walls, when he is debating if he shall stand and face Achilles or take refuge within the gates. The thought of being reproached by Polydamas for neglect of this very counsel is uppermost.

\[\text{Πολυδάμας μοι πρῶτος ἐλεγξέναι ἀναθήσει.}\]

II. xxii. 100.

This dialogue therefore of Hector and Polydamas, that rises so naturally from the situation, is also indispensable to the subsequent catastrophe, the death of Hector.

Note 187. Book XVIII. stanza 36. Meaning hunt the stag that day.]

So have I ventured to paraphrase ἐλαφηδόλος which literally means stag-hunter, though commentators, loosely as I think, treat it as synonymous with κυνηγός, i.e. hunter merely. The epithet (stag-hunter) has peculiar significance here, and I think points at Hector. The man in the simile is stag-hunting, and therefore neither expects, nor is weaponed to encounter the lion, though, profiting by the occasion he steals the lion's young. So Hector, as little fitted to encounter Achilles as the ill-appointed hunter the lion, achieves fortuitously, and in Achilles' absence, the exploit of slaughtering the previously enfeebled Patroclus. This disparaging of his doings comes in with effect after his boast to Polydamas, who had counselled him for the best, viz. to shear off before worse came of it.

Note 188. Book XVIII. stanza 44. Both-feet Lamed.]

'Αμφιγυνήες, a designation that may rank with Long-shanks, Beau-clerk, Strong-bow, &c.

Note 189. Book XVIII. stanza 45. Back flowing Ocean.]

ἄψφόρρον, might this hint at the tidal character of the Ocean as opposed to the current of the Mediterranean? It is true that Ocean is a river, but perhaps only so thought from ignorance of its breadth across.

Note 190. Book XVIII. stanza 49. Pris'ner he.]

I have so rendered the much disputed ἀρημένος of the text, following, it will be perceived, the Etym. Mag.: ἀρημένον, κατειλημένον καὶ παραπετασμένον, &c. a passage quoted by Ernest, Odys. vi. 2., though its purity is questioned by Sylburgius.

Eustathius very justly perceives in this a graceful allusion to the service Thetis had rendered Hephaistos in concealing him from Herè.

Note 192. Book XVIII. stanza 55. *But sole lacks Ocean's baths.*

Οἰη δ' ἀμμορός ἐστὶ λοετρῶν Ὀκεανῶι. This passage has given rise to some discussion among the commentators. Terrasson, the French critic, crows a bit (gallicè) at having caught out Homer in the serious blunder of asserting that the Great Bear is the only constellation which never sets. Among the ancients Aristotle took it to be a figure of speech, meaning that it is the most notorious only of those constellations which never set: τὸ γὰρ γνωριμῶσιν μόνον. Strabo thought the whole Arctic Circle was meant, but Clarke pertinently asks how can the Arctic Circle be said to face Orion, and concludes with approving the suggestion that by οἰη δ' ἀμμορός ἐστι, &c. is meant, not that Arctos is the only one of all the constellations which never sets, but the only one of the constellations here enumerated. Heyne adds little to the substance of Clarke's note.

To the present translator, but for the doubts of such grave authorities, the passage would have appeared plain enough. It seems to him that the comparison is even narrower than Clarke would make it, and is limited to the two constellations here presented in a state of relation to each other, viz. Arctos and Orion. Arctos is said to be always watching Orion, yet though Orion sets, Arctos does not. Alone of the two she shares not Ocean's baths, οἰη δ' ἀμμορός, &c. as who should say, though she ever watches Orion she does not, like him, go into the ocean.

Note 193. Book XVIII. stanza 55. *Among them soun.*

*Soun* is an old word for *sound*, familiar enough to the readers of Chaucer and Spencer. Its direct form is evidently from the French *son*, *sonner*.


The lines 505 to 508 of the original, of which the concluding lines of this and the first two of the succeeding stanza are a translation, have been variously rendered. I have supposed that the heralds placed wands or sceptres in the hands of the litigants, which the latter receiving used by way of gesticulation in pleading each his cause alternately before the judges, and that the two talents lay in the midst to be given to the one who prevailed in the suit.

Most of the translators, and the commentators also I believe, except Heyne, treat the whole passage as referring to the judges, and not to the
disputants, even to the destination of the two talents, which, according to them, are to be given to the best judge. Pope has a strange note in which he sees nothing but a provocation to dissension in awarding the talents to the successful litigant, and only a great encouragement to justice in awarding them to the judge. An opinion in which it appears he was “confirmed by the ablest judge as well as best practiser of equity, my Lord Harcourt, at whose seat he translated the book,” but which may not the less perhaps remind one of Boileau’s fable of Justice and the oyster with the shell a-piece for the litigants. Heyne’s note, l. 506, one of the most satisfactory I think in his whole commentary, appears to me conclusive of the words applying to the litigants, and not to the judges.

I understand ἀίσσονται not of the rising up of the parties, whether judges or litigants, but of the motion of the wands in gesticulation. On the subject of gesticulating with the wands Eustathius has the following:—καὶ τὰ σκῆπτρα δὲ, ὃςπερ τὰ τῶν βασιλέων, οὕτω καὶ τὰ τῶν δικαστῶν, τέως μὲν ἔχειν, ἐν καρφῷ δὲ χειριζέναι αὐτοῖς· καὶ οἱ δικασταὶ δὲ σκῆπτροι ἀίσσονσιν, ὡς τὰ σκῆπτρα τοῖς λόγοις συνδιαφέροντες· οὕτω γὰρ ἀνέδην χεῖρας ἐκίννων. ἐσχηματίζον ὁν τοῖς σκῆπτροις, ὡς καὶ ἡμεῖς χειρονομόν μεν πολλάκις ἐν τῷ λέγειν. Ὅπουσεῖς οὖν ἐπεὶ δημογραφον ποτε ἀκίντων ἄγκε ῥ σκῆπτρον, ἀμαθίας δόξαν ὑπέθαλκε τοῖς Τρωσί καὶ ζάκοτος ἐδοξε. Eustath. Ed. Bas. p. 1214. l. 50.

With this testimony to the use made of the σκῆπτρον to enforce the speaker’s language, I go farther than my authority in understanding ἀίσσονται of the brisk motion of the wands in such gesticulation. Eustathius further on more explicitly interprets ἀίσσοντες by ἀνυσταμένους, and ascribes it to the judges. He is, however, evidently at a loss to account for the heralds’ wands being handed to the judges, who must have been already furnished with their own, and he discharges his dissatisfaction by snubbing the expression as uncouth. His words are τὸ δὲ σκῆπτρα κηρύκων ἐν χερσὶν ἔχον, στρυφὼν πέφρασατ· χρή μὲν γὰρ, σκῆπτρα ἔχειν τοὺς δικαστὰς· καθίμενοι δὲ, πάντως οὐκ ἔχουσιν. ἀίσσοντες γὰρ, ὅ ἐστιν ἀνυστάμενοι, κρατοῦσιν αὐτά. ἔχουσιν οὖν τὰ τούτων σκῆπτρα, περιεστῶσεις οἱ κήρυκες. εἰ τοίνυν οἱ κήρυκες τὰ εἰκεῖν ἀναγκαῖοι ἐστῶτες κρατοῦσιν, ἔχουσιν ἀρὰ οἱ δικασταὶ τὰ σφῶν σκῆπτρα ἐν χερσὶν κηρύκων. καὶ ἄρα ἕλιον ὃς ἄλλως μὲν ἔχουσιν αὐτὰ ἐστηκότες, κρατοῦσι γὰρ αὐτοὶ χειριζόμενοι, ἄλλως δὲ ἔχουσι τὰ τοιαῦτα ἐν χερσὶν κηρύκων· κεκτημέναι γὰρ ὡς οἰκεία ὄντα. Ibid. p. 1215. l. 22.

In the good Bishop’s perplexity I find an additional reason for ascribing what is said of the wands to the litigants, and ἀίσσονται to their brisk motion of them in declamation. It would seem that a person could not in those days address an assembly without holding a wand or sceptre in his hand, which was, as it were, putting him in possession of the ear of the court. Menelaus at the funeral games rising to
arraign the conduct of Antilochus. Il. xxiii. l. 568., has a sceptre handed to him by the herald before speaking. So Telemachus in the Odyssey, lib. ii. l. 37, addressing the Agora, has a sceptre cast into his hands by the herald Pisenor.


So have I rendered τέμενος, which was a portion set apart by the people for their sovereign's use. We have no word for it. In its etymology it means cut off or set apart. Such setting apart took place for their divinities also, and for men other than their rulers whom they intended to honour. The Tabu of the islands in the Pacific would seem to have been something of the same kind. That τέμενος is here properly taken for a portion of land set apart for royal use is further confirmed by the mention of βασιλείας with heralds for his servants. For I am not aware that private individuals were waited on by heralds. Taken then in this sense the passage presents an agreeable picture of the simplicity of those times, when royalty attended to what would now be relegated to a meaner hand.

By "deep-cropped" of course is meant that the corn grew high and thick.


This may be reckoned among the glimpses we get in the poem of the condition of the lower classes in those days, when it would appear they were not better off, even for mere animal comforts, than in our times. For the difference of diet between the farm servants and their betters is here curiously marked. For the latter the ox is slain, while for the former abundance of porridge is prepared.


Literally "maidens bringing much oxen," i.e. to their fathers from their suitors, ἀλΦειτέουια. The note of the Scholiast would seem to imply that this alluded to the presents given during the courtship, irrespectively of its being successful. But it probably refers to the dower itself, which it was customary for the future husband to give to the father of his bride, and which was often given in the staple commodity oxen, or, if not, its value, like everything else, was appraised at so many oxen's worth. So that ἀλΦειτέουια is expressive of the high price the daughters would bring their parents—a price regulated by their beauty principally, like that of the Circassians to this day. For like them the early Greeks considered their daughters and even sisters as property. See Note 90.

The word in the original μενεπτόλεμως, which Chapman has elsewhere happily rendered by "keep-field," I have generally rendered "bide-fight," as being more literal in the first place, and in the next because I incline to think that the expression "battle-field," may belong to a more advanced period of strategy than Homer's time, when the collective operation of masses of men was not so frequent, nor had reached such skill, as to earn an appropriate designation for the locality of their manoeuvres. My memory does not help me to an expression of Homer's which properly answers to our "battle-field." If there be none, then the absence of such expression may be among the marks of antiquity in the poem, and, therefore, proper to be retained. Indeed the term "bide-fight," as the distinctive epithet of an individual almost argues a nation of skirmishers, and a state of things anterior to regular warfare, which can only be carried on where "bide-fight" has become a prevailing quality among the combatants, and the individual distinction grown impossible. For if his regiment run what officer could stay, though more μενεπτόλεμως than Diomed himself? There is, in truth, a chronology in these expressions, which is best preserved by rendering them literally.

Note 199. Book XIX. stanza 94. *Cast much further on.*

προεβλαοίμην. I seem to perceive in the double meaning of the original a play upon the words, "You cast with spear and I with foresight—forecast, &c.


This passage has been the subject of various comment. Cowper styled it an opprobrium criticorum. His solution however can scarcely be accepted, viz. that hungry men get weary of slaughter, and if the battle turn against them, a probable result of their going to fight fasting, the slaughter of the enemy is at an end. For certainly the possibility of the day going against the Achæans, when Achilles was once more amongst them, would not have been entertained for an instant. Not to embarrass the reader with the various opinions on the subject, I will state my view of it. The speech is meant to answer the two prominent features of that of Achilles, viz. grief for his slaughtered friend and his thirst for vengeance on the enemy, which the impetuous hero was so bent on prosecuting that he would not have given the troops time for refection. The speech of Odysseus accordingly is in substance this. "First the revenge you propose to yourself in slaughtering the foe will be frustrated if our troops go out fasting. For remember that men soon get enough of the regular stand-up fight where there is most chance of
slaughtering the enemy in heaps, and as soon as the fortune of the day is against them take to flight, in which latter case our troops will, from exhaustion and hunger, be utterly unable to overtake the fugitives. And in the next place going without food is not the way the Achaians should mourn the dead, for numbers die every day; how then could such a mode of mourning be carried out by them? We must bury the dead, and bear the loss with constancy and mourn him for the day.”

Such appears to me the scope of the speech, the former portion of which is set forth in the noble metaphor of a harvest-field, which the sight of an embattled host with its bristling spears would aptly suggest. And the men standing in their ranks are boldly and well denoted by the stalks of corn. We are familiar with a similar train of thought when we talk of “troops being mown down.”

**Note 201. Book XIX. stanza 45. slack we pray.]**

So have I ventured to render the disputed ἐὼμεν πολέμιοι.

**Note 202. Book XIX. stanza 47. to satiety, &c.]**

So rendering ἀδην ἐλάσαι.


**Note 203. Book 20. stanza 8. Gold-shaft.**

Gold-shaft, i. e. she that hath the golden shaft, she of the gold shaft, a designation ranging with Strong-bow, &c. It will be seen that the common rendering of χρυσηλάκαρος has been followed. Against which indeed it has been urged that ἐλακάρῃ never signifies arrow in Homer. Another objection might be made on the score of tautology; Gold-shaft in that sense being too near “shaft-loving” as both refer to her skill in archery. I incline nevertheless to think that the common rendering is correct. Gold-distaff, the suggested substitute seems not very characteristic of the habits of Artemis the huntress. The golden arrow here mentioned may moreover have been used to fasten up her hair, and if so it is characteristic enough that she should use one of her weapons as a hair-pin, and then the tautology disappears. On this supposition however it is to be understood of a single arrow only, and not of her arrows generally; “she of the golden arrow” and not “she who carrieth golden arrows.”

**Note 204. Book XX. stanza 17. avoiding shun.]**

The scholiast’s account of the story is as follows:— Poseidon and Apollo, being commanded by Zeus to serve Laomedon, built the wall at a fixed price. But Laomedon, violating his oath and agreement, gave
them no reward, but drove them away. Poseidon in his rage sent a sea-beast, which destroyed the men it encountered and the fruits of the earth as they came up. Laomedon inquiring of the oracle was told that he should expose Hesione his daughter as food for the beast, and so be delivered from the monster. Exposing his daughter, he also pro-claimed that to him who slew the sea-beast he would give the immortal horses which Zeus had given to Tros as the price of Ganymede. Hercules happening to be there undertook to achieve the adventure, and Athenè having made him a rampart (the so-called round-heaped wall ἀμφίχυτον τεῖχος of the text), he, rushing through the mouth into the belly of the beast, tore its flanks asunder. But Laomedon substituted mortal, for the immortal, horses and gave him. On discovering which Hercules besieged and overthrew Ilium and drove off the promised steeds.

Note 205. Book XX. stanza 23. Ἐneas thus replied.]

The artistic requirements of the poem rendered the combat of Achilles with Ἐneas indispensable. The incontestable superiority of the former might else have been open to question. Ἐneas being represented as dividing opinion with Hector, when the latter had fallen, it might yet be doubted what would have been the result of a combat with the other. It is true that, on a former occasion, prior to the date of the action of the poem, he had narrowly escaped with his life from the hands of Achilles. But that would have been only told. The Epic manner required it to be shown, that there was no standing against Achilles, which is done by descriptions of actual combats with each, besides allusion to former narrow escapes of both the Trojan heroes. But though the combat could not be dispensed with, there are circumstances in the conduct of it, that I confess appear to me very unsatisfactory. It is the only instance in which we have pointless and redundant dialogue. And that character I fear must be ascribed to nearly the whole of the speech of Ἐneas. His account of his genealogy is so manifestly lugged in head and shoulders, that one is inclined to agree with those who think it an interpolation. There is one supposition alone upon which it might be in some degree accounted for, viz. that Homer intended to show up the "bavardage" of the Trojans, in contrast to the terseness and point of his hero's speech, who had come forth to do, and not to babble. But this exposure at the expense of an otherwise dignified character, is as painful in an artistic point of view as the other, and indeed so utterly unsatisfactory as to throw us back upon the original supposition of there being a very large interpolation here. The speech up to the account of the pedigree is to the point and worthy a warrior, but the remainder is very inapposite. For Achilles had not asked his pedigree, with which he was doubtless well acquainted. It was

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not as in the case of Diomed and Glauce, from which it is perhaps
correctly suggested to have been borrowed, and where the warriors had
met for the first time. But Achilles knew all about Æneas, and had
asked, not who or whence he was, but why he stood to oppose him when
he had narrowly escaped with his life on a former occasion, and had no
adequate motive for incurring the same danger now. There is more-
over neither intemperance nor surplusage in what Achilles says, and
consequently nothing to ground the exhortation against loquacity and
squabbling in the answer of Æneas.


A paraphrase for circular; for that which superficially measures the
same every way is a circle.

Note 207. Book XX. stanza 45. *Heliconian king.*

Poseidon is meant; but whether so named from Mount Helicon, or
from the Achaian city Heliacè, is a matter of dispute which those who
care about the matter will find discussed in Heyne's note *ad locum.*


This is usually translated "hand," *manus.* But to me there seemed a
difficulty in transfixing the hand and elbow of the same arm; a difficulty
which is removed, if we translate it "arm" instead of "hand." And for
this there is good warrant, as *χείρ* stands for the whole arm, from shoulder
to finger. *See Note 61.*

Note 209. Book XXI. stanza 2. *'Gainst tam'risk propt.*

A characteristic stroke, which shows the utter consternation of the
Trojans, and the confidence of Achilles. The point is lost by Pope and
Chapman, who speak of the lance as hid.


Demeter's fruit Δημητρείας ἀκρήν, bruised corn or bread made of it.
Demeter, the Latin Ceres, being the goddess of agriculture. From the
perplexity of the scholiasts, one of whom has not hesitated even to diet
the Trojans to meet his views, I was tempted to take refuge in the
rendering suggested in Heyne's note *ad loc.* and read it as προφυροί for
προφυρον, antea; but shrank from dealing with a stubborn text. Cowper
boldly incorporates one view and translates as follows:—

"For the first Grecian bread I ever ate,
I ate with thee," &c.

Perhaps, after all, the προφυροί may refer to the day of his capture, which
being probably before daybreak, as the attack is styled a night attack,
Lycaon might have eaten nothing since his last meal until he breakfasted.
with Achilles on the morning of his capture. The drift of his appeal, in any sense is, that having eaten with Achilles in his tent, the latter should not now slay him. He endeavours to fix Achilles with the relation of guest and entertainer, just as if his own presence on that occasion had been voluntary.

**Note 211. Book XXI. stanza 15. Dark ripple shun.**

The original of this has occasioned more than the ordinary amount of discussion among the scholiasts, two of whom, Philetas and Callistratus, curiously enough interpret \( \phi\rho\iota\chi' \upsilon\tau\alpha\lambda\delta\varepsilon\iota \) by the fact, that fat and well fed fish are able to bear the cold without injury, and that by feasting on Lycaon they will arrive at that happy condition. This view, however, it is right to observe, has met with no encouragement from their brother scholiasts. They take \( \phi\rho\iota\kappa \) not for "cold," but for the ripple of the water as the wind passes over it, and seem for the most part agreed that \( \phi\rho\iota\chi' \upsilon\tau\alpha\lambda\delta\varepsilon\iota \) is expressive of escape from the ripple of the water, and its chilly consequences (very chilly indeed, says one, when the wind is east-erly); and with some difference as to the exact manner of that escape, seem to conclude for the fish diving under the water to nibble at Lycaon, and while so under water, escaping the rippling or ruffled surface. I confess to entire ignorance of how fish deal with floating substances on which they feed. It is a point, however, that any fisherman upon our coast could probably solve, in a trice, from his own experience and observation. The following explanation is offered for want of a better:—\( \phi\rho\iota\kappa \) is expressive of the ruffle or ripple, literally shuddering, of the water, as the wind passes over and darkens it. But this ripple, if I be not mistaken, would be interrupted by any floating body, so as to leave under the lee of the latter a space of smooth water proportioned to its length and bulk. In this smooth space I fancy the fish would be seen nibbling at the carcase, sheltered by which they would thus literally "dark ripple shun." Nor would they do this, I think, on the score of temperature, as the scholiast suggests, but rather that feasting on the windward of the floating body would be inconvenient, as the roughening water would be driving them on to it, and so disturb a repast which they could take more tranquilly on the lee side, where the water would smoothly slide from under them. If I be correct in this view, then the whole takes place, as it were, coram oculis, and so in accordance with Homer's usual manner of painting to the eye. There is unusual bitterness in the speech of Achilles, considered with reference to the notions the ancients entertained of the forlorn condition of the departed, until the last rites were paid to the body.

**Note 212. Book XXI. stanza 17. For hapless they.**

For hapless they whose sons, \( \delta\nu\sigma\tau\eta\nu\nu\omega\nu \varepsilon\tau \iota \tau\upsilon \alpha\iota\delta\varepsilon\zeta \). For this expres-
sion, which often occurs, a modern would probably have substituted "hapless they who" encounter me, and fixed the calamity on the combatant which is here referred to his parents. But the text is in perfect accordance with those times. The calamity pointed at is not so much the natural grief of the bereaved parent for a beloved object, as the unprotected condition in which the aged were left in those rude times, who had no sons to enforce respect and protect them from violence. And in the numerous allusions by Achilles to his own death, the stress is always laid on the unprotected and forlorn condition of his father. This feature of security measured by offspring is often referred to in the Scriptures; the most prominent instance being Psalm cxxvii. 5, 6. "Like as the arrows in the hand of a giant; even so are the young children. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate."


It must not be supposed the river saved the Trojans by submersion, for a miracle would have been required in that case to keep them from exchanging one death for another. And Homer, even with his deities, is chary of trenching on the miraculous or transcending the probable. Nor has he done so here. When Achilles leaped into the river, and was à fleur-d'eau with the fugitives, the ridges of the troubled waters would naturally conceal from his sight those that were swimming in the cups of the whirling eddies.


Heyne observes that the reason of a swine-herd, συφορέως, above others, being mentioned, is to be sought in the fact that the swine were fed in the woods towards the end of autumn.


"I should be unwilling," says Heyne, "to refer the combustion of the plain to any particular causes; but it is competent to say that the poet has drawn his fiction from what might have been sometimes seen to happen; grass and shrubs burning by accidental fire."

Note 216. Book XXI. stanza 54. Lion unto women.

This alludes to the frequent slaying of women, whether married or single, by Artemis, of which there is frequent mention in this poem. The instances that readiest occur to the translator are both in the Sixth Book; viz., of the mother of Andromachè, at stanza 51 of the present version, and Laodamia, the aunt of Bellerophon, at stanza 24.

Note 217. Book XXI. stanza 55. Hard it were.

Eustathius would seem to see an allusion here to the fate of Tityus,
who was condemned to have his liver continually eaten out by a pair of vultures, for offering violence to Léto, the glorious wife of Zeus, as she was going to Pytho, through the pleasant Panopeus. See Odyssey, B. xi. 575.

Note 218. Book XXI. stanza 57. Strife begun.]
Eustathius here observes upon the characteristic accusation of quarrelsomeness in the mouth of Artemis. She, like Ares on a former occasion, accuses her opponent of the very thing she has herself been guilty of.

So ends the battle of the gods, the whole passage regarding which is rejected by Heyne and his school, as interpolation, and chiefly on the ground of its imperfection as a Ἑἰρέμοια. In substance, that there is very little fighting between them, and that fighting purposeless. On which it is to be observed, that as to the amount of fighting, it is inaccurate to say that little took place, but rather that it is not described in all its details. For that there was severe contest, is told by a few master-strokes, of the earth echoing to the roar of it, and the heavens trumpeting while Zeus is looking on. A detailed account of the engagement would have resulted either in an unworthy theomachy, or in one which must have eclipsed the exploits of Achilles. In nothing do I see the art of the great poet more subtly at work than in the handling of this part. It is touched on sufficiently to give a general impression of its grandeur, and so enhance the estimation of the hero whose exploits made it necessary, and stops short of the detail which would have lessened that estimation.

Note 220. Book XXI. stanza 61. Faultless man.]
Faultless, as before observed, applies to the corporeal and not the moral condition. See Note 31.

Note 221. Book XXII. stanza 14. Halve it fair.]
These would seem to have been not unusual terms of capitulation with a leagured town. See account of Achilles' shield, where the armies are depicted fighting for the city.

Note 222. Book XXII. stanza 15. Rising sun.]
The rising and not the mid-day sun is selected; for the latter had been too high up in the heavens, and so not presented the point of resemblance to the advancing Achilles, who is seen as you look along the earth to the horizon, even as the sun just rising is seen. The blazing fire has the same point of resemblance, meeting the eye as it ranges along the ground. A meteor would have ill expressed it, not in point
of lustre, but for its motion along the sky, instead of comparatively stationary appearance on the earth. For it will be observed that Achilles, advancing in a straight line upon the eye of the spectator, would have as little apparent motion for a time as the objects to which he is compared.


For this weighing of the fates, and the preponderance of the disastrous scale, the reader is referred to Note 83. of a former Book, where the fates of the Achæans and Trojans are weighed.


"More dear," a common phrase for "more agreeable." The occasional retention of an easy Greek idiom will not, it is hoped, be considered a blemish in the translation, while the convenience to the translator is obvious.


"That this barbarity was not unknown to that age is proved," says Heyne, "both by this passage and the one at Book IV. ll. 34, 35" (stanza 5 of the present version), "and the words of Hecuba in the Book XXIV. 212, 213" (stanza 24th of this version). "Notorious, too, is the cruelty of Tydæus against Melanippus in the combat at Thebes."


In this and some other passages the prophetic character ascribed to the words of the dying, would seem to be shown. And this perhaps is what is meant by the πυγνὼν ἐποίησις of which Andromachè, in her lament over the body of her husband, regrets the loss.

Note 227. Book XXII. stanza 43. *But why so reason.*

Note the art of Homer here, first observed by Eustathius, acknowledged by Pope, and grudgingly so by Heyne, *ad loc.* l. 385 of the original. The general is eager to prosecute the advantage; but the friend suddenly checks himself at remembrance of his loved companion, whose promised funeral rites are unperformed. And so the poet's plan is saved from derangement, in a way worthy the hero and in perfect accordance with the usual course of things. The tender regard for his friend comes out the more conspicuous, that to it he makes the sacrifice of stopping short in the full career of victory. And his first impulse shows the vehement character of the man, who abates nothing of activity for success, but is for following not upon the foot prints of Fortune. We see, therefore, how he came to capture so many cities. It was by not letting the foe recover from the first consternation of defeat. Do
we wonder at Alexander's fondness for the character of Achilles? The
eager Macedonian and the Epic hero were of one spirit.

Note 228. Book XXII. stanza 55. *Bounds-shifted him.*

Γενέψισσοιτι, remove his boundaries. In those days the boundary-
marks or stones would be the chief evidence of the limits of the land,
and their removal consequently the readiest mode of unjust acquisition, as
the measurements were probably neither exact nor easy of proof. That
it was a common phase of wrong doing, and therefore presenting some
features of facility that would not belong to it in these days, may be
inferred from the vehemence with which it is denounced by the divine
legislator. "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark." Deut. xxvii. 17.


I have rendered μακρός "long" rather than "high," because the former,
I believe to be the more usual sense in Homer (see Note 20.), and in
this place the more appropriate. For "long walls" require briskness in
defence from presenting more points of attack. The length was there-
fore of itself a weak feature in the wall, while height was per se, a point
of strength in ancient warfare, and held to be so until late in modern
times when artillery and Vauban taught us better.

Note 230. Book XXIII. stanza 6. *Quick from our eyes.*

Observe the resemblance to the Scripture expression, "that I may bury
my dead out of my sight." Gen. xxiii. 4. In both cases the expression
probably grew out of the necessity of early burial in warm climates,
where they had not the practice, as in Egypt, of embalming, and not
from any impatience of the presence of the dead.


I.e. whose work of this life is over, viz. the dead. "Turn from him
that he may rest, till he shall accomplish, as an hireling, his day."
Job xiv. 6.


The winds are considered as deaf, and therefore could not hear
Achilles, whose prayer is on that account brought to their notice by a
personal visit of the goddess, who does not disdain to grace the hero
so far.


By horseman is meant by charioteer, as they did not back their steeds.


Athenæus asserts it to have been a vessel for warming water. Heyne

x x 4
instances this among the cases where the later Greeks had lost the meaning of the word, and tried to make it out by the etymology.

Note 235. Book XXIII. stanza 38. *Well wove chariot.*]  
Made of wicker, and so woven.

Note 236. Book XXIII. stanza 74. *Staunchness.*]  
Staunchness *καμμονίῳ.* This expression shows, what was otherwise apparent enough, that the boxing, unlike that of the present day, had little of skill in it, but turned more upon brute strength and endurance. The cestus with which they were armed, would probably have made the modern parrying of little avail.

Note 237. Book XXIII. stanza 79. *Soun.*]  
*Soun* for *sound* will be familiar enough to the readers of Chaucer.

Note. 238. Book XXIII. stanza 98. *I' th' midst.*]  
In the middle of the bird, not of the wing, as another reading gives it *μίσον.* For she dies presently of the wound, and a shot in the wing would not have been mortal, and it would have prevented her perching on the mast and fluttering her wings.

Note 239. Book XXIII. stanza 18. *Far thence below.*]  
In the original *τῇ* ἔνε *ἀφ' ἀαρτοῦ.* I am not sure that *ἀντοῦ* does not refer to *Συμός* instead of *ιστοῦ,* as is generally taken, and as I have rendered it. If so, there is a foundation for Pope's "Left her life in air."

Note 240. Book XXIII. stanza 100. *Gave his lovely prize.*]  
Gave *i.e.* gave to take to the ships, and not, as Eustathius has it, to keep for himself; for that, as it has been well observed, would have been a slight on Achilles.

Note 241. Book XXIV. stanza 9. *His mother aye.*]  
The word in the original *παρμέελωκεν* is clearly figurative, and denotes a vigilance which Thetis could as well exercise from her hollow cave in the sea-depths, as if she were bodily present with her son. So taken we need neither with the scholiast understand it of Achilles, and describe him as watching like a mother over the corpse of his foe; nor are we on the other hand reduced to agree with Heyne, who, *more suo,* would dismiss the verse as spurious. To the present translator the line appears indispensable to the congruity of the speech. For it is difficult to see how Hermes, who had deceived Argus with all his eyes, and at an earlier period even Apollo himself (viduus pharetrā risit Apollo) would not have been equally successful with Achilles, whose nature had not that forecasting suspicion to lead him to suppose a god was bent on filching the corse. But the suggested impediment, a mother's vigilance,
and that mother the wise and subtle Thetis, whose whole thoughts were then centred in her son, we feel, as soon as named, to be insuperable. And so the propriety of taking her to counsel becomes apparent.


I am quite aware that the pronoun, in cases like the original, is often all but expletive, like our, "If me no ifs." "He whips me out a knife from his pocket, and cuts the cord in an instant." But though almost expletive, I am inclined to think it is never entirely so, but that there is a shade of appropriation attaching to the pronoun, more or less distinct according to circumstances. And here one is inclined to look for something of the kind, to difference the mother's address to her son from what a stranger might have said on the subject. And so the pronoun may suggest, if not by force of syntax, yet by the occasion, something like the following:—"I shall not have you alive long." Whatever suggestive force in this way the original may be thought to possess, I have endeavoured to preserve by retaining the word in the translation.


"And evermore she did him sharply twight,
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly plight."
Spenser's *Faerie Queene.*

Note. 244. Book XXIV. stanza 32. *Yoke did the pair.*

Cowper adopts Clarke's suggested reading of ζωνvrβαθην, that Priam and his herald girded their loins. A reading for which Heyne very properly sees no necessity. As to Cowper's objection to the horses being yoked in the house itself, it should be observed that in house we may include the precincts—the court-yard, the ἐρυκος, shortly after mentioned when the old man takes the cup. So that in the house means only not outside the premises. As to what Clarke objects, that the sons had already yoked the steeds, we may observe that it is not so said. *Lead the horses under the yoke,* which is the expression, may not literally express the whole process of yoking them, but only bringing the horses out and placing them on each side the pole, and then leaving their father and the herald to do the rest, while they went on with packing the things on the waggon, &c.; operations which may very well have gone on simultaneously, although of necessity related one after the other, and here conveniently so, as affording an easy transition to the introduction of Hecuba with the wine. That the old men should yoke the horses when brought out for them, is consistent with the urgency of the occasion and Priam's impatience, and with the character of his sons, whose care in harnessing his favourite steeds he might very well distrust, on this critical night journey. Nor was there any reason for the old king
standing idle. In the heroic times princes and heroes were not above harnessing their own chariots. And his not doing so here would, in the eye of a contemporary, have appeared strange and inconsistent with his eagerness to be gone.

Note 245. Book XXIV. stanza 36. *Of birds most sure.*

Most sure, *i.e.* of most certain augury; literally, "most complete or accomplished of birds," or "of auguries," if that be preferred.

Note 246. Book XXIV. stanza 41. *The one to aid.*

Ἐρωύνος *The Helper,* an epithet of Hermes which in the text is put absolutely, and I have therefore made bold to do the same.


*Limb-meal* μελέστι. No authority, I presume, will be required for the use of this word, especially by those who remember Shakespeare's line,—

"O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!"

*Cymbeline.*

Note 248. Book XXIV. stanza 63. *Frowning did exclaim.*

"Mortified to see his generosity, after so much kindness shown Priam, still distrusted, and that the impatience of the old king threatened to deprive him of all opportunity to do gracefully what he could not be expected to do willingly"—Cowper.

Note 249. Book XXIV. stanza 64. *From speech doth lin.*

Lin,—cease, give over.—Spenser.

"Thrise shall he fight with them, and twise shall win;
But the third time shall fayre accordaunce make:
And if he then with victorie can lin,
He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly In."

*Faerie Queene,* Book iii. canto 3, § 30.


Wool-y-clad, *i.e.* with rough wool on them.


The office of herald was one of dignity, and yet we moderns, such is the change of time and manners, would find it hard to associate that quality with the functionary designated in the text οὐσεωρις, literally *town-crier.* The town-crier, retaining his functions, has lost his consideration in modern times, while another relic of ancient days, retaining the name, has lost the functions and dignity of its proud original, and wide is the difference between a consul of ancient Rome and a consul at Tunis.

"Helpeth now as I did you whilere
Put in your hond, and looketh what is there."

-Chaucer.


"What hellish fury hath at earst thee henty"

-Spenser's *Faerie Queene.*

"Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment."—*Ibid.*

*Extent* for *extended,* I think, is also to be met with in Spenser, but cannot refer to the passage. *Hent* is the preterite and participle of *Hend,* to take, *i.e.* lay hold of with the hand. The contrary of it is familiar enough—"*unhand* me." *Dreriment,* sorrow, lamentation, grief.


*Folk-mote,* a general assembly of the people. This good old Saxon word is too significant, I think, to be left in its obsoleteness without regret. The following is from Spelman:—"Folkesmote, Folkmote, et Folkesmoth. *Conventus* populi a Saxon, *polc, populus* ; mote and *gemote, conventus.* Dicitur autem de majori conventu, puta in civitatibus non unius wardæ seu curiæ, sed omnium wardarum; in comitatibus, non unius hundredi, sed omnium hundredorum: hic quasi *Shiregemotus,* id est, conventus comitatus; illic velut *Burgemotus,* id est, conventus civitatis, seu burgi."—Spelman: Gloss. Of which passage the general reader is requested to accept the following translation:—*Folkesmote,* &c., an assembly of the people; from the Saxon *polc, people* ; mote and *gemote, assembly.* It is said of the larger assembly, in cities for instance, not of one ward or court, but of all the wards; in counties, not of one hundred, but of all the hundreds; in the latter case, as it were, a *Shiregemote,* i.e. a meeting of the county; in the former a *Burgemot,* i.e. a meeting of the city or burgh.

The entire article in Spelman, like everything that falls from that stout scholar, however we may differ from some of his conclusions, will well repay perusal. The passage there given, from the laws of Edward the Confessor, on the method, and time of holding, and of the business of the *Folkmote,* is interesting and curious.

Note 255.

The translator must crave indulgence for the clumsiness of introducing here the following words, which he fears he has not elsewhere explained. Authorities for their use have been added, where they readily occurred to his recollection.
Derring-do, an old knightly phrase for a feat of arms.

"Drad for his derring-doe and bloody deed."

Spenser.

Drad, y-drad. Dread, dreaded.

"Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad."

Spenser.

Han, for Have, 3 p. pl. Pres. Ind.

"Though some there were who would not further pass,
And his alluring baits suspected han.
The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man."

Thomson.

Pight, y-pight, placed, pitched, fixed.

"Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
An hundred furnaces all burning bright."

Spenser.

"His dwelling was low in a hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff y-pight."

Ibid.

Raught. Pret. of reach.

"He to him raught a dagger sharp and keen."

Spenser.

Rede. Word, counsel, advice, precept.

"Such mercy He by His most holy rede
Unto us taught, and to approve it trew
Ensamped it by His most righteous deede."

Spenser.

Rue, rewe, to pity, compassionate.

"And God so wisely on my soule rewe,
As I shal even jugè ben aud trewe."

Chaucer.

Sowne, sown, for sound.

"And through thy dronken nose seemeth the soun
As though thou saidest ay, Sampsoun, Sampsoun."

Chaucer.

Stoure, fight, battle, trouble.

"And she that helmèd was in starkè stoures
And wan by forcè tounès stronge and toures."

Chaucer.

Swink, to labour, drudge.

"Honour, estate, and all this worldès good,
For which men swinck and sweat incessantly."

Spenser.
Tine, teene, tyne, trouble, vexation, grief.

"From that day forth I lov'd that face divyne;
From that day forth I cast in careful mynd,
To seek her out with labor and long tyne,
And never vow to rest till her I fynd."

Spenser.

Yfere, together, in company.

"In this faire wise they traveil'd long yfere
Through many hard assays which did betide,
Of which he honour still away did beare,
And spred his glory through all countryes wide."

Spenser.

Whilere, some time ago, erewhile.

"That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whileare;
A man of hell, that calls himself Despayre."

Spenser.

Note 256. Book VII. stanza 2. *Then slew they, this.*]}

On reading over for press, I fear a note will be necessary to meet an ambiguity occasioned by too close adherence to the original. The stanza commences with asserting the collective slaughter made by the Trojan pair on first rejoining the host, and then distributively assigns his respective victim to each of the brothers. "*They,*" therefore, means Hector and Alexander, and "*this*" means Alexander alone, who slays Menesthius, the son of King Areithous, while Hector for his part slays Eioneus.

On the subject of the proper names also it will be necessary to detain the reader. "*Areithous*" he is requested to read with Pope, as a word of four syllables, with accent on the third, contracting *ous* into one syllable, which Mr. Sotheby carries a step further and compresses the word into three by removing the diaeresis. The word in the original extends to five, as Cowper gives it, Areithoïs. *Menesthius,* is to be read as four syllables, with accent on the second and fourth, and not, as the translator has sometimes claimed licence to do, reading *ius,* as two shorts, fusing them into one long. Pope, Cowper, and Mr. Sotheby give the word Menestheus through inadvertence I presume, as the original is not so. *Philomeduse* is a metrical convenience for which I may quote Mr. Sotheby's authority. *Eidoneus* I read with Pope and Mr. Sotheby as a trisyllable, accented on the second. Cowper profits by the greater facility of blank verse to preserve the Greek form at length, *Eioneus.* *Iphinous* is to be read as three syllables, with accent on the second and contracting *ous* into one syllable.
Note 257. Book X. stanza 3. Cyànus.]

It is not positively known what substance is designated by this word, in the original κυανός, but it is conjectured to have been blue steel. In this uncertainty, therefore, I have judged it more in accordance with the present translation to retain the word itself, only taking the licence of accentuating one of the short syllables of which it is composed. The reader is accordingly requested to pronounce it with the a long, cyànus.

Note 258. Book XVI. stanza 4. Better be.]

A noble sentiment is this to which Patroclus gives expression. And it argues high elevation in both the heroes that they so quietly without a cavil, accept the principle of our being responsible to posterity for the use we make of our advantages.

Note 259. Book XXI. stanza 44. Plain to see.]

I have rendered παρόφων visible, plain to see, instead of fulgídus, shining. Ares would seem to be alluding to Athené’s putting on the helmet of Hades to conceal her when she assisted Diomed against him (Book V. st. 97), and in that case the force of the epithet would be equivalent to saying that he was well aware of her doings with the lance that pierced him in that encounter, for all she thought herself so secret.

Note 260. Book XII. stanza 23. Forlore.]

Forlore, lost. Will the reader accept the revival in this form of the præterit of the Anglo-Saxon popleopan, to lose, with the participle of which forleoren or forlorn we are sufficiently familiar?

Note 261. Book XXIII. stanza 96. To th’ King.]

L. e. to Apollo.

Note 262. Book XXIV. stanza 60. Out-worth.]

The lover of Shakspeare will not ask for an authority for this expression when he remembers the passage—

“A beggar’s book
Outworths a noble’s blood.”

Henry VIII.

Note 263. Book XVI. stanza 7. Land-louping one.]

Land-loper. Dutch, land-looper. Danish, land-löber. Germ. landläufer. Lat. erro, vagus, vagabundus. Qui court le pays. A vagabond or, in our old law phrase, a loiterer. This old word, land-loper, which I believe is still current in the north of England as it is in Scotland, has no reference to saltatory feats on the terra firma on the one hand, as the venerable Minshew would seem to have thought, from giving it Land-leaper B. Landt-looper, a leaper of lands, for the etymology, though
the meaning he renders correctly erro, vagus; nor on the other hand does it imply any comparison with maritime matters, as Johnson supposed, who interprets it "a landman; a term of reproach used by seamen of those who pass their lives on shore." That notion doubtless enters largely into our jack-tars' use of the word "land-lubber," which in form is directly taken from the Danish land-löber, but not in meaning; for in that language the word, like its congeners in Dutch and German, designates, not one who passes his life on the land, but one who is without any fixed habitation there, one who is running over the country and constantly changing his abode, a wanderer. This word, therefore, adequately represents the περιβαλλόντων of the Greek text, both meaning wanderer, and with the same shade of territorial contempt for "landless resolutes," and I am happy to find the precise word suggested by Messrs. Liddell and Scott in their valuable lexicon. For the adjective land-louping, I find it in Jamieson, who gives it from the "Antiquary." I have followed his orthography without however being able to account for the presence of the u. The ou cannot be meant to represent the Dutch oo; for the latter is equivalent to our one long o in bone. Land-loper, therefore, as Johnson gives it, would yield the Dutch looper exactly.

The passage in the text is significant of the dreary condition in those days of "a stranger in the land." The normal state of such must have included liability to outrages like that of which Achilles complains, or there would be no point in the comparison. What glimpses we get of the heroic times sufficiently show that, on the score of security of the person and property, they were much on a footing with the middle ages, in which there were weak laws for the natives, and none at all for the stranger. A state of things which leaves little ground for the regrets of the nimiun laudatores temporis acti. This precise feature is among the revelations of the state of ancient society given us by Scripture, which in its prohibitions to the Jewish people records the practices of the surrounding nations. Few readers of the Pentateuch will forget the lawgiver's earnest and affectionate injunctions not "to vex a stranger nor oppress him."

NOTE 264. Book XVI. stanza 74. The sacred scales.]

The scales in which the fate of the Trojans and Achæans with respect to the battle was weighed. Described in Book VIII. stanza 10. where, however, it is taken literally, though here as a metaphor merely.

NOTE 265. Book XVIII. stanza 63. 'Linus.']

There is a difference of opinion as to the meaning of this word in the original. The translator agrees with those who take it for a dirge on the death of Linus, who, according to the scholiast, was the first to sub-
stitute catgut strings for the hempen theretofore in use. For this he was slain by Apollo, less perhaps from jealousy than to vindicate the decorum of the Olympians, which, it should seem, forbade the use of catgut in the divine songs addressed to them. Their primitive worshippers were accordingly careful to use flax instead of the offensive material. Οὐχ ὅσων, says the scholiast, ὑπὲρ ἰτεός ἀρεστῶν εἶναι ὑπολαμβάνοντες διὸ τὸ ἐκ νευρῶν πεποιήθαι, αλλ' ἐκ λίνου πεποιημένον. A.D. Bekker.

POSTSCRIPT.

My task is ended, and the looking back upon it seems like the retrospect of a life; not for the space it covers, for some six years, reckoning back from the 28th of April, 1853, when the last stanza was written, would suffice for that; but from the recollections that crowd within it: with all of which is associated one, who is now no more, and in whose society it was for the most part composed. To her solicitude it is owing that this work, as it now stands, and which seems to me as her property, was ready for press, even to the transcription of all but the few last notes, when she was taken from me. To the task of publication, which now seems a melancholy duty, as carrying out her wishes, I address myself, but with feelings how different from those with which the work was begun! But I have felt it a duty, and its discharge in this case, as in most others, has not been without its benefit, for the mechanical labour of passing it through the press, at a time when I am not ashamed to confess myself to have been little fit for any higher occupation, has beguiled some heavy hours and heavy thoughts. And now it is done, I look to the result with very mingled sentiments, as one who feels that on this side the grave he shall see no more that face, which would have brightened at its success, and which its failure, on the other hand, can now no longer cloud.

May 15th, 1854.

THE END.

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