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# THE ILIAD OF HOMER,

**TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BLANK  
VERSE  
BY WILLIAM COWPER.**



**EDITED BY ROBERT SOUTHEY. LL.D.**

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WITH NOTES,  
**BY M.A. DWIGHT,**  
AUTHOR OF "GRECIAN AND ROMAN MYTHOLOGY."

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NEW-YORK:  
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M.DCCC.LX.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849,  
By M.A. DWIGHT,

TO THE  
RIGHT HONORABLE  
EARL COWPER,  
THIS  
TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD,  
THE INSCRIPTION OF WHICH TO HIMSELF,  
THE LATE LAMENTED EARL,  
BENEVOLENT TO ALL,  
AND ESPECIALLY KIND TO THE AUTHOR,  
HAD NOT DISDAINED TO ACCEPT  
IS HUMBLY OFFERED,  
AS A SMALL BUT GRATEFUL TRIBUTE,  
TO THE MEMORY OF HIS FATHER,  
BY HIS LORDSHIP'S  
AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN AND SERVANT  
**WILLIAM COWPER.**

*June 4, 1791.*

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## PREFACE.

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

I have no contest with my predecessor. None is supposable between performers on different instruments. Mr. Pope has surmounted all difficulties in his version of HOMER that it was possible to surmount in rhyme. But he was fettered, and his fetters were his choice. Accustomed always to rhyme, he had formed to himself an ear which probably could not be much gratified by verse that wanted it, and determined to encounter even impossibilities, rather than abandon a mode of writing in which he had excelled every body, for the sake of another to which, unexercised in it as he was, he must have felt strong objections.

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

That he has sometimes altogether suppressed the sense of his author, and has not seldom intermingled his own ideas with it, is a remark which, on this occasion, nothing but necessity should have extorted from me. But we differ sometimes so widely in our matter, that unless this remark, invidious as it seems, be premised, I know not how to obviate a suspicion, on the one hand, of careless oversight, or of factitious embellishment on the other. On this head, therefore, the English reader is to be admonished, that the matter found in me, whether he like it or not, is found also in HOMER, and that the matter not found in me, how much soever he may admire it, is found only in Mr. Pope. I have omitted nothing; I have invented nothing.

There is indisputably a wide difference between the case of an original writer in rhyme and a translator. In an original work the author is free; if the rhyme be of difficult attainment, and he cannot find it in one direction, he is at liberty to seek it in another; the matter that will not accommodate itself to his occasions he may discard,

adopting such as will. But in a translation no such option is allowable; the sense of the author is required, and we do not surrender it willingly even to the plea of necessity. Fidelity is indeed of the very essence of translation, and the term itself implies it. For which reason, if we suppress the sense of our original, and force into its place our own, we may call our work an *imitation*, if we please, or perhaps a *paraphrase*, but it is no longer the same author only in a different dress, and therefore it is not translation. Should a painter, professing to draw the likeness of a beautiful woman, give her more or fewer features than belong to her, and a general cast of countenance of his own invention, he might be said to have produced a *jeu d'esprit*, a curiosity perhaps in its way, but by no means the lady in question.

It will however be necessary to speak a little more largely to this subject, on which discordant opinions prevail even among good judges.

The free and the close translation have, each, their advocates. But inconveniences belong to both. The former can hardly be true to the original author's style and manner, and the latter is apt to be servile. The one loses his peculiarities, and the other his spirit. Were it possible, therefore, to find an exact medium, a manner so close that it should let slip nothing of the text, nor mingle any thing extraneous with it, and at the same time so free as to have an air of originality, this seems precisely the mode in which an author might be best rendered. I can assure my readers from my own experience, that to discover this very delicate line is difficult, and to proceed by it when found, through the whole length of a poet voluminous as HOMER, nearly impossible. I can only pretend to have endeavored it.

It is an opinion commonly received, but, like many others, indebted for its prevalence to mere want of examination, that a translator should imagine to himself the style which his author would probably have used, had the language into which he is rendered been his own. A direction which wants nothing but practicability to recommend it. For suppose six persons, equally qualified for the task, employed to translate the same Ancient into their own language, with this rule to guide them. In the event it would be found, that each had fallen on a manner different from that of all the rest, and by probable inference it would follow that none had fallen on the right. On the whole, therefore, as has been said, the translation which partakes equally of fidelity and liberality, that is close, but not so close as to be servile, free, but not so free as to be licentious, promises fairest; and my ambition will be sufficiently gratified, if such of my readers as are able, and will take the pains to compare me in this respect with HOMER, shall judge that I have in any measure attained a point so difficult.

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

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

To those, therefore, who shall be inclined to tell me hereafter that my diction is often plain and unelevated, I reply beforehand that I know it,—that it would be absurd were it otherwise, and that Homer himself stands in the same predicament. In fact, it is one of his numberless excellences, and a point in which his judgment never fails him, that he is grand and lofty always in the right place, and knows infallibly how to rise and fall with his subject. *Big words on small matters* may serve as a pretty exact definition of the burlesque; an instance of which they will find in the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, but none in the Iliad.

By others I expect to be told that my numbers, though here and there tolerably smooth, are not always such, but have, now and then, an ugly hitch in their gait, ungraceful in itself, and inconvenient to the reader. To this charge also I plead guilty, but beg leave in alleviation of judgment to add, that my limping lines are not numerous, compared with those that limp not. The truth is, that not one of them all escaped me, but, such as they are, they were all made such with a wilful intention. In poems of great length there is no blemish more to be feared than sameness of numbers, and every art is useful by which it may be avoided. A line, rough in itself, has yet its recommendations; it saves the ear the pain of an irksome monotony, and seems even to add greater smoothness to others. Milton, whose ear and taste were exquisite, has exemplified in his Paradise Lost the effect of this practice frequently.

Having mentioned Milton, I cannot but add an observation on the similitude of his manner to that of HOMER. It is such, that no person familiar with both, can read either without being reminded of the other; and it is in those breaks and pauses, to which the numbers of the English poet are so much indebted both for their dignity and variety, that he chiefly copies the Grecian. But these are graces to which rhyme is not competent; so broken, it loses all its music; of which any person may convince himself by reading a page only of any of our poets anterior to Denham, Waller, and Dryden. A translator of HOMER, therefore, seems directed by HOMER himself to the use of blank verse, as to that alone in which he can be rendered with any tolerable representation of his manner in this particular. A remark which I am naturally led to make by a desire to conciliate, if possible, some, who, rather unreasonably partial to rhyme, demand it on all occasions, and seem persuaded that poetry in our language is a vain attempt without it. Verse, that claims to be verse in right of its metre only, they judge to be such rather by courtesy than by kind, on an apprehension that it costs the writer little trouble, that he has only to give his lines their prescribed number of syllables, and so far as the mechanical part is concerned, all is well. Were this true, they would have reason on their side; for the author is certainly best entitled to applause who succeeds against the greatest difficulty, and in verse that calls for the most artificial management in its

construction. But the case is not as they suppose. To rhyme, in our language, demands no great exertion of ingenuity, but is always easy to a person exercised in the practice. Witness the multitudes who rhyme, but have no other poetical pretensions. Let it be considered too, how merciful we are apt to be to unclassical and indifferent language for the sake of rhyme, and we shall soon see that the labor lies principally on the other side. Many ornaments of no easy purchase are required to atone for the absence of this single recommendation. It is not sufficient that the lines of blank verse be smooth in themselves, they must also be harmonious in the combination. Whereas the chief concern of the rhymist is to beware that his couplets and his sense be commensurate, lest the regularity of his numbers should be (too frequently at least) interrupted. A trivial difficulty this, compared with those which attend the poet unaccompanied by his bells. He, in order that he may be musical, must exhibit all the variations, as he proceeds, of which ten syllables are susceptible; between the first syllable and the last there is no place at which he must not occasionally pause, and the place of the pause must be perpetually shifted. To effect this variety, his attention must be given, at one and the same time, to the pauses he has already made in the period before him, as well as to that which he is about to make, and to those which shall succeed it. On no lighter terms than these is it possible that blank verse can be written which will not, in the course of a long work, fatigue the ear past all endurance. If it be easier, therefore, to throw five balls into the air and to catch them in succession, than to sport in that manner with one only, then may blank verse be more easily fabricated than rhyme. And if to these labors we add others equally requisite, a style in general more elaborate than rhyme requires, farther removed from the vernacular idiom both in the language itself and in the arrangement of it, we shall not long doubt which of these two very different species of verse threatens the composer with most expense of study and contrivance. I feel it unpleasant to appeal to my own experience, but, having no other voucher at hand, am constrained to it. As I affirm, so I have found. I have dealt pretty largely in both kinds, and have frequently written more verses in a day, with tags, than I could ever write without them. To what has been here said (which whether it have been said by others or not, I cannot tell, having never read any modern book on the subject) I shall only add, that to be poetical without rhyme, is an argument of a sound and classical constitution in any language.

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

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

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

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

he must have been determined by some cogent reason. He probably deemed it a formality necessary to the majesty of his narration. In this article, therefore, I have scrupulously adhered to my pattern, considering these introductory lines as heralds in a procession; important persons, because employed to usher in persons more important than themselves.

It has been my point every where to be as little verbose as possible, though; at the same time, my constant determination not to sacrifice my author's full meaning to an affected brevity.

In the affair of style, I have endeavored neither to creep nor to bluster, for no author is so likely to betray his translator into both these faults, as HOMER, though himself never guilty of either. I have cautiously avoided all terms of new invention, with an abundance of which, persons of more ingenuity than judgment have not enriched our language, but incumbered it. I have also every where used an unabridged fullness of phrase as most suited to the nature of the work, and, above all, have studied perspicuity, not only because verse is good for little that wants it, but because HOMER is the most perspicuous of all poets.

In all difficult places I have consulted the best commentators, and where they have differed, or have given, as is often the case, a variety of solutions, I have ever exercised my best judgment, and selected that which appears, at least to myself, the most probable interpretation. On this ground, and on account of the fidelity which I have already boasted, I may venture, I believe, to recommend my work as promising some usefulness to young students of the original.

The passages which will be least noticed, and possibly not at all, except by those who shall wish to find me at a fault, are those which have cost me abundantly the most labor. It is difficult to kill a sheep with dignity in a modern language, to flay and to prepare it for the table, detailing every circumstance of the process. Difficult also, without sinking below the level of poetry, to harness mules to a wagon, particularizing every article of their furniture, straps, rings, staples, and even the tying of the knots that kept all together. HOMER, who writes always to the eye, with all his sublimity and grandeur, has the minuteness of a Flemish painter.

But in what degree I have succeeded in my version either of these passages, and such as these, or of others more buoyant and above-ground, and especially of the most sublime, is now submitted to the decision of the reader, to whom I am ready enough to confess that I have not at all consulted their approbation, who account nothing grand that is not turgid, or elegant that is not bedizened with metaphor.

I purposely decline all declamation on the merits of HOMER, because a translator's praises of his author are liable to a suspicion of dotage, and because it were impossible to improve on those which this author has received already. He has been the wonder of all countries that his works have ever reached, even deified by the greatest names of antiquity, and in some places actually worshipped. And to say truth, were it possible that mere man could entitle himself by pre-eminence of any kind to divine honors, Homer's astonishing powers seem to have given him the best pretensions.

I cannot conclude without due acknowledgments to the best critic in HOMER I have ever met with, the learned and ingenious Mr. FUSELI. Unknown as he was to me when I entered on this arduous undertaking (indeed to this moment I have never seen him) he yet voluntarily and generously offered himself as my revisor. To his classical taste and just discernment I have been indebted for the

discovery of many blemishes in my own work, and of beauties, which would otherwise have escaped me, in the original. But his necessary avocations would not suffer him to accompany me farther than to the latter books of the Iliad, a circumstance which I fear my readers, as well as myself, will regret with too much reason.<sup>[1]</sup>

I have obligations likewise to many friends, whose names, were it proper to mention them here, would do me great honor. They have encouraged me by their approbation, have assisted me with valuable books, and have eased me of almost the whole labor of transcribing.

And now I have only to regret that my pleasant work is ended. To the illustrious Greek I owe the smooth and easy flight of many thousand hours. He has been my companion at home and abroad, in the study, in the garden, and in the field; and no measure of success, let my labors succeed as they may, will ever compensate to me the loss of the innocent luxury that I have enjoyed, as a translator of HOMER.

Footnote:

1. Some of the few notes subjoined to my translation of the Odyssey are by Mr. FUSELI, who had a short opportunity to peruse the MSS. while the Iliad was printing. They are marked with his initial.
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## PREFACE

### PREPARED BY MR. COWPER, FOR A SECOND EDITION.

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

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

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

HOMER himself is not invariably regular in the construction of his verse. Had he been so, Eustathius, an excellent critic and warm admirer of HOMER, had never affirmed, that some of his lines want a head, some a tail, and others a middle. Some begin with a word that is neither dactyl nor spondee, some conclude with a dactyl, and in the intermediate part he sometimes deviates equally from the established

custom. I confess that instances of this sort are rare; but they are surely, though few, sufficient to warrant a sparing use of similar license in the present day.

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

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

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

The elisions, I believe, are all cured, with only one exception. An alternative proposes itself to a modern versifier, from which there is no escape, which occurs perpetually, and which, choose as he may, presents him always with an evil. I mean in the instance of the particle (*the*). When this particle precedes a vowel, shall he melt it into the substantive, or leave the *hiatus* open? Both practices are offensive to a delicate ear. The particle absorbed occasions harshness, and the open vowel a vacuity equally inconvenient. Sometimes, therefore, to leave it open, and sometimes to ingraft it into its adjunct seems most advisable; this course Mr. Pope has taken, whose authority recommended it to me; though of the two evils I have most frequently chosen the elision as the least.

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

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

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

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## PREFACE

BY  
J. JOHNSON, LL.B.  
CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

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

It was in the darkest season of a most calamitous depression of his spirits, that I was summoned to the house of my inestimable friend the Translator, in the month of January, 1794. He had happily completed a revisal of his HOMER, and was thinking of the preface to his new edition, when all his satisfaction in the one, and whatever he had projected for the other, in a moment vanished from his mind. He had fallen into a deplorable illness; and though the foremost wish of my heart was to lessen the intenseness of his misery, I was utterly unable to afford him any aid.

I had, however, a pleasing though a melancholy opportunity of tracing his recent footsteps in the Field of Troy, and in the Palace of Ithaca. He had materially altered both the Iliad and Odyssey; and, so far as my ability allowed me to judge, they were each of them greatly improved. He had also, at the request of his bookseller, interspersed the two poems with copious notes; for the most part translations of the ancient Scholia, and gleaned, at the cost of many valuable hours, from the pages of Barnes, Clarke, and Villoisson. It has been a constant subject of regret to the admirers of "The Task," that the exercise of such marvelous original powers, should have been so long suspended by the drudgery of translation; and in this view, their quarrel with the illustrious Greek will be, doubtless, extended to his commentators.<sup>[1]</sup>

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

Mistaken meanings corrected,  
admonente G. Wakefield.

B. XXIII.

- L. 429. that the nave  
Of thy neat wheel seem e'en to grind upon it.

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

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

Or better thus—

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

Or best of all—

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

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

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

Such was the prelude to the last revision, which, in the month of January, ninety-seven, Mr. Cowper was persuaded to undertake; and to a faithful copy, as I trust, of which, I have at this time the honor to conduct the reader. But it may not be amiss to observe, that with regard to the earlier books of the Iliad, it was less a revision of the altered text, than of the text as it stands in the first edition. For though the interleaved copy was always at hand, and in the multitude of its altered places could hardly fail to offer some things worthy to be preserved, but which the ravages of illness and the lapse of time might have utterly effaced from his mind, I could not often persuade the Translator to consult it. I was therefore induced, in the course of transcribing, to compare the two revisions as I went along, and to plead for the continuance of the first correction, when it forcibly

struck me as better than the last. This, however, but seldom occurred; and the practice, at length, was completely left off, by his consenting to receive into the number of the books which were daily laid open before him, the interleaved copy to which I allude.

At the end of the first six books of the Iliad, the arrival of spring brought the usual interruptions of exercise and air, which increased as the summer advanced to a degree so unfavorable to the progress of HOMER, that in the requisite attention to their salutary claims, the revisal was, at one time, altogether at a stand. Only four books were added in the course of nine months; but opportunity returning as the winter set in, there were added, in less than seven weeks, four more: and thus ended the year ninety-seven.

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

“on the margin of the land,  
O'er the green summit of the” cliffs, “whose base  
Beats back the roaring surge,”

“or on the shore  
Of the untillable and barren deep,”

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

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

I cannot deliver these volumes to the public without feeling emotions of gratitude toward Heaven, in recollecting how often this corrected Work has appeared to me an instrument of Divine mercy, to mitigate the sufferings of my excellent relation. Its progress in our private hours was singularly medicinal to his mind: may its presentment to the Public prove not less conducive to the honor of the departed Author, who has every claim to my veneration! As a copious life of the Poet is already in the press, from the pen of his intimate friend Mr. Hayley, it is unnecessary for me to enter on such extensive commendation of his character, as my own intimacy with him might suggest; but I hope the reader will kindly allow me the privilege of indulging, in some degree, the feelings of my heart, by applying to him, in the close of this Preface, an expressive verse (borrowed from Homer) which he inscribed himself, with some little variation, on a bust of his Grecian Favorite.

Ως τε πατηρ ω παιδι, και ουποτε λησομαι αυτε.

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

Footnote:

1. Very few signatures had at this time been affixed to the notes; but I afterward compared them with the Greek, note by note, and endeavored to supply the defect; more especially in the last three Volumes, where the reader will be pleased to observe that all the notes without signatures are Mr. Cowper's, and that

those marked B.C.V. are respectively found in the editions of Homer by Barnes, Clarke, and Villoisson. But the employment was so little to the taste and inclination of the poet, that he never afterward revised them, or added to their number more than these which follow;—In the Odyssey, Vol. I. Book xi., the note 32.—Vol. II. Book xv., the note 13.—The note<sup>10</sup> Book xvi., of that volume, and the note 14, Book xix., of the same.

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## ADVERTISEMENT TO SOUTHEY'S EDITION

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

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

It seems to the Editor that Cowper's own judgment is entitled to more respect, than that of any, or all his critics; and that the version which he composed when his faculties were most active and his spirits least subject to depression,—indeed in the happiest part of his life,—ought not to be superseded by a revisal, or rather reconstruction, which was undertaken three years before his death,—not like the first translation as “a pleasant work, an innocent luxury,” the cheerful and delightful occupation of hope and ardor and ambition,—but as a “hopeless employment,” a task to which he gave “all his miserable days, and often many hours of the night,” seeking to beguile the sense of utter wretchedness, by altering as if for the sake of alteration.

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

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

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## EDITOR'S NOTE.

It will be seen by the Advertisement to Southey's edition of Cowper's Translation of the Iliad, that he has the highest opinion of its merits, and that he also gives the preference to Cowper's unrevised edition. The Editor of the present edition is happy to offer it to the public under the sanction of such high authority.

In the addition of notes I have availed myself of the learning of various commentators (Pope, Coleridge, Müller, etc.) and covet no higher praise than the approval of my judgment in the selection.

Those bearing the signature E.P.P., were furnished by my friend Miss Peabody, of Boston. I would also acknowledge my obligations to C.C. Felton, Eliot Professor of Greek in Harvard University. It should be observed, that the remarks upon the language of the poem refer to it in the original.

For a definite treatment of the character of each deity introduced in the Iliad, and for the fable of the Judgment of Paris, which was the primary cause of the Trojan war, the reader is referred to "Grecian and Roman Mythology."

It is intended that this edition of the Iliad shall be followed by a similar one of the Odyssey, provided sufficient encouragement is given by the demand for the present volume.

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THE  
**ILIAD OF HOMER,**  
TRANSLATED INTO  
**ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.**

## BOOK I.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

The book opens with an account of a pestilence that prevailed in the Grecian camp, and the cause of it is assigned. A council is called, in which fierce altercation takes place between Agamemnon and Achilles. The latter solemnly renounces the field. Agamemnon, by his heralds, demands Brisëis, and Achilles resigns her. He makes his complaint to Thetis, who undertakes to plead his cause with Jupiter. She pleads it, and prevails. The book concludes with an account of what passed in Heaven on that occasion.

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[The reader will please observe, that by Achaians, Argives, Danaï, are signified Grecians. Homer himself having found these various appellatives both graceful and convenient, it seemed unreasonable that a Translator of him should be denied the same advantage.—TR.]

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## BOOK I.

Achilles sing, O Goddess! Peleus' son;  
His wrath pernicious, who ten thousand woes  
Caused to Achaia's host, sent many a soul  
Illustrious into Ades premature,  
And Heroes gave (so stood the will of Jove)  
To dogs and to all ravening fowls a prey,  
When fierce dispute had separated once  
The noble Chief Achilles from the son  
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, King of men.

Who them to strife impell'd? What power divine?  
Latona's son and Jove's.<sup>[1]</sup> For he, incensed  
Against the King, a foul contagion raised  
In all the host, and multitudes destroy'd,  
For that the son of Atreus had his priest  
Dishonored, Chryses. To the fleet he came  
Bearing rich ransom glorious to redeem  
His daughter, and his hands charged with the wreath  
And golden sceptre<sup>[2]</sup> of the God shaft-arm'd.

His supplication was at large to all  
The host of Greece, but most of all to tw0,  
The sons of Atreus, highest in command.

Ye gallant Chiefs, and ye their gallant host,  
 (So may the Gods who in Olympus dwell  
 Give Priam's treasures to you for a spoil  
 And ye return in safety,) take my gifts 25  
 And loose my child, in honor of the son  
 Of Jove, Apollo, archer of the skies.[\[3\]](#)

At once the voice of all was to respect  
 The priest, and to accept the bounteous price;  
 But so it pleased not Atreus' mighty son<sup>30</sup>  
 Who with rude threatenings stern him thence dismiss'd.

Beware, old man! that at these hollow barks  
 I find thee not now lingering, or henceforth  
 Returning, lest the garland of thy God  
 And his bright sceptre should avail thee<sup>35</sup> sought.  
 I will not loose thy daughter, till old age  
 Steal on her. From her native country far,  
 In Argos, in my palace, she shall ply  
 The loom, and shall be partner of my bed.  
 Move me no more. Begone; hence while<sup>40</sup> thou may'st.

He spake, the old priest trembled and obey'd.  
 Forlorn he roamed the ocean's sounding shore,  
 And, solitary, with much prayer his King  
 Bright-hair'd Latona's son, Phœbus, implored.[\[4\]](#)

God of the silver bow, who with thy <sup>45</sup> power  
 Encirclest Chrysa, and who reign'st supreme  
 In Tenedos and Cilla the divine,  
 Sminthian[\[5\]](#) Apollo![\[6\]](#) If I e'er adorned  
 Thy beauteous fane, or on the altar burn'd  
 The fat acceptable of bulls or goats, 50  
 Grant my petition. With thy shafts avenge  
 On the Achaian host thy servant's tears.

Such prayer he made, and it was heard.[\[7\]](#) The God,  
 Down from Olympus with his radiant bow  
 And his full quiver o'er his shoulder slung,  
 Marched in his anger; shaken as he moved  
 His rattling arrows told of his approach.  
 Gloomy he came as night; sat from the ships  
 Apart, and sent an arrow. Clang'd the cord  
[\[8\]](#)Dread-sounding, bounding on the silver bow.[\[9\]](#)  
 Mules first and dogs he struck,[\[10\]](#) but at themselves  
 Dispatching soon his bitter arrows keen,  
 Smote them. Death-piles on all sides always blazed.  
 Nine days throughout the camp his arrows flew;  
 The tenth, Achilles from all parts convened  
 The host in council. Juno the white-armed  
 Moved at the sight of Grecians all around  
 Dying, imparted to his mind the thought.[\[11\]](#)  
 The full assembly, therefore, now convened,  
 Uprose Achilles ardent, and began. 70

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

Of lambs or goats unblemish'd, he may<sup>80</sup>  
Be won to spare us, and avert the plague.

He spake and sat, when Thestor's son arose  
Calchas, an augur foremost in his art,  
Who all things, present, past, and future knew,  
And whom his skill in prophecy, a gift <sup>85</sup>  
Conferred by Phœbus on him, had advanced  
To be conductor of the fleet to Troy;  
He, prudent, them admonishing, replied.<sup>[12]</sup>

Jove-loved Achilles! Wouldst thou learn from me  
What cause hath moved Apollo to this w<sup>90</sup>oath,  
The shaft-arm'd King? I shall divulge the cause.  
But thou, swear first and covenant on thy part  
That speaking, acting, thou wilt stand prepared  
To give me succor; for I judge amiss,  
Or he who rules the Argives, the supren<sup>95</sup>  
O'er all Achaia's host, will be incensed.  
Wo to the man who shall provoke the King  
For if, to-day, he smother close his wrath,  
He harbors still the vengeance, and in time  
Performs it. Answer, therefore, wilt thd<sup>100</sup>eave me?

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.  
What thou hast learn'd in secret from the God  
That speak, and boldly. By the son of Jove,  
Apollo, whom thou, Calchas, seek'st in prayer  
Made for the Danaï, and who thy soul <sup>105</sup>  
Fills with futurity, in all the host  
The Grecian lives not, who while I shall breathe,  
And see the light of day, shall in this camp  
Oppress thee; no, not even if thou name  
Him, Agamemnon, sovereign o'er us all.<sup>110</sup>

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

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

Prophet of mischief! from whose tongue no note  
Of grateful sound to me, was ever heard;  
Ill tidings are thy joy, and tidings glad <sup>130</sup>  
Thou tell'st not, or thy words come not to pass.  
And now among the Danaï thy dreams  
Divulging, thou pretend'st the Archer-God  
For his priest's sake, our enemy, because  
I scorn'd his offer'd ransom of the maid<sup>135</sup>  
Chrysëis, more desirous far to bear  
Her to my home, for that she charms me more

Than Clytemnestra, my own first espoused,  
 With whom, in disposition, feature, form,  
 Accomplishments, she may be well compared.  
 Yet, being such, I will return her hence  
 If that she go be best. Perish myself—  
 But let the people of my charge be saved  
 Prepare ye, therefore, a reward for me,  
 And seek it instant. It were much unmeasured  
 That I alone of all the Argive host  
 Should want due recompense, whose former prize  
 Is elsewhere destined, as ye all perceive.

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.  
 Atrides, glorious above all in rank, 150  
 And as intent on gain as thou art great,  
 Whence shall the Grecians give a prize to thee?  
 The general stock is poor; the spoil of towns  
 Which we have taken, hath already passed  
 In distribution, and it were unjust 155  
 To gather it from all the Greeks again.  
 But send thou back this Virgin to her God,  
 And when Jove's favor shall have given us Troy,  
 A threefold, fourfold share shall then be thine.

To whom the Sovereign of the host replied.  
 Godlike Achilles, valiant as thou art,  
 Wouldst thou be subtle too? But me no fraud  
 Shall overreach, or art persuade, of thine.  
 Wouldst thou, that thou be recompensed, and I  
 Sit meekly down, defrauded of my due? 65  
 And didst thou bid me yield her? Let the bold  
 Achaians give me competent amends,  
 Such as may please me, and it shall be well.  
 Else, if they give me none, I will command  
 Thy prize, the prize of Ajax, or the prize? 70  
 It may be of Ulysses to my tent,  
 And let the loser chafe. But this concern  
 Shall be adjusted at convenient time.  
 Come—launch we now into the sacred deep  
 A bark with lusty rowers well supplied? 75  
 Then put on board Chrysëis, and with her  
 The sacrifice required. Go also one  
 High in authority, some counsellor,  
 Idomeneus, or Ajax, or thyself,  
 Thou most untractable of all mankind; 180  
 And seek by rites of sacrifice and prayer  
 To appease Apollo on our host's behalf.

Achilles eyed him with a frown, and spake.  
 Ah! clothed with impudence as with a cloak,  
 And full of subtlety, who, thinkest thou? 85  
 What Grecian here will serve thee, or for thee  
 Wage covert war, or open? Me thou know'st,  
 Troy never wronged; I came not to avenge  
 Harm done to me; no Trojan ever drove  
 My pastures, steeds or oxen took of mine,  
 Or plunder'd of their fruits the golden fields  
 Of Phthia<sup>[13]</sup> the deep-soil'd. She lies remote,  
 And obstacles are numerous interposed,  
 Vale-darkening mountains, and the dashing sea.  
 No, [14]Shameless Wolf! For thy good pleasure's sake  
 We came, and, [15]Face of flint! to avenge the wrongs

By Menelaus and thyself sustain'd,  
 On the offending Trojan—service kind,  
 But lost on thee, regardless of it all.  
 And now—What now? Thy threatening<sup>203</sup> to seize  
 Thyself, the just requital of my toils,  
 My prize hard-earn'd, by common suffrage mine.  
 I never gain, what Trojan town soe'er  
 We ransack, half thy booty. The swift march  
 And furious onset—these I largely reap<sup>205</sup>  
 But, distribution made, thy lot exceeds  
 Mine far; while I, with any pittance pleased,  
 Bear to my ships the little that I win  
 After long battle, and account it much.  
 But I am gone, I and my sable barks 210  
 (My wiser course) to Phthia, and I judge,  
 Scorn'd as I am, that thou shalt hardly glean  
 Without me, more than thou shalt soon consume.<sup>[16]</sup>

He ceased, and Agamemnon thus replied  
 Fly, and fly now; if in thy soul thou feel<sup>215</sup>  
 Such ardor of desire to go—begone!  
 I woo thee not to stay; stay not an hour  
 On my behalf, for I have others here  
 Who will respect me more, and above all  
 All-judging Jove. There is not in the ha<sup>220</sup>  
 King or commander whom I hate as thee,  
 For all thy pleasure is in strife and blood,  
 And at all times; yet valor is no ground  
 Whereon to boast, it is the gift of Heaven  
 Go, get ye back to Phthia, thou and thine<sup>225</sup>  
 There rule thy Myrmidons.<sup>[17]</sup> I need not thee,  
 Nor heed thy wrath a jot. But this I say,  
 Sure as Apollo takes my lovely prize  
 Chrysëis, and I shall return her home  
 In mine own bark, and with my proper<sup>230</sup> few,  
 So sure the fair Brisëis shall be mine.  
 I shall demand her even at thy tent.  
 So shalt thou well be taught, how high in power  
 I soar above thy pitch, and none shall dare  
 Attempt, thenceforth, comparison with<sup>235</sup> me.

He ended, and the big, disdainful heart  
 Throbbed of Achilles; racking doubt ensued  
 And sore perplex'd him, whether forcing wide  
 A passage through them, with his blade unsheathed  
 To lay Atrides breathless at his foot, 240  
 Or to command his stormy spirit down.  
 So doubted he, and undecided yet  
 Stood drawing forth his falchion huge; when lo!  
 Down sent by Juno, to whom both alike  
 Were dear, and who alike watched ove<sup>245</sup>r both,  
 Pallas descended. At his back she stood  
 To none apparent, save himself alone,  
 And seized his golden locks. Startled, he turned,  
 And instant knew Minerva. Flashed her eyes  
 Terrific;<sup>[18]</sup> whom with accents on the<sup>250</sup> wing  
 Of haste, incontinent he questioned thus.

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

To whom the blue-eyed Deity. From heaven  
 Mine errand is, to sooth, if thou wilt hear,  
 Thine anger. Juno the white-arm'd alike  
 To him and thee propitious, bade me down:  
 Restrain thy wrath. Draw not thy falchion forth.  
 Retort, and sharply, and let that suffice.  
 For I foretell thee true. Thou shalt receive,  
 Some future day, thrice told, thy present loss  
 For this day's wrong. Cease, therefore, and be still.

To whom Achilles. Goddess, although much  
 Exasperate, I dare not disregard  
 Thy word, which to obey is always best.<sup>[19]</sup>  
 Who hears the Gods, the Gods hear also him.

He said; and on his silver hilt the force  
 Of his broad hand impressing, sent the blade  
 Home to its rest, nor would the counsel scorn  
 Of Pallas. She to heaven well-pleased return'd,  
 And in the mansion of Jove Ægis-armed  
 Arriving, mingled with her kindred Gods.  
 But though from violence, yet not from words  
 Abstained Achilles, but with bitter taunt  
 Opprobrious, his antagonist reproached.

Oh charged with wine, in steadfastness of face  
 Dog unabashed, and yet at heart a deer!  
 Thou never, when the troops have taken arms,  
 Hast dared to take thine also; never thou  
 Associate with Achaia's Chiefs, to form  
 The secret ambush.<sup>[21]</sup> No. The sound of war  
 Is as the voice of destiny to thee.  
 Doubtless the course is safer far, to range  
 Our numerous host, and if a man have dared  
 Dispute thy will, to rob him of his prize.  
 King! over whom? Women and spiritless—  
 Whom therefore thou devourest; else themselves  
 Would stop that mouth that it should scoff no more.  
 But hearken. I shall swear a solemn oath.  
 By this same sceptre,<sup>[22]</sup> which shall never bud,  
 Nor boughs bring forth as once, which having left  
 Its stock on the high mountains, at what time  
 The woodman's axe lopped off its foliage green,  
 And stript its bark, shall never grow again;  
 Which now the judges of Achaia bear,  
 Who under Jove, stand guardians of the laws,  
 By this I swear (mark thou the sacred oath)  
 Time shall be, when Achilles shall be poised;  
 When all shall want him, and thyself the power  
 To help the Achaians, whatsoe'er thy will;  
 When Hector at your heels shall mow you down:  
 The Hero-slaughtering Hector! Then thy soul,  
 Vexation-stung, shall tear thee with remorse,  
 That thou hast scorn'd, as he were nothing worth,  
 A Chief, the soul and bulwark of your cause.

So saying, he cast his sceptre on the ground  
 Studded with gold, and sat. On the other side  
 The son of Atreus all impassion'd stood  
 When the harmonious orator arose  
 Nestor, the Pylian oracle, whose lips  
 Dropped eloquence—the honey not so sweet.

Two generations past of mortals born  
 In Pylus, coëtaneous with himself, 315  
 He govern'd now the third—amid them all  
 He stood, and thus, benevolent, began.

Ah! what calamity hath fall'n on Greece!  
 Now Priam and his sons may well exult,  
 Now all in Ilium shall have joy of heart<sup>320</sup>  
 Abundant, hearing of this broil, the prime  
 Of Greece between, in council and in arms.  
 But be persuaded; ye are younger both  
 Than I, and I was conversant of old  
 With Princes your superiors, yet from <sup>325</sup>m  
 No disrespect at any time received.  
 Their equals saw I never; never shall;  
 Exadius, Coeneus, and the Godlike son  
 Of Ægeus, mighty Theseus; men renown'd  
 For force superior to the race of man, 330  
 Brave Chiefs they were, and with brave foes they fought,  
 With the rude dwellers on the mountain-heights  
 The Centaurs,<sup>[23]</sup> whom with havoc such as fame  
 Shall never cease to celebrate, they slew.  
 With these men I consorted erst, what <sup>335</sup>time  
 From Pylus, though a land from theirs remote,  
 They called me forth, and such as was my strength,  
 With all that strength I served them. Who is he?  
 What Prince or Chief of the degenerate race  
 Now seen on earth who might with <sup>340</sup>the compare?  
 Yet even these would listen and conform  
 To my advice in consultation given,  
 Which hear ye also; for compliance proves  
 Oft times the safer and the manlier course.  
 Thou, Agamemnon! valiant as thou art<sup>345</sup>  
 Seize not the maid, his portion from the Greeks,  
 But leave her his; nor thou, Achilles, strive  
 With our imperial Chief; for never King  
 Had equal honor at the hands of Jove  
 With Agamemnon, or was throned so <sup>350</sup>high.  
 Say thou art stronger, and art Goddess-born,  
 How then? His territory passes thine,  
 And he is Lord of thousands more than thou.  
 Cease, therefore, Agamemnon; calm thy wrath;  
 And it shall be mine office to entreat 355  
 Achilles also to a calm, whose might  
 The chief munition is of all our host.

To whom the sovereign of the Greeks replied,  
 The son of Atreus. Thou hast spoken well,  
 Old Chief, and wisely. But this wrangl<sup>360</sup>here—  
 Nought will suffice him but the highest place:  
 He must control us all, reign over all,  
 Dictate to all; but he shall find at least  
 One here, disposed to question his commands.  
 If the eternal Gods have made him bra<sup>365</sup>  
 Derives he thence a privilege to rail?

Whom thus Achilles interrupted fierce.  
 Could I be found so abject as to take  
 The measure of my doings at thy lips,  
 Well might they call me coward through<sup>370</sup>the camp,  
 A vassal, and a fellow of no worth.  
 Give law to others. Think not to control

Me, subject to thy proud commands no more.  
 Hear yet again! And weigh what thou shalt hear.  
 I will not strive with thee in such a cause<sup>375</sup>  
 Nor yet with any man; I scorn to fight  
 For her, whom having given, ye take away.  
 But I have other precious things on board;  
 Of those take none away without my leave.  
 Or if it please thee, put me to the proof<sup>380</sup>  
 Before this whole assembly, and my spear  
 Shall stream that moment, purpled with thy blood.

Thus they long time in opposition fierce  
 Maintained the war of words; and now, at length,  
 (The grand consult dissolved,) Achilles<sup>385</sup>walked  
 (Patroclus and the Myrmidons his steps  
 Attending) to his camp and to his fleet.  
 But Agamemnon order'd forth a bark,  
 A swift one, manned with twice ten lusty rowers;  
 He sent on board the Hecatomb:<sup>[24]</sup> he<sup>390</sup>placed  
 Chrysëis with the blooming cheeks, himself,  
 And to Ulysses gave the freight in charge.  
 So all embarked, and plow'd their watery way.  
 Atrides, next, bade purify the host;  
 The host was purified, as he enjoin'd, 395  
 And the ablution cast into the sea.

Then to Apollo, on the shore they slew,  
 Of the untillable and barren deep,  
 Whole Hecatombs of bulls and goats, whose steam  
 Slowly in smoky volumes climbed the<sup>400</sup>les.

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

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

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

Ye heralds, messengers of Gods and<sup>420</sup>men,  
 Hail, and draw near! I bid you welcome both.  
 I blame not you; the fault is his alone  
 Who sends you to conduct the damsel hence  
 Brisëis. Go, Patroclus, generous friend!  
 Lead forth, and to their guidance give<sup>425</sup> maid.  
 But be themselves my witnesses before  
 The blessed Gods, before mankind, before  
 The ruthless king, should want of me be felt  
 To save the host from havoc<sup>[25]</sup>—Oh, his thoughts  
 Are madness all; intelligence or skill, 430

Forecast or retrospect, how best the camp  
May be secured from inroad, none hath he.

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

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

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

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

To whom Achilles, sighing deep, replied.  
Why tell thee woes to thee already known?  
At Thebes, Eëtion's city we arrived, 455  
Smote, sack'd it, and brought all the spoil away.  
Just distribution made among the Greeks,  
The son of Atreus for his lot received  
Blooming Chrysëis. Her, Apollo's priest  
Old Chryses followed to Achaia's camp<sup>460</sup>  
That he might loose his daughter. Ransom rich  
He brought, and in his hands the hallow'd wreath  
And golden sceptre of the Archer God  
Apollo, bore; to the whole Grecian host,  
But chiefly to the foremost in command<sup>465</sup>  
He sued, the sons of Atreus; then, the rest  
All recommended reverence of the Seer,  
And prompt acceptance of his costly gifts.  
But Agamemnon might not so be pleased,  
Who gave him rude dismission; he in ~~wroth~~<sup>470</sup>  
Returning, prayed, whose prayer Apollo heard,  
For much he loved him. A pestiferous shaft  
He instant shot into the Grecian host,  
And heap'd the people died. His arrows swept  
The whole wide camp of Greece, till at ~~the~~<sup>475</sup> last  
A Seer, by Phœbus taught, explain'd the cause.  
I first advised propitiation. Rage  
Fired Agamemnon. Rising, he denounced  
Vengeance, and hath fulfilled it. She, in truth,  
Is gone to Chrysa, and with her we sent<sup>480</sup>  
Propitiation also to the King  
Shaft-arm'd Apollo. But my beauteous prize  
Brisëis, mine by the award of all,  
His heralds, at this moment, lead away.  
But thou, wherein thou canst, aid thy ~~own~~<sup>485</sup> son!  
Haste hence to Heaven, and if thy word or deed  
Hath ever gratified the heart of Jove,  
With earnest suit press him on my behalf.

For I, not seldom, in my father's hall  
 Have heard thee boasting, how when ~~480~~<sup>490</sup> the Gods,  
 With Juno, Neptune, Pallas at their head,  
 Conspired to bind the Thunderer, thou didst loose  
 His bands, O Goddess! calling to his aid  
 The Hundred-handed warrior, by the Gods  
 Briareus, but by men, Ægeon named.<sup>[2495]</sup>  
 For he in prowess and in might surpassed  
 His father Neptune, who, enthroned sublime,  
 Sits second only to Saturnian Jove,  
 Elate with glory and joy. Him all the Gods  
 Fearing from that bold enterprise abstained.  
 Now, therefore, of these things reminding Jove,  
 Embrace his knees; entreat him that he give  
 The host of Troy his succor, and shut fast  
 The routed Grecians, prisoners in the fleet,  
 That all may find much solace<sup>[27]</sup> in the King,  
 And that the mighty sovereign o'er them all,  
 Their Agamemnon, may himself be taught  
 His rashness, who hath thus dishonor'd foul  
 The life itself, and bulwark of his cause.

To him, with streaming eyes, Thetis replied.  
 Born as thou wast to sorrow, ah, my son!  
 Why have I rear'd thee! Would that without tears,  
 Or cause for tears (transient as is thy life,  
 A little span) thy days might pass at Troy!  
 But short and sorrowful the fates ordain.  
 Thy life, peculiar trouble must be thine,  
 Whom, therefore, oh that I had never borne!  
 But seeking the Olympian hill snow-crown'd,  
 I will myself plead for thee in the ear  
 Of Jove, the Thunderer. Meantime at the fleet  
 Abiding, let thy wrath against the Greeks  
 Still burn, and altogether cease from war.  
 For to the banks of the Oceanus,<sup>[28]</sup>  
 Where Æthiopia holds a feast to Jove,<sup>[29]</sup>  
 He journey'd yesterday, with whom the Gods  
 Went also, and the twelfth day brings them home.  
 Then will I to his brazen-floor'd abode,  
 That I may clasp his knees, and much misdeem  
 Of my endeavor, or my prayer shall speed.

So saying, she went; but him she left enraged  
 For fair Briseïs' sake, forced from his arms  
 By stress of power. Meantime Ulysses came  
 To Chrysa with the Hecatomb in charge.  
 Arrived within the haven<sup>[30]</sup> deep, their sails  
 Furling, they stowed them in the bark below.  
 Then by its tackle lowering swift the mast  
 Into its crutch, they briskly push'd to land,  
 Heaved anchors out, and moor'd the vessel fast.  
 Forth came the mariners, and trod the beach;  
 Forth came the victims of Apollo next,<sup>540</sup>  
 And, last, Chryseïs. Her Ulysses led  
 Toward the altar, gave her to the arms  
 Of her own father, and him thus address'd.

O Chryses! Agamemnon, King of men,  
 Hath sent thy daughter home, with whom we bring  
 A Hecatomb on all our host's behalf

To Phœbus, hoping to appease the God  
By whose dread shafts the Argives now expire.

So saying, he gave her to him, who with joy  
Received his daughter. Then, before the shrine  
Magnificent in order due they ranged  
The noble Hecatomb.<sup>[31]</sup> Each laved his hands  
And took the salted meal, and Chryses made  
His fervent prayer with hands upraised on high.

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

So Chryses prayed, whom Phœbus heard well-pleased;  
Then prayed the Grecians also, and with meal  
Sprinkling the victims, their retracted necks  
First pierced, then flay'd them; the disjointed thighs  
They, next, invested with the double caul,  
Which with crude slices thin they overspread.  
The priest burned incense, and libation poured  
Large on the hissing brands, while, him beside,  
Busy with spit and prong, stood many youth  
Trained to the task. The thighs with fire consumed,  
They gave to each his portion of the maw,  
Then slashed the remnant, pierced it with the spits,  
And managing with culinary skill  
The roast, withdrew it from the spits *agāfn*.  
Their whole task thus accomplish'd, and the board  
Set forth, they feasted, and were all sufficed.  
When neither hunger more nor thirst remained  
Unsatisfied, boys crown'd the beakers high  
With wine delicious, and from right to left  
Distributing the cups, served every guest.  
Thenceforth the youths of the Achaian race  
To song propitiatory gave the day,  
Pœans<sup>[32]</sup> to Phœbus, Archer of the skies,  
Chaunting melodious. Pleased, Apollo hard.  
But, when, the sun descending, darkness fell,  
They on the beach beside their hawsers slept;  
And, when the day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd  
Aurora look'd abroad, then back they steer'd  
To the vast camp. Fair wind, and blow <sup>590</sup> fresh,  
Apollo sent them; quick they rear'd the mast,  
Then spread the unsullied canvas to the gale,  
And the wind filled it. Roared the sable flood  
Around the bark, that ever as she went  
Dash'd wide the brine, and scudded swift away.  
Thus reaching soon the spacious camp of Greece,  
Their galley they up-drew sheer o'er the sands  
From the rude surge remote, then propp'd her sides  
With scantlings long,<sup>[33]</sup> and sought their several tents.

But Peleus' noble son, the speed-renown'd  
Achilles, he, his well-built bark beside,  
Consumed his hours, nor would in council more,  
Where wise men win distinction, or in fight  
Appear, to sorrow and heart-withering wo

Abandon'd; though for battle, ardent, <sup>605</sup>  
 He panted, and the shout-resounding field.  
 But when the twelfth fair morrow streak'd the East,  
 Then all the everlasting Gods to Heaven  
 Resorted, with the Thunderer at their head,  
 And Thetis, not unmindful of her son, <sup>610</sup>  
 Prom the salt flood emerged, seeking betimes  
 Olympus and the boundless fields of heaven.  
 High, on the topmost eminence sublime  
 Of the deep-fork'd Olympian she perceived  
 The Thunderer seated, from the Gods <sup>615</sup>  
 She sat before him, clasp'd with her left hand  
 His knees, her right beneath his chin she placed,  
 And thus the King, Saturnian Jove, implored.

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

She spake, to whom the Thunderer nought replied,  
 But silent sat long time. She, as her hand  
 Had grown there, still importunate, his <sup>630</sup>flees  
 Clasp'd as at first, and thus her suit renew'd. [34]

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

To whom the cloud-assembler at the last  
 Spake, deep-distress'd. Hard task and full of strife  
 Thou hast enjoined me; Juno will not spare  
 For gibe and taunt injurious, whose complaint  
 Sounds daily in the ears of all the Gods. <sup>640</sup>  
 That I assist the Trojans; but depart,  
 Lest she observe thee; my concern shall be  
 How best I may perform thy full desire.  
 And to assure thee more, I give the sign  
 Indubitable, which all fear expels. <sup>645</sup>  
 At once from heavenly minds. Nought, so confirmed,  
 May, after, be reversed or render'd vain.

He ceased, and under his dark brows the nod  
 Vouchsafed of confirmation. All around  
 The Sovereign's everlasting head his <sup>650</sup>curls  
 Ambrosial shook, [35] and the huge mountain reeled.

Their conference closed, they parted. She, at once,  
 From bright Olympus plunged into the flood  
 Profound, and Jove to his own courts withdrew.  
 Together all the Gods, at his approach, <sup>655</sup>  
 Uprose; none sat expectant till he came,  
 But all advanced to meet the Eternal Sire.  
 So on his throne he sat. Nor Juno him  
 Not understood; she, watchful, had observed,  
 In consultation close with Jove engaged. <sup>660</sup>  
 Thetis, bright-footed daughter of the deep,  
 And keen the son of Saturn thus reproved.

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

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

Him answer'd then the Goddess ample-eyed.<sup>[36]</sup>  
 What word hath passed thy lips, Saturnian Jove,  
 Thou most severe! I never search thy thoughts,  
 Nor the serenity of thy profound      680  
 Intentions trouble; they are safe from me:  
 But now there seems a cause. Deeply I dread  
 Lest Thetis, silver-footed daughter fair  
 Of Ocean's hoary Sovereign, here arrived  
 At early dawn to practise on thee, Jove<sup>685</sup>  
 I noticed her a suitress at thy knees,  
 And much misdeem or promise-bound thou stand'st  
 To Thetis past recall, to exalt her son,  
 And Greeks to slaughter thousands at the ships.

To whom the cloud-assembler God, <sup>690</sup>ensued.  
 Ah subtle! ever teeming with surmise,  
 And fathomer of my concealed designs,  
 Thy toil is vain, or (which is worse for thee,)  
 Shall but estrange thee from mine heart the more.  
 And be it as thou sayest,—I am well pleased  
 That so it should be. Be advised, desist,  
 Hold thou thy peace. Else, if my glorious hands  
 Once reach thee, the Olympian Powers combined  
 To rescue thee, shall interfere in vain.

He said,—whom Juno, awful Goddess<sup>700</sup> heard  
 Appall'd, and mute submitted to his will.  
 But through the courts of Jove the heavenly Powers  
 All felt displeasure; when to them arose  
 Vulcan, illustrious artist, who with speech  
 Conciliatory interposed to sooth      705  
 His white-armed mother Juno, Goddess dread.

Hard doom is ours, and not to be endured,  
 If feast and merriment must pause in heaven  
 While ye such clamor raise tumultuous here  
 For man's unworthy sake: yet thus we spied  
 Ever, when evil overpoises good.  
 But I exhort my mother, though herself  
 Already warn'd, that meekly she submit  
 To Jove our father, lest our father chide  
 More roughly, and confusion mar the feast.  
 For the Olympian Thunderer could with ease  
 Us from our thrones precipitate, so far  
 He reigns to all superior. Seek to assuage  
 His anger therefore; so shall he with smiles  
 Cheer thee, nor thee alone, but all in heaven.

So Vulcan, and, upstarting, placed a cup  
Full-charged between his mother's hands, and said,

My mother, be advised, and, though aggrieved,  
Yet patient; lest I see thee whom I love  
So dear, with stripes chastised before my face,  
Willing, but impotent to give thee aid.<sup>[37]</sup>  
Who can resist the Thunderer? Me, when once  
I flew to save thee, by the foot he seized  
And hurl'd me through the portal of the skies.  
"From morn to eve I fell, a summer's day,"  
And dropped, at last, in Lemnos. There half-dead  
The Sintians found me, and with succor prompt  
And hospitable, entertained me fallen.

So He; then Juno smiled, Goddess white-arm'd,  
And smiling still, from his unwonted hand<sup>[38]</sup>  
Received the goblet. He from right to left  
Rich nectar from the beaker drawn, alert  
Distributed to all the powers divine.  
Heaven rang with laughter inextinguishable  
Peal after peal, such pleasure all conceived  
At sight of Vulcan in his new employ.

So spent they in festivity the day,  
And all were cheered; nor was Apollo's harp  
Silent, nor did the Muses spare to add  
Responsive melody of vocal sweets. 745  
But when the sun's bright orb had now declined,  
Each to his mansion, wheresoever built  
By the lame matchless Architect, withdrew.<sup>[39]</sup>  
Jove also, kindler of the fires of heaven,  
His couch ascending as at other times 750  
When gentle sleep approach'd him, slept serene,  
With golden-sceptred Juno at his side.

The first book contains the preliminaries to the commencement of serious action. First, the visit of the priest of Apollo to ransom his captive daughter, the refusal of Agamemnon to yield her up, and the pestilence sent by the god upon the Grecian army in consequence. Secondly, the restoration, the propitiation of Apollo, the quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles, and the withdrawing of the latter from the Grecian army. Thirdly, the intercession of Thetis with Jupiter; his promise, unwillingly given, to avenge Achilles; and the assembly of the gods, in which the promise is angrily alluded to by Juno, and the discussion peremptorily checked by Jupiter. The poet, throughout this book, maintains a simple, unadorned style, but highly descriptive, and happily adapted to the nature of the subject.—FELTON.

## BOOK II.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Jupiter, in pursuance of his purpose to distress the Grecians in answer to the prayer of Thetis, deceives Agamemnon by a dream. He, in consequence of it, calls a council, the result of which is that the army shall go forth to battle. Thersites is mutinous, and is chastised by Ulysses. Ulysses, Nestor, and Agamemnon, harangue the people; and preparation is made for battle. An exact account follows of the forces on both sides.

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## BOOK II.

[1] All night both Gods and Chiefs equestrian slept,  
 But not the Sire of all. He, waking soon,  
 Mused how to exalt Achilles, and destroy  
 No few in battle at the Grecian fleet.  
 This counsel, at the last, as best he chose<sup>5</sup>  
 And likeliest; to dispatch an evil Dream  
 To Agamemnon's tent, and to his side  
 The phantom summoning, him thus addressed.

Haste, evil Dream! Fly to the Grecian fleet,  
 And, entering royal Agamemnon's tent,<sup>10</sup>  
 His ear possess thou thus, omitting nought  
 Of all that I enjoin thee. Bid him arm  
 His universal host, for that the time  
 When the Achaians shall at length possess  
 Wide Ilium, hath arrived. The Gods abo~~le~~  
 No longer dwell at variance. The request  
 Of Juno hath prevail'd; now, wo to Troy!  
 So charged, the Dream departed. At the ships  
 Well-built arriving of Achaia's host,  
 He Agamemnon, son of Atreus, sought.<sup>20</sup>  
 Him sleeping in his tent he found, immersed  
 In soft repose ambrosial. At his head  
 The shadow stood, similitude exact  
 Of Nestor, son of Neleus; sage, with whom  
 In Agamemnon's thought might none compare.  
 His form assumed, the sacred Dream began.

Oh son of Atreus the renown'd in arms  
 And in the race! Sleep'st thou? It ill behoves  
 To sleep all night the man of high employ,  
 And charged, as thou art, with a people's care.<sup>30</sup>

Now, therefore, mark me well, who, sent from Jove,  
 Inform thee, that although so far remote,  
 He yet compassionates and thinks on thee  
 With kind solicitude. He bids thee arm  
 Thy universal host; for that the time 35  
 When the Achaians shall at length possess  
 Wide Ilium, hath arrived. The Gods above  
 No longer dwell at variance. The requests  
 Of Juno have prevail'd. Now, wo to Troy  
 From Jove himself! Her fate is on the w<sup>40</sup>ng.  
 Awaking from thy dewy slumbers, hold  
 In firm remembrance all that thou hast heard.

So spake the Dream, and vanishing, him left  
 In false hopes occupied and musings vain.  
 Full sure he thought, ignorant of the pla<sup>45</sup>  
 By Jove design'd, that day the last of Troy.  
 Fond thought! For toils and agonies to Greeks  
 And Trojans both, in many a bloody field  
 To be endured, the Thunderer yet ordain'd.  
 Starting he woke, and seeming still to h<sup>50</sup>ar  
 The warning voice divine, with hasty leap  
 Sprang from his bed, and sat.<sup>[2]</sup> His fleecy vest  
 New-woven he put on, and mantle wide;  
 His sandals fair to his unsullied feet  
 He braced, and slung his argent-studded sword.  
 Then, incorruptible for evermore  
 The sceptre of his sires he took, with which  
 He issued forth into the camp of Greece.

Aurora now on the Olympian heights  
 Proclaiming stood new day to all in hea<sup>60</sup>n,  
 When he his clear-voiced heralds bade convene  
 The Greeks in council. Went the summons forth  
 Into all quarters, and the throng began.  
 First, at the ship of Nestor, Pylian King,<sup>[3]</sup>  
 The senior Chiefs for high exploits ren<sup>65</sup>n'd  
 He gather'd, whom he prudent thus address'd.

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

Oh son of Atreus the renown'd in arms  
 And in the race, sleep'st thou? It ill behoves  
 To sleep all night the man of high employ,  
 And charged as thou art with a people's care.  
 Now, therefore, mark me well, who, sent from Jove,  
 Inform thee, that although so far remote,  
 He yet compassionates and thinks on thee  
 With kind solicitude. He bids thee arm  
 Thy universal host; for that the time 80  
 When the Achaians shall at length possess  
 Wide Ilium, hath arrived. The Gods above  
 No longer dwell at variance. The requests  
 Of Juno have prevail'd. Now, wo to Troy  
 From Jove himself! Her fate is on the w<sup>85</sup>ng.  
 Charge this on thy remembrance. Thus he spake,  
 Then vanished suddenly, and I awoke.  
 Haste therefore, let us arm, if arm we may.<sup>[4]</sup>

The warlike sons of Greece; but first, myself  
Will prove them, recommending instant flight  
With all our ships, and ye throughout the host  
Dispersed, shall, next, encourage all to stay.

He ceased, and sat; when in the midst arose  
Of highest fame for wisdom, Nestor, King  
Of sandy Pylus, who them thus bespake<sup>95</sup>

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

So saying, he left the council; him, at once  
The sceptred Chiefs, obedient to his voice,  
Arising, follow'd; and the throng began.  
As from the hollow rock bees stream abroad,  
And in succession endless seek the fields,  
Now clustering, and now scattered far and near,  
In spring-time, among all the new-blown flowers,  
So they to council swarm'd, troop after troop,  
Grecians of every tribe, from camp and meet  
Assembling orderly o'er all the plain  
Beside the shore of Ocean. In the midst  
A kindling rumor, messenger of Jove,  
Impell'd them, and they went. Loud was the din  
Of the assembling thousands; groan'd the earth  
When down they sat, and murmurs ran around.  
Nine heralds cried aloud—Will ye restrain  
Your clamors, that your heaven-taught Kings may speak?  
Scarce were they settled, and the clang had ceased,  
When Agamemnon, sovereign o'er the hall,  
Sceptre in hand, arose. (That sceptre erst  
Vulcan with labor forged, and to the hand  
Consign'd it of the King, Saturnian Jove;  
Jove to the vanquisher<sup>[5]</sup> of Ino's<sup>[6]</sup> guard,  
And he to Pelops; Pelops in his turn, 125  
To royal Atreus; Atreus at his death  
Bequeath'd it to Thyestes rich in flocks,  
And rich Thyestes left it to be borne  
By Agamemnon, symbol of his right  
To empire over Argos and her isles) 130  
On that he lean'd, and rapid, thus began.<sup>[7]</sup>

Friends, Grecian Heroes, ministers of Mars!  
Ye see me here entangled in the snares  
Of unpropitious Jove. He promised once,  
And with a nod confirm'd it, that with spoils  
Of Ilium laden, we should hence return;  
But now, devising ill, he sends me shamed,  
And with diminished numbers, home to Greece.  
So stands his sovereign pleasure, who hath laid  
The bulwarks of full many a city low, 140  
And more shall level, matchless in his might.  
That such a numerous host of Greeks as we,  
Warring with fewer than ourselves, should find  
No fruit of all our toil, (and none appears)  
Will make us vile with ages yet to come<sup>45</sup>  
For should we now strike truce, till Greece and Troy

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

So spake the King, whom all the cor~~l~~urse heard  
 With minds in tumult toss'd; all, save the few,  
 Partners of his intent. Commotion shook  
 The whole assembly, such as heaves the flood  
 Of the Icarian Deep, when South and East  
 Burst forth together from the clouds of Jove.  
 And as when vehement the West-wind falls  
 On standing corn mature, the loaded ears  
 Innumerable bow before the gale,  
 So was the council shaken. With a shout  
 All flew toward the ships; uprais'd, the ~~host~~  
 Stood o'er them; universal was the cry,  
 "Now clear the passages, strike down the props,  
 Set every vessel free, launch, and away!"  
 Heaven rang with exclamation of the host  
 All homeward bent, and launching glad~~the~~ fleet.  
 Then baffled Fate had the Achaians seen  
 Returning premature, but Juno thus,  
 With admonition quick to Pallas spake.

Unconquer'd daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd!  
 Ah foul dishonor! Is it thus at last 185  
 That the Achaians on the billows borne,  
 Shall seek again their country, leaving here,  
 To be the vaunt of Ilium and her King,  
 Helen of Argos, in whose cause the Greeks  
 Have numerous perish'd from their ho~~me~~ remote?  
 Haste! Seek the mail-arm'd multitude, by force  
 Detain them of thy soothing speech, ere yet  
 All launch their oary barks into the flood.

She spake, nor did Minerva not comply,  
 But darting swift from the Olympian heights,  
 Reach'd soon Achaia's fleet. There, she perceived  
 Prudent as Jove himself, Ulysses; firm  
 He stood; he touch'd not even with his hand  
 His sable bark, for sorrow whelm'd his soul.  
 The Athenæan Goddess azure-eyed 200  
 Beside him stood, and thus the Chief bespake.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!  
 Why seek ye, thus precipitate, your ships?  
 Intend ye flight? And is it thus at last,

That the Achaians on the billows born<sup>205</sup>  
 Shall seek again their country, leaving here,  
 To be the vaunt of Ilium and her King,  
 Helen of Argos, in whose cause the Greeks  
 Have numerous perish'd from their home remote?  
 Delay not. Rush into the throng; by fo<sup>210</sup>  
 Detain them of thy soothing speech, ere yet  
 All launch their oary barks into the flood.

She ceased, whom by her voice Ulysses knew,  
 Casting his mantle from him, which his friend  
 Eurybates the Ithacensian caught, 215  
 He ran; and in his course meeting the son  
 Of Atreus, Agamemnon, from his hand  
 The everlasting sceptre quick received,  
 Which bearing, through Achaia's fleet he pass'd.  
 What King soever, or distinguish'd Gre<sup>220</sup>  
 He found, approaching to his side, in terms  
 Of gentle sort he stay'd him. Sir, he cried,  
 It is unseemly that a man renown'd  
 As thou, should tremble. Go—Resume the seat  
 Which thou hast left, and bid the peop<sup>225</sup> sit.  
 Thou know'st not clearly yet the monarch's mind.  
 He proves us now, but soon he will chastize.  
 All were not present; few of us have heard  
 His speech this day in council. Oh, beware,  
 Lest in resentment of this hasty course<sup>230</sup>  
 Irregular, he let his anger loose.  
 Dread is the anger of a King; he reigns  
 By Jove's own ordinance, and is dear to Jove,

But what plebeian base soe'er he heard  
 Stretching his throat to swell the gener<sup>235</sup>try,  
 He laid the sceptre smartly on his back,  
 With reprimand severe. Fellow, he said,  
 Sit still; hear others; thy superiors hear.  
 For who art thou? A dastard and a drone,  
 Of none account in council, or in arms<sup>240</sup>  
 By no means may we all alike bear sway  
 At Ilium; such plurality of Kings  
 Were evil. One suffices. One, to whom  
 The son of politic Saturn hath assign'd  
 The sceptre, and inforcement of the law<sup>245</sup>  
 That he may rule us as a monarch ought.<sup>[8]</sup>

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

The host all seated, and the benches fill'd,  
 Thersites only of loquacious tongue  
 Ungovern'd, clamor'd mutinous; a wretch  
 Of utterance prompt, but in coarse phras<sup>255</sup>e obscene  
 Deep learn'd alone, with which to slander Kings.  
 Might he but set the rabble in a roar,  
 He cared not with what jest; of all from Greece  
 To Ilium sent, his country's chief reproach.  
 Cross-eyed he was, and halting moved<sup>260</sup> legs  
 Ill-pair'd; his gibbous shoulders o'er his breast  
 Contracted, pinch'd it; to a peak his head

Was moulded sharp, and sprinkled thin with hair  
 Of starveling length, flimsy and soft as down.  
 Achilles and Ulysses had incur'd      265  
 Most his aversion; them he never spared;  
 But now, imperial Agamemnon self  
 In piercing accents stridulous he charged  
 With foul reproach. The Grecians with contempt  
 Listen'd, and indignation, while with ~~thee~~  
 At highest pitch, he thus the monarch mock'd.

What wouldst thou now? Whereof is thy complaint  
 Now, Agamemnon? Thou hast fill'd thy tents  
 With treasure, and the Grecians, when they take  
 A city, choose the loveliest girls for the<sup>275</sup>  
 Is gold thy wish? More gold? A ransom brought  
 By some chief Trojan for his son's release  
 Whom I, or other valiant Greek may bind?  
 Or wouldst thou yet a virgin, one, by right  
 Another's claim, but made by force ~~thine~~ own?  
 It was not well, great Sir, that thou shouldst bring  
 A plague on the Achaians, as of late.  
 But come, my Grecian sisters, soldiers named  
 Unfitly, of a sex too soft for war,  
 Come, let us homeward: let him here ~~dig~~<sup>285</sup>st  
 What he shall gorge, alone; that he may learn  
 If our assistance profit him or not.  
 For when he shamed Achilles, he disgraced  
 A Chief far worthier than himself, whose prize  
 He now withholds. But tush,— Achille~~s~~<sup>290</sup>acks  
 Himself the spirit of a man; no gall  
 Hath he within him, or his hand long since  
 Had stopp'd that mouth,<sup>[9]</sup> that it should scoff no more.

Thus, mocking royal Agamemnon, spake  
 Thersites. Instant starting to his side,

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Noble Ulysses with indignant brows  
 Survey'd him, and him thus reproved severe.

Thersites! Railer!—peace. Think not thyself,  
 Although thus eloquent, alone exempt  
 From obligation not to slander Kings. 300  
 I deem thee most contemptible, the worst  
 Of Agamemnon's followers to the war;  
 Presume not then to take the names revered  
 Of Sovereigns on thy sordid lips, to asperse  
 Their sacred character, and to appoint 305  
 The Greeks a time when they shall voyage home.  
 How soon, how late, with what success at last  
 We shall return, we know not: but because  
 Achaia's heroes numerous spoils allot  
 To Agamemnon, Leader of the host,    310  
 Thou therefore from thy seat revilest the King.  
 But mark me. If I find thee, as even now,  
 Raving and foaming at the lips again,  
 May never man behold Ulysses' head  
 On these my shoulders more, and may<sup>315</sup> thy son  
 Prove the begotten of another Sire,  
 If I not strip thee to that hide of thine  
 As bare as thou wast born, and whip thee hence  
 Home to thy galley, sniveling like a boy.

He ceased, and with his sceptre on the back  
 And shoulders smote him. Writhing to and fro,  
 He wept profuse, while many a bloody whelk  
 Protuberant beneath the sceptre sprang.  
 Awe-quell'd he sat, and from his visage mean,  
 Deep-sighing, wiped the rheums. It was time  
 For mirth, yet mirth illumined every face,  
 And laughing, thus they spake. A thousand acts  
 Illustrious, both by well-concerted plans  
 And prudent disposition of the host  
 Ulysses hath achieved, but this by far 330  
 Transcends his former praise, that he hath quell'd  
 Such contumelious rhetoric profuse.  
 The valiant talker shall not soon, we judge,  
 Take liberties with royal names again.<sup>[10]</sup>  
 So spake the multitude. Then, stretching forth  
 The sceptre, city-spoiler Chief, arose  
 Ulysses. Him beside, herald in form,  
 Appeared Minerva. Silence she enjoined  
 To all, that all Achaia's sons might hear,  
 Foremost and rearmost, and might weigh his words.  
 He then his counsel, prudent, thus proposed.

Atrides! Monarch! The Achaians seek  
 To make thee ignominious above all  
 In sight of all mankind. None recollects  
 His promise more in steed-famed Argos<sup>345</sup> pledged,  
 Here to abide till Ilium wall'd to heaven  
 Should vanquish'd sink, and all her wealth be ours.  
 No—now, like widow'd women, or weak boys,  
 They whimper to each other, wishing home.  
 And home, I grant, to the afflicted soul<sup>350</sup>  
 Seems pleasant.<sup>[11]</sup> The poor seaman from his wife  
 One month detain'd, cheerless his ship and sad  
 Possesses, by the force of wintry blasts,  
 And by the billows of the troubled deep  
 Fast lock'd in port. But us the ninth long year  
 Revolving, finds camp'd under Ilium still.  
 I therefore blame not, if they mourn beside  
 Their sable barks, the Grecians. Yet the shame  
 That must attend us after absence long  
 Returning unsuccessful, who can bear<sup>360</sup>  
 Be patient, friends! wait only till we learn  
 If Calchas truly prophesied, or not;  
 For well we know, and I to all appeal,  
 Whom Fate hath not already snatch'd away,  
 (It seems but yesterday, or at the most 365  
 A day or two before) that when the ships  
 Wo-fraught for Priam, and the race of Troy,  
 At Aulis met, and we beside the fount  
 With perfect hecatombs the Gods adored  
 Beneath the plane-tree, from whose root<sup>370</sup> stream  
 Ran crystal-clear, there we beheld a sign  
 Wonderful in all eyes. A serpent huge,  
 Tremendous spectacle! with crimson spots  
 His back all dappled, by Olympian Jove  
 Himself protruded, from the altar's foot<sup>375</sup>  
 Slipp'd into light, and glided to the tree.  
 There on the topmost bough, close-cover'd sat  
 With foliage broad, eight sparrows, younglings all,

Then newly feather'd, with their dam, the ninth.  
 The little ones lamenting shrill he gorged,<sup>380</sup>  
 While, wheeling o'er his head, with screams the dam  
 Bewail'd her darling brood. Her also next,  
 Hovering and clamoring, he by the wing  
 Within his spiry folds drew, and devoured.  
 All eaten thus, the nestlings and the dam,<sup>385</sup>  
 The God who sent him, signalized him too,  
 For him Saturnian Jove transform'd to stone.  
 We wondering stood, to see that strange portent  
 Intrude itself into our holy rites,  
 When Calchas, instant, thus the sign explain'd.

Why stand ye, Greeks, astonish'd? Ye behold  
 A prodigy by Jove himself produced,  
 An omen, whose accomplishment indeed  
 Is distant, but whose fame shall never die.<sup>[12]</sup>  
 E'en as this serpent in your sight devor'd  
 Eight youngling sparrows, with their dam, the ninth,  
 So we nine years must war on yonder plain,  
 And in the tenth, wide-bulwark'd Troy is ours.

So spake the seer, and as he spake, is done.  
 Wait, therefore, brave Achaians! go no<sup>400</sup>fence  
 Till Priam's spacious city be your prize.

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

Then Nestor the Gerenian,<sup>[13]</sup> warrior old,  
 Arising, spake; and, by the Gods, he said,  
 Ye more resemble children inexpert  
 In war, than disciplined and prudent men.  
 Where now are all your promises and ~~400~~oys,  
 Councils, libations, right-hand covenants?<sup>[14]</sup>  
 Burn them, since all our occupation here  
 Is to debate and wrangle, whereof end  
 Or fruit though long we wait, shall none be found.  
 But, Sovereign, be not thou appall'd. Be firm.  
 Relax not aught of thine accustomed sway,  
 But set the battle forth as thou art wont.  
 And if there be a Grecian, here and there,  
 One,<sup>[15]</sup> adverse to the general voice, let such  
 Wither alone. He shall not see his wish<sup>420</sup>  
 Gratified, neither will we hence return  
 To Argos, ere events shall yet have proved  
 Jove's promise false or true. For when we climb'd  
 Our gallant barks full-charged with Ilium's fate,  
 Saturnian Jove omnipotent, that day, 425  
 (Omen propitious!) thunder'd on the right.  
 Let no man therefore pant for home, till each  
 Possess a Trojan spouse, and from her lips  
 Take sweet revenge for Helen's pangs of heart.  
 Who then? What soldier languishes and sighs<sup>430</sup>  
 To leave us? Let him dare to lay his hand  
 On his own vessel, and he dies the first.  
 But hear, O King! I shall suggest a course  
 Not trivial. Agamemnon! sort the Greeks  
 By districts and by tribes, that tribe may<sup>435</sup>tribe  
 Support, and each his fellow. This performed,

And with consent of all, thou shalt discern  
 With ease what Chief, what private man deserts,  
 And who performs his part. The base, the brave,  
 Such disposition made, shall both appeal.<sup>440</sup>  
 And thou shalt also know, if heaven or we,  
 The Gods, or our supineness, succor Troy.

To whom Atrides, King of men, replied.  
 Old Chief! Thou passest all Achaia's sons  
 In consultation; would to Jove our Sire<sup>445</sup>  
 To Athenæan Pallas, and Apollo!  
 That I had ten such coadjutors, wise  
 As thou art, and the royal city soon  
 Of Priam, with her wealth, should all be ours.<sup>[16]</sup>  
 But me the son of Saturn, Jove supreme<sup>450</sup>  
 Himself afflicts, who in contentious broils  
 Involves me, and in altercation vain.  
 Thence all that wordy tempest for a girl  
 Achilles and myself between, and I  
 The fierce aggressor. Be that breach but seal'd!<sup>455</sup>  
 And Troy's reprieve thenceforth is at an end.  
 Go—take refreshment now that we may march  
 Forth to our enemies. Let each whet well  
 His spear, brace well his shield, well feed his brisk  
 High-mettled horses, well survey and search<sup>460</sup>  
 His chariot on all sides, that no defect  
 Disgrace his bright habiliments of war.  
 So will we give the day from morn to eve  
 To dreadful battle. Pause there shall be none  
 Till night divide us. Every buckler's thong<sup>465</sup>  
 Shall sweat on the toil'd bosom, every hand  
 That shakes the spear shall ache, and every steed  
 Shall smoke that whirls the chariot o'er the plain.  
 Wo then to whom I shall discover here  
 Loitering among the tents; let him escape<sup>470</sup>  
 My vengeance if he can. The vulture's maw  
 Shall have his carcase, and the dogs his bones.

He spake; whom all applauded with a shout  
 Loud as against some headland cliff the waves  
 Roll'd by the stormy South o'er rocks flat shoot<sup>475</sup>  
 Afar into the deep, which in all winds  
 The flood still overspreads, blow whence they may.  
 Arising, forth they rush'd, among the ships  
 All scatter'd; smoke from every tent arose,  
 The host their food preparing; next, his God<sup>480</sup>  
 Each man invoked (of the Immortals him  
 Whom he preferr'd) with sacrifice and prayer  
 For safe escape from danger and from death.  
 But Agamemnon to Saturnian Jove  
 Omnipotent, an ox of the fifth year      485  
 Full-flesh'd devoted, and the Princes call'd  
 Noblest of all the Grecians to his feast.  
 First, Nestor with Idomeneus the King,  
 Then either Ajax, and the son he call'd  
 Of Tydeus, with Ulysses sixth and last,<sup>490</sup>  
 Jove's peer in wisdom. Menelaus went,  
 Heroic Chief! unbidden, for he knew  
 His brother's mind with weight of care oppress'd.  
 The ox encircling, and their hands with meal

Of consecration fill'd, the assembly stood,  
When Agamemnon thus his prayer preferred.

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

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

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

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

He spake, nor Agamemnon not complied.  
At once he bade his clear-voiced heralds call  
The Greeks to battle. They the summons loud  
Gave forth, and at the sound the people throng'd.  
Then Agamemnon and the Kings of Greece  
Dispatchful drew them into order just,  
With whom Minerva azure-eyed advanced,  
The inestimable Ægis on her arm,      540  
Immortal, unobnoxious to decay  
A hundred braids, close twisted, all of gold,  
Each valued at a hundred beeves,[17] around  
Dependent fringed it. She from side to side  
Her eyes cerulean rolled, infusing thirst[45]  
Of battle endless into every breast.  
War won them now, war sweeter now to each  
Than gales to waft them over ocean home.[18]  
As when devouring flames some forest seize  
On the high mountains, splendid from afar  
The blaze appears, so, moving on the plain,  
The steel-clad host innumerable flash'd to heaven.

And as a multitude of fowls in flocks  
 Assembled various, geese, or cranes, or swans  
 Lithe-neck'd, long hovering o'er Caÿstos banks  
 On wanton plumes, successive on the mead  
 Alight at last, and with a clang so loud  
 That all the hollow vale of Asius rings;  
 In number such from ships and tents effused,  
 They cover'd the Scamandrian plain; the earth  
 Rebellow'd to the feet of steeds and men.  
 They overspread Scamander's grassy vale,  
 Myriads, as leaves, or as the flowers of spring.  
 As in the hovel where the peasant milks  
 His kine in spring-time, when his pails fill'd,  
 Thick clouds of humming insects on the wing  
 Swarm all around him, so the Grecians swarm'd  
 An unsumm'd multitude o'er all the plain,  
 Bright arm'd, high crested, and athirst for war.  
 As goat-herds separate their numerous flock  
 With ease, though fed promiscuous, with like ease  
 Their leaders them on every side reduced  
 To martial order glorious;<sup>[19]</sup> among whom  
 Stood Agamemnon "with an eye like Jove's,  
 To threaten or command," like Mars in strength,  
 And with the port of Neptune. As the bull  
 Conspicuous among all the herd appears,  
 For he surpasses all, such Jove ordain'd  
 That day the son of Atreus, in the midst  
 Of Heroes, eminent above them all. 580

Tell me, (for ye are are heavenly, and beheld<sup>[20]</sup>  
 A scene, whereof the faint report alone  
 Hath reached our ears, remote and ill-informed,)  
 Tell me, ye Muses, under whom, beneath  
 What Chiefs of royal or of humbler no<sup>585</sup>  
 Stood forth the embattled Greeks? The host at large;  
*They* were a multitude in number more  
 Than with ten tongues, and with ten mouths, each mouth  
 Made vocal with a trumpet's throat of brass  
 I might declare, unless the Olympian m<sup>590</sup>,  
 Jove's daughters, would the chronicle themselves  
 Indite, of all assembled, under Troy.  
 I will rehearse the Captains and their fleets.

[21]Boeotia's sturdy sons Peneleus led,  
 And Leitus, whose partners in command<sup>595</sup>  
 Arcesilaus and Prothoenor came,  
 And Clonius. Them the dwellers on the rocks  
 Of Aulis followed, with the hardy clans  
 Of Hyrie, Schoenos, Scholos, and the hills  
 Of Eteon; Thespia, Græa, and the plain<sup>600</sup>  
 Of Mycalessus them, and Harma served,  
 Eleon, Erythræ, Peteon; Hyle them,  
 Hesius and Ocalea, and the strength  
 Of Medeon; Copæ also in their train  
 Marched, with Eutresis and the mighty<sup>605</sup>  
 Of Thisbe famed for doves; nor pass unnamed  
 Whom Coronæa, and the grassy land  
 Of Haliartus added to the war,  
 Nor whom Platæa, nor whom Glissa bred,  
 And Hypothebæ,<sup>[22]</sup> and thy sacred groves<sup>610</sup>  
 To Neptune, dark Onchestus. Arne claims

A record next for her illustrious sons,  
 Vine-bearing Arne. Thou wast also there  
 Mideia, and thou Nissa; nor be thine  
 Though last, Anthedon, a forgotten name<sup>615</sup>  
 These in Boeotia's fair and gallant fleet  
 Of fifty ships, each bearing o'er the waves  
 Thrice forty warriors, had arrived at Troy.

In thirty ships deep-laden with the brave,  
 Aspledon and Orchomenos had sent 620  
 Their chosen youth; them ruled a noble pair,  
 Sons of Astyoche; she, lovely nymph,  
 Received by stealth, on Actor's stately roof,  
 The embraces of a God, and bore to Mars  
 Twins like himself, Ascalaphus the bold<sup>625</sup>,  
 And bold Ialmenus, expert in arms.

Beneath Epistrophus and Schedius, took  
 Their destined station on Boeotia's left,  
 The brave Phocensians; they in forty ships  
 From Cyparissus came, and from the rivers<sup>630</sup>  
 Of Python, and from Crissa the divine;  
 From Anemoria, Daulis, Panopeus,  
 And from Hyampolis, and from the banks  
 Of the Cephissus, sacred stream, and from  
 Lilaea, seated at its fountain-head. 635

Next from beyond Euboea's happy isle  
 In forty ships conveyed, stood forth well armed  
 The Locrians; dwellers in Augeia some  
 The pleasant, some of Opoëis possessed,  
 Some of Calliarus; these Scarpha sent,<sup>640</sup>  
 And Cynus those; from Bessa came the rest,  
 From Tarpha, Thronius, and from the brink  
 Of loud Boagrius; Ajax them, the swift,  
 Son of Oileus led, not such as he  
 From Telamon, big-boned and lofty but<sup>645</sup>  
 But small of limb, and of an humbler crest;  
 Yet he, competitor had none throughout  
 The Grecians of what land soe'er, for skill  
 In ushering to its mark the rapid lance.

Elphenor brought (Calchodon's mighty son)  
 The Eubœans to the field. In forty ships  
 From Histria for her vintage famed,  
 From Chalcis, from Iretria, from the gates  
 Of maritime Cerinthus, from the heights  
 Of Dios rock-built citadel sublime, 655  
 And from Caristus and from Styra came  
 His warlike multitudes, all named alike  
 Abantes, on whose shoulders fell behind  
 Their locks profuse,<sup>[23]</sup> and they were eager all  
 To split the hauberk with the pointed spear.

Nor Athens had withheld her generous sons,  
 The people of Erectheus. Him of old  
 The teeming glebe produced, a wondrous birth!  
 And Pallas rear'd him: her own unctuous fane  
 She made his habitation, where with bold<sup>665</sup>  
 The youth of Athens, and with slaughter'd lambs  
 Her annual worship celebrate. Then led  
 Menestheus, whom, (sage Nestor's self except,  
 Thrice school'd in all events of human life,)

None rivall'd ever in the just array     670  
 Of horse and man to battle. Fifty ships  
 Black-prowed, had borne them to the distant war.

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

The men of Argos and Tyrintha next,  
 And of Hermione, that stands retired  
 With Asine, within her spacious bay;  
 Of Epidaurus, crown'd with purple vines,  
 And of Trezena, with the Achaian you<sup>680</sup>  
 Of sea-begirt Ægina, and with thine,  
 Maseda, and the dwellers on thy coast,  
 Wave-worn Eionæ; these all obeyed  
 The dauntless Hero Diomede, whom served  
 Sthenelus, son of Capaneus, a Chief    685  
 Of deathless fame, his second in command,  
 And godlike man, Euryalus, the son  
 Of King Mecisteus, Talaüs' son, his third.  
 But Diomede controll'd them all, and him  
 Twice forty sable ships their leader ow<sup>690</sup>.

Came Agamemnon with a hundred ships,  
 Exulting in his powers; more numerous they,  
 And more illustrious far than other Chief  
 Could boast, whoever. Clad in burnish'd brass,  
 And conscious of pre-eminence, he sto<sup>695</sup>.  
 He drew his host from cities far renown'd,  
 Mycenæ, and Corinthus, seat of wealth,  
 Orneia, and Cleonæ bulwark'd strong,  
 And lovely Aræthyria; Sicyon, where  
 His seat of royal power held at the first<sup>700</sup>  
 Adrastus: Hyperesia, and the heights  
 Of Gonoëssa; Ægium, with the towns  
 That sprinkle all that far-extended coast,  
 Pellene also and wide Helice  
 With all their shores, were number'd in<sup>705</sup> his train.

From hollow Lacedæmon's glen profound,  
 From Phare, Sparta, and from Messa, still  
 Resounding with the ring-dove's amorous moan,  
 From Brysia, from Augeia, from the rocks  
 Of Laas, from Amycla, Otilus,     710  
 And from the towers of Helos, at whose foot  
 The surf of Ocean falls, came sixty barks  
 With Menelaus. From the monarch's host  
 The royal brother ranged his own apart,  
 and panted for revenge of Helen's wrongs,<sup>715</sup>  
 And of her sighs and tears.<sup>[24]</sup> From rank to rank,  
 Conscious of dauntless might he pass'd, and sent  
 Into all hearts the fervor of his own.

Gerenian Nestor in thrice thirty ships  
 Had brought his warriors; they from Pylos came,  
 From blithe Arene, and from Thryos, built  
 Fast by the fords of Alpheus, and from steep  
 And stately Æpy. Their confederate powers  
 Sent Amphigenia, Cyparissa veiled  
 With broad redundancy of funereal shades,<sup>725</sup>  
 Pteleos and Helos, and of deathless fame  
 Dorion. In Dorion erst the Muses met

Threïcian Thamyris, on his return  
 From Eurytus, Oechalian Chief, and hush'd  
 His song for ever; for he dared to vaun<sup>730</sup>  
 That he would pass in song even themselves  
 The Muses, daughters of Jove Ægis-arm'd.  
 They therefore, by his boast incensed, the bard  
 Struck blind, and from his memory dash'd severe  
 All traces of his once celestial strains. 735

Arcadia's sons, the dwellers at the foot  
 Of mount Cyllene, where Æpytus sleeps  
 Intomb'd; a generation bold in fight,  
 And warriors hand to hand; the valiant men  
 Of Pheneus, of Orchomenos by flocks 740  
 Grazed numberless, of Ripe, Stratia, bleak  
 Enispe; Mantinea city fair,  
 Stymphelus and Parrhasia, and the youth  
 Of Tegea; royal Agapenor these,  
 Ancæus' offspring, had in sixty ships 745  
 To Troy conducted; numerous was the crew,  
 And skilled in arms, which every vessel brought,  
 And Agamemnon had with barks himself  
 Supplied them, for, of inland realms possessed,  
 They little heeded maritime employs.<sup>750</sup>

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

Dulichium, and her sister sacred isles  
 The Echinades, whose opposite aspect<sup>765</sup>  
 Looks toward Elis o'er the curling waves,  
 Sent forth their powers with Meges at their head,  
 Brave son of Phyleus, warrior dear to Jove.  
 Phyleus in wrath, his father's house renounced,  
 And to Dulichium wandering, there abode.  
 Twice twenty ships had follow'd Meges forth.

Ulysses led the Cephallenians bold.  
 From Ithaca, and from the lofty woods  
 Of Neritus they came, and from the rocks  
 Of rude Ægilipa. Crocylia these, 775  
 And these Zacynthus own'd; nor yet a few  
 From Samos, from Epirus join'd their aid,  
 And from the opposite Ionian shore.  
 Them, wise as Jove himself, Ulysses led  
 In twelve fair ships, with crimson prow<sup>780</sup>dorn'd.

From forty ships, Thoas, Andræmon's son,  
 Had landed his Ætolians; for extinct  
 Was Meleager, and extinct the house  
 Of Oeneus all, nor Oeneus self survived;  
 To Thoas therefore had Ætolia fallen; 785

Him Olenos, Pylene, Chalcis served,  
With Pleuro, and the rock-bound Calydon.

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

Nine ships Tlepolemus, Herculean-born,  
For courage famed and for superior size<sup>800</sup>,  
Fill'd with his haughty Rhodians. They, in tribes  
Divided, dwelt distinct. Jelyssus these,  
Those Lindus, and the rest the shining soil  
Of white Camirus occupied. Him bore  
To Hercules, (what time he led the nymph<sup>805</sup>)  
From Ephyre, and from Sellea's banks,  
After full many a city laid in dust.)  
Astyocheia. In his father's house  
Magnificent, Tlepolemus spear-famed  
Had scarce up-grown to manhood's lusty prime  
When he his father's hoary uncle slew  
Lycimnius, branch of Mars. Then built he ships,  
And, pushing forth to sea, fled from the threats  
Of the whole house of Hercules. Huge toil  
And many woes he suffer'd, till at length<sup>810</sup>  
At Rhodes arriving, in three separate bands  
He spread himself abroad, Much was he loved  
Of all-commanding Jove, who bless'd him there,  
And shower'd abundant riches on them all.

Nireus of Syma, with three vessels came;  
Nireus, Aglæa's offspring, whom she bore  
To Charopus the King; Nireus in form,  
(The faultless son of Peleus sole except,)  
Loveliest of all the Grecians call'd to Troy.  
But he was heartless and his men were few.<sup>[26]</sup>

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

The warriors of Pelasgian Argos next,  
Of Alus, and Alope, and who held  
Treichina, Phthia, and for women fair 835  
Distinguish'd, Hellas; known by various names  
Hellenes, Myrmidons, Achæans, them  
In fifty ships embark'd, Achilles ruled.  
But these were deaf to the hoarse-throated war,  
For there was none to draw their battleforth,  
And give them just array. Close in his ships  
Achilles, after loss of the bright-hair'd  
Brisëis, lay, resentful; her obtained

Not without labor hard, and after sack  
 Of Thebes and of Lyrnessus, where he<sup>845w</sup>  
 Two mighty Chiefs, sons of Evenus both,  
 Epistrophus and Mynes, her he mourn'd,  
 And for her sake self-prison'd in his fleet  
 And idle lay, though soon to rise again.

From Phylace, and from the flowery<sup>850</sup> fields  
 Of Pyrrhasus, a land to Ceres given  
 By consecration, and from Iton green,  
 Mother of flocks; from Antron by the sea,  
 And from the grassy meads of Pteleus, came  
 A people, whom while yet he lived, the<sup>855</sup> grave  
 Protesilaüs led; but him the earth  
 Now cover'd dark and drear. A wife he left,  
 To rend in Phylace her bleeding cheeks,  
 And an unfinish'd mansion. First he died  
 Of all the Greeks; for as he leap'd to land<sup>860</sup>  
 Foremost by far, a Dardan struck him dead.  
 Nor had his troops, though filled with deep regret,  
 No leader; them Podarces led, a Chief  
 Like Mars in battle, brother of the slain,  
 But younger born, and from Iphiclus sprang<sup>865</sup>  
 Who sprang from Phylacus the rich in flocks.  
 But him Protesilaüs, as in years,  
 So also in desert of arms excell'd  
 Heroic, whom his host, although they saw  
 Podarces at their head, still justly mourn'd;<sup>870</sup>  
 For he was fierce in battle, and at Troy  
 With forty sable-sided ships arrived.

Eleven galleys, Pheræ on the lake,  
 And Boebe, and Iölchus, and the vale  
 Of Glaphyræ supplied with crews robust<sup>875</sup>  
 Under Eumelus; him Alcestis, praised  
 For beauty above all her sisters fair,  
 In Thessaly to King Admetus bore.

Methone, and Olizon's craggy coast,  
 With Melibœa and Thaumasia sent 880  
 Seven ships; their rowers were good archers all,  
 And every vessel dipped into the wave  
 Her fifty oars. Them Philoctetes, skill'd  
 To draw with sinewy arm the stubborn bow,  
 Commanded; but he suffering anguish<sup>885</sup>  
 Inflicted by a serpent's venom'd tooth,  
 Lay sick in Lemnos; him the Grecians there  
 Had left sore-wounded, but were destined soon  
 To call to dear remembrance whom they left.  
 Meantime, though sorrowing for his sake<sup>890</sup>, his troops  
 Yet wanted not a chief; them Medon ruled,  
 Whom Rhena to the far-famed conqueror bore  
 Oileus, fruit of their unsanction'd loves.

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

The men of Ormenus, and from beset<sup>900</sup>  
 The fountain Hypereia, from the tops

Of chalky Titan, and Asteria's band;  
Them ruled Eurypylus, Evæmon's son  
Illustrious, whom twice twenty ships obeyed.

Orthe, Gyrtone, Oloösson white, 905  
Argissa and Helone; they their youth  
Gave to control of Polypœtes, son  
Undaunted of Pirithoüs, son of Jove.  
Him, to Pirithoüs, (on the self-same day  
When he the Centaurs punish'd and put~~to~~<sup>to</sup>led  
Sheer to Æthicæ driven from Pelion's heights  
The shaggy race) Hippodamia bore.  
Nor he alone them led. With him was join'd  
Leonteus dauntless warrior, from the bold  
Coronus sprung, who Cæneus call'd his sire.  
Twice twenty ships awaited their command.

Guneus from Cyphus twenty and two ships  
Led forth; the Enienes him obey'd,  
And the robust Peroebi, warriors bold,  
And dwellers on Dodona's wintry brow<sup>920</sup>  
To these were join'd who till the pleasant fields  
Where Titaresius winds; the gentle flood  
Pours into Peneus all his limpid stores,  
But with the silver-edded Peneus flows  
Unmixt as oil; [27] for Stygian is his stream,  
And Styx is the inviolable oath.

Last with his forty ships, Tenthredon's son,  
The active Prothoüs came. From the green banks  
Of Peneus his Magnesians far and near  
He gather'd, and from Pelion forest-crone<sup>930</sup>d.

These were the princes and the Chiefs of Greece.  
Say, Muse, who most in personal desert  
Excell'd, and whose were the most warlike steeds  
And of the noblest strain. Their hue, their age,  
Their height the same, swift as the wind<sup>935</sup>of heaven  
And passing far all others, were the mares  
Which drew Eumelus; on Pierian hills  
The heavenly Archer of the silver bow,  
Apollo, bred them. But of men, the chief  
Was Telamonian Ajax, while wrath-bound<sup>940</sup>  
Achilles lay; for he was worthier far,  
And more illustrious were the steeds which bore  
The noble son of Peleus; but revenge  
On Agamemnon leader of the host  
Was all his thought, while in his gallant ships<sup>945</sup>  
Sharp-keel'd to cut the foaming flood, he lay.  
Meantime, along the margin of the deep  
His soldiers hurled the disk, or bent the bow.  
Or to its mark dispatch'd the quivering lance.  
Beside the chariots stood the unharnessed steeds<sup>950</sup>  
Cropping the lotus, or at leisure browsed  
On celery wild, from watery freshes gleaned.  
Beneath the shadow of the sheltering tent  
The chariot stood, while they, the charioteers  
Roam'd here and there the camp, their warlike lord  
Regretting sad, and idle for his sake.

As if a fire had burnt along the ground,  
Such seem'd their march; earth groan'd their steps beneath;  
As when in Arimi, where fame reports

Typhoëus stretch'd, the fires of angry <sup>960</sup>  
 Down darted, lash the ground, so groan'd the earth  
 Beneath them, for they traversed swift the plain.

And now from Jove, with heavy tidings charged,  
 Wind-footed Iris to the Trojans came.  
 It was the time of council, when the th<sup>965</sup>  
 At Priam's gate assembled, young and old:  
 Them, standing nigh, the messenger of heaven  
 Accosted with the voice of Priam's son,  
 Polites. He, confiding in his speed  
 For sure deliverance, posted was abro<sup>970</sup>  
 On Æsyeta's tomb, [28] intent to watch  
 When the Achaian host should leave the fleet.  
 The Goddess in his form thus them address'd.

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

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

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

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

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

Fast by the foot of Ida, where they drank  
 The limpid waters of Æsepus, dwelt  
 The Trojans of Zeleia. Rich were they  
 And led by Pandarus, Lycaon's son,  
 Whom Phœbus self graced with the b<sup>1010</sup>the bore.

Apæsus, Adrastea, Terie steep,  
 And Pitueia—them, Amphius clad  
 In mail thick-woven, and Adrastus, ruled.  
 They were the sons of the Percosian seer  
 Merops, expert in the soothsayers' art<sup>1015</sup>  
 Above all other; he his sons forbade

The bloody fight, but disobedient they  
Still sought it, for their destiny prevailed.

The warriors of Percote, and who dwelt  
In Practius, in Arisba, city fair, 1020  
In Sestus, in Abydus, march'd behind  
Princely Hyrtacides; his tawny steeds,  
Strong-built and tall, from Sellcentes' bank  
And from Arisba, had him borne to Troy.

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

The Thracians (all whom Hellespont includes  
Within the banks of his swift-racing ~~til~~<sup>1030</sup>)  
Heroic Acamas and Pirous led.  
Euphemus, offspring of Trœzenus, son  
Of Jove-protected Ceas, was the Chief  
Whom the spear-arm'd Ciconian band obey'd.

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

Pylæmenes, a Chief of giant might  
From the Eneti for forest-mules renoun~~1040~~  
March'd with his Paphlagonians; dwellers they  
In Sesamus and in Cytorus were,  
And by the stream Parthenius; Cromna these  
Sent forth, and those Ægialus on the lip  
And margin of the land, and some, th~~1045~~<sup>1045</sup>ights  
Of Erythini, rugged and abrupt.

Epistrophus and Odius from the land  
Of Alybe, a region far remote,  
Where veins of silver wind, led to the field  
The Halizonians. With the Mysians ~~c~~<sup>1050</sup>  
Chromis their Chief, and Ennomus; him skill'd  
In augury, but skill'd in vain, his art  
Saved not, but by Æacides<sup>[29]</sup> the swift,  
With others in the Xanthus<sup>[30]</sup> slain, he died.  
Ascanius, lovely youth, and Phorcis, ~~k~~<sup>1055</sup>  
The Phrygians from Ascania far remote,  
Ardent for battle. The Mœonian race,  
(All those who at the foot of Tmolus dwelt,)  
Mesthles and Antiphus, fraternal pair,  
Sons of Pylæmenes commanded, both~~1060~~<sup>1060</sup>  
Of the Gygæan lake in Lydia born.

Amphimachus and Nastes led to fight  
The Carians, people of a barbarous speech,<sup>[31]</sup>  
With the Milesians, and the mountain-race  
Of wood-crown'd Phthira, and who dwelt beside  
Mæander, or on Mycale sublime.  
Them led Amphimachus and Nastes, sons  
Renown'd of Nomion. Like a simple girl  
Came forth Amphimachus with gold bedight,  
But him his trappings from a woful d~~d~~<sup>1070</sup>  
Saved not, when whirled beneath the bloody tide  
To Peleus' stormy son his spoils he left.

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

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## BOOK III.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

The armies meet. Paris throws out a challenge to the Grecian Princes.

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

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## BOOK III.

[1]Now marshall'd all beneath their several chiefs,  
With deafening shouts, and with the clang of arms,  
The host of Troy advanced. Such clang is heard  
Along the skies, when from incessant showers  
Escaping, and from winter's cold, the cranes  
Take wing, and over Ocean speed away; [2]  
Wo to the land of dwarfs! prepared they fly  
For slaughter of the small Pygmæan race.  
Not so the Greeks; they breathing valor came,  
But silent all, and all with faithful heart<sup>10</sup>  
On succor mutual to the last, resolved.  
As when the south wind wraps the mountain top  
In mist the shepherd's dread, but to the thief  
Than night itself more welcome, and the eye  
Is bounded in its ken to a stone's cast, 15  
Such from beneath their footsteps dun and dense  
Uprose the dust, for swift they cross the plain.

When, host to host opposed, full nigh they stood,  
Then Alexander<sup>[3]</sup> in the Trojan van  
Advanced was seen, all beauteous as a God;  
His leopard's skin, his falchion and his bow  
Hung from his shoulder; bright with heads of brass  
He shook two spears, and challenged to the fight  
The bravest Argives there, defying all.  
Him, striding haughtily his host before 25  
When Menelaus saw, such joy he felt  
As hunger-pinch'd the lion feels, by chance  
Conducted to some carcase huge, wild goat,  
Or antler'd stag; huntsmen and baying hounds  
Disturb not him, he gorges in their sight<sup>30</sup>  
So Menelaus at the view rejoiced  
Of lovely Alexander, for he hoped

His punishment at hand. At once, all armed,  
Down from his chariot to the ground he leap'd

When godlike Paris him in front beheld  
Conspicuous, his heart smote him, and his fate  
Avoiding, far within the lines he shrank.<sup>[4]</sup>  
As one, who in some woodland height descrying  
A serpent huge, with sudden start recoils,  
His limbs shake under him; with caution<sup>[49]</sup> step  
He slow retires; fear blanches cold his cheeks;  
So beauteous Alexander at the sight  
Of Atreus' son dishearten'd sore, the ranks  
Of haughty Trojans enter'd deep again:  
Him Hector eyed, and thus rebuked severely.

Curst Paris! Fair deceiver! Woman-mad!  
I would to all in heaven that thou hadst died  
Unborn, at least unmated! happier far  
Than here to have incur'd this public shame!  
Well may the Grecians taunt, and laugh<sup>[50]</sup> loud,  
Applaud the champion, slow indeed to fight  
And pusillanimous, but wondrous fair.  
Wast thou as timid, tell me, when with those  
Thy loved companions in that famed exploit,  
Thou didst consort with strangers, and convey  
From distant lands a warrior's beauteous bride  
To be thy father's and his people's curse,  
Joy to our foes, but to thyself reproach?  
Behold her husband! Darest thou not to face  
The warlike prince? Now learn how brave<sup>[60]</sup> a Chief  
Thou hast defrauded of his blooming spouse.  
Thy lyre, thy locks, thy person, specious gifts  
Of partial Venus, will avail thee nought,  
Once mixt by Menelaus with the dust.  
But we are base ourselves, or long ago,<sup>[65]</sup>  
For all thy numerous mischiefs, thou hadst slept  
Secure beneath a coverlet<sup>[5]</sup> of stone.<sup>[6]</sup>

Then godlike Alexander thus replied.  
Oh Hector, true in temper as the axe  
Which in the shipwright's hand the naval plank  
Divides resistless, doubling all his force,  
Such is thy dauntless spirit whose reproach  
Perforce I own, nor causeless nor unjust.  
Yet let the gracious gifts uncensured pass  
Of golden Venus; man may not reject 75  
The glorious bounty by the Gods bestow'd,  
Nor follows their beneficence our choice.  
But if thy pleasure be that I engage  
With Menelaus in decision fierce  
Of desperate combat bid the host of Troy<sup>[80]</sup>  
And bid the Grecians sit; then face to face  
Commit us, in the vacant field between,  
To fight for Helen and for all her wealth.  
Who strongest proves, and conquers, he, of her  
And hers possess'd shall bear them safe<sup>[85]</sup>away;  
While ye (peace sworn and firm accord) shall dwell  
At Troy, and these to Argos shall return  
And to Achaia praised for women fair.

He ceased, whom Hector heard with joy; he moved  
Into the middle space, and with his spear<sup>[90]</sup>

Advanced athwart push'd back the Trojan van,  
And all stood fast. Meantime at him the Greeks  
Discharged full volley, showering thick around  
From bow and sling;<sup>[7]</sup> when with a mighty voice  
Thus Agamemnon, leader of the host. 95

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

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

Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye Greeks <sup>100</sup>il-arm'd,  
While I shall publish in your ears the words  
Of Alexander, author of our strife.  
Trojans, he bids, and Grecians on the field  
Their arms dispose; while he, the hosts between,  
With warlike Menelaus shall in fight 105  
Contend for Helen, and for all her wealth.  
Who strongest proves, and conquers, he, of her  
And hers possess'd, shall bear them safe away,  
And oaths of amity shall bind the rest.

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

Hear now me also, on whose aching heart  
These woes have heaviest fallen. At last I hope  
Decision near, Trojans and Greeks between,  
For ye have suffer'd in my quarrel mud<sup>115</sup>  
And much by Paris, author of the war.  
Die he who must, and peace be to the rest.  
But ye shall hither bring two lambs, one white,  
The other black;<sup>[8]</sup> this to the Earth devote,  
That to the Sun. We shall ourselves supply  
A third for Jove. Then bring ye Priam forth,  
Himself to swear the covenant, (for his sons  
Are faithless) lest the oath of Jove be scorn'd.  
Young men are ever of unstable mind;  
But when an elder interferes, he views<sup>125</sup>  
Future and past together, and insures  
The compact, to both parties, uninfringed.

So Menelaus spake; and in all hearts  
Awaken'd joyful hope that there should end  
War's long calamities. Alighted each, 130  
And drew his steeds into the lines. The field  
Glitter'd with arms put off, and side by side,  
Ranged orderly, while the interrupted war  
Stood front to front, small interval between.

Then Hector to the city sent in hast<sup>135</sup>  
Two heralds for the lambs, and to invite  
Priam; while Agamemnon, royal Chief,  
Talthybius to the Grecian fleet dismiss'd  
For a third lamb to Jove; nor he the voice  
Of noble Agamemnon disobey'd. 140

Iris, ambassadress of heaven, the while,  
To Helen came. Laödice she seem'd,  
Loveliest of all the daughters of the house  
Of Priam, wedded to Antenor's son,  
King Helicäon. Her she found within, 145  
An ample web magnificent she wove,<sup>[9]</sup>  
Inwrought with numerous conflicts for her sake

Beneath the hands of Mars endured by Greeks  
Mail-arm'd, and Trojans of equestrian fame.  
Swift Iris, at her side, her thus address<sup>150</sup>

Haste, dearest nymph! a wondrous sight behold!  
Greeks brazen-mail'd, and Trojans steed-renown'd.  
So lately on the cruel work of Mars  
Intent and hot for mutual havoc, sit  
Silent; the war hath paused, and on his<sup>155</sup> shield  
Each leans, his long spear planted at his side.  
Paris and Menelaus, warrior bold,  
With quivering lances shall contend for thee,  
And thou art his who conquers; his for ever.

So saying, the Goddess into Helen's<sup>160</sup> boudoir  
Sweetest desire infused to see again  
Her former Lord, her parents, and her home.  
At once o'ermantled with her snowy veil  
She started forth, and as she went let fall  
A tender tear; not unaccompanied      165  
She went, but by two maidens of her train  
Attended, Æthra, Pittheus' daughter fair,  
And soft-eyed Clymene. Their hasty steps  
Convey'd them quickly to the Scæan gate.  
There Priam, Panthous, Clytius, Lamp<sup>170</sup>sat,  
Thymoetes, Hicetaon, branch of Mars,  
Antenor and Ucalegon the wise,  
All, elders of the people; warriors erst,  
But idle now through age, yet of a voice  
Still indefatigable as the fly's<sup>175</sup>      175  
Which perch'd among the boughs sends forth at noon  
Through all the grove his slender ditty sweet.  
Such sat those Trojan leaders on the tower,  
Who, soon as Helen on the steps they saw,  
In accents quick, but whisper'd, thus re<sup>180</sup>mark'd.

Trojans and Grecians wage, with fair excuse,  
Long war for so much beauty.<sup>111</sup> Oh, how like  
In feature to the Goddesses above!  
Pernicious loveliness! Ah, hence away,  
Resistless as thou art and all divine,    185  
Nor leave a curse to us, and to our sons.

So they among themselves; but Priam call'd  
Fair Helen to his side.<sup>112</sup> My daughter dear!  
Come, sit beside me. Thou shalt hence discern  
Thy former Lord, thy kindred and thy friends.  
I charge no blame on thee. The Gods have caused,  
Not thou, this lamentable war to Troy.<sup>113</sup>  
Name to me yon Achaian Chief for bulk  
Conspicuous, and for port. Taller indeed  
I may perceive than he; but with these b<sup>195</sup>yes  
Saw never yet such dignity, and grace.  
Declare his name. Some royal Chief he seems.

To whom thus Helen, loveliest of her sex,  
My other Sire! by me for ever held  
In reverence, and with filial fear below<sup>200</sup>  
Oh that some cruel death had been my choice,  
Rather than to abandon, as I did,  
All joys domestic, matrimonial bliss,  
Brethren, dear daughter, and companions dear,  
A wanderer with thy son. Yet I alas!    205

Died not, and therefore now, live but to weep.  
 But I resolve thee. Thou behold'st the son  
 Of Atreus, Agamemnon, mighty king,  
 In arms heroic, gracious in the throne,  
 And, (though it shame me now to call him such,)  
 By nuptial ties a brother once to me.

Then him the ancient King-admiring, said.  
 Oh blest Atrides, happy was thy birth,  
 And thy lot glorious, whom this gallant host  
 So numerous, of the sons of Greece obey'd  
 To vine-famed Phrygia, in my days of youth,  
 I journey'd; many Phrygians there I saw,  
 Brave horsemen, and expert; they were the powers  
 Of Otreus and of Mygdon, godlike Chief,  
 And on the banks of Sangar's stream camp'd.  
 I march'd among them, chosen in that war  
 Ally of Phrygia, and it was her day  
 Of conflict with the man-defying race,  
 The Amazons; yet multitudes like these  
 Thy bright-eyed Greeks, I saw not even here.

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

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

Then answer thus, Antenor sage return'd.  
 Princess thou hast described him: hithe once  
 The noble Ithacan, on thy behalf  
 Ambassador with Menelaus, came:  
 Beneath my roof, with hospitable fare  
 Friendly I entertained them. Seeing then  
 Occasion opportune, I closely mark'd  
 The genius and the talents of the Chiefs,  
 And this I noted well; that when they stood  
 Amid the assembled counsellors of Troy,  
 Then Menelaus his advantage show'd,  
 Who by the shoulders overtopp'd his friend.  
 But when both sat, Ulysses in his air  
 Had more of state and dignity than he.  
 In the delivery of a speech address'd  
 To the full senate, Menelaus used  
 Few words, but to the matter, fitly ranged,  
 And with much sweetness utter'd; for in loose  
 And idle play of ostentatious terms  
 He dealt not, though he were the younger man.  
 But when the wise Ulysses from his seat  
 Had once arisen, he would his downcast eyes  
 So rivet on the earth, and with a hand  
 That seem'd untutor'd in its use, so hold  
 His sceptre, swaying it to neither side,

That hadst thou seen him, thou hadst thought him, sure,  
Some chafed and angry idiot, passion-<sup>265</sup>.  
Yet, when at length, the clear and mellow base  
Of his deep voice brake forth, and he let fall  
His chosen words like flakes of feather'd snow,  
None then might match Ulysses; leisure, then,  
Found none to wonder at his noble for<sup>270</sup>.

The third of whom the venerable king  
Inquired, was Ajax.— Yon Achaian tall,  
Whose head and shoulders tower above the rest,  
And of such bulk prodigious—who is he?

Him answer'd Helen, loveliest of her<sup>275</sup> sex.  
A bulwark of the Greeks. In him thou seest  
Gigantic Ajax. Opposite appear  
The Cretans, and among the Chiefs of Crete  
stands, like a God, Idomeneus. Him oft  
From Crete arrived, was Menelaüs wo<sup>280</sup>  
To entertain; and others now I see,  
Achaeans, whom I could recall to mind,  
And give to each his name; but two brave youths  
I yet discern not; for equestrian skill  
One famed, and one a boxer never foile<sup>285</sup>  
My brothers; born of Leda; sons of Jove;  
Castor and Pollux. Either they abide  
In lovely Sparta still, or if they came,  
Decline the fight, by my disgrace abash'd  
And the reproaches which have fallen <sup>290</sup>me.[\[14\]](#)

She said; but they already slept inhumed  
In Lacedemon, in their native soil.

And now the heralds, through the streets of Troy  
Charged with the lambs, and with a goat-skin filled  
With heart-exhilarating wine prepared<sup>295</sup>  
For that divine solemnity, return'd.  
Idæus in his hand a beaker bore  
Resplendent, with its fellow cups of gold,  
And thus he summon'd ancient Priam forth.

Son of Laomedon, arise. The Chiefs<sup>300</sup>  
Call thee, the Chiefs of Ilium and of Greece.  
Descend into the plain. We strike a truce,  
And need thine oath to bind it. Paris fights  
With warlike Menelaüs for his spouse;  
Their spears decide the strife. The conq<sup>305</sup>ueror wins  
Helen and all her treasures. We, thenceforth,  
(Peace sworn and amity) shall dwell secure  
In Troy, while they to Argos shall return  
And to Achaia praised for women fair.

He spake, and Priam, shuddering, b<sup>310</sup>ad<sup>θ</sup> his train  
Prepare his steeds; they sedulous obey'd.  
First, Priam mounting, backward stretch'd the reins;  
Antenor, next, beside him sat, and through  
The Scæan gate they drove into the plain.  
Arriving at the hosts of Greece and Tr<sup>315</sup>oy  
They left the chariot, and proceeded both  
Into the interval between the hosts.  
Then uprose Agamemnon, and uprose  
All-wise Ulysses. Next, the heralds came  
Conspicuous forward, expediting each<sup>320</sup>  
The ceremonial; they the beaker fill'd

With wine, and to the hands of all the kings  
 Minister'd water. Agamemnon then  
 Drawing his dagger which he ever bore  
 Appendant to his heavy falchion's sheath,  
 Cut off the forelocks of the lambs,<sup>[15]</sup> of which  
 The heralds gave to every Grecian Chief  
 A portion, and to all the Chiefs of Troy.  
 Then Agamemnon raised his hands, and pray'd.

Jove, Father, who from Ida stretches<sup>330</sup> forth  
 Thine arm omnipotent, o'erruling all,  
 And thou, all-seeing and all-hearing Sun,  
 Ye Rivers, and thou conscious Earth, and ye  
 Who under earth on human kind avenge  
 Severe, the guilt of violated oaths,    335  
 Hear ye, and ratify what now we swear!  
 Should Paris slay the hero amber-hair'd,  
 My brother Menelaüs, Helen's wealth  
 And Helen's self are his, and all our host  
 Shall home return to Greece; but shoul<sup>340</sup> chance  
 That Paris fall by Menelaüs' hand,  
 Then Troy shall render back what she detains,  
 With such amercement as is meet, a sum  
 To be remember'd in all future times.  
 Which penalty should Priam and his sons<sup>345</sup>  
 Not pay, though Paris fall, then here in arms  
 I will contend for payment of the mulct  
 My due, till, satisfied, I close the war.

He said, and with his ruthless steel the lambs  
 Stretch'd panting all, but soon they ceased to pant,<sup>350</sup>  
 For mortal was the stroke.<sup>[16]</sup> Then drawing forth  
 Wine from the beaker, they with brimming cups  
 Hail'd the immortal Gods, and pray'd again,  
 And many a Grecian thus and Trojan spake.

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

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

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

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

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

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

So spake the hosts; then Hector shook the lots,  
 Majestic Chief, turning his face aside. 385  
 Forth sprang the lot of Paris. They in ranks  
 Sat all, where stood the fiery steeds of each,  
 And where his radiant arms lay on the field.  
 Illustrious Alexander his bright arms  
 Put on, fair Helen's paramour. [17]He <sup>390</sup>clad  
 His polish'd greaves with silver studs secured;  
 His brother's corselet to his breast he bound,  
 Lycaon's, apt to his own shape and size,  
 And slung athwart his shoulders, bright emboss'd,  
 His brazen sword; his massy buckler <sup>395</sup>broad  
 He took, and to his graceful head his casque  
 Adjusted elegant, which, as he moved,  
 Its bushy crest waved dreadful; last he seized,  
 Well fitted to his gripe, his ponderous spear.  
 Meantime the hero Menelaüs made 400  
 Like preparation, and his arms put on.

When thus, from all the multitude apart,  
 Both combatants had arm'd, with eyes that flash'd  
 Defiance, to the middle space they strode,  
 Trojans and Greeks between. Astonish'd <sup>405</sup>  
 Seized all beholders. On the measured ground  
 Full near they stood, each brandishing on high  
 His massy spear, and each was fiery wroth.

First, Alexander his long-shadow'd spear  
 Sent forth, and on his smooth shield's <sup>410</sup>surface struck  
 The son of Atreus, but the brazen guard  
 Pierced not, for at the disk, with blunted point  
 Reflex, his ineffectual weapon stay'd.  
 Then Menelaüs to the fight advanced  
 Impetuous, after prayer offer'd to Jove<sup>415</sup>

King over all! now grant me to avenge  
 My wrongs on Alexander; now subdue  
 The aggressor under me; that men unborn  
 May shudder at the thought of faith abused,  
 And hospitality with rape repaid. 420  
 He said, and brandishing his massy spear,  
 Dismiss'd it. Through the burnish'd buckler broad  
 Of Priam's son the stormy weapon flew,  
 Transpierced his costly hauberk, and the vest  
 Ripp'd on his flank; but with a sideward <sup>425</sup>bend  
 He baffled it, and baulk'd the dreadful death.

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

Jupiter! of all powers by man adored  
 To me most adverse! Confident I hoped

Revenge for Paris' treason, but my sword  
Is shivered, and I sped my spear in vain.

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

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

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

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

To whom, the foam-sprung Goddess, thus incensed.  
Ah wretch! provoke not me; lest in my wrath  
Abandoning thee, I not hate thee less      490  
Than now I fondly love thee, and beget

Such detestation of thee in all hearts,  
Grecian and Trojan, that thou die abhor'd.

The Goddess ceased. Jove's daughter, Helen, fear'd,  
And, in her lucid veil close wrapt around<sup>495</sup>  
Silent retired, of all those Trojan dames  
Unseen, and Venus led, herself, the way.  
Soon then as Alexander's fair abode  
They reach'd, her maidens quick their tasks resumed,  
And she to her own chamber lofty-roof<sup>500</sup>  
Ascended, loveliest of her sex. A seat  
For Helen, daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd,  
To Paris opposite, the Queen of smiles  
Herself disposed; but with averted eyes  
She sat before him, and him keen reproach'd.

Thou hast escaped.—Ah would that thou hadst died  
By that heroic arm, mine husband's erst!  
Thou once didst vaunt thee in address and strength  
Superior. Go then—challenge yet again  
The warlike Menelaüs forth in fight. 510  
But hold. The hero of the amber locks  
Provoke no more so rashly, lest the point  
Of his victorious spear soon stretch thee dead.

She ended, to whom Paris thus replied.  
Ah Helen, wound me not with taunt severity!  
Me, Menelaüs, by Minerva's aid,  
Hath vanquish'd now, who may hereafter, him.  
We also have our Gods. But let us love.  
For never since the day when thee I bore  
From pleasant Lacedæmon o'er the waves<sup>520</sup>  
To Cranæ's fair isle, and first enjoy'd  
Thy beauty, loved I as I love thee now,  
Or felt such sweetness of intense desire.

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

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

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

So spake Atrides, and Achaia's host  
With loud applause confirm'd the monarch's claim.

## BOOK IV.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

In a Council of the Gods, a dispute arises between Jupiter and Juno, which is at last compromised, Jove consenting to dispatch Minerva with a charge to incite some Trojan to a violation of the truce. Minerva descends for that purpose, and in the form of Laodocus, a son of Priam, exhorts Pandarus to shoot at Menelaus, and succeeds. Menelaus is wounded, and Agamemnon having consigned him to the care of Machaon, goes forth to perform the duties of commander-in-chief, in the encouragement of his host to battle. The battle begins.

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## BOOK IV.

Now, on the golden floor of Jove's abode  
 The Gods all sat consulting; Hebe them,  
 Graceful, with nectar served;<sup>[1]</sup> they pledging each  
 His next, alternate quaff'd from cups of gold,  
 And at their ease reclined, look'd down on Troy,  
 When, sudden, Jove essay'd by piercing speech  
 Invidious, to enkindle Juno's ire.

Two Goddesses on Menelaus' part  
 Confederate stand, Juno in Argos known,  
 Pallas in Alalcomene;<sup>[2]</sup> yet they      10  
 Sequester'd sit, look on, and are amused.  
 Not so smile-loving Venus; she, beside  
 Her champion station'd, saves him from his fate,  
 And at this moment, by her aid, he lives.  
 But now, since victory hath proved the lot  
 Of warlike Menelaus, weigh ye well  
 The matter; shall we yet the ruinous strife  
 Prolong between the nations, or consent  
 To give them peace? should peace your preference win,  
 And prove alike acceptable to all,      20  
 Stand Ilium, and let Menelaus bear  
 Helen of Argos back to Greece again.

He ended; Juno and Minerva heard,  
 Low-murmuring deep disgust; for side by side  
 They forging sat calamity to Troy.      25  
 Minerva through displeasure against Jove  
 Nought utter'd, for with rage her bosom boil'd;  
 But Juno check'd not hers, who thus replied.

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

Then her the Thunderer answer'd sore displeased.  
 Ah shameless! how have Priam and his sons  
 So much transgress'd against thee, that thou burn'st  
 With ceaseless rage to ruin populous Troy?  
 Go, make thine entrance at her lofty gates,  
 Priam and all his house, and all his host<sup>40</sup>  
 Alive devour; then, haply, thou wilt rest;  
 Do even as thou wilt, that this dispute  
 Live not between us a consuming fire  
 For ever. But attend; mark well the word.  
 When I shall also doom in future time <sup>45</sup>  
 Some city to destruction, dear to thee,  
 Oppose me not, but give my fury way  
 As I give way to thine, not pleased myself,  
 Yet not unsatisfied, so thou be pleased.  
 For of all cities of the sons of men, <sup>50</sup>  
 And which the sun and stars from heaven behold,  
 Me sacred Troy most pleases, Priam me  
 Most, and the people of the warrior King.  
 Nor without cause. They feed mine altar well;  
 Libation there, and steam of savory scent  
 Fail not, the tribute which by lot is ours.

Him answer'd, then, the Goddess ample-eyed,<sup>[3]</sup>  
 Majestic Juno: Three fair cities me,  
 Of all the earth, most interest and engage,  
 Mycenæ for magnificence renown'd, <sup>60</sup>  
 Argos, and Sparta. Them, when next thy wrath  
 Shall be inflamed against them, lay thou waste;  
 I will not interpose on their behalf;  
 Thou shalt not hear me murmur; what avail  
 Complaint or force against thy matchless arm?<sup>65</sup>  
 Yet were it most unmeet that even I  
 Should toil in vain; I also boast a birth  
 Celestial; Saturn deeply wise, thy Sire,  
 Is also mine; our origin is one.  
 Thee I acknowledge Sovereign, yet account  
 Myself entitled by a twofold claim  
 To veneration both from Gods and men,  
 The daughter of Jove's sire, and spouse of Jove.  
 Concession mutual therefore both thyself  
 Befits and me, whom when the Gods perceive  
 Disposed to peace, they also shall accord.  
 Come then.—To yon dread field dispatch in haste  
 Minerva, with command that she incite  
 The Trojans first to violate their oath  
 By some fresh insult on the exulting Greeks.

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

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

The Goddess heard, and what she wish'd, enjoin'd,  
 Down-darted swift from the Olympian heights,  
 In form a meteor, such as from his hand  
 Not seldom Jove dismisses, beaming bright  
 And breaking into stars, an omen sent 90  
 To mariners, or to some numerous host.  
 Such Pallas seem'd, and swift descending, dropp'd  
 Full in the midst between them. They with awe  
 That sign portentous and with wonder view'd,  
 Achaians both and Trojans, and his nex<sup>θ</sup>5  
 The soldier thus bespake. Now either war  
 And dire hostility again shall flame,  
 Or Jove now gives us peace. Both are from Jove.

So spake the soldiery; but she the form  
 Taking of brave Laodocus, the son 100  
 Of old Antenor, throughout all the ranks  
 Sought godlike Pandarus.<sup>[4]</sup> Ere long she found  
 The valiant son illustrious of Lycaon,  
 Standing encompass'd by his dauntless troops,  
 Broad-shielded warriors, from Aesepus<sup>θ</sup> stream  
 His followers; to his side the Goddess came,  
 And in wing'd accents ardent him bespake.

Brave offspring of Lycaon, is there hope  
 That thou wilt hear my counsel? darest thou slip  
 A shaft at Menelaus? much renown 110  
 Thou shalt and thanks from all the Trojans win,  
 But most of all, from Paris, prince of Troy.  
 From him illustrious gifts thou shalt receive  
 Doubtless, when Menelaus he shall see  
 The martial son of Atreus by a shaft 115  
 Subdued of thine, placed on his funeral pile.  
 Come. Shoot at Menelaus, glorious Chief!  
 But vow to Lycian Phœbus bow-renown'd  
 A hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock,  
 To fair Zeleia's<sup>[5]</sup> walls once safe restored.

So Pallas spake, to whom infatuate he  
 Listening, uncased at once his polished bow.<sup>[6]</sup>  
 That bow, the laden brows of a wild goat  
 Salacious had supplied; him on a day  
 Forth-issuing from his cave, in ambush<sup>θ</sup> placed  
 He wounded with an arrow to his breast  
 Dispatch'd, and on the rock supine he fell.  
 Each horn had from his head tall growth attain'd,  
 Full sixteen palms; them shaven smooth the smith  
 Had aptly join'd, and tipt their points w<sup>θ</sup>10 gold.  
 That bow he strung, then, stooping, planted firm  
 The nether horn, his comrades bold the while  
 Screening him close with shields, lest ere the prince  
 Were stricken, Menelaus brave in arms,  
 The Greeks with fierce assault should interpose.  
 He raised his quiver's lid; he chose a dart  
 Unflown, full-fledged, and barb'd with pangs of death.  
 He lodged in haste the arrow on the string,  
 And vow'd to Lycian Phœbus bow-renown'd  
 A hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock, 140  
 To fair Zeleia's walls once safe restored.  
 Compressing next nerve and notch'd arrow-head  
 He drew back both together, to his pap  
 Drew home the nerve, the barb home to his bow,

And when the horn was curved to a ~~wit~~<sup>145</sup>arch,  
He twang'd it. Whizz'd the bowstring, and the reed  
Leap'd off, impatient for the distant throng.

Thee, Menelaus, then the blessed Gods  
Forgat not; Pallas huntress of the spoil,  
Thy guardian then, baffled the cruel da~~t~~<sup>150</sup>  
Far as a mother wafts the fly aside<sup>[7]</sup>  
That haunts her slumbering babe, so far she drove  
Its course aslant, directing it herself  
Against the golden clasps that join'd his belt;  
For there the doubled hauberk interpos'd  
The bitter arrow plunged into his belt.  
It pierced his broider'd belt, stood fixt within  
His twisted hauberk, nor the interior quilt,  
Though penetrable least to arrow-points  
And his best guard, withheld it, but it pass'd  
That also, and the Hero's skin inscribed.  
Quick flowed a sable current from the wound.

As when a Carian or Mæonian maid  
Impurples ivory ordain'd to grace  
The cheek of martial steed; safe stored<sup>165</sup> lies,  
By many a Chief desired, but proves at last  
The stately trapping of some prince,<sup>[8]</sup> the pride  
Of his high pamper'd steed, nor less his own;  
Such, Menelaus, seem'd thy shapely thighs,  
Thy legs, thy feet, stained with thy trickling blood.

Shudder'd King Agamemnon when he saw  
The blood fast trickling from the wound, nor less  
Shudder'd himself the bleeding warrior bold.  
But neck and barb observing from the flesh  
Extant, he gather'd heart, and lived again.  
The royal Agamemnon, sighing, grasp'd  
The hand of Menelaus, and while all  
Their followers sigh'd around them, thus began.<sup>[9]</sup>

I swore thy death, my brother, when I swore  
This truce, and set thee forth in sight of Greeks  
And Trojans, our sole champion; for the foe  
Hath trodden underfoot his sacred oath,  
And stained it with thy blood. But not in vain,  
The truce was ratified, the blood of lambs  
Poured forth, libation made, and right hands join'd  
In holy confidence. The wrath of Jove  
May sleep, but will not always; they shall pay  
Dear penalty; their own obnoxious heads  
Shall be the mulct, their children and their wives.  
For this I know, know surely; that a day  
Shall come, when Ilium, when the warlike King  
Of Ilium and his host shall perish all.  
Saturnian Jove high-throned, dwelling in heaven,  
Resentful of this outrage, then shall shake  
His storm-clad Ægis over them. He will<sup>195</sup>  
I speak no fable. Time shall prove me true.  
But, oh my Menelaus, dire distress  
Awaits me, if thy close of life be come,  
And thou must die. Then ignominy foul  
Shall hunt me back to Argos long-desire<sup>200</sup>,  
For then all here will recollect their home,  
And, hope abandoning, will Helen yield

To be the boast of Priam, and of Troy.  
 So shall our toils be vain, and while thy bones  
 Shall waste these clods beneath, Troy's ~~205~~haughty sons  
 The tomb of Menelaus glory-crown'd  
 Insulting barbarous, shall scoff at me.  
 So may Atrides, shall they say, perform  
 His anger still as he performed it here,  
 Whither he led an unsuccessful host, 210  
 Whence he hath sail'd again without the spoils,  
 And where he left his brother's bones to rot.  
 So shall the Trojan speak; then open earth  
 Her mouth, and hide me in her deepest gulfs!

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

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

He ended, and his noble herald, next~~225~~  
 Bespoke, Talthybius. Haste, call hither quick  
 The son of Æsculapius, leech renown'd,  
 The prince Machaon. Bid him fly to attend  
 The warlike Chieftain Menelaus; him  
 Some archer, either Lycian or of Troy,~~230~~  
 A dexterous one, hath stricken with a shaft  
 To his own glory, and to our distress.

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

Haste, Asclepiades! The King of me~~240~~  
 Calls thee. Delay not. Thou must visit quick  
 Brave Menelaus, Atreus' son, for him  
 Some archer, either Lycian or of Troy,  
 A dexterous one, hath stricken with a shaft  
 To his own glory, and to our distress. 245

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

While Menelaus thus the cares engross'd  
 Of all those Chiefs, the shielded power<sup>260</sup> of Troy  
 'Gan move toward them, and the Greeks again  
 Put on their armor, mindful of the fight.  
 Then hadst thou<sup>[10]</sup> not great Agamemnon seen  
 Slumbering, or trembling, or averse from war,  
 But ardent to begin his glorious task. 265  
 His steeds, and his bright chariot brass-inlaid  
 He left; the snorting steeds Eurymedon,  
 Offspring of Ptolemy Piraïdes  
 Detain'd apart; for him he strict enjoin'd  
 Attendance near, lest weariness of limb<sup>270</sup>  
 Should seize him marshalling his numerous host.  
 So forth he went, and through the files on foot  
 Proceeding, where the warrior Greeks he saw  
 Alert, he roused them by his words the more.<sup>[11]</sup>

Argives! abate no spark of all your fire<sup>275</sup>.  
 Jove will not prosper traitors. Them who first  
 Transgress'd the truce the vultures shall devour,  
 But we (their city taken) shall their wives  
 Lead captive, and their children home to Greece.

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

Oh Greeks! The shame of Argos! Arrow-doom'd!  
 Blush ye not? Wherefore stand ye thus aghast,  
 Like fawns which wearied after scouring<sup>285</sup> wide  
 The champain, gaze and pant, and can no more?  
 Senseless like them ye stand, nor seek the fight.  
 Is it your purpose patient here to wait  
 Till Troy invade your vessels on the shore  
 Of the grey deep, that ye may trial make<sup>290</sup>  
 Of Jove, if he will prove, himself, your shield?

Thus, in discharge of his high office, pass'd  
 Atrides through the ranks, and now arrived  
 Where, hardy Chief! Idomeneus in front  
 Of his bold Cretans stood, stout as a boar<sup>295</sup>  
 The van he occupied, while in the rear  
 Meriones harangued the most remote.  
 Them so prepared the King of men beheld  
 With joyful heart, and thus in courteous terms  
 Instant the brave Idomeneus address'd<sup>300</sup>

Thee fighting, feasting, howsoe'er employed,  
 I most respect, Idomeneus, of all  
 The well-horsed Danai; for when the Chiefs  
 Of Argos, banqueting, their beakers charge  
 With rosy wine the honorable meed 305  
 Of valor, thou alone of all the Greeks  
 Drink'st not by measure.<sup>[12]</sup> No—thy goblet stands  
 Replenish'd still, and like myself thou know'st  
 No rule or bound, save what thy choice prescribes.  
 March. Seek the foe. Fight now as heretofore,

To whom Idomeneus of Crete replied,  
 Atrides! all the friendship and the love  
 Which I have promised will I well perform.  
 Go; animate the rest, Chief after Chief  
 Of the Achaians, that the fight begin. 315  
 For Troy has scatter'd to the winds all faith,

All conscience; and for such her treachery foul  
Shall have large recompence of death and wo.

He said, whom Agamemnon at his heart  
Exulting, pass'd, and in his progress came  
Where stood each Ajax; them he found prepared  
With all their cloud of infantry behind.  
As when the goat-herd on some rocky point  
Advanced, a cloud sees wafted o'er the deep  
By western gales, and rolling slow along  
To him, who stands remote, pitch-black it seems,  
And comes with tempest charged; he at the sight  
Shuddering, his flock compels into a cave;  
So moved the gloomy phalanx, rough with spears,  
And dense with shields of youthful warriors bold,  
Close-following either Ajax to the fight.

Them also, pleased, the King of men beheld,  
And in wing'd accents hail'd them as he pass'd.

Brave leaders of the mail-clad host of Greece!  
I move not you to duty; ye yourselves 335  
Move others, and no lesson need from me.  
Jove, Pallas, and Apollo! were but all  
Courageous as yourselves, soon Priam's towers  
Should totter, and his Ilium storm'd and sack'd  
By our victorious bands, stoop to the 340.

He ceased, and still proceeding, next arrived  
Where stood the Pylian orator, his band  
Marshalling under all their leaders bold  
Alastor, Chromius, Pelagon the vast,  
Hæmon the prince, and Bias, martial Chief.  
Chariot and horse he station'd in the front;  
His numerous infantry, a strong reserve  
Right valiant, in the rear; the worst, and those  
In whom he trusted least, he drove between,  
That such through mere necessity might act.  
First to his charioteers he gave in charge  
Their duty; bade them rein their horses hard,  
Shunning confusion. Let no warrior, vain  
And overweening of his strength or skill,  
Start from his rank to dare the fight alone,  
Or fall behind it, weakening whom he leaves.  
[13] And if, dismounted from his own, he climb  
Another's chariot, let him not affect  
Perverse the reins, but let him stand, his spear  
Advancing firm, far better so employ'd.  
Such was the discipline, in ancient times,  
Of our forefathers; by these rules they fought  
Successful, and laid many a city low.

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

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

Atrides, I could also ardent wish  
That I were now robust as when I struck

Brave Ereuthalion<sup>[14]</sup> breathless to the ground!  
 But never all their gifts the Gods confer<sup>175</sup>  
 On man at once; if then I had the force  
 Of youth, I suffer now the effects of age.  
 Yet ancient as I am, I will be seen  
 Still mingling with the chariooteers, still prompt  
 To give them counsel; for to counsel y<sup>180</sup>  
 Is the old warrior's province. Let the green  
 In years, my juniors, unimpaired by time,  
 Push with the lance, for they have strength to boast.

So he, whom Agamemnon joyful heard,  
 And passing thence, the son of Peteos <sup>185</sup>and  
 Menestheus, foremost in equestrian fame,  
 Among the brave Athenians; near to him  
 Ulysses held his station, and at hand  
 The Cephallenians stood, hardy and bold;  
 For rumor none of the approaching fig<sup>190</sup>  
 Them yet had reach'd, so recent had the stir  
 Arisen in either host; they, therefore, watch'd  
 Till the example of some other band  
 Marching, should prompt them to begin the fight,  
 But Agamemnon, thus, the King of me<sup>195</sup>  
 Them seeing, sudden and severe reproved.

Menestheus, son of Peteos prince renown'd,  
 And thou, deviser of all evil wiles!  
 Adept in artifice! why stand ye here  
 Appall'd? why wait ye on this distant <sup>200</sup>spot  
 Till others move? I might expect from you  
 More readiness to meet the burning war,  
 Whom foremost I invite of all to share  
 The banquet, when the Princes feast with me.  
 There ye are prompt; ye find it pleasant<sup>205</sup>here  
 To eat your savory food, and quaff your wine  
 Delicious till satiety ensue;  
 But here you could be well content to stand  
 Spectators only, while ten Grecian troops  
 Should wage before you the wide-wasting<sup>210</sup> war.

To whom Ulysses, with resentful tone  
 Dark-frowning, thus replied. What words are these  
 Which have escaped thy lips; and for what cause,  
 Atrides, hast thou call'd me slow to fight?  
 When we of Greece shall in sharp <sup>215</sup>conflict clash  
 With you steed-tamer Trojans, mark me then;  
 Then thou shalt see (if the concerns of war  
 So nearly touch thee, and thou so incline)  
 The father of Telemachus, engaged  
 Among the foremost Trojans. But thy <sup>220</sup>speech  
 Was light as is the wind, and rashly made.

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

Laërtes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!  
 Short reprimand and exhortation short<sup>225</sup>  
 Suffice for thee, nor did I purpose more.  
 For I have known thee long, that thou art one  
 Of kindest nature, and so much my friend  
 That we have both one heart. Go therefore thou,  
 Lead on, and if a word have fallen am<sup>230</sup>

We will hereafter mend it, and may heaven  
Obliterate in thine heart its whole effect!

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

Ah, son of Tydeus, Chief of dauntless heart 440  
And of equestrian fame! why standest thou  
Appall'd, and peering through the walks of war?  
So did not Tydeus. In the foremost fight  
His favorite station was, as they affirm  
Who witness'd his exploits; I never saw 445  
Or met him, but by popular report  
He was the bravest warrior of his day.  
Yet came he once, but not in hostile sort,  
To fair Mycenæ, by the godlike prince  
Attended, Polynices, at what time 450  
The host was called together, and the siege  
Was purposed of the sacred city Thebes.  
Earnest they sued for an auxiliar band,  
Which we had gladly granted, but that Jove  
By unpropitious tokens interfered. 455  
So forth they went, and on the reedy banks  
Arriving of Asopus, there thy sire  
By designation of the Greeks was sent  
Ambassador, and enter'd Thebes. He found  
In Eteocles' palace numerous guests, 460  
The sons of Cadmus feasting, among whom,  
Although a solitary stranger, stood  
Thy father without fear, and challenged forth  
Their best to cope with him in manly games.  
Them Tydeus vanquish'd easily, such 465  
Pallas vouchsafed him. Then the spur-arm'd race  
Of Cadmus was incensed, and fifty youths  
In ambush close expected his return.  
Them, Lycophontes obstinate in fight,  
Son of Autophonos, and Mæon, son 470  
Of Hæmon, Chief of godlike stature, led.  
Those also Tydeus slew; Mæon except,  
(Whom, warned from heaven, he spared, and sent him  
home  
With tidings of the rest) he slew them all.  
Such was Ætolian Tydeus; who begat 475  
A son in speech his better, not in arms.

He ended, and his sovereign's awful voice  
Tydides reverencing, nought replied;  
But thus the son of glorious Capaneus.

Atrides, conscious of the truth, speak 480  
We with our sires compared, superior praise  
Claim justly.<sup>[15]</sup> We, confiding in the aid  
Of Jove, and in propitious signs from heaven,  
Led to the city consecrate to Mars  
Our little host, inferior far to theirs, 485  
And took seven-gated Thebes, under whose walls

Our fathers by their own imprudence fell.  
Their glory, then, match never more with ours.

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

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

As when the waves by Zephyrus up-heaved  
Crowd fast toward some sounding shof<sup>500</sup>, at first,  
On the broad bosom of the deep their heads  
They curl on high, then breaking on the land  
Thunder, and o'er the rocks that breast the flood  
Borne turgid, scatter far the showery spray;  
So moved the Greeks successive, rank by rank,  
And phalanx after phalanx, every Chief  
His loud command proclaiming, while the rest,  
As voice in all those thousands none had been  
Heard mute; and, in resplendent armor clad,  
With martial order terrible advanced. 515  
Not so the Trojans came. As sheep, the flock  
Of some rich man, by thousands in his court  
Penn'd close at milking time, incessant bleat,  
Loud answering all their bleating lambs without,  
Such din from Ilium's wide-spread host<sup>520</sup> arose.  
Nor was their shout, nor was their accent one,  
But mingled languages were heard of men  
From various climes. These Mars to battle roused,  
Those Pallas azure-eyed; nor Terror thence  
Nor Flight was absent, nor insatiate St<sup>525</sup>is, Sister and mate of homicidal Mars,  
Who small at first, but swift to grow, from earth  
Her towering crest lifts gradual to the skies.  
She, foe alike to both, the brands dispersed  
Of burning hate between them, and the<sup>530</sup> woes  
Enhanced of battle wheresoe'er she pass'd.

And now the battle join'd. Shield clash'd with shield<sup>[16]</sup>  
And spear with spear, conflicting corselets rang,  
Boss'd bucklers met, and tumult wild arose.  
Then, many a yell was heard, and manly shout  
Loud intermix'd, the slayer o'er the maim'd  
Exulting, and the field was drench'd with blood.  
As when two winter torrents rolling down  
The mountains, shoot their floods through gulleys huge  
Into one gulf below, station'd remote 540  
The shepherd in the uplands hears the roar;  
Such was the thunder of the mingling hosts.  
And first, Antilochus a Trojan Chief  
Slew Echepolus, from Thalysias sprung,

Contending valiant in the van of Troy.<sup>545</sup>  
 Him smiting on his crested casque, he drove  
 The brazen lance into his front, and pierced  
 The bones within; night overspread his eyes,  
 And in fierce battle, like a tower, he fell.  
 Him fallen by both feet Calchodon's son  
 Seized, royal Elephenor, leader brave  
 Of the Abantes, and in haste to strip  
 His armor, drew him from the fight aside.  
 But short was that attempt. Him so employ'd  
 Dauntless Agenor mark'd, and as he stood,  
 In his unshielded flank a pointed spear  
 Implanted deep; he languid sunk and died.  
 So Elephenor fell, for whom arose  
 Sharp conflict; Greeks and Trojans mutual flew  
 Like wolves to battle, and man grappled man.  
 Then Telamonian Ajax, in his prime  
 Of youthful vigor Simoisius slew,<sup>[17]</sup>  
 Son of Anthemion. Him on Simoës' banks  
 His mother bore, when with her parents once  
 She came from Ida down to view the floods,  
 And thence they named him; but his parents'  
 He lived not to requite, in early youth  
 Slain by the spear of Ajax famed in arms.  
 For him advancing Ajax at the pass  
 Wounded; right through his shoulder driven the point  
 Stood forth behind; he fell, and press'd the dust.  
 So in some spacious marsh the poplar falls  
 Smooth-skinn'd, with boughs unladen save aloft;  
 Some chariot-builder with his axe the trunk  
 Sever'd, that he may warp it to a wheel<sup>575</sup>  
 Of shapely form; meantime exposed it lies  
 To parching airs beside the running stream;  
 Such Simoisius seemed, Anthemion's son,  
 Whom noble Ajax slew. But soon at him  
 Antiphus, son of Priam, bright in arms<sup>580</sup>  
 Hurl'd through the multitude his pointed spear.  
 He erred from Ajax, but he pierced the groin  
 Of Leucus, valiant warrior of the band  
 Led by Ulysses. He the body dragg'd  
 Apart, but fell beside it, and let fall, 585  
 Breathless himself, the burthen from his hand.  
 Then burn'd Ulysses' wrath for Leucus slain,  
 And through the foremost combatants, array'd  
 In dazzling arms, he rush'd. Full near he stood,  
 And, looking keen around him, hurl'd a lance.  
 Back fell the Trojans from before the face  
 Dispersed of great Ulysses. Not in vain  
 His weapon flew, but on the field outstretch'd  
 A spurious son of Priam, from the shores  
 Call'd of Abydus famed for fleetest mares,<sup>595</sup>  
 Democoon; him, for Leucus' sake enraged,  
 Ulysses through both temples with his spear  
 Transpierced. The night of death hung on his eyes,  
 And sounding on his batter'd arms he fell.  
 Then Hector and the van of Troy retired<sup>600</sup>  
 Loud shout the Grecians; these draw off the dead,  
 Those onward march amain, and from the heights  
 Of Pergamus Apollo looking down  
 In anger, to the Trojans called aloud.

Turn, turn, ye Trojans! face your Gr<sup>60</sup>fan foes.  
 They, like yourselves, are vulnerable flesh,  
 Not adamant or steel. Your direst dread  
 Achilles, son of Thetis radiant-hair'd,  
 Fights not, but sullen in his fleet abides.<sup>[18]</sup>

Such from the citadel was heard the<sup>61</sup>oice  
 Of dread Apollo. But Minerva ranged  
 Meantime, Tritonian progeny of Jove,  
 The Grecians, rousing whom she saw remiss.  
 Then Amarynceus' son, Diores, felt  
 The force of fate, bruised by a rugged <sup>62</sup>ok  
 At his right heel, which Pirus, Thracian Chief,  
 The son of Imbrasus of Ænos, threw.  
 Bones and both tendons in its fall the mass  
 Enormous crush'd. He, stretch'd in dust supine,  
 With palms outspread toward his warr<sup>63</sup>friends  
 Lay gasping life away. But he who gave  
 The fatal blow, Pirus, advancing, urged  
 Into his navel a keen lance, and shed  
 His bowels forth; then, darkness veil'd his eyes.

Nor Pirus long survived; him through<sup>64</sup>the breast  
 Above the pap, Ætolian Thoas pierced,  
 And in his lungs set fast the quivering spear.  
 Then Thoas swift approach'd, pluck'd from the wound  
 His stormy spear, and with his falchion bright  
 Gashing his middle belly, stretch'd him<sup>65</sup>dead.  
 Yet stripp'd he not the slain, whom with long spears  
 His Thracians hairy-scalp'd<sup>[19]</sup> so round about  
 Encompassed, that though bold and large of limb  
 Were Thoas, from before them him they thrust  
 Staggering and reeling in his forced ref<sup>66</sup>eat.

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

Then had Minerva led through all that field  
 Some warrior yet unhurt, him sheltering<sup>67</sup>afe  
 From all annoyance dread of dart or spear,  
 No cause of blame in either had he found  
 That day, so many Greeks and Trojans press'd,  
 Extended side by side, the dusty plain.

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## BOOK V.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

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

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## BOOK V.

Then Athenæan Pallas on the son  
Of Tydeus,<sup>[1]</sup> Diomede, new force conferr'd  
And daring courage, that the Argives all  
He might surpass, and deathless fame achieve.  
Fires on his helmet and his shield around<sup>5</sup>  
She kindled, bright and steady as the star  
Autumnal,<sup>[2]</sup> which in Ocean newly bathed  
Assumes fresh beauty; with such glorious beams  
His head encircling and his shoulders broad,  
She urged him forth into the thickest fight.

There lived a man in Troy, Dares his name,  
The priest of Vulcan; rich he was and good,  
The father of two sons, Idæus this,  
That, Phegeus call'd; accomplish'd warriors both.  
These, issuing from their phalanx, push'd direct  
Their steeds at Diomede, who fought on foot.  
When now small interval was left between,  
First Phegeus his long-shadow'd spear dismiss'd;  
But over Diomede's left shoulder pass'd  
The point, innocuous. Then his splendid lance  
Tydides hurl'd; nor ineffectual flew  
The weapon from his hand, but Phegeus pierced  
His paps between, and forced him to the ground.  
At once, his sumptuous chariot left, down leap'd  
Idæus, wanting courage to defend      25  
His brother slain; nor had he scaped himself  
His louring fate, but Vulcan, to preserve  
His ancient priest from unmixt sorrow, snatch'd  
The fugitive in darkness wrapt, away.  
Then brave Tydides, driving off the steeds,  
Consign'd them to his fellow-warriors' care,  
That they might lead them down into the fleet.

The valiant Trojans, when they saw the sons  
Of Dares, one beside his chariot slain,  
And one by flight preserved, through alßtheir host

Felt consternation. Then Minerva seized  
The hand of fiery Mars, and thus she spake.

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

She said, and from the fight conducted forth  
The impetuous Deity, whom on the side  
She seated of Scamander deep-embank'd.<sup>[3]</sup>

And now the host of Troy to flight in~~fined~~<sup>45</sup>  
Before the Grecians, and the Chiefs of Greece  
Each slew a warrior. Agamemnon first  
Gigantic Odus from his chariot hurl'd.  
Chief of the Halizonians. He to flight  
Turn'd foremost, when the monarch in his spine  
Between the shoulder-bones his spear infixt,  
And urged it through his breast. Sounding he fell,  
And loud his batter'd armor rang around.

By brave Idomeneus a Lydian died,  
Phæstus, from fruitful Tarne sent to Troy,  
Son of Mæonian Borus; him his steeds  
Mounting, Idomeneus the spear-renown'd  
Through his right shoulder pierced; unwelcome night  
Involved him; from his chariot down he fell,<sup>[4]</sup>  
And the attendant Cretans stripp'd his afflins.

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

Next, by Meriones, Phereclus died,  
Son of Harmonides. All arts that ask  
A well-instructed hand his sire had learn'd,  
For Pallas dearly loved him. He the fleet,  
Prime source of harm to Troy and to himself,  
For Paris built, unskill'd to spell aright  
The oracles predictive of the wo.  
Phereclus fled; Meriones his flight  
Outstripping, deep in his posterior flesh<sup>80</sup>  
A spear infix'd; sliding beneath the bone  
It grazed his bladder as it pass'd, and stood  
Protruded far before. Low on his knees  
Phereclus sank, and with a shriek expired.  
Pedæus, whom, although his spurious s~~85~~<sup>85</sup>,  
Antenor's wife, to gratify her lord,  
Had cherish'd as her own—him Meges slew.  
Warlike Phylides<sup>[5]</sup> following close his flight,  
His keen lance drove into his poll, cut sheer  
His tongue within, and through his mouth enforced  
The glittering point. He, prostrate in the dust,  
The cold steel press'd between his teeth and died.

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

Thus strenuous they the toilsome battle waged.  
 But where Tydides fought, whether in aid  
 Of Ilium's host, or on the part of Greece,  
 Might none discern. For as a winter-flood  
 Impetuous, mounds and bridges sweep away;<sup>[16]</sup>  
 The buttress'd bridge checks not its sudden force,  
 The firm inclosure of vine-planted fields  
 Luxuriant, falls before it; finish'd works  
 Of youthful hinds, once pleasant to the eye,  
 Now levell'd, after ceaseless rain from Jove;  
 So drove Tydides into sudden flight  
 The Trojans; phalanx after phalanx fled  
 Before the terror of his single arm.

When him Lycaon's son illustrious saw  
 Scouring the field, and from before his face  
 The ranks dispersing wide, at once he bent  
 Against Tydides his elastic bow.  
 The arrow met him in his swift career  
 Sure-aim'd; it struck direct the hollow mail  
 Of his right shoulder, with resistless force  
 Transfix'd it, and his hauberk stain'd with blood.  
 Loud shouted then Lycaon's son renown'd.

Rush on, ye Trojans, spur your coursers hard.  
 Our fiercest foe is wounded, and I deem  
 His death not distant far, if me the King<sup>[25]</sup>  
 Jove's son, indeed, from Lycia sent to Troy.

So boasted Pandarus. Yet him the dart  
 Quell'd not. Retreating, at his coursers' heads  
 He stood, and to the son of Capaneus  
 His charioteer and faithful friend he said<sup>[26]</sup>

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

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

Unconquer'd daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd!  
 If ever me, propitious, or my sire  
 Thou hast in furious fight help'd heretofore,  
 Now aid me also. Bring within the read<sup>[27]</sup>  
 Of my swift spear, Oh grant me to strike through  
 The warrior who hath check'd my course, and boasts  
 The sun's bright beams for ever quench'd to me!<sup>[28]</sup>

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

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

I also from thine eye the darkness purge<sup>150</sup>  
 Which dimm'd thy sight<sup>[9]</sup> before, that thou may'st know  
 Both Gods and men; should, therefore, other God  
 Approach to try thee, fight not with the powers  
 Immortal; but if foam-born Venus come,  
 Her spare not. Wound her with thy glittering spear.

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

Astynoüs and Hypenor first he slew;  
 One with his brazen lance above the pap  
 He pierced, and one with his huge falchion smote  
 Fast by the key-bone,<sup>[10]</sup> from the neck and spine  
 His parted shoulder driving at a blow.

Them leaving, Polyides next he sought  
 And Abas, sons of a dream-dealing seer,  
 Eurydamas; their hoary father's dream<sup>175</sup>  
 Or not interpreted, or kept concealed,  
 Them saved not, for by Diomede they died.  
 Xanthus and Thöon he encounter'd next,  
 Both sons of Phænops, sons of his old age,  
 Who other heir had none of all his weal<sup>180</sup>,  
 Nor hoped another, worn with many years.  
 Tydides slew them both; nor aught remain'd  
 To the old man but sorrow for his sons  
 For ever lost, and strangers were his heirs.  
 Two sons of Priam in one chariot born<sup>185</sup>  
 Echemon next, and Chromius felt his hand  
 Resistless. As a lion on the herd  
 Leaping, while they the shrubs and bushes browse,  
 Breaks short the neck of heifer or of steer,  
 So them, though clinging fast and loth<sup>190</sup> fall,  
 Tydides hurl'd together to the ground,  
 Then stripp'd their splendid armor, and the steeds  
 Consigned and chariot to his soldiers' care.

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

Thy bow, thy feather'd shafts, and glorious name  
 Where are they, Pandarus? whom none<sup>200</sup> Troy  
 Could equal, whom of Lycia, none excel.  
 Come. Lift thine hands to Jove, and at yon Chief  
 Dispatch an arrow, who afflicts the host  
 Of Ilium thus, conquering where'er he flies,  
 And who hath slaughter'd numerous b<sup>205</sup>e in arms,  
 But him some Deity I rather deem

Avenging on us his neglected rites,  
And who can stand before an angry God?

Him answer'd then Lycaon's son renown'd.  
Brave leader of the Trojans brazen-mail'd,  
Æneas! By his buckler which I know,  
And by his helmet's height, considering, too  
His steeds, I deem him Diomede the bold;  
Yet such pronounce him not, who seems a God.  
But if bold Diomede indeed he be 215  
Of whom I speak, not without aid from heaven  
His fury thus prevails, but at his side  
Some God, in clouds enveloped, turns away  
From him the arrow to a devious course.  
Already, at his shoulder's hollow mail 220  
My shaft hath pierced him through, and him I deem'd  
Dismiss'd full sure to Pluto ere his time  
But he survives; whom therefore I at last  
Perforce conclude some angry Deity.  
Steeds have I none or chariot to ascend 225  
Who have eleven chariots in the stands  
Left of Lycaon, with fair hangings all  
O'ermantled, strong, new finish'd, with their steeds  
In pairs beside them, eating winnow'd grain.  
Me much Lycaon my old valiant sire 230  
At my departure from his palace gates  
Persuaded, that my chariot and my steeds  
Ascending, I should so conduct my bands  
To battle; counsel wise, and ill-refused!  
But anxious, lest (the host in Troy so large 235  
Immew'd) my steeds, fed plenteously at home,  
Should here want food, I left them, and on foot  
To Ilium came, confiding in my bow  
Ordain'd at last to yield me little good.  
Twice have I shot, and twice I struck the mark, 240  
First Menelaus, and Tydides next;  
From each I drew the blood, true, genuine blood,  
Yet have but more incensed them. In an hour  
Unfortunate, I therefore took my bow  
Down from the wall that day, when for 245  
Of noble Hector, to these pleasant plains  
I came, a leader on the part of Troy.  
But should I once return, and with these eyes  
Again behold my native land, my sire,  
My wife, my stately mansion, may the 250  
That moment, of some adversary there  
Shorten me by the head, if I not snap  
This bow with which I charged myself in vain,  
And burn the unprofitable tool to dust.

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

While I alight for battle, or thyself  
Receive them, and the steeds shall be my care.

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

So saying, they mounted both, and furious drove  
Against Tydides. Them the noble son 280  
Of Capaneus observed, and turning quick  
His speech to Diomede, him thus address'd.

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

To whom, dark-frowning, Diomede replied  
Speak not of flight to me, who am disposed  
To no such course. I am ashamed to fly  
Or tremble, and my strength is still ent<sup>295</sup>,  
I cannot mount. No. Rather thus, on foot,  
I will advance against them. Fear and dread  
Are not for me; Pallas forbids the thought.  
One falls, be sure; swift as they are, the steeds  
That whirl them on, shall never rescue<sup>300</sup>.  
But hear my bidding, and hold fast the word.  
Should all-wise Pallas grant me my desire  
To slay them both, drive not my coursers hence,  
But hook the reins, and seizing quick the pair  
That draw Æneas, urge them from the powers  
Of Troy away into the host of Greece.  
For they are sprung from those which Jove to Tros  
In compensation gave for Ganymede;  
The Sun himself sees not their like below.  
Anchises, King of men, clandestine the<sup>310</sup>  
Obtain'd, his mares submitting to the steeds  
Of King Laomedon. Six brought him foals;  
Four to himself reserving, in his stalls  
He fed them sleek, and two he gave his son:  
These, might we win them, were a nobl<sup>315</sup>e prize.

Thus mutual they conferr'd; those Chiefs, the while,  
With swiftest pace approach'd, and first his speech  
To Diomede Lycaon's son address'd.

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

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

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

He said and threw. Pallas the spear herself  
 Directed; at his eye fast by the nose  
 Deep-entering, through his ivory teeth it pass'd,  
 At its extremity divided sheer  
 His tongue, and started through his chin below.  
 He headlong fell, and with his dazzling ms.  
 Smote full the plain. Back flew the fiery steeds  
 With swift recoil, and where he fell he died.  
 Then sprang Æneas forth with spear and shield,  
 That none might drag the body;<sup>[11]</sup> lion-like  
 He stalk'd around it, oval shield and spear  
 Advancing firm, and with incessant cries  
 Terrific, death denouncing on his foes.  
 But Diomede with hollow grasp a stone  
 Enormous seized, a weight to overtask  
 Two strongest men of such as now are strong,  
 Yet he, alone, wielded the rock with ease.  
 Full on the hip he smote him, where the thigh  
 Rolls in its cavity, the socket named.  
 He crushed the socket, lacerated wide  
 Both tendons, and with that rough-angled mass  
 Flay'd all his flesh, The Hero on his knees  
 Sank, on his ample palm his weight upbore  
 Laboring, and darkness overspread his eyes.

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

Nor then forgat brave Sthenelus his charge  
 Received from Diomede, but his own steeds  
 Detaining distant from the boisterous w<sup>370</sup>,  
 Stretch'd tight the reins, and hook'd them fast behind.  
 The coursers of Æneas next he seized  
 Ardent, and them into the host of Greece  
 Driving remote, consign'd them to his care,  
 Whom far above all others his compe<sup>375</sup>  
 He loved, Deipylus, his bosom friend  
 Congenial. Him he charged to drive them thence  
 Into the fleet, then, mounting swift his own,  
 Lash'd after Diomede; he, fierce in arms,  
 Pursued the Cyprian Goddess, conscious whom,

Not Pallas, not Enyo, waster dread  
 Of cities close-beleaguer'd, none of all  
 Who o'er the battle's bloody course preside,  
 But one of softer kind and prone to fear.  
 When, therefore, her at length, after long<sup>385</sup> chase  
 Through all the warring multitude he reach'd,  
 With his protruded spear her gentle hand  
 He wounded, piercing through her thin attire  
 Ambrosial, by themselves the graces wrought,  
 Her inside wrist, fast by the rosy palm<sup>390</sup>  
 Blood follow'd, but immortal; ichor pure,  
 Such as the blest inhabitants of heaven  
 May bleed, nectareous; for the Gods eat not  
 Man's food, nor slake as he with sable wine  
 Their thirst, thence bloodless and from<sup>395</sup> death exempt.  
 She, shrieking, from her arms cast down her son,  
 And Phœbus, in impenetrable clouds  
 Him hiding, lest the spear of some brave Greek  
 Should pierce his bosom, caught him swift away.  
 Then shouted brave Tydides after her—<sup>400</sup>

Depart, Jove's daughter! fly the bloody field.  
 Is't not enough that thou beguilest the hearts  
 Of feeble women? If thou dare intrude  
 Again into the war, war's very name  
 Shall make thee shudder, wheresoever<sup>405</sup>ard.

He said, and Venus with excess of pain  
 Bewilder'd went; but Iris tempest-wing'd  
 Forth led her through the multitude, oppress'd  
 With anguish, her white wrist to livid changed.  
 They came where Mars far on the left<sup>410</sup> red  
 Of battle sat, his horses and his spear  
 In darkness veil'd. Before her brother's knees  
 She fell, and with entreaties urgent sought  
 The succor of his coursers golden-rein'd.

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

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

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

Her then the Goddess of love-kindling<sup>435</sup> smiles  
 Venus thus answer'd; Diomed the proud,  
 Audacious Diomed; he gave the wound,  
 For that I stole Æneas from the fight

My son of all mankind my most beloved;  
Nor is it now the war of Greece with <sup>140</sup>  
But of the Grecians with the Gods themselves.

Then thus Dione, Goddess all divine.  
My child! how hard soe'er thy sufferings seem  
Endure them patiently. Full many a wrong  
From human hands profane the Gods <sup>145</sup>,  
And many a painful stroke, mankind from ours.  
Mars once endured much wrong, when on a time  
Him Otus bound and Ephialtes fast,  
Sons of Alœus, and full thirteen moons  
In brazen thraldom held him. There, at <sup>150</sup> length,  
The fierce blood-nourished Mars had pined away,  
But that Eëribœa, loveliest nymph,  
His step-mother, in happy hour disclosed  
To Mercury the story of his wrongs;  
He stole the prisoner forth, but with his <sup>155</sup> woes  
Already worn, languid and fetter-gall'd.  
Nor Juno less endured, when erst the bold  
Son of Amphytrion with tridental shaft  
Her bosom pierced; she then the misery felt  
Of irremediable pain severe. 460  
Nor suffer'd Pluto less, of all the Gods  
Gigantic most, by the same son of Jove  
Alcides, at the portals of the dead  
Transfix'd and fill'd with anguish; he the house  
Of Jove and the Olympian summit sought  
<sup>165</sup>  
Dejected, torture-stung, for sore the shaft  
Oppress'd him, into his huge shoulder driven.  
But Pæon<sup>[12]</sup> him not liable to death  
With unction smooth of salutiferous balms  
Heal'd soon. Presumptuous, sacrilegio<sup>170</sup> man!  
Careless what dire enormities he wrought,  
Who bent his bow against the powers of heaven!  
But blue-eyed Pallas instigated him  
By whom thou bleed'st. Infatuate! he forgets  
That whoso turns against the Gods his <sup>175</sup>  
Lives never long; he never, safe escaped  
From furious fight, the lisp'd caresses hears  
Of his own infants prattling at his knees.  
Let therefore Diomede beware, lest strong  
And valiant as he is, he chance to meet<sup>180</sup>  
Some mightier foe than thou, and lest his wife,  
Daughter of King Adrastus, the discrete  
Ægialea, from portentous dreams  
Upstarting, call her family to wail  
Her first-espoused, Achaia's proudest <sup>185</sup>ast,  
Diomede, whom she must behold no more.

She said, and from her wrist with both hands wiped  
The trickling ichor; the effectual touch  
Divine chased all her pains, and she was heal'd.  
Them Juno mark'd and Pallas, and with <sup>190</sup> speech  
Sarcastic pointed at Saturnian Jove  
To vex him, blue-eyed Pallas thus began.

Eternal father! may I speak my thought,  
And not incense thee, Jove? I can but judge  
That Venus, while she coax'd some Gr<sup>195</sup>an fair  
To accompany the Trojans whom she loves

With such extravagance, hath heedless stroked  
Her golden clasps, and scratch'd her lily hand.

So she; then smiled the sire of Gods and men,  
And calling golden Venus, her bespake<sup>500</sup>

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

Thus they in heaven. But Diomede <sup>505</sup>while  
Sprang on Æneas, conscious of the God  
Whose hand o'ershadow'd him, yet even him  
Regarding lightly; for he burn'd to slay  
Æneas, and to seize his glorious arms.  
Thrice then he sprang impetuous to the <sup>510</sup>reed,  
And thrice Apollo with his radiant shield  
Repulsed him. But when ardent as a God  
The fourth time he advanced, with thundering-voice  
Him thus the Archer of the skies rebuked.

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

He spake, and Diomede a step retired,  
Not more; the anger of the Archer-God  
Declining slow, and with a sullen awe<sup>520</sup>  
Then Phœbus, far from all the warrior throng  
To his own shrine the sacred dome beneath  
Of Pergamus, Æneas bore; there him  
Latona and shaft-arm'd Diana heal'd  
And glorified within their spacious fan<sup>525</sup>  
Meantime the Archer of the silver bow  
A visionary form prepared; it seem'd  
Himself Æneas, and was arm'd as he.  
At once, in contest for that airy form,  
Grecians and Trojans on each other's <sup>530</sup>breasts  
The bull-hide buckler batter'd and light targe.

Then thus Apollo to the warrior God.  
Gore-tainted homicide, town-batterer Mars!  
Wilt thou not meet and from the fight withdraw  
This man Tydides, now so fiery grown<sup>535</sup>  
That he would even cope with Jove himself?  
First Venus' hand he wounded, and assail'd  
Impetuous as a God, next, even me.  
He ceased, and on the topmost turret sat  
Of Pergamus. Then all-destroyer Mars<sup>540</sup>  
Ranging the Trojan host, rank after rank  
Exhorted loud, and in the form assumed  
Of Acamas the Thracian leader bold,  
The godlike sons of Priam thus harangued.

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

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

Where is thy courage, Hector? for thou once  
Hadst courage. Is it fled? In other days  
Thy boast hath been that without native troops  
Or foreign aids, thy kindred and thyself  
Alone, were guard sufficient for the town.  
But none of all thy kindred now appears;  
I can discover none; they stand aloof  
Quaking, as dogs that hear the lion's roar.  
We bear the stress, who are but Troy's allies;  
Myself am such, and from afar I came,  
For Lycia lies far distant on the banks  
Of the deep-edded Xanthus. There a wife  
I left and infant son, both dear to me,  
With plenteous wealth, the wish of all who want.  
Yet urge I still my Lycians, and am prompt  
Myself to fight, although possessing here  
Nought that the Greeks can carry or drive hence.  
But there stand'st thou, neither employed thyself,  
Nor moving others to an active part  
For all their dearest pledges. Oh beware!  
Lest, as with meshes of an ample net,  
At one huge draught the Grecians sweep you all,  
And desolate at once your populous Troy!  
By day, by night, thoughts such as these should still  
Thy conduct influence, and from Chief  
Of the allies should send thee, praying each  
To make firm stand, all bickerings put away.

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

As flies the chaff wide scatter'd by the wind  
O'er all the consecrated floor, what time  
Ripe Ceres<sup>[13]</sup> with brisk airs her golden grain  
Ventilates, whitening with its husk the ground;  
So grew the Achaians white, a dusty cloud  
Descending on their arms, which steeds with steeds  
Again to battle mingling, with their hoofs  
Up-stamp'd into the brazen vault of heaven;  
For now the charioteers turn'd all to fight.  
Host toward host with full collected force  
They moved direct. Then Mars through all the field  
Took wide his range, and overhung the war  
With night, in aid of Troy, at the command  
Of Phœbus of the golden sword; for he  
Perceiving Pallas from the field withdrawn,  
Patroness of the Greeks, had Mars enjoin'd  
To rouse the spirit of the Trojan host.  
Meantime Apollo from his unctuous shrine  
Sent forth restored and with new force inspired  
Æneas. He amidst his warriors stood, 610  
Who him with joy beheld still living, heal'd,

And all his strength possessing unimpair'd.  
 Yet no man ask'd him aught. No leisure now  
 For question was; far other thoughts had they;  
 Such toils the archer of the silver bow,<sup>615</sup>  
 Wide-slaughtering Mars, and Discord as at first  
 Raging implacable, for them prepared.

Ulysses, either Ajax, Diomede—  
 These roused the Greeks to battle, who themselves  
 The force fear'd nothing, or the shouts<sup>620</sup> Troy,  
 But steadfast stood, like clouds by Jove amass'd  
 On lofty mountains, while the fury sleeps  
 Of Boreas, and of all the stormy winds  
 Shrill-voiced, that chase the vapors when they blow,  
 So stood the Greeks, expecting firm th<sup>625</sup>pproach  
 Of Ilium's powers, and neither fled nor fear'd.

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

He said, and hurl'd his spear. He pierced a friend  
 Of brave Æneas, warring in the van,  
 Deicōon son of Pergasus, in Troy      635  
 Not less esteem'd than Priam's sons themselves,  
 Such was his fame in foremost fight acquired.  
 Him Agamemnon on his buckler smote,  
 Nor stayed the weapon there, but through his belt  
 His bowels enter'd, and with hideous <sup>640</sup>g  
 And outcry<sup>[14]</sup> of his batter'd arms he fell.

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

As two young lions, in the deep recess  
 Of some dark forest on the mountain's brow  
 Late nourished by their dam, forth-issuing, seize  
 The fatted flocks and kine, both folds and stalls  
 Wasting rapacious, till, at length, them<sup>660</sup>ves  
 Deep-wounded perish by the hand of man,  
 So they, both vanquish'd by Æneas, fell,  
 And like two lofty pines uprooted, lay.  
 Them fallen in battle Menelaus saw  
 With pity moved; radiant in arms he sh<sup>665</sup>ok  
 His brazen spear, and strode into the van.  
 Mars urged him furious on, conceiving hope  
 Of his death also by Æneas' hand.

But him the son of generous Nestor mark'd  
 Antilochus, and to the foremost fight 670  
 Flew also, fearing lest some dire mischance  
 The Prince befalling, at one fatal stroke  
 Should frustrate all the labors of the Greeks.  
 They, hand to hand, and spear to spear opposed,  
 Stood threatening dreadful onset, where<sup>675</sup> beside  
 The Spartan chief Antilochus appear'd.  
 Æneas, at the sight of two combined,  
 Stood not, although intrepid. They the dead  
 Thence drawing far into the Grecian host  
 To their associates gave the hapless pa<sup>680</sup>  
 Then, both returning, fought in front again.

Next, fierce as Mars, Pylæmenes they slew,  
 Prince of the shielded band magnanimous  
 Of Paphlagonia. Him Atrides kill'd  
 Spear-practised Menelaus, with a lanc<sup>685</sup>  
 His throat transpiercing while erect he rode.  
 Then, while his charioteer, Mydon the brave,  
 Son of Atymnias, turn'd his steeds to flight,  
 Full on his elbow-point Antilochus,  
 The son of Nestor, dash'd him with a s<sup>690</sup>one.  
 The slack reins, white as ivory,[15] forsook  
 His torpid hand and trail'd the dust. At once  
 Forth sprang Antilochus, and with his sword  
 Hew'd deep his temples. On his head he pitch'd  
 Panting, and on his shoulders in the sa<sup>695</sup>d  
 (For in deep sand he fell) stood long erect,  
 Till his own coursers spread him in the dust;  
 The son of Nestor seized, and with his scourge  
 Drove them afar into the host of Greece.

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

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

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

He ended; and the Trojans now approach'd.  
 Then two bold warriors in one chariot borne,  
 By valiant Hector died, Menesthes one,  
 And one, Anchialus. Them fallen in fight<sup>725</sup>  
 Ajax the vast, touch'd with compassion saw;

Within small space he stood, his glittering spear  
 Dismiss'd, and pierced Amphius. Son was he  
 Of Selagus, and Pæsus was his home,  
 Where opulent he dwelt, but by his fat<sup>730</sup>  
 Was led to fight for Priam and his sons.  
 Him Telamonian Ajax through his belt  
 Wounded, and in his nether bowels deep  
 Fix'd his long-shadow'd spear. Sounding he fell.  
 Illustrious Ajax running to the slain 735  
 Prepared to strip his arms, but him a shower  
 Of glittering-weapons keen from Trojan hands  
 Assail'd, and numerous his broad shield received.  
 He, on the body planting firm his heel,  
 Forth drew the polish'd spear, but his b<sup>740</sup>right arms  
 Took not, by darts thick-flying sore annoy'd,  
 Nor fear'd he little lest his haughty foes,  
 Spear-arm'd and bold, should compass him around;  
 Him, therefore, valiant though he were and huge,  
 They push'd before them. Staggering h<sup>745</sup>e retired.

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

Sarpedon, leader of the Lycian host,  
 Thou trembler! thee what cause could hither urge  
 A man unskill'd in arms? They falsely speak<sup>755</sup>  
 Who call thee son of Ægis-bearing Jove,  
 So far below their might thou fall'st who sprang  
 From Jove in days of old. What says report  
 Of Hercules (for him I boast my sire)  
 All-daring hero with a lion's heart? 760  
 With six ships only, and with followers few,  
 He for the horses of Laomedon  
 Lay'd Troy in dust, and widow'd all her streets.  
 But thou art base, and thy diminish'd powers  
 Perish around thee; think not that thou <sup>765</sup>earnest  
 For Ilium's good, but rather, whatsoe'er  
 Thy force in fight, to find, subdued by me,  
 A sure dismission to the gates of hell.

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

So spake Sarpedon, and his ashen beam  
 Tlepolemus upraised. Both hurl'd at on<sup>780</sup>  
 Their quivering spears. Sarpedon's through the neck  
 Pass'd of Tlepolemus, and show'd beyond  
 Its ruthless point; thick darkness veil'd his eyes.  
 Tlepolemus with his long lance the thigh

Pierced of Sarpedon; sheer into his bon<sup>785</sup>  
 He pierced him, but Sarpedon's father, Jove,  
 Him rescued even on the verge of fate.

His noble friends conducted from the field  
 The godlike Lycian, trailing as he went  
 The pendent spear, none thinking to ext<sup>790</sup>act  
 For his relief the weapon from his thigh,  
 Through eagerness of haste to bear him thence.  
 On the other side, the Grecians brazen-mail'd  
 Bore off Tlepolemus. Ulysses fill'd  
 With earnest thoughts tumultuous them<sup>795</sup>observed,  
 Danger-defying Chief! Doubtful he stood  
 Or to pursue at once the Thunderer's son  
 Sarpedon, or to take more Lycian lives.  
 But not for brave Ulysses had his fate  
 That praise reserved, that he should slay<sup>800</sup>the son  
 Renown'd of Jove; therefore his wavering mind  
 Minerva bent against the Lycian band.  
 Then Coeranus, Alastor, Chromius fell,  
 Alcander, Halius, Prytanis, and brave  
 Noëmon; nor had these sufficed the Ch<sup>805</sup>  
 Of Ithaca, but Lycians more had fallen,  
 Had not crest-tossing Hector huge perceived  
 The havoc; radiant to the van he flew,  
 Filling with dread the Grecians; his approach  
 Sarpedon, son of Jove, joyful beheld, 810  
 And piteous thus address'd him as he came.

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

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

Meantime the Argives, although press'd alike  
 By Mars himself and Hector brazen-arm'd,  
 Neither to flight inclined, nor yet advanced  
 To battle, but inform'd that Mars the fig<sup>830</sup>  
 Waged on the side of Ilium, slow retired.<sup>[16]</sup>

Whom first, whom last slew then the mighty son  
 Of Priam, Hector, and the brazen Mars!  
 First godlike Teuthras, an equestrian Chief,  
 Orestes, Trechus of Ætolian race, 835  
 Ænomaüs, Helenus from Ænops' sprung,  
 And brisk<sup>[17]</sup> in fight Oresbius; rich was he,  
 And covetous of more; in Hyla dwelt  
 Fast by the lake Cephissus, where abode  
 Boeotian Princes numerous, rich them<sup>840</sup>es  
 And rulers of a people wealth-renown'd.

But Juno, such dread slaughter of the Greeks  
Noting, thus, ardent, to Minerva spake.

Daughter of Jove invincible! Our word  
That Troy shall perish, hath been given<sup>845</sup> vain  
To Menelaus, if we suffer Mars  
To ravage longer uncontrol'd. The time  
Urges, and need appears that we ourselves  
Now call to mind the fury of our might.

She spake; nor blue-eyed Pallas not implied.  
Then Juno, Goddess dread, from Saturn sprung,  
Her coursers gold-caparison'd prepared  
Impatient. Hebe to the chariot roll'd  
The brazen wheels,<sup>[18]</sup> and joined them to the smooth  
Steel axle; twice four spokes divided ~~each~~  
Shot from the centre to the verge. The verge  
Was gold by fellies of eternal brass  
Guarded, a dazzling show! The shining naves  
Were silver; silver cords and cords of gold  
The seat upbore; two crescents<sup>[19]</sup> blazed in front.  
The pole was argent all, to which she bound  
The golden yoke, and in their place disposed  
The breast-bands incorruptible of gold;  
But Juno to the yoke, herself, the steeds  
Led forth, on fire to reach the dreadful<sup>855</sup> field.

Meantime, Minerva, progeny of Jove,  
On the adamantine floor of his abode  
Let fall profuse her variegated robe,  
Labor of her own hands. She first put on  
The corselet of the cloud-assembler G<sup>860</sup>  
Then arm'd her for the field of wo complete.  
She charged her shoulder with the dreadful shield  
The shaggy Ægis,<sup>[20]</sup> border'd thick around  
With terror; there was Discord, Prowess there,  
There hot Pursuit, and there the featur<sup>875</sup> grim  
Of Gorgon, dire Deformity, a sign  
Oft borne portentous on the arm of Jove.  
Her golden helm, whose concave had sufficed  
The legions of an hundred cities, rough  
With warlike ornament superb, she fix<sup>880</sup>  
On her immortal head. Thus arm'd, she rose  
Into the flaming chariot, and her spear  
Seized ponderous, huge, with which the Goddess sprung  
From an Almighty father, levels ranks  
Of heroes, against whom her anger burns<sup>885</sup>.  
Juno with lifted lash urged quick the steeds;  
At her approach, spontaneous roar'd the wide-  
Unfolding gates of heaven;<sup>[21]</sup> the heavenly gates  
Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge  
Of the Olympian summit appertains, 890  
And of the boundless ether, back to roll,  
And to replace the cloudy barrier dense.  
Spurr'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds;  
Apart from all, and seated on the point  
Superior of the cloven mount, they found<sup>895</sup>  
The Thunderer. Juno the white-arm'd her steeds  
There stay'd, and thus the Goddess, ere she pass'd,  
Question'd the son of Saturn, Jove supreme.

Jove, Father, seest thou, and art not incensed,  
 These ravages of Mars? Oh what a field!  
 Drench'd with what Grecian blood! All rashly spilt,  
 And in despite of me. Venus, the while,  
 Sits, and the Archer of the silver bow  
 Delighted, and have urged, themselves, to this  
 The frantic Mars within no bounds confined  
 Of law or order. But, eternal sire!  
 Shall I offend thee chasing far away  
 Mars deeply smitten from the field of war?

To whom the cloud-assembler God replied.  
 Go! but exhort thou rather to the task 910  
 Spoil-huntress Athenæan Pallas, him  
 Accustom'd to chastise with pain severe.

He spake, nor white-arm'd Juno not obey'd.  
 She lash'd her steeds; they readily their flight  
 Began, the earth and starry vault between.  
 Far as from his high tower the watchman kens  
 O'er gloomy ocean, so far at one bound  
 Advance the shrill-voiced coursers of the Gods.  
 But when at Troy and at the confluent streams  
 Of Simoës and Scamander they arrived 920  
 There Juno, white-arm'd Goddess, from the yoke  
 Her steeds releasing, them in gather'd shades  
 Conceal'd opaque, while Simoës caused to spring  
 Ambrosia from his bank, whereon they browsed.

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

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

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

Tydeus, in truth, begat a son himself  
 Not much resembling. Tydeus was of size  
 Diminutive, but had a warrior's heart.  
 When him I once commanded to abstain  
 From furious fight (what time he entered Thebes  
 Ambassador, and the Cadmeans found

Feasting, himself the sole Achaian there)  
 And bade him quietly partake the feast.  
 He, fired with wonted ardor, challenged forth  
 To proof of manhood the Cadmean ~~yo<sup>910</sup>~~,  
 Whom easily, through my effectual aid,  
 In contests of each kind he overcame.  
 But thou, whom I encircle with my power,  
 Guard vigilant, and even bid thee forth  
 To combat with the Trojans, thou, thy ~~165~~  
 Feel'st wearied with the toils of war, or worse,  
 Indulgest womanish and heartless fear.  
 Henceforth thou art not worthy to be deem'd  
 Son of Oenides, Tydeus famed in arms.

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

Him answer'd then the Goddess azure-eyed.  
 Tydides! Diomede, my heart's delight!  
 Fear not this Mars, [22] nor fear thou other power  
 Immortal, but be confident in me. 985  
 Arise. Drive forth. Seek Mars; him only seek;  
 Him hand to hand engage; this fiery Mars  
 Respect not aught, base implement of wrong  
 And mischief, shifting still from side to side.  
 He promised Juno lately and myself 990  
 That he would fight for Greece, yet now forgets  
 His promise, and gives all his aid to Troy.

So saying, she backward by his hand withdrew  
 The son of Capaneus, who to the ground  
 Leap'd instant; she, impatient to his pl~~995~~  
 Ascending, sat beside brave Diomede.  
 Loud groan'd the beechen axle, under weight  
 Unwonted, for it bore into the fight  
 An awful Goddess, and the chief of men.  
 Quick-seizing lash and reins Minerva~~1000~~ve  
 Direct at Mars. That moment he had slain  
 Periphas, bravest of Ætolia's sons,  
 And huge of bulk; Ochesius was his sire.  
 Him Mars the slaughterer had of life bereft  
 Newly, and Pallas to elude his sight 1005  
 The helmet fixed of Ades on her head. [23]  
 Soon as gore-tainted Mars the approach perceived  
 Of Diomede, he left the giant length  
 Of Periphas extended where he died,  
 And flew to cope with Tydeus' valiant~~1010~~.  
 Full nigh they came, when Mars on fire to slay  
 The hero, foremost with his brazen lance  
 Assail'd him, hurling o'er his horses' heads.  
 But Athenæan Pallas in her hand  
 The flying weapon caught and turn'd ~~1015~~wide,

Baffling his aim. Then Diomede on him  
 Rush'd furious in his turn, and Pallas plunged  
 The bright spear deep into his cinctured waist  
 Dire was the wound, and plucking back the spear  
 She tore him. Bellow'd brazen-throated Mars  
 Loud as nine thousand warriors, or as ten  
 Join'd in close combat. Grecians, Trojans shook  
 Appall'd alike at the tremendous voice  
 Of Mars insatiable with deeds of blood.  
 Such as the dimness is when summer 1025  
 Breathe hot, and sultry mist obscures the sky,  
 Such brazen Mars to Diomede appear'd  
 By clouds accompanied in his ascent  
 Into the boundless ether. Reaching soon  
 The Olympian heights, seat of the Gods 1030  
 Beside Saturnian Jove; wo fill'd his heart;  
 He show'd fast-streaming from the wound his blood  
 Immortal, and impatient thus complain'd.

Jove, Father! Seest thou these outrageous acts  
 Unmoved with anger? Such are day b0dāy  
 The dreadful mischiefs by the Gods contrived  
 Against each other, for the sake of man.  
 Thou art thyself the cause. Thou hast produced  
 A foolish daughter petulant, addict  
 To evil only and injurious deeds; 1040  
 There is not in Olympus, save herself,  
 Who feels not thy control; but she her will  
 Gratifies ever, and reproof from thee  
 Finds none, because, pernicious as she is,  
 She is thy daughter. She hath now thel055  
 Of haughty Diomede with madness fill'd  
 Against the immortal Gods; first Venus bled;  
 Her hand he pierced impetuous, then assail'd,  
 As if himself immortal, even me,  
 But me my feet stole thence, or overw1050m'd  
 Beneath yon heaps of carcases impure,  
 What had I not sustain'd? And if at last  
 I lived, had halted crippled by the sword.

To whom with dark displeasure Jove replied.  
 Base and side-shifting traitor! vex notl055  
 Here sitting querulous; of all who dwell  
 On the Olympian heights, thee most I hate  
 Contentious, whose delight is war alone.  
 Thou hast thy mother's moods, the very spleen  
 Of Juno, uncontrollable as she. 1060  
 Whom even I, reprove her as I may,  
 Scarce rule by mere commands; I therefore judge  
 Thy sufferings a contrivance all her own.  
 But soft. Thou art my son whom I begat.  
 And Juno bare thee. I can not endure 1065  
 That thou shouldst suffer long. Hadst thou been born  
 Of other parents thus detestable,  
 What Deity soe'er had brought thee forth,  
 Thou shouldst have found long since a humbler sphere.

He ceased, and to the care his son d070 sign'd  
 Of Paeon; he with drugs of lenient powers,  
 Soon heal'd whom immortality secured  
 From dissolution. As the juice from figs  
 Express'd what fluid was in milk before

Coagulates, stirr'd rapidly around, 1075  
So soon was Mars by Pæon skill restored.  
Him Hebe bathed, and with divine attire  
Graceful adorn'd; when at the side of Jove  
Again his glorious seat sublime he took.

Meantime to the abode of Jove ~~supt~~<sup>1080e</sup>  
Ascended Juno throughout Argos known  
And mighty Pallas; Mars the plague of man,  
By their successful force from slaughter driven.

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## BOOK VI.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

The battle is continued. The Trojans being closely pursued, Hector by the advice of Helenus enters Troy, and recommends it to Hecuba to go in solemn procession to the temple of Minerva; she with the matrons goes accordingly. Hector takes the opportunity to find out Paris, and exhorts him to return to the field of battle. An interview succeeds between Hector and Andromache, and Paris, having armed himself in the mean time, comes up with Hector at the close of it, when they sally from the gate together.

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## BOOK VI.

Thus was the field forsaken by the Gods.  
 And now success proved various; here the Greeks  
 With their extended spears, the Trojans there  
 Prevail'd alternate, on the champain spread  
 The Xanthus and the Simoës between.<sup>[1]</sup> 5

First Telamonian Ajax,<sup>[2]</sup> bulwark firm  
 Of the Achaians, broke the Trojan ranks,  
 And kindled for the Greeks a gleam of hope,  
 Slaying the bravest of the Thracian band,  
 Huge Acamas, Eusorus' son; him first 10  
 Full on the shaggy crest he smote, and urged  
 The spear into his forehead; through his skull  
 The bright point pass'd, and darkness veil'd his eyes.  
 But Diomede, heroic Chief, the son  
 Of Teuthras slew, Axylus.<sup>[3]</sup> Rich was he  
 And in Arisba (where he dwelt beside  
 The public road, and at his open door  
 Made welcome all) respected and beloved.  
 But of his numerous guests none interposed  
 To avert his woful doom; nor him alone20  
 He slew, but with him also to the shades  
 Calesius sent, his friend and charioteer.

Opheltius fell and Dresus, by the hand  
 Slain of Euryalus, who, next, his arms  
 On Pedasus and on Æsepus turned 25  
 Brethren and twins. Them Abarbarea bore,  
 A Naiad, to Bucolion, son renown'd  
 Of King Laomedon, his eldest born,  
 But by his mother, at his birth, conceal'd.

Bucolion pasturing his flocks, embrace<sup>30</sup>  
 The lovely nymph; she twins produced, both whom,  
 Brave as they were and beautiful, thy son<sup>[4]</sup>  
 Mecisteus! slew, and from their shoulders tore  
 Their armor. Dauntless Polypœtes slew  
 Astyalus. Ulysses with his spear      35  
 Transfixed Pydites, a Percosian Chief,  
 And Teucer Aretaön; Nestor's pride  
 Antilochus, with his bright lance, of life  
 Bereft Ablerus, and the royal arm  
 Of Agamemnon, Elatus; he dwelt      40  
 Among the hills of lofty Padasus,  
 On Satnio's banks, smooth-sliding river pure  
 Phylacus fled, whom Leïtus as swift  
 Soon smote. Melanthius at the feet expired  
 Of the renown'd Eurypylus, and, flush'<sup>45</sup>  
 With martial ardor, Menelaus seized  
 And took alive Adrastus. As it chanced  
 A thicket his affrighted steeds detain'd  
 Their feet entangling; they with restive force  
 At its extremity snapp'd short the pole, 50  
 And to the city, whither others fled,  
 Fled also. From his chariot headlong hurl'd,  
 Adrastus press'd the plain fast by his wheel.  
 Flew Menelaus, and his quivering spear  
 Shook over him; he, life imploring, clasped  
 Importunate his knees, and thus exclaim'd.

Oh, son of Atreus, let me live! accept  
 Illustrious ransom! In my father's house  
 Is wealth abundant, gold, and brass, and steel  
 Of truest temper, which he will impart 60  
 Till he have gratified thine utmost wish,  
 Inform'd that I am captive in your fleet.

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

Now, brother, whence this milkiness of mind,  
 These scruples about blood? Thy Trojan friends  
 Have doubtless much obliged thee. Die the race!  
 May none escape us! neither he who flies,  
 Nor even the infant in his mother's womb  
 Unconscious. Perish universal Troy  
 Unpitied, till her place be found no more!<sup>[5]</sup>

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

Friends, Heroes, Grecians, ministers of Mars!  
 Let none, desirous of the spoil, his time  
 Devote to plunder now; now slay your foes,  
 And strip them when the field shall be your own.<sup>[6]</sup>

He said, and all took courage at his word.

Then had the Trojans enter'd Troy again  
 By the heroic Grecians foul repulsed,  
 So was their spirit daunted, but the son  
 Of Priam, Helenus, an augur far  
 Excelling all, at Hector's side his speech<sup>10</sup>  
 To him and to Æneas thus address'd.

Hector, and thou, Æneas, since on you  
 The Lycians chiefly and ourselves depend,  
 For that in difficult emprise ye show  
 Most courage; give best counsel; stand ~~your~~selves,  
 And, visiting all quarters, cause to stand  
 Before the city-gates our scatter'd troops,  
 Ere yet the fugitives within the arms  
 Be slaughter'd of their wives, the scorn of Greece.  
 When thus ye shall have rallied every ~~bold~~  
 And roused their courage, weary though we be,  
 Yet since necessity commands, even here  
 Will we give battle to the host of Greece.  
 But, Hector! to the city thou depart;  
 There charge our mother, that she go ~~direct~~,  
 With the assembled matrons, to the fane  
 Of Pallas in the citadel of Troy.  
 Opening her chambers' sacred doors, of all  
 Her treasured mantles there, let her select  
 The widest, most magnificently wrought<sup>9</sup>,  
 And which she values most; *that* let her spread  
 On Athenæan Pallas' lap divine.<sup>[7]</sup>  
 Twelve heifers of the year yet never touch'd  
 With puncture of the goad, let her alike  
 Devote to her, if she will pity Troy, 115  
 Our wives and little ones, and will avert  
 The son of Tydeus from these sacred towers,  
 That dreadful Chief, terror of all our host,  
 Bravest, in my account, of all the Greeks.  
 For never yet Achilles hath himself 120  
 So taught our people fear, although esteemed  
 Son of a Goddess. But this warrior's rage  
 Is boundless, and his strength past all compare.

So Helenus; nor Hector not complied.  
 Down from his chariot instant to the ground  
 All arm'd he leap'd, and, shaking his sharp spears,  
 Through every phalanx pass'd, rousing again  
 Their courage, and rekindling horrid war.  
 They, turning, faced the Greeks; the Greeks repulsed,  
 Ceased from all carnage, nor supposed they less  
 Than that some Deity, the starry skies  
 Forsaken, help'd their foes, so firm they stood.  
 But Hector to the Trojans call'd aloud.  
 Ye dauntless Trojans and confederate powers  
 Call'd from afar! now be ye men, my friends,  
 Now summon all the fury of your might!  
 I go to charge our senators and wives  
 That they address the Gods with prayers and vows  
 For our success, and hecatombs devote.

So saying the Hero went, and as he stood  
 The sable hide that lined his bossy shield  
 Smote on his neck and on his ankle-bone.

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

Most noble Champion! who of human kind  
 Art thou,<sup>[8]</sup> whom in the man-ennobling fight  
 I now encounter first? Past all thy peer<sup>\$50</sup>  
 I must esteem thee valiant, who hast dared  
 To meet my coming, and my spear defy.  
 Ah! they are sons of miserable sires  
 Who dare my might; but if a God from heaven  
 Thou come, behold! I fight not with the Gods.  
 That war Lycurgus son of Dryas waged,  
 And saw not many years. The nurses he  
 Of brain-disturbing Bacchus down the steep  
 Pursued of sacred Nyssa; they their wands  
 Vine-wreathed cast all away, with an ok<sup>60</sup>oad  
 Chastised by fell Lycurgus. Bacchus plunged  
 Meantime dismay'd into the deep, where him  
 Trembling, and at the Hero's haughty threats  
 Confounded, Thetis in her bosom hid.<sup>[9]</sup>  
 Thus by Lycurgus were the blessed pow<sup>65</sup>ers  
 Of heaven offended, and Saturnian Jove  
 Of sight bereaved him, who not long that loss  
 Survived, for he was curst by all above.  
 I, therefore, wage no contest with the Gods;  
 But if thou be of men, and feed on bread<sup>70</sup>  
 Of earthly growth, draw nigh, that with a stroke  
 Well-aim'd, I may at once cut short thy days.<sup>[10]</sup>

To whom the illustrious Lycian Chief replied.  
 Why asks brave Diomede of my descent?  
 For, as the leaves, such is the race of man.<sup>[11]</sup>  
 The wind shakes down the leaves, the budding grove  
 Soon teems with others, and in spring they grow.  
 So pass mankind. One generation meets  
 Its destined period, and a new succeeds.  
 But since thou seem'st desirous to be ta<sup>120</sup>ght  
 My pedigree, whereof no few have heard,  
 Know that in Argos, in the very lap  
 Of Argos, for her steed-grazed meadows famed,  
 Stands Ephyra;<sup>[12]</sup> there Sisyphus abode,  
 Shrewdest of human kind; Sisyphus, na<sup>130</sup>med  
 Æolides. Himself a son begat,  
 Glaucus, and he Bellerophon, to whom  
 The Gods both manly force and beauty gave.  
 Him Prætus (for in Argos at that time  
 Prætus was sovereign, to whose sceptre<sup>140</sup>love  
 Had subjected the land) plotting his death,  
 Contrived to banish from his native home.  
 For fair Anteia, wife of Prætus, mad  
 Through love of young Bellerophon, him oft  
 In secret to illicit joys enticed; 195  
 But she prevail'd not o'er the virtuous mind  
 Discrete of whom she wooed; therefore a lie  
 Framing, she royal Prætus thus bespake.

Die thou, or slay Bellerophon, who sought  
 Of late to force me to his lewd embrac<sup>200</sup>

So saying, the anger of the King she roused.  
Slay him himself he would not, for his heart  
Forbad the deed; him therefore he dismiss'd  
To Lycia, charged with tales of dire import  
Written in tablets,<sup>[13]</sup> which he bade him show,  
That he might perish, to Anteia's sire.  
To Lycia then, conducted by the Gods,  
He went, and on the shores of Xanthus found  
Free entertainment noble at the hands  
Of Lycia's potent King. Nine days complete  
He feasted him, and slew each day an ox.  
But when the tenth day's ruddy morn appear'd,  
He asked him then his errand, and to see  
Those written tablets from his son-in-law.  
The letters seen, he bade him, first, desist  
Chimæra, deem'd invincible, divine  
In nature, alien from the race of man,  
Lion in front, but dragon all behind,  
And in the midst a she-goat breathing forth  
Profuse the violence of flaming fire. 220  
Her, confident in signs from heaven, he slew.  
Next, with the men of Solymæ<sup>[14]</sup> he fought,  
Brave warriors far renown'd, with whom he waged,  
In his account, the fiercest of his wars.  
And lastly, when in battle he had slain<sup>225</sup>  
The man-resisting Amazons, the king  
Another stratagem at his return  
Devised against him, placing close-conceal'd  
An ambush for him from the bravest chosen  
In Lycia; but they saw their homes no more;  
Bellerophon the valiant slew them all.  
The monarch hence collecting, at the last,  
His heavenly origin, him there detain'd,  
And gave him his own daughter, with the half  
Of all his royal dignity and power. 235  
The Lycians also, for his proper use,  
Large lot assigned him of their richest soil,<sup>[15]</sup>  
Commodious for the vine, or for the plow.  
And now his consort fair three children bore  
To bold Bellerophon; Isandrus one, 240  
And one, Hippolochus; his youngest born  
Laodamia was for beauty such  
That she became a concubine of Jove.  
She bore Sarpedon of heroic note.  
But when Bellerophon, at last, himself<sup>245</sup>  
Had anger'd all the Gods, feeding on grief  
He roam'd alone the Aleian field, exiled,  
By choice, from every cheerful haunt of man.  
Mars, thirsty still for blood, his son destroy'd  
Isandrus, warring with the host renown'd  
Of Solymæ; and in her wrath divine  
Diana from her chariot golden-rein'd  
Laodamia slew. Myself I boast  
Sprung from Hippolochus; he sent me forth  
To fight for Troy, charging me much a<sup>nd</sup>soft  
That I should outstrip always all mankind  
In worth and valor, nor the house disgrace  
Of my forefathers, heroes without peer  
In Ephyra, and in Lycia's wide domain.  
Such is my lineage; such the blood I boast.

He ceased. Then valiant Diomede rejoiced.

He pitch'd his spear, and to the Lycian Prince  
In terms of peace and amity replied.

Thou art my own hereditary friend,  
Whose noble grandsire was the guest of mine.<sup>[16]</sup>  
For Oeneus, on a time, full twenty days  
Regaled Bellerophon, and pledges fair  
Of hospitality they interchanged.  
Oeneus a belt radiant with purple gave  
To brave Bellerophon, who in return 270  
Gave him a golden goblet. Coming forth  
I left the kind memorial safe at home.  
A child was I when Tydeus went to Thebes,  
Where the Achaians perish'd, and of him  
Hold no remembrance; but henceforth<sup>[17]</sup> thy friend,  
Thine host am I in Argos, and thou mine  
In Lycia, should I chance to sojourn there.  
We will not clash. Trojans or aids of Troy  
No few the Gods shall furnish to my spear,  
Whom I may slaughter; and no want of Greeks  
On whom to prove thy prowess, thou shalt find.  
But it were well that an exchange ensued  
Between us; take mine armor, give me thine,  
That all who notice us may understand  
Our patrimonial<sup>[17]</sup> amity and love. 285

So they, and each alighting, hand in hand  
Stood lock'd, faith promising and firm accord.  
Then Jove of sober judgment so bereft  
Infatuate Glaucus that with Tydeus' son  
He barter'd gold for brass, an hundred<sup>[18]</sup> eves  
In value, for the value small of nine.

But Hector at the Scaean gate and beech<sup>[18]</sup>  
Meantime arrived, to whose approach the wives  
And daughters flock'd of Troy, inquiring each  
The fate of husband, brother, son, or friend.  
He bade them all with solemn prayer the Gods  
Seek fervent, for that wo was on the wing.

But when he enter'd Priam's palace, built  
With splendid porticoes, and which within  
Had fifty chambers lined with polish'd<sup>[19]</sup>one,  
Contiguous all, where Priam's sons reposed  
And his sons' wives, and where, on the other side.  
In twelve magnificent chambers also lined  
With polish'd marble and contiguous all,  
The sons-in-law of Priam lay beside 305  
His spotless daughters, there the mother queen  
Seeking the chamber of Laodice,  
Loveliest of all her children, as she went  
Met Hector. On his hand she hung and said:

Why leavest thou, O my son! the dangerous field?  
I fear that the Achaians (hateful name!)  
Compass the walls so closely, that thou seek'st  
Urged by distress the citadel, to lift  
Thine hands in prayer to Jove? But pause awhile  
Till I shall bring thee wine, that having<sup>[20]</sup>ur'd  
Libation rich to Jove and to the powers  
Immortal, thou may'st drink and be refresh'd.  
For wine is mighty to renew the strength

Of weary man, and weary thou must be  
 Thyself, thus long defending us and our<sup>20</sup>  
 To whom her son majestic thus replied.

My mother, whom I reverence! cheering wine  
 Bring none to me, lest I forget my might.<sup>[19]</sup>  
 I fear, beside, with unwash'd hands to pour  
 Libation forth of sable wine to Jove, 325  
 And dare on none account, thus blood-defiled,<sup>[20]</sup>  
 Approach the tempest-stirring God in prayer.  
 Thou, therefore, gathering all our matrons, seek  
 The fane of Pallas, huntress of the spoil,  
 Bearing sweet incense; but from the at<sup>330</sup>  
 Treasured within thy chamber, first select  
 The amplest robe, most exquisitely wrought,  
 And which thou prizest most—then spread the gift  
 On Athenæan Pallas' lap divine.  
 Twelve heifers also of the year, untouch<sup>335</sup>  
 With puncture of the goad, promise to slay  
 In sacrifice, if she will pity Troy,  
 Our wives and little ones, and will avert  
 The son of Tydeus from these sacred towers,  
 That dreadful Chief, terror of all our ho<sup>340</sup>  
 Go then, my mother, seek the hallowed fane  
 Of the spoil-huntress Deity. I, the while,  
 Seek Paris, and if Paris yet can hear,  
 Shall call him forth. But oh that earth would yawn  
 And swallow him, whom Jove hath mad<sup>345</sup> a curse  
 To Troy, to Priam, and to all his house;  
 Methinks, to see him plunged into the shades  
 For ever, were a cure for all my woes.

He ceased; the Queen, her palace entering, charged  
 Her maidens; they, incontinent, through<sup>350</sup>  
 All Troy convened the matrons, as she bade.  
 Meantime into her wardrobe incense-fumed,  
 Herself descended; there her treasures lay,  
 Works of Sidonian women,<sup>[21]</sup> whom her son  
 The godlike Paris, when he cross'd the<sup>355</sup>as  
 With Jove-begotten Helen, brought to Troy.  
 The most magnificent, and varied most  
 With colors radiant, from the rest she chose  
 For Pallas; vivid as a star it shone,  
 And lowest lay of all. Then forth she w<sup>360</sup>t,  
 The Trojan matrons all following her steps.

But when the long procession reach'd the fane  
 Of Pallas in the heights of Troy, to them  
 The fair Theano ope'd the portals wide,  
 Daughter of Cisseus, brave Antenor's<sup>365</sup>use,  
 And by appointment public, at that time,  
 Priestess of Pallas. All with lifted hands<sup>[22]</sup>  
 In presence of Minerva wept aloud.  
 Beauteous Theano on the Goddess' lap  
 Then spread the robe, and to the daught<sup>370</sup> fair  
 Of Jove omnipotent her suit address'd.

Goddess<sup>[23]</sup> of Goddesses, our city's shield,  
 Adored Minerva, hear! oh! break the lance  
 Of Diomede, and give himself to fall  
 Prone in the dust before the Scæan gat<sup>375</sup>  
 So will we offer to thee at thy shrine,

This day twelve heifers of the year, untouch'd  
By yoke or goad, if thou wilt pity show  
To Troy, and save our children and our wives.

Such prayer the priestess offer'd, and<sup>380</sup> such prayer  
All present; whom Minerva heard averse.  
But Hector to the palace sped meantime  
Of Alexander, which himself had built,  
Aided by every architect of name  
Illustrious then in Troy. Chamber it had<sup>385</sup>  
Wide hall, proud dome, and on the heights of Troy  
Near-neighboring Hector's house and Priam's stood.  
There enter'd Hector, Jove-beloved, a spear  
Its length eleven cubits in his hand,  
Its glittering head bound with a ring of<sup>390</sup> gold.  
He found within his chamber whom he sought,  
Polishing with exactest care his arms  
Resplendent, shield and hauberk fingering o'er  
With curious touch, and tampering with his bow.<sup>[24]</sup>  
Helen of Argos with her female train 395  
Sat occupied, the while, to each in turn  
Some splendid task assigning. Hector fix'd  
His eyes on Paris, and him stern rebuked.

Thy sullen humors, Paris, are ill-timed.  
The people perish at our lofty walls; 400  
The flames of war have compass'd Troy around  
And thou hast kindled them; who yet thyself  
That slackness show'st which in another seen  
Thou would'st resent to death. Haste, seek the field  
This moment, lest, the next, all Ilium b<sup>405</sup>e.

To whom thus Paris, graceful as a God.  
Since, Hector, thou hast charged me with a fault,  
And not unjustly, I will answer make,  
And give thou special heed. That here I sit,  
The cause is sorrow, which I wish'd to<sup>410</sup> the  
In secret, not displeasure or revenge.  
I tell thee also, that even now my wife  
Was urgent with me in most soothing terms  
That I would forth to battle; and myself,  
Aware that victory oft changes sides, 415  
That course prefer. Wait, therefore, thou awhile,  
Till I shall dress me for the fight, or go  
Thou first, and I will overtake thee soon.

He ceased, to whom brave Hector answer none  
Return'd, when Helen him with lenient<sup>420</sup> speech  
Accosted mild.<sup>[25]</sup> My brother! who in me  
Hast found a sister worthy of thy hate,  
Authoress of all calamity to Troy,  
Oh that the winds, the day when I was born,  
Had swept me out of sight, whirl'd me<sup>425</sup> ft  
To some inhospitable mountain-top,  
Or plunged me in the deep; there I had sunk  
O'erwhelm'd, and all these ills had never been.  
But since the Gods would bring these ills to pass,  
I should, at least, some worthier mate<sup>430</sup> chosen,  
One not insensible to public shame.  
But this, oh this, nor hath nor will acquire  
Hereafter, aught which like discretion shows  
Or reason, and shall find his just reward.

But enter; take this seat; for who as the  
135  
Labors, or who hath cause like thee to rue  
The crime, my brother, for which Heaven hath doom'd  
Both Paris and my most detested self  
To be the burthens of an endless song?

To whom the warlike Hector huge [24] 140 replied.  
Me bid not, Helen, to a seat, howe'er  
Thou wish my stay, for thou must not prevail.  
The Trojans miss me, and myself no less  
Am anxious to return. But urge in haste  
This loiterer forth; yea, let him urge himself  
145 To overtake me ere I quit the town.  
For I must home in haste, that I may see  
My loved Andromache, my infant boy,  
And my domestics, ignorant if e'er  
I shall behold them more, or if my fate 450  
Ordain me now to fall by Grecian hands.

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

Tell me, ye maidens, whither went from home  
Andromache the fair? [27] 460 Went she to see  
Her female kindred of my father's house,  
Or to Minerva's temple, where convened  
The bright-hair'd matrons of the city seek  
To soothe the awful Goddess? Tell me true.

To whom his household's governess 465 screet.  
Since, Hector, truth is thy demand, receive  
True answer. Neither went she forth to see  
Her female kindred of thy father's house,  
Nor to Minerva's temple, where convened  
470 The bright-haired matrons of the city seek  
To soothe the awful Goddess; but she went  
Hence to the tower of Troy: for she had heard  
That the Achaians had prevail'd, and driven  
The Trojans to the walls; she, therefore, wild  
With grief, flew thither, and the nurse 475 steps  
Attended, with thy infant in her arms.

So spake the prudent governess; whose words  
When Hector heard, issuing from his door  
He backward trod with hasty steps the streets  
Of lofty Troy, and having traversed all 480  
The spacious city, when he now approach'd  
The Scæan gate, whence he must seek the field,  
There, hasting home again his noble wife  
Met him, Andromache the rich-endow'd  
Fair daughter of Eëtion famed in arms 485  
Eëtion, who in Hypoplacian Thebes  
Umbrageous dwelt, Cilicia's mighty lord—  
His daughter valiant Hector had espoused.  
There she encounter'd him, and with herself  
The nurse came also, bearing in her arm 490  
Hectorides, his infant darling boy,  
Beautiful as a star. Him Hector called

Scamandrios, but Astyanax[28] all else  
 In Ilium named him, for that Hector's arm  
 Alone was the defence and strength of Troy.  
 The father, silent, eyed his babe, and smiled.  
 Andromache, meantime, before him stood,  
 With streaming cheeks, hung on his hand, and said.

Thy own great courage will cut short thy days,  
 My noble Hector! neither pitiest thou 500  
 Thy helpless infant, or my hapless self,  
 Whose widowhood is near; for thou wilt fall  
 Ere long, assail'd by the whole host of Greece.  
 Then let me to the tomb, my best retreat  
 When thou art slain. For comfort none<sup>505</sup> joy  
 Can I expect, thy day of life extinct,  
 But thenceforth, sorrow. Father I have none;  
 No mother. When Cilicia's city, Thebes  
 The populous, was by Achilles sack'd.  
 He slew my father; yet his gorgeous arm<sup>510</sup>  
 Stripp'd not through reverence of him, but consumed,  
 Arm'd as it was, his body on the pile,  
 And heap'd his tomb, which the Oreades,  
 Jove's daughters, had with elms inclosed around.[29]  
 My seven brothers, glory of our house,<sup>515</sup>  
 All in one day descended to the shades;  
 For brave Achilles,[30] while they fed their herds  
 And snowy flocks together, slew them all.  
 My mother, Queen of the well-wooded realm  
 Of Hypoplacian Thebes, her hither brought  
 Among his other spoils, he loosed again  
 At an inestimable ransom-price,  
 But by Diana pierced, she died at home.  
 Yet Hector—oh my husband! I in thee  
 Find parents, brothers, all that I have<sup>525</sup>  
 Come! have compassion on us. Go not hence,  
 But guard this turret, lest of me thou make  
 A widow, and an orphan of thy boy.  
 The city walls are easiest of ascent  
 At yonder fig-tree; station there thy powers;  
 For whether by a prophet warn'd, or taught  
 By search and observation, in that part  
 Each Ajax with Idomeneus of Crete,  
 The sons of Atreus, and the valiant son  
 Of Tydeus, have now thrice assail'd the town.

To whom the leader of the host of Troy.

These cares, Andromache, which thee engage,  
 All touch me also; but I dread to incur  
 The scorn of male and female tongues in Troy,  
 If, dastard-like, I should decline the fight<sup>540</sup>  
 Nor feel I such a wish. No. I have learn'd  
 To be courageous ever, in the van  
 Among the flower of Ilium to assert  
 My glorious father's honor, and my own.  
 For that the day shall come when sacred Troy,<sup>545</sup>  
 When Priam, and the people of the old  
 Spear-practised King shall perish, well I know.  
 But for no Trojan sorrows yet to come  
 So much I mourn, not e'en for Hecuba,  
 Nor yet for Priam, nor for all the brave<sup>550</sup>  
 Of my own brothers who shall kiss the dust,

As for thyself, when some Achaian Chief  
 Shall have convey'd thee weeping hence, thy sun  
 Of peace and liberty for ever set.  
 Then shalt thou toil in Argos at the loo<sup>555</sup>  
 For a task-mistress, and constrain'd shalt draw  
 From Hypereïa's fount,<sup>[31]</sup> or from the fount  
 Messeïs, water at her proud command.  
 Some Grecian then, seeing thy tears, shall say —  
 "This was the wife of Hector, who exc<sup>560</sup>d  
 All Troy in fight when Ilium was besieged."  
 Such he shall speak thee, and thy heart, the while,  
 Shall bleed afresh through want of such a friend  
 To stand between captivity and thee.  
 But may I rest beneath my hill of earth<sup>565</sup>  
 Or ere that day arrive! I would not live  
 To hear thy cries, and see thee torn away.

So saying, illustrious Hector stretch'd his arms  
 Forth to his son, but with a scream, the child  
 Fell back into the bosom of his nurse,<sup>570</sup>  
 His father's aspect dreading, whose bright arms  
 He had attentive mark'd and shaggy crest  
 Playing tremendous o'er his helmet's height.  
 His father and his gentle mother laugh'd,<sup>[32]</sup>  
 And noble Hector lifting from his head<sup>575</sup>  
 His dazzling helmet, placed it on the ground,  
 Then kiss'd his boy and dandled him, and thus  
 In earnest prayer the heavenly powers implored.

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

He said, and gave his infant to the arms  
 Of his Andromache, who him received  
 Into her fragrant bosom, bitter tears  
 With sweet smiles mingling; he with p<sup>590</sup>move<sup>d</sup>  
 That sight observed, soft touch'd her cheek, and said,

Mourn not, my loved Andromache, for me  
 Too much; no man shall send me to the shades  
 Of Tartarus, ere mine allotted hour,  
 Nor lives he who can overpass the dat<sup>595</sup>  
 By heaven assign'd him, be he base or brave.<sup>[33]</sup>  
 Go then, and occupy content at home  
 The woman's province; ply the distaff, spin  
 And weave, and task thy maidens. War belongs  
 To man; to all men; and of all who fir<sup>600</sup>  
 Drew vital breath in Ilium, most to me.<sup>[34]</sup>

He ceased, and from the ground his helmet raised  
 Hair-crested; his Andromache, at once  
 Obedient, to her home repair'd, but oft  
 Turn'd as she went, and, turning, wept<sup>605</sup> fresh.  
 No sooner at the palace she arrived  
 Of havoc-spreading Hector, than among  
 Her numerous maidens found within, she raised  
 A general lamentation; with one voice,

In his own house, his whole domestic train  
 Mourn'd Hector, yet alive; for none the hope  
 Conceived of his escape from Grecian hands,  
 Or to behold their living master more.

Nor Paris in his stately mansion long  
 Delay'd, but, arm'd resplendent, travers'd swift  
 The city, all alacrity and joy.  
 As some stall'd horse high-fed, his stable-cord  
 Snapt short, beats under foot the sounding plain,  
 Accustomed in smooth-sliding streams to lave  
 Exulting; high he bears his head, his mane  
 Undulates o'er his shoulders, pleased he eyes  
 His glossy sides, and borne on pliant knees  
 Shoots to the meadow where his fellows graze;  
 So Paris, son of Priam, from the heights  
 Of Pergamus into the streets of Troy, 625  
 All dazzling as the sun, descended, flush'd  
 With martial pride, and bounding in his course.  
 At once he came where noble Hector stood  
 Now turning, after conference with his spouse,  
 When godlike Alexander thus began. 630

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

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

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It may be observed, that Hector begins to resume his hope of success, and his warlike spirit is roused again, as he approaches the field of action. The depressing effect of his sad interview is wearing away from his mind, and he is already prepared for the battle with Ajax, which awaits him.

The student who has once read this book, will read it again and again. It contains much that is addressed to the deepest feelings of our common nature, and, despite of the long interval of time which lies between our age and the Homeric—despite the manifold changes of customs, habits, pursuits, and the advances that have been made in civilization and art—despite of all these, the universal spirit of humanity will recognize in these scenes much of that true poetry which delights alike all ages, all nations, all men.—FELTON.

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## BOOK VII.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

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

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## BOOK VII.

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

At once each slew a Grecian. Paris slew  
Menesthius who in Arna dwelt, the son  
Of Areithoüs, club-bearing chief,      10  
And of Philomedusa radiant-eyed.  
But Hector wounded with his glittering spear  
Eioneus; he pierced his neck beneath  
His brazen morion's verge, and dead he fell.  
Then Glaucus, leader of the Lycian host,<sup>5</sup>  
Son of Hippolochus, in furious fight  
Iphinoüs son of Dexias assail'd,  
Mounting his rapid mares, and with his lance  
His shoulder pierced; unhorsed he fell and died.

Such slaughter of the Grecians in fier<sup>20</sup> fight  
Minerva noting, from the Olympian hills  
Flew down to sacred Ilium; whose approach  
Marking from Pergamus, Apollo flew  
To meet her, ardent on the part of Troy.  
Beneath the beech they join'd, when fir<sup>25</sup>the King,  
The son of Jove, Apollo thus began.

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

Hereafter rage, till Ilium be destroy'd. 35  
Since such is Juno's pleasure and thy own.

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

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

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

Jove's peer in wisdom, Hector, Priam's son!  
I am thy brother. Wilt thou list to me?  
Bid cease the battle. Bid both armies sit<sup>55</sup>  
Call first, thyself, the mightiest of the Greeks  
To single conflict. I have heard the voice  
Of the Eternal Gods, and well-assured  
Foretell thee that thy death not now impends.

He spake, whom Hector heard with joy elate.  
Before his van striding into the space  
Both hosts between, he with his spear transverse<sup>[1]</sup>  
Press'd back the Trojans, and they sat. Down sat  
The well-greaved Grecians also at command  
Of Agamemnon; and in shape assumed 65  
Of vultures, Pallas and Apollo perch'd  
High on the lofty beech sacred to Jove  
The father Ægis-arm'd; delighted thence  
They view'd the peopled plain horrent around  
With shields and helms and glittering spears erect.  
As when fresh-blowing Zephyrus the flood  
Sweeps first, the ocean blackens at the blast,  
Such seem'd the plain whereon the Achaians sat  
And Trojans, whom between thus Hector spake.

Ye Trojans and Achaians brazen-greaved,  
Attend while I shall speak! Jove high-enthroned  
Hath not fulfill'd the truce, but evil plans  
Against both hosts, till either ye shall take  
Troy's lofty towers, or shall yourselves in flight  
Fall vanquish'd at your billow-cleaving<sup>80</sup>arks.  
With you is all the flower of Greece.<sup>[2]</sup> Let him  
Whose heart shall move him to encounter sole  
Illustrious Hector, from among you all  
Stand forth, and Jove be witness to us both.  
If he, with his long-pointed lance, of life<sup>85</sup>  
Shall me bereave, my armor is his prize,  
Which he shall hence into your fleet convey;  
Not so my body; that he shall resign  
For burial to the men and wives of Troy.  
But if Apollo make the glory mine, 90  
And he fall vanquish'd, him will I despoil,  
And hence conveying into sacred Troy

His arms, will in the temple hang them high<sup>[3]</sup>  
 Of the bow-bender God, but I will send  
 His body to the fleet, that him the Greeks<sup>95</sup>  
 May grace with rights funereal. On the banks  
 Of wide-spread Hellespont ye shall upraise  
 His tomb, and as they cleave with oary barks  
 The sable deep, posterity shall say—  
 “It is a warrior’s tomb; in ancient days<sup>100</sup>  
 The Hero died; him warlike Hector slew.”  
 So men shall speak hereafter, and my fame  
 Who slew him, and my praise, shall never die.

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

Ah boasters! henceforth women—men no more—  
 Eternal shame, shame infinite is ours,  
 If none of all the Grecians dares contend<sup>10</sup>  
 With Hector. Dastards—deaf to glory’s call—  
 Rot where ye sit! I will myself take arms  
 Against him, for the gods alone dispose,  
 At their own pleasure, the events of war.

He ended, and put on his radiant arm<sup>15</sup>  
 Then, Menelaus, manifest appear’d  
 Thy death approaching by the dreadful hands  
 Of Hector, mightier far in arms than thou,  
 But that the Chiefs of the Achaians all  
 Upstarting stay’d thee, and himself the King,  
 The son of Atreus, on thy better hand  
 Seizing affectionate, thee thus address’d.

Thou ravest, my royal brother! and art seized  
 With needless frenzy. But, however chafed,  
 Restraine thy wrath, nor covet to contend<sup>25</sup>  
 With Priameian Hector, whom in fight  
 All dread, a warrior thy superior far.  
 Not even Achilles, in the glorious field  
 (Though stronger far than thou) this hero meets  
 Undaunted. Go then, and thy seat resume<sup>30</sup>  
 In thy own band; the Achaians shall for him,  
 Doubtless, some fitter champion furnish forth.  
 Brave though he be, and with the toils of war  
 Insatiable, he shall be willing yet,  
 Seated on his bent knees, to breathe a while,  
 Should he escape the arduous brunt severe.

So saying, the hero by his counsel wise  
 His brother’s purpose alter’d; he complied,  
 And his glad servants eased him of his arms.  
 Then Nestor thus the Argive host bespake<sup>40</sup>.

Great wo, ye Gods! hath on Achaia fallen.  
 Now may the warlike Pelaus, hoary Chief,  
 Who both with eloquence and wisdom rules  
 The Myrmidons, our foul disgrace deplore.  
 With him discoursing, erst, of ancient times,  
 When all your pedigrees I traced, I made  
 His heart bound in him at the proud report.  
 But now, when he shall learn how here we sat  
 Cowering at the foot of Hector, he shall oft  
 His hands uplift to the immortal Gods,<sup>150</sup>

Praying a swift release into the shades.  
 Jove! Pallas! Phœbus! Oh that I were young  
 As when the Pylians in fierce fight engaged  
 The Arcadians spear-expert, beside the stream  
 Of rapid Celadon! Beneath the walls 155  
 We fought of Pheia, where the Jardan rolls.  
 There Ereuthalion, Chief of godlike form,  
 Stood forth before his van, and with loud voice  
 Defied the Pylians. Arm'd he was in steel  
 By royal Areïthous whilom worn; 160  
 Brave Areïthous, Corynetes<sup>[4]</sup> named  
 By every tongue; for that in bow and spear  
 Nought trusted he, but with an iron mace  
 The close-embattled phalanx shatter'd wide.  
 Him by address, not by superior force,<sup>165</sup>  
 Lycurgus vanquish'd, in a narrow pass,  
 Where him his iron whirl-bat<sup>[5]</sup> nought avail'd.  
 Lycurgus stealing on him, with his lance  
 Transpierced and fix'd him to the soil supine.  
 Him of his arms, bright gift of brazen Mars,  
 He stripp'd, which after, in the embattled field  
 Lycurgus wore himself, but, growing old,  
 Surrender'd them to Ereuthalion's use  
 His armor-bearer, high in his esteem,  
 And Ereuthalion wore them on the day<sup>175</sup>  
 When he defied our best. All hung their heads  
 And trembled; none dared meet him; till at last  
 With inborn courage warm'd, and nought dismayed,  
 Though youngest of them all, I undertook  
 That contest, and, by Pallas' aid, prevail'd.  
 I slew the man in height and bulk all men  
 Surpassing, and much soil he cover'd slain.  
 Oh for the vigor of those better days!  
 Then should not Hector want a champion long,  
 Whose call to combat, ye, although the ~~time~~  
 And pride of all our land, seem slow to hear.

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

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

So Nestor. They, inscribing each his lot,  
 Into the helmet cast it of the son 205  
 Of Atreus, Agamemnon. Then the host  
 Pray'd all, their hands uplifting, and with eyes  
 To the wide heavens directed, many said<sup>[6]</sup>—

Eternal sire! choose Ajax, or the son  
Of Tydeus, or the King himself<sup>[17]</sup> who~~st~~<sup>ways</sup>  
The sceptre in Mycenæ wealth-renown'd!

Such prayer the people made; then Nestor shook  
The helmet, and forth leaped, whose most they wished,  
The lot of Ajax. Throughout all the host  
To every chief and potentate of Greece<sup>215</sup>  
From right to left the herald bore the lot  
By all disown'd; but when at length he reach'd  
The inscriber of the lot, who cast it in,  
Illustrious Ajax, in his open palm  
The herald placed it, standing at his side<sup>220</sup>  
He, conscious, with heroic joy the lot  
Cast at his foot, and thus exclaim'd aloud.

My friends! the lot is mine,<sup>[18]</sup> and my own heart  
Rejoices also; for I nothing doubt  
That noble Hector shall be foil'd by me<sup>225</sup>  
But while I put mine armor on, pray all  
In silence to the King Saturnian Jove,  
Lest, while ye pray, the Trojans overhear.  
Or pray aloud, for whom have we to dread?  
No man shall my firm standing by his strength<sup>230</sup>  
Unsettle, or for ignorance of mine  
Me vanquish, who, I hope, brought forth and train'd  
In Salamis, have, now, not much to learn.

He ended. They with heaven-directed eyes  
The King in prayer address'd, Saturnian<sup>235</sup> Jove.

Jove! glorious father! who from Ida's height  
Controlest all below, let Ajax prove  
Victorious; make the honor all his own!  
Or, if not less than Ajax, Hector share  
Thy love and thy regard, divide the pri<sup>240</sup>  
Of glory, and let each achieve renown!

Then Ajax put his radiant armor on,  
And, arm'd complete, rush'd forward. As huge Mars  
To battle moves the sons of men between  
Whom Jove with heart-devouring thirst<sup>245</sup> inspires  
Of war, so moved huge Ajax to the fight,  
Tower of the Greeks, dilating with a smile  
His martial features terrible; on feet,  
Firm-planted, to the combat he advanced  
Stride after stride, and shook his quivering<sup>250</sup> spear.  
Him viewing, Argos' universal host  
Exulted, while a panic loosed the knees  
Of every Trojan; even Hector's heart  
Beat double, but escape for him remain'd  
None now, or to retreat into his ranks<sup>255</sup>  
Again, from whom himself had challenged forth.  
Ajax advancing like a tower his shield  
Sevenfold, approach'd. It was the labor'd work  
Of Tychius, armorer of matchless skill,  
Who dwelt in Hyla; coated with the hid<sup>260</sup>  
Of seven high-pamper'd bulls that shield he framed  
For Ajax, and the disk plated with brass.  
Advancing it before his breast, the son  
Of Telamon approach'd the Trojan Chief,  
And face to face, him threatening, thus<sup>265</sup> began.

Now, Hector, prove, by me alone opposed,  
 What Chiefs the Danaï can furnish forth  
 In absence of the lion-hearted prince  
 Achilles, breaker of the ranks of war.  
 He, in his billow-cleaving barks incense<sup>270</sup>  
 Against our leader Agamemnon, lies;  
 But warriors of my measure, who may serve  
 To cope with thee, we want not; numerous such  
 Are found amongst us. But begin the fight.

To whom majestic Hector fierce in <sup>275</sup> ams.  
 Ajax! heroic leader of the Greeks!  
 Offspring of Telamon! essay not me  
 With words to terrify, as I were boy.  
 Or girl unskill'd in war;<sup>[19]</sup> I am a man  
 Well exercised in battle, who have shed<sup>280</sup>  
 The blood of many a warrior, and have learn'd,  
 From hand to hand shifting my shield, to fight  
 Unwearied; I can make a sport of war,  
 In standing fight adjusting all my steps  
 To martial measures sweet, or vaulting<sup>285</sup> ght  
 Into my chariot, thence can urge the foe.  
 Yet in contention with a Chief like thee  
 I will employ no stratagem, or seek  
 To smite thee privily, but with a stroke  
 (If I may reach thee) visible to all. 290

So saying, he shook, then hurl'd his massy spear  
 At Ajax, and his broad shield sevenfold  
 On its eighth surface of resplendent brass  
 Smote full; six hides the unblunted weapon pierced,  
 But in the seventh stood rooted. Ajax, <sup>295</sup> *άεξτι*,  
 Heroic Chief, hurl'd his long shadow'd spear  
 And struck the oval shield of Priam's son.  
 Through his bright disk the weapon tempest-driven  
 Glided, and in his hauberk-rings infixt  
 At his soft flank, ripp'd wide his vest <sup>300</sup> *ώμην*.  
 Inclined oblique he 'scaped the dreadful doom  
 Then each from other's shield his massy spear  
 Recovering quick, like lions hunger-pinch'd  
 Or wild boars irresistible in force,  
 They fell to close encounter. Priam's <sup>305</sup> *σολούς*  
 The shield of Ajax at its centre smote,  
 But fail'd to pierce it, for he bent his point.  
 Sprang Ajax then, and meeting full the targe  
 Of Hector, shock'd him; through it and beyond  
 He urged the weapon with its sliding <sup>310</sup> *έδη*  
 Athwart his neck, and blood was seen to start.  
 But still, for no such cause, from battle ceased  
 Crest-tossing Hector, but retiring, seized  
 A huge stone angled sharp and black with age  
 That on the champain lay. The bull-hide<sup>315</sup> *φρέγα*  
 Sevenfold of Ajax with that stone he smote  
 Full on its centre; sang the circling brass.  
 Then Ajax far a heavier stone upheaved;  
 He whirled it, and with might immeasurable  
 Dismiss'd the mass, which with a mill<sup>320</sup> one weight  
 Sank through the shield of Hector, and his knees  
 Disabled; with his shield supine he fell,  
 But by Apollo raised, stood soon again.  
 And now, with swords they had each other hewn,

Had not the messengers of Gods and men<sup>325</sup>  
 The heralds wise, Idæus on the part  
 Of Ilium, and Talthybius for the Greeks,  
 Advancing interposed. His sceptre each  
 Between them held, and thus Idæus spake.[\[10\]](#)

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

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

Him answer'd then heroic Hector huge.  
 Since, Ajax, the immortal powers on thee  
 Have bulk pre-eminent and strength bestow'd,  
 With such address in battle, that the host  
 Of Greece hath not thine equal at the spear,  
 Now let the combat cease. We shall not want  
 More fair occasion; on some future day  
 We will not part till all-disposing heaven<sup>345</sup>  
 Shall give thee victory, or shall make her mine.  
 But Night hath fallen, and Night must be obey'd,  
 That them mayst gratify with thy return  
 The Achaians, and especially thy friends  
 And thy own countrymen. I go, no less<sup>350</sup>  
 To exhilarate in Priam's royal town  
 Men and robed matrons, who shall seek the Gods  
 For me, with pious ceremonial due.  
 But come. We will exchange, or ere we part,  
 Some princely gift, that Greece and Troy<sup>355</sup>may say  
 Hereafter, with soul-wasting rage they fought,  
 But parted with the gentleness of friends.

So saying, he with his sheath and belt a sword  
 Presented bright-emboss'd, and a bright belt  
 Purpleal[\[11\]](#) took from Ajax in return.<sup>360</sup>  
 Thus separated, one the Grecians sought,  
 And one the Trojans; they when him they saw  
 From the unconquer'd hands return'd alive  
 Of Ajax, with delight their Chief received,  
 And to the city led him, double joy 365  
 Conceiving all at his unhoped escape.  
 On the other side, the Grecians brazen-mail'd  
 To noble Agamemnon introduced  
 Exulting Ajax, and the King of men  
 In honor of the conqueror slew an ox 370  
 Of the fifth year to Jove omnipotent.  
 Him flaying first, they carved him next and spread  
 The whole abroad, then, scoring deep the flesh,  
 They pierced it with the spits, and from the spits  
 (Once roasted well) withdrew it all again<sup>375</sup>  
 Their labor thus accomplish'd, and the board  
 Furnish'd with plenteous cheer, they feasted all  
 Till all were satisfied; nor Ajax miss'd  
 The conqueror's meed, to whom the hero-king  
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon, gave the chime<sup>380</sup>[\[12\]](#)  
 Perpetual,[\[13\]](#) his distinguish'd portion due.  
 The calls of hunger and of thirst at length

Both well sufficed, thus, foremost of them all  
The ancient Nestor, whose advice had oft  
Proved salutary, prudent thus began. 385

Chiefs of Achaia, and thou, chief of all,  
Great Agamemnon! Many of our host  
Lie slain, whose blood sprinkles, in battle shed,  
The banks of smooth Scamander, and their souls  
Have journey'd down into the realms of death.  
To-morrow, therefore, let the battle pause  
As need requires, and at the peep of day  
With mules and oxen, wheel ye from all parts  
The dead, that we may burn them near the fleet.  
So, home to Greece returning, will we give  
The fathers' ashes to the children's care.  
Accumulating next, the pile around,  
One common tomb for all, with brisk dispatch  
We will upbuild for more secure defence  
Of us and of our fleet, strong towers are all  
Adjoining to the tomb, and every tower  
Shall have its ponderous gate, commodious pass  
Affording to the mounted charioteer.  
And last, without those towers and at their foot,  
Dig we a trench, which compassing are around  
Our camp, both steeds and warriors shall exclude,  
And all fierce inroad of the haughty foe.

So counsell'd he, whom every Chief approved.  
In Troy meantime, at Priam's gate beside  
The lofty citadel, debate began 410  
The assembled senators between, confused,  
Clamorous, and with furious heat pursued,  
When them Antenor, prudent, thus bespake.

Ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies of Troy,  
My counsel hear! Delay not. Instant yield  
To the Atridae, hence to be convey'd,  
Helen of Greece with all that is her own.  
For charged with violated oaths we fight,  
And hope I none conceive that aught by us  
Design'd shall prosper, unless so be done.

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

Antenor! me thy counsel hath not pleased;  
Thou could'st have framed far better; but if this  
Be thy deliberate judgment, then the Gods  
Make thy deliberate judgment nothing worth.  
But I will speak myself. Ye Chiefs of Troy,  
I tell you plain. I will not yield my spouse.  
But all her treasures to our house convey'd  
From Argos, those will I resign, and add  
Still other compensation from my own.

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

Trojans, Dardanians, and allies of Troy!  
I shall declare my sentence; hear ye me.  
Now let the legions, as at other times,  
Take due refreshment; let the watch be set,

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

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

Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Chiefs, the flower  
 Of all Achaia! Priam and the Chiefs  
 Of Ilium, bade me to your ear impart  
 (If chance such embassy might please your ear)  
 The mind of Paris, author of the war. 460  
 The treasures which on board his ships he brought  
 From Argos home (oh, had he perish'd first!)  
 He yields them with addition from his own.  
 Not so the consort of the glorious prince  
 Brave Menelaus; her (although in Troy 465  
 All counsel otherwise) he still detains.  
 Thus too I have in charge. Are ye inclined  
 That the dread sounding clamors of the field  
 Be caused to cease till we shall burn the dead?  
 Then will we clash again, till heaven at length  
 Shall part us, and the doubtful strife decide.

So spake Idæus, and all silent sat;  
 Till at the last brave Diomede replied.

No. We will none of Paris' treasures now,  
 Nor even Helen's self. A child may see 475  
 Destruction winging swift her course to Troy.

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

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

So saying, he to all the Gods upraised  
 His sceptre, and Idæus homeward sped  
 To sacred Ilium. The Dardanians there  
 And Trojans, all assembled, his return 490  
 Expected anxious. He amid them told  
 Distinct his errand, when, at once dissolved,  
 The whole assembly rose, these to collect  
 The scatter'd bodies, those to gather wood;  
 While on the other side, the Greeks arose 495

As sudden, and all issuing from the fleet  
Sought fuel, some, and some, the scatter'd dead.

Now from the gently-swelling flood profound  
The sun arising, with his earliest rays  
In his ascent to heaven smote on the ~~field~~.  
When Greeks and Trojans met. Scarce could the slain  
Be clear distinguish'd, but they cleansed from each  
His clotted gore with water, and warm tears  
Distilling copious, heaved them to the wains.  
But wailing none was heard, for such ~~command~~  
Had Priam issued; therefore heaping high  
The bodies, silent and with sorrowing hearts  
They burn'd them, and to sacred Troy return'd.  
The Grecians also, on the funeral pile  
The bodies heaping sad, burn'd them ~~with~~ fire  
Together, and return'd into the fleet.  
Then, ere the peep of dawn, and while the veil  
Of night, though thinner, still o'erhung the earth,  
Achaians, chosen from the rest, the pile  
Encompass'd. With a tomb (one tomb ~~for~~ all)  
They crown'd the spot adjus't, and to the tomb  
(For safety of their fleet and of themselves)  
Strong fortress added of high wall and tower,  
With solid gates affording egress thence  
Commodious to the mounted charioeteer  
Deep foss and broad they also dug without,  
And planted it with piles. So toil'd the Greeks.

The Gods, that mighty labor, from beside  
The Thunderer's throne with admiration view'd,  
When Neptune, shaker of the shores, began.

Eternal father! is there on the face  
Of all the boundless earth one mortal man  
Who will, in times to come, consult with heaven?  
See'st thou yon height of wall, and yon deep trench  
With which the Grecians have their ~~front~~ inclosed,  
And, careless of our blessing, hecatomb  
Or invocation have presented none?  
Far as the day-spring shoots herself abroad,  
So far the glory of this work shall spread,  
While Phœbus and myself, who, toiling hard,  
Built walls for king Laomedon, shall see  
Forgotten all the labor of our hands.

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

Such conference held the Gods; and now the sun  
Went down, and, that great work perform'd, the Greeks  
From tent to tent slaughter'd the fatted ox  
And ate their evening cheer. Meantime arrived  
Large fleet with Lemnian wine; Euneus, son

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

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## BOOK VIII.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

Jove calls a council, in which he forbids all interference of the Gods between the Greeks and Trojans. He repairs to Ida, where, having consulted the scales of destiny, he directs his lightning against the Grecians. Nestor is endangered by the death of one of his horses. Diomede delivers him. In the chariot of Diomede they both hasten to engage Hector, whose charioteer is slain by Diomede. Jupiter again interposes by his thunders, and the whole Grecian host, discomfited, is obliged to seek refuge within the rampart. Diomede, with others, at sight of a favorable omen sent from Jove in answer to Agamemnon's prayer, sallies. Teucer performs great exploits, but is disabled by Hector. Juno and Pallas set forth from Olympus in aid of the Grecians, but are stopped by Jupiter, who reascends from Ida, and in heaven foretells the distresses which await the Grecians.

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

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## BOOK VIII.

The saffron-mantled morning<sup>[1]</sup> now was spread  
O'er all the nations, when the Thunderer Jove  
On the deep-fork'd Olympian topmost height  
Convened the Gods in council, amid whom  
He spake himself; they all attentive heard.

Gods! Goddesses! Inhabitants of heaven!  
Attend; I make my secret purpose known.  
Let neither God nor Goddess interpose  
My counsel to rescind, but with one heart  
Approve it, that it reach, at once, its end.  
Whom I shall mark soever from the rest  
Withdrawn, that he may Greeks or Trojans aid,  
Disgrace shall find him; shamefully chastised  
He shall return to the Olympian heights,  
Or I will hurl him deep into the gulfs 15  
Of gloomy Tartarus, where Hell shuts fast  
Her iron gates, and spreads her brazen floor,  
As far below the shades, as earth from heaven.  
There shall he learn how far I pass in might  
All others; which if ye incline to doubt,<sup>20</sup>

Now prove me. Let ye down the golden chain<sup>[2]</sup>  
 From heaven, and at its nether links pull all,  
 Both Goddesses and Gods. But me your King,  
 Supreme in wisdom, ye shall never draw  
 To earth from heaven, toil adverse as ye<sup>2</sup>fnay.  
 Yet I, when once I shall be pleased to pull,  
 The earth itself, itself the sea, and you  
 Will lift with ease together, and will wind  
 The chain around the spiry summit sharp  
 Of the Olympian, that all things upheaved<sup>3d</sup>  
 Shall hang in the mid heaven. So far do I,  
 Compared with all who live, transcend them all.

He ended, and the Gods long time amazed  
 Sat silent, for with awful tone he spake:  
 But at the last Pallas blue-eyed began. 35

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

To whom with smiles answer'd cloud-gatherer Jove.  
 Fear not, my child! stern as mine accent<sup>4</sup>was,  
 I forced a frown—no more. For in mine heart  
 Nought feel I but benevolence to thee.

He said, and to his chariot join'd his steeds  
 Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and mailed with wavy gold;  
 He put on golden raiment, his bright sc<sup>50</sup>orge  
 Of gold receiving rose into his seat,  
 And lash'd his steeds; they not unwilling flew  
 Midway the earth between and starry heaven.  
 To spring-fed Ida, mother of wild beasts,  
 He came, where stands in Gargarus<sup>[3]</sup> h<sup>55</sup>shrine  
 Breathing fresh incense! there the Sire of all  
 Arriving, loosed his coursers, and around  
 Involving them in gather'd clouds opaque,  
 Sat on the mountain's head, in his own might  
 Exulting, with the towers of Ilium all 60  
 Beneath his eye, and the whole fleet of Greece.

In all their tents, meantime, Achaia's sons  
 Took short refreshment, and for fight prepared.  
 On the other side, though fewer, yet constrain'd  
 By strong necessity, throughout all Troy<sup>65</sup>  
 In the defence of children and wives  
 Ardent, the Trojans panted for the field.  
 Wide flew the city gates: forth rush'd to war  
 Horsemen and foot, and tumult wild arose.  
 They met, they clash'd; loud was the din<sup>70</sup>of spears  
 And bucklers on their bosoms brazen-mail'd  
 Encountering, shields in opposition from  
 Met bossy shields, and tumult wild arose.<sup>[4]</sup>

There many a shout and many a dying groan  
 Were heard, the slayer and the maim'd al<sup>75</sup>bud  
 Clamoring, and the earth was drench'd with blood.  
 Till sacred morn<sup>[5]</sup> had brighten'd into noon,  
 The vollied weapons on both sides their task

Perform'd effectual, and the people fell.  
 But when the sun had climb'd the midd~~80~~<sup>80</sup> skies,  
 The Sire of all then took his golden scales;<sup>[6]</sup>  
 Doom against doom he weigh'd, the eternal fates  
 In counterpoise, of Trojans and of Greeks.  
 He rais'd the beam; low sank the heavier lot  
 Of the Achaians; the Achaian doom    85  
 Subsided, and the Trojan struck the skies.

Then roar'd the thunders from the summit hurl'd  
 of Ida, and his vivid lightnings flew  
 Into Achaia's host. They at the sight  
 Astonish'd stood; fear whiten'd every cheek.<sup>[7]</sup>  
 Idomeneus dared not himself abide  
 That shock, nor Agamemnon stood, nor stood  
 The heroes Ajax, ministers of Mars.  
 Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks,  
 Alone fled not, nor he by choice remain~~9d~~,  
 But by his steed retarded, which the mate  
 Of beauteous Helen, Paris, with a shaft  
 Had stricken where the forelock grows, a part  
 Of all most mortal. Tortured by the wound  
 Erect he rose, the arrow in his brain,  100  
 And writhing furious, scared his fellow-steeds.  
 Meantime, while, strenuous, with his falchion's edge  
 The hoary warrior stood slashing the reins,  
 Through multitudes of fierce pursuers borne  
 On rapid wheels, the dauntless chariot~~105~~  
 Approach'd him, Hector. Then, past hope, had died  
 The ancient King, but Diomede discern'd  
 His peril imminent, and with a voice  
 Like thunder, called Ulysses to his aid.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown~~tll~~  
 Art thou too fugitive, and turn'st thy back  
 Like the base multitude? Ah! fear a lance  
 Implanted ignominious in thy spine.  
 Stop—Nestor dies. Fell Hector is at hand.

So shouted Diomede, whose summons loud,  
 Ulysses yet heard not, but, passing, flew  
 With headlong haste to the Achaian fleet.  
 Then, Diomede, unaided as he was,  
 Rush'd ardent to the vanward, and before  
 The steeds of the Neleian sovereign old~~20~~  
 Standing, in accents wing'd, him thus address'd.

Old Chief! these youthful warriors are too brisk  
 For thee, press'd also by encroaching age,  
 Thy servant too is feeble, and thy steeds  
 Are tardy. Mount my chariot. Thou shall see  
 With what rapidity the steeds of Troy,  
 Pursuing or retreating, scour the field.  
 I took them from that terror of his foes,  
 Æneas. Thine to our attendants leave,  
 While these against the warlike powers~~30~~ of Troy  
 We push direct; that Hector's self may know  
 If my spear rage not furious as his own.

He said, nor the Gerenian Chief refused.  
 Thenceforth their servants, Sthenelus and good  
 Eurymedon, took charge of Nestor's steeds,  
 And they the chariot of Tydides both

Ascended; Nestor seized the reins, plied well  
 The scourge, and soon they met. Tydides hurl'd  
 At Hector first, while rapid he advanced;  
 But missing Hector, wounded in the br<sup>140</sup>  
 Eniopeus his charioteer, the son  
 Of brave Thebæus, managing the steeds.  
 He fell; his fiery coursers at the sound  
 Startled, recoil'd, and where he fell he died.  
 Deep sorrow for his charioteer o'erwhelm'd  
 The mind of Hector; yet, although he mourn'd  
 He left him, and another sought as brave.  
 Nor wanted long his steeds a charioteer,  
 For finding soon the son of Iphitus,  
 Bold Archeptolemus, he bade him mount  
 His chariot, and the reins gave to his hand.  
 Then deeds of bloodiest note should have ensued,  
 Penn'd had the Trojans been, as lambs, in Troy,  
 But for quick succor of the sire of all.  
 Thundering, he downward hurled his ch<sup>155</sup>ilent bolt  
 To the horse-feet of Diomede; dire fumed  
 The flaming sulphur, and both horses drove  
 Under the axle, belly to the ground.  
 Forth flew the splendid reins from Nestor's hand,  
 And thus to Diomede, appall'd, he spak<sup>160</sup>

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

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

Him answer'd the Gerenian warrior old.  
 What saith the son of Tydeus, glorious chief?  
 Should Hector so traduce thee as to call  
 Thee base and timid, neither Trojan him  
 Nor Dardan would believe, nor yet the wives  
 Of numerous shielded warriors brave of Troy,  
 Widow'd by thy unconquerable arm. 180

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

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

He ceased. Then Diomede in dread suspense  
 Thrice purposed, turning, to withstand the foe,

And thrice in thunder from the mountain<sup>115</sup>~~top~~  
 Jove gave the signal of success to Troy.  
 When Hector thus the Trojans hail'd aloud.

Trojans and Lycians, and close-warring sons  
 Of Dardanus, oh summon all your might,  
 Now, now be men! I know that from ~~his~~<sup>20</sup> heart  
 Saturnian Jove glory and bright success  
 For me prepares, but havoc for the Greeks.  
 Fools! they shall find this wall which they have raised  
 Too weak to check my course, a feeble guard  
 Contemptible; such also is the trench; <sup>205</sup>  
 My steeds shall slight it with an easy leap.  
 But when ye see me in their fleet arrived,  
 Remember fire. Then bring me flaming brands  
 That I may burn their galleys and themselves  
 Slaughter beside them, struggling in the ~~smoke~~<sup>210</sup>.<sup>[8]</sup>

He spake, and thus encouraged next his steeds.  
 Xanthus! Podargus! and ye generous pair  
 Æthon and glossy Lampus! now requite  
 Mine, and the bounty of Andromache,  
 Far-famed Eëtion's daughter; she your ~~215~~ owl  
 With corn fresh-flavor'd and with wine full oft  
 Hath mingled, your refreshment seeking first  
 Ere mine, who have a youthful husband's claim.<sup>[9]</sup>  
 Now follow! now be swift; that we may seize  
 The shield of Nestor, bruted to the sky<sup>220</sup>  
 As golden all, trappings and disk alike.  
 Now from the shoulders of the equestrian Chief  
 Tydides tear we off his splendid mail,  
 The work of Vulcan.<sup>[10]</sup> May we take but these,  
 I have good hope that, ere this night be ~~225~~ spent,  
 The Greeks shall climb their galleys and away.

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

Alas! earth-shaking sovereign of the waves,  
 Feel'st thou no pity of the perishing Greeks?  
 Yet Greece, in Helice, with gifts nor few  
 Nor sordid, and in Ægæ, honors thee,  
 Whom therefore thou shouldst prosper<sup>235</sup> Would we all  
 Who favor Greece associate to repulse  
 The Trojans, and to check loud-thundering Jove,  
 On Ida seated he might lour alone.

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

So they. Meantime, the trench and wall between,<sup>[11]</sup>  
 The narrow interval with steeds was ~~245~~ wide  
 Close throng'd and shielded warriors. There immew'd  
 By Priameian Hector, fierce as Mars,  
 They stood, for Hector had the help of Jove.  
 And now with blazing fire their gallant barks  
 He had consumed, but Juno moved the ~~250~~ wind  
 Of Agamemnon, vigilant himself,  
 To exhortation of Achaia's host.

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

Oh shame to Greece! Warriors in show alone!  
 Where is your boasted prowess? Ye profess'd  
 Vain-glorious erst in Lemnos, while ye fed  
 Plenteously on the flesh of beeves full-grown,  
 And crown'd your beakers high, that ye would face  
 Each man a hundred Trojans in the field—  
 Ay, twice a hundred—yet are all too few  
 To face one Hector now; nor doubt I aught  
 But he shall soon fire the whole fleet of Greece.  
 Jove! Father! what great sovereign everelt  
 Thy frowns as I? Whom hast thou shamed as me?  
 Yet I neglected not, through all the course  
 Of our disasterous voyage (in the hope  
 That we should vanquish Troy) thy sacred rites,  
 But where I found thine altar, piled it high  
 With fat and flesh of bulls, on every shore.  
 But oh, vouchsafe to us, that we at least  
 Ourselves, deliver'd, may escape the sword,  
 Nor let their foes thus tread the Grecians down!

He said. The eternal father pitying s280  
 His tears, and for the monarch's sake preserved  
 The people. Instant, surest of all signs,  
 He sent his eagle; in his pounces strong  
 A fawn he bore, fruit of the nimble hind,  
 Which fast beside the beauteous altar r285ed  
 To Panomphæan<sup>[12]</sup> Jove sudden he dropp'd.<sup>[13]</sup>

They, conscious, soon, that sent from Jove he came,  
 More ardent sprang to fight. Then none of all  
 Those numerous Chiefs could boast that he outstripp'd  
 Tydides, urging forth beyond the foss 290  
 His rapid steeds, and rushing to the war.  
 He, foremost far, a Trojan slew, the son  
 Of Phradmon, Agelæus; as he turn'd  
 His steeds to flight, him turning with his spear  
 Through back and bosom Diomede transpierced.  
 And with loud clangor of his arms he fell.  
 Then, royal Agamemnon pass'd the trench  
 And Menelaus; either Ajax, then,  
 Clad with fresh prowess both; them follow'd, next,  
 Idomeneus, with his heroic friend 300  
 In battle dread as homicidal Mars,  
 Meriones; Evæmon's son renown'd  
 Succeeded, bold Eurypylus; and ninth  
 Teucer, wide-straining his impatient bow.  
 He under covert fought of the broad shld  
 Of Telamonian Ajax; Ajax high  
 Upraised his shield; the hero from beneath  
 Took aim, and whom his arrow struck, he fell;  
 Then close as to his mother's side a child  
 For safety creeps, Teucer to Ajax' side310  
 Retired, and Ajax shielded him again.

Whom then slew Teucer first, illustrious Chief?  
 Orsilochus, and Opheleutes, first,  
 And Ormenus he slew, then Dætor died,  
 Chromius and Lycophontes brave in fight  
 With Amopaon Polyæmon's son,  
 And Melanippus. These, together heap'd,  
 All fell by Teucer on the plain of Troy.  
 The Trojan ranks thinn'd by his mighty bow  
 The King of armies Agamemnon saw 320  
 Well-pleased, and him approaching, thus began.

Brave Telamonian Teucer, oh, my friend,  
 Thus shoot, that light may visit once again  
 The Danaï, and Telamon rejoice!  
 Thee Telamon within his own abode 325  
 Rear'd although spurious; mount him, in return,  
 Although remote, on glory's heights again.  
 I tell thee, and the effect shall follow sure,  
 Let but the Thunderer and Minerva grant  
 The pillage of fair Ilium to the Greeks,330  
 And I will give to thy victorious hand,  
 After my own, the noblest recompense,  
 A tripod or a chariot with its steeds,  
 Or some fair captive to partake thy bed.

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

He said, and from the nerve another shaft  
 Impatient sent at Hector; but it flew  
 Devious, and brave Gorgythion struck instead.  
 Him beautiful Castianira, brought  
 By Priam from Æsyma, nymph of form  
 Celestial, to the King of Ilium bore. 350  
 As in the garden, with the weight surcharged  
 Of its own fruit, and drench'd by vernal rains  
 The poppy falls oblique, so he his head  
 Hung languid, by his helmet's weight depress'd.<sup>[14]</sup>  
 Then Teucer yet an arrow from the nerve  
 Dispatch'd at Hector, with impatience fired  
 To pierce him; but again his weapon err'd  
 Turn'd by Apollo, and the bosom struck  
 Of Archeptolemus, his rapid steeds  
 To battle urging, Hector's charioteer. 360  
 He fell, his fiery coursers at the sound  
 Recoil'd, and lifeless where he fell he lay.  
 Deep sorrow for his charioteer the mind  
 O'erwhelm'd of Hector, yet he left the slain,  
 And seeing his own brother nigh at hand,<sup>[15]</sup>  
 Cebriones, him summon'd to the reins,  
 Who with alacrity that charge received.  
 Then Hector, leaping with a dreadful shout  
 From his resplendent chariot, grasp'd a stone,  
 And rush'd on Teucer, vengeance in his heart.

Teucer had newly fitted to the nerve  
 An arrow keen selected from the rest,  
 And warlike Hector, while he stood the cord  
 Retracting, smote him with that rugged rock  
 Just where the key-bone interposed divides  
 The neck and bosom, a most mortal part.  
 It snapp'd the bow-string, and with numbing force  
 Struck dead his hand; low on his knees he dropp'd,  
 And from his opening grasp let fall the bow.  
 Then not unmindful of a brother fallen<sup>380</sup>  
 Was Ajax, but, advancing rapid, stalk'd  
 Around him, and his broad shield interposed,  
 Till brave Alaster and Mecisteus, son  
 Of Echius, friends of Teucer, from the earth  
 Upraised and bore him groaning to the<sup>385</sup>set.  
 And now again fresh force Olympian Jove  
 Gave to the Trojans; right toward the foss  
 They drove the Greeks, while Hector in the van  
 Advanced, death menacing in every look.

As some fleet hound close-threatening<sup>390</sup>flank or haunch  
 Of boar or lion, oft as he his head  
 Turns flying, marks him with a steadfast eye,  
 So Hector chased the Grecians, slaying still  
 The hindmost of the scatter'd multitude.  
 But when, at length, both piles and hollow<sup>395</sup> foss  
 They had surmounted, and no few had fallen  
 By Trojan hands, within their fleet they stood  
 Imprison'd, calling each to each, and prayer  
 With lifted hands, loud offering to the Gods.  
 With Gorgon looks, meantime, and eyes<sup>400</sup>of Mars,  
 Hector impetuous his mane-tossing steeds  
 From side to side before the rampart drove,  
 When white-arm'd Juno pitying the Greeks,  
 In accents wing'd her speech to Pallas turn'd.

Alas, Jove's daughter! shall not we <sup>405</sup>feast  
 In this extremity of their distress  
 Care for the Grecians by the fatal force  
 Of this one Chief destroy'd? I can endure  
 The rage of Priameian Hector now  
 No longer; such dire mischiefs he hath<sup>410</sup>wrought.

Whom answer'd thus Pallas, cærulean-eyed.  
 —And Hector had himself long since his life  
 Resign'd and rage together, by the Greeks  
 Slain under Ilium's walls, but Jove, my sire,  
 Mad counsels executing and perverse,<sup>415</sup>  
 Me counterworks in all that I attempt,  
 Nor aught remembers how I saved oftentimes  
 His son enjoin'd full many a task severe  
 By King Eurystheus; to the Gods he wept,  
 And me Jove sent in haste to his relief.<sup>420</sup>  
 But had I then foreseen what now I know,  
 When through the adamantine gates he pass'd  
 To bind the dog of hell, by the deep floods  
 Hemm'd in of Styx, he had return'd no more.  
 But Thetis wins him now; her will prevails,<sup>425</sup>  
 And mine he hates; for she hath kiss'd his knees  
 And grasp'd his beard, and him in prayer implored  
 That he would honor her heroic son  
 Achilles, city-waster prince renown'd.

'Tis well—the day shall come when Jove again  
 Shall call me darling, and his blue-eyed maid  
 As heretofore;—but thou thy steeds prepare,  
 While I, my father's mansion entering, arm  
 For battle. I would learn by trial sure,  
 If Hector, Priam's offspring famed in fight  
 (Ourselves appearing in the walks of war)  
 Will greet us gladly. Doubtless at the fleet  
 Some Trojan also, shall to dogs resign  
 His flesh for food, and to the fowls of heaven.

So counsell'd Pallas, nor the daughter of Jove  
 Of mighty Saturn, Juno, disapproved,  
 But busily and with dispatch prepared  
 The trappings of her coursers golden-rein'd.  
 Meantime, Minerva progeny of Jove,  
 On the adamantine floor of his abode 445  
 Let fall profuse her variegated robe,  
 Labor of her own hands. She first put on  
 The corslet of the cloud-assembler God,  
 Then arm'd her for the field of wo, complete.  
 Mounting the fiery chariot, next she set  
 Her ponderous spear, huge, irresistible,  
 With which Jove's awful daughter levels ranks  
 Of heroes against whom her anger burns.  
 Juno with lifted lash urged on the steeds.  
 At their approach, spontaneous roar'd 455 wide-  
 Unfolding gates of heaven; the heavenly gates  
 Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge  
 Of the Olympian summit appertains,  
 And of the boundless ether, back to roll,  
 And to replace the cloudy barrier densely  
 Spurr'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds:  
 Which when the Eternal Father from the heights  
 Of Ida saw, kindling with instant ire  
 To golden-pinion'd Iris thus he spake.

Haste, Iris, turn them thither whence they came;  
 Me let them not encounter; honor small  
 To them, to me, should from that strife accrue.  
 Tell them, and the effect shall sure ensue,  
 That I will smite their steeds, and they shall halt  
 Disabled; break their chariot, dash themselves  
 Headlong, and ten whole years shall not efface  
 The wounds by my avenging bolts impress'd.  
 So shall my blue-eyed daughter learn to dread  
 A father's anger; but for the offence  
 Of Juno, I resent it less; for she 475  
 Clashes with all my counsels from of old.  
 He ended; Iris with a tempest's speed  
 From the Idæan summit soar'd at once  
 To the Olympian; at the open gates  
 Exterior of the mountain many-valed 480  
 She stayed them, and her coming thus declared.

Whither, and for what cause? What rage is this?  
 Ye may not aid the Grecians; Jove forbids;  
 The son of Saturn threatens, if ye force  
 His wrath by perseverance into act, 485  
 That he will smite your steeds, and they shall halt  
 Disabled; break your chariot, dash yourselves  
 Headlong, and ten whole years shall not efface

The wounds by his avenging bolts impress'd.  
 So shall his blue-eyed daughter learn to read  
 A father's anger; but for the offence  
 Of Juno, he resents it less; for she  
 Clashes with all his counsels from of old.  
 But thou, Minerva, if thou dare indeed  
 Lift thy vast spear against the breast of Jove,  
 Incorrigible art and dead to shame.

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

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

So saying, she turn'd the coursers; the Hours  
 Released, and to ambrosial mangers bound,  
 Then thrust their chariot to the luminous wall.  
 They, mingling with the Gods, on golden thrones  
 Dejected sat, and Jove from Ida borne  
 Reach'd the Olympian heights, seat of the Gods.  
 His steeds the glorious King of Ocean loosed,  
 And thrust the chariot, with its veil o'erspread.  
 Into its station at the altar's side.  
 Then sat the Thunderer on his throne of gold  
 Himself, and the huge mountain shook. Meantime  
 Juno and Pallas, seated both apart,  
 Spake not or question'd him. Their mute reserve  
 He noticed, conscious of the cause, and said.

Juno and Pallas, wherefore sit ye sad?  
 Not through fatigue by glorious fight torn'd  
 And slaughter of the Trojans whom ye hate.  
 Mark now the difference. Not the Gods combined  
 Should have constrain'd me back, till all my force,  
 Superior as it is, had fail'd, and all  
 My fortitude. But ye, ere ye beheld      525  
 The wonders of the field, trembling retired.  
 And ye did well—Hear what had else befallen.  
 My bolts had found you both, and ye had reach'd,  
 In your own chariot borne, the Olympian height,  
 Seat of the blest Immortals, never mor<sup>530</sup>

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

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

Then answer, thus, cloud-gatherer Jove return'd.  
 Look forth, imperial Juno, if thou wilt,  
 To-morrow at the blush of earliest dawn,  
 And thou shalt see Saturn's almighty son  
 The Argive host destroying far and wide.  
 For Hector's fury shall admit no pause<sup>550</sup>  
 Till he have roused Achilles, in that day  
 When at the ships, in perilous straits, the hosts  
 Shall wage fierce battle for Patroclus slain.  
 Such is the voice of fate. But, as for thee—  
 Withdraw thou to the confines of the abysss  
 Where Saturn and Iapetus retired,  
 Exclusion sad endure from balmy airs  
 And from the light of morn, hell-girt around,  
 I will not call thee thence. No. Should thy rage  
 Transport thee thither, there thou may'st abide,  
 There sullen nurse thy disregarded spleen  
 Obstinate as thou art, and void of shame.

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

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

Trojans, Dardanians, and allies of Troy!  
 I hoped, this evening (every ship consumed,  
 And all the Grecians slain) to have return'd  
 To wind-swept Ilium. But the shades of night  
 Have intervened, and to the night they're,  
 In chief, their whole fleet's safety and their own.  
 Now, therefore, as the night enjoins, all take  
 Needful refreshment. Your high-mettled steeds  
 Release, lay food before them, and in haste  
 Drive hither from the city fatted sheep<sup>585</sup>  
 And oxen; bring ye from your houses bread,  
 Make speedy purchase of heart-cheering wine,  
 And gather fuel plenteous; that all night,  
 E'en till Aurora, daughter of the morn  
 Shall look abroad, we may with many  
 Illume the skies; lest even in the night,  
 Launching, they mount the billows and escape.  
 Beware that they depart not unannoy'd,  
 But, as he leaps on board, give each a wound  
 With shaft or spear, which he shall nurst at home.  
 So shall the nations fear us, and shall vex  
 With ruthless war Troy's gallant sons no more.  
 Next, let the heralds, ministers of Jove,  
 Loud notice issue that the boys well-grown,  
 And ancients silver-hair'd on the high<sup>600</sup>vers  
 Built by the Gods, keep watch; on every hearth  
 In Troy, let those of the inferior sex  
 Make sprightly blaze, and place ye there a guard

Sufficient, lest in absence of the troops  
 An ambush enter, and surprise the tow<sup>605</sup>  
 Act thus, ye dauntless Trojans; the advice  
 Is wholesome, and shall serve the present need,  
 And so much for the night; ye shall be told  
 The business of the morn when morn appears.  
 It is my prayer to Jove and to all heaven<sup>610</sup>  
 (Not without hope) that I may hence expel  
 These dogs, whom Ilium's unpropitious fates  
 Have wafted hither in their sable barks.  
 But we will also watch this night, ourselves,  
 And, arming with the dawn, will at the<sup>615</sup> ships  
 Give them brisk onset. Then shall it appear  
 If Diomede the brave shall me compel  
 Back to our walls, or I, his arms blood-stain'd,  
 Torn from his breathless body, bear away.  
 To-morrow, if he dare but to abide    620  
 My lance, he shall not want occasion meet  
 For show of valor. But much more I judge  
 That the next rising sun shall see him slain  
 With no few friends around him. Would to heaven!  
 I were as sure to 'scape the blight of age<sup>625</sup>  
 And share their honors with the Gods above,  
 As comes the morrow fraught with wo to Greece.

So Hector, whom his host with loud acclaim  
 All praised. Then each his sweating steeds released,  
 And rein'd them safely at his chariot-s<sup>630</sup>.  
 And now from Troy provision large they brought,  
 Oxen, and sheep, with store of wine and bread,  
 And fuel much was gather'd. [16]Next the Gods  
 With sacrifice they sought, and from the plain  
 Upwafted by the winds the smoke asp<sup>635</sup>  
 Savoury, but unacceptable to those  
 Above; such hatred in their hearts they bore  
 To Priam, to the people of the brave  
 Spear-practised Priam, and to sacred Troy.

Big with great purposes and proud, <sup>640</sup>they sat,  
 Not disarray'd, but in fair form disposed  
 Of even ranks, and watch'd their numerous fires,  
 As when around the clear bright moon, the stars  
 Shine in full splendor, and the winds are hush'd,  
 The groves, the mountain-tops, the he<sup>645</sup>and-heights  
 Stand all apparent, not a vapor streaks  
 The boundless blue, but ether open'd wide  
 All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheer'd;[17]  
 So numerous seem'd those fires the bank between  
 Of Xanthus, blazing, and the fleet of G<sup>650</sup>ce,  
 In prospect all of Troy; a thousand fires,  
 Each watch'd by fifty warriors seated near.  
 The steeds beside the chariots stood, their corn  
 Chewing, and waiting till the golden-throned  
 Aurora should restore the light of day.<sup>655</sup>

## BOOK IX.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE NINTH BOOK.

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

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## BOOK IX.

So watch'd the Trojan host; but thoughts of flight,  
Companions of chill fear, from heaven infused,  
Possess'd the Grecians; every leader's heart  
Bled, pierced with anguish insupportable.  
As when two adverse winds blowing from Thrace,  
Boreas and Zephyrus, the fishy Deep  
Vex sudden, all around, the sable flood  
High curl'd, flings forth the salt weed on the shore  
Such tempest rent the mind of every Greek.

Forth stalk'd Atrides with heart-riv'g<sup>10</sup>wo  
Transfixt; he bade his heralds call by name  
Each Chief to council, but without the sound  
Of proclamation; and that task himself  
Among the foremost sedulous perform'd.  
The sad assembly sat; when weeping fast<sup>15</sup>  
As some deep<sup>[1]</sup> fountain pours its rapid stream  
Down from the summit of a lofty rock,  
King Agamemnon in the midst arose,  
And, groaning, the Achaians thus address'd.

Friends, counsellors and leaders of the Greeks!  
In dire perplexity Saturnian Jove  
Involves me, cruel; he assured me erst,  
And solemnly, that I should not return  
Till I had wasted wall-encircled Troy;  
But now (ah fraudulent and foul reverse)<sup>25</sup>  
Commands me back inglorious to the shores  
Of distant Argos, with diminish'd troops.  
So stands the purpose of almighty Jove,  
Who many a citadel hath laid in dust,  
And shall hereafter, matchless in his power.  
Haste therefore. My advice is, that we all  
Fly with our fleet into our native land,  
For wide-built Ilium shall not yet be ours.

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

Atrides! foremost of the Chiefs I rise  
To contravert thy purpose ill-conceived,  
And with such freedom as the laws, O King!  
Of consultation and debate allow. 40  
Hear patient. Thou hast been thyself the first  
Who e'er reproach'd me in the public ear  
As one effeminate and slow to fight;  
How truly, let both young and old decide.  
The son of wily Saturn hath to thee 45  
Given, and refused; he placed thee high in power,  
Gave thee to sway the sceptre o'er us all,  
But courage gave thee not, his noblest gift.[\[2\]](#)  
Art thou in truth persuaded that the Greeks  
Are pusillanimous, as thou hast said? 50  
If thy own fears impel thee to depart,  
Go thou, the way is open; numerous ships,  
Thy followers from Mycenæ, line the shore.  
But we, the rest, depart not, till the spoil  
Of Troy reward us. Or if all incline 55  
To seek again their native home, fly all;  
Myself and Sthenelus will persevere  
Till Ilium fall, for with the Gods we came.

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

Tydides, thou art eminently brave  
In fight, and all the princes of thy years  
Excell'st in council. None of all the Greeks  
Shall find occasion just to blame thy speech  
Or to gainsay; yet thou hast fallen short.  
What wonder? Thou art young; and were myself  
Thy father, thou should'st be my latest born.  
Yet when thy speech is to the Kings of Greece,  
It is well-framed and prudent. Now attend!  
Myself will speak, who have more years to boast  
Than thou hast seen, and will so closely scan  
The matter, that Atrides, our supreme,  
Himself shall have no cause to censure *me*.  
He is a wretch, insensible and dead 75  
To all the charities of social life,  
Whose pleasure is in civil broils alone.[\[3\]](#)  
But Night is urgent, and with Night's demands  
Let all comply. Prepare we now repast,  
And let the guard be stationed at the trench  
Without the wall; the youngest shall supply  
That service; next, Atrides, thou begin  
(For thou art here supreme) thy proper task.  
Banquet the elders; it shall not disgrace  
Thy sovereignty, but shall become thee well.  
Thy tents are fill'd with wine which day by day  
Ships bring from Thrace; accommodation large  
Hast thou, and numerous is thy menial train.  
Thy many guests assembled, thou shalt hear  
Our counsel, and shalt choose the best; great need  
Have all Achaia's sons, now, of advice  
Most prudent; for the foe, fast by the fleet

Hath kindled numerous fires, which who can see  
Unmoved? This night shall save us or destroy.[\[4\]](#)

He spake, whom all with full consent<sup>95</sup> approved.  
Forth rush'd the guard well-arm'd; first went the son  
Of Nestor, Thrasymedes, valiant Chief;  
Then, sons of Mars, Ascalaphus advanced,  
And brave Iälmenus; whom follow'd next  
Deipyrus, Aphareus, Meriones,      100  
And Lycomedes, Creon's son renown'd.  
Seven were the leaders of the guard, and each  
A hundred spearmen headed, young and bold.  
Between the wall and trench their seat they chose,  
There kindled fires, and each his food ~~105~~spared.

Atrides, then, to his pavilion led  
The thronging Chiefs of Greece, and at his board  
Regaled them; they with readiness and keen  
Dispatch of hunger shared the savory feast,  
And when nor thirst remain'd nor hunger<sup>10</sup>more  
Unsated, Nestor then, arising first,  
Whose counsels had been ever wisest deem'd,  
Warm for the public interest, thus began.

Atrides! glorious sovereign! King of men!  
Thou art my first and last, proem and ~~clos~~e,  
For thou art mighty, and to thee are given  
From Jove the sceptre and the laws in charge,  
For the advancement of the general good.  
Hence, in peculiar, both to speak and hear  
Become thy duty, and the best advice, 120  
By whomsoever offer'd, to adopt  
And to perform, for thou art judge alone.  
I will promulge the counsel which to me  
Seems wisest; such, that other Grecian none  
Shall give thee better; neither is it new,  
But I have ever held it since the day  
When, most illustrious! thou wast pleased to take  
By force the maid Briseis from the tent  
Of the enraged Achilles; not, in truth,  
By my advice, who did dissuade thee ~~tho~~th;  
But thou, complying with thy princely wrath,  
Hast shamed a Hero whom themselves the Gods  
Delight to honor, and his prize detain'st.  
Yet even now contrive we, although late,  
By lenient gifts liberal, and by speech 135  
Conciliatory, to assuage his ire.

Then answer'd Agamemnon, King of men.  
Old Chief! there is no falsehood in thy charge;  
I have offended, and confess the wrong.  
The warrior is alone a host, whom Jov<sup>40</sup>  
Loves as he loves Achilles, for whose sake  
He hath Achaia's thousands thus subdued.  
But if the impulse of a wayward mind  
Obeying, I have err'd, behold me, now,  
Prepared to soothe him with atonement<sup>45</sup>arge  
Of gifts inestimable, which by name  
I will propound in presence of you all.  
Seven tripods, never sullied yet with fire;  
Of gold ten talents; twenty cauldrons bright;  
Twelve coursers, strong, victorious in ~~150~~race;

No man possessing prizes such as mine  
 Which they have won for me, shall feel the want  
 Of acquisitions splendid or of gold.  
 Seven virtuous female captives will I give  
 Expert in arts domestic, Lesbians all,<sup>155</sup>  
 Whom, when himself took Lesbos, I received  
 My chosen portion, passing womankind  
 In perfect loveliness of face and form.  
 These will I give, and will with these resign  
 Her whom I took, Briseïs, with an oath<sup>160</sup>  
 Most solemn, that unconscious as she was  
 Of my embraces, such I yield her his.  
 All these I give him now; and if at length  
 The Gods vouchsafe to us to overturn  
 Priam's great city, let him heap his ship<sup>165</sup>  
 With gold and brass, entering and choosing first  
 When we shall share the spoil. Let him beside  
 Choose twenty from among the maids of Troy,  
 Helen except, loveliest of all their sex.  
 And if once more, the rich milk-flowing<sup>170</sup> land  
 We reach of Argos, he shall there become  
 My son-in-law, and shall enjoy like state  
 With him whom I in all abundance rear,  
 My only son Orestes. At my home  
 I have three daughters; let him thence dñduct  
 To Phthia, her whom he shall most approve.  
 Chrysothemis shall be his bride, or else  
 Laodice; or if she please him more,  
 Iphianassa; and from him I ask  
 No dower;<sup>[15]</sup> myself will such a dower<sup>180</sup> stow  
 As never father on his child before.  
 Seven fair well-peopled cities I will give  
 Cardamyle and Enope, and rich  
 In herbage, Hira; Pheræ stately-built,  
 And for her depth of pasture<sup>185</sup> renown<sup>185</sup>  
 Antheia; proud Æpeia's lofty towers,  
 And Pedasus impurpled dark with vines.  
 All these are maritime, and on the shore  
 They stand of Pylus, by a race possess'd  
 Most rich in flocks and herds, who trib<sup>190</sup>s large,  
 And gifts presenting to his sceptred hand,  
 Shall hold him high in honor as a God.  
 These will I give him if from wrath he cease.  
 Let him be overcome. Pluto alone  
 Is found implacable and deaf to prayer<sup>195</sup>  
 Whom therefore of all Gods men hate the most.  
 My power is greater, and my years than his  
 More numerous, therefore let him yield to me.

To him Gerenian Nestor thus replied.  
 Atrides! glorious sovereign! King of men!<sup>200</sup>  
 No sordid gifts, or to be view'd with scorn,  
 Givest thou the Prince Achilles. But away!  
 Send chosen messengers, who shall the son  
 Of Peleus, instant, in his tent address.  
 Myself will choose them, be it theirs to obey.<sup>205</sup>  
 Let Phoenix lead, Jove loves him. Be the next  
 Huge Ajax; and the wise Ulysses third.  
 Of heralds, Odys and Eurybates  
 Shall them attend. Bring water for our hands;

Give charge that every tongue abstain from speech  
Portentous, and propitiate Jove by prayer.

He spake, and all were pleased. The heralds pour'd Pure water on their hands; [6] attendant youths The beakers crown'd, and wine from right to left Distributed to all. Libation made, 215 All drank, and in such measure as they chose, Then hasted forth from Agamemnon's tent. Gerenian Nestor at their side them oft Instructed, each admonishing by looks Significant, and motion of his eyes, 220 But most Ulysses, to omit no means By which Achilles likeliest might be won. Along the margin of the sounding deep They pass'd, to Neptune, compasser of earth, Preferring vows ardent with numerous<sup>225</sup> prayers, That they might sway with ease the mighty mind Of fierce Æacides. And now they reach'd The station where his Myrmidons abode. Him solacing they found his heart with notes Struck from his silver-framed harmonia<sup>230</sup> lyre; Among the spoils he found it when he sack'd Eëtion's city; with that lyre his cares He sooth'd, and glorious heroes were his theme.<sup>[7]</sup> Patroclus silent sat, and he alone, Before him, on Æacides intent, 235 Expecting still when he should cease to sing. The messengers advanced (Ulysses first) Into his presence; at the sight, his harp Still in his hand, Achilles from his seat Started astonish'd; nor with less amaze<sup>240</sup> Patroclus also, seeing them, arose. Achilles seized their hands, and thus he spake.<sup>[8]</sup>

Hail friends! ye all are welcome. Urgent cause Hath doubtless brought you, whom I dearest hold (Though angry still) of all Achaia's host<sup>245</sup>

So saying, he introduced them, and on seats Placed them with purple arras overspread, Then thus bespake Patroclus standing nigh.

Son of Menætius! bring a beaker more Capacious, and replenish it with wine 250 Diluted<sup>[9]</sup> less; then give to each his cup; For dearer friends than these who now arrive My roof beneath, or worthier, have I none.

He ended, and Patroclus quick obey'd, Whom much he loved. Achilles, then, <sup>255</sup> himself Advancing near the fire an ample<sup>[10]</sup> tray, Spread goats' flesh on it, with the flesh of sheep And of a fatted brawn; of each a chine. Automedon attending held them fast, While with sharp steel Achilles from the bone<sup>260</sup> Sliced thin the meat, then pierced it with the spits. Meantime the godlike Menætiades Kindled fierce fire, and when the flame declined, Raked wide the embers, laid the meat to roast, And taking sacred salt from the hearth<sup>265</sup> Where it was treasured, shower'd it o'er the feast. When all was finish'd, and the board set forth,

Patroclus furnish'd it around with bread  
 In baskets, and Achilles served the guests.  
 Beside the tent-wall, opposite, he sat 270  
 To the divine Ulysses; first he bade  
 Patroclus make oblation; he consign'd  
 The consecrated morsel to the fire,  
 And each, at once, his savoury mess assail'd.  
 When neither edge of hunger now they<sup>275</sup>lt  
 Nor thirsted longer, Ajax with a nod  
 Made sign to Phœnix, which Ulysses mark'd,  
 And charging high his cup, drank to his host.

Health to Achilles! hospitable cheer  
 And well prepared, we want not at the<sup>280</sup>ard  
 Of royal Agamemnon, or at thine,  
 For both are nobly spread; but dainties now,  
 Or plenteous boards, are little our concern.<sup>[11]</sup>  
 Oh godlike Chief! tremendous ills we sit  
 Contemplating with fear, doubtful if life<sup>285</sup>  
 Or death, with the destruction of our fleet,  
 Attend us, unless thou put on thy might.  
 For lo! the haughty Trojans, with their friends  
 Call'd from afar, at the fleet-side encamp,  
 Fast by the wall, where they have kind<sup>290</sup> fires  
 Numerous, and threaten that no force of ours  
 Shall check their purposed inroad on the ships.  
 Jove grants them favorable signs from heaven,  
 Bright lightnings; Hector glares revenge, with rage  
 Infuriate, and by Jove assisted, heeds 295  
 Nor God nor man, but prays the morn to rise  
 That he may hew away our vessel-heads,  
 Burn all our fleet with fire, and at their sides  
 Slay the Achaians struggling in the smoke.  
 Horrible are my fears lest these his thr<sup>300</sup>  
 The Gods accomplish, and it be our doom  
 To perish here, from Argos far remote.  
 Up, therefore! if thou canst, and now at last  
 The weary sons of all Achaia save  
 From Trojan violence. Regret, but vain<sup>305</sup>  
 Shall else be thine hereafter, when no cure  
 Of such great ill, once suffer'd, can be found.  
 Thou therefore, seasonably kind, devise  
 Means to preserve from such disast'rous fate  
 The Grecians. Ah, my friend! when Pe<sup>310</sup>s thee  
 From Phthia sent to Agamemnon's aid,  
 On that same day he gave thee thus in charge.  
 "Juno, my son, and Pallas, if they please,  
 Can make thee valiant; but thy own big heart  
 Thyself restrain. Sweet manners win respect.  
 Cease from pernicious strife, and young and old  
 Throughout the host shall honor thee the more."  
 Such was thy father's charge, which thou, it seems,  
 Remember'st not. Yet even now thy wrath  
 Renounce; be reconciled; for princely g<sup>320</sup>s  
 Atrides gives thee if thy wrath subside.  
 Hear, if thou wilt, and I will tell thee all,  
 How vast the gifts which Agamemnon made  
 By promise thine, this night within his tent.  
 Seven tripods never sullied yet with fire<sup>325</sup>  
 Of gold ten talents; twenty cauldrons bright;

Twelve steeds strong-limb'd, victorious in the race;  
 No man possessing prizes such as those  
 Which they have won for him, shall feel the want  
 Of acquisitions splendid, or of gold. 330  
 Seven virtuous female captives he will give,  
 Expert in arts domestic, Lesbians all,  
 Whom when thou conquer'dst Lesbos, he received  
 His chosen portion, passing woman-kind  
 In perfect loveliness of face and form. 335  
 These will he give, and will with these resign  
 Her whom he took, Briseïs, with an oath  
 Most solemn, that unconscious as she was  
 Of his embraces, such he yields her back.  
 All these he gives thee now! and if at 340<sup>th</sup>  
 The Gods vouchsafe to us to overturn  
 Priam's great city, thou shalt heap thy ships  
 With gold and brass, entering and choosing first,  
 When we shall share the spoil; and shalt beside  
 Choose twenty from among the maids 345<sup>of</sup>Troy,  
 Helen except, loveliest of all their sex.  
 And if once more the rich milk-flowing land  
 We reach of Argos, thou shalt there become  
 His son-in-law, and shalt enjoy like state  
 With him, whom he in all abundance rĕāfs,  
 His only son Orestes. In his house  
 He hath three daughters; thou may'st home conduct  
 To Phthia, her whom thou shalt most approve.  
 Chrysothemis shall be thy bride; or else  
 Laodice; or if she please thee more 355  
 Iphianassa; and from thee he asks  
 No dower; himself will such a dower bestow  
 As never father on his child before.  
 Seven fair well-peopled cities will he give;  
 Cardamyle and Enope; and rich 360  
 In herbage, Hira; Pheræ stately-built,  
 And for her depth of pasturage renown'd,  
 Antheia; proud Æpeia's lofty towers,  
 And Pedasus impurpled dark with vines.  
 All these are maritime, and on the shore 365  
 They stand of Pylus, by a race possess'd  
 Most rich in flocks and herds, who tribute large  
 And gifts presenting to thy sceptred hand,  
 Shall hold thee high in honor as a God.  
 These will he give thee, if thy wrath subside.

But should'st thou rather in thine heart the more  
 Both Agamemnon and his gifts detest,  
 Yet oh compassionate the afflicted host  
 Prepared to adore thee. Thou shalt win renown  
 Among the Grecians that shall never die 375  
 Now strike at Hector. He is here;—himself  
 Provokes thee forth; madness is in his heart,  
 And in his rage he glories that our ships  
 Have hither brought no Grecian brave as he.

Then thus Achilles matchless in the 380<sup>e</sup>.  
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!  
 I must with plainness speak my fixt resolve  
 Unalterable; lest I hear from each  
 The same long murmur'd melancholy tale.  
 For I abhor the man, not more the gate 385

Of hell itself, whose words belie his heart.  
So shall not mine. My judgment undisguised  
Is this; that neither Agamemnon me  
Nor all the Greeks shall move; for ceaseless toil  
Wins here no thanks; one recompense ~~awaits~~  
The sedentary and the most alert,  
The brave and base in equal honor stand,  
And drones and heroes fall unwept alike.

I after all my labors, who exposed  
My life continual in the field, have ear~~93~~  
No very sumptuous prize. As the poor bird  
Gives to her unfledged brood a morsel gain'd  
After long search, though wanting it herself,  
So I have worn out many sleepless nights,  
And waded deep through many a blood~~400~~day  
In battle for their wives.<sup>[12]</sup> I have destroy'd  
Twelve cities with my fleet, and twelve, save one,  
On foot contending in the fields of Troy.

From all these cities, precious spoils I took  
Abundant, and to Agamemnon's hand 405  
Gave all the treasure. He within his ships  
Abode the while, and having all received,  
Little distributed, and much retained;  
He gave, however, to the Kings and Chiefs  
A portion, and they keep it. Me alone 410  
Of all the Grecian host he hath despoil'd;  
My bride, my soul's delight is in his hands,  
And let him, couch'd with her, enjoy his fill  
Of dalliance. What sufficient cause, what need  
Have the Achaians to contend with Troy?<sup>413</sup>  
Why hath Atrides gather'd such a host,  
And led them hither? Was't not for the sake  
Of beauteous Helen? And of all mankind  
Can none be found who love their proper wives  
But the Atridæ? There is no good man<sup>420</sup>  
Who loves not, guards not, and with care provides  
For his own wife, and, though in battle won,  
I loved the fair Briseïs at my heart.

But having dispossess'd me of my prize  
So foully, let him not essay me now, 425  
For I am warn'd, and he shall not prevail.  
With thee and with thy peers let him advise,  
Ulysses! how the fleet may likeliest 'scape  
Yon hostile fires; full many an arduous task  
He hath accomplished without aid of ~~me~~<sup>430</sup>;  
So hath he now this rampart and the trench  
Which he hath digg'd around it, and with stakes  
Planted contiguous—puny barriers all  
To hero-slaughtering Hector's force opposed.

While I the battle waged, present myself<sup>435</sup>  
Among the Achaians, Hector never fought  
Far from his walls, but to the Scæan gate  
Advancing and the beech-tree, there remain'd.  
Once, on that spot he met me, and my arm  
Escaped with difficulty even there. 440  
But, since I feel myself not now inclined  
To fight with noble Hector, yielding first  
To Jove due worship, and to all the Gods,  
To-morrow will I launch, and give my ships  
Their lading. Look thou forth at early ~~dawn~~,

And, if such spectacle delight thee aught,  
Thou shalt behold me cleaving with my prows  
The waves of Hellespont, and all my crews  
Of lusty rowers active in their task.  
So shall I reach (if Ocean's mighty God<sup>450</sup>  
Prosper my passage) Phthia the deep-soil'd  
On the third day. I have possessions there,  
Which hither roaming in an evil hour  
I left abundant. I shall also hence  
Convey much treasure, gold and burnish'd brass,  
And glittering steel, and women passing fair  
My portion of the spoils. But he, your King,  
The prize he gave, himself resumed,  
And taunted at me. Tell him my reply,  
And tell it him aloud, that other Greek<sup>460</sup>  
May indignation feel like me, if arm'd  
Always in impudence, he seek to wrong  
Them also. Let him not henceforth presume,  
Canine and hard in aspect though he be,  
To look me in the face. I will not share<sup>465</sup>  
His counsels, neither will I aid his works.  
Let it suffice him, that he wrong'd me once,  
Deceived me once, henceforth his glozing arts  
Are lost on me. But let him rot in peace  
Crazed as he is, and by the stroke of Jove<sup>470</sup>  
Infatuate. I detest his gifts, and him  
So honor as the thing which most I scorn.  
And would he give me twenty times the worth  
Of this his offer, all the treasured heaps  
Which he possesses, or shall yet possess<sup>475</sup>,  
All that Orchomenos within her walls,  
And all that opulent Egyptian Thebes  
Receives, the city with a hundred gates,  
Whence twenty thousand chariots rush to war,  
And would he give me riches as the sa<sup>480</sup>,  
And as the dust of earth, no gifts from him  
Should soothe me, till my soul were first avenged  
For all the offensive license of his tongue.  
I will not wed the daughter of your Chief,  
Of Agamemnon. Could she vie in charms<sup>485</sup>  
With golden Venus, had she all the skill  
Of blue-eyed Pallas, even so endow'd  
She were no bride for me. No. He may choose  
From the Achaeans some superior Prince,  
One more her equal. Peleus, if the God<sup>490</sup>  
Preserve me, and I safe arrive at home,  
Himself, ere long, shall mate me with a bride.  
In Hellas and in Phthia may be found  
Fair damsels many, daughters of the Chiefs  
Who guard our cities; I may choose of them<sup>495</sup>,  
And make the loveliest of them all my own.  
There, in my country, it hath ever been  
My dearest purpose, wedded to a wife  
Of rank convenient, to enjoy in peace  
Such wealth as ancient Peleus hath acquired.  
For life, in my account, surpasses far  
In value all the treasures which report  
Ascribed to populous Ilium, ere the Greeks  
Arrived, and while the city yet had peace;  
Those also which Apollo's marble shrines<sup>505</sup>

In rocky Pytho boasts. Fat flocks and beeves  
 May be by force obtain'd, tripods and steeds  
 Are bought or won, but if the breath of man  
 Once overpass its bounds, no force arrests  
 Or may constrain the unbodied spirit ~~bâtl~~.  
 Me, as my silver-footed mother speaks  
 Thetis, a twofold consummation waits.  
 If still with battle I encompass Troy,  
 I win immortal glory, but all hope  
 Renounce of my return. If I return 515  
 To my beloved country, I renounce  
 The illustrious meed of glory, but obtain  
 Secure and long immunity from death.  
 And truly I would recommend to all  
 To voyage homeward, for the fall as yet  
 Ye shall not see of Ilium's lofty towers,  
 For that the Thunderer with uplifted arm  
 Protects her, and her courage hath revived.  
 Bear ye mine answer back, as is the part  
 Of good ambassadors, that they may frame  
 Some likelier plan, by which both fleet and host  
 May be preserved; for, my resentment still  
 Burning, this project is but premature.  
 Let Phoenix stay with us, and sleep this night  
 Within my tent, that, if he so incline, 530  
 He may to-morrow in my fleet embark,  
 And hence attend me; but I leave him free.

He ended; they astonish'd at his tone  
 (For vehement he spake) sat silent all,  
 Till Phoenix, aged warrior, at the last 535  
 Gush'd into tears (for dread his heart o'erwhelm'd  
 Lest the whole fleet should perish) and replied.

If thou indeed have purposed to return,  
 Noble Achilles! and such wrath retain'st  
 That thou art altogether fixt to leave 540  
 The fleet a prey to desolating fires,  
 How then, my son! shall I at Troy abide  
 Forlorn of thee? When Peleus, hoary Chief,  
 Sent thee to Agamemnon, yet a child,[13]  
 Unpractised in destructive fight, nor less  
 Of councils ignorant, the schools in which  
 Great minds are form'd, he bade me to the war  
 Attend thee forth, that I might teach thee all,  
 Both elocution and address in arms.  
 Me therefore shalt thou not with my consent  
 Leave here, my son! no, not would Jove himself  
 Promise me, reaping smooth this silver beard,  
 To make me downy-cheek'd as in my youth;  
 Such as when erst from Hellas beauty-famed  
 I fled, escaping from my father's wrath[14]  
 Amyntor, son of Ormenus, who loved  
 A beauteous concubine, and for her sake  
 Despised his wife and persecuted me.  
 My mother suppliant at my knees, with prayer  
 Perpetual importuned me to embrace 560  
 The damsel first, that she might loathe my sire.  
 I did so; and my father soon possess'd  
 With hot suspicion of the fact, let loose  
 A storm of imprecation, in his rage

Invoking all the Furies to forbid        565  
That ever son of mine should press his knees.  
Tartarian Jove[14] and dread Persephone  
Fulfill'd his curses; with my pointed spear  
I would have pierced his heart, but that my wrath  
Some Deity assuaged, suggesting oft 570  
What shame and obloquy I should incur,  
Known as a parricide through all the land.  
At length, so treated, I resolved to dwell  
No longer in his house. My friends, indeed,  
And all my kindred compass'd me aro~~und~~  
With much entreaty, wooing me to stay;  
Oxen and sheep they slaughter'd, many a plump  
Well-fatted brawn extended in the flames,  
And drank the old man's vessels to the lees.  
Nine nights continual at my side they ~~sat~~ 580,  
While others watch'd by turns, nor were the fires  
Extinguish'd ever, one, beneath the porch  
Of the barr'd hall, and one that from within  
The vestibule illumed my chamber door.  
But when the tenth dark night at length ~~arrived~~ 585,  
Sudden the chamber doors bursting I flew  
That moment forth, and unperceived alike  
By guards and menial woman, leap'd the wall.  
Through spacious Hellas flying thence afar,  
I came at length to Phthia the deep-soi~~ld~~  
Mother of flocks, and to the royal house  
Of Peleus; Peleus with a willing heart  
Receiving, loved me as a father loves  
His only son, the son of his old age,  
Inheritor of all his large demesnes. 595  
He made me rich; placed under my control  
A populous realm, and on the skirts I dwelt  
Of Phthia, ruling the Dolopian race.  
Thee from my soul, thou semblance of the Gods,  
I loved, and all illustrious as thou art, 600  
Achilles! such I made thee. For with me,  
Me only, would'st thou forth to feast abroad,  
Nor would'st thou taste thy food at home, till first  
I placed thee on my knees, with my own hand  
Thy viands carved and fed thee, and the ~~wine~~ 605  
Held to thy lips; and many a time, in fits  
Of infant frowardness, the purple juice  
Rejecting thou hast deluged all my vest,  
And fill'd my bosom. Oh, I have endured  
Much, and have also much perform'd ~~for~~ thee,  
Thus purposing, that since the Gods vouchsaf'd  
No son to me, thyself shouldst be my son,  
Godlike Achilles! who shouldst screen perchance  
From a foul fate my else unshelter'd age.  
Achilles! bid thy mighty spirit down. 615  
Thou shouldst not be thus merciless; the Gods,  
Although more honorable, and in power  
And virtue thy superiors, are themselves  
Yet placable; and if a mortal man  
Offend them by transgression of their ~~law~~ 620s,  
Libation, incense, sacrifice, and prayer,  
In meekness offer'd turn their wrath away.  
Prayers are Jove's daughters,[15] wrinkled,[16] lame, slant-eyed,

Which though far distant, yet with constant pace  
Follow Offence. Offence, robust of limb,  
And treading firm the ground, outstrips them all,  
And over all the earth before them runs  
Hurtful to man. They, following, heal the hurt.  
Received respectfully when they approach,  
They help us, and our prayers hear in return.  
But if we slight, and with obdurate heart  
Resist them, to Saturnian Jove they cry  
Against us, supplicating that Offence  
May cleave to us for vengeance of the wrong.  
Thou, therefore, O Achilles! honor yield  
To Jove's own daughters, vanquished, as the brave  
Have oftentimes been, by honor paid to thee.  
For came not Agamemnon as he comes  
With gifts in hand, and promises of more  
Hereafter; burn'd his anger still the same.  
I would not move thee to renounce thy own,  
And to assist us, howsoe'er distress'd.  
But now, not only are his present gifts  
Most liberal, and his promises of more  
Such also, but these Princes he hath seen  
Charged with entreaties, thine especial friends,  
And chosen for that cause, from all the host.  
Slight not their embassy, nor put to shame  
Their intercession. We confess that once  
Thy wrath was unrepentable and just. 650  
Thus we have heard the heroes of old times  
Applauded oft, whose anger, though intense,  
Yet left them open to the gentle sway  
Of reason and conciliatory gifts.  
I recollect an ancient history,                655  
Which, since all here are friends, I will relate.  
The brave Ætolians and Curetes met  
Beneath the walls of Calydon, and fought  
With mutual slaughter; the Ætolian powers  
In the defence of Calydon the fair,     660  
And the Curetes bent to lay it waste:  
That strife Diana of the golden throne  
Kindled between them, with resentment fired  
That Oeneus had not in some fertile spot  
The first fruits of his harvest set apart 665  
To her; with hecatombs he entertained  
All the Divinities of heaven beside,  
And her alone, daughter of Jove supreme,  
Or through forgetfulness, or some neglect,  
Served not; omission careless and profane!  
She, progeny of Jove, Goddess shaft-arm'd,  
A savage boar bright-tusk'd in anger sent,  
Which haunting Oeneus' fields much havoc made.  
Trees numerous on the earth in heaps he cast  
Uprooting them, with all their blossoms. 675  
But Meleager, Oeneus' son, at length  
Slew him, the hunters gathering and the hounds  
Of numerous cities; for a boar so vast  
Might not be vanquish'd by the power of few,  
And many to their funeral piles he sent. 680  
Then raised Diana clamorous dispute,  
And contest hot between them, all alike,  
Curetes and Ætolians fierce in arms

The boar's head claiming, and his bristly hide.  
So long as warlike Meleager fought, 685  
Ætolia prosper'd, nor with all their powers  
Could the Curetes stand before the walls.  
But when resentment once had fired the heart  
Of Meleager, which hath tumult oft  
Excited in the breasts of wisest men, 690  
(For his own mother had his wrath provoked  
Althæa) thenceforth with his wedded wife  
He dwelt, fair Cleopatra, close retired.  
She was Marpessa's daughter, whom she bore  
To Idas, bravest warrior in his day 695  
Of all on earth. He fear'd not 'gainst the King  
Himself Apollo, for the lovely nymph  
Marpessa's sake, his spouse, to bend his bow.  
Her, therefore, Idas and Marpessa named  
Thenceforth Alcyone, because the fate<sup>700</sup>  
Of sad Alcyone Marpessa shared,  
And wept like her, by Phœbus forced away.  
Thus Meleager, tortured with the pangs  
Of wrath indulged, with Cleopatra dwelt,  
Vex'd that his mother cursed him; for, <sup>705</sup>With grief  
Frantic, his mother importuned the Gods  
To avenge her slaughter'd brothers<sup>[17]</sup> on his head.  
Oft would she smite the earth, while on her knees  
Seated, she fill'd her bosom with her tears,  
And call'd on Pluto and dread Proserpne<sup>ne</sup>  
To slay her son; nor vain was that request,  
But by implacable Erynnis heard  
Roaming the shades of Erebus. Ere long  
The tumult and the deafening din of war  
Roar'd at the gates, and all the batter'd towers  
Resounded. Then the elders of the town  
Dispatch'd the high-priests of the Gods to plead  
With Meleager for his instant aid,  
With strong assurances of rich reward.  
Where Calydon afforded fattest soil 720  
They bade him choose to his own use a farm  
Of fifty measured acres, vineyard half,  
And half of land commodious for the plow.  
Him Oeneus also, warrior grey with age,  
Ascending to his chamber, and his doo<sup>725</sup>  
Smiting importunate, with earnest prayers  
Assay'd to soften, kneeling to his son.  
Nor less his sisters woo'd him to relent,  
Nor less his mother; but in vain; he grew  
Still more obdurate. His companions l<sup>ast</sup><sup>730</sup>  
The most esteem'd and dearest of his friends,  
The same suit urged, yet he persisted still  
Relentless, nor could even they prevail.  
But when the battle shook his chamber-doors  
And the Curetes climbing the high tow<sup>735</sup>  
Had fired the spacious city, then with tears  
The beauteous Cleopatra, and with prayers  
Assail'd him; in his view she set the woes  
Numberless of a city storm'd—the men  
Slaughter'd, the city burnt to dust, the <sup>740</sup>maste  
Matrons with all their children dragg'd away.  
That dread recital roused him, and at length  
Issuing, he put his radiant armor on.

Thus Meleager, gratifying first  
 His own resentment from a fatal day 745  
 Saved the Ætolians, who the promised gift  
 Refused him, and his toils found no reward.  
 But thou, my son, be wiser; follow thou  
 No demon who would tempt thee to a course  
 Like his; occasion more propitious far 750  
 Smiles on thee now, than if the fleet were fired.  
 Come, while by gifts invited, and receive  
 From all the host, the honors of a God;  
 For shouldst thou, by no gifts induced, at last  
 Enter the bloody field, although thou ch<sup>755</sup>ase  
 The Trojans hence, yet less shall be thy praise.

Then thus Achilles, matchless in the race.  
 Phœnix, my guide, wise, noble and revered!  
 I covet no such glory! the renown  
 Ordain'd by Jove for me, is to resist 760  
 All opportunity to quit my ships  
 While I have power to move, or breath to draw.  
 Hear now, and mark me well. Cease thou from tears.  
 Confound me not, pleading with sighs and sobs  
 In Agamemnon's cause; O love not him<sup>765</sup>  
 Lest I renounce thee, who am now thy friend.  
 Assist me rather, as thy duty bids,  
 Him to afflict, who hath afflicted me,  
 So shalt thou share my glory and my power.  
 These shall report as they have heard, b<sup>770</sup>ut here  
 Rest thou this night, and with the rising morn  
 We will decide, to stay or to depart.

He ceased, and silent, by a nod enjoin'd  
 Patroclus to prepare an easy couch  
 For Phœnix, anxious to dismiss the rest<sup>775</sup>  
 Incontinent; when Ajax, godlike son  
 Of Telamon, arising, thus began.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd:  
 Depart we now; for I perceive that end  
 Or fruit of all our reasonings shall be none.<sup>780</sup>  
 It is expedient also that we bear  
 Our answer back (unwelcome as it is)  
 With all dispatch, for the assembled Greeks  
 Expect us. Brave Achilles shuts a fire  
 Within his breast; the kindness of his friends,<sup>785</sup>  
 And the respect peculiar by ourselves  
 Shown to him, on his heart work no effect.  
 Inexorable man! others accept  
 Even for a brother slain, or for a son  
 Due compensation;<sup>[18]</sup> the delinquent dwells  
 Secure at home, and the receiver, soothed  
 And pacified, represses his revenge.  
 But thou, resentful of the loss of one,  
 One virgin (such obduracy of heart  
 The Gods have given thee) can't not b<sup>795</sup>ea appeased  
 Yet we assign thee seven in her stead,  
 The most distinguish'd of their sex, and add  
 Large gifts beside. Ah then, at last relent!  
 Respect thy roof; we are thy guests; we come  
 Chosen from the multitude of all the Greeks,  
 Beyond them all ambitious of thy love.

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.  
 My noble friend, offspring of Telamon!  
 Thou seem'st sincere, and I believe thee such.  
 But at the very mention of the name 805  
 Of Atreus' son, who shamed me in the sight  
 Of all Achaia's host, bearing me down  
 As I had been some vagrant at his door,  
 My bosom boils. Return ye and report  
 Your answer. I no thought will entertain<sup>810</sup>  
 Of crimson war, till the illustrious son  
 Of warlike Priam, Hector, blood-embued,  
 Shall in their tents the Myrmidons assail  
 Themselves, and fire my fleet. At my own ship,  
 And at my own pavilion it may chance<sup>815</sup>  
 That even Hector's violence shall pause.<sup>[19]</sup>

He ended; they from massy goblets each  
 Libation pour'd, and to the fleet their course  
 Resumed direct, Ulysses at their head.  
 Patroclus then his fellow-warriors bad<sup>820</sup>  
 And the attendant women spread a couch  
 For Phœnix; they the couch, obedient, spread  
 With fleeces, with rich arras, and with flax  
 Of subtlest woof. There hoary Phœnix lay  
 In expectation of the sacred dawn. 825  
 Meantime Achilles in the interior tent,  
 With beauteous Diomeda by himself  
 From Lesbos brought, daughter of Phorbas, lay.  
 Patroclus opposite reposed, with whom  
 Slept charming Iphis; her, when he had<sup>830</sup>  
 The lofty towers of Scyros, the divine  
 Achilles took, and on his friend bestow'd.

But when those Chiefs at Agamemnon's tent  
 Arrived, the Greeks on every side arose  
 With golden cups welcoming their return<sup>835</sup>  
 All question'd them, but Agamemnon first.

Oh worthy of Achaia's highest praise,  
 And her chief ornament, Ulysses, speak!  
 Will he defend the fleet? or his big heart  
 Indulging wrathful, doth he still refuse<sup>840</sup>

To whom renown'd Ulysses thus replied.  
 Atrides, Agamemnon, King of men!  
 He his resentment quenches not, nor will,  
 But burns with wrath the more, thee and thy gifts  
 Rejecting both. He bids thee with the Greeks  
 Consult by what expedient thou may'st save  
 The fleet and people, threatening that himself  
 Will at the peep of day launch all his barks,  
 And counselling, beside, the general host  
 To voyage homeward, for that end as yet<sup>850</sup>  
 Of Ilium wall'd to heaven, ye shall not find,  
 Since Jove the Thunderer with uplifted arm  
 Protects her, and her courage hath revived.  
 Thus speaks the Chief, and Ajax is prepared,  
 With the attendant heralds to report 855  
 As I have said. But Phœnix in the tent  
 Sleeps of Achilles, who his stay desired,  
 That on the morrow, if he so incline,

The hoary warrior may attend him hence  
Home to his country, but he leaves him<sup>860</sup> free.

He ended. They astonish'd at his tone  
(For vehement he spake) sat silent all.  
Long silent sat the afflicted sons of Greece,  
When thus the mighty Diomede began.

Atrides, Agamemnon, King of men!<sup>865</sup>  
Thy supplications to the valiant son  
Of Peleus, and the offer of thy gifts  
InnumEROUS, had been better far withheld.  
He is at all times haughty, and thy suit  
Hath but increased his haughtiness of <sup>870</sup>art  
Past bounds: but let him stay or let him go  
As he shall choose. He will resume the fight  
When his own mind shall prompt him, and the Gods  
Shall urge him forth. Now follow my advice.  
Ye have refresh'd your hearts with food<sup>875</sup>and wine  
Which are the strength of man; take now repose.  
And when the rosy-finger'd morning fair  
Shall shine again, set forth without delay  
The battle, horse and foot, before the fleet,  
And where the foremost fight, fight also<sup>880</sup>thou.

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

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There is much in this book which is worthy of close attention. The consummate genius, the varied and versatile power, the eloquence, truth, and nature displayed in it, will always be admired. Perhaps there is no portion of the poem more remarkable for these attributes.  
—FELTON.

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## BOOK X.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE TENTH BOOK.

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

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## BOOK X.

All night the leaders of the host of Greece  
Lay sunk in soft repose, all, save the Chief,<sup>[1]</sup>  
The son of Atreus; him from thought to thought  
Roving solicitous, no sleep relieved.  
As when the spouse of beauteous Juno, darts  
His frequent fires, designing heavy rain  
Immense, or hail-storm, or field-whitening snow,  
Or else wide-throated war calamitous,  
So frequent were the groans by Atreus' son  
Heaved from his inmost heart, tremblin<sup>g</sup> with dread.  
For cast he but his eye toward the plain  
Of Ilium, there, astonish'd he beheld  
The city fronted with bright fires, and heard  
Pipes, and recorders, and the hum of war;  
But when again the Grecian fleet he view'd,  
And thought on his own people, then his hair  
Uprooted elevating to the Gods,  
He from his generous bosom groan'd again.  
At length he thus resolved; of all the Greeks  
To seek Neleian Nestor first, with whom  
He might, perchance, some plan for the defence  
Of the afflicted Danaï devise.  
Rising, he wrapp'd his tunic to his breast,  
And to his royal feet unsullied bound  
His sandals; o'er his shoulders, next, he threw  
Of amplest size a lion's tawny skin  
That swept his footsteps, dappled o'er with blood,  
Then took his spear. Meantime, not less appall'd  
Was Menelaus, on whose eyelids sleep  
Sat not, lest the Achaians for his sake 30  
O'er many waters borne, and now intent  
On glorious deeds, should perish all at Troy.  
With a pard's spotted hide his shoulders broad  
He mantled over; to his head he raised  
His brazen helmet, and with vigorous hand  
Grasping his spear, forth issued to arouse

His brother, mighty sovereign of the host,  
And by the Grecians like a God revered.  
He found him at his galley's stern, his arms  
Assuming radiant; welcome he arrived 40  
To Agamemnon, whom he thus address'd.

Why arm'st thou, brother? Wouldst thou urge abroad  
Some trusty spy into the Trojan camp?<sup>[2]</sup>  
I fear lest none so hardy shall be found  
As to adventure, in the dead still night, 45  
So far, alone; valiant indeed were he!

To whom great Agamemnon thus replied.  
Heaven-favor'd Menelaus! We have need,  
Thou and myself, of some device well-framed,  
Which both the Grecians and the fleet of Greece  
May rescue, for the mind of Jove hath changed,  
And Hector's prayers alone now reach his ear.  
I never saw, nor by report have learn'd  
From any man, that ever single chief  
Such awful wonders in one day perform'd  
As he with ease against the Greeks, although  
Nor from a Goddess sprung nor from a God.  
Deeds he hath done, which, as I think, the Greeks  
Shall deep and long lament, such numerous ills  
Achaia's host hath at his hands sustain'd  
But haste, begone, and at their several ships  
Call Ajax and Idomeneus; I go  
To exhort the noble Nestor to arise,  
That he may visit, if he so incline,  
The chosen band who watch, and his advice  
Give them; for him most prompt they will obey,  
Whose son, together with Meriones,  
Friend of Idomeneus, controls them all,  
Entrusted by ourselves with that command.

Him answer'd Menelaus bold in arms  
Explain thy purpose. Wouldst thou that I wait  
Thy coming, there, or thy commands to both  
Given, that I incontinent return?

To whom the Sovereign of the host replied.  
There stay; lest striking into different paths  
(For many passes intersect the camp)  
We miss each other; summon them aloud  
Where thou shalt come; enjoin them to arise;  
Call each by his hereditary name,  
Honoring all. Beware of manners proud  
For we ourselves must labor, at our birth  
By Jove ordain'd to suffering and to toil.

So saying, he his brother thence dismiss'd  
Instructed duly, and himself, his steps  
Turned to the tent of Nestor. Him he found  
Amid his sable galleys in his tent  
Reposing soft, his armor at his side,  
Shield, spears, bright helmet, and the broider'd belt  
Which, when the Senior arm'd led forth his host  
To fight, he wore; for he complied not  
With the encroachments of enfeebling age.  
He raised his head, and on his elbow propp'd,  
Questioning Agamemnon, thus began.

But who art thou, who thus alone, the camp  
Roamest, amid the darkness of the night,  
While other mortals sleep? Comest thou abroad  
Seeking some friend or soldier of the guard?  
Speak—come not nearer mute. What is thy wish?

To whom the son of Atreus, King of men.  
Oh Nestor, glory of the Grecian name,  
Offspring of Neleus! thou in me shalt know  
The son of Atreus, Agamemnon, doom'd  
By Jove to toil, while life shall yet inform  
These limbs, or I shall draw the vital air.  
I wander thus, because that on my lids  
Sweet sleep sits not, but war and the concerns  
Of the Achaians occupy my soul.  
Terrible are the fears which I endure  
For these my people; such as supersede  
All thought; my bosom can no longer hold  
My throbbing heart, and tremors shake my limbs.  
But if thy mind, more capable, project  
Aught that may profit us (for thee it seems  
Sleep also shuns) arise, and let us both  
Visit the watch, lest, haply, overtoil'd  
They yield to sleep, forgetful of their charge.  
The foe is posted near, and may intend  
(None knows his purpose) an assault by night.

To him Gerenian Nestor thus replied.  
Illustrious Agamemnon, King of men!  
Deep-planning Jove the imaginations proud  
Of Hector will not ratify, nor all  
His sanguine hopes effectuate; in his turn  
He also (fierce Achilles once appeased)  
Shall trouble feel, and haply, more than we.  
But with all readiness I will arise  
And follow thee, that we may also rouse  
Yet others; Diomede the spear-renown'd,  
Ulysses, the swift Ajax, and the son  
Of Phyleus, valiant Meges. It were well  
Were others also visited and call'd,  
The godlike Ajax, and Idomeneus,  
Whose ships are at the camp's extremest bounds.  
But though I love thy brother and revere,  
And though I grieve e'en thee, yet speak I must,  
And plainly censure him, that thus he sleeps  
And leaves to thee the labor, who himself  
Should range the host, soliciting the Chiefs  
Of every band, as utmost need requires.

Him answer'd Agamemnon, King of Men.  
Old warrior, times there are, when I could wish  
Myself thy censure of him, for in act  
He is not seldom tardy and remiss.  
Yet is not sluggish indolence the cause,  
No, nor stupidity, but he observes  
Me much, expecting till I lead the way.  
But he was foremost now, far more alert  
This night than I, and I have sent him forth  
Already, those to call whom thou hast named.  
But let us hence, for at the guard I trust  
To find them, since I gave them so in charge.<sup>[3]</sup>

To whom the brave Gerenian Chief replied.  
Him none will censure, or his will dispute,  
Whom he shall waken and exhort to rise.

So saying, he bound his corselet to his breast,  
His sandals fair to his unsullied feet,  
And fastening by its clasps his purple cloak  
Around him, double and of shaggy pile,  
Seized, next, his sturdy spear headed with brass,  
And issued first into the Grecian fleet. 160  
There, Nestor, brave Gerenian, with a voice  
Sonorous roused the godlike counsellor  
From sleep, Ulysses; the alarm came o'er  
His startled ear, forth from his tent he sprang  
Sudden, and of their coming, quick, indeed.

Why roam ye thus the camp and fleet alone  
In darkness? by what urgent need constrain'd?

To whom the hoary Pylian thus replied.  
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!  
Resent it not, for dread is our distress. 170  
Come, therefore, and assist us to convene  
Yet others, qualified to judge if war  
Be most expedient, or immediate flight.

He ended, and regaining, quick, his tent,  
Ulysses slung his shield, then coming forth  
Join'd them. The son of Tydeus first they sought.  
Him sleeping arm'd before his tent they found,  
Encompass'd by his friends also asleep;  
His head each rested on his shield, and each  
Had planted on its nether point<sup>[4]</sup> erect 180  
His spear beside him; bright their polish'd heads,  
As Jove's own lightning glittered from afar.  
Himself, the Hero, slept. A wild bull's hide  
Was spread beneath him, and on arras tinged  
With splendid purple lay his head reclined.  
Nestor, beside him standing, with his heel  
Shook him, and, urgent, thus the Chief reproved.

Awake, Tydides! wherefore givest the night  
Entire to balmy slumber? Hast not heard  
How on the rising ground beside the fleet  
The Trojans sit, small interval between?

He ceased; then up sprang Diomede alarm'd  
Instant, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

Old wakeful Chief! thy toils are never done.  
Are there not younger of the sons of Greece,  
Who ranging in all parts the camp, might call  
The Kings to council? But no curb controls  
Or can abate activity like thine.

To whom Gerenian Nestor in return.  
My friend! thou hast well spoken. I have sons,  
And they are well deserving; I have here  
A numerous people also, one of whom  
Might have sufficed to call the Kings of Greece.  
But such occasion presses now the host  
As hath not oft occur'd; the overthrow  
Complete, or full deliverance of us all,  
In balance hangs, poised on a razor's edge.  
But haste, and if thy pity of my toils

Be such, since thou art younger, call, thyself,  
Ajax the swift, and Meges to the guard<sup>210</sup>

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

They, at the guard arrived, not sleep<sup>215</sup> found  
The captains of the guard, but sitting all  
In vigilant posture with their arms prepared.  
As dogs that, careful, watch the fold by night,  
Hearing some wild beast in the woods,<sup>[5]</sup> which hounds  
And hunters with tumultuous clamor <sup>220</sup>  
Down from the mountain-top, all sleep forego;  
So, sat not on their eyelids gentle sleep  
That dreadful night, but constant to the plain  
At every sound of Trojan feet they turn'd.  
The old Chief joyful at the sight, in ter<sup>225</sup>  
Of kind encouragement them thus address'd.

So watch, my children! and beware that sleep  
Invade none here, lest all become a prey.

So saying, he traversed with quick pace the trench  
By every Chief whom they had thither<sup>230</sup> call'd  
Attended, with whom Nestor's noble son  
Went, and Meriones, invited both  
To join their consultation. From the foss  
Emerging, in a vacant space they sat,  
Unstrew'd with bodies of the slain, the<sup>235</sup> spot,  
Whence furious Hector, after slaughter made  
Of numerous Greeks, night falling, had return'd.  
There seated, mutual converse close they held,  
And Nestor, brave Gerenian, thus began.

Oh friends! hath no Achaian here su<sup>240</sup>trust  
In his own prowess, as to venture forth  
Among yon haughty Trojans? He, perchance,  
Might on the borders of their host surprise  
Some wandering adversary, or might learn  
Their consultations, whether they prop<sup>245</sup>ose  
Here to abide in prospect of the fleet,  
Or, satiate with success against the Greeks  
So signal, meditate retreat to Troy.  
These tidings gain'd, should he at last return  
Secure, his recompense will be renown<sup>250</sup>  
Extensive as the heavens, and fair reward.  
From every leader of the fleet, his gift  
Shall be a sable<sup>[6]</sup> ewe, and sucking lamb,  
Rare acquisition! and at every board  
And sumptuous banquet, he shall be a <sup>255</sup>guest.

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

Me, Nestor, my courageous heart incites  
To penetrate into the neighbor host  
Of enemies; but went some other Chie<sup>260</sup>  
With me, far greater would my comfort prove,  
And I should dare the more. Two going forth,  
One quicker sees than other, and suggests  
Prudent advice; but he who single goes,

Mark whatsoe'er he may, the occasion<sup>265</sup>  
Improves, and his expedients soon exhausts.

He ended, and no few willing arose  
To go with Diomede. Servants of Mars  
Each Ajax willing stood; willing as they  
Meriones; most willing Nestor's son; 270  
Willing the brother of the Chief of all,  
Nor willing less Ulysses to explore  
The host of Troy, for he possess'd a heart  
Delighted ever with some bold exploit.

Then Agamemnon, King of men, began.  
Now Diomede, in whom my soul delights!  
Choose whom thou wilt for thy companion; choose  
The fittest here; for numerous wish to go.  
Leave not through deference to another's rank,  
The more deserving, nor prefer a worse<sup>280</sup>  
Respecting either pedigree or power.

Such speech he interposed, fearing his choice  
Of Menelaus; then, renown'd in arms  
The son of Tydeus, rising, spake again.

Since, then, ye bid me my own partner<sup>285</sup>choose  
Free from constraint, how can I overlook  
Divine Ulysses, whose courageous heart  
With such peculiar cheerfulness endures  
Whatever toils, and whom Minerva loves?  
Let *him* attend me, and through fire its<sup>290</sup>  
We shall return; for none is wise as he.<sup>[7]</sup>

To him Ulysses, hardy Chief, replied.  
Tydides! neither praise me much, nor blame,  
For these are Grecians in whose ears thou speak'st,  
And know me well. But let us hence! <sup>295</sup>night  
Draws to a close; day comes apace; the stars  
Are far advanced; two portions have elapsed  
Of darkness, but the third is yet entire.

So they; then each his dreadful arms put on.  
To Diomede, who at the fleet had left 300  
His own, the dauntless Thrasymedes gave  
His shield and sword two-edged, and on his head  
Placed, crestless, unadorn'd, his bull-skin casque.  
It was a stripling's helmet, such as youths  
Scarce yet confirm'd in lusty manhood<sup>305</sup>year.  
Meriones with quiver, bow and sword  
Furnish'd Ulysses, and his brows enclosed  
In his own casque of hide with many a thong  
Well braced within;<sup>[8]</sup> guarded it was without  
With boar's teeth ivory-white inherent<sup>310</sup>film  
On all sides, and with woolen head-piece lined.  
That helmet erst Autolycus<sup>[9]</sup> had brought  
From Eleon, city of Amyntor son  
Of Hormenus, where he the solid walls  
Bored through, clandestine, of Amyntor's house.  
He on Amphidamas the prize bestow'd  
In Scandia;<sup>[10]</sup> from Amphidamas it pass'd  
To Mолос as a hospitable pledge;  
He gave it to Meriones his son,  
And now it guarded shrewd Ulysses' brows.  
Both clad in arms terrific, forth they sped,  
Leaving their fellow Chiefs, and as they went

A heron, by command of Pallas, flew  
 Close on the right beside them; darkling they  
 Discern'd him not, but heard his clang<sup>325</sup> plumes.[\[11\]](#)  
 Ulysses in the favorable sign  
 Exulted, and Minerva thus invoked.[\[12\]](#)

Oh hear me, daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd!  
 My present helper in all straits, whose eye  
 Marks all my ways, oh with peculiar care  
 Now guard me, Pallas! grant that after toil  
 Successful, glorious, such as long shall fill  
 With grief the Trojans, we may safe return  
 And with immortal honors to the fleet.

Valiant Tydides, next, his prayer pref<sup>335</sup>r'd.  
 Hear also me, Jove's offspring by the toils  
 Of war invincible! me follow now  
 As my heroic father erst to Thebes  
 Thou followedst, Tydeus; by the Greeks dispatch'd  
 Ambassador, he left the mail-clad host<sup>340</sup>  
 Beside Asopus, and with terms of peace  
 Entrusted, enter'd Thebes; but by thine aid  
 Benevolent, and in thy strength, perform'd  
 Returning, deeds of terrible renown.  
 Thus, now, protect me also! In return 345  
 I vow an offering at thy shrine, a young  
 Broad-fronted heifer, to the yoke as yet  
 Untamed, whose horns I will incase with gold.

Such prayer they made, and Pallas heard well pleased.  
 Their orisons ended to the daughter dr<sup>350</sup>aō  
 Of mighty Jove, lion-like they advanced  
 Through shades of night, through carnage, arms and blood.

Nor Hector to his gallant host indulged  
 Sleep, but convened the leaders; leader none  
 Or senator of all his host he left 355  
 Unsummon'd, and his purpose thus promulg'd.

Where is the warrior who for rich reward,  
 Such as shall well suffice him, will the task  
 Adventurous, which I propose, perform?  
 A chariot with two steeds of proudest h<sup>360</sup>ght,  
 Surpassing all in the whole fleet of Greece  
 Shall be his portion, with immortal praise,  
 Who shall the well-appointed ships approach  
 Courageous, there to learn if yet a guard  
 As heretofore, keep them, or if subdued<sup>365</sup>  
 Beneath us, the Achaians flight intend,  
 And worn with labor have no will to watch.

So Hector spake, but answer none return'd.  
 There was a certain Trojan, Dolon named,[\[13\]](#)  
 Son of Eumedes herald of the Gods, 370  
 Rich both in gold and brass, but in his form  
 Unsightly; yet the man was swift of foot,  
 Sole brother of five sisters; he his speech  
 To Hector and the Trojans thus address'd.

My spirit, Hector, prompts me, and my mind  
 Endued with manly vigor, to approach  
 Yon gallant ships, that I may tidings hear.  
 But come. For my assurance, lifting high  
 Thy sceptre, swear to me, for my reward,

The horses and the brazen chariot brig<sup>380</sup>  
 Which bear renown'd Achilles o'er the field.  
 I will not prove a useless spy, nor fall  
 Below thy best opinion; pass I will  
 Their army through, till I shall reach the ship  
 Of Agamemnon, where the Chiefs, per<sup>385</sup>ance,  
 Now sit consulting, or to fight, or fly.<sup>[14]</sup>

Then raising high his sceptre, Hector sware  
 Know, Jove himself, Juno's high-thundering spouse!  
 That Trojan none shall in that chariot ride  
 By those steeds drawn, save Dolon; on<sup>390</sup> my oath  
 I make them thine; enjoy them evermore.

He said, and falsely sware, yet him assured.  
 Then Dolon, instant, o'er his shoulder slung  
 His bow elastic, wrapp'd himself around  
 With a grey wolf-skin, to his head a cas<sup>395</sup>e  
 Adjusted, coated o'er with ferret's felt,  
 And seizing his sharp javelin, from the host  
 Turn'd right toward the fleet, but was ordain'd  
 To disappoint his sender, and to bring  
 No tidings thence. The throng of Troja<sup>400</sup>steeds  
 And warriors left, with brisker pace he moved,  
 When brave Ulysses his approach perceived,  
 And thus to Diomede his speech address'd.

Tydides! yonder man is from the host;  
 Either a spy he comes, or with intent 405  
 To spoil the dead. First, freely let him pass  
 Few paces, then pursuing him with speed,  
 Seize on him suddenly; but should he prove  
 The nimbler of the three, with threatening spear  
 Enforce him from his camp toward the<sup>410</sup>fleet,  
 Lest he elude us, and escape to Troy.

So they; then, turning from the road oblique,  
 Among the carcases each laid him down.  
 Dolon, suspecting nought, ran swiftly by.  
 [15]But when such space was interposed<sup>415</sup>as mules  
 Plow in a day (for mules the ox surpass  
 Through fallows deep drawing the ponderous plow)  
 Both ran toward him. Dolon at the sound  
 Stood; for he hoped some Trojan friends at hand  
 From Hector sent to bid him back agai<sup>420</sup>n  
 But when within spear's cast, or less they came,  
 Knowing them enemies he turn'd to flight  
 Incontinent, whom they as swift pursued.  
 As two fleet hounds sharp fang'd, train'd to the chase,  
 Hang on the rear of flying hind or hare<sup>425</sup>  
 And drive her, never swerving from the track,  
 Through copses close; she screaming scuds before;  
 So Diomede and dread Ulysses him  
 Chased constant, intercepting his return.  
 And now, fast-fleeting to the ships, he<sup>430</sup>n  
 Had reach'd the guard, but Pallas with new force  
 Inspired Tydides, lest a meaner Greek  
 Should boast that he had smitten Dolon first,  
 And Diomede win only second praise.  
 He poised his lifted spear, and thus excl<sup>435</sup>m'd.

Stand! or my spear shall stop thee. Death impends  
 At every step; thou canst not 'scape me long.

He said, and threw his spear, but by design,  
 Err'd from the man. The polish'd weapon swift  
 O'er-glancing his right shoulder, in the<sup>440</sup>oil  
 Stood fixt, beyond him. Terrified he stood,  
 Stammering, and sounding through his lips the clash  
 Of chattering teeth, with visage deadly wan.  
 They panting rush'd on him, and both his hands  
 Seized fast; he wept, and suppliant the<sup>445</sup>bespake.

Take me alive, and I will pay the price  
 Of my redemption. I have gold at home,  
 Brass also, and bright steel, and when report  
 Of my captivity within your fleet  
 Shall reach my father, treasures he will<sup>450</sup>love  
 Not to be told, for ransom of his son.

To whom Ulysses politic replied.  
 Take courage; entertain no thought of death.<sup>[16]</sup>  
 But haste! this tell me, and disclose the truth.  
 Why thus toward the ships comest thou<sup>455</sup>alone  
 From yonder host, by night, while others sleep?  
 To spoil some carcase? or from Hector sent  
 A spy of all that passes in the fleet?  
 Or by thy curiosity impell'd?

Then Dolon, his limbs trembling, the<sup>460</sup>replied.  
 To my great detriment, and far beyond  
 My own design, Hector trepann'd me forth,  
 Who promised me the steeds of Peleus' son  
 Illustrious, and his brazen chariot bright.  
 He bade me, under night's fast-flitting<sup>465</sup>ades  
 Approach our enemies, a spy, to learn  
 If still as heretofore, ye station guards  
 For safety of your fleet, or if subdued  
 Completely, ye intend immediate flight,  
 And worn with labor, have no will to w<sup>470</sup>atch.

To whom Ulysses, smiling, thus replied.  
 Thou hadst, in truth, an appetite to gifts  
 Of no mean value, coveting the steeds  
 Of brave Æacides; but steeds are they  
 Of fiery sort, difficult to be ruled      475  
 By force of mortal man, Achilles' self  
 Except, whom an immortal mother bore.  
 But tell me yet again; use no disguise;  
 Where left'st thou, at thy coming forth, your Chief,  
 The valiant Hector? where hath he disp<sup>480</sup>sed  
 His armor battle-worn, and where his steeds?  
 What other quar<sup>485</sup>ers of your host are watch'd?  
 Where lodge the guard, and what intend ye next?  
 Still to abide in prospect of the fleet?  
 Or well-content that ye have thus redu<sup>490</sup>d  
 Achaia's host, will ye retire to Troy?

To whom this answer Dolon straight returned  
 Son of Eumedes. With unfeigning truth  
 Simply and plainly will I utter all.  
 Hector, with all the Senatorial Chiefs, 490  
 Beside the tomb of sacred Ilius sits  
 Consulting, from the noisy camp remote.  
 But for the guards, Hero! concerning whom  
 Thou hast inquired, there is no certain watch  
 And regular appointed o'er the camp; 495

The native<sup>[17]</sup> Trojans (for *they* can no less)  
 Sit sleepless all, and each his next exhorts  
 To vigilance; but all our foreign aids,  
 Who neither wives nor children hazard here,  
 Trusting the Trojans for that service, sleep.

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied.  
 How sleep the strangers and allies?—apart?  
 Or with the Trojans mingled?—I would learn.

So spake Ulysses; to whom Dolon thus,  
 Son of Eumedes. I will all unfold, 505  
 And all most truly. By the sea are lodged  
 The Carians, the Pæonians arm'd with bows,  
 The Leleges, with the Pelasgian band,  
 And the Caucones. On the skirts encamp  
 Of Thymbra, the Mæonians crested high<sup>510</sup>  
 The Phrygian horsemen, with the Lycian host,  
 And the bold troop of Mysia's haughty sons.  
 But wherefore these inquiries thus minu4e?  
 For if ye wish to penetrate the host,  
 These who possess the borders of the ~~ca~~<sup>515</sup> Farthest removed of all, are Thracian powers  
 Newly arrived; among them Rhesus sleeps,  
 Son of Eioneus, their Chief and King.  
 His steeds I saw, the fairest by these eyes  
 Ever beheld, and loftiest; snow itself 520  
 They pass in whiteness, and in speed the winds,  
 With gold and silver all his chariot burns,  
 And he arrived in golden armor clad  
 Stupendous! little suited to the state  
 Of mortal man—fit for a God to wear!<sup>525</sup>  
 Now, either lead me to your gallant fleet,  
 Or where ye find me leave me straitly bound  
 Till ye return, and after trial made,  
 Shall know if I have spoken false or true.

But him brave Diomede with aspect stern  
 Answer'd. Since, Dolon! thou art caught, although  
 Thy tidings have been good, hope not to live;  
 For should we now release thee and dismiss,  
 Thou wilt revisit yet again the fleet  
 A spy or open foe; but smitten once 535  
 By this death-dealing arm, thou shall return  
 To render mischief to the Greeks no more.

He ceased, and Dolon would have stretch'd his hand  
 Toward his beard, and pleaded hard for life,  
 But with his falchion, rising to the blow<sup>540</sup>  
 On the mid-neck he smote him, cutting sheer  
 Both tendons with a stroke so swift, that ere  
 His tongue had ceased, his head was in the dust.<sup>[18]</sup>  
 They took his helmet clothed with ferret's felt,  
 Stripp'd off his wolf-skin, seized his b545 and spear,  
 And brave Ulysses lifting in his hand  
 The trophy to Minerva, pray'd and said:

Hail Goddess; these are thine! for thee of all  
 Who in Olympus dwell, we will invoke  
 First to our aid. Now also guide our steps<sup>550</sup>,  
 Propitious, to the Thracian tents and steeds.

He ceased, and at arm's-length the lifted spoils  
 Hung on a tamarisk; but mark'd the spot,

Plucking away with handful grasp the reeds  
 And spreading boughs, lest they should seek the prize  
 Themselves in vain, returning ere the night,  
 Swift traveller, should have fled before the dawn.  
 Thence, o'er the bloody champain strew'd with arms  
 Proceeding, to the Thracian lines they came.  
 They, wearied, slept profound; beside them lay,  
 In triple order regular arranged,  
 Their radiant armor, and their steeds in pairs.  
 Amid them Rhesus slept, and at his side  
 His coursers, to the outer chariot-ring  
 Fasten'd secure. Ulysses saw him first,  
 And, seeing, mark'd him out to Diomede.

Behold the man, Tydides! Lo! the steeds  
 By Dolon specified whom we have slain.  
 Be quick. Exert thy force. Arm'd as thou art,  
 Sleep not. Loose thou the steeds, or slaughter thou  
 The Thracians, and the steeds shall be my care.

He ceased; then blue-eyed Pallas with fresh force  
 Invigor'd Diomede. From side to side  
 He slew; dread groans arose of dying men  
 Hewn with the sword, and the earth swam with blood.  
 As if he find a flock unguarded, sheep  
 Or goats, the lion rushes on his prey,  
 With such unsparing force Tydides smote  
 The men of Thrace, till he had slaughter'd twelve;  
 And whom Tydides with his falchion struck  
 Laertes' son dragg'd by his feet abroad,  
 Forecasting that the steeds might pass with ease,  
 Nor start, as yet uncustom'd to the dead.  
 But when the son of Tydeus found the King,  
 Him also panting forth his last, last, breath,  
 He added to the twelve; for at his head  
 An evil dream that night had stood, the form  
 Of Diomede, by Pallas' art devised.  
 Meantime, the bold Ulysses loosed the steeds,  
 Which, to each other rein'd, he drove abroad,  
 Smiting them with his bow (for of the scourge  
 He thought not in the chariot-seat secured)  
 And as he went, hiss'd, warning Diomede.  
 But he, projecting still some harder deed,  
 Stood doubtful, whether by the pole to draw  
 The chariot thence, laden with gorgeous arms,  
 Or whether heaving it on high, to bear  
 The burthen off, or whether yet to take  
 More Thracian lives; when him with various thoughts  
 Perplex'd, Minerva, drawing near, bespake.

Son of bold Tydeus! think on thy return  
 To yonder fleet, lest thou depart constrain'd.  
 Some other God may rouse the powers of Troy.

She ended, and he knew the voice divine.  
 At once he mounted. With his bow the steeds  
 Ulysses plyed, and to the ships they flew.

Nor look'd the bender of the silver bow,  
 Apollo, forth in vain, but at the sight  
 Of Pallas following Diomede incensed,  
 Descended to the field where numerous most  
 He saw the Trojans, and the Thracian Chief

And counsellor, Hippocoön aroused,<sup>[19]</sup>  
 Kinsman of Rhesus, and renown'd in arms.  
 He, starting from his sleep, soon as he saw  
 The spot deserted where so lately lay 615  
 Those fiery coursers, and his warrior friends  
 Gasping around him, sounded loud the name  
 Of his loved Rhesus. Instant, at the voice,  
 Wild stir arose and clamorous uproar  
 Of fast-assembling Trojans. Deeds they<sup>620</sup>—  
 Terrible deeds, and marvellous perform'd,  
 But not their authors—they had sought the ships.

Meantime arrived where they had slain the spy  
 Of Hector, there Ulysses, dear to Jove,  
 The coursers stay'd, and, leaping to the<sup>625</sup> ground,  
 The son of Tydeus in Ulysses' hands  
 The arms of Dolon placed foul with his blood,  
 Then vaulted light into his seat again.  
 He lash'd the steeds, they, not unwilling, flew  
 To the deep-bellied barks, as to their <sup>630</sup> home.  
 First Nestor heard the sound, and thus he said.

Friends! Counsellors! and leaders of the Greeks!  
 False shall I speak, or true?—but speak I must.  
 The echoing sound of hoofs alarms my ear.  
 Oh, that Ulysses, and brave Diomede 635  
 This moment might arrive drawn into camp  
 By Trojan steeds! But, ah, the dread I feel!  
 Lest some disaster have for ever quell'd  
 In yon rude host those noblest of the Greeks.

He hath not ended, when themselves<sup>640</sup> arrived,  
 Both quick dismounted; joy at their return  
 Fill'd every bosom; each with kind salute  
 Cordial, and right-hand welcome greeted them,  
 And first Gerenian Nestor thus inquired.

Oh Chief by all extoll'd, glory of Greece,<sup>645</sup>  
 Ulysses! how have ye these steeds acquired?  
 In yonder host? or met ye as ye went  
 Some God who gave them to you? for they show  
 A lustre dazzling as the beams of day.  
 Old as I am, I mingle yet in fight 650  
 With Ilium's sons—lurk never in the fleet—  
 Yet saw I at no time, or have remark'd  
 Steeds such as these; which therefore I believe  
 Perforce, that ye have gained by gift divine;  
 For cloud-assembler Jove, and azure-eyed  
 Minerva, Jove's own daughter, love you both.

To whom Ulysses, thus, discreet, replied.  
 Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks!  
 A God, so willing, could have given us steeds  
 Superior, for their bounty knows no bounds.  
 But, venerable Chief! these which thou seest  
 Are Thracians new-arrived. Their master lies  
 Slain by the valiant Diomede, with twelve  
 The noblest of his warriors at his side,  
 A thirteenth<sup>[20]</sup> also, at small distance hence  
 We slew, by Hector and the Chiefs of Troy  
 Sent to inspect the posture of our host.

He said; then, high in exultation, drove  
 The coursers o'er the trench, and with him pass'd

The glad Achaians; at the spacious ten<sup>670</sup>  
Of Diomede arrived, with even thongs  
They tied them at the cribs where stood the steeds  
Of Tydeus' son, with winnow'd wheat supplied.  
Ulysses in his bark the gory spoils  
Of Dolon placed, designing them a gif<sup>675</sup>  
To Pallas. Then, descending to the sea,  
Neck, thighs, and legs from sweat profuse they cleansed,  
And, so refresh'd and purified, their last  
Ablution in bright tepid baths perform'd.  
Each thus completely laved, and with ~~smooth~~<sup>680</sup> oil  
Anointed, at the well-spread board they sat,  
And quaff'd, in honor of Minerva, wine  
Delicious, from the brimming beaker drawn.

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The vividness of the scenes presented to us in this Book constitute its chief beauty. The reader sees the most natural night-scene in the world. He is led step by step with the adventurers, and made the companion of all their expectations and uncertainties. We see the very color of the sky; know the time to a minute; are impatient while the heroes are arming; our imagination follows them, knows all their doubts, and even the secret wishes of their hearts sent up to Minerva. We are alarmed at the approach of Dolon, hear his very footsteps, assist the two chiefs in pursuing him, and stop just with the spear that arrests him. We are perfectly acquainted with the situation of all the forces, with the figure in which they lie, with the disposition of Rhesus and the Thracians, with the posture of his chariot and horses. The marshy spot of ground where Dolon is killed, the tamarisk, or aquatic plant upon which they hung his spoils, and the reeds that are heaped together to mark the place, are circumstances the most picturesque imaginable.

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## BOOK XI.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

Agamemnon distinguishes himself. He is wounded, and retires. Diomede is wounded by Paris; Ulysses by Socus. Ajax with Menelaus flies to the relief of Ulysses, and Eurypylus, soon after, to the relief of Ajax. While he is employed in assisting Ajax, he is shot in the thigh by Paris, who also wounds Machaon. Nestor conveys Machaon from the field. Achilles dispatches Patroclus to the tent of Nestor, and Nestor takes that occasion to exhort Patroclus to engage in battle, clothed in the armor of Achilles.

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## BOOK XI.

Aurora from Tithonus' side arose  
 With light for heaven and earth, when Jove dispatch'd  
 Discord, the fiery signal in her hand  
 Of battle bearing, to the Grecian fleet.  
 High on Ulysses' huge black ship she stood  
 The centre of the fleet, whence all might hear,  
 The tent of Telamon's huge son between,  
 And of Achilles; for confiding they  
 In their heroic fortitude, their barks  
 Well-poised had station'd utmost of the one.  
 There standing, shrill she sent a cry abroad  
 Among the Achaians, such as thirst infused  
 Of battle ceaseless into every breast.  
 All deem'd, at once, war sweeter, than to seek  
 Their native country through the waves again.  
 Then with loud voice Atrides bade the Greeks  
 Gird on their armor, and himself his arms  
 Took radiant. First around his legs he clasp'd  
 His shining greaves with silver studs secured,  
 Then bound his corselet to his bosom, girt  
 Of Cynaras long since;<sup>[1]</sup> for rumor loud  
 Had Cyprus reached of an Achaian host  
 Assembling, destined to the shores of Troy:  
 Wherefore, to gratify the King of men,  
 He made the splendid ornament his own<sup>25</sup>  
 Ten rods of steel coerulean all around  
 Embraced it, twelve of gold, twenty of tin;  
 Six<sup>[2]</sup> spiry serpents their uplifted heads  
 Coerulean darted at the wearer's throat,  
 Splendor diffusing as the various bow 30

Fix'd by Saturnian Jove in showery clouds,  
 A sign to mortal men.<sup>[3]</sup> He slung his sword  
 Athwart his shoulders; dazzling bright it shone  
 With gold emboss'd, and silver was the sheath  
 Suspended graceful in a belt of gold. 35  
 His massy shield o'ershadowing him whole,  
 High-wrought and beautiful, he next assumed.  
 Ten circles bright of brass around its field  
 Extensive, circle within circle, ran;  
 The central boss was black, but hemm'd about  
 With twice ten bosses of resplendent tin.  
 There, dreadful ornament! the visage dark  
 Of Gorgon scowl'd, border'd by Flight and Fear.  
 The loop was silver, and a serpent form  
 Cœrulean over all its surface twined, 45  
 Three heads erecting on one neck, the heads  
 Together wreath'd into a stately crown.  
 His helmet quâtre-crested,<sup>[4]</sup> and with studs  
 Fast riveted around he to his brows  
 Adjusted, whence tremendous waved his crest  
 Of mounted hair on high. Two spears he seized  
 Ponderous, brass-pointed, and that flash'd to heaven.  
 Sounds<sup>[5]</sup> like clear thunder, by the spouse of Jove  
 And by Minerva raised to extol the King  
 Of opulent Mycenæ, roll'd around. 55  
 At once each bade his charioteer his steeds  
 Hold fast beside the margin of the trench  
 In orderly array; the foot all arm'd  
 Rush'd forward, and the clamor of the host  
 Rose infinite into the dawning skies. 60  
 First, at the trench, the embattled infantry<sup>[6]</sup>  
 Stood ranged; the chariots follow'd close behind;  
 Dire was the tumult by Saturnian Jove  
 Excited, and from ether down he shed  
 Blood-tinctured dews among them, for he meant  
 That day to send full many a warrior bold  
 To Pluto's dreary realm, slain premature.

Opposite, on the rising-ground, appear'd  
 The Trojans; them majestic Hector led,  
 Noble Polydamas, Æneas raised 70  
 To godlike honors in all Trojan hearts,  
 And Polybus, with whom Antenor's sons  
 Agenor, and young Acamas advanced.  
 Hector the splendid orb of his broad shield  
 Bore in the van, and as a comet now 75  
 Glare through the clouds portentous, and again,  
 Obscured by gloomy vapors, disappears,  
 So Hector, marshalling his host, in front  
 Now shone, now vanish'd in the distant rear.  
 All-cased he flamed in brass, and on the<sup>80</sup>ight  
 Flash'd as the lightnings of Jove Ægis-arm'd.  
 As reapers, toiling opposite,<sup>[7]</sup> lay bare  
 Some rich man's furrows, while the sever'd grain,  
 Barley or wheat, sinks as the sickle moves,  
 So Greeks and Trojans springing into fight  
 Slew mutual; foul retreat alike they scorn'd,  
 Alike in fierce hostility their heads  
 Both bore aloft, and rush'd like wolves to war.  
 Discord, spectatress terrible, that sight

Beheld exulting; she, of all the Gods, 90  
 Alone was present; not a Power beside  
 There interfered, but each his bright abode  
 Quiescent occupied wherever built  
 Among the windings of the Olympian heights;  
 Yet blamed they all the storm-assemble<sup>¶</sup>~~¶~~King  
 Saturnian, for his purposed aid to Troy.  
 The eternal father reck'd not; he, apart,  
 Seated in solitary pomp, enjoy'd  
 His glory, and from on high the towers survey'd  
 Of Ilium and the fleet of Greece, the flag<sup>¶</sup>~~¶~~  
 Of gleaming arms, the slayer and the slain.

While morning lasted, and the light of day  
 Increased, so long the weapons on both sides  
 Flew in thick volleys, and the people fell.  
 But, what time his repast the woodman<sup>¶</sup>~~¶~~spreads  
 In some umbrageous vale, his sinewy arms  
 Wearied with hewing many a lofty tree,  
 And his wants satisfied, he feels at length  
 The pinch of appetite to pleasant food,<sup>[8]</sup>  
 Then was it, that encouraging aloud 110  
 Each other, in their native virtue strong,  
 The Grecians through the phalanx burst of Troy.  
 Forth sprang the monarch first; he slew the Chief  
 Bianor, nor himself alone, but slew  
 Oileus also driver of his steeds. 115  
 Oileus, with a leap alighting, rush'd  
 On Agamemnon; he his fierce assault  
 Encountering, with a spear met full his front.  
 Nor could his helmet's ponderous brass sustain  
 That force, but both his helmet and his<sup>¶</sup>~~¶~~full  
 It shatter'd, and his martial rage repress'd.  
 The King of men, stripping their corselets, bared  
 Their shining breasts, and left them. Isus, next,  
 And Antiphus he flew to slay, the sons  
 Of Priam both, and in one chariot born<sup>¶</sup>~~¶~~25  
 This spurious, genuine that. The bastard drove,  
 And Antiphus, a warrior high-renown'd,  
 Fought from the chariot; them Achilles erst  
 Feeding their flocks on Ida had surprised  
 And bound with osiers, but for ransom<sup>¶</sup>~~¶~~loosed.  
 Of these, imperial Agamemnon, first,  
 Above the pap pierced Isus; next, he smote  
 Antiphus with his sword beside the ear,  
 And from his chariot cast him to the ground.  
 Conscious of both, their glittering arms<sup>¶</sup>~~¶~~35 stripped,  
 For he had seen them when from Ida's heights  
 Achilles led them to the Grecian fleet.  
 As with resistless fangs the lion breaks  
 The young in pieces of the nimble hind,  
 Entering her lair, and takes their feeble<sup>¶</sup>~~¶~~40  
 She, though at hand, can yield them no defence,  
 But through the thick wood, wing'd with terror, starts  
 Herself away, trembling at such a foe;  
 So them the Trojans had no power to save,  
 Themselves all driven before the host<sup>¶</sup>~~¶~~Greece.  
 Next, on Pisandrus, and of dauntless heart  
 Hippolochus he rush'd; they were the sons  
 Of brave Antimachus, who with rich gifts

By Paris bought, inflexible withheld  
 From Menelaus still his lovely bride. 150  
 His sons, the monarch, in one chariot borne  
 Encounter'd; they (for they had lost the reins)  
 With trepidation and united force  
 Essay'd to check the steeds; astonishment  
 Seized both; Atrides with a lion's rage 155  
 Came on, and from the chariot thus they sued.

Oh spare us! son of Atreus, and accept  
 Ransom immense. Antimachus our sire  
 Is rich in various treasure, gold and brass,  
 And temper'd steel, and, hearing the report 160  
 That in Achaia's fleet his sons survive,  
 He will requite thee with a glorious price.

So they, with tears and gentle terms the King  
 Accosted, but no gentle answer heard.

Are ye indeed the offspring of the Ch<sup>65</sup>  
 Antimachus, who when my brother once  
 With godlike Laertiades your town  
 Enter'd ambassador, his death advised  
 In council, and to let him forth no more?  
 Now rue ye both the baseness of your s<sup>170</sup>.

He said, and from his chariot to the plain  
 Thrust down Pisandrus, piercing with keen lance  
 His bosom, and supine he smote the field.  
 Down leap'd Hippolochus, whom on the ground  
 He slew, cut sheer his hands, and lopp'd his head,  
 And roll'd it like a mortar<sup>[9]</sup> through the ranks.  
 He left the slain, and where he saw the field  
 With thickest battle cover'd, thither flew  
 By all the Grecians follow'd bright in arms.  
 The scatter'd infantry constrained to fly<sup>80</sup>  
 Fell by the infantry; the charioteers,  
 While with loud hoofs their steeds the dusty soil  
 Excited, o'er the charioteers their wheels  
 Drove brazen-fellied, and the King of men  
 Incessant slaughtering, called his Argives<sup>[10]</sup> on.  
 As when fierce flames some ancient forest seize,  
 From side to side in flakes the various wind  
 Rolls them, and to the roots devour'd, the trunks  
 Fall prostrate under fury of the fire,  
 So under Agamemnon fell the heads 190  
 Of flying Trojans. Many a courser proud  
 The empty chariots through the paths of war  
 Whirl'd rattling, of their charioteers deprived;  
 They breathless press'd the plain, now fitter far  
 To feed the vultures than to cheer their wives.

Conceal'd, meantime, by Jove, Hector escaped  
 The dust, darts, deaths, and tumult of the field;  
 And Agamemnon to the swift pursuit  
 Call'd loud the Grecians. Through the middle plain  
 Beside the sepulchre of Ilus, son 200  
 Of Dardanus, and where the fig-tree stood,  
 The Trojans flew, panting to gain the town,  
 While Agamemnon pressing close the rear,  
 Shout after shout terrific sent abroad,  
 And his victorious hands reek'd, red w<sup>205</sup> gore.  
 But at the beech-tree and the Scæan gate

Arrived, the Trojans halted, waiting there  
 The rearmost fugitives; they o'er the field  
 Came like a herd, which in the dead of night  
 A lion drives; all fly, but one is doom'd<sup>210</sup>  
 To death inevitable; her with jaws  
 True to their hold he seizes, and her neck  
 Breaking, embowels her, and laps the blood;  
 So, Atreus' royal son, the hindmost still  
 Slaying, and still pursuing, urged them<sup>225</sup>.  
 Many supine, and many prone, the field  
 Press'd, by the son of Atreus in their flight  
 Dismounted; for no weapon raged as his.  
 But now, at last, when he should soon have reach'd  
 The lofty walls of Ilium, came the Sire<sup>230</sup>  
 Of Gods and men descending from the skies,  
 And on the heights of Ida fountain-fed,  
 Sat arm'd with thunders. Calling to his foot  
 Swift Iris golden-pinion'd, thus he spake.

Iris! away. Thus speak in Hector's ear<sup>235</sup>.  
 While yet he shall the son of Atreus see  
 Fierce warring in the van, and mowing down  
 The Trojan ranks, so long let him abstain  
 From battle, leaving to his host the task  
 Of bloody contest furious with the Greeks.  
 But soon as Atreus' son by spear or shaft  
 Wounded shall climb his chariot, with such force  
 I will endue Hector, that he shall slay  
 Till he have reach'd the ships, and till, the sun  
 Descending, sacred darkness cover all<sup>245</sup>

He spake, nor rapid Iris disobey'd  
 Storm-wing'd ambassadress, but from the heights  
 Of Ida stoop'd to Ilium. There she found  
 The son of royal Priam by the throng  
 Of chariots and of steeds compass'd about<sup>250</sup>  
 She, standing at his side, him thus bespake.

Oh, son of Priam! as the Gods discreet!  
 I bring thee counsel from the Sire of all.  
 While yet thou shalt the son of Atreus see  
 Fierce warring in the van, and mowing<sup>255</sup>  
 The warrior ranks, so long he bids thee pause  
 From battle, leaving to thy host the task  
 Of bloody contest furious with the Greeks.  
 But soon as Atreus' son, by spear or shaft  
 Wounded, shall climb his chariot, Jove<sup>260</sup> will then  
 Endue thee with such force, that thou shalt slay  
 Till thou have reach'd the ships, and till, the sun  
 Descending, sacred darkness cover all.

So saying, swift-pinion'd Iris disappear'd.  
 Then Hector from his chariot at a leap<sup>265</sup>  
 Came down all arm'd, and, shaking his bright spears,  
 Ranged every quarter, animating loud  
 The legions, and rekindling horrid war.  
 Back roll'd the Trojan ranks, and faced the Greeks;  
 The Greeks their host to closer phalanx drew;  
 The battle was restored, van fronting van  
 They stood, and Agamemnon into fight  
 Sprang foremost, panting for superior fame.

Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell!  
What Trojan first, or what ally of Troy<sup>265</sup>  
Opposed the force of Agamemnon's arm?  
Iphidamas, Antenor's valiant son,  
Of loftiest stature, who in fertile Thrace  
Mother of flocks was nourish'd, Cisseus him  
His grandsire, father of Theano praised<sup>270</sup>  
For loveliest features, in his own abode  
Rear'd yet a child, and when at length he reach'd  
The measure of his glorious manhood firm  
Dismiss'd him not, but, to engage him more,  
Gave him his daughter. Wedded, he his<sup>275</sup> bride  
As soon deserted, and with galleys twelve  
Following the rumor'd voyage of the Greeks,  
The same course steer'd; but at Percope moor'd,  
And marching thence, arrived on foot at Troy.  
He first opposed Atrides. They approach'd.  
The spear of Agamemnon wander'd wide;  
But him Iphidamas on his broad belt  
Beneath the corselet struck, and, bearing still  
On his spear-beam, enforced it; but ere yet  
He pierced the broider'd zone, his point<sup>285</sup> impress'd  
Against the silver, turn'd, obtuse as lead.  
Then royal Agamemnon in his hand  
The weapon grasping, with a lion's rage  
Home drew it to himself, and from his gripe  
Wresting it, with his falchion keen his<sup>290</sup> neck  
Smote full, and stretch'd him lifeless at his foot.  
So slept Iphidamas among the slain;  
Unhappy! from his virgin bride remote,  
Associate with the men of Troy in arms  
He fell, and left her beauties unenjoy'd<sup>295</sup>  
He gave her much, gave her a hundred beeves,  
And sheep and goats a thousand from his flocks  
Promised, for numberless his meadows ranged;  
But Agamemnon, son of Atreus, him  
Slew and despoil'd, and through the G<sup>300</sup>anian host  
Proceeded, laden with his gorgeous arms.  
Coön that sight beheld, illustrious Chief,  
Antenor's eldest born, but with dim eyes  
Through anguish for his brother's fall. Unseen  
Of noble Agamemnon, at his side      305  
He cautious stood, and with a spear his arm,  
Where thickest flesh'd, below his elbow, pierced,  
Till opposite the glittering point appear'd.  
A thrilling horror seized the King of men  
So wounded; yet though wounded so, from fight  
He ceased not, but on Coön rush'd, his spear  
Grasping, well-thriven growth<sup>[11]</sup> of many a wind.  
He by the foot drew off Iphidamas,  
His brother, son of his own sire, aloud  
Calling the Trojan leaders to his aid;  315  
When him so occupied with his keen point  
Atrides pierced his bossy shield beneath.  
Expiring on Iphidamas he fell  
Prostrate, and Agamemnon lopp'd his head.  
Thus, under royal Agamemnon's hand<sup>320</sup>  
Antenor's sons their destiny fulfill'd,  
And to the house of Ades journey'd both.  
Through other ranks of warriors then he pass'd,

Now with his spear, now with his falchion arm'd,  
 And now with missile force of massy ~~stones~~,  
 While yet his warm blood sallied from the wound.  
 But when the wound grew dry, and the blood ceased,  
 Anguish intolerable undermined  
 Then all the might of Atreus' royal son.  
 As when a laboring woman's arrowy <sup>330</sup>threes  
 Seize her intense, by Juno's daughters dread  
 The birth-presiding Ilithyæ deep  
 Infixt, dispensers of those pangs severe;  
 So, anguish insupportable subdued  
 Then all the might of Atreus' royal son<sup>335</sup>  
 Up-springing to his seat, instant he bade  
 His charioteer drive to the hollow barks,  
 Heart-sick himself with pain; yet, ere he went,  
 With voice loud-echoing hail'd the Danaï.

Friends! counsellors and leaders of <sup>340</sup>Greeks!  
 Now drive, yourselves, the battle from your ships.  
 For me the Gods permit not to employ  
 In fight with Ilium's host the day entire.

He ended, and the charioteer his steeds  
 Lash'd to the ships; they not unwilling<sup>345</sup>w,  
 Bearing from battle the afflicted King  
 With foaming chests and bellies grey with dust.  
 Soon Hector, noting his retreat, aloud  
 Call'd on the Trojans and allies of Troy.

Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting<sup>350</sup> sons  
 Of Dardanus! oh summon all your might;  
 Now, now be men! Their bravest is withdrawn!  
 Glory and honor from Saturnian Jove  
 On me attend; now full against the Greeks  
 Drive all your steeds, and win a deathless name.

He spake—and all drew courage from his word.  
 As when his hounds bright-tooth'd some hunter cheers  
 Against the lion or the forest-boar,  
 So Priameian Hector cheer'd his host  
 Magnanimous against the sons of Greece<sup>360</sup>,  
 Terrible as gore-tainted Mars. Among  
 The foremost warriors, with success elate  
 He strode, and flung himself into the fight  
 Black as a storm which sudden from on high  
 Descending, furrows deep the gloomy wood.

Then whom slew Priameian Hector first,  
 Whom last, by Jove, that day, with glory crown'd?  
 Assæus, Dolops, Orus, Agelaüs,  
 Autonoüs, Hipponoüs, Æsymnus,  
 Opheltius and Opites first he slew,      370  
 All leaders of the Greeks, and, after these,  
 The people. As when whirlwinds of the West  
 A storm encounter from the gloomy South,  
 The waves roll multitudinous, and the foam  
 Upswept by wandering gusts fills all the <sup>375</sup>air,  
 So Hector swept the Grecians. Then defeat  
 Past remedy and havoc had ensued,  
 Then had the routed Grecians, flying, sought  
 Their ships again, but that Ulysses<sup>[12]</sup> thus  
 Summon'd the brave Tydides to his aid<sup>380</sup>

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

To whom the valiant Diomede replied<sup>385</sup>  
 I will be firm; trust me thou shalt not find  
 Me shrinking; yet small fruit of our attempts  
 Shall follow, for the Thunderer, not to us,  
 But to the Trojan, gives the glorious day.

The Hero spake, and from his chariot<sup>390</sup> cast  
 Thymbræus to the ground pierced through the pap,  
 While by Ulysses' hand his charioteer  
 Godlike Molion, fell. The warfare thus  
 Of both for ever closed, them there they left,  
 And plunging deep into the warrior-throng<sup>395</sup>  
 Troubled the multitude. As when two boars  
 Turn desperate on the close-pursuing hounds,  
 So they, returning on the host of Troy,  
 Slew on all sides, and overtoil'd with flight  
 From Hector's arm, the Greeks meant<sup>400</sup> i respired.  
 Two warriors, next, their chariot and themselves  
 They took, plebeians brave, sons of the seer  
 Percosian Merops in prophetic skill  
 Surpassing all; he both his sons forbad  
 The mortal field, but disobedient they<sup>405</sup>  
 Still sought it, for their destiny prevail'd.  
 Spear-practised Diomede of life deprived  
 Both these, and stripp'd them of their glorious arms,  
 While by Ulysses' hand Hippodamus  
 Died and Hypeirochus. And now the<sup>410</sup> s~~sat~~  
 Of Saturn, looking down from Ida, poised  
 The doubtful war, and mutual deaths they dealt.  
 Tydides plunged his spear into the groin  
 Of the illustrious son of Pæon, bold  
 Agastrophus. No steeds at his command<sup>415</sup>  
 Had he, infatuate! but his charioteer  
 His steeds detain'd remote, while through the van  
 Himself on foot rush'd madly till he fell.  
 But Hector through the ranks darting his eye  
 Perceived, and with ear-piercing cries advanced  
 Against them, follow'd by the host of Troy.  
 The son of Tydeus, shuddering, his approach  
 Discern'd, and instant to Ulysses spake.<sup>[13]</sup>

Now comes the storm! This way the mischief rolls!  
 Stand and repulse the Trojan. Now be firm.

He said, and hurling his long-shadow'd beam  
 Smote Hector. At his helmet's crown he aim'd,  
 Nor err'd, but brass encountering brass, the point  
 Glanced wide, for he had cased his youthful brows  
 In triple brass, Apollo's glorious gift. 430  
 Yet with rapidity at such a shock  
 Hector recoil'd into the multitude  
 Afar, where sinking to his knees, he lean'd  
 On his broad palm, and darkness veil'd his eyes.  
 But while Tydides follow'd through the<sup>435</sup> van  
 His stormy spear, which in the distant soil  
 Implanted stood, Hector his scatter'd sense  
 Recovering, to his chariot sprang again,

And, diving deep into his host, escaped.  
The noble son of Tydeus, spear in hand<sup>140</sup>  
Rush'd after him, and as he went, exclaim'd.

Dog! thou hast now escaped; but, sure the stroke  
Approach'd thee nigh, well-aim'd. Once more thy prayers  
Which ever to Apollo thou prefer'st  
Entering the clash of battle, have prevail'd,<sup>145</sup>  
And he hath rescued thee. But well beware  
Our next encounter, for if also me  
Some God befriend, thou diest. Now will I seek  
Another mark, and smite whom next I may.

He spake, and of his armor stripp'd<sup>150</sup> son  
Spear-famed of Paeon. Meantime Paris, mate  
Of beauteous Helen, drew his bow against  
Tydides; by a pillar of the tomb  
Of Ilus, ancient senator revered,  
Conceal'd he stood, and while the Her<sup>155</sup> posed  
His corselet from the breast of Paeon's son  
Renown'd, and of his helmet and his targe  
Despoil'd him; Paris, arching quick his bow,  
No devious shaft dismiss'd, but his right foot  
Pierced through the sole, and fix'd it to<sup>160</sup> the ground.  
Transported from his ambush forth he leap'd  
With a loud laugh, and, vaunting, thus exclaim'd:

Oh shaft well shot! it galls thee. Would to heaven  
That it had pierced thy heart, and thou hadst died!  
So had the Trojans respite from their<sup>165</sup>  
Enjoy'd, who, now, shudder at sight of thee  
Like she-goats when the lion is at hand.

To whom, undaunted, Diomede replied.  
Archer shrew-tongued! spie-maiden! man of curls!<sup>[14]</sup>  
Shouldst thou in arms attempt me face<sup>170</sup> face,  
Thy bow and arrows should avail thee nought.  
Vain boaster! thou hast scratch'd my foot—no more—  
And I regard it as I might the stroke  
Of a weak woman or a simple child.  
The weapons of a dastard and a slave<sup>175</sup>  
Are ever such. More terrible are mine,  
And whom they pierce, though slightly pierced, he dies.  
His wife her cheeks rends inconsolable,  
His babes are fatherless, his blood the glebe  
Incarnadines, and where he bleeds and<sup>180</sup>  
More birds of prey than women haunt the place.

He ended, and Ulysses, drawing nigh,  
Shelter'd Tydides; he behind the Chief  
Of Ithaca sat drawing forth the shaft,  
But pierced with agonizing pangs the w<sup>185</sup>hole.  
Then, climbing to his chariot-seat, he bade  
Sthenelus hasten to the hollow ships,  
Heart-sick with pain. And now alone was seen  
Spear-famed Ulysses; not an Argive more  
Remain'd, so universal was the rout,<sup>190</sup>  
And groaning, to his own great heart he said.

Alas! what now awaits me? If, appall'd  
By multitudes, I fly, much detriment;  
And if alone they intercept me here,  
Still more; for Jove hath scatter'd all the<sup>195</sup> host,  
Yet why these doubts! for know I not of old

That only dastards fly, and that the voice  
Of honor bids the famed in battle stand,  
Bleed they themselves, or cause their foes to bleed?

While busied in such thought he stood the ranks  
Of Trojans fronted with broad shields, enclosed  
The hero with a ring, hemming around  
Their own destruction. As when dogs, and swains  
In prime of manhood, from all quarters rush  
Around a boar, he from his thicket bolted  
The bright tusk whetting in his crooked jaws:  
They press him on all sides, and from beneath  
Loud gnashings hear, yet firm, his threats defy;  
Like them the Trojans on all sides assail'd  
Ulysses dear to Jove. First with his spear  
He sprang impetuous on a valiant chief,  
Whose shoulder with a downright point he pierced,  
Deïopites; Thoön next he slew,  
And Ennomus, and from his coursers' backs  
Alighting quick, Chersidas; beneath  
His bossy shield the gliding weapon pass'd  
Right through his navel; on the plain he fell  
Expiring, and with both hands clench'd the dust.  
Them slain he left, and Charops wounded next,  
Brother of Socus, generous Chief, and son  
Of Hippasus; brave Socus to the aid  
Of Charops flew, and, godlike, thus began.

Illustrious chief, Ulysses! strong to toil  
And rich in artifice! Or boast to-day  
Two sons of Hippasus, brave warriors both,  
Of armor and of life bereft by thee,  
Or to my vengeful spear resign thy own!

So saying, Ulysses' oval disk he smote.  
Through his bright disk the stormy weapon flew,  
Transpierced his twisted mail, and from his side  
Drove all the skin, but to his nobler parts  
Found entrance none, by Pallas turn'd aslant.  
Ulysses, conscious of his life untouched,  
Retired a step from Socus, and replied.

Ah hapless youth; thy fate is on the wing;  
Me thou hast forced indeed to cease a while  
From battle with the Trojans, but I speak  
Thy death at hand; for vanquish'd by my spear,  
This self-same day thou shalt to me resign  
Thy fame, thy soul to Pluto steed-renowned.

He ceased; then Socus turn'd his back to fly,  
But, as he turn'd, his shoulder-blades between  
He pierced him, and the spear urged through his breast.  
On his resounding arms he fell, and thus  
Godlike Ulysses gloried in his fall. 545

Ah, Socus, son of Hippasus, a chief  
Of fame equestrian! swifter far than thou  
Death follow'd thee, and thou hast not escaped.  
Ill-fated youth! thy parents' hands thine eyes  
Shall never close, but birds of ravenous law  
Shall tear thee, flapping thee with frequent wing,  
While me the noble Grecians shall entomb!

So saying, the valiant Socus' spear he drew  
 From his own flesh, and through his bossy shield.  
 The weapon drawn, forth sprang the blood, and left  
 His spirit faint. Then Ilium's dauntless sons,  
 Seeing Ulysses' blood, exhorted glad  
 Each other, and, with force united, all  
 Press'd on him. He, retiring, summon'd loud  
 His followers. Thrice, loud as mortal man,  
 He call'd, and valiant Menelaus thrice  
 Hearing the voice, to Ajax thus remark'd.

Illustrious son of Telamon! The voice  
 Of Laertiades comes o'er my ear  
 With such a sound, as if the hardy chief  
 Abandon'd of his friends, were overpower'd  
 By numbers intercepting his retreat.  
 Haste! force we quick a passage through the ranks.  
 His worth demands our succor, for I fear  
 Lest sole conflicting with the host of Troy,  
 Brave as he is, he perish, to the loss  
 Unspeakable and long regret of Greece.

So saying, he went, and Ajax, godlike Chief,  
 Follow'd him. At the voice arrived, they found  
 Ulysses Jove-beloved compass'd about  
 By Trojans, as the lynxes in the hills,  
 Adust for blood, compass an antler'd stag  
 Pierced by an archer; while his blood is warm  
 And his limbs pliable, from him he 'scapes;  
 But when the feather'd barb hath quell'd his force,  
 In some dark hollow of the mountain's side,  
 The hungry troop devour him; chance, the while,  
 Conducts a lion thither, before whom  
 All vanish, and the lion feeds alone;  
 So swarm'd the Trojan powers, numerous and bold,  
 Around Ulysses, who with wary skill  
 Heroic combated his evil day.  
 But Ajax came, cover'd with his broad shield  
 That seem'd a tower, and at Ulysses' side  
 Stood fast; then fled the Trojans wide-dispersed,  
 And Menelaus led him by the hand  
 Till his own chariot to his aid approach'd.  
 But Ajax, springing on the Trojans, slew  
 Doryclus, from the loins of Priam sprung,  
 But spurious. Pandocus he wounded next,  
 Then wounded Pyrasus, and after him  
 Pylartes and Lysander. As a flood  
 Runs headlong from the mountains to the plain  
 After long showers from Jove; many a dry oak  
 And many a pine the torrent sweeps along,  
 And, turbid, shoots much soil into the sea,  
 So, glorious Ajax troubled wide the field,  
 Horse and man slaughtering, whereof Hector yet  
 Heard not; for on the left of all the war  
 He fought beside Scamander, where around  
 Huge Nestor, and Idomeneus the brave,  
 Most deaths were dealt, and loudest roar'd the fight.  
 There Hector toil'd, feats wonderful of spear  
 And horsemanship achieving, and the lines  
 Of many a phalanx desolating wide. 610  
 Nor even then had the bold Greeks retired,

But that an arrow triple-barb'd, dispatch'd  
 By Paris, Helen's mate, against the Chief  
 Machaon warring with distinguish'd force,  
 Pierced his right shoulder. For his sake<sup>619</sup> farm'd,  
 The valor-breathing Grecians fear'd, lest he  
 In that disast'rous field should also fall.<sup>[16]</sup>  
 At once, Idomeneus of Crete approach'd  
 The noble Nestor, and him thus bespake.

Arise, Neleian Nestor! Pride of Greece!<sup>620</sup>  
 Ascend thy chariot, and Machaon placed  
 Beside thee, bear him, instant to the fleet.  
 For one, so skill'd in medicine, and to free  
 The inherent barb, is worth a multitude.

He said, nor the Gerenian hero old 625  
 Aught hesitated, but into his seat  
 Ascended, and Machaon, son renown'd  
 Of Æsculapius, mounted at his side.  
 He lash'd the steeds, they not unwilling sought  
 The hollow ships, long their familiar home.

Cebriones, meantime, the charioteer  
 Of Hector, from his seat the Trojan ranks  
 Observing sore discomfited, began.

Here are we busied, Hector! on the skirts  
 Of roaring battle, and meantime I see 635  
 Our host confused, their horses and themselves  
 All mingled. Telamonian Ajax there  
 Routs them; I know the hero by his shield.  
 Haste, drive we thither, for the carnage most  
 Of horse and foot conflicting furious, <sup>640</sup>there  
 Rages, and infinite the shouts arise.

He said, and with shrill-sounding scourge the steeds  
 Smote ample-maned; they, at the sudden stroke  
 Through both hosts whirl'd the chariot, shields and men  
 Trampling; with blood the axle undern<sup>645</sup>  
 All redden'd, and the chariot-rings with drops  
 From the horse-hoofs, and from the fellied wheels.  
 Full on the multitude he drove, on fire  
 To burst the phalanx, and confusion sent  
 Among the Greeks, for nought<sup>[17]</sup> he shun'd the spear.  
 All quarters else with falchion or with lance,  
 Or with huge stones he ranged, but cautious shunn'd  
 The encounter of the Telamonian Chief.

But the eternal father throned on high  
 With fear fill'd Ajax; panic-fixt he stood<sup>655</sup>,  
 His seven-fold shield behind his shoulder cast,  
 And hemm'd by numbers, with an eye askant,  
 Watchful retreated. As a beast of prey  
 Retiring, turns and looks, so he his face  
 Turn'd oft, retiring slow, and step by step<sup>660</sup>.  
 As when the watch-dogs and assembled swains  
 Have driven a tawny lion from the stalls,  
 Then, interdicting him his wish'd repast,  
 Watch all the night, he, famish'd, yet again  
 Comes furious on, but speeds not, kept<sup>665</sup> off  
 By frequent spears from daring hands, but more  
 By flash of torches, which, though fierce, he dreads,  
 Till, at the dawn, sullen he stalks away;  
 So from before the Trojans Ajax stalk'd

Sullen, and with reluctance slow retired<sup>670</sup>  
 His brave heart trembling for the fleet of Greece.  
 As when (the boys o'erpower'd) a sluggish ass,  
 On whose tough sides they have spent many a staff,  
 Enters the harvest, and the spiry ears  
 Crops persevering; with their rods the ~~boys~~<sup>685</sup>  
 Still ply him hard, but all their puny might  
 Scarce drives him forth when he hath browsed his fill,  
 So, there, the Trojans and their foreign aids  
 With glittering lances keen huge Ajax urged,  
 His broad shield's centre smiting.<sup>[18]</sup> ~~He~~<sup>680</sup> by turns,  
 With desperate force the Trojan phalanx dense  
 Facing, repulsed them, and by turns he fled,  
 But still forbade all inroad on the fleet.  
 Trojans and Greeks between, alone, he stood  
 A bulwark. Spears from daring hands ~~miss'd~~<sup>685</sup>  
 Some, piercing his broad shield, there planted stood,  
 While others, in the midway falling, spent  
 Their disappointed rage deep in the ground.

Eurypylus, Evæmon's noble son,  
 Him seeing, thus, with weapons overw~~med~~<sup>690</sup>  
 Flew to his side, his glittering lance dismiss'd,  
 And Apisaon, son of Phausias, struck  
 Under the midriff; through his liver pass'd  
 The ruthless point, and, falling, he expired.  
 Forth sprang Eurypylus to seize the sp~~695~~<sup>695</sup>  
 Whom soon as godlike Alexander saw  
 Despoiling Apisaon of his arms,  
 Drawing incontinent his bow, he sent  
 A shaft to his right thigh; the brittle reed  
 Snapp'd, and the rankling barb stuck f~~700~~<sup>700</sup> within.  
 Terrified at the stroke, the wounded Chief  
 To his own band retired, but, as he went,  
 With echoing voice call'd on the Danaï—

Friends! Counsellors, and leaders of the Greeks!  
 Turn ye and stand, and from his dreadf~~705~~<sup>705</sup> lot  
 Save Ajax whelm'd with weapons; 'scape, I judge,  
 He cannot from the roaring fight, yet oh  
 Stand fast around him; if save ye may,  
 Your champion huge, the Telamonian Chief!

So spake the wounded warrior. They<sup>710</sup> once  
 With sloping bucklers, and with spears erect,  
 To his relief approach'd. Ajax with joy  
 The friendly phalanx join'd, then turn'd and stood.

Thus burn'd the embattled field as with the flames  
 Of a devouring fire. Meantime afar <sup>715</sup>  
 From all that tumult the Neleian mares  
 Bore Nestor, foaming as they ran, with whom  
 Machaon also rode, leader revered.  
 Achilles mark'd him passing; for he stood  
 Exalted on his huge ship's lofty stern, <sup>720</sup>  
 Spectator of the toil severe, and flight  
 Deplorable of the defeated Greeks.  
 He call'd his friend Patroclus. He below  
 Within his tent the sudden summons heard  
 And sprang like Mars abroad, all unaw~~are~~<sup>725</sup>  
 That in that sound he heard the voice of fate.  
 Him first Menœtius' gallant son address'd.

What would Achilles? Wherefore hath he call'd?  
To whom Achilles swiftest of the swift:

Brave Menoetiades! my soul's delight<sup>730</sup>  
Soon will the Grecians now my knees surround  
Suppliant, by dread extremity constrain'd.  
But fly Patroclus, haste, oh dear to Jove!  
Inquire of Nestor, whom he hath convey'd  
From battle, wounded? Viewing him b<sup>735</sup>hind,  
I most believed him Aesculapius' son  
Machaon, but the steeds so swiftly pass'd  
My galley, that his face escaped my note.<sup>[19]</sup>

He said, and prompt to gratify his friend,  
Forth ran Patroclus through the camp <sup>740</sup>Greece.

Now when Neleian Nestor to his tent  
Had brought Machaon, they alighted both,  
And the old hero's friend Euryomedon  
Released the coursers. On the beach awhile  
Their tunics sweat-imbued in the cool <sup>745</sup>  
They ventilated, facing full the breeze,  
Then on soft couches in the tent repos'd.  
Meantime, their beverage Hecamede mix'd,  
The old King's bright-hair'd captive, whom he brought  
From Tenedos, what time Achilles sack<sup>750</sup>  
The city, daughter of the noble Chief  
Arsinoüs, and selected from the rest  
For Nestor, as the honorable meed  
Of counsels always eminently wise.  
She, first, before them placed a table b<sup>755</sup>right,  
With feet coerulean; thirst-provoking sauce  
She brought them also in a brazen tray,  
Garlic<sup>[20]</sup> and honey new, and sacred meal.  
Beside them, next, she placed a noble cup  
Of labor exquisite, which from his hom<sup>760</sup>  
The ancient King had brought with golden studs  
Embellish'd; it presented to the grasp  
Four ears; two golden turtles, perch'd on each,  
Seem'd feeding, and two turtles<sup>[21]</sup> form'd the base.  
That cup once fill'd, all others must have<sup>765</sup>toil'd  
To move it from the board, but it was light  
In Nestor's hand; he lifted it with ease.<sup>[22]</sup>  
The graceful virgin in that cup a draught  
Mix'd for them, Pramnian wine and savory cheese  
Of goat's milk, grated with a brazen r<sup>770</sup>aspis  
Then sprinkled all with meal. The draught prepared,  
She gave it to their hand; they, drinking, slaked  
Their fiery thirst, and with each other sat  
Conversing friendly, when the godlike youth  
By brave Achilles sent, stood at the do<sup>775</sup>

Him seeing, Nestor from his splendid couch  
Arose, and by the hand leading him in,  
Entreated him to sit, but that request  
Patroclus, on his part refusing, said,

Oh venerable King! no seat is here <sup>780</sup>  
For me, nor may thy courtesy prevail.  
He is irascible, and to be fear'd  
Who bade me ask what Chieftain thou hast brought  
From battle, wounded; but untold I learn;  
I see Machaon, and shall now report <sup>785</sup>

As I have seen; oh ancient King revered!  
 Thou know'st Achilles fiery, and propense  
 Blame to impute even where blame is none.

To whom the brave Gerenian thus replied.  
 Why feels Achilles for the wounded Greeks  
 Such deep concern? He little knows the height  
 To which our sorrows swell. Our noblest lie  
 By spear or arrow wounded in the fleet.  
 Diomede, warlike son of Tydeus, bleeds,  
 Gall'd by a shaft; Ulysses, glorious Chlōē,  
 And Agamemnon<sup>[23]</sup> suffer by the spear;  
 Eurypylus is shot into the thigh,  
 And here lies still another newly brought  
 By me from fight, pierced also by a shaft.  
 What then? How strong soe'er to give them aid,  
 Achilles feels no pity of the Greeks.  
 Waits he till every vessel on the shore  
 Fired, in despite of the whole Argive host,  
 Be sunk in its own ashes, and ourselves  
 All perish, heaps on heaps? For in my limbs  
 No longer lives the agility of my youth.  
 Oh, for the vigor of those days again,  
 When Elis, for her cattle which we took,  
 Strove with us and Itymoneus I slew,  
 Brave offspring of Hypirochus; he dwelt  
 In Elis, and while I the pledges drove,  
 Stood for his herd, but fell among the first  
 By a spear hurl'd from my victorious arm.  
 Then fled the rustic multitude, and we  
 Drove off abundant booty from the plain  
 Herds fifty of fat beeves, large flocks of goats  
 As many, with as many sheep and swine,  
 And full thrice fifty mares of brightest hue,  
 All breeders, many with their foals beneath.  
 All these, by night returning safe, we drove  
 Into Neleian Pylus, and the heart  
 Rejoiced of Neleus, in a son so young  
 A warrior, yet enrich'd with such a prize.  
 At early dawn the heralds summon'd loud  
 The citizens, to prove their just demand<sup>[23]</sup>  
 On fruitful Elis, and the assembled Chiefs  
 Division made (for numerous were the debts  
 Which the Epeans, in the weak estate  
 Of the unpeopled Pylus, had incur'd;  
 For Hercules, few years before, had sacked<sup>[24]</sup>  
 Our city, and our mightiest slain. Ourselves  
 The gallant sons of Neleus, were in all  
 Twelve youths, of whom myself alone survived;  
 The rest all perish'd; whence, presumptuous grown,  
 The brazen-mail'd Epeans wrong'd us<sup>[25]</sup>.  
 A herd of beeves my father for himself  
 Selected, and a numerous flock beside,  
 Three hundred sheep, with shepherds for them all.  
 For he a claimant was of large arrears  
 From sacred Elis. Four unrivall'd steeds<sup>[26]</sup>  
 With his own chariot to the games he sent,  
 That should contend for the appointed prize  
 A tripod; but Augeias, King of men,  
 Detain'd the steeds, and sent the charioteer

Defrauded home. My father, therefore ~~845~~ fed  
At such foul outrage both of deeds and words,  
Took much, and to the Pylians gave the rest  
For satisfaction of the claims of all.  
While thus we busied were in these concerns,  
And in performance of religious rites 850  
Throughout the city, came the Epeans arm'd,  
Their whole vast multitude both horse and foot  
On the third day; came also clad in brass  
The two Molions, inexpert as yet  
In feats of arms, and of a boyish age. 855  
There is a city on a mountain's head,  
Fast by the banks of Alpheus, far remote,  
The utmost town which sandy Pylus owns,  
Named Thryoëssa, and, with ardor fired  
To lay it waste, that city they besieged 860  
Now when their host had traversed all the plain,  
Minerva from Olympus flew by night  
And bade us arm; nor were the Pylians slow  
To assemble, but impatient for the fight.  
Me, then, my father suffer'd not to arm<sup>865</sup>  
But hid my steeds, for he supposed me raw  
As yet, and ignorant how war is waged.  
Yet, even thus, unvantaged and on foot,  
Superior honors I that day acquired  
To theirs who rode, for Pallas led me ~~870~~  
Herself to victory. There is a stream  
Which at Arena falls into the sea,  
Named Minuëius; on that river's bank  
The Pylian horsemen waited day's approach,  
And thither all our foot came pouring ~~875~~.  
The flood divine of Alpheus thence we reach'd  
At noon, all arm'd complete; there, hallow'd rites  
We held to Jove omnipotent, and slew  
A bull to sacred Alpheus, with a bull  
To Neptune, and a heifer of the herd 880  
To Pallas; then, all marshall'd as they were,  
From van to rear our legions took repast,  
And at the river's side slept on their arms.  
Already the Epean host had round  
Begirt the city, bent to lay it waste, 885  
A task which cost them, first, both blood and toil,  
For when the radiant sun on the green earth  
Had risen, with prayer to Pallas and to Jove,  
We gave them battle. When the Pylian host  
And the Epeans thus were close engag<sup>890</sup>  
I first a warrior slew, Mulius the brave,  
And seized his coursers. He the eldest-born  
Of King Augeias' daughters had espoused  
The golden Agamede; not an herb  
The spacious earth yields but she knew<sup>895</sup> powers,  
Him, rushing on me, with my brazen lance  
I smote, and in the dust he fell; I leap'd  
Into his seat, and drove into the van.  
A panic seized the Epeans when they saw  
The leader of their horse o'erthrown, a chief  
Surpassing all in fight. Black as a cloud  
With whirlwind fraught, I drove impetuous on,  
Took fifty chariots, and at side of each  
Lay two slain warriors, with their teeth the soil

Grinding, all vanquish'd by my single <sup>905</sup>  
 I had slain also the Molions, sons  
 Of Actor, but the Sovereign of the deep  
 Their own authentic Sire, in darkness dense  
 Involving both, convey'd them safe away.  
 Then Jove a victory of prime renown 910  
 Gave to the Pylians; for we chased and slew  
 And gather'd spoil o'er all the champain spread  
 With scatter'd shields, till we our steeds had driven  
 To the Buprasian fields laden with corn,  
 To the Olenian rock, and to a town 915  
 In fair Colona situate, and named  
 Alesia. There it was that Pallas turn'd  
 Our people homeward; there I left the last  
 Of all the slain, and he was slain by me.  
 Then drove the Achaians from Buprasia <sup>920</sup> home  
 Their coursers fleet, and Jove, of Gods above,  
 Received most praise, Nestor of men below.

Such once was I. But brave Achilles shuts  
 His virtues close, an unimparted store;  
 Yet even he shall weep, when all the <sup>925</sup>  
 His fellow-warriors once, shall be destroy'd.  
 But recollect, young friend! the sage advice  
 Which when thou earnest from Phthia to the aid  
 Of Agamemnon, on that selfsame day  
 Menœtius gave thee. We were present <sup>930</sup> there,  
 Ulysses and myself, both in the house,  
 And heard it all; for to the house we came  
 Of Peleus in our journey through the land  
 Of fertile Greece, gathering her states to war.  
 We found thy noble sire Menœtius <sup>935</sup>  
 Thee and Achilles; ancient Peleus stood  
 To Jove the Thunderer offering in his court  
 Thighs of an ox, and on the blazing rites  
 Libation pouring from a cup of gold.  
 While ye on preparation of the feast 940  
 Attended both, Ulysses and myself  
 Stood in the vestibule; Achilles flew  
 Toward us, introduced us by the hand,  
 And, seating us, such liberal portion gave  
 To each, as hospitality requires. 945  
 Our thirst, at length, and hunger both sufficed,  
 I, foremost speaking, ask'd you to the wars,  
 And ye were eager both, but from your sires  
 Much admonition, ere ye went, received.  
 Old Peleus charged Achilles to aspire 950  
 To highest praise, and always to excel.  
 But thee, thy sire Menœtius thus advised.  
 "My son! Achilles boasts the nobler birth,  
 But thou art elder; he in strength excels  
 Thee far; thou, therefore, with discretion <sup>955</sup>  
 His inexperience; thy advice impart  
 With gentleness; instruction wise suggest  
 Wisely, and thou shalt find him apt to learn."  
 So thee thy father taught, but, as it seems,  
 In vain. Yet even now essay to move 960  
 Warlike Achilles; if the Gods so please,  
 Who knows but that thy reasons may prevail  
 To rouse his valiant heart? men rarely scorn

The earnest intercession of a friend.  
 But if some prophecy alarm his fears, 965  
 And from his Goddess mother he have aught  
 Received, who may have learnt the same from Jove,  
 Thee let him send at least, and order forth  
 With thee the Myrmidons; a dawn of hope  
 Shall thence, it may be, on our host arise<sup>970</sup>  
 And let him send thee to the battle clad  
 In his own radiant armor; Troy, deceived  
 By such resemblance, shall abstain perchance  
 From conflict, and the weary Greeks enjoy  
 Short respite; it is all that war allows. 975  
 Fresh as ye are, ye, by your shouts alone,  
 May easily repulse an army spent  
 With labor from the camp and from the fleet.

Thus Nestor, and his mind bent to his words.  
 Back to Æacides through all the camp 980  
 He ran; and when, still running, he arrived  
 Among Ulysses' barks, where they had fix'd  
 The forum, where they minister'd the laws,  
 And had erected altars to the Gods,  
 There him Eurypylus, Evæmon's son, 985  
 Illustrious met, deep-wounded in his thigh,  
 And halting-back from battle. From his head  
 The sweat, and from his shoulders ran profuse,  
 And from his perilous wound the sable blood  
 Continual stream'd; yet was his mind composed.<sup>990</sup>  
 Him seeing, Menœtiades the brave  
 Compassion felt, and mournful, thus began.

Ah hapless senators and Chiefs of Greece!  
 Left ye your native country that the dogs  
 Might fatten on your flesh at distant Troy?<sup>1005</sup>  
 But tell me, Hero! say, Eurypylus!  
 Have the Achaians power still to withstand  
 The enormous force of Hector, or is this  
 The moment when his spear must pierce us all?

To whom Eurypylus, discreet, replied<sup>1010</sup>  
 Patroclus, dear to Jove! there is no help,  
 No remedy. We perish at our ships.  
 The warriors, once most strenuous of the Greeks,  
 Lie wounded in the fleet by foes whose might  
 Increases ever. But thyself afford      1005  
 To me some succor; lead me to my ship;  
 Cut forth the arrow from my thigh; the gore  
 With warm ablution cleanse, and on the wound  
 Smooth unguents spread, the same as by report  
 Achilles taught thee; taught, himself, ~~that~~ use  
 By Chiron, Centaur, justest of his kind  
 For Podalirius and Machaon both  
 Are occupied. Machaon, as I judge,  
 Lies wounded in his tent, needing like aid  
 Himself, and Podalirius in the field    1015  
 Maintains sharp conflict with the sons of Troy.

To whom Menœtius' gallant son replied.  
 Hero! Eurypylus! how shall we act  
 In this perplexity? what course pursue?  
 I seek the brave Achilles, to whose ear<sup>1020</sup>  
 I bear a message from the ancient chief

Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks.

Yet will I not, even for such a cause,

My friend! abandon thee in thy distress.

He ended, and his arms folding aro<sup>1025</sup>  
The warrior bore him thence into his tent.  
His servant, on his entrance, spread the floor  
With hides, on which Patroclus at his length  
Extended him, and with his knife cut forth  
The rankling point; with tepid lotion, <sup>1030</sup>  
He cleansed the gore, and with a bitter root  
Bruised small between his palms, sprinkled the wound.  
At once, the anodyne his pain assuaged,  
The wound was dried within, and the blood ceased.

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It will be well here to observe the position of the Greeks. All human aid is cut off by the wounds of their heroes, and all assistance from the Gods forbidden by Jupiter. On the contrary, the Trojans see their general at their head, and Jupiter himself fights on their side. Upon this hinge turns the whole poem. The distress of the Greeks occasions first the assistance of Patroclus, and then the death of that hero brings back Achilles.

The poet shows great skill in conducting these incidents. He gives Achilles the pleasure of seeing that the Greeks could not carry on the war without his assistance, and upon this depends the great catastrophe of the poem.

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## BOOK XII.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

The Trojans assail the ramparts, and Hector forces the gates.

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## BOOK XII.

So was Menœtius' gallant son employ'd  
Healing Eurypylus. The Greeks, meantime,  
And Trojans with tumultuous fury fought.  
Nor was the foss ordain'd long time to exclude  
The host of Troy, nor yet the rampart buiſt  
Beside it for protection of the fleet;  
For hecatomb the Greeks had offer'd none,  
Nor prayer to heaven, that it might keep secure  
Their ships with all their spoils. The mighty work  
As in defiance of the Immortal Powers 10  
Had risen, and could not therefore long endure.  
While Hector lived, and while Achilles held  
His wrathful purpose; while the city yet  
Of royal Priam was unsack'd, so long  
The massy structure stood; but when th~~e~~ best  
And bravest of the Trojan host were slain,  
And of the Grecian heroes, some had fallen  
And some survived, when Priam's towers had blazed  
In the tenth year, and to their native shores  
The Grecians with their ships, at length<sup>return'd</sup>,  
Then Neptune, with Apollo leagued, devised  
Its ruin; every river that descends  
From the Idæan heights into the sea  
They brought against it, gathering all their force.  
Rhesus, Caresus, Rhodius, the wide-branched  
Heptaporus, Æsepus, Granicus,  
Scamander's sacred current, and thy stream  
Simöis, whose banks with helmets and with shields  
Were strew'd, and Chiefs of origin divine;  
All these with refluent course Apollo dr<sup>ove</sup>  
Nine days against the rampart, and Jove rain'd  
Incessant, that the Grecian wall wave-whelm'd  
Through all its length might sudden disappear.  
Neptune with his tridental mace, himself,  
Led them, and beam and buttress to the flood  
Consigning, laid by the laborious Greeks,  
Swept the foundation, and the level bank

Of the swift-rolling Hellespont restored.  
 The structure thus effaced, the spacious beach  
 He spread with sand as at the first; then <sup>40</sup>  
 Subside the streams, and in their channels wind  
 With limpid course, and pleasant as before,

Apollo thus and Neptune, from the first,  
 Design'd its fall; but now the battle raved  
 And clamors of the warriors all around <sup>45</sup>  
 The strong-built turrets, whose assaulted planks  
 Rang, while the Grecians, by the scourge of Jove  
 Subdued, stood close within their fleet immured,  
 At Hector's phalanx-scattering force appall'd.  
 He, as before, with whirlwind fury foug<sup>50</sup>.  
 As when the boar or lion fiery-eyed  
 Turns short, the hunters and the hounds among,  
 The close-embattled troop him firm oppose,  
 And ply him fast with spears; he no dismay  
 Conceives or terror in his noble heart, <sup>55</sup>  
 But by his courage falls; frequent he turns  
 Attempting bold the ranks, and where he points  
 Direct his onset, there the ranks retire;  
 So, through the concourse on his rolling wheels  
 Borne rapid, Hector animated loud <sup>60</sup>  
 His fellow-warriors to surpass the trench.  
 But not his own swift-footed steeds would dare  
 That hazard; standing on the dangerous brink  
 They neigh'd aloud, for by its breadth the foss  
 Deterr'd them; neither was the effort slight  
 To leap that gulf, nor easy the attempt  
 To pass it through; steep were the banks profound  
 On both sides, and with massy piles acute  
 Thick-planted, interdicting all assault.  
 No courser to the rapid chariot braced <sup>70</sup>  
 Had enter'd there with ease; yet strong desires  
 Possess'd the infantry of that emprise,  
 And thus Polydamas the ear address'd  
 Of dauntless Hector, standing at his side.

Hector, and ye the leaders of our host<sup>75</sup>  
 Both Trojans and allies! rash the attempt  
 I deem, and vain, to push our horses through,  
 So dangerous is the pass; rough is the trench  
 With pointed stakes, and the Achaian wall  
 Meets us beyond. No chariot may descend<sup>80</sup>  
 Or charioteer fight there; strait are the bounds,  
 And incommodious, and his death were sure.  
 If Jove, high-thundering Ruler of the skies,  
 Will succor Ilium, and nought less intend  
 Than utter devastation of the Greeks, <sup>85</sup>  
 I am content; now perish all their host  
 Inglorious, from their country far remote.  
 But should they turn, and should ourselves be driven  
 Back from the fleet impeded and perplex'd  
 In this deep foss, I judge that not a man<sup>90</sup>  
 'Scaping the rallied Grecians, should survive  
 To bear the tidings of our fate to Troy.  
 Now, therefore, act we all as I advise.  
 Let every charioteer his coursers hold  
 Fast-rein'd beside the foss, while we on<sup>95</sup>foot,  
 With order undisturb'd and arms in hand,

Shall follow Hector. If destruction borne  
On wings of destiny this day approach  
The Grecians, they will fly our first assault.

So spake Polydamas, whose safe advice  
Pleased Hector; from his chariot to the ground  
All arm'd he leap'd, nor would a Trojan there  
(When once they saw the Hero on his feet)  
Ride into battle, but unanimous  
Descending with a leap, all trod the plain.  
Each gave command that at the trench his steeds  
Should stand detain'd in orderly array;  
Then, suddenly, the parted host became  
Five bands, each following its appointed chief.  
The bravest and most numerous, and whose hearts  
Wish'd most to burst the barrier and to wage  
The battle at the ships, with Hector march'd  
And with Polydamas, whom follow'd, third,  
Cebriones; for Hector had his steeds  
Consign'd and chariot to inferior care.  
Paris, Alcathoüs, and Agenor led  
The second band, and, sons of Priam both,  
Deiphobus and Helenus, the third;  
With them was seen partner of their command;  
The Hero Asius; from Arisba came 120  
Asius Hyrtacides, to battle drawn  
From the Selleis banks by martial steeds  
Hair'd fiery-red and of the noblest size.  
The fourth, Anchises' mighty son controll'd,  
Æneas; under him Antenor's sons, 125  
Archilochus and Acamas, advanced,  
Adept in all the practice of the field.  
Last came the glorious powers in league with Troy  
Led by Sarpedon; he with Glaucus shared  
His high control, and with the warlike Chief  
Asteropaeus; for of all his host  
Them bravest he esteem'd, himself except  
Superior in heroic might to all.  
And now (their shields adjusted each to each)  
With dauntless courage fired, right on they moved  
Against the Grecians; nor expected less  
Than that beside their sable ships, the host  
Should self-abandon'd fall an easy prey.

The Trojans, thus with their confederate powers,  
The counsel of the accomplish'd Prince pursued,  
Polydamas, one Chief alone except,  
Asius Hyrtacides. He scorn'd to leave  
His charioteer and coursers at the trench,  
And drove toward the fleet. Ah, madly brave!  
His evil hour was come; he was ordained  
With horse and chariot and triumphant shout  
To enter wind-swept Ilium never more.  
Deucalion's offspring, first, into the shades  
Dismiss'd him; by Idomeneus he died.  
Leftward he drove furious, along the road  
By which the steeds and chariots of the Greeks  
Return'd from battle; in that track he flew,  
Nor found the portals by the massy bar  
Secured, but open for reception safe  
Of fugitives, and to a guard consign'd.  
155

Thither he drove direct, and in his rear  
 His band shrill-shouting follow'd, for they judged  
 The Greeks no longer able to withstand  
 Their foes, but sure to perish in the camp.  
 Vain hope! for in the gate two Chiefs ~~the~~<sup>60</sup> found  
 Lapithæ-born, courageous offspring each  
 Of dauntless father; Polypœtes, this,  
 Sprung from Pirithöus; that, the warrior bold  
 Leonteus, terrible as gore-tainted Mars.  
 These two, defenders of the lofty gates<sup>65</sup>  
 Stood firm before them. As when two tall oaks  
 On the high mountains day by day endure  
 Rough wind and rain, by deep-descending roots  
 Of hugest growth fast-founded in the soil;  
 So they, sustain'd by conscious valor, ~~saw~~<sup>70</sup>,  
 Unmoved, high towering Asius on his way,  
 Nor fear'd him aught, nor shrank from his approach  
 Right on toward the barrier, lifting high  
 Their season'd bucklers and with clamor loud  
 The band advanced, King Asius at their<sup>75</sup> head,  
 With whom Iämenus, expert in arms,  
 Orestes, Thöon, Acamas the son  
 Of Asius, and Oenomäus, led them on.  
 Till now, the warlike pair, exhorting loud  
 The Grecians to defend the fleet, had ~~st~~<sup>80</sup>od  
 Within the gates; but soon as they perceived  
 The Trojans swift advancing to the wall,  
 And heard a cry from all the flying Greeks,  
 Both sallying, before the gates they fought  
 Like forest-boars, which hearing in the hills  
 The crash of hounds and huntsmen nigh at hand,  
 With start oblique lay many a sapling flat  
 Short-broken by the root, nor cease to grind  
 Their sounding tusks, till by the spear they die;  
 So sounded on the breasts of those brav<sup>90</sup>two  
 The smitten brass; for resolute they fought,  
 Embolden'd by their might who kept the wall,  
 And trusting in their own; they, in defence  
 Of camp and fleet and life, thick battery hurl'd  
 Of stones precipitated from the towers<sup>95</sup>  
 Frequent as snows they fell, which stormy winds,  
 Driving the gloomy clouds, shake to the ground,  
 Till all the fertile earth lies cover'd deep.  
 Such volley pour'd the Greeks, and such return'd  
 The Trojans; casques of hide, arid and ~~200~~gh,  
 And bossy shields rattled, by such a storm  
 Assail'd of millstone masses from above.  
 Then Asius, son of Hyrtacus, a groan  
 Indignant utter'd; on both thighs he smote  
 With disappointment furious, and exclam'd,

Jupiter! even thou art false become,  
 And altogether such. Full sure I deem'd  
 That not a Grecian hero should abide  
 One moment force invincible as ours,  
 And lo! as wasps ring-streaked,<sup>[1]</sup> or bees<sup>2</sup> that build  
 Their dwellings in the highway's craggy side  
 Leave not their hollow home, but fearless wait  
 The hunter's coming, in their brood's defence,

So these, although two only, from the gates  
Move not, nor will, till either seized or slain.

So Asius spake, but speaking so, changed not  
The mind of Jove on Hector's glory bent.  
Others, as obstinate, at other gates  
Such deeds perform'd, that to enumerate all  
Were difficult, unless to power divine. 220  
For fierce the hail of stones from end to end  
Smote on the barrier; anguish fill'd the Greeks.  
Yet, by necessity constrain'd, their ships  
They guarded still; nor less the Gods themselves,  
Patrons of Greece, all sorrow'd at the sight.

At once the valiant Lapithæ began  
Terrible conflict, and Pirithous' son  
Brave Polypœtes through his helmet pierced  
Damascus; his resplendent point the brass  
Sufficed not to withstand; entering, it dash'd  
The bone within, and mingling all his brain  
With his own blood, his onset fierce repress'd.  
Pylon and Ormenus he next subdued.  
Meantime Leontes, branch of Mars, his spear  
Hurl'd at Hippomachus, whom through his belt  
He pierced; then drawing forth his falchion keen,  
Through all the multitude he flew to smite  
Antiphates, and with a downright stroke  
Fell'd him. Iämenus and Menon next  
He slew, with brave Orestes, whom he cap'd,  
All three together, on the fertile glebe.

While them the Lapithæ of their bright arms  
Despoil'd, Polydamas and Hector stood  
(With all the bravest youths and most resolved  
To burst the barrier and to fire the fleet) 245  
Beside the foss, pondering the event.  
For, while they press'd to pass, they spied a bird  
Sublime in air, an eagle. Right between  
Both hosts he soar'd (the Trojan on his left)  
A serpent bearing in his pounces clutch'd 250  
Enormous, dripping blood, but lively still  
And mindful of revenge; for from beneath  
The eagle's breast, updarting fierce his head,  
Fast by the throat he struck him; anguish-sick  
The eagle cast him down into the space 255  
Between the hosts, and, clanging loud his plumes  
As the wind bore him, floated far away.  
Shudder'd the Trojans viewing at their feet  
The spotted serpent ominous, and thus  
Polydamas to dauntless Hector spake. 260

Ofttimes in council, Hector, thou art wont  
To censure me, although advising well;  
Nor ought the private citizen, I confess,  
Either in council or in war to indulge  
Loquacity, but ever to employ 265  
All his exertions in support of thine.  
Yet hear my best opinion once again.  
Proceed we not in our attempt against  
The Grecian fleet. For if in truth the sign  
Respect the host of Troy ardent to pass, 270  
Then, as the eagle soar'd both hosts between,

With Ilium's on his left, and clutch'd a snake  
 Enormous, dripping blood, but still alive,  
 Which yet he dropp'd suddenly, ere he reach'd  
 His eyry, or could give it to his young.<sup>275</sup>  
 So we, although with mighty force we burst  
 Both gates and barrier, and although the Greeks  
 Should all retire, shall never yet the way  
 Tread honorably back by which we came.  
 No. Many a Trojan shall we leave behind<sup>280</sup>  
 Slain by the Grecians in their fleet's defence.  
 An augur skill'd in omens would expound  
 This omen thus, and faith would win from all.

To whom, dark-louring, Hector thus replied.  
 Polydamas! I like not thy advice;      285  
 Thou couldst have framed far better; but if this  
 Be thy deliberate judgment, then the Gods  
 Make thy deliberate judgment nothing worth,  
 Who bidd'st me disregard the Thunderer's<sup>[2]</sup> firm  
 Assurance to myself announced, and make  
 The wild inhabitants of air my guides,  
 Which I alike despise, speed they their course  
 With right-hand flight toward the ruddy East,  
 Or leftward down into the shades of eve.  
 Consider *we* the will of Jove alone,    295  
 Sovereign of heaven and earth. Omens abound,  
 But the best omen is our country's cause.<sup>[3]</sup>  
 Wherefore should fiery war *thy* soul alarm?  
 For were we slaughter'd, one and all, around  
 The fleet of Greece, *thou* need'st not fear to die,  
 Whose courage never will thy flight retard.  
 But if thou shrink thyself, or by smooth speech  
 Seduce one other from a soldier's part,  
 Pierced by this spear incontinent thou diest.

So saying he led them, who with deafening roar  
 Follow'd him. Then, from the Idæan hills  
 Jove hurl'd a storm which wafted right the dust  
 Into the fleet; the spirits too he quell'd  
 Of the Achaians, and the glory gave  
 To Hector and his host; they, trusting first  
 In signs from Jove, and in their proper force,  
 Assay'd the barrier; from the towers they tore  
 The galleries, cast the battlements to ground,  
 And the projecting buttresses adjoin'd  
 To strengthen the vast work, with bars<sup>315</sup> upheaved.  
 All these, with expectation fierce to break  
 The rampart, down they drew; nor yet the Greeks  
 Gave back, but fencing close with shields the wall,  
 Smote from behind them many a foe beneath.  
 Meantime from tower to tower the Ajax<sup>320</sup> moved  
 Exhorting all; with mildness some, and some  
 With harsh rebuke, whom they observed through fear  
 Declining base the labors of the fight,

Friends! Argives! warriors of whatever rank!  
 Ye who excel, and ye of humbler note!<sup>325</sup>  
 And ye the last and least! (for such there are,  
 All have not magnanimity alike)  
 Now have we work for all, as all perceive.  
 Turn not, retreat not to your ships, appall'd  
 By sounding menaces, but press the foe.<sup>330</sup>

Exhort each other, and e'en now perchance  
Olympian Jove, by whom the lightnings burn,  
Shall grant us to repulse them, and to chase  
The routed Trojans to their gates again.

So they vociferating to the Greeks, 335  
Stirr'd them to battle. As the feathery snows  
Fall frequent, on some wintry day, when Jove  
Hath risen to shed them on the race of man,  
And show his arrowy stores; he lulls the winds,  
Then shakes them down continual, covering thick  
Mountain tops, promontories, flowery meads,  
And cultured valleys rich; the ports and shores  
Receive it also of the hoary deep,  
But there the waves bound it, while all beside  
Lies whelm'd beneath Jove's fast-descending shower,  
So thick, from side to side, by Trojans hurl'd  
Against the Greeks, and by the Greeks return'd  
The stony volleys flew; resounding loud  
Through all its length the battered rampart roar'd.  
Nor yet had Hector and his host prevail'd  
To burst the gates, and break the massy bar,  
Had not all-seeing Jove Sarpedon moved  
His son, against the Greeks, furious as falls  
The lion on some horned herd of beeves.  
At once his polish'd buckler he advanced  
With leafy brass o'erlaid; for with smooth brass  
The forger of that shield its oval disk  
Had plated, and with thickest hides throughout  
Had lined it, stitch'd with circling wires of gold.  
That shield he bore before him; firmly grasp'd  
He shook two spears, and with determined strides  
March'd forward. As the lion mountain-bred,  
After long fast, by impulse of his heart  
Undaunted urged, seeks resolute the flock  
Even in the shelter of their guarded home;  
He finds, perchance, the shepherds arm'd with spears,  
And all their dogs awake, yet can not leave  
Untried the fence, but either leaps it light,  
And entering tears the prey, or in the attempt  
Pierced by some dexterous peasant, bleeds himself;  
So high his courage to the assault impell'd  
Godlike Sarpedon, and him fired with hope  
To break the barrier; when to Glaucus thus,  
Son of Hippolochus, his speech he turn'd.

Why, Glaucus, is the seat of honor ours,  
Why drink we brimming cups, and feast in state?  
Why gaze they all on us as we were Gods  
In Lycia, and why share we pleasant fields  
And spacious vineyards, where the Xanthus winds?  
Distinguished thus in Lycia, we are called  
To firmness here, and to encounter bold  
The burning battle, that our fair report  
Among the Lycians may be blazon'd thus—  
No dastards are the potentates who rule  
The bright-arm'd Lycians; on the fatted flock  
They banquet, and they drink the richest wines;  
But they are also valiant, and the fight  
Wage dauntless in the vanward of us all.  
Oh Glaucus, if escaping safe the death

That threatens us here, we also could escape  
 Old age, and to ourselves secure a life  
 Immortal, I would neither in the van  
 Myself expose, nor would encourage thee  
 To tempt the perils of the glorious field.  
 But since a thousand messengers of fate  
 Pursue us close, and man is born to die—  
 E'en let us on; the prize of glory yield,  
 If yield we must, or wrest it from the foe.

He said, nor cold refusal in return  
 Received from Glaucus, but toward the wall  
 Their numerous Lycian host both led direct.  
 Menestheus, son of Peteos, saw appall'd  
 Their dread approach, for to his tower they bent;  
 Their threatening march. An eager look he cast,  
 On the embodied Greeks, seeking some chief  
 Whose aid might turn the battle from his van:  
 He saw, where never sated with exploits  
 Of war, each Ajax fought, near whom his eye  
 Kenn'd Teucer also, newly from his tent;  
 But vain his efforts were with loudest call  
 To reach their ears, such was the deafening din  
 Upsent to heaven, of shields and crested helms,  
 And of the batter'd gates; for at each gate  
 They thundering stood, and urged alike at each  
 Their fierce attempt by force to burst the bars.  
 To Ajax therefore he at once dispatch'd  
 A herald, and Thöotes thus enjoin'd.

My noble friend, Thöotes! with all speed  
 Call either Ajax; bid them hither both;  
 Far better so; for havoc is at hand. 420  
 The Lycian leaders, ever in assault  
 Tempestuous, bend their force against this tower  
 My station. But if also there they find  
 Laborious conflict pressing them severe,  
 At least let Telamonian Ajax come, 425  
 And Teucer with his death-dispensing bow.

He spake, nor was Thöotes slow to hear;  
 Beside the rampart of the mail-clad Greeks  
 Rapid he flew, and, at their side arrived,  
 To either Ajax, eager, thus began. 430

Ye leaders of the well-appointed Greeks,  
 The son of noble Peteos calls; he begs  
 With instant suit, that ye would share his toils,  
 However short your stay; the aid of both  
 Will serve him best, for havoc threateneth there  
 The Lycian leaders, ever in assault  
 Tempestuous, bend their force toward the tower  
 His station. But if also here ye find  
 Laborious conflict pressing you severe,  
 At least let Telamonian Ajax come, 440  
 And Teucer with his death-dispensing bow.

He spake, nor his request the towering son  
 Of Telamon denied, but quick his speech  
 To Ajax Oiliades address'd.

Ajax! abiding here, exhort ye both 445  
 (Heroic Lycomedes and thyself)  
 The Greeks to battle. Thither I depart

To aid our friends, which service once perform'd  
Duly, I will incontinent return.

So saying, the Telamonian Chief with <sup>450</sup>~~few~~  
With whom went Teucer, son of the same sire,  
Pandion also, bearing Teucer's bow.  
Arriving at the turret given in charge  
To the bold Chief Menestheus, and the wall  
Entering, they found their friends all ~~sharply~~ tried.  
Black as a storm the senators renown'd  
And leaders of the Lycian host assail'd  
Buttress and tower, while opposite the Greeks  
Withstood them, and the battle-shout began.  
First, Ajax, son of Telamon, a friend <sup>460</sup>  
And fellow-warrior of Sarpedon slew,  
Epicles. With a marble fragment huge  
That crown'd the battlement's interior side,  
He smote him. No man of our puny race,  
Although in prime of youth, had with <sup>465</sup>~~46th~~ hands  
That weight sustain'd; but he the cumbersome mass  
Uplifted high, and hurl'd it on his head.  
It burst his helmet, and his batter'd skull  
Dash'd from all form. He from the lofty tower  
Dropp'd downright, with a diver's plun<sup>470</sup>, and died.  
But Teucer wounded Glaucus with a shaft  
Son of Hippolochus; he, climbing, bared  
His arm, which Teucer, marking, from the wall  
Transfix'd it, and his onset fierce repress'd;  
For with a backward leap Glaucus with <sup>475</sup>~~47few~~  
Sudden and silent, cautious lest the Greeks  
Seeing him wounded should insult his pain.  
Grief seized, at sight of his retiring friend,  
Sarpedon, who forgot not yet the fight,  
But piercing with his lance Alcmaon, <sup>480</sup>~~s~~  
Of Thestor, suddenly reversed the beam,  
Which following, Alcmaon to the earth  
Fell prone, with clangor of his brazen arms.  
Sarpedon, then, strenuous with both hands  
Tugg'd, and down fell the battlement <sup>485</sup>~~entire~~;  
The wall, dismantled at the summit, stood  
A ruin, and wide chasm was open'd through.  
Then Ajax him and Teucer at one time  
Struck both; an arrow struck from Teucer's bow  
The belt that cross'd his bosom, by wh<sup>490</sup> hung  
His ample shield; yet lest his son should fall  
Among the ships, Jove turn'd the death aside.  
But Ajax, springing to his thrust, a spear  
Drove through his shield. Sarpedon at the shock  
With backward step short interval recov<sup>495</sup>l,  
But not retired, for in his bosom lived  
The hope of glory still, and, looking back  
On all his godlike Lycians, he exclaim'd,

Oh Lycians! where is your heroic might?  
Brave as I boast myself, I feel the task <sup>500</sup>  
Arduous, through the breach made by myself  
To win a passage to the ships, alone.  
Follow me all—Most laborers, most dispatch.<sup>[4]</sup>

So he; at whose sharp reprimand abash'd  
The embattled host to closer conflict n<sup>505</sup>ved,  
Obedient to their counsellor and King.

On the other side the Greeks within the wall  
 Made firm the phalanx, seeing urgent need;  
 Nor could the valiant Lycians through the breach  
 Admittance to the Grecian fleet obtain,<sup>510</sup>  
 Nor since they first approach'd it, had the Greeks  
 With all their efforts, thrust the Lycians back.  
 But as two claimants of one common field,  
 Each with his rod of measurement in hand,  
 Dispute the boundaries, litigating war,<sup>515</sup>  
 Their right in some small portion of the soil,  
 So they, divided by the barrier, struck  
 With hostile rage the bull-hide bucklers round,  
 And the light targets on each other's breast.  
 Then many a wound the ruthless weap<sup>520</sup> made.  
 Pierced through the unarm'd back, if any turn'd,  
 He died, and numerous even through the shield.  
 The battlements from end to end with blood  
 Of Grecians and of Trojans on both sides  
 Were sprinkled; yet no violence could move  
 The stubborn Greeks, or turn their powers to flight.  
 So hung the war in balance, as the scales  
 Held by some woman scrupulously just,  
 A spinner; wool and weight she poises nice,  
 Hard-earning slender pittance for her babes.<sup>[5]</sup>  
 Such was the poise in which the battle hung  
 Till Jove himself superior fame, at length,  
 To Priamëian Hector gave, who sprang  
 First through the wall. In lofty sounds that reach'd  
 Their utmost ranks, he call'd on all his host.

Now press them, now ye Trojans steed-renown'd  
 Rush on! break through the Grecian rampart, hurl  
 At once devouring flames into the fleet.  
 Such was his exhortation; they his voice  
 All hearing, with close-order'd ranks d<sup>540</sup>ct  
 Bore on the barrier, and up-swarming show'd  
 On the high battlement their glittering spears.  
 But Hector seized a stone; of ample base  
 But tapering to a point, before the gate  
 It stood. No two men, mightiest of a la<sup>545</sup>  
 (Such men as now are mighty) could with ease  
 Have heaved it from the earth up to a wain;  
 He swung it easily alone; so light  
 The son of Saturn made it in his hand.  
 As in one hand with ease the shepherd<sup>550</sup>ars  
 A ram's fleece home, nor toils beneath the weight,  
 So Hector, right toward the planks of those  
 Majestic folding-gates, close-jointed, firm  
 And solid, bore the stone. Two bars within  
 Their corresponding force combined transvere  
 To guard them, and one bolt secured the bars.  
 He stood fast by them, parting wide his feet  
 For 'vantage sake, and smote them in the midst.  
 He burst both hinges; inward fell the rock  
 Ponderous, and the portals roar'd; the b<sup>560</sup>os  
 Endured not, and the planks, riven by the force  
 Of that huge mass, flew scatter'd on all sides.  
 In leap'd the godlike Hero at the breach,  
 Gloomy as night in aspect, but in arms  
 All-dazzling, and he grasp'd two quive<sup>565</sup>ng spears.

Him entering with a leap the gates, no force  
Whate'er of opposition had repress'd,  
Save of the Gods alone. Fire fill'd his eyes;  
Turning, he bade the multitude without  
Ascend the rampart; they his voice obey'd;  
Part climb'd the wall, part pour'd into the gate;  
The Grecians to their hollow galleys flew  
Scatter'd, and tumult infinite arose.[\[6\]](#)

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## BOOK XIII.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

Neptune engages on the part of the Grecians. The battle proceeds. Deiphobus advances to combat, but is repulsed by Meriones, who losing his spear, repairs to his tent for another. Teucer slays Imbrius, and Hector Amphimachus. Neptune, under the similitude of Thoas, exhorts Idomeneus. Idomeneus having armed himself in his tent, and going forth to battle, meets Meriones. After discourse held with each other, Idomeneus accommodates Meriones with a spear, and they proceed to battle. Idomeneus slays Othryoneus, and Asius. Deiphobus assails Idomeneus, but, his spear glancing over him, kills Hypsenor. Idomeneus slays Alcathoüs, son-in-law of Anchises. Deiphobus and Idomeneus respectively summon their friends to their assistance, and a contest ensues for the body of Alcathoüs.

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## BOOK XIII.

[1]When Jove to Hector and his host had given  
 Such entrance to the fleet, to all the woes  
 And toils of unremitting battle there  
 He them abandon'd, and his glorious eyes  
 Averting, on the land look'd down remotē  
 Of the horse-breeding Thracians, of the bold  
 Close-fighting Mysian race, and where abide  
 On milk sustain'd, and blest with length of days,  
 The Hippemolgi,[2] justest of mankind.  
 No longer now on Troy his eyes he turn'd,  
 For expectation none within his breast  
 Survived, that God or Goddess would the Greeks  
 Approach with succor, or the Trojans more.

Nor Neptune, sovereign of the boundless Deep,  
 Look'd forth in vain; he on the summit s̄at  
 Of Samothracia forest-crown'd, the stir  
 Admiring thence and tempest of the field;  
 For thence appear'd all Ida, thence the towers  
 Of lofty Ilium, and the fleet of Greece.  
 There sitting from the deeps uprisen, he<sup>20</sup>ourn'd  
 The vanquished Grecians, and resentment fierce  
 Conceived and wrath against all-ruling Jove.  
 Arising sudden, down the rugged steep  
 With rapid strides he came; the mountains huge  
 And forests under the immortal feet      25

Trembled of Ocean's Sovereign as he strode.  
 Three strides he made, the fourth convey'd him home  
 To Ægæ. At the bottom of the abyss,  
 There stands magnificent his golden fane,  
 A dazzling, incorruptible abode. 30  
 Arrived, he to his chariot join'd his steeds  
 Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and maned with wavy gold;  
 Himself attiring next in gold, he seized  
 His golden scourge, and to his seat sublime  
 Ascending, o'er the billows drove; the ~~w~~hales  
 Leaving their caverns, gambol'd on all sides  
 Around him, not unconscious of their King;  
 He swept the surge that tinged not as he pass'd  
 His axle, and the sea parted for joy.  
 His bounding coursers to the Grecian fleet 40  
 Convey'd him swift. There is a spacious cave  
 Deep in the bottom of the flood, the rocks  
 Of Imbrus rude and Tenedos between;  
 There Neptune, Shaker of the Shores, his steeds  
 Station'd secure; he loosed them from the ~~t~~h yoke,  
 Gave them ambrosial food, and bound their feet  
 With golden tethers not to be untied  
 Or broken, that unwandering they might wait  
 Their Lord's return, then sought the Grecian host.  
 The Trojans, tempest-like or like a flame 50  
 Now, following Priameian Hector, all  
 Came furious on and shouting to the skies.  
 Their hope was to possess the fleet, and leave  
 Not an Achaian of the host unslain.  
 But earth-encircler Neptune from the gulf  
 Emerging, in the form and with the voice  
 Loud-toned of Calchas, roused the Argive ranks  
 To battle—and his exhortation first  
 To either Ajax turn'd, themselves prepared.

Ye heroes Ajax! your accustomed for 60  
 Exert, oh! think not of disastrous flight,  
 And ye shall save the people. Nought I fear  
 Fatal elsewhere, although Troy's haughty sons  
 Have pass'd the barrier with so fierce a throng  
 Tumultuous; for the Grecians brazen-greaved  
 Will check them there. Here only I expect  
 And with much dread some dire event forebode,  
 Where Hector, terrible as fire, and loud  
 Vaunting his glorious origin from Jove,  
 Leads on the Trojans. Oh that from on high 70  
 Some God would form the purpose in your hearts  
 To stand yourselves firmly, and to exhort  
 The rest to stand! so should ye chase him hence  
 All ardent as he is, and even although  
 Olympian Jove himself his rage inspire. 75

So Neptune spake, compasser of the earth,  
 And, with his sceptre smiting both, their hearts  
 Fill'd with fresh fortitude; their limbs the touch  
 Made agile, wing'd their feet and nerved their arms.  
 Then, swift as stoops a falcon from the point  
 Of some rude rock sublime, when he would chase  
 A fowl of other wing along the meads,  
 So started Neptune thence, and disappear'd.  
 Him, as he went, swift Oiliades

First recognized, and, instant, thus his sp̄ech  
To Ajax, son of Telamon, address'd.

Since, Ajax, some inhabitant of heaven  
Exhorts us, in the prophet's form to fight  
(For prophet none or augur we have seen;  
This was not Calchas; as he went I mar<sup>90</sup>  
His steps and knew him; Gods are known with ease)  
I feel my spirit in my bosom fired  
Afresh for battle; lightness in my limbs,  
In hands and feet a glow unfelt before.

To whom the son of Telamon replied<sup>95</sup>  
I also with invigorated hands  
More firmly grasp my spear; my courage mounts,  
A buoyant animation in my feet  
Bears me along, and I am all on fire  
To cope with Priam's furious son, alon<sup>100</sup>

Thus they, with martial transport to their souls  
Imparted by the God, conferr'd elate.  
Meantime the King of Ocean roused the Greeks,  
Who in the rear, beside their gallant barks  
Some respite sought. They, spent with ho<sup>105</sup>dous toil,  
Felt not alone their weary limbs unapt  
To battle, but their hearts with grief oppress'd,  
Seeing the numerous multitude of Troy  
Within the mighty barrier; sad they view'd  
That sight, and bathed their cheeks with many a tear,  
Despairing of escape. But Ocean's Lord  
Entering among them, soon the spirit stirr'd  
Of every valiant phalanx to the fight.  
Teucer and Leitus, and famed in arms  
Peneleus, Thoas and Deipyrus,      115  
Meriones, and his compeer renown'd,  
Antilochus; all these in accents wing'd  
With fierce alacrity the God address'd.

Oh shame, ye Grecians! vigorous as ye are  
And in life's prime, to your exertions m<sup>120</sup>  
I trusted for the safety of our ships.  
If ye renounce the labors of the field,  
Then hath the day arisen of our defeat  
And final ruin by the powers of Troy.  
Oh! I behold a prodigy, a sight      125  
Tremendous, deem'd impossible by me,  
The Trojans at our ships! the dastard race  
Fled once like fleetest hinds the destined prey  
Of lynxes, leopards, wolves; feeble and slight  
And of a nature indisposed to war      130  
They rove uncertain; so the Trojans erst  
Stood not, nor to Achaian prowess dared  
The hindrance of a moment's strife oppose.  
But now, Troy left afar, even at our ships  
They give us battle, through our leader's fault  
And through the people's negligence, who fill'd  
With fierce displeasure against *him*, prefer  
Death at their ships, to war in their defence.  
But if the son of Atreus, our supreme,  
If Agamemnon, have indeed transgress<sup>140</sup>  
Past all excuse, dishonoring the swift  
Achilles, ye at least the fight decline

Blame-worthy, and with no sufficient plea.  
 But heal we speedily the breach; brave minds  
 Easily coalesce. It is not well 145  
 That thus your fury slumbers, for the host  
 Hath none illustrious as yourselves in arms.  
 I can excuse the timid if he shrink,  
 But am incensed at *you*. My friends, beware!  
 Your tardiness will prove ere long the ~~use~~  
 Of some worse evil. Let the dread of shame  
 Affect your hearts; oh tremble at the thought  
 Of infamy! Fierce conflict hath arisen;  
 Loud shouting Hector combats at the ships  
 Nobly, hath forced the gates and burst ~~the~~ bar.

With such encouragement those Grecian chiefs  
 The King of Ocean roused. Then, circled soon  
 By many a phalanx either Ajax stood,  
 Whose order Mars himself arriving there  
 Had praised, or Pallas, patroness of art<sup>60</sup>  
 For there the flower of all expected firm  
 Bold Hector and his host; spear crowded spear,  
 Shield, helmet, man, press'd helmet, man and shield;<sup>[3]</sup>  
 The hairy crests of their resplendent casques  
 Kiss'd close at every nod, so wedged they stood;  
 No spear was seen but in the manly grasp  
 It quiver'd, and their every wish was war.  
 The powers of Ilium gave the first assault  
 Embattled close; them Hector led himself<sup>[4]</sup>  
 Right on, impetuous as a rolling rock 170  
 Destructive; torn by torrent waters off  
 From its old lodgment on the mountain's brow,  
 It bounds, it shoots away; the crashing wood  
 Falls under it; impediment or check  
 None stays its fury, till the level found<sup>175</sup>  
 There, settling by degrees, it rolls no more;  
 So after many a threat that he would pass  
 Easily through the Grecian camp and fleet  
 And slay to the sea-brink, when Hector once  
 Had fallen on those firm ranks, standing<sup>80</sup> he bore  
 Vehement on them; but by many a spear  
 Urged and bright falchion, soon, reeling, retired,  
 And call'd vociferous on the host of Troy.

Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons  
 Of Dardanus, oh stand! not long the Greeks  
 Will me confront, although embodied close  
 In solid phalanx; doubt it not; my spear  
 Shall chase and scatter them, if Jove, in truth,  
 High-thundering mate of Juno, bid me on.

So saying he roused the courage of them all  
 Foremost of whom advanced, of Priam's race  
 Deiphobus, ambitious of renown.  
 Tripping he came with shorten'd steps,<sup>[5]</sup> his feet  
 Sheltering behind his buckler; but at him  
 Aiming, Meriones his splendid lance 195  
 Dismiss'd, nor err'd; his bull-hide targe he struck  
 But ineffectual; where the hollow wood  
 Receives the inserted brass, the quivering beam  
 Snapp'd; then, Deiphobus his shield afar  
 Advanced before him, trembling at a spear  
 Hurl'd by Meriones. He, moved alike

With indignation for the victory lost  
 And for his broken spear, into his band  
 At first retired, but soon set forth again  
 In prowess through the Achaian camp,<sup>205</sup>  
 Its fellow-spear within his tent reserved.

The rest all fought, and dread the shouts arose  
 On all sides. Telamonian Teucer, first,  
 Slew valiant Imbrius, son of Mentor, rich  
 In herds of sprightly steeds. He ere the<sup>210</sup> weeks  
 Arrived at Ilium, in Pedæus dwelt,  
 And Priam's spurious daughter had espoused  
 Medesicasta. But the barks well-oar'd  
 Of Greece arriving, he return'd to Troy,  
 Where he excell'd the noblest, and abo<sup>215</sup>  
 With Priam, loved and honor'd as his own.  
 Him Teucer pierced beneath his ear, and pluck'd  
 His weapon home; he fell as falls an ash  
 Which on some mountain visible afar,  
 Hewn from its bottom by the woodma<sup>220</sup>axe,  
 With all its tender foliage meets the ground  
 So Imbrius fell; loud rang his armor bright  
 With ornamental brass, and Teucer flew  
 To seize his arms, whom hasting to the spoil  
 Hector with his resplendent spear assa<sup>225</sup>lled;  
 He, marking opposite its rapid flight,  
 Declined it narrowly and it pierced the breast,  
 As he advanced to battle, of the son  
 Of Cteatus of the Actorian race,  
 Amphimachus; he, sounding, smote the<sup>230</sup> plain,  
 And all his batter'd armor rang aloud.  
 Then Hector swift approaching, would have torn  
 The well-forged helmet from the brows away  
 Of brave Amphimachus; but Ajax hurl'd  
 Right forth at Hector hasting to the spo<sup>235</sup>  
 His radiant spear; no wound the spear impress'd,  
 For he was arm'd complete in burnish'd brass  
 Terrific; but the solid boss it pierced  
 Of Hector's shield, and with enormous force  
 So shock'd him, that retiring he resign<sup>240</sup>  
 Both bodies,<sup>[6]</sup> which the Grecians dragg'd away.  
 Stichius and Menestheus, leaders both  
 Of the Athenians, to the host of Greece  
 Bore off Amphimachus, and, fierce in arms  
 The Ajaces, Imbrius. As two lions bear<sup>245</sup>  
 Through thick entanglement of boughs and brakes  
 A goat snatch'd newly from the peasants' cogs,  
 Upholding high their prey above the ground,  
 So either Ajax terrible in fight,  
 Upholding Imbrius high, his brazen ar<sup>250</sup>  
 Tore off, and Oiliades his head  
 From his smooth neck dissevering in revenge  
 For slain Amphimachus, through all the host  
 Sent it with swift rotation like a globe,  
 Till in the dust at Hector's feet it fell. 255

Then anger fill'd the heart of Ocean's King,  
 His grandson<sup>[7]</sup> slain in battle; forth he pass'd  
 Through the Achaian camp and fleet, the Greeks  
 Rousing, and meditating wo to Troy.  
 It chanced that brave Idomeneus return<sup>260</sup>

That moment from a Cretan at the knee  
 Wounded, and newly borne into his tent;  
 His friends had borne him off, and when the Chief  
 Had given him into skilful hands, he sought  
 The field again, still coveting renown. 265  
 Him therefore, meeting him on his return,  
 Neptune bespake, but with the borrow'd voice  
 Of Thoas, offspring of Andraemon, King  
 In Pleuro and in lofty Calydon,  
 And honor'd by the Ætolians as a God<sup>270</sup>

Oh counsellor of Crete! our threats denounced  
 Against the towers of Troy, where are they now?

To whom the leader of the Cretans, thus,  
 Idomeneus. For aught that I perceive  
 Thoas! no Grecian is this day in fault! 275  
 For we are all intelligent in arms,  
 None yields by fear oppress'd, none lull'd by sloth  
 From battle shrinks; but such the pleasure seems  
 Of Jove himself, that we should perish here  
 Inglorious, from our country far remot<sup>280</sup>  
 But, Thoas! (for thine heart was ever firm  
 In battle, and thyself art wont to rouse  
 Whom thou observ'st remiss) now also fight  
 As erst, and urge each leader of the host.

Him answered, then, the Sovereign ~~of~~<sup>at</sup> the Deep.  
 Return that Grecian never from the shores  
 Of Troy, Idomeneus! but may the dogs  
 Feast on him, who shall this day intermit  
 Through wilful negligence his force in fight!  
 But haste, take arms and come; we mu~~s~~<sup>g</sup> exert  
 All diligence, that, being only two,  
 We yet may yield some service. Union much  
 Emboldens even the weakest, and our might  
 Hath oft been proved on warriors of renown.

So Neptune spake, and, turning, sought again  
 The toilsome field. Ere long, Idomeneus  
 Arriving in his spacious tent, put on  
 His radiant armor, and, two spears in hand,  
 Set forth like lightning which Saturnian Jove  
 From bright Olympus shakes into the air,<sup>300</sup>  
 A sign to mortal men, dazzling all eyes;  
 So beam'd the Hero's armor as he ran.  
 But him not yet far distant from his tent  
 Meriones, his fellow-warrior met,  
 For he had left the fight, seeking a spear<sup>305</sup>  
 When thus the brave Idomeneus began.

Swift son of Molus! chosen companion dear!  
 Wherefore, Meriones, hast thou the field  
 Abandon'd? Art thou wounded? Bring'st thou home  
 Some pointed mischief in thy flesh inflict<sup>310</sup>  
 Or comest thou sent to me, who of myself  
 The still tent covet not, but feats of arms?

To whom Meriones discreet replied,  
 Chief leader of the Cretans, brazen-mail'd  
 Idomeneus! if yet there be a spear      315  
 Left in thy tent, I seek one; for I broke  
 The spear, even now, with which erewhile I fought,  
 Smiting the shield of fierce Deiphobus.

Then answer thus the Cretan Chief return'd,  
 Valiant Idomeneus. If spears thou need<sup>320</sup>  
 Within my tent, leaning against the wall,  
 Stand twenty spears and one, forged all in Troy,  
 Which from the slain I took; for distant fight  
 Me suits not; therefore in my tent have I  
 Both spears and bossy shields, with br<sup>325</sup>az<sup>en</sup> casques  
 And corselets bright that smile against the sun.

Him answer'd, then, Meriones discreet.  
 I also, at my tent and in my ship  
 Have many Trojan spoils, but they are hence  
 Far distant. I not less myself than thou<sup>330</sup>  
 Am ever mindful of a warrior's part,  
 And when the din of glorious arms is heard,  
 Fight in the van. If other Greeks my deeds  
 Know not, at least I judge them known to thee.

To whom the leader of the host of C<sup>335</sup>te  
 Idomeneus. I know thy valor well,  
 Why speakest thus to me? Choose we this day  
 An ambush forth of all the bravest Greeks,  
 (For in the ambush is distinguish'd best  
 The courage; there the timorous and th<sup>340</sup>old  
 Plainly appear; the dastard changes hue  
 And shifts from place to place, nor can he calm  
 The fears that shake his trembling limbs, but sits  
 Low-crouching on his hams, while in his breast  
 Quick palpitates his death-foreboding heart,  
 And his teeth chatter; but the valiant man  
 His posture shifts not; no excessive fears  
 Feels he, but seated once in ambush, deems  
 Time tedious till the bloody fight begin;) Even there, thy courage should no blame<sup>350</sup> incur.<sup>[8]</sup>  
 For should'st thou, toiling in the fight, by spear  
 Or falchion bleed, not on thy neck behind  
 Would fall the weapon, or thy back annoy,  
 But it would meet thy bowels or thy chest  
 While thou didst rush into the clamorous van.<sup>355</sup>  
 But haste—we may not longer loiter here  
 As children prating, lest some sharp rebuke  
 Reward us. Enter quick, and from within  
 My tent provide thee with a noble spear.

Then, swift as Mars, Meriones produ<sup>360</sup>d  
 A brazen spear of those within the tent  
 Reserved, and kindling with heroic fire  
 Follow'd Idomeneus. As gory Mars  
 By Terror follow'd, his own dauntless son  
 Who quells the boldest heart, to battle<sup>365</sup>oves;  
 From Thrace against the Ephyri they arm,  
 Or hardy Phlegyans, and by both invoked,  
 Hear and grant victory to which they please;  
 Such, bright in arms Meriones, and such  
 Idomeneus advanced, when foremost th<sup>370</sup>  
 Meriones his fellow-chief bespake.

Son of Deucalion! where inclinest thou most  
 To enter into battle? On the right  
 Of all the host? or through the central ranks?  
 Or on the left? for nowhere I account 375  
 The Greeks so destitute of force as there.

Then answer thus Idomeneus return'd  
 Chief of the Cretans. Others stand to guard  
 The middle fleet; there either Ajax wars,  
 And Teucer, noblest archer of the Greeks<sup>380</sup>  
 Nor less in stationary fight approved.  
 Bent as he is on battle, they will task  
 And urge to proof sufficiently the force  
 Of Priameian Hector; burn his rage  
 How fierce soever, he shall find it hard<sup>385</sup>  
 With all his thirst of victory, to quell  
 Their firm resistance, and to fire the fleet,  
 Let not Saturnian Jove cast down from heaven  
 Himself a flaming brand into the ships.  
 High towering Telamonian Ajax yields<sup>390</sup>  
 To no mere mortal by the common gift  
 Sustain'd of Ceres, and whose flesh the spear  
 Can penetrate, or rocky fragment bruise;  
 In standing fight Ajax would not retire  
 Even before that breaker of the ranks <sup>395</sup>  
 Achilles, although far less swift than he.  
 But turn we to the left, that we may learn  
 At once, if glorious death, or life be ours.

Then, rapid as the God of war, his course  
 Meriones toward the left began, <sup>400</sup>  
 As he enjoin'd. Soon as the Trojans saw  
 Idomeneus advancing like a flame,  
 And his compeer Meriones in arms  
 All-radiant clad, encouraging aloud  
 From rank to rank each other, on they <sup>405</sup>came  
 To the assault combined. Then soon arose  
 Sharp contest on the left of all the fleet.  
 As when shrill winds blow vehement, what time  
 Dust deepest spreads the ways, by warring blasts  
 Upborne a sable cloud stands in the air<sup>410</sup>  
 Such was the sudden conflict; equal rage  
 To stain with gore the lance ruled every breast.  
 Horrent with quivering spears the fatal field  
 Frown'd on all sides; the brazen flashes dread  
 Of numerous helmets, corselets furbish'd bright,  
 And shields resplendent meeting, dull'd the eye,  
 And turn'd it dark away. Stranger indeed  
 Were he to fear, who could that strife have view'd  
 With heart elate, or spirit unperturb'd.

Two mighty sons of Saturn adverse <sup>420</sup>to  
 Took in that contest, purposing alike  
 To many a valiant Chief sorrow and pain.  
 Jove, for the honor of Achilles, gave  
 Success to Hector and the host of Troy,  
 Not for complete destruction of the Greeks<sup>425</sup>  
 At Ilium, but that glory might redound  
 To Thetis thence, and to her dauntless son.  
 On the other side, the King of Ocean risen  
 Secretly from the hoary Deep, the host  
 Of Greece encouraged, whom he grieved<sup>430</sup> to see  
 Vanquish'd by Trojans, and with anger fierce  
 Against the Thunderer burn'd on their behalf.  
 Alike from one great origin divine  
 Sprang they, but Jove was elder, and surpass'd  
 In various knowledge; therefore when <sup>435</sup>roused

Their courage, Neptune traversed still the ranks  
 Clandestine, and in human form disguised.  
 Thus, these Immortal Two, straining the cord  
 Indissoluble of all-wasting war,  
 Alternate measured with it either host,<sup>440</sup>  
 And loosed the joints of many a warrior bold.  
 Then, loud exhorting (though himself with age  
 Half grey) the Achaeans, into battle sprang  
 Idomeneus, and scatter'd, first, the foe,  
 Slaying Othryoneus, who, by the lure <sup>445</sup>  
 Of martial glory drawn, had left of late  
 Cabesus. He Priam's fair daughter woo'd  
 Cassandra, but no nuptial gift vouchsafed  
 To offer, save a sounding promise proud  
 To chase, himself, however resolute <sup>450</sup>  
 The Grecian host, and to deliver Troy.  
 To him assenting, Priam, ancient King,  
 Assured to him his wish, and in the faith  
 Of that assurance confident, he fought.  
 But brave Idomeneus his splendid lance<sup>455</sup>  
 Well-aim'd dismissing, struck the haughty Chief.  
 Pacing elate the field; his brazen mail  
 Endured not; through his bowels pierced, with clang  
 Of all his arms he fell, and thus with joy  
 Immense exulting, spake Idomeneus. <sup>460</sup>

I give thee praise, Othryoneus! beyond  
 All mortal men, if truly thou perform  
 Thy whole big promise to the Dardan king,  
 Who promised thee his daughter. Now, behold,  
 We also promise: doubt not the effect. <sup>465</sup>  
 We give into thy arms the most admired  
 Of Agamemnon's daughters, whom ourselves  
 Will hither bring from Argos, if thy force  
 With ours uniting, thou wilt rase the walls  
 Of populous Troy. Come—follow me;<sup>470</sup> At here  
 Among the ships we may adjust the terms  
 Of marriage, for we take not scanty dower.

So saying, the Hero dragg'd him by his heel  
 Through all the furious fight. His death to avenge  
 Asius on foot before his steeds advanced<sup>475</sup>  
 For them, where'er he moved, his charioteer  
 Kept breathing ever on his neck behind.  
 With fierce desire the heart of Asius burn'd  
 To smite Idomeneus, who with his lance  
 Him reaching first, pierced him beneath<sup>480</sup> the chin  
 Into his throat, and urged the weapon through.  
 He fell, as some green poplar falls, or oak,  
 Or lofty pine, by naval artists hewn  
 With new-edged axes on the mountain's side.  
 So, his teeth grinding, and the bloody <sup>485</sup>  
 Clenching, before his chariot and his steeds  
 Extended, Asius lay. His charioteer  
 (All recollection lost) sat panic-stunn'd,  
 Nor dared for safety turn his steeds to flight.  
 Him bold Antilochus right through the<sup>490</sup> waist  
 Transpierced; his mail sufficed not, but the spear  
 Implanted in his midmost bowels stood.  
 Down from his seat magnificent he fell  
 Panting, and young Antilochus the steeds

Drove captive thence into the host of <sup>495</sup>Greece.  
 Then came Deiphobus by sorrow urged  
 For Asius, and, small interval between,  
 Hurl'd at Idomeneus his glittering lance;  
 But he, foreseeing its approach, the point  
 Eluded, cover'd whole by his round sh<sup>ield</sup>  
 Of hides and brass by double belt sustain'd,  
 And it flew over him, but on his targe  
 Glancing, elicited a tinkling sound.  
 Yet left it not in vain his vigorous grasp,  
 But pierced the liver of Hypsenor, son <sup>505</sup>of  
 Of Hippasus; he fell incontinent,  
 And measureless exulting in his fall  
 Deiphobus with mighty voice exclaim'd.

Not unavenged lies Asius; though he seek  
 Hell's iron portals, yet shall he rejoice, <sup>510</sup>  
 For I have given him a conductor home.

So he, whose vaunt the Greeks indignant heard!  
 But of them all to anger most he roused  
 Antilochus, who yet his breathless friend, <sup>[9]</sup>  
 Left not, but hasting, fenced him with ~~his~~ shield,  
 And brave Alastor with Mecisteus son  
 Of Echius, bore him to the hollow ships  
 Deep-groaning both, for of their band was he.  
 Nor yet Idomeneus his warlike rage  
 Remitted aught, but persevering strove, <sup>520</sup>  
 Either to plunge some Trojan in the shades,  
 Or fall himself, guarding the fleet of Greece.  
 Then slew he brave Alcathoüs the son  
 Of Æsyeta, and the son-in-law  
 Of old Anchises, who to him had given, <sup>525</sup>  
 The eldest-born of all his daughters fair,  
 Hippodamia; dearly loved was she  
 By both her parents in her virgin state, <sup>[10]</sup>  
 For that in beauty she surpass'd, in works  
 Ingenious, and in faculties of mind <sup>530</sup>  
 All her coëvals; wherefore she was deem'd  
 Well worthy of the noblest prince of Troy.  
 Him in that moment, Neptune by the arm  
 Quell'd of Idomeneus, his radiant eyes  
 Dimming, and fettering his proportion, <sup>535</sup>  
 All power of flight or to elude the stroke  
 Forsook him, and while motionless he stood  
 As stands a pillar tall or towering oak,  
 The hero of the Cretans with a spear  
 Transfix'd his middle chest. He split the <sup>540</sup>hail  
 Erewhile his bosom's faithful guard; shrill rang  
 The shiver'd brass; sounding he fell; the beam  
 Implanted in his palpitating heart  
 Shook to its topmost point, but, its force spent,  
 At last, quiescent, stood. Then loud exclaim'd <sup>545</sup>  
 Idomeneus, exulting in his fall.

What thinks Deiphobus? seems it to thee  
 Vain boaster, that, three warriors slain for one,  
 We yield thee just amends? else, stand thyself  
 Against me; learn the valor of a Chief <sup>550</sup>  
 The progeny of Jove; Jove first begat  
 Crete's guardian, Minos, from which Minos sprang  
 Deucalion, and from famed Deucalion, I;

I, sovereign of the numerous race of Crete's  
 Extensive isle, and whom my galleys brought  
 To these your shores at last, that I might prove  
 Thy curse, thy father's, and a curse to Troy.

He spake; Deiphobus uncertain stood  
 Whether, retreating, to engage the help  
 Of some heroic Trojan, or himself 560  
 To make the dread experiment alone.  
 At length, as his discreeter course, he chose  
 To seek Æneas; him he found afar  
 Station'd, remotest of the host of Troy,  
 For he resented evermore his worth 565  
 By Priam<sup>[11]</sup> recompensed with cold neglect.  
 Approaching him, in accents wing'd he said.

Æneas! Trojan Chief! If e'er thou lov'dst  
 Thy sister's husband, duty calls thee now  
 To prove it. Haste—defend with me the dead  
 Alcathoüs, guardian of thy tender years,  
 Slain by Idomeneus the spear-renown'd.

So saying, he roused his spirit, and on fire  
 To combat with the Cretan, forth he sprang.  
 But fear seized not Idomeneus as fear 575  
 May seize a nursling boy; resolved he stood  
 As in the mountains, conscious of his force,  
 The wild boar waits a coming multitude  
 Of boisterous hunters to his lone retreat;  
 Arching his bristly spine he stands, his eyes  
 Beam fire, and whetting his bright tusks, he burns  
 To drive, not dogs alone, but men to flight;  
 So stood the royal Cretan, and fled not,  
 Expecting brave Æneas; yet his friends  
 He summon'd, on Ascalaphus his eyes 585  
 Fastening, on Aphareus, Deipyrus,  
 Meriones, and Antilochus, all bold  
 In battle, and in accents wing'd exclaim'd.

Haste ye, my friends! to aid me, for I stand  
 Alone, nor undismay'd the coming war 590  
 Of swift Æneas, nor less brave than swift,  
 And who possesses fresh his flower of youth,  
 Man's prime advantage; were we match'd in years  
 As in our spirits, either he should earn  
 At once the meed of deathless fame, or

He said; they all unanimous approach'd,  
 Sloping their shields, and stood. On the other side  
 His aids Æneas call'd, with eyes toward  
 Paris, Deiphobus, Agenor, turn'd,  
 His fellow-warriors bold; them follow all  
 Their people as the pastured flock the ram  
 To water, by the shepherd seen with joy;  
 Such joy Æneas felt, seeing, so soon,  
 That numerous host attendant at his call.  
 Then, for Alcathoüs, into contest close 605  
 Arm'd with long spears they rush'd; on every breast  
 Dread rang the brazen corselet, each his foe  
 Assailing opposite; but two, the rest  
 Surpassing far, terrible both as Mars,  
 Æneas and Idomeneus, alike 610  
 Panted to pierce each other with the spear.

Æneas, first, cast at Idomeneus,  
 But, warn'd, he shunn'd the weapon, and it pass'd.  
 Quivering in the soil Æneas' lance  
 Stood, hurl'd in vain, though by a forceful arm.  
 Not so the Cretan; at his waist he pierced  
 Oenomaüs, his hollow corselet clave,  
 And in his midmost bowels drench'd the spear;  
 Down fell the Chief, and dying, clench'd the dust.  
 Instant, his massy spear the King of Crete<sup>620</sup>  
 Pluck'd from the dead, but of his radiant arms  
 Despoil'd him not, by numerous weapons urged;  
 For now, time-worn, he could no longer make  
 Brisk sally, spring to follow his own spear,  
 Or shun another, or by swift retreat   625  
 Vanish from battle, but the evil day  
 Warded in stationary fight alone.  
 At him retiring, therefore, step by step  
 Deiphobus, who had with bitterest hate  
 Long time pursued him, hurl'd his splendid lance,<sup>630</sup>  
 But yet again erroneous, for he pierced  
 Ascalaphus instead, offspring of Mars;  
 Right through his shoulder flew the spear; he fell  
 Incontinent, and dying, clench'd the dust.  
 But tidings none the brazen-throated Mars<sup>635</sup>  
 Tempestuous yet received, that his own son  
 In bloody fight had fallen, for on the heights  
 Olympian over-arch'd with clouds of gold  
 He sat, where sat the other Powers divine,  
 Prisoners together of the will of Jove. 640  
 Meantime, for slain Ascalaphus arose  
 Conflict severe; Deiphobus his casque  
 Resplendent seized, but swift as fiery Mars  
 Assailing him, Meriones his arm  
 Pierced with a spear, and from his idle hand<sup>645</sup>  
 Fallen, the casque sonorous struck the ground.  
 Again, as darts the vulture on his prey,  
 Meriones assailing him, the lance  
 Pluck'd from his arm, and to his band retired.  
 Then, casting his fraternal arms around<sup>650</sup>  
 Deiphobus, him young Polites led  
 From the hoarse battle to his rapid steeds  
 And his bright chariot in the distant rear,  
 Which bore him back to Troy, languid and loud-  
 Groaning, and bleeding from his recent wound.<sup>655</sup>  
 Still raged the war, and infinite arose  
 The clamor. Aphareus, Caletor's son,  
 Turning to face Æneas, in his throat  
 Instant the hero's pointed lance received.  
 With head reclined, and bearing to the ground<sup>660</sup>  
 Buckler and helmet with him, in dark shades  
 Of soul-divorcing death involved, he fell.  
 Antilochus, observing Thoön turn'd  
 To flight, that moment pierced him; from his back  
 He ripp'd the vein which through the neck its course  
 Winds upward to the neck; that vein he ripp'd  
 All forth; supine he fell, and with both hands  
 Extended to his fellow-warriors, died.  
 Forth sprang Antilochus to strip his arms,  
 But watch'd, meantime, the Trojans, who<sup>670</sup> in crowds  
 Encircling him, his splendid buckler broad

Smote oft, but none with ruthless point prevail'd  
Even to inscribe the skin of Nestor's son,  
Whom Neptune, shaker of the shores, amid  
Innumerable darts kept still secure. 675  
Yet never from his foes he shrank, but faced  
From side to side, nor idle slept his spear,  
But with rotation ceaseless turn'd and turn'd  
To every part, now levell'd at a foe  
Far-distant, at a foe, now, near at hand680  
Nor he, thus occupied, unseen escaped  
By Asius' offspring Adamas, who close  
Advancing, struck the centre of his shield.  
But Neptune azure-hair'd so dear a life  
Denied to Adamas, and render'd vain 685  
The weapon; part within his disk remain'd  
Like a seer'd stake, and part fell at his feet.  
Then Adamas, for his own life alarm'd,  
Retired, but as he went, Meriones  
Him reaching with his lance, the sham<sup>690</sup>between  
And navel pierced him, where the stroke of Mars  
Proves painful most to miserable man.

There enter'd deep the weapon; down he fell,  
And in the dust lay panting as an ox  
Among the mountains pants by peasan<sup>695</sup>held  
In twisted bands, and dragg'd perforce along;  
So panted dying Adamas, but soon  
Ceased, for Meriones, approaching, pluck'd  
The weapon forth, and darkness veil'd his eyes.  
Helenus, with his heavy Thracian blad<sup>700</sup>  
Smiting the temples of Deipyrus,  
Dash'd off his helmet; from his brows remote  
It fell, and wandering roll'd, till at his feet  
Some warrior found it, and secured; meantime  
The sightless shades of death him wrap<sup>705</sup>d around.  
Grief at that spectacle the bosom fill'd  
Of valiant Menelaus; high he shook  
His radiant spear, and threatening him, advanced  
On royal Helenus, who ready stood  
With his bow bent. They met; impatientl<sup>710</sup>one,  
To give his pointed lance its rapid course,  
And one, to start his arrow from the nerve.  
The arrow of the son of Priam struck  
Atrides' hollow corselet, but the reed  
Glanced wide. As vetches or as swarthylbeans  
Leap from the van and fly athwart the floor,  
By sharp winds driven, and by the winnower's force,  
So from the corselet of the glorious Greek  
Wide-wandering flew the bitter shaft away.  
But Menelaus the left-hand transpierce<sup>720</sup>  
Of Helenus, and with the lance's point  
Fasten'd it to his bow; shunning a stroke  
More fatal, Helenus into his band  
Retired, his arm dependent at his side,  
And trailing, as he went, the ashen bea<sup>725</sup>  
There, bold Agenor from his hand the lance  
Drew forth, then folded it with softest wool  
Around, sling-wool, and borrow'd from the sling  
Which his attendant into battle bore.  
Then sprang Pisander on the glorious Che<sup>730</sup>  
The son of Atreus, but his evil fate

Beckon'd him to his death in conflict fierce,  
 Oh Menelaus, mighty Chief! with thee.  
 And now they met, small interval between.  
 Atrides hurl'd his weapon, and it err'd<sup>735</sup>  
 Pisander with his spear struck full the shield  
 Of glorious Menelaus, but his force  
 Resisted by the stubborn buckler broad  
 Fail'd to transpierce it, and the weapon fell  
 Snapp'd at the neck. Yet, when he stru<sup>740</sup>the heart  
 Rebounded of Pisander, full of hope.  
 But Menelaus, drawing his bright blade,  
 Sprang on him, while Pisander from behind  
 His buckler drew a brazen battle-axe  
 By its long haft of polish'd olive-wood<sup>745</sup>  
 And both Chiefs struck together. He the crest  
 That crown'd the shaggy casque of Atreus' son  
 Hew'd from its base, but Menelaus him  
 In his swift onset smote full on the front  
 Above his nose; sounded the shatter'd<sup>750</sup> bone,  
 And his eyes both fell bloody at his feet.  
 Convolved with pain he lay; then, on his breast  
 Atrides setting fast his heel, tore off  
 His armor, and exulting thus began.

So shall ye leave at length the Grecian<sup>755</sup> fleet,  
 Traitors, and never satisfied with war!  
 Nor want ye other guilt, dogs and profane!  
 But me have injured also, and defied  
 The hot displeasure of high-thundering Jove  
 The hospitable, who shall waste in time<sup>760</sup>  
 And level with the dust your lofty Troy.  
 I wrong'd not you, yet bore ye far away  
 My youthful bride who welcomed you, and stole  
 My treasures also, and ye now are bent  
 To burn Achaia's gallant fleet with fire<sup>765</sup>  
 And slay her heroes; but your furious thirst  
 Of battle shall hereafter meet a check.  
 Oh, Father Jove! Thee wisest we account  
 In heaven or earth, yet from thyself proceed  
 All these calamities, who favor show'st<sup>770</sup>  
 To this flagitious race the Trojans, strong  
 In wickedness alone, and whose delight  
 In war and bloodshed never can be cloy'd.  
 All pleasures breed satiety, sweet sleep,  
 Soft dalliance, music, and the graceful<sup>775</sup> dance,  
 Though sought with keener appetite by most  
 Than bloody war; but Troy still covets blood.

So spake the royal Chief, and to his friends  
 Pisander's gory spoils consigning, flew  
 To mingle in the foremost fight again. 780  
 Him, next, Harpalion, offspring of the King  
 Pylæmenes assail'd; to Troy he came  
 Following his sire, but never thence return'd.  
 He, from small distance, smote the central boss  
 Of Menelaus' buckler with his lance, 785  
 But wanting power to pierce it, with an eye  
 Of cautious circumspection, lest perchance  
 Some spear should reach him, to his band retired.  
 But him retiring with a brazen shaft  
 Meriones pursued; swift flew the dart 790

To his right buttock, slipp'd beneath the bone,  
 His bladder grazed, and started through before.  
 There ended his retreat; sudden he sank  
 And like a worm lay on the ground, his life  
 Exhaling in his fellow-warrior's arms,<sup>795</sup>  
 And with his sable blood soaking the plain.  
 Around him flock'd his Paphlagonians bold,  
 And in his chariot placed drove him to Troy,  
 With whom his father went, mourning with tears  
 A son, whose death he never saw avenged.<sup>800</sup>

Him slain with indignation Paris view'd,  
 For he, with numerous Paphlagonians more  
 His guest had been; he, therefore, in the thirst  
 Of vengeance, sent a brazen arrow forth.  
 There was a certain Greek, Euchenor,<sup>805</sup>  
 Of Polyides the soothsayer, rich  
 And brave in fight, and who in Corinth dwelt  
 He, knowing well his fate, yet sail'd to Troy  
 For Polyides oft, his reverend sire,  
 Had prophesied that he should either ~~d340~~  
 By some dire malady at home, or, slain  
 By Trojan hands, amid the fleet of Greece.  
 He, therefore, shunning the reproach alike  
 Of the Achaians, and that dire disease,  
 Had join'd the Grecian host; him Paris<sup>815</sup> pierced  
 The ear and jaw beneath; life at the stroke  
 Left him, and darkness overspread his eyes.

So raged the battle like devouring fire.  
 But Hector dear to Jove not yet had learn'd,  
 Nor aught surmised the havoc of his ~~h820~~  
 Made on the left, where victory crown'd well-nigh  
 The Grecians animated to the fight  
 By Neptune seconding himself their arms.  
 He, where he first had started through the gate  
 After dispersion of the shielded Greeks<sup>825</sup>  
 Compact, still persevered. The galleys there  
 Of Ajax and Protesilaüs stood  
 Updrawn above the hoary Deep; the wall  
 Was there of humblest structure, and the steeds  
 And warriors there conflicted furious ~~m830t.~~  
 The Epeans there and Iäonians<sup>[12]</sup> robed-  
 Prolix, the Phthians,<sup>[13]</sup> Locrians, and the bold  
 Boëtians check'd the terrible assault  
 Of Hector, noble Chief, ardent as flame,  
 Yet not repulsed him. Chosen Athenians<sup>835</sup> form'd  
 The van, by Peteos' son, Menestheus, led,  
 Whose high command undaunted Bias shared,  
 Phidas and Stichius. The Epean host  
 Under Amphion, Dracius, Meges, fought.  
 Podarces brave in arms the Phthians ~~r840d,~~  
 And Medon (Medon was by spurious birth  
 Brother of Ajax Oiliades,  
 And for his uncle's death, whom he had slain,  
 The brother of Oïleus' wife, abode  
 In Phylace; but from Iphiclus sprang <sup>845</sup>  
 Podarces;) these, all station'd in the front  
 Of Phthias' hardy sons, together strove  
 With the Boëtians for the fleet's defence.  
 Ajax the swift swerved never from the side

Of Ajax son of Telamon a step,        850  
 But as in some deep fallow two black steers  
 Labor combined, dragging the ponderous plow,  
 The briny sweat around their rooted horns  
 Oozes profuse; they, parted as they toil  
 Along the furrow, by the yoke alone, 855  
 Cleave to its bottom sheer the stubborn glebe,  
 So, side by side, they, persevering fought.[\[14\]](#)  
 The son of Telamon a people led  
 Numerous and bold, who, when his bulky limbs  
 Fail'd overlabor'd, eased him of his sh~~old~~d.  
 Not so attended by his Locrians fought  
 Oileus' valiant son; pitch'd battle them  
 Suited not, unprovided with bright casques  
 Of hairy crest, with ashen spears, and shields  
 Of ample orb; for, trusting in the bow 865  
 And twisted sling alone, they came to Troy,  
 And broke with shafts and volley'd stones the ranks.  
 Thus occupying, clad in burnish'd arms,  
 The van, these two with Hector and his host  
 Conflicted, while the Locrians from be~~old~~d  
 Vex'd them with shafts, secure; nor could the men  
 Of Ilium stand, by such a shower confused.  
 Then, driven with dreadful havoc thence, the foe  
 To wind-swept Ilium had again retired.  
 Had not Polydamas, at Hector's side 875  
 Standing, the dauntless hero thus address'd.

Hector! Thou ne'er canst listen to advice;  
 But think'st thou, that if heaven in feats of arms  
 Give thee pre-eminence, thou must excel  
 Therefore in council also all mankind?[880](#)  
 No. All-sufficiency is not for thee.  
 To one, superior force in arms is given,  
 Skill to another in the graceful dance,  
 Sweet song and powers of music to a third,  
 And to a fourth loud-thundering Jove ~~is~~[parts](#)  
 Wisdom, which profits many, and which saves  
 Whole cities oft, though reverenced but by few.  
 Yet hear; I speak as wisest seems to me.  
 War, like a fiery circle, all around  
 Environs thee; the Trojans, since they ~~pass~~'d  
 The bulwark, either hold themselves aloof,  
 Or, wide-dispersed among the galleys, cope  
 With numbers far superior to their own.  
 Retiring, therefore, summon all our Chiefs  
 To consultation on the sum of all, 895  
 Whether (should heaven so prosper us) to rush  
 Impetuous on the gallant barks of Greece,  
 Or to retreat secure; for much I dread  
 Lest the Achaians punctually refund  
 All yesterday's arrear, since yonder Ch~~ao~~[\[15\]](#)  
 Insatiable with battle still abides  
 Within the fleet, nor longer, as I judge,  
 Will rest a mere spectator of the field.

So spake Polydamas, whose safe advice  
 Pleased Hector; from his chariot down~~to~~[leap'd](#)  
 All arm'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

Polydamas! here gather all the Chiefs;  
 I haste into the fight, and my commands

Once issued there, incontinent return.

He ended, and conspicuous as the height  
 Of some snow-crested mountain, shouting ranged  
 The Trojans and confederates of Troy.  
 They swift around Polydamas, brave son  
 Of Panthus, at the voice of Hector, ran.  
 Himself with hasty strides the front, meantime,  
 Of battle roam'd, seeking from rank to rank  
 Asius Hyrtacides, with Asius' son  
 Adamas, and Deiphobus, and the might  
 Of Helenus, his royal brother bold.  
 Them neither altogether free from hurt  
 He found, nor living all. Beneath the sterns  
 Of the Achaian ships some slaughter'd lay  
 By Grecian hands; some stricken by the spear  
 Within the rampart sat, some by the sword.  
 But leftward of the woful field he found  
 Ere long, bright Helen's paramour his band  
 Exhorting to the fight. Hector approach'd,  
 And him, in fierce displeasure, thus bespake.

Curst Paris, specious, fraudulent and lewd!  
 Where is Deiphobus, and where the might  
 Of royal Helenus? Where Adamas  
 Offspring of Asius, and where Asius, son  
 Of Hyrtacus, and where Othryoneus?  
 Now lofty Ilium from her topmost height  
 Falls headlong, now is thy own ruin sure.

To whom the godlike Paris thus replied.  
 Since Hector! thou art pleased with no just cause  
 To censure me, I may decline, perchance,  
 Much more the battle on some future day,  
 For I profess some courage, even I. 940  
 Witness our constant conflict with the Greeks  
 Here, on this spot, since first led on by thee  
 The host of Troy waged battle at the ships.  
 But those our friends of whom thou hast inquired  
 Are slain, Deiphobus alone except 945  
 And royal Helenus, who in the hand  
 Bear each a wound inflicted by the spear,  
 And have retired; but Jove their life preserved.  
 Come now—conduct us whither most thine heart  
 Prompts thee, and thou shalt find us ardent all  
 To face like danger; what we can, we will,  
 The best and most determined can no more.

So saying, the hero soothed his brother's mind.  
 Then moved they both toward the hottest war  
 Together, where Polydamas the brave, 955  
 Phalces, Cebriones, Orthæus fought,  
 Palmys and Polyphœtes, godlike Chief,  
 And Morys and Ascanius, gallant sons  
 Both of Hippotion. They at Troy arrived  
 From fair Ascania the preceding morn 960  
 In recompense for aid<sup>[16]</sup> by Priam lent  
 Erewhile to Phrygia, and, by Jove impell'd,  
 Now waged the furious battle side by side.  
 The march of these at once, was as the sound  
 Of mighty winds from deep-hung thunder-clouds  
 Descending; clamorous the blast and wild

With ocean mingles; many a billow, then,  
 Upridged rides turbulent the sounding flood,  
 Foam-crested billow after billow driven,  
 So moved the host of Troy, rank after rank  
 Behind their Chiefs, all dazzling bright in arms.  
 Before them Priameian Hector strode  
 Fierce as gore-tainted Mars, and his broad shield  
 Advancing came, heavy with hides, and thick-  
 Plated with brass; his helmet on his brows  
 Refulgent shook, and in its turn he tried  
 The force of every phalanx, if perchance  
 Behind his broad shield pacing he might shake  
 Their steadfast order; but he bore not down  
 The spirit of the firm Achaian host. 980  
 Then Ajax striding forth, him, first, defied.

Approach. Why temptest thou the Greeks to fear?  
 No babes are we in aught that appertains  
 To arms, though humbled by the scourge of Jove.  
 Thou cherishest the foolish hope to burn  
 Our fleet with fire; but even we have hearts  
 Prepared to guard it, and your populous Troy,  
 By us dismantled and to pillage given,  
 Shall perish sooner far. Know this thyself  
 Also; the hour is nigh when thou shalt burn  
 In prayer to Jove and all the Gods of heaven,  
 That speed more rapid than the falcon's flight  
 May wing thy coursers, while, exciting dense  
 The dusty plain, they whirl thee back to Troy.

While thus he spake, sublime on the right-hand  
 An eagle soar'd; confident in the sign  
 The whole Achaian host with loud acclaim  
 Hail'd it. Then glorious Hector thus replied.

Brainless and big, what means this boast of thine,  
 Earth-cumberer Ajax? Would I were thine  
 As sure, for ever, of almighty Jove  
 And Juno, and such honor might receive  
 Henceforth as Pallas and Apollo share,  
 As comes this day with universal woe  
 Fraught for the Grecians, among whom thyself  
 Shalt also perish if thou dare abide  
 My massy spear, which shall thy pamper'd flesh  
 Disfigure, and amid the barks of Greece  
 Falling, thou shalt the vultures with thy bulk  
 Enormous satiate, and the dogs of Troy.

He spake, and led his host; with clamor loud  
 They follow'd him, and all the distant rear  
 Came shouting on. On the other side the Greeks  
 Re-echoed shout for shout, all undismay'd,  
 And waiting firm the bravest of their hosts.  
 Upwent the double roar into the heights  
 Ethereal, and among the beams of Jove.

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## BOOK XIV.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

Agamemnon and the other wounded Chiefs taking Nestor with them, visit the battle. Juno having borrowed the Cestus of Venus, first engages the assistance of Sleep, then hastens to Ida to inveigle Jove. She prevails. Jove sleeps; and Neptune takes that opportunity to succor the Grecians.

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## BOOK XIV.

Nor was that cry by Nestor unperceived  
Though drinking, who in words wing'd with surprise  
The son of Æsculapius thus address'd.

    Divine Machaon! think what this may bode.  
The cry of our young warriors at the ships  
Grows louder; sitting here, the sable wine  
Quaff thou, while bright-hair'd Hecamede warms  
A bath, to cleanse thy crimson stains away.  
I from yon eminence will learn the cause.

    So saying, he took a shield radiant with brass  
There lying in the tent, the shield well-forged  
Of valiant Thrasymedes, his own son  
(For he had borne to fight his father's shield)  
And arming next his hand with a keen lance  
Stood forth before the tent. Thence soon he saw  
Foul deeds and strange, the Grecian host confused,  
Their broken ranks flying before the host  
Of Ilium, and the rampart overthrown.  
As when the wide sea, darken'd over all  
Its silent flood, forebodes shrill winds to blow,  
The doubtful waves roll yet to neither side,  
Till swept at length by a decisive gale;<sup>[1]</sup>  
So stood the senior, with distressful doubts  
Conflicting anxious, whether first to seek  
The Grecian host, or Agamemnon's self  
The sovereign, and at length that course preferr'd.  
Meantime with mutual carnage they the field  
Spread far and wide, and by spears double-edged  
Smitten, and by the sword their corselets rang.

    The royal Chiefs ascending from the fleet,  
Ulysses, Diomede, and Atreus' son  
Imperial Agamemnon, who had each

Bled in the battle, met him on his way.  
 For from the war remote they had updrawn  
 Their galleys on the shore of the gray Deep,  
 The foremost to the plain, and at the sterns  
 Of that exterior line had built the wall.  
 For, spacious though it were, the shore alone  
 That fleet sufficed not, incommoding much  
 The people; wherefore they had ranged the ships  
 Line above line gradual, and the bay  
 Between both promontories, all was fill'd.  
 They, therefore, curious to survey the fight,  
 Came forth together, leaning on the spear,  
 When Nestor met them; heavy were their hearts,  
 And at the sight of him still more alarm'd,  
 Whom royal Agamemnon thus bespake.

Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks!  
 What moved thee to forsake yon bloody field,  
 And urged thee hither? Cause I see of fear,  
 Lest furious Hector even now his threat  
 Among the Trojans publish'd, verify,  
 That he would never enter Ilium more  
 Till he had burn'd our fleet, and slain ourselves.  
 So threaten'd Hector, and shall now perform.  
 Alas! alas! the Achaians brazen-greaved  
 All, like Achilles, have deserted me  
 Resentful, and decline their fleet's defence.

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied.  
 Those threats are verified; nor Jove him off  
 The Thunderer can disappoint them now;  
 For our chief strength in which we trusted most  
 That it should guard impregnably secure  
 Our navy and ourselves, the wall hath fallen.  
 Hence all this conflict by our host sustained  
 Among the ships; nor could thy keenest sight  
 Inform thee where in the Achaian camp  
 Confusion most prevails, such deaths are dealt  
 Promiscuous, and the cry ascends to heaven.  
 But come—consult we on the sum of all,  
 If counsel yet may profit. As for you,  
 Ye shall have exhortation none from me  
 To seek the fight; the wounded have excuse.

Whom Agamemnon answer'd, King of men.  
 Ah Nestor! if beneath our very sterns 75  
 The battle rage, if neither trench nor wall  
 Constructed with such labor, and supposed  
 Of strength to guard impregnably secure  
 Our navy and ourselves, avail us aught,  
 It is because almighty Jove hath will'd 80  
 That the Achaian host should perish here  
 Inglorious, from their country far remote.  
 When he vouchsafed assistance to the Greeks,  
 I knew it well; and now, not less I know  
 That high as the immortal Gods he lifts 85  
 Our foes to glory, and depresses us.  
 Haste therefore all, and act as I advise.  
 Our ships—all those that nearest skirt the Deep,  
 Launch we into the sacred flood, and moor  
 With anchors safely, till o'ershadowing night  
 (If night itself may save us) shall arrive.

Then may we launch the rest; for I no shame  
 Account it, even by 'vantage of the night  
 To fly destruction. Wiser him I deem  
 Who 'scapes his foe, than whom his foe<sup>95</sup>thralls.

But him Ulysses, frowning stern, reproved.  
 What word, Atrides, now hath pass'd thy lips?  
 Counsellor of despair! thou should'st command  
 (And would to heaven thou didst) a different host,  
 Some dastard race, not ours; whom Jov<sup>100</sup>ordains  
 From youth to hoary age to weave the web  
 Of toilsome warfare, till we perish all.  
 Wilt thou the spacious city thus renounce  
 For which such numerous woes we have endured?  
 Hush! lest some other hear; it is a word<sup>105</sup>  
 Which no man qualified by years mature  
 To speak discreetly, no man bearing rule  
 O'er such a people as confess thy sway,  
 Should suffer to contaminate his lips.  
 I from my soul condemn thee, and cond<sup>110</sup>on  
 Thy counsel, who persuad'st us in the heat  
 Of battle terrible as this, to launch  
 Our fleet into the waves, that we may give  
 Our too successful foes their full desire,  
 And that our own prepondering scale <sup>115</sup>  
 May plunge us past all hope; for while they draw  
 Their galleys down, the Grecians shall but ill  
 Sustain the fight, seaward will cast their eyes  
 And shun the battle, bent on flight alone.  
 Then, shall they rue thy counsel, King b<sup>120</sup>men!

To whom the imperial leader of the Greeks.  
 Thy sharp reproof, Ulysses, hath my soul  
 Pierced deeply. Yet I gave no such command  
 That the Achaians should their galleys launch,  
 Would they, or would they not. No. I d<sup>125</sup>esire  
 That young or old, some other may advice  
 More prudent give, and he shall please me well.

Then thus the gallant Diomede replied.  
 That man is near, and may ye but be found  
 Tractable, our inquiry shall be short. <sup>130</sup>  
 Be patient each, nor chide me nor reproach  
 Because I am of greener years than ye,  
 For I am sprung from an illustrious Sire,  
 From Tydeus, who beneath his hill of earth  
 Lies now entomb'd at Thebes. Three n<sup>135</sup>oble sons  
 Were born to Portheus, who in Pleuro dwelt,  
 And on the heights of Calydon; the first  
 Agrius; the second Melas; and the third  
 Brave Oeneus, father of my father, famed  
 For virtuous qualities above the rest. <sup>140</sup>  
 Oeneus still dwelt at home; but wandering thence  
 My father dwelt in Argos; so the will  
 Of Jove appointed, and of all the Gods.  
 There he espoused the daughter of the King  
 Adrastus, occupied a mansion rich <sup>145</sup>  
 In all abundance; many a field possess'd  
 Of wheat, well-planted gardens, numerous flocks,  
 And was expert in spearmanship esteem'd  
 Past all the Grecians. I esteem'd it right  
 That ye should hear these things, for they<sup>150</sup>are true.

Ye will not, therefore, as I were obscure  
 And of ignoble origin, reject  
 What I shall well advise. Expedience bids  
 That, wounded as we are, we join the host.  
 We will preserve due distance from the ~~s~~ānge  
 Of spears and arrows, lest already gall'd,  
 We suffer worse; but we will others urge  
 To combat, who have stood too long aloof,  
 Attentive only to their own repose.

He spake, whom all approved, and forth they went,  
 Imperial Agamemnon at their head.

Nor watch'd the glorious Shaker of the shores  
 In vain, but like a man time-worn approach'd,  
 And, seizing Agamemnon's better hand,  
 In accents wing'd the monarch thus addressed.

Atrides! now exults the vengeful heart  
 Of fierce Achilles, viewing at his ease  
 The flight and slaughter of Achaia's host;  
 For he is mad, and let him perish such,  
 And may his portion from the Gods be ~~no~~name!  
 But as for thee, not yet the powers of heaven  
 Thee hate implacable; the Chiefs of Troy  
 Shall cover yet with cloudy dust the breadth  
 Of all the plain, and backward from the camp  
 To Ilium's gates thyself shalt see them driven.

He ceased, and shouting traversed swift the field.  
 Loud as nine thousand or ten thousand shout  
 In furious battle mingled, Neptune sent  
 His voice abroad, force irresistible  
 Infusing into every Grecian heart, 180  
 And thirst of battle not to be assuaged.

But Juno of the golden throne stood forth  
 On the Olympian summit, viewing thence  
 The field, where clear distinguishing the God  
 Of ocean, her own brother, sole engag'd  
 Amid the glorious battle, glad was she.  
 Seeing Jove also on the topmost point  
 Of spring-fed Ida seated, she conceived  
 Hatred against him, and thenceforth began  
 Deliberate how best she might deceive 190  
 The Thunderer, and thus at last resolved;  
 Attired with skill celestial to descend  
 On Ida, with a hope to allure him first  
 Won by her beauty to a fond embrace,  
 Then closing fast in balmy sleep profound  
 His eyes, to elude his vigilance, secure.  
 She sought her chamber; Vulcan her own son  
 That chamber built. He framed the solid doors,  
 And to the posts fast closed them with a key  
 Mysterious, which, herself except, in heaven  
 None understood. Entering she secured  
 The splendid portal. First, she laved all o'er  
 Her beauteous body with ambrosial lymph,  
 Then polish'd it with richest oil divine  
 Of boundless fragrance; [2] oil that in the courts  
 Eternal only shaken, through the skies  
 Breathed odors, and through all the distant earth.  
 Her whole fair body with those sweets bedew'd,

She passed the comb through her ambrosial hair,  
 And braided her bright locks streaming profuse  
 From her immortal brows; with golden studs  
 She made her gorgeous mantle fast before,  
 Ethereal texture, labor of the hands  
 Of Pallas beautified with various art,  
 And braced it with a zone fringed all around  
 A hundred fold; her pendants triple-gemm'd  
 Luminous, graceful, in her ears she hung,  
 And covering all her glories with a veil  
 Sun-bright, new-woven, bound to her fair feet  
 Her sandals elegant. Thus full attired, 220  
 In all her ornaments, she issued forth,  
 And beckoning Venus from the other powers  
 Of heaven apart, the Goddess thus bespake.

Daughter beloved! shall I obtain my suit,  
 Or wilt thou thwart me, angry that I aid  
 The Grecians, while thine aid is given to Troy? 225

To whom Jove's daughter Venus thus replied.  
 What would majestic Juno, daughter dread  
 Of Saturn, sire of Jove? I feel a mind  
 Disposed to gratify thee, if thou ask 230  
 Things possible, and possible to me.

Then thus with wiles veiling her deep design  
 Imperial Juno. Give me those desires,  
 That love-ekindling power by which thou sway'st  
 Immortal hearts and mortal, all alike; 235  
 For to the green earth's utmost bounds I go,  
 To visit there the parent of the Gods,  
 Oceanus, and Tethys his espoused,  
 Mother of all. They kindly from the hands  
 Of Rhea took, and with parental care 240  
 Sustain'd and cherish'd me, what time from heaven  
 The Thunderer hurled down Saturn, and beneath  
 The earth fast bound him and the barren Deep.  
 Them go I now to visit, and their feuds  
 Innumerable to compose; for long 245  
 They have from conjugal embrace abstain'd  
 Through mutual wrath, whom by persuasive speech  
 Might I restore into each other's arms,  
 They would for ever love me and revere.

Her, foam-born Venus then, Goddess of smiles,  
 Thus answer'd. Thy request, who in the arms  
 Of Jove reposest the omnipotent,  
 Nor just it were nor seemly to refuse.

So saying, the cincture from her breast she loosed  
 Embroider'd, various, her all-charming zone.  
 It was an ambush of sweet snares, replete  
 With love, desire, soft intercourse of hearts,  
 And music of resistless whisper'd sounds  
 That from the wisest steal their best resolves;  
 She placed it in her hands and thus she said.

Take this—this girdle fraught with every charm.  
 Hide this within thy bosom, and return,  
 Whate'er thy purpose, mistress of it all.

She spake; imperial Juno smiled, and still  
 Smiling complacent, bosom'd safe the zone. 265

Then Venus to her father's court return'd,  
 And Juno, starting from the Olympian height,  
 O'erflew Pieria and the lovely plains  
 Of broad Emathia; soaring thence she swept  
 The snow-clad summits of the Thracian hills  
 Steed-famed, nor printied, as she passed, the soil.  
 From Athos o'er the foaming billows borne  
 She came to Lemnos, city and abode  
 Of noble Thoas, and there meeting Sleep,  
 Brother of Death, she press'd his hand<sup>275</sup> and said,

Sleep, over all, both Gods and men, supreme!  
 If ever thou hast heard, hear also now  
 My suit; I will be grateful evermore.  
 Seal for me fast the radiant eyes of Jove  
 In the instant of his gratified desire. 280  
 Thy recompense shall be a throne of gold,  
 Bright, incorruptible; my limping son,  
 Vulcan, shall fashion it himself with art  
 Laborious, and, beneath, shall place a stool<sup>[3]</sup>  
 For thy fair feet, at the convivial board<sup>285</sup>

Then answer thus the tranquil Sleep returned  
 Great Saturn's daughter, awe-inspiring Queen!  
 All other of the everlasting Gods  
 I could with ease make slumber, even the streams  
 Of Ocean, Sire of all.<sup>[4]</sup> Not so the King<sup>290</sup>  
 The son of Saturn: him, unless himself  
 Give me command, I dare not lull to rest,  
 Or even approach him, taught as I have been  
 Already in the school of thy commands  
 That wisdom. I forget not yet the day 295  
 When, Troy laid waste, that valiant son<sup>[5]</sup> of his  
 Sail'd homeward: then my influence I diffused  
 Soft o'er the sovereign intellect of Jove;  
 While thou, against the Hero plotting harm,  
 Didst rouse the billows with tempestuous<sup>300</sup> blasts,  
 And separating him from all his friend,  
 Brought'st him to populous Cos. Then Jove awoke,  
 And, hurling in his wrath the Gods about,  
 Sought chiefly me, whom far below all ken  
 He had from heaven cast down into the Deep,  
 But Night, resistless vanquisher of all,  
 Both Gods and men, preserved me; for to her  
 I fled for refuge. So the Thunderer cool'd,  
 Though sore displeased, and spared me through a fear  
 To violate the peaceful sway of Night.<sup>[5]10</sup>  
 And thou wouldest now embroil me yet again!

To whom majestic Juno thus replied.  
 Ah, wherefore, Sleep! shouldst thou indulge a fear  
 So groundless? Chase it from thy mind afar.  
 Think'st thou the Thunderer as intent to serve  
 The Trojans, and as jealous in their cause  
 As erst for Hercules, his genuine son?  
 Come then, and I will bless thee with a bride;  
 One of the younger Graces shall be thine,  
 Pasithea, day by day still thy desire. 320

She spake; Sleep heard delighted, and replied.  
 By the inviolable Stygian flood  
 Swear to me; lay thy right hand on the glebe

All-teeming, lay thy other on the face  
 Of the flat sea, that all the Immortal Powers  
 Who compass Saturn in the nether realms  
 May witness, that thou givest me for a bride  
 The younger Grace whom thou hast named, divine  
 Pasithea, day by day still my desire.

He said, nor beauteous Juno not complied,  
 But sware, by name invoking all the powers  
 Titanian call'd who in the lowest gulf  
 Dwell under Tartarus, omitting none.  
 Her oath with solemn ceremonial sworn,  
 Together forth they went; Lemnos they<sup>345</sup> left  
 And Imbrus, city of Thrace, and in dark clouds  
 Mantled, with gliding ease swam through the air  
 To Ida's mount with rilling waters vein'd,  
 Parent of savage beasts; at Lectos<sup>[7]</sup> first  
 They quitted Ocean, overpassing high 340  
 The dry land, while beneath their feet the woods  
 Their spiry summits waved. There, unperceived  
 By Jove, Sleep mounted Ida's loftiest pine  
 Of growth that pierced the sky, and hidden sat  
 Secure by its expanded boughs, the bir<sup>345</sup>  
 Shrill-voiced resembling in the mountains seen,<sup>[8]</sup>  
 Chalcis in heaven, on earth Cymindis named.

But Juno swift to Gargarus the top  
 Of Ida, soar'd, and there Jove saw his spouse.  
 —Saw her—and in his breast the same<sup>350</sup> love felt  
 Rekindled vehement, which had of old  
 Join'd them, when, by their parents unperceived,  
 They stole aside, and snatch'd their first embrace.  
 Soon he accosted her, and thus inquired.

Juno! what region seeking hast thou<sup>355</sup> left  
 The Olympian summit, and hast here arrived  
 With neither steed nor chariot in thy train?

To whom majestic Juno thus replied  
 Dissembling. To the green earth's end I go,  
 To visit there the parent of the Gods 360  
 Oceanus, and Tethys his espoused,  
 Mother of all. They kindly from the hands  
 Of Rhea took, and with parental care  
 Sustain'd and cherish'd me;<sup>[9]</sup> to them I haste  
 Their feuds innumerable to compose, 365  
 Who disunited by intestine strife  
 Long time, from conjugal embrace abstain.  
 My steeds, that lightly over dank and dry  
 Shall bear me, at the rooted base I left  
 Of Ida river-vein'd. But for thy sake 370  
 From the Olympian summit I arrive,  
 Lest journeying remote to the abode  
 Of Ocean, and with no consent of thine  
 Entreated first, I should, perchance, offend.

To whom the cloud-assembler God replied.  
 Juno! thy journey thither may be made  
 Hereafter. Let us turn to dalliance now.  
 For never Goddess pour'd, nor woman yet  
 So full a tide of love into my breast;  
 I never loved Ixion's consort thus 380  
 Who bore Pirithoüs, wise as we in heaven;

Nor sweet Acrisian Danæ, from whom  
 Sprang Perseus, noblest of the race of man;  
 Nor Phœnix' daughter fair,<sup>[10]</sup> of whom were born  
 Minos unmatch'd but by the powers above,  
 And Rhadamanthus; nor yet Semele,  
 Nor yet Alcmena, who in Thebes produced  
 The valiant Hercules; and though my son  
 By Semele were Bacchus, joy of man;  
 Nor Ceres golden-hair'd, nor high-enthroned  
 Latona in the skies, no—nor thyself  
 As now I love thee, and my soul perceive  
 O'erwhelm'd with sweetness of intense desire.

Then thus majestic Juno her reply  
 Framed artful. Oh unreasonable haste!<sup>395</sup>  
 What speaks the Thunderer? If on Ida's heights.  
 Where all is open and to view exposed  
 Thou wilt that we embrace, what must betide,  
 Should any of the everlasting Gods  
 Observe us, and declare it to the rest?<sup>400</sup>  
 Never could I, arising, seek again,  
 Thy mansion, so unseemly were the deed.  
 But if thy inclinations that way tend,  
 Thou hast a chamber; it is Vulcan's work,  
 Our son's; he framed and fitted to its <sup>405</sup>parts  
 The solid portal; thither let us his,  
 And there repose, since such thy pleasure seems.

To whom the cloud-assembler Deity.  
 Fear thou not, Juno, lest the eye of man  
 Or of a God discern us; at my word   410  
 A golden cloud shall fold us so around,  
 That not the Sun himself shall through that veil  
 Discover aught, though keenest-eyed of all.

So spake the son of Saturn, and his spouse  
 Fast lock'd within his arms. Beneath <sup>415</sup>the earth  
 With sudden herbage teem'd; at once upsprang  
 The crocus soft, the lotus bathed in dew,  
 And the crisp hyacinth with clustering bells;  
 Thick was their growth, and high above the ground  
 Upbore them. On that flowery couch <sup>420</sup>lay,  
 Invested with a golden cloud that shed  
 Bright dew-drops all around.<sup>[11]</sup> His heart at ease,  
 There lay the Sire of all, by Sleep and Love  
 Vanquish'd on lofty Gargarus, his spouse  
 Constraining still with amorous embr<sup>425</sup>a  
 Then, gentle Sleep to the Achaian camp  
 Sped swift away, with tidings for the ear  
 Of earth-encircler Neptune charged; him soon  
 He found, and in wing'd accents thus began.

Now Neptune, yield the Greeks effectual aid,  
 And, while the moment lasts of Jove's repose,  
 Make victory theirs; for him in slumbers soft  
 I have involved, while Juno by deceit  
 Prevailing, lured him with the bait of love.

He said, and swift departed to his task<sup>435</sup>  
 Among the nations; but his tidings urged  
 Neptune with still more ardor to assist  
 The Danaï; he leap'd into the van  
 Afar, and thus exhorted them aloud.

Oh Argives! yield we yet again the <sup>140</sup>  
 To Priameian Hector? Shall he seize  
 Our ships, and make the glory all his own?  
 Such is his expectation, so he vaunts,  
 For that Achilles leaves not yet his camp,  
 Resentful; but of him small need, I judge<sup>145</sup>  
 Should here be felt, could once the rest be roused  
 To mutual aid. Act, then, as I advise.  
 The best and broadest bucklers of the host,  
 And brightest helmets put we on, and arm'd  
 With longest spears, advance; myself <sup>150</sup> lead;  
 And trust me, furious though he be, the son  
 Of Priam flies. Ye then who feel your hearts  
 Undaunted, but are arm'd with smaller shields,  
 Them give to those who fear, and in exchange  
 Their stronger shields and broader take<sup>155</sup> yourselves.

So he, whom, unreluctant, all obey'd.  
 Then, wounded as they were, themselves the Kings,  
 Tydides, Agamemnon and Ulysses  
 Marshall'd the warriors, and from rank to rank  
 Made just exchange of arms, giving the <sup>160</sup>best  
 To the best warriors, to the worse, the worst.  
 And now in brazen armor all array'd  
 Refulgent on they moved, by Neptune led  
 With firm hand grasping his long-bladed sword  
 Keen as Jove's bolt; with him may none<sup>165</sup> contend  
 In dreadful fight; but fear chains every arm.

Opposite, Priameian Hector ranged  
 His Trojans; then they stretch'd the bloody cord  
 Of conflict tight, Neptune cœrulean-hair'd,  
 And Hector, pride of Ilium; one, the <sup>170</sup>Gods  
 Supporting firm, and one, the powers of Troy;  
 A sea-flood dash'd the galleys, and the hosts  
 Join'd clamorous. Not so the billows roar  
 The shores among, when Boreas' roughest blast  
 Sweeps landward from the main the <sup>175</sup>towering surge;  
 Not so, devouring fire among the trees  
 That clothe the mountain, when the sheeted flames  
 Ascending wrap the forest in a blaze;  
 Nor howl the winds through leafy boughs of oaks  
 Upgrown aloft (though loudest there <sup>180</sup>they rave)  
 With sounds so awful as were heard of Greeks  
 And Trojans shouting when the clash began.

At Ajax, first (for face to face they stood)  
 Illustrious Hector threw a spear well-aim'd,  
 But smote him where the belts that bore<sup>185</sup> his shield  
 And falchion cross'd each other on his breast.  
 The double guard preserved him unannoy'd.  
 Indignant that his spear had bootless flown,  
 Yet fearing death at hand, the Trojan Chief  
 Toward the phalanx of his friends retire<sup>190</sup>  
 But, as he went, huge Ajax with a stone  
 Of those which propp'd the ships (for numerous such  
 Lay rolling at the feet of those who fought)  
 Assail'd him. Twirling like a top it pass'd  
 The shield of Hector, near the neck his <sup>195</sup>feast  
 Struck full, then plough'd circuitous the dust.  
 As when Jove's arm omnipotent an oak  
 Prostrates uprooted on the plain, a fume

Rises sulphureous from the riven trunk,  
 And if, perchance, some traveller nigh<sup>500</sup>hand  
 See it, he trembles at the bolt of Jove,  
 So fell the might of Hector, to the earth  
 Smitten at once. Down drop'd his idle spear,  
 And with his helmet and his shield himself  
 Also; loud thunder'd all his gorgeous <sup>505</sup>arms.  
 Swift flew the Grecians shouting to the skies,  
 And showering darts, to drag his body thence,  
 But neither spear of theirs nor shaft could harm  
 The fallen leader, with such instant aid  
 His princely friends encircled him around,  
 Sarpedon, Lycian Chief, Glaucus the brave,  
 Polydamas, Æneas, and renown'd  
 Agenor; neither tardy were the rest,  
 But with round shields all shelter'd Hector fallen.  
 Him soon uplifted from the plain his friends  
 Bore thence, till where his fiery coursers stood,  
 And splendid chariot in the rear, they came,  
 Then Troy-ward drove him groaning as he went.  
 Ere long arriving at the pleasant stream  
 Of eddied Xanthus, progeny of Jove, 520  
 They laid him on the bank, and on his face  
 Pour'd water; he, reviving, upward gazed,  
 And seated on his hams black blood disgorged  
 Coagulate, but soon relapsing, fell  
 Supine, his eyes with pitchy darkness <sup>525</sup>fill'd,  
 And all his powers still torpid by the blow.

Then, seeing Hector borne away, the Greeks  
 Rush'd fiercer on, all mindful of the fight,  
 And far before the rest, Ajax the swift,  
 The Oilean Chief, with pointed spear 530  
 On Satnius springing, pierced him. Him a nymph  
 A Naiad, bore to Enops, while his herd  
 Feeding, on Satnio's grassy verge he stray'd.  
 But Oiliades the spear-renown'd  
 Approaching, pierced his flank; supine<sup>535</sup> fell,  
 And fiery contest for the dead arose.  
 In vengeance of his fall, spear-shaking Chief  
 The son of Panthus into fight advanced  
 Polydamas, who Prothœnор pierced  
 Offspring of Areïlocus, and urged 540  
 Through his right shoulder sheer the stormy lance.  
 He, prostrate, clench'd the dust, and with loud voice  
 Polydamas exulted at his fall.

Yon spear, methinks, hurl'd from the warlike hand  
 Of Panthus' noble son, flew not in vain,<sup>45</sup>  
 But some Greek hath it, purposing, I judge,  
 To lean on it in his descent to hell.

So he, whose vaunt the Greeks indignant heard.  
 But most indignant, Ajax, offspring bold  
 Of Telamon, to whom he nearest fell. 550  
 He, quick, at the retiring conqueror cast  
 His radiant spear; Polydamas the stroke  
 Shunn'd, starting sideward; but Antenor's son  
 Archilochus the mortal dint received,  
 Death-destined by the Gods; where neck and spine  
 Unite, both tendons he dissever'd wide,  
 And, ere his knees, his nostrils met the ground.

Then Ajax in his turn vaunting aloud  
 Against renown'd Polydamas, exclaim'd.  
 Speak now the truth, Polydamas, and ~~w60gh~~  
 My question well. His life whom I have slain  
 Makes it not compensation for the loss  
 Of Prothoenor's life! To me he seems  
 Nor base himself; nor yet of base descent,  
 But brother of Atenor steed-renown'd,<sup>565</sup>  
 Or else perchance his son; for in my eyes  
 Antenor's lineage he resembles most.

So he, well knowing him, and sorrow seized  
 Each Trojan heart. Then Acamas around  
 His brother stalking, wounded with his spear  
 Bœotian Promachus, who by the feet  
 Dragg'd off the slain. Acamas in his fall  
 Aloud exulted with a boundless joy.

Vain-glorious Argives, archers inexpert!  
 War's toil and trouble are not ours alon<sup>575</sup>,  
 But ye shall perish also; mark the man—  
 How sound he sleeps tamed by my conquering arm,  
 Your fellow-warrior Promachus! the debt  
 Of vengeance on my brother's dear behalf  
 Demanded quick discharge; well may ~~the~~<sup>580</sup> wish  
 Of every dying warrior be to leave  
 A brother living to avenge his fall.

He ended, whom the Greeks indignant heard,  
 But chiefly brave Peneleus; swift he rush'd  
 On Acamas; but from before the force <sup>585</sup>  
 Of King Peneleus Acamas retired,  
 And, in his stead, Ilioneus he pierced,  
 Offspring of Phorbas, rich in flocks; and blest  
 By Mercury with such abundant wealth  
 As other Trojan none, nor child to him<sup>590</sup>  
 His spouse had borne, Ilioneus except.  
 Him close beneath the brow to his eye-roots  
 Piercing, he push'd the pupil from its seat,  
 And through his eye and through his poll the spear  
 Urged furious. He down-sitting on the ~~595~~  
 Both hands extended; but, his glittering blade  
 Forth-drawn, Peneleus through his middle neck  
 Enforced it; head and helmet to the ground  
 He lopp'd together, with the lance infixt  
 Still in his eye; then like a poppy's head<sup>600</sup>  
 The crimson trophy lifting, in the ears  
 He vaunted loud of Ilium's host, and cried.

Go, Trojans! be my messengers! Inform  
 The parents of Ilioneus the brave  
 That they may mourn their son through ~~605~~ all their house,  
 For so the wife of Alegenor's son  
 Bœotian Promachus must him bewail,  
 Nor shall she welcome his return with smiles  
 Of joy affectionate, when from the shores  
 Of Troy the fleet shall bear us Grecians ~~610~~ home.

He said; fear whiten'd every Trojan cheek,  
 And every Trojan eye with earnest look  
 Inquired a refuge from impending fate.

Say now, ye Muses, blest inhabitants  
 Of the Olympian realms! what Grecian ~~615~~ first

Fill'd his victorious hand with armor stript  
From slaughter'd Trojans, after Ocean's God  
Had, interposing, changed the battle's course?

First, Telamonian Ajax Hyrtius slew,  
Undaunted leader of the Mysian band.<sup>620</sup>  
Phalces and Mermerus their arms resign'd  
To young Antilochus; Hyppotion fell  
And Morys by Meriones; the shafts  
Right-aim'd of Teucer to the shades dismiss'd  
Prothöus and Periphetes, and the princ<sup>625</sup>  
Of Sparta, Menelaus, in his flank  
Pierced Hyperenor; on his entrails prey'd  
The hungry steel, and, through the gaping wound  
Expell'd, his spirit flew; night veil'd his eyes.  
But Ajax Oiliades the swift                   630  
Slew most; him none could equal in pursuit  
Of tremblers scatter'd by the frown of Jove.

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## BOOK XV.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

Jove, awaking and seeing the Trojans routed, threatens Juno. He sends Iris to admonish Neptune to relinquish the battle, and Apollo to restore health to Hector. Apollo armed with the *Ægis*, puts to flight the Grecians; they are pursued home to their fleet, and Telamonian Ajax slays twelve Trojans bringing fire to burn it.

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## BOOK XV.

But when the flying Trojans had o'erpass'd  
 Both stakes and trench, and numerous slaughtered lay  
 By Grecian hands, the remnant halted all  
 Beside their chariots, pale, discomfited.  
 Then was it that on Ida's summit Jove 5  
 At Juno's side awoke; starting, he stood  
 At once erect; Trojans and Greeks he saw,  
 These broken, those pursuing and led on  
 By Neptune; he beheld also remote  
 Encircled by his friends, and on the plait<sup>0</sup>  
 Extended, Hector; there he panting lay,  
 Senseless, ejecting blood, bruised by a blow  
 From not the feeblest of the sons of Greece.  
 Touch'd with compassion at that sight, the Sire  
 Of Gods and men, frowning terrific, fix<sup>15</sup>  
 His eyes on Juno, and her thus bespake.

No place for doubt remains. Oh, versed in wiles,  
 Juno! thy mischief-teeming mind perverse  
 Hath plotted this; thou hast contrived the hurt  
 Of Hector, and hast driven his host to flight.  
 I know not but thyself mayst chance to reap  
 The first-fruits of thy cunning, scourged<sup>[1]</sup> by me.  
 Hast thou forgotten how I once aloft  
 Suspended thee, with anvils at thy feet,  
 And both thy wrists bound with a golde<sup>25</sup>cord  
 Indissoluble? In the clouds of heaven  
 I hung thee, while from the Olympian heights  
 The Gods look'd mournful on, but of them all  
 None could deliver thee, for whom I seized,  
 Hurl'd through the gates of heaven on earth he fell,  
 Half-breathless. Neither so did I resign  
 My hot resentment of the hero's wrongs  
 Immortal Hercules, whom thou by storms

Call'd from the North, with mischievous intent  
 Hadst driven far distant o'er the barren Deep  
 To populous Cos. Thence I deliver'd him,  
 And after numerous woes severe, he reach'd  
 The shores of fruitful Argos, saved by me.  
 I thus remind thee now, that thou mayst cease  
 Henceforth from artifice, and mayst be taught  
 How little all the dalliance and the love  
 Which, stealing down from heaven, thou hast by fraud  
 Obtain'd from me, shall profit thee at last.

He ended, whom imperial Juno heard  
 Shuddering, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

Be witness Earth, the boundless Heaven above,  
 And Styx beneath, whose stream the blessed Gods  
 Even tremble to adjure;<sup>[2]</sup> be witness too  
 Thy sacred life, and our connubial bed,  
 Which by a false oath I will never wrong<sup>50</sup>  
 That by no art induced or plot of mine  
 Neptune, the Shaker of the shores, inflicts  
 These harms on Hector and the Trojan host  
 Aiding the Grecians, but impell'd alone  
 By his own heart with pity moved at sight  
 Of the Achaians at the ships subdued.  
 But even him, oh Sovereign of the storms!  
 I am prepared to admonish that he quit  
 The battle, and retire where thou command'st.

So she; then smiled the Sire of Gods and men,  
 And in wing'd accents answer thus return'd.<sup>[3]</sup>

Juno! wouldst thou on thy celestial throne  
 Assist my counsels, howso'er in heart  
 He differ now, Neptune should soon his will  
 Submissive bend to thy desires and mind<sup>65</sup>  
 But if sincerity be in thy words  
 And truth, repairing to the blest abodes  
 Send Iris hither, with the archer God  
 Apollo; that she, visiting the host  
 Of Greece, may bid the Sovereign of the Deep  
 Renounce the fight, and seek his proper home.  
 Apollo's part shall be to rouse again  
 Hector to battle, to inspire his soul  
 Afresh with courage, and all memory thence  
 To banish of the pangs which now he feels.  
 Apollo also shall again repulse  
 Achaia's host, which with base panic fill'd,  
 Shall even to Achilles' ships be driven.  
 Achilles shall his valiant friend exhort  
 Patroclus forth; him under Ilium's walls<sup>80</sup>  
 Shall glorious Hector slay; but many a youth  
 Shall perish by Patroclus first, with whom,  
 My noble son Sarpedon. Peleus' son,  
 Resentful of Patroclus' death, shall slay  
 Hector, and I will urge ceaseless, myself,  
 Thenceforth the routed Trojans back again,  
 Till by Minerva's aid the Greeks shall take  
 Ilium's proud city; till that day arrive  
 My wrath shall burn, nor will I one permit  
 Of all the Immortals to assist the Greek<sup>90</sup>  
 But will perform Achilles' whole desire.

Such was my promise to him at the first,  
 Ratified by a nod that self-same day  
 When Thetis clasp'd my knees, begging revenge  
 And glory for her city-spoiler son. 95

He ended; nor his spouse white-arm'd refused  
 Obedience, but from the Idæan heights  
 Departing, to the Olympian summit soar'd.  
 Swift as the traveller's thought,<sup>[4]</sup> who, many a land  
 Traversed, deliberates on his future course  
 Uncertain, and his mind sends every way,  
 So swift updarted Juno to the skies.  
 Arrived on the Olympian heights, she found  
 The Gods assembled; they, at once, their seats  
 At her approach forsaking, with full course  
 Her coming hail'd; heedless of all beside,  
 She took the cup from blooming Themis' hand,  
 For she first flew to welcome her, and thus  
 In accents wing'd of her return inquired.

Say, Juno, why this sudden re-ascent?<sup>110</sup>  
 Thou seem'st dismay'd; hath Saturn's son, thy spouse,  
 Driven thee affrighted to the skies again?

To whom the white-arm'd Goddess thus replied.  
 Themis divine, ask not. Full well thou know'st  
 How harshly temper'd is the mind of Jove,  
 And how untractable. Resume thy seat;  
 The banquet calls thee; at our board preside,  
 Thou shalt be told, and all in heaven shall hear  
 What ills he threatens; such as shall not leave  
 All minds at ease, I judge, here or on earth,  
 However tranquil some and joyous now.

So spake the awful spouse of Jove, and sat.  
 Then, all alike, the Gods displeasure felt  
 Throughout the courts of Jove, but she, her lips  
 Gracing with smiles from which her sable brows  
 Dissented,<sup>[5]</sup> thus indignant them address'd.

Alas! how vain against the Thunderer's will  
 Our anger, and the hope to supersede  
 His purpose, by persuasion or by force!  
 He solitary sits, all unconcern'd 130  
 At our resentment, and himself proclaims  
 Mightiest and most to be revered in heaven.  
 Be patient, therefore, and let each endure  
 Such ills as Jove may send him. Mars, I ween,  
 Already hath his share; the warrior God<sup>135</sup>  
 Hath lost Ascalaphus, of all mankind  
 His most beloved, and whom he calls his own.

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

Inhabitants of the Olympian heights<sup>140</sup>  
 Oh bear with me, if to avenge my son  
 I seek Achaia's fleet, although my doom  
 Be thunder-bolts from Jove, and with the dead  
 Outstretch'd to lie in carnage and in dust.

He spake, and bidding Horror and Distress<sup>145</sup>  
 Lead to the yoke his rapid steeds, put on  
 His all-refulgent armor. Then had wrath  
 More dreadful, some strange vengeance on the Gods

From Jove befallen, had not Minerva, touch'd  
 With timely fears for all, upstarting sp<sup>it</sup>~~it~~<sup>to</sup>g  
 From where she sat, right through the vestibule.  
 She snatch'd the helmet from his brows, the shield  
 From his broad shoulder, and the brazen spear  
 Forced from his grasp into its place restored.  
 Then reprimanding Mars, she thus beg<sup>an</sup>

Frantic, delirious! thou art lost for ever!  
 Is it in vain that thou hast ears to hear,  
 And hast thou neither shame nor reason left?  
 How? hear'st thou not the Goddess? the report  
 Of white-arm'd Juno from Olympian J<sup>b60e</sup>  
 Return'd this moment? or perfer'st thou rather,  
 Plagued with a thousand woes, and under force  
 Of sad necessity to seek again  
 Olympus, and at thy return to prove  
 Author of countless miseries to us all?<sup>165</sup>  
 For He at once Grecians and Trojans both  
 Abandoning, will hither haste prepared  
 To tempest<sup>[6]</sup> us in heaven, whom he will seize,  
 The guilty and the guiltless, all alike.  
 I bid thee, therefore, patient bear the d<sup>ea</sup>~~d~~<sup>th</sup>  
 Of thy Ascalaphus; braver than he  
 And abler have, ere now, in battle fallen,  
 And shall hereafter; arduous were the task  
 To rescue from the stroke of fate the race  
 Of mortal men, with all their progeny.<sup>175</sup>

So saying, Minerva on his throne replaced  
 The fiery Mars. Then, summoning abroad  
 Apollo from within the hall of Jove,  
 With Iris, swift ambassadress of heaven,  
 Them in wing'd accents Juno thus besp<sup>ake</sup>.

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

So saying, the awful Goddess to her throne  
 Return'd and sat. They, cleaving swift t<sup>is</sup>~~is~~<sup>the</sup> air,  
 Alighted soon on Ida fountain-fed,  
 Parent of savage kinds. High on the point  
 Seated of Gargarus, and wrapt around  
 With fragrant clouds, they found Saturnian Jove  
 The Thunderer, and in his presence stob<sup>an</sup>~~an~~  
 He, nought displeased that they his high command  
 Had with such readiness obey'd, his speech  
 To Iris, first, in accents wing'd address'd

Swift Iris, haste—to royal Neptune bear  
 My charge entire; falsify not the word.<sup>195</sup>  
 Bid him, relinquishing the fight, withdraw  
 Either to heaven, or to the boundless Deep.  
 But should he disobedient prove, and scorn  
 My message, let him, next, consider well  
 How he will bear, powerful as he is,<sup>200</sup>  
 My coming. Me I boast superior far  
 In force, and elder-born; yet deems he slight  
 The danger of comparison with me,  
 Who am the terror of all heaven beside.

He spake, nor storm-wing'd Iris dis<sup>an</sup>~~an~~<sup>o</sup>y'd,  
 But down from the Idæan summit stoop'd

To sacred Ilium. As when snow or hail  
Flies drifted by the cloud-dispelling North,  
So swiftly, wing'd with readiness of will,  
She shot the gulf between, and standing<sup>210</sup>  
At glorious Neptune's side, him thus address'd.

To thee, O Neptune azure-hair'd! I come  
With tidings charged from Ægis-bearing Jove.  
He bids thee cease from battle, and retire  
Either to heaven, or to the boundless Deep.  
But shouldst thou, disobedient, set at nought  
His words, he threatens that himself will haste  
To fight against thee; but he bids thee shun  
That strife with one superior far to thee,  
And elder-born; yet deem'st thou slight<sup>225</sup> he saith,  
The danger of comparison with Him,  
Although the terror of all heaven beside.

Her then the mighty Shaker of the shores  
Answer'd indignant. Great as is his power,  
Yet he hath spoken proudly, threatening<sup>235</sup>  
With force, high-born and glorious as himself.  
We are three brothers; Saturn is our sire,  
And Rhea brought us forth; first, Jove she bore;  
Me next; then, Pluto, Sovereign of the shades.  
By distribution tripart we received      230  
Each his peculiar honors; me the lots  
Made Ruler of the hoary floods, and there  
I dwell for ever. Pluto, for his part,  
The regions took of darkness; and the heavens,  
The clouds, and boundless æther, fell to Jove.  
The Earth and the Olympian heights alike  
Are common to the three. My life and being  
I hold not, therefore, at his will, whose best  
And safest course, with all his boasted power,  
Were to possess in peace his proper th<sup>240</sup>  
Let him not seek to terrify with force  
Me like a dastard; let him rather chide  
His own-begotten; with big-sounding words  
His sons and daughters govern, who perforce  
Obey his voice, and shrink at his commands.

To whom thus Iris tempest-wing'd replied,  
Cœrulean-tress'd Sovereign of the Deep!  
Shall I report to Jove, harsh as it is,  
Thy speech, or wilt thou soften it? The wise  
Are flexible, and on the elder-born      250  
Erynnis, with her vengeful sisters, waits.<sup>[7]</sup>

Her answer'd then the Shaker of the shores.  
Prudent is thy advice, Iris divine!  
Discretion in a messenger is good  
At all times. But the cause that fires me<sup>265</sup>,  
And with resentment my whole heart and mind  
Possesses, is the license that he claims  
To vex with provocation rude of speech  
Me his compeer, and by decree of Fate  
Illustrious as himself; yet, though ince<sup>270</sup>d,  
And with just cause, I will not now persist.  
But hear—for it is treasured in my heart  
The threat that my lips utter. If he still  
Resolve to spare proud Ilium in despite

Of me, of Pallas, Goddess of the spoil<sup>265</sup>  
 Of Juno, Mercury, and the King of fire,  
 And will not overturn her lofty towers,  
 Nor grant immortal glory to the Greeks,  
 Then tell him thus—hostility shall burn,  
 And wrath between us never to be quenched.

So saying, the Shaker of the shores forsook  
 The Grecian host, and plunged into the deep,  
 Miss'd by Achaia's heroes. Then, the cloud-Assembler  
 God thus to Apollo spake.

Hence, my Apollo! to the Trojan Chieftain<sup>275</sup>  
 Hector; for earth-encircler Neptune, awed  
 By fear of my displeasure imminent,  
 Hath sought the sacred Deep. Else, all the Gods  
 Who compass Saturn in the nether realms,  
 Had even there our contest heard, I ween<sup>280</sup>  
 And heard it loudly. But that he retreats  
 Although at first incensed, shunning my wrath,  
 Is salutary both for him and me,  
 Whose difference else had not been healed with ease.  
 Take thou my shaggy Ægis, and with force<sup>285</sup>  
 Smiting it, terrify the Chiefs of Greece.  
 As for illustrious Hector, him I give  
 To thy peculiar care; fail not to rouse  
 His fiercest courage, till he push the Greeks  
 To Hellespont, and to their ships again<sup>290</sup>  
 Thenceforth to yield to their afflicted host  
 Some pause from toil, shall be my own concern.

He ended, nor Apollo disobey'd  
 His father's voice; from the Idæan heights,  
 Swift as the swiftest of the fowls of air<sup>295</sup>  
 The dove-destroyer falcon, down he flew.  
 The noble Hector, valiant Priam's son  
 He found, not now extended on the plain,  
 But seated; newly, as from death, awaked,  
 And conscious of his friends; freely he breathed  
 Nor sweated more, by Jove himself revived.  
 Apollo stood beside him, and began.

Say, Hector, Priam's son! why sittest here  
 Feeble and spiritless, and from thy host  
 Apart? what new disaster hath befall'n<sup>305</sup>

To whom with difficulty thus replied  
 The warlike Chief.—But tell me who art Thou,  
 Divine inquirer! best of powers above!  
 Know'st not that dauntless Ajax me his friends  
 Slaughtering at yonder ships, hath with bōstone  
 Surceased from fight, smiting me on the breast?  
 I thought to have beheld, this day, the dead  
 In Ades, every breath so seem'd my last.

Then answer thus the Archer-God return'd.  
 Courage this moment! such a helper Jove<sup>315</sup>  
 From Ida sends thee at thy side to war  
 Continual, Phœbus of the golden sword,  
 Whose guardian aid both thee and lofty Troy  
 Hath succor'd many a time. Therefore arise!  
 Instant bid drive thy numerous chariot<sup>320</sup>  
 Their rapid steeds full on the Grecian fleet;  
 I, marching at their head, will smooth, myself,

The way before them, and will turn again  
To flight the heroes of the host of Greece.

He said and with new strength the Ch<sup>15</sup>e<sup>f</sup> inspired.  
As some stall'd horse high pamper'd, snapping short  
His cord, beats under foot the sounding soil,  
Accustom'd in smooth-sliding streams to lave  
Exulting; high he bears his head, his mane  
Wantons around his shoulders; pleased<sup>310</sup> eyes  
His glossy sides, and borne on pliant knees  
Soon finds the haunts where all his fellows graze;  
So bounded Hector, and his agile joints  
Plied lightly, quicken'd by the voice divine,  
And gather'd fast his charioteers to bat<sup>315</sup>.  
But as when hounds and hunters through the woods  
Rush in pursuit of stag or of wild goat,  
He, in some cave with tangled boughs o'erhung,  
Lies safe conceal'd, no destined prey of theirs,  
Till by their clamors roused, a lion grim<sup>340</sup>  
Starts forth to meet them; then, the boldest fly;  
Such hot pursuit the Danaï, with swords  
And spears of double edge long time maintain'd.  
But seeing Hector in his ranks again  
Occupied, felt at once their courage fail<sup>345</sup>.

Then, Thoas them, Andræmon's son, address'd,  
Foremost of the Ætolians, at the spear  
Skilful, in stationary combat bold,  
And when the sons of Greece held in dispute  
The prize of eloquence, excell'd by few<sup>350</sup>  
Prudent advising them, he thus began.

Ye Gods! what prodigy do I behold?  
Hath Hector, 'scaping death, risen again?  
For him, with confident persuasion all  
Believed by Telamonian Ajax slain. 355  
But some Divinity hath interposed  
To rescue and save Hector, who the joints  
Hath stiffen'd of full many a valiant Greek,  
As surely now he shall; for, not without  
The Thunderer's aid, he flames in front<sup>360</sup> again.  
But take ye all my counsel. Send we back  
The multitude into the fleet, and first  
Let us, who boast ourselves bravest in fight,  
Stand, that encountering him with lifted spears,  
We may attempt to give his rage a check<sup>365</sup>  
To thrust himself into a band like ours  
Will, doubtless, even in Hector move a fear.

He ceased, with whose advice all, glad, complied.  
Then Ajax with Idomeneus of Crete,  
Teucer, Meriones, and Meges fierce 370  
As Mars in battle, summoning aloud  
The noblest Greeks, in opposition firm  
To Hector and his host their bands prepared,  
While others all into the fleet retired.  
Troy's crowded host<sup>[8]</sup> struck first. With awful strides  
Came Hector foremost; him Apollo led,  
His shoulders wrapt in clouds, and, on his arm,  
The Ægis shagg'd terrific all around,  
Tempestuous, dazzling-bright; it was a gift  
To Jove from Vulcan, and design'd to appall,

And drive to flight the armies of the earth.  
 Arm'd with that shield Apollo led them on.  
 Firm stood the embodied Greeks; from either host  
 Shrill cries arose; the arrows from the nerve  
 Leap'd, and, by vigorous arms dismiss'd the spears  
 Flew frequent; in the flesh some stood infixt  
 Of warlike youths, but many, ere they reach'd  
 The mark they coveted, unsated fell  
 Between the hosts, and rested in the soil.  
 Long as the God unagitated held      390  
 The dreadful disk, so long the vollied darts  
 Made mutual slaughter, and the people fell;  
 But when he look'd the Grecian charioteers  
 Full in the face and shook it, raising high  
 Himself the shout of battle, then he quell'd  
 Their spirits, then he struck from every mind  
 At once all memory of their might in arms.  
 As when two lions in the still, dark night  
 A herd of beeves scatter or numerous flock  
 Suddenly, in the absence of the guard, 400  
 So fled the heartless Greeks, for Phœbus sent  
 Terrors among them, but renown conferr'd  
 And triumph proud on Hector and his host.  
 Then, in that foul disorder of the field,  
 Man singled man. Arcesilaüs died      405  
 By Hector's arm, and Stichius; one, a Chief<sup>[9]</sup>  
 Of the Boeotians brazen-mail'd, and one,  
 Menestheus' faithful follower to the fight.  
 Æneas Medon and Iäsus slew.  
 Medon was spurious offspring of divine<sup>10</sup>  
 Oileus Ajax' father, and abode  
 In Phylace; for he had slain a Chief  
 Brother of Eriopis the espoused  
 Of brave Oileus; but Iäsus led  
 A phalanx of Athenians, and the son    415  
 Of Sphelus, son of Bucolus was deem'd.  
 Pierced by Polydamas Mecisteus fell,  
 Polites, in the van of battle, slew  
 Echion, and Agenor Clonius;  
 But Paris, while Deïochus to flight      420  
 Turn'd with the routed van, pierced him beneath  
 His shoulder-blade, and urged the weapon through.

While them the Trojans spoil'd, meantime the Greeks,  
 Entangled in the piles of the deep foss,  
 Fled every way, and through necessity<sup>425</sup>  
 Repass'd the wall. Then Hector with a voice  
 Of loud command bade every Trojan cease  
 From spoil, and rush impetuous on the fleet.  
 [10] And whom I find far lingering from the ships  
 Wherever, there he dies; no funeral fires<sup>430</sup>  
 Brother on him, or sister, shall bestow,  
 But dogs shall rend him in the sight of Troy.

So saying, he lash'd the shoulders of his steeds,  
 And through the ranks vociferating, call'd  
 His Trojans on; they, clamorous as he,<sup>435</sup>  
 All lash'd their steeds, and menacing, advanced.  
 Before them with his feet Apollo push'd  
 The banks into the foss, bridging the gulf  
 With pass commodious, both in length and breadth

A lance's flight, for proof of vigor hurl<sup>440</sup>  
 There, phalanx after phalanx, they their host  
 Pour'd dense along, while Phœbus in the van  
 Display'd the awful ægis, and the wall  
 Levell'd with ease divine. As, on the shore  
 Some wanton boy with sand builds play<sup>445</sup>ing walls,  
 Then, sportive spreads them with his feet abroad,  
 So thou, shaft-arm'd Apollo! that huge work  
 Laborious of the Greeks didst turn with ease  
 To ruin, and themselves drovest all to flight.  
 They, thus enforced into the fleet, again<sup>450</sup>  
 Stood fast, with mutual exhortation each  
 His friend encouraging, and all the Gods  
 With lifted hands soliciting aloud.  
 But, more than all, Gerenian Nestor pray'd  
 Fervent, Achaia's guardian, and with affe<sup>455</sup>s  
 Outstretch'd toward the starry skies, exclaim'd.

Jove, Father! if in corn-clad Argos, one,  
 One Greek hath ever, burning at thy shrine  
 Fat thighs of sheep or oxen, ask'd from thee  
 A safe return, whom thou hast graciously<sup>460</sup> heard,  
 Olympian King! and promised what he sought,  
 Now, in remembrance of it, give us help  
 In this disastrous day, nor thus permit  
 Their Trojan foes to tread the Grecians down!

So Nestor pray'd, and Jove thunder'd<sup>465</sup> aloud  
 Responsive to the old Neleian's prayer.  
 But when that voice of Ægis-bearing Jove  
 The Trojans heard, more furious on the Greeks  
 They sprang, all mindful of the fight. As when  
 A turgid billow of some spacious sea, 470  
 While the wind blow that heaves its highest, borne  
 Sheer o'er the vessel's side, rolls into her,  
 With such loud roar the Trojans pass'd the wall;  
 In rush'd the steeds, and at the ships they waged  
 Fierce battle hand to hand, from chariot<sup>475</sup> these,  
 With spears of double edge, those, from the decks  
 Of many a sable bark, with naval poles  
 Long, ponderous, shod with steel; for every ship  
 Had such, for conflict maritime prepared.

While yet the battle raged only with<sup>480</sup>  
 The wall, and from the ships apart, so long  
 Patroclus quiet in the tent and calm  
 Sat of Eurypylus, his generous friend  
 Consoling with sweet converse, and his wound  
 Sprinkling with drugs assuasive of his<sup>485</sup> pains.  
 But soon as through the broken rampart borne  
 He saw the Trojans, and the clamor heard  
 And tumult of the flying Greeks, a voice  
 Of loud lament uttering, with open palms  
 His thighs he smote, and, sorrowful, ex<sup>490</sup>claim'd.

Eurypylus! although thy need be great,  
 No longer may I now sit at thy side,  
 Such contest hath arisen; thy servant's voice  
 Must soothe thee now, for I will to the tent  
 Haste of Achilles, and exhort him forth<sup>495</sup>  
 Who knows? if such the pleasure of the Gods,  
 I may prevail; friends rarely plead in vain.

So saying, he went. Meantime the Greeks endured  
 The Trojan onset, firm, yet from the ships  
 Repulsed them not, though fewer than ~~themselves~~,  
 Nor could the host of Troy, breaking the ranks  
 Of Greece, mix either with the camp or fleet;  
 But as the line divides the plank aright,  
 Stretch'd by some naval architect, whose hand  
 Minerva hath accomplish'd in his art, 505  
 So stretch'd on them the cord of battle lay.  
 Others at other ships the conflict waged,  
 But Hector to the ship advanced direct  
 Of glorious Ajax; for one ship they strove;  
 Nor Hector, him dislodging thence, ~~could~~ fire  
 The fleet, nor Ajax from the fleet repulse  
 Hector, conducted thither by the Gods.  
 Then, noble Ajax with a spear the breast  
 Pierced of Caletor, son of Clytius, arm'd  
 With fire to burn his bark; sounding he fell,  
 And from his loosen'd grasp down dropp'd the brand.  
 But Hector seeing his own kinsman fallen  
 Beneath the sable bark, with mighty voice  
 Call'd on the hosts of Lycia and of Troy.

Trojans and Lycians, and close-fight~~ing~~ sons  
 Of Dardanus, within this narrow pass  
 Stand firm, retreat not, but redeem the son  
 Of Clytius, lest the Grecians of his arms  
 Despoil him slain in battle at the ships.

So saying, at Ajax his bright spear he cast  
 Him pierced he not, but Lycophron the son  
 Of Mastor, a Cytherian, who had left  
 Cytheras, fugitive for blood, and dwelt  
 With Ajax. Him standing at Ajax' side,  
 He pierced above his ear; down from the stern  
 Supine he fell, and in the dust expired.  
 Then, shuddering, Ajax to his brother spake.

Alas, my Teucer! we have lost our friend;  
 Mastorides is slain, whom we received  
 An inmate from Cytheræ, and with love  
 And reverence even filia,, entertain'd;  
 But Hector pierced, he dies. Where are thy shafts  
 Death-wing'd, and bow, by gift from Phoebus thine?

He said, whom Teucer hearing, instant ran  
 With bow and well-stored quiver to his side,  
 Whence soon his arrows sought the Trojan host.  
 He struck Pisenor's son Clytus, the friend  
 And charioteer of brave Polydamas,  
 Offspring of Panthus, toiling with both hands  
 To rule his fiery steeds; for more to please  
 The Trojans and their Chief, where stormy most  
 He saw the battle, thither he had driven.  
 But sudden mischief, valiant as he was,  
 Found him, and such as none could waft aside,  
 For right into his neck the arrow plunged  
 And down he fell; his startled coursers shook  
 Their trappings, and the empty chariot rang.  
 That sound alarm'd Polydamas; he turn'd,  
 And flying to their heads, consign'd them o'er  
 To Protiaön's son, Astynoüs,

Whom he enjoin'd to keep them in his view;  
 Then, turning, mingled with the van again.  
 But Teucer still another shaft produced  
 Design'd for valiant Hector, whose exploits  
 (Had that shaft reach'd him) at the ships<sup>560</sup> of Greece  
 Had ceased for ever. But the eye of Jove,  
 Guardian of Hector's life, slept not; he took  
 From Telamonian Teucer that renown,  
 And while he stood straining the twisted nerve  
 Against the Trojan, snapp'd it. Deviouſſ few  
 The steel-charged<sup>[11]</sup> arrow, and he dropp'd his bow.  
 Then shuddering, to his brother thus he spake.

Ah! it is evident. Some Power divine  
 Makes fruitless all our efforts, who hath struck  
 My bow out of my hand, and snapt the<sup>570</sup> ord  
 With which I strung it new at dawn of day,  
 That it might bear the bound of many a shaft.

To whom the towering son of Telamon.  
 Leave then thy bow, and let thine arrows rest,  
 Which, envious of the Greeks, some Cœt<sup>580</sup> confounds,  
 That thou may'st fight with spear and buckler arm'd,  
 And animate the rest. Such be our deeds  
 That, should they conquer us, our foes may find  
 Our ships, at least a prize not lightly won.

So Ajax spake; then Teucer, in his te<sup>590</sup>  
 The bow replacing, slung his fourfold shield,  
 Settled on his illustrious brows his casque  
 With hair high-crested, waving, as he moved,  
 Terrible from above, took forth a spear  
 Tough-grain'd, acuminated sharp with<sup>595</sup> ass,  
 And stood, incontinent, at Ajax' side.  
 Hector perceived the change, and of the cause  
 Conscious, with echoing voice call'd to his host.

Trojans and Lycians and close-fighting sons  
 Of Dardanus, oh now, my friends, be m<sup>600</sup>ne;  
 Now, wheresoever through the fleet dispersed,  
 Call into mind the fury of your might!  
 For I have seen, myself, Jove rendering vain  
 The arrows of their mightiest. Man may know  
 With ease the hand of interposing Jove<sup>615</sup>  
 Both whom to glory he ordains, and whom  
 He weakens and aids not; so now he leaves  
 The Grecians, but propitious smiles on us.  
 Therefore stand fast, and whosoever gall'd  
 By arrow or by spear, dies—let him di<sup>620</sup>ne  
 It shall not shame him that he died to serve  
 His country,<sup>[12]</sup> but his children, wife and home,  
 With all his heritage, shall be secure,  
 Drive but the Grecians from the shores of Troy.

So saying, he animated each. Meant<sup>625</sup>ne,  
 Ajax his fellow-warriors thus address'd.

Shame on you all! Now, Grecians, either die,  
 Or save at once your galley and yourselves.  
 Hope ye, that should your ships become the prize  
 Of warlike Hector, ye shall yet return <sup>610</sup>  
 On foot? Or hear ye not the Chief aloud  
 Summoning all his host, and publishing  
 His own heart's wish to burn your fleet with fire?

Not to a dance, believe me, but to fight  
 He calls them; therefore wiser course ~~for~~<sup>is</sup>us  
 Is none, than that we mingle hands with hands  
 In contest obstinate, and force with force.  
 Better at once to perish, or at once  
 To rescue life, than to consume the time  
 Hour after hour in lingering conflict v<sup>620</sup>  
 Here at the ships, with an inferior foe.

He said, and by his words into all hearts  
 Fresh confidence infused. Then Hector smote  
 Schedius, a Chief of the Phocensian powers  
 And son of Perimedes; Ajax slew, 625  
 Meantime, a Chief of Trojan infantry,  
 Laodamas, Antenor's noble son  
 While by Polydamas, a leader bold  
 Of the Epeans, and Phylides' [13] friend,  
 Cyllenian Otus died. Meges that sight 630  
 Viewing indignant on the conqueror sprang,  
 But, starting wide, Polydamas escaped,  
 Saved by Apollo, and his spear transpierced  
 The breast of Cræsmus; on his sounding shield  
 Prostrate he fell, and Meges stripp'd his<sup>635</sup> arms.  
 Him so employ'd Dolops assail'd, brave son  
 Of Lampus, best of men and bold in fight,  
 Offspring of King Laomedon; he stood  
 Full near, and through his middle buckler struck  
 The son of Phyleus, but his corselet th<sup>640</sup>  
 With plates of scaly brass his life secured.  
 That corselet Phyleus on a time brought home  
 From Ephyre, where the Selleis winds,  
 And it was given him for his life's defence  
 In furious battle by the King of men, 645  
 Euphetes. Many a time had it preserved  
 Unharm'd the sire, and now it saved the son.  
 Then Meges, rising, with his pointed lance  
 The bushy crest of Dolops' helmet drove  
 Sheer from its base; new-tinged with p<sup>650</sup>ople bright  
 Entire it fell and mingled with the dust.  
 While thus they strove, each hoping victory,  
 Came martial Menelaus to the aid  
 Of Meges; spear in hand apart he stood  
 By Dolops unperceived, through his back<sup>655</sup> drove  
 And through his breast the spear, and far beyond.  
 And down fell Dolops, forehead to the ground.  
 At once both flew to strip his radiant arms,  
 Then, Hector summoning his kindred, call'd  
 Each to his aid, and Melanippus first, 660  
 Illustrious Hicetaon's son, reproved.  
 Ere yet the enemies of Troy arrived  
 He in Percote fed his wandering beeves;  
 But when the Danaï with all their fleet  
 Came thither, then returning, he outsh<sup>665</sup>  
 The noblest Trojans, and at Priam's side  
 Dwelling, was honor'd by him as a son.  
 Him Hector reprimanding, stern began.

Are we thus slack? Can Melanippus view  
 Unmoved a kinsman slain? Seest not the<sup>670</sup> Greeks  
 How busy there with Dolops and his arms?  
 Come on. It is no time for distant war,

But either our Achaian foes must bleed,  
Or Ilium taken, from her topmost height  
Must stoop, and all her citizens be slain<sup>675</sup>

So saying he went, whose steps the godlike Chief  
Attended; and the Telamonian, next,  
Huge Ajax, animated thus the Greeks.

Oh friends, be men! Deep treasure in your hearts  
An honest shame, and, fighting bravely,<sup>680</sup>  
Each to incur the censure of the rest.  
Of men so minded more survive than die,  
While dastards forfeit life and glory both.

So moved he them, themselves already bent  
To chase the Trojans; yet his word they<sup>685</sup> bore  
Faithful in mind, and with a wall of brass  
Fenced firm the fleet, while Jove impell'd the foe.  
Then Menelaus, brave in fight, approach'd  
Antilochus, and thus his courage roused.

Antilochus! in all the host is none 690  
Younger, or swifter, or of stronger limb  
Than thou. Make trial, therefore, of thy might,  
Spring forth and prove it on some Chief of Troy.

He ended and retired, but him his praise  
Effectual animated; from the van 695  
Starting, he cast a wistful eye around  
And hurl'd his glittering spear; back fell the ranks  
Of Troy appall'd; nor vain his weapon flew,  
But Melanippus pierced heroic son  
Of Hicetaon, coming forth to fight, 700  
Full in the bosom, and with dreadful sound  
Of all his batter'd armor down he fell.  
Swift flew Antilochus as flies the hound  
Some fawn to seize, which issuing from her lair  
The hunter with his lance hath stricken<sup>705</sup> dead,  
So thee, O Melanippus! to despoil  
Of thy bright arms valiant Antilochus  
Sprang forth, but not unnoticed by the eye  
Of noble Hector, who through all the war  
Ran to encounter him; his dread approach  
Antilochus, although expert in arms,  
Stood not, but as some prowler of the wilds,  
Conscious of injury that he hath done,  
Slaying the watchful herdsman or his dog,  
Escapes, ere yet the peasantry arise, 715  
So fled the son of Nestor, after whom  
The Trojans clamoring and Hector pour'd  
Darts numberless; but at the front arrived  
Of his own phalanx, there he turn'd and stood.  
Then, eager as voracious lions, rush'd 720  
The Trojans on the fleet of Greece, the mind  
Of Jove accomplishing who them impell'd  
Continual, calling all their courage forth,  
While, every Grecian heart he tamed, and took  
Their glory from them, strengthening Ilion's host.  
For Jove's unalter'd purpose was to give  
Success to Priameian Hector's arms,<sup>[14]</sup>  
That he might cast into the fleet of Greece  
Devouring flames, and that no part might fail  
Of Thetis' ruthless prayer; that sight alone

He watch'd to see, one galley in a blaze,  
Ordaining foul repulse, thenceforth, and flight  
To Ilium's host, but glory to the Greeks.  
Such was the cause for which, at first, he moved  
To that assault Hector, himself prepared<sup>735</sup>  
And ardent for the task; nor less he raged  
Than Mars while fighting, or than flames that seize  
Some forest on the mountain-tops; the foam  
Hung at his lips, beneath his awful front  
His keen eyes glisten'd, and his helmet<sup>740</sup> mark'd  
The agitation wild with which he fought.  
For Jove omnipotent, himself, from heaven  
Assisted Hector, and, although alone  
With multitudes he strove, gave him to reach  
The heights of glory, for that now his life<sup>745</sup>  
Waned fast, and, urged by Pallas on,<sup>[15]</sup> his hour  
To die by Peleus' mighty son approach'd.  
He then, wherever richest arms he saw  
And thickest throng, the warrior-ranks essay'd  
To break, but broke them not, though fierce resolved,<sup>750</sup>  
In even square compact so firm they stood.  
As some vast rock beside the hoary Deep  
The stress endures of many a hollow wind,  
And the huge billows tumbling at his base,  
So stood the Danaï, nor fled nor fear'd<sup>755</sup>  
But he, all-fiery bright in arms, the host  
Assail'd on every side, and on the van  
Fell, as a wave by wintry blasts upheaved  
Falls ponderous on the ship; white clings the foam  
Around her, in her sail shrill howls the storm,<sup>760</sup>  
And every seaman trembles at the view  
Of thousand deaths from which he scarce escapes,  
Such anguish rent the bosom of the Greeks.  
But he, as leaps a famish'd lion fell  
On beeves that graze some marshy meadow's breadth,  
A countless herd, tended by one unskill'd  
To cope with savage beasts in their defence,  
Beside the foremost kine or with the last  
He paces heedless, but the lion, borne  
Impetuous on the midmost, one devours<sup>770</sup>  
And scatters all the rest,<sup>[16]</sup> so fled the Greeks,  
Terrified from above, before the arm  
Of Hector, and before the frown of Jove.  
All fled, but of them all alone he slew  
The Mycenæan Periphetes, son      775  
Of Copreus custom'd messenger of King  
Eurystheus to the might of Hercules.  
From such a sire inglorious had arisen  
A son far worthier, with all virtue graced,  
Swift-footed, valiant, and by none exceld  
In wisdom of the Mycenæan name;  
Yet all but served to enoble Hector more.  
For Periphetes, with a backward step  
Retiring, on his buckler's border trod,  
Which swept his heels; so check'd, he fell supine,  
And dreadful rang the helmet on his brows.  
Him Hector quick noticing, to his side  
Hasted, and, planting in his breast a spear,  
Slew him before the phalanx of his friends.  
But they, although their fellow-warrior<sup>790</sup>fate

They mourn'd, no succor interposed, or could,  
Themselves by noble Hector sore appall'd.

And now behind the ships (all that updrawn  
Above the shore, stood foremost of the fleet)  
The Greeks retired; in rush'd a flood of Trojans;  
Then, through necessity, the ships in front  
Abandoning, amid the tents they stood  
Compact, not disarray'd, for shame and fear  
Fast held them, and vociferating each  
Aloud, call'd ceaseless on the rest to stand.  
But earnest more than all, guardian of all,  
Gerenian Nestor in their parents' name  
Implored them, falling at the knees of each.

Oh friends! be men. Now dearly prize your place  
Each in the estimation of the rest. 805  
Now call to memory your children, wives,  
Possessions, parents; ye whose parents live,  
And ye whose parents are not, all alike!  
By them as if here present, I entreat  
That ye stand fast—oh be not turn'd to flight!

So saying he roused the courage of the Greeks;  
Then, Pallas chased the cloud fall'n from above  
On every eye; great light the plain illumed  
On all sides, both toward the fleet, and where  
The indiscriminating battle raged. 815  
Then might be seen Hector and Hector's host  
Distinct, as well the rearmost who the fight  
Shared not, as those who waged it at the ships.

To stand aloof where other Grecians stood  
No longer now would satisfy the mind 820  
Of Ajax, but from deck to deck with strides  
Enormous marching, to and fro he swung  
With iron studs emboss'd a battle-pole  
Unwieldy, twenty and two cubits long.  
As one expert to spring from horse to ~~horse~~,  
From many steeds selecting four, toward  
Some noble city drives them from the plain  
Along the populous road; him many a youth  
And many a maiden eyes, while still secure  
From steed to steed he vaults; they rap ~~and~~ fly;  
So Ajax o'er the decks of numerous ships  
Stalk'd striding large, and sent his voice to heaven.  
Thus, ever clamoring, he bade the Greeks  
Stand both for camp and fleet. Nor could himself  
Hector, contented, now, the battle wag 835  
Lost in the multitude of Trojans more,  
But as the tawny eagle on full wing  
Assails the feather'd nations, geese or cranes  
Or swans lithe-neck'd grazing the river's verge,  
So Hector at a galley sable-prow'd 840  
Darted; for, from behind, Jove urged him on  
With mighty hand, and his host after him.  
And now again the battle at the ships  
Grew furious; thou hadst deem'd them of a kind  
By toil untameable, so fierce they strove,  
And, striving, thus they fought. The Grecians judged  
Hope vain, and the whole host's destruction sure;  
But nought expected every Trojan less

Than to consume the fleet with fire, and leave  
 Achaia's heroes lifeless on the field. 850  
 With such persuasions occupied, they fought.

Then Hector seized the stern of a brave bark  
 Well-built, sharp-keel'd, and of the swiftest sail,  
 Which had to Troy Protesiläus brought,  
 But bore him never thence. For that same ship  
 Contending, Greeks and Trojans hand to hand  
 Dealt slaughter mutual. Javelins now no more  
 Might serve them, or the arrow-starting bow,  
 But close conflicting and of one mind all  
 With bill and battle-axe, with ponderous words,  
 And with long lances double-edged they fought.  
 Many a black-hilted falchion huge of haft  
 Fell to the ground, some from the grasp, and some  
 From shoulders of embattled warriors hewn,  
 And pools of blood soak'd all the sable glebe.  
 Hector that ship once grappled by the stern  
 Left not, but gripping fast her upper edge  
 With both hands, to his Trojans call'd aloud.

Fire! Bring me fire! Stand fast and shout to heaven!  
 Jove gives us now a day worth all the past;  
 The ships are ours which, in the Gods' despite  
 Steer'd hither, such calamities to us  
 Have caused, for which our seniors most I blame  
 Who me withheld from battle at the fleet  
 And check'd the people; but if then the Hand  
 Of Thunderer Jove our better judgment marr'd,  
 Himself now urges and commands us on.

He ceased; they still more violent assail'd  
 The Grecians. Even Ajax could endure,  
 Whelm'd under weapons numberless, still storm  
 No longer, but expecting death retired  
 Down from the decks to an inferior stand,  
 Where still he watch'd, and if a Trojan bore  
 Fire thither, he repulsed him with his spear,  
 Roaring continual to the host of Greece

Friends! Grecian heroes! ministers of Mars!  
 Be men, my friends! now summon all your might!  
 Think we that we have thousands at our backs  
 To succor us, or yet some stronger wall  
 To guard our warriors from the battle's force?  
 Not so. No tower'd city is at hand,  
 None that presents us with a safe retreat  
 While others occupy our station here,  
 But from the shores of Argos far remote  
 Our camp is, where the Trojans arm'd complete  
 Swarm on the plain, and Ocean shuts us in.  
 Our hands must therefore save us, not our heels

He said, and furious with his spear again  
 Press'd them, and whatsoever Trojan came,  
 Obsequious to the will of Hector, arm'd  
 With fire to burn the fleet, on his spear's point  
 Ajax receiving pierced him, till at length  
 Twelve in close fight fell by his single arm.

## BOOK XVI.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

Achilles, at the suit of Patroclus, grants him his own armor, and permission to lead the Myrmidons to battle. They, sallying, repulse the Trojans. Patroclus slays Sarpedon, and Hector, when Apollo had first stripped off his armor and Euphorbus wounded him, slays Patroclus.

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## BOOK XVI.

Such contest for that gallant bark they waged.  
 Meantime Patroclus, standing at the side  
 Of the illustrious Chief Achilles, wept  
 Fast as a crystal fountain from the height  
 Of some rude rock pours down its rapid<sup>[5]</sup> stream.  
 Divine Achilles with compassion moved  
 Mark'd him, and in wing'd accents thus began.<sup>[2]</sup>

Who weeps Patroclus like an infant girl  
 Who, running at her mother's side, entreats  
 To be uplifted in her arms? She grasps 10  
 Her mantle, checks her haste, and looking up  
 With tearful eyes, pleads earnest to be borne;  
 So fall, Patroclus! thy unceasing tears.  
 Bring'st thou to me or to my people aught  
 Afflictive? Hast thou mournful tidings learned  
 Prom Phthia, trusted to thy ear alone?  
 Menœtius, son of Actor, as they say,  
 Still lives; still lives his Myrmidons among  
 Peleus Æacides; whom, were they dead,  
 With cause sufficient we should both deplore.  
 Or weep'st thou the Achaians at the ships  
 Perishing, for their outrage done to me?  
 Speak. Name thy trouble. I would learn the cause

To whom, deep-sorrowing, thou didst reply,  
 Patroclus! Oh Achilles, Peleus' son! 25  
 Noblest of all our host! bear with my grief,  
 Since such distress hath on the Grecians fallen.  
 The bravest of their ships disabled lie,  
 Some wounded from afar, some hand to hand.  
 Diomede, warlike son of Tydeus, bleeds<sup>30</sup>  
 Gall'd by a shaft; Ulysses, glorious Chief,  
 And Agamemnon suffer by the spear,

And brave Eurypylus an arrow-point  
 Bears in his thigh. These all, are now the care  
 Of healing hands. Oh thou art pity-proof,  
 Achilles! be my bosom ever free  
 From anger such as harbor finds in thine,  
 Scorning all limits! whom, of men unborn,  
 Hereafter wilt thou save, from whom avert  
 Disgrace, if not from the Achaians now?  
 Ah ruthless! neither Peleus thee begat,  
 Nor Thetis bore, but rugged rocks sublime,  
 And roaring billows blue gave birth to thee,  
 Who bear'st a mind that knows not to relent,  
 But, if some prophecy alarm thy fears, 45  
 If from thy Goddess-mother thou have aught  
 Received, and with authority of Jove,  
 Me send at least, me quickly, and with me  
 The Myrmidons. A dawn of cheerful hope  
 Shall thence, it may be, on the Greeks arise.  
 Grant me thine armor also, that the foe  
 Thyself supposing present, may abstain  
 From battle, and the weary Greeks enjoy  
 Short respite; it is all that war allows.  
 We, fresh and vigorous, by our shouts alone  
 May easily repulse an army spent  
 With labor from the camp, and from the fleet,

Such suit he made, alas! all unforewarn'd  
 That his own death should be the bitter fruit,  
 And thus Achilles, sorrowful, replied. 60

Patroclus, noble friend! what hast thou spoken?  
 Me neither prophesy that I have heard  
 Holds in suspense, nor aught that I have learn'd  
 From Thetis with authority of Jove!  
 Hence springs, and hence alone, my grief of heart;  
 If one, in nought superior to myself  
 Save in his office only, should by force  
 Amerce me of my well-earn'd recompense—  
 How then? There lies the grief that stings my soul.  
 The virgin chosen for me by the sons 70  
 Of Greece, my just reward, by my own spear  
 Obtain'd when I Eetion's city took,  
 Her, Agamemnon, leader of the host  
 From my possession wrung, as I had been  
 Some alien wretch, unhonored and unknown.  
 But let it pass; anger is not a flame  
 To feed for ever; I affirm'd, indeed,  
 Mine inextinguishable till the shout  
 Of battle should invade my proper barks;  
 But thou put on my glorious arms, lead forth  
 My valiant Myrmidons, since such a cloud,  
 So dark, of dire hostility surrounds  
 The fleet, and the Achaians, by the waves  
 Hemmed in, are prison'd now in narrow space.  
 Because the Trojans meet not in the field,  
 My dazzling helmet, therefore bolder grown  
 All Ilium comes abroad; but had I found  
 Kindness at royal Agamemnon's hands,  
 Soon had they fled, and with their bodies chok'd  
 The streams, from whom ourselves now suffer siege  
 For in the hands of Diomedes his spear

No longer rages rescuing from death  
 The afflicted Danaï, nor hear I more  
 The voice of Agamemnon issuing harsh  
 From his detested throat, but all around<sup>95</sup>  
 The burst<sup>[3]</sup> of homicidal Hector's cries,  
 Calling his Trojans on; they loud insult  
 The vanquish'd Greeks, and claim the field their own.  
 Go therefore, my Patroclus; furious fall  
 On these assailants, even now preserved<sup>100</sup>  
 From fire the only hope of our return.  
 But hear the sum of all; mark well my word;  
 So shalt thou glorify me in the eyes  
 Of all the Danaï, and they shall yield  
 Brisëis mine, with many a gift beside.<sup>105</sup>  
 The Trojans from the fleet expell'd, return.  
 Should Juno's awful spouse give thee to win  
 Victory, be content; seek not to press  
 The Trojans without me, for thou shalt add  
 Still more to the disgrace already minel<sup>110</sup>  
 Much less, by martial ardor urged, conduct  
 Thy slaughtering legions to the walls of Troy,  
 Lest some immortal power on her behalf  
 Descend, for much the Archer of the skies  
 Loves Ilium. No—the fleet once saved<sup>115</sup> lead back  
 Thy band, and leave the battle to themselves.  
 For oh, by all the powers of heaven I would  
 That not one Trojan might escape of all,  
 Nor yet a Grecian, but that we, from death  
 Ourselves escaping, might survive to sp<sup>120</sup>ad  
 Troy's sacred bulwarks on the ground, alone.

Thus they conferr'd. <sup>[5]</sup>But Ajax overwhelm'd  
 Meantime with darts, no longer could endure,  
 Quell'd both by Jupiter and by the spears  
 Of many a noble Trojan; hideous rang<sup>125</sup>  
 His batter'd helmet bright, stroke after stroke  
 Sustaining on all sides, and his left arm  
 That had so long shifted from side to side  
 His restless shield, now fail'd; yet could not all  
 Displace him with united force, or mov<sup>130</sup>  
 Quick pantings heaved his chest, copious the sweat  
 Trickled from all his limbs, nor found he time,  
 However short, to breathe again, so close  
 Evil on evil heap'd hemm'd him around.

Olympian Muses! now declare, howl<sup>135</sup>fst  
 The fire was kindled in Achaia's fleet?

Hector the ashen lance of Ajax smote  
 With his broad falchion, at the nether end,  
 And lopp'd it sheer. The Telamonian Chief  
 His mutilated beam brandish'd in vain<sup>140</sup>  
 And the bright point shrill-sounding-fell remote.  
 Then Ajax in his noble mind perceived,  
 Shuddering with awe, the interposing power  
 Of heaven, and that, propitious to the arms  
 Of Troy, the Thunderer had ordain'd to<sup>145</sup>mar  
 And frustrate all the counsels of the Greeks.  
 He left his stand; they fired the gallant bark;  
 Through all her length the conflagration ran  
 Incontinent, and wrapp'd her stern in flames.  
 Achilles saw them, smote his thighs, and<sup>150</sup>said,

Patroclus, noble charioteer, arise!  
 I see the rapid run of hostile fires  
 Already in the fleet—lest all be lost,  
 And our return impossible, arm, arm  
 This moment; I will call, myself, the band.

Then put Patroclus on his radiant arms.  
 Around his legs his polish'd greaves he clasp'd,  
 With argent studs secured; the hauberk rich  
 Star-spangled to his breast he bound of swift  
 Æacides; he slung his brazen sword 160  
 With silver bright emboss'd, and his broad shield  
 Ponderous; on his noble head his casque  
 He settled elegant, whose lofty crest  
 Waved dreadful o'er his brows, and last he seized  
 Well fitted to his gripe two sturdy spears<sup>65</sup>  
 Of all Achilles' arms his spear alone  
 He took not; that huge beam, of bulk and length  
 Enormous, none, Æacides except,  
 In all Achaia's host had power to wield.  
 It was that Pelian ash which from the t<sup>66</sup>  
 Of Pelion hewn that it might prove the death  
 Of heroes, Chiron had to Peleus given.  
 He bade Automedon his coursers bind  
 Speedily to the yoke, for him he loved  
 Next to Achilles most, as worthiest foun<sup>67</sup>  
 Of trust, what time the battle loudest roar'd.  
 Then led Automedon the fiery steeds  
 Swift as wing'd tempests to the chariot-yoke,  
 Xanthus and Balius. Them the harpy bore  
 Podarge, while in meadows green she f<sup>68</sup>  
 On Ocean's side, to Zephyrus the wind.  
 To these he added, at their side, a third,  
 The noble Pedasus; him Peleus' son,  
 Eëtion's city taken, thence had brought,  
 Though mortal, yet a match for steeds f<sup>69</sup>ine.  
 Meantime from every tent Achilles call'd  
 And arm'd his Myrmidons. As wolves that gorge  
 The prey yet panting, terrible in force,  
 When on the mountains wild they have devour'd  
 An antler'd stag new-slain, with bloody jaws  
 Troop all at once to some clear fountain, there  
 To lap with slender tongues the brimming wave;  
 No fears have they, but at their ease eject  
 From full maws flatulent the clotted gore;  
 Such seem'd the Myrmidon heroic Ch<sup>70</sup>  
 Assembling fast around the valiant friend  
 Of swift Æacides. Amid them stood  
 Warlike Achilles, the well-shielded ranks  
 Exhorting, and the steeds, to glorious war.

The galleys by Achilles dear to Jove<sup>200</sup>  
 Commanded, when to Ilium's coast he steer'd,  
 Were fifty; fifty rowers sat in each,  
 And five, in whom he trusted, o'er the rest  
 He captains named, but ruled, himself, supreme.  
 One band Menestheus swift in battle le<sup>205</sup>  
 Offspring of Sperchius heaven-descended stream.  
 Him Polydora, Peleus' daughter, bore  
 To ever-flowing Sperchius, compress'd,  
 Although a mortal woman, by a God.

But his reputed father was the son 210  
 Of Perieres, Borus, who with dower  
 Enrich'd, and made her openly his bride.  
 Warlike Eudorus led the second band.  
 Him Polymela, graceful in the dance,  
 And daughter beautiful of Phylas, bore<sup>215</sup>  
 A mother unsuspected of a child.  
 Her worshiping the golden-shafted Queen  
 Diana, in full choir, with song and dance,  
 The valiant Argicide<sup>[6]</sup> beheld and loved.  
 Ascending with her to an upper room,<sup>220</sup>  
 All-bounteous Mercury<sup>[7]</sup> clandestine there  
 Embraced her, who a noble son produced  
 Eudorus, swift to run, and bold in fight.  
 No sooner Ilithya, arbitress  
 Of pangs puerperal, had given him birth<sup>225</sup>  
 And he beheld the beaming sun, than her  
 Echecleus, Actor's mighty son, enrich'd  
 With countless dower, and led her to his home;  
 While ancient Phylas, cherishing her boy  
 With fond affection, reared him as his<sup>230</sup> son.  
 The third brave troop warlike Pisander led,  
 Offspring of Maimalus; he far excell'd  
 In spear-fight every Myrmidon, the friend  
 Of Peleus' dauntless son alone except.  
 The hoary Phoenix of equestrian fame<sup>235</sup>  
 The fourth band led to battle, and the fifth  
 Laerceus' offspring, bold Alcimedon.  
 Thus, all his bands beneath their proper Chiefs  
 Marshall'd, Achilles gave them strict command—

Myrmidons! all that vengeance now<sup>240</sup> afflict,  
 Which in this fleet ye ceased not to denounce  
 Against the Trojans while my wrath endured.  
 Me censuring, ye have proclaim'd me oft  
 Obdurate. Oh Achilles! ye have said,  
 Thee not with milk thy mother but with<sup>245</sup> bile  
 Suckled, who hold'st thy people here in camp  
 Thus long imprison'd. Unrelenting Chief!  
 Even let us hence in our sea-skimming barks  
 To Phthia, since thou can'st not be appeased—  
 Thus in full council have ye spoken off<sup>250</sup>  
 Now, therefore, since a day of glorious toil  
 At last appears, such as ye have desired,  
 There lies the field—go—give your courage proof.

So them he roused, and they, their leader's voice  
 Hearing elate, to closest order drew. 255  
 As when an architect some palace wall  
 With shapely stones upbuilds, cementing close  
 A barrier against all the winds of heaven,  
 So wedged, the helmets and boss'd bucklers stood;  
 Shield, helmet, man, press'd helmet, m<sup>260</sup>, and shield,  
 And every bright-arm'd warrior's bushy crest  
 Its fellow swept, so dense was their array.  
 In front of all, two Chiefs their station took,  
 Patroclus and Automedon; one mind  
 In both prevail'd, to combat in the van<sup>265</sup>  
 Of all the Myrmidons. Achilles, then,  
 Retiring to his tent, displaced the lid  
 Of a capacious chest magnificent

By silver-footed Thetis stow'd on board  
 His bark, and fill'd with tunics, mantle<sup>370</sup> warm,  
 And gorgeous arras; there he also kept  
 Secure a goblet exquisitely wrought,  
 Which never lip touched save his own, and whence  
 He offer'd only to the Sire of all.  
 That cup producing from the chest, he <sup>275</sup>  
 With sulphur fumed it, then with water rinsed  
 Pellucid of the running stream, and, last  
 (His hands clean laved) he charged it high with wine.  
 And now, advancing to his middle court,  
 He pour'd libation, and with eyes to <sup>280</sup> heaven  
 Uplifted pray'd,<sup>[8]</sup> of Jove not unobserved.

Pelasgian, Dodonæan Jove supreme,  
 Dwelling remote, who on Dodona's heights  
 Snow-clad reign'st Sovereign, by thy seers around  
 Compass'd the Sellī, prophets vow-co<sup>285</sup>strain'd  
 To unwash'd feet and slumbers on the ground!  
 Plain I behold my former prayer perform'd,  
 Myself exalted, and the Greeks abased.  
 Now also grant me, Jove, this my desire!  
 Here, in my fleet, I shall myself abide,<sup>290</sup>  
 But lo! with all these Myrmidons I send  
 My friend to battle. Thunder-rolling Jove,  
 Send glory with him, make his courage firm!  
 That even Hector may himself be taught,  
 If my companion have a valiant heart <sup>295</sup>  
 When he goes forth alone, or only then  
 The noble frenzy feels that Mars inspires  
 When I rush also to the glorious field.  
 But when he shall have driven the battle-shout  
 Once from the fleet, grant him with all<sup>300</sup> arms,  
 None lost, himself unhurt, and my whole band  
 Of dauntless warriors with him, safe return!

Such prayer Achilles offer'd, and his suit  
 Jove hearing, part confirm'd, and part refused;  
 To chase the dreadful battle from the <sup>305</sup> fleet  
 He gave him, but vouchsafed him no return.  
 Prayer and libation thus perform'd to Jove  
 The Sire of all, Achilles to his tent  
 Return'd, replaced the goblet in his chest,  
 And anxious still that conflict to behold<sup>10</sup>  
 Between the hosts, stood forth before his tent.

Then rush'd the bands by brave Patroclus led,  
 Full on the Trojan host. As wasps forsake  
 Their home by the way-side, provoked by boys  
 Disturbing inconsiderate their abode, <sup>315</sup>  
 Not without nuisance sore to all who pass,  
 For if, thenceforth, some traveller unaware  
 Annoy them, issuing one and all they swarm  
 Around him, fearless in their broods' defence,  
 So issued from their fleet the Myrmidons<sup>320</sup>  
 Undaunted; clamor infinite arose,  
 And thus Patroclus loud his host address'd.

Oh Myrmidons, attendants in the field  
 On Peleus' son, now be ye men, my friends!  
 Call now to mind the fury of your mig<sup>325</sup>  
 That we, close-fighting servants of the Chief

Most excellent in all the camp of Greece,  
 May glory gain for him, and that the wide-  
 Commanding Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
 May learn his fault, that he dishonor'd <sup>330</sup>oul  
 The prince in whom Achaia glories most.

So saying he fired their hearts, and on the van  
 Of Troy at once they fell; loud shouted all  
 The joyful Grecians, and the navy rang.  
 Then, soon as Ilium's host the valiant <sup>335</sup>  
 Saw of Menoëtius and his charioteer  
 In dazzling armor clad, all courage lost,  
 Their closest ranks gave way, believing sure  
 That, wrath renounced, and terms of friendship chosen,  
 Achilles' self was there; thus thinking, <sup>340</sup>ach  
 Look'd every way for refuge from his fate.

Patroclus first, where thickest throng he saw  
 Gather'd tumultuous around the bark  
 Of brave Protesilaüs, hurl'd direct  
 At the whole multitude his glittering spear.  
 He smote Pyræchmes; he his horsemen band  
 Pœonian led from Amydon, and from  
 Broad-flowing Axius. In his shoulder stood  
 The spear, and with loud groans supine he fell.  
 At once fled all his followers, on all sides <sup>345</sup>  
 With consternation fill'd, seeing their Chief  
 And their best warrior, by Patroclus slain.  
 Forth from the fleet he drove them, quench'd the flames,  
 And rescued half the ship. Then scatter'd fled  
 With infinite uproar the host of Troy, <sup>350</sup>  
 While from between their ships the Danaï  
 Pour'd after them, and hideous rout ensued.  
 As when the king of lightnings, Jove, dispels  
 From some huge eminence a gloomy cloud,  
 The groves, the mountain-tops, the headlands and heights  
 Shine all, illumined from the boundless heaven,  
 So when the Danaï those hostile fires  
 Had from their fleet expell'd, awhile they breathed,  
 Yet found short respite, for the battle yet  
 Ceased not, nor fled the Trojans in all parts  
 Alike, but still resisted, from the ships  
 Retiring through necessity alone.  
 Then, in that scatter'd warfare, every Chief  
 Slew one. While Areilochus his back  
 Turn'd on Patroclus, sudden with a lance <sup>370</sup>  
 His thigh he pierced, and urged the weapon through,  
 Shivering the bone; he headlong smote the ground.  
 The hero Menelaus, where he saw  
 The breast of Thoas by his slanting shield  
 Unguarded, struck and stretch'd him abhīs feet.  
 Phylides, <sup>[9]</sup> meeting with preventive spear  
 The furious onset of Amphiclus, gash'd  
 His leg below the knee, where brawny most  
 The muscles swell in man; disparted wide  
 The tendons shrank, and darkness veil'd <sup>380</sup>his eyes.  
 The two Nestoridæ slew each a Chief.  
 Of these, Antilochus Atymnius pierced  
 Right through his flank, and at his feet he fell.  
 With fierce resentment fired Maris beheld  
 His brother's fall, and guarding, spear <sup>384</sup>hand,

The slain, impetuous on the conqueror flew;  
 But godlike Thrasymedes<sup>[10]</sup> wounded first  
 Maris, ere he Antilochus; he pierced  
 His upper arm, and with the lance's point  
 Rent off and stript the muscles to the bone.  
 Sounding he fell, and darkness veil'd his eyes.  
 They thus, two brothers by two brothers slain,  
 Went down to Erebus, associates both  
 Of brave Sarpedon, and spear-practised sons  
 Of Amisodarus; of him who fed      395  
 Chimæra,<sup>[11]</sup> monster, by whom many died.  
 Ajax the swift on Cleobulus sprang,  
 Whom while he toil'd entangled in the crowd,  
 He seized alive, but smote him where he stood  
 With his huge-hafted sword full on the neck;  
 The blood warm'd all his blade, and ruthless fate  
 Benighted dark the dying warrior's eyes.  
 Peneleus into close contention rush'd  
 And Lycon. Each had hurl'd his glittering spear,  
 But each in vain, and now with swords<sup>405</sup> they met.  
 He smote Peneleus on the crested casque,  
 But snapp'd his falchion; him Peneleus smote  
 Beneath his ear; the whole blade entering sank  
 Into his neck, and Lycon with his head  
 Depending by the skin alone, expired.<sup>410</sup>  
 Meriones o'ertaking Acamas  
 Ere yet he could ascend his chariot, thrust  
 A lance into his shoulder; down he fell  
 In dreary death's eternal darkness whelm'd.  
 Idomeneus his ruthless spear enforced<sup>415</sup>  
 Into the mouth of Erymas. The point  
 Stay'd not, but gliding close beneath the brain,  
 Transpierced his spine,<sup>[12]</sup> and started forth beyond.  
 It wrench'd his teeth, and fill'd his eyes with blood;  
 Blood also blowing through his open mouth<sup>420</sup>  
 And nostrils, to the realms of death he pass'd.  
 Thus slew these Grecian leaders, each, a foe.

Sudden as hungry wolves the kids purloin  
 Or lambs, which haply some unheeding swain  
 Hath left to roam at large the mountain wild;  
 They, seeing, snatch them from beside the dams,  
 And rend incontinent the feeble prey,  
 So swift the Danaï the host assail'd  
 Of Ilium; they, into tumultuous flight  
 Together driven, all hope, all courage.<sup>430</sup>

Huge Ajax ceaseless sought his spear to cast  
 At Hector brazen-mail'd, who, not untaught  
 The warrior's art, with bull-hide buckler stood  
 Sheltering his ample shoulders, while he mark'd  
 The hiss of flying shafts and crash of spears.  
 Full sure he saw the shifting course of war  
 Now turn'd, but scorning flight, bent all his thoughts  
 To rescue yet the remnant of his friends.

As when the Thunderer spreads a sable storm  
 O'er ether, late serene, the cloud that wrap'd  
 Olympus' head escapes into the skies,  
 So fled the Trojans from the fleet of Greece  
 Clamoring in their flight, nor pass'd the trench  
 In fair array; the coursers fleet indeed

Of Hector, him bore safe with all his art  
 Right through, but in the foss entangled foul  
 He left his host, and struggling to escape.  
 Then many a chariot-whirling steed, the pole  
 Broken at its extremity, forsook  
 His driver, while Patroclus with the shafts  
 Of battle calling his Achaians on,  
 Destruction purposed to the powers of Troy.  
 They, once dispersed, with clamor and with flight  
 Fill'd all the ways, the dust beneath the clouds  
 Hung like a tempest, and the steeds first hoof'd  
 Whirl'd off at stretch the chariots to the town.  
 He, wheresoe'er most troubled he perceived  
 The routed host, loud-threatening thither drove,  
 While under his own axle many a Chief  
 Fell prone, and the o'er-tumbled chariot dragg'd.  
 Right o'er the hollow foss the coursers leap'd  
 Immortal, by the Gods to Peleus given,  
 Impatient for the plain, nor less desire  
 Felt he who drove to smite the Trojan Chief,  
 But him his fiery steeds caught swift away.

As when a tempest from autumnal skies  
 Floats all the fields, what time Jove heaviest pours  
 Impetuous rain, token of wrath divine  
 Against perverters of the laws by force,  
 Who drive forth justice, reckless of the Gods;  
 The rivers and the torrents, where they dwell,  
 Sweep many a green declivity away,  
 And plunge at length, groaning, into the Deep  
 From the hills headlong, leaving where they pass'd  
 No traces of the pleasant works of man,  
 So, in their flight, loud groan'd the steeds of Troy.  
 And now, their foremost intercepted all,  
 Patroclus back again toward the fleet  
 Drove them precipitate, nor the ascent  
 Permitted them to Troy for which they drove,  
 But in the midway space between the ships  
 The river and the lofty Trojan wall  
 Pursued them ardent, slaughtering whom he reached,  
 And vengeance took for many a Grecian slain.  
 First then, with glittering spear the hero pierced  
 Of Pronous, undefended by his shield,  
 And stretch'd him dead; loud rang his batter'd arms.  
 The son of Enops, Thestor next he smote.  
 He on his chariot-seat magnificent  
 Low-cowering sat, a fear-distracted fool,  
 And from his palsied grasp the reins had fallen.  
 Then came Patroclus nigh, and through his cheek  
 His teeth transpiercing, drew him by his lance  
 Sheer o'er the chariot front. As when a man  
 On some projecting rock seated, with hands  
 And splendid hook draws forth a sea-fish huge,  
 So him wide-gaping from his seat he drew  
 At his spear-point, then shook him to the ground  
 Prone on his face, where gasping he expired.  
 At Eryalus, next, advancing swift      500  
 He hurl'd a rock; full on the middle front  
 He smote him, and within the ponderous casque  
 His whole head open'd into equal halves.

With deadliest night surrounded, prone he fell.  
 Epaltes, Erymas, Amphoterus, 505  
 Echius, Tlepolemus Damastor's son,  
 Evippus, Ipheus, Pyres, Polymelus,  
 All these he on the champain, corse on corse  
 Promiscuous flung. Sarpedon, when he saw  
 Such havoc made of his uncinctured[135] friends  
 By Menœtiades, with sharp rebuke  
 His band of godlike Lycians loud address'd.

Shame on you, Lycians! whither would ye fly?  
 Now are ye swift indeed! I will oppose  
 Myself this conqueror, that I may learn[15]  
 Who thus afflicts the Trojan host, of life  
 Bereaving numerous of their warriors bold.

He said, and with his arms leap'd to the ground.  
 On the other side, Patroclus at that sight  
 Sprang from his chariot. As two vultures[30] clash  
 Bow-beak'd, crook-talon'd, on some lofty rock  
 Clamoring both, so they together rush'd  
 With clamors loud; whom when the son observed  
 Of wily Saturn, with compassion moved  
 His sister and his spouse he thus bespake[325]

Alas, he falls! my most beloved of men  
 Sarpedon, vanquished by Patroclus, falls!  
 So will the Fates. Yet, doubtful, much I muse  
 Whether to place him, snatch'd from furious fight  
 In Lycia's wealthy realm, or to permit 530  
 His death by valiant Menœtiades.

To whom his awful spouse, displeased, replied.  
 How speaks the terrible Saturnian Jove!  
 Wouldst thou again from pangs of death exempt  
 A mortal man, destined long since to die[33]  
 Do it. But small thy praise shall be in heaven,  
 Mark thou my words, and in thy inmost breast  
 Treasure them. If thou send Sarpedon safe  
 To his own home, how many Gods *their* sons  
 May also send from battle? Weigh it well[340]  
 For under yon great city fight no few  
 Sprung from Immortals whom thou shalt provoke.  
 But if thou love him, and thine heart his lot  
 Commiserate, leave him by the hands to fall  
 Of Menœtiades in conflict dire; 545  
 But give command to Death and gentle Sleep  
 That him of life bereft at once they bear  
 To Lycia's ample realm,[14] where, with due rites  
 Funereal, his next kindred and his friends  
 Shall honor him, a pillar and a tomb 550  
 (The dead man's portion) rearing to his name.

She said, from whom the Sire of Gods and men  
 Dissented not, but on the earth distill'd  
 A sanguine shower in honor of a son  
 Dear to him, whom Patroclus on the field[555]  
 Of fruitful Troy should slay, far from his home.

Opposite now, small interval between,  
 Those heroes stood. Patroclus at his waist  
 Pierced Thrasymelus the illustrious friend  
 Of King Sarpedon, and his charioteer. 560  
 Spear'd through the lower bowels, dead he fell.

Then hurl'd Sarpedon in his turn a lance,  
 But miss'd Patroclus and the shoulder pierced  
 Of Pegasus the horse; he groaning heaved  
 His spirit forth, and fallen on the field 565  
 In long loud moanings sorrowful expired.  
 Wide started the immortal pair; the yoke  
 Creak'd, and entanglement of reins ensued  
 To both, their fellow slaughter'd at their side.  
 That mischief soon Automedon redres<sup>570</sup>  
 He rose, and from beside his sturdy thigh  
 Drawing his falchion, with effectual stroke  
 Cut loose the side-horse; then the pair reduced  
 To order, in their traces stood composed,  
 And the two heroes fierce engaged aga<sup>575</sup>

Again his radiant spear Sarpedon hurl'd,  
 But miss'd Patroclus; the innocuous point,  
 O'erflying his left shoulder, pass'd beyond.  
 Then with bright lance Patroclus in his turn  
 Assail'd Sarpedon, nor with erring cou<sup>580</sup>  
 The weapon sped or vain, but pierced profound  
 His chest, enclosure of the guarded heart.  
 As falls an oak, poplar, or lofty pine  
 With new-edged axes on the mountains hewn  
 Right through, for structure of some gallant bark,  
 So fell Sarpedon stretch'd his steeds before  
 And gnash'd his teeth and clutch'd the bloody dust,  
 And as a lion slays a tawny bull  
 Leader magnanimous of all the herd;  
 Beneath the lion's jaws groaning he di<sup>590</sup>  
 So, leader of the shielded Lycians groan'd  
 Indignant, by Patroclus slain, the bold  
 Sarpedon, and his friend thus, sad, bespake.

Glaucus, my friend, among these warring Chiefs  
 Thyself a Chief illustrious! thou hast ne<sup>600</sup>  
 Of all thy valor now; now strenuous fight,  
 And, if thou bear within thee a brave mind,  
 Now make the war's calamities thy joy.  
 First, marching through the host of Lycia, rouse  
 Our Chiefs to combat for Sarpedon slai<sup>600</sup>  
 Then haste, thyself, to battle for thy friend.  
 For shame and foul dishonor which no time  
 Shall e'er obliterate, I must prove to thee,  
 Should the Achaeans of my glorious arms  
 Despoil me in full prospect<sup>[15]</sup> of the fleet.  
 Fight, therefore, thou, and others urge to fight.

He said, and cover'd by the night of death,  
 Nor look'd nor breath'd again; for on his chest  
 Implanting firm his heel, Patroclus drew  
 The spear enfolded with his vitals fort<sup>610</sup>  
 Weapon and life at once. Meantime his steeds  
 Snorted, by Myrmidons detain'd, and, loosed  
 From their own master's chariot, foam'd to fly.  
 Terrible was the grief by Glaucus felt,  
 Hearing that charge, and troubled was his heart  
 That all power fail'd him to protect the dead.  
 Compressing his own arm he stood, with pain  
 Extreme tormented which the shaft had caused  
 Of Teucer, who while Glaucus climb'd the wall,

Had pierced him from it, in the fleet's ~~defence~~.  
Then, thus, to Phœbus, King shaft-arm'd, he pray'd.

Hear now, O King! For whether in the land  
Of wealthy Lycia dwelling, or in Troy,  
Thou hear'st in every place alike the prayer  
Of the afflicted heart, and such is mine<sup>625</sup>  
Behold my wound; it fills my useless hand  
With anguish, neither can my blood be stay'd,  
And all my shoulder suffers. I can grasp  
A spear, or rush to conflict with the Greeks  
No longer now; and we have also lost 630  
Our noblest Chief, Sarpedon, son of Jove,  
Who guards not his own son. But thou, O King!  
Heal me, assuage my anguish, give me strength,  
That I may animate the Lycian host  
To fight, and may, myself, defend the ~~dead~~<sup>635</sup>!

Such prayer he offer'd, whom Apollo heard;  
He eased at once his pain, the sable blood  
Staunch'd, and his soul with vigor new inspired.  
Then Glaucus in his heart that prayer perceived  
Granted, and joyful for the sudden aid<sup>640</sup>  
Vouchsafed to him by Phœbus, first the lines  
Of Lycia ranged, summoning every Chief  
To fight for slain Sarpedon; striding next  
With eager haste into the ranks of Troy,  
Renown'd Agenor and the son he call'd<sup>645</sup>  
Of Panthus, brave Polydamas, with whom  
Æneas also, and approaching last  
To Hector brazen-mail'd him thus bespake.

Now, Hector! now, thou hast indeed resign'd  
All care of thy allies, who, for thy sake<sup>650</sup>  
Lost both to friends and country, on these plains  
Perish, unaided and unmiss'd by thee.  
Sarpedon breathless lies, who led to fight  
Our shielded bands, and from whose just control  
And courage Lycia drew her chief ~~defence~~.  
Him brazen Mars hath by the spear subdued  
Of Menœtiades. But stand ye firm!  
Let indignation fire you, O my friends!  
Lest, stripping him of his resplendent arms,  
The Myrmidons with foul dishonor shamed<sup>660</sup>  
His body, through resentment of the deaths  
Of numerous Grecians slain by spears of ours.

He ceased; then sorrow every Trojan heart  
Seized insupportable and that disdain'd  
All bounds, for that, although a strange<sup>665</sup>born,  
Sarpedon ever had a bulwark proved  
To Troy, the leader of a numerous host,  
And of that host by none in fight excell'd.  
Right on toward the Danaï they moved  
Ardent for battle all, and at their head<sup>670</sup>  
Enraged for slain Sarpedon, Hector came.  
Meantime, stout-hearted<sup>[16]</sup> Chief, Patroclus roused  
The Grecians, and exhorting first (themselves  
Already prompt) the Ajaces, thus began.

Heroic pair! now make it all your joy<sup>675</sup>  
To chase the Trojan host, and such to prove  
As erst, or even bolder, if ye may.

The Chief lies breathless who ascended first  
 Our wall, Sarpedon. Let us bear him hence,  
 Strip and dishonor him, and in the blood<sup>680</sup>  
 Of his protectors drench the ruthless spear.

So Menœtiades his warriors urged,  
 Themselves courageous. Then the Lycian host  
 And Trojan here, and there the Myrmidons  
 With all the host of Greece, closing the<sup>685</sup> banks  
 Rush'd into furious contest for the dead,  
 Shouting tremendous; clang'd their brazen arms,  
 And Jove with Night's pernicious shades<sup>[17]</sup> o'erhung  
 The bloody field, so to enhance the more  
 Their toilsome strife for his own son. <sup>690</sup> Then  
 The Trojans from their place and order shock'd  
 The bright-eyed Grecians, slaying not the least  
 Nor worst among the Myrmidons, the brave  
 Epigeus from renown'd Agacles sprung.  
 He, erst, in populous Budeum ruled, <sup>695</sup>  
 But for a valiant kinsman of his own  
 Whom there he slew, had thence to Peleus fled  
 And to his silver-footed spouse divine,  
 Who with Achilles, phalanx-breaker Chief,  
 Sent him to fight beneath the walls of <sup>700</sup> Troy.  
 Him seizing fast the body, with a stone  
 Illustrious Hector smote full on the front,  
 And his whole skull within the ponderous casque  
 Split sheer; he prostrate on the body fell  
 In shades of soul-divorcing death involved.  
 Patroclus, grieving for his slaughter'd friend,  
 Rush'd through the foremost warriors. As the hawk  
 Swift-wing'd before him starlings drives or daws,  
 So thou, Patroclus, of equestrian fame!  
 Full on the Lycian ranks and Trojan dr<sup>705</sup>ost,  
 Resentful of thy fellow-warrior's fall.  
 At Sthenelaüs a huge stone he cast,  
 Son of Ithæmenes, whom on the neck  
 He smote and burst the tendons; then the van  
 Of Ilium's host, with Hector, all retired<sup>715</sup>  
 Far as the slender javelin cuts the air  
 Hurl'd with collected force, or in the games,  
 Or even in battle at a desperate foe,  
 So far the Greeks repulsed the host of Troy.  
 Then Glaucus first, Chief of the shield<sup>720</sup>bands  
 Of Lycia, slew Bathycles, valiant son  
 Of Calchon; Hellas was his home, and far  
 He pass'd in riches all the Myrmidons.  
 Him chasing Glaucus whom he now attain'd,  
 The Lycian, turning sudden, with his l<sup>725</sup>ance  
 Pierced through the breast, and, sounding, down he fell  
 Grief fill'd Achaia's sons for such a Chief  
 So slain, but joy the Trojans; thick they throng'd  
 The conqueror around, nor yet the Greeks  
 Forgot their force, but resolute advanced<sup>730</sup>  
 Then, by Meriones a Trojan died  
 Of noble rank, Laogonus, the son  
 Undaunted of Onetor great in Troy,  
 Priest of Idæan Jove. The ear and jaw  
 Between, he pierced him with a mortal<sup>735</sup> force;  
 Swift flew the life, and darkness veil'd his eyes.

Æneas, in return, his brazen spear  
 Hurl'd at Meriones with ardent hope  
 To pierce him, while, with nimble<sup>[18]</sup> steps and short  
 Behind his buckler made, he paced the<sup>740</sup>old;  
 But, warn'd of its approach, Meriones  
 Bow'd low his head, shunning it, and the spear  
 Behind him pierced the soil; there quivering stood  
 The weapon, vain, though from a vigorous arm,  
 Till spent by slow degrees its fury slept<sup>745</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*[19]

Indignant then Æneas thus exclaim'd.

Meriones! I sent thee such a spear  
 As reaching thee, should have for ever<sup>750</sup>arr'd  
 Thy step, accomplish'd dancer as thou art.

To whom Meriones spear-famed replied.  
 Æneas! thou wilt find the labor hard  
 How great soe'er thy might, to quell the force  
 Of all opposers. Thou art also doom'd<sup>755</sup>  
 Thyself to die; and may but spear of mine  
 Well-aim'd once strike thee full, what strength soe'er  
 Or magnanimity be thine to boast,  
 Thy glory in that moment thou resign'st  
 To me, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown<sup>760</sup>

He said, but him Patroclus sharp reproved.  
 Why speaks Meriones, although in fight  
 Approved, thus proudly? Nay, my gallant friend!  
 The Trojans will not for reproach of ours  
 Renounce the body. Blood must first be<sup>765</sup>pilt.  
 Tongues in debate, but hands in war decide;  
 Deeds therefore now, not wordy vaunts, we need.

So saying he led the way, whom follow'd close  
 Godlike Meriones. As from the depth  
 Of some lone wood that clothes the m<sup>770</sup>ountain's side  
 The fellers at their toil are heard remote,  
 So, from the face of Ilium's ample plain  
 Reverberated, was the din of brass  
 And of tough targets heard by falchions huge  
 Hard-smitten, and by spears of double-<sup>775</sup>edge.  
 None then, no, not the quickest to discern,  
 Had known divine Sarpedon, from his head  
 To his foot-sole with mingled blood and dust  
 Polluted, and o'erwhelm'd with weapons. They  
 Around the body swarm'd. As hovel-fl<sup>780</sup>  
 In spring-time buzz around the brimming pails  
 With milk bedew'd, so they around the dead.  
 Nor Jove averted once his glorious eyes  
 From that dread contest, but with watchful note  
 Marked all, the future death in battle d<sup>785</sup>  
 Pondering of Patroclus, whether him  
 Hector should even now slay on divine  
 Sarpedon, and despoil him of his arms,  
 Or he should still that arduous strife prolong.  
 This counsel gain'd as eligible most<sup>790</sup>  
 At length his preference: that the valiant friend  
 Of Peleus' son should yet again compel  
 The Trojan host with Hector brazen-mail'd  
 To Ilium, slaughtering numerous by the way.

First then, with fears unmanly he possessed  
 The heart of Hector; mounting to his seat  
 He turn'd to flight himself, and bade his host  
 Fly also; for he knew Jove's purpose [20] changed.  
 Thenceforth, no longer even Lycia's host  
 Endured, but all fled scatter'd, seeing <sup>800</sup>perced  
 Their sovereign through his heart, and heap'd with dead;  
 For numerous, while Saturnian Jove the fight  
 Held in suspense, had on his body fallen.  
 At once the Grecians of his dazzling arms  
 Despoil'd Sarpedon, which the Myrmidons  
 By order of Menœtius' valiant son  
 Bore thence into the fleet. Meantime his will  
 The Thunderer to Apollo thus express'd.

Phœbus, my son, delay not; from beneath  
 Yon hill of weapons drawn cleanse fro<sup>810</sup>n his blood  
 Sarpedon's corse; then, bearing him remote,  
 Lave him in waters of the running stream,  
 With oils divine anoint, and in attire  
 Immortal clothe him. Last, to Death and Sleep,  
 Swift bearers both, twin-born, deliver him;  
 For hence to Lycia's opulent abodes  
 They shall transport him quickly, where, with rites  
 Funereal, his next kindred and his friends  
 Shall honor him, a pillar and a tomb  
 (The dead man's portion) rearing to his name.

He ceased; nor was Apollo slow to hear  
 His father's will, but, from the Idæan heights  
 Descending swift into the dreadful field,  
 Godlike Sarpedon's body from beneath  
 The hill of weapons drew, which, born <sup>825</sup>remote,  
 He laved in waters of the running stream,  
 With oils ambrosial bathed, and clothed in robes  
 Immortal. Then to Death and gentle Sleep,  
 Swift-bearers both, twin-born, he gave the charge,  
 Who placed it soon in Lycia's wealthy <sup>830</sup>realm.

Meantime Patroclus, calling to his steeds,  
 And to Automedon, the Trojans chased  
 And Lycians, on his own destruction bent  
 Infatuate; heedless of his charge received  
 From Peleus' son, which, well perform'd had saved  
 The hero from his miserable doom.  
 But Jove's high purpose evermore prevails  
 Against the thoughts of man; he turns to flight  
 The bravest, and the victory takes with ease  
 E'en from the Chief whom he impels <sup>840</sup>himself  
 To battle, as he now this Chief impell'd.  
 Who, then, Patroclus! first, who last by thee  
 Fell slain, what time thyself was call'd to die?  
 Adrastus first, then Perimus he slew,  
 Offspring of Megas, then Autonoüs, 845  
 Echechlus, Melanippus, and Epistor,  
 Pylartes, Mulius, Elasus. All these  
 He slew, and from the field chased all beside.  
 Then, doubtless, had Achaia's sons prevail'd  
 To take proud-gated Troy, such havoc <sup>850</sup>made  
 He with his spear, but that the son of Jove  
 Apollo, on a tower's conspicuous height  
 Station'd, devoted him for Ilium's sake.

Thrice on a buttress of the lofty wall  
 Patroclus mounted, and him thrice the ~~God~~  
 With hands immortal his resplendent shield  
 Smiting, struck down again; but when he rush'd  
 A fourth time, demon-like, to the assault,  
 The King of radiant shafts him, stern, rebuked.

Patroclus, warrior of renown, retire! 860  
 The fates ordain not that imperial Troy  
 Stoop to thy spear, nor to the spear itself  
 Of Peleus' son, though mightier far than thou.

He said, and Menoetius the wrath  
 Of shaft-arm'd Phœbus shunning, far ~~retired~~<sup>865</sup>.  
 But in the Scæan gate Hector his steeds  
 Detain'd, uncertain whether thence to drive  
 Amid the warring multitude again,  
 Or, loud commandment issuing, to collect  
 His host within the walls. Him musing~~sing~~<sup>870</sup>  
 Apollo, clad in semblance of a Chief  
 Youthful and valiant, join'd. Asius he seem'd  
 Equestrian Hector's uncle, brother born  
 Of Hecuba the queen, and Dymas' son,  
 Who on the Sangar's banks in Phrygia~~dwelt~~<sup>875</sup>.  
 Apollo, so disguised, him thus bespake.

Why, Hector, hast thou left the fight? this sloth  
 Not well befits thee. Oh that I as far  
 Thee pass'd in force as thou transcendest me,  
 Then, not unpunish'd long, should'st ~~thou~~<sup>880</sup> retire;  
 But haste, and with thy coursers solid-hoof'd  
 Seek out Patroclus, him perchance to slay,  
 Should Phœbus have decreed that glory thine.

So saying, Apollo join'd the host again.  
 Then noble Hector bade his charioteer<sup>885</sup>  
 Valiant Cebriones his coursers lash  
 Back into battle, while the God himself  
 Entering the multitude confounded sore  
 The Argives, victory conferring proud  
 And glory on Hector and the host of ~~Troy~~<sup>890</sup>.  
 But Hector, leaving all beside unslain,  
 Furious impell'd his coursers solid-hoof'd  
 Against Patroclus; on the other side  
 Patroclus from his chariot to the ground  
 Leap'd ardent; in his left a spear he bore<sup>895</sup>,  
 And in his right a marble fragment rough,  
 Large as his grasp. With full collected might  
 He hurl'd it; neither was the weapon slow  
 To whom he had mark'd, or sent in vain.  
 He smote the charioteer of Hector, bold<sup>900</sup>  
 Cebriones, King Priam's spurious son,  
 Full on the forehead, while he sway'd the reins.  
 The bone that force withstood not, but the rock  
 With ragged points beset dash'd both his brows  
 In pieces, and his eyes fell at his feet. 905  
 He diver-like, from his exalted stand  
 Behind the steeds pitch'd headlong, and expired;  
 O'er whom, Patroclus of equestrian fame!  
 Thou didst exult with taunting speech severe.

Ye Gods, with what agility he dives<sup>910</sup>  
 Ah! it were well if in the fishy deep

This man were occupied; he might no few  
 With oysters satisfy, although the waves  
 Were churlish, plunging headlong from his bark  
 As easily as from his chariot here. 915  
 So then—in Troy, it seems, are divers too!

So saying, on bold Cebriones he sprang  
 With all a lion's force, who, while the folds  
 He ravages, is wounded in the breast,  
 And, victim of his own fierce courage,<sup>920</sup> dies.  
 So didst thou spring, Patroclus! to despoil  
 Cebriones, and Hector opposite  
 Leap'd also to the ground. Then contest such  
 For dead Cebriones those two between  
 Arose, as in the lofty mountain-tops 925  
 Two lions wage, contending for a deer  
 New-slain, both hunger-pinch'd and haughty both.  
 So for Cebriones, alike in arms  
 Expert, brave Hector and Patroclus strove  
 To pierce each other with the ruthless spear.  
 First, Hector seized his head, nor loosed his hold,  
 Patroclus, next, his feet, while all beside  
 Of either host in furious battle join'd.

As when the East wind and the South contend  
 To shake some deep wood on the mount<sup>935</sup>ain's side,  
 Or beech, or ash, or rugged cornel old.  
 With stormy violence the mingled boughs  
 Smite and snap short each other, crashing loud;  
 So, Trojans and Achaians, mingling, slew  
 Mutual, while neither felt a wish to fly<sup>940</sup>  
 Around Cebriones stood many a spear,  
 And many a shaft sent smartly from the nerve  
 Implanted deep, and many a stone of grasp  
 Enormous sounded on their batter'd shields  
 Who fought to gain him. He, in eddies<sup>945</sup>  
 Of sable dust, with his huge trunk huge space  
 O'erspread, nor steeds nor chariots heeded more.

While yet the sun ascending climb'd the heavens,  
 Their darts flew equal, and the people fell;  
 But when he westward journey'd, by a<sup>950</sup>orange  
 Surpassing hope the Grecians then prevail'd.  
 They drew Cebriones the hero forth  
 From all those weapons, and his armor stripp'd  
 At leisure, distant from the battle's roar.  
 Then sprang Patroclus on the Trojan h<sup>955</sup>ess  
 Thrice, like another Mars, he sprang with shouts  
 Tremendous, and nine warriors thrice he slew.  
 But when the fourth time, demon-like, he rush'd  
 Against them, then, oh then, too manifest  
 The consummation of thy days approach<sup>960</sup>d  
 Patroclus! whom Apollo, terror-clad  
 Met then in battle. He the coming God  
 Through all that multitude knew not, such gloom  
 Impenetrable him involved around.  
 Behind him close he stood, and with h<sup>965</sup>palms  
 Expanded on the spine and shoulders broad  
 Smote him; his eyes swam dizzy at the stroke.  
 Then Phœbus from his head his helmet dash'd  
 To earth; sonorous at the feet it roll'd  
 Of many a prancing steed, and all the <sup>970</sup>rest

Defilement gather'd gross of dust and blood,  
Then first; till then, impossible; for how  
Should dust the tresses of that helmet shame  
With which Achilles fighting fenced his head  
Illustrious, and his graceful brows divine?  
But Jove now made it Hector's; he awhile  
Bore it, himself to swift perdition doom'd  
His spear brass-mounted, ponderous, huge and long,  
Fell shiver'd from his grasp. His shield that swept  
His ankle, with its belt dropp'd from his arm,  
And Phœbus loosed the corselet from his breast.  
Confusion seized his brain; his noble limbs  
Quaked under him, and panic-stunn'd he stood.  
Then came a Dardan Chief, who from behind  
Enforced a pointed lance into his back  
Between the shoulders; Panthus' son was he,  
Euphorbus, famous for equestrian skill,  
For spearmanship, and in the rapid race  
Past all of equal age. He twenty men  
(Although a learner yet of martial feats)  
And by his steeds then first to battle borne)  
Dismounted. He, Patroclus, mighty Chief!  
First threw a lance at thee, which yet life  
Quell'd not; then snatching hasty from the wound  
His ashen beam, he ran into the crowd  
Nor dared confront in fight even the unarm'd  
Patroclus. But Patroclus, by the lance,  
And by the stroke of an immortal hand  
Subdued, fell back toward his ranks again.  
Then, soon as Hector the retreat perceived  
Of brave Patroclus wounded, issuing forth  
From his own phalanx, he approach'd and drove  
A spear right through his body at the waist.  
Sounding he fell. Loud groan'd Achaia's host.  
As when the lion and the sturdy boar  
Contend in battle on the mountain-tops  
For some scant rivulet, thirst-parch'd alike,  
Ere long the lion quells the panting boar;  
So Priameian Hector, spear in hand,  
Slew Menœtiades the valiant slayer  
Of multitudes, and thus in accents wing'd,  
With fierce delight exulted in his fall.

It was thy thought, Patroclus, to have laid  
Our city waste, and to have wafted hence  
Our wives and daughters to thy native land,  
Their day of liberty for ever set.  
Fool! for their sakes the feet of Hector's steeds  
Fly into battle, and myself excel,  
For their sakes, all our bravest of the spear,  
That I may turn from them that evil hold  
Necessitous. But thou art vulture's food,  
Unhappy youth! all valiant as he is,  
Achilles hath no succor given to thee,  
Who when he sent the forth whither himself  
Would not, thus doubtless gave thee charge:  
Ah, well beware, Patroclus, glorious Chief!  
That thou revisit not these ships again,  
Till first on hero-slaughterer Hector's breast

Thou cleave his bloody corselet. So he spake,  
And with vain words thee credulous ~~beguiled~~.

To whom Patroclus, mighty Chief, with breath  
Drawn faintly, and dying, thou didst thus reply.  
Now, Hector, boast! now glory! for the son  
Of Saturn and Apollo, me with ease  
Vanquishing, whom they had themself~~es~~<sup>1035</sup> disarm'd,  
Have made the victory thine; else, twenty such  
As thou, had fallen by my victorious spear.  
Me Phœbus and my ruthless fate combined  
To slay; these foremost; but of mortal men  
Euphorbus, and thy praise is only thirt~~en~~<sup>1040</sup>  
I tell thee also, and within thy heart  
Repose it deep—thou shalt not long survive;  
But, even now, fate, and a violent death  
Attend thee by Achilles' hands ordain'd  
To perish, by Æacides the brave.<sup>[21]</sup> 1045

So saying, the shades of death him wrapp'd around.  
Down into Ades from his limbs dismiss'd,  
His spirit fled sorrowful, of youth's prime  
And vigorous manhood suddenly bereft  
Then, him though dead, Hector again ~~speak~~<sup>1050</sup> spake.

Patroclus! these prophetic strains of death  
At hand, and fate, why hast thou sung to me?  
May not the son of Thetis azure-hair'd,  
Achilles, perish first by spear of mine?

He said; then pressing with his heel<sup>1055</sup> trunk  
Supine, and backward thrusting it, he drew  
His glittering weapon from the wound, nor stay'd,  
But lance in hand, the godlike charioteer  
Pursued of swift Æacides, on fire  
To smite Automedon; but him the sted~~o~~<sup>1060</sup>  
Immortal, rapid, by the Gods conferr'd  
(A glorious gift) on Peleus, snatch'd away.

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## BOOK XVII.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

Sharp contest ensues around the body of Patroclus. Hector puts on the armor of Achilles. Menelaus, having dispatched Antilochus to Achilles with news of the death of Patroclus, returns to the battle, and, together with Meriones, bears Patroclus off the field, while the Ajaces cover their retreat.

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## BOOK XVII.

Nor Menelaus, Atreus' valiant son,  
 Knew not how Menoetiades had fallen  
 By Trojan hands in battle; forth he rush'd  
 All bright in burnish'd armor through his van,  
 And as some heifer with maternal fears 5  
 Now first acquainted, compasses around  
 Her young one murmuring, with tender moan,  
 So moved the hero of the amber locks  
 Around Patroclus, before whom his spear  
 Advancing and broad shield, he death d~~th~~ounced  
 On all opposers; neither stood the son  
 Spear-famed of Panthus inattentive long  
 To slain Patroclus, but approach'd the dead,  
 And warlike Menelaus thus bespake.

Prince! Menelaus! Atreus' mighty son!  
 Yield. Leave the body and these gory spoils;  
 For of the Trojans or allies of Troy  
 None sooner made Patroclus bleed than I.  
 Seek not to rob me, therefore, of my praise  
 Among the Trojans, lest my spear assai<sup>20</sup>  
 Thee also, and thou perish premature.<sup>[1]</sup>

To whom, indignant, Atreus' son replied.  
 Self-praise, the Gods do know, is little worth.  
 But neither lion may in pride compare  
 Nor panther, nor the savage boar whose heart's  
 High temper flashes in his eyes, with these  
 The spear accomplish'd youths of Panthus' house.  
 Yet Hyperenor of equestrian fame  
 Lived not his lusty manhood to enjoy,  
 Who scoffingly defied my force in arms<sup>30</sup>  
 And call'd me most contemptible in fight  
 Of all the Danaï. But him, I ween,

His feet bore never hence to cheer at home  
 His wife and parents with his glad return.  
 So also shall thy courage fierce be tamed<sup>35</sup>  
 If thou oppose me. I command thee, go—  
 Mix with the multitude; withstand not me,  
 Lest evil overtake thee! To be taught  
 By sufferings only, is the part of fools.

He said, but him sway'd not, who thus replied.  
 Now, even now, Atrides! thou shalt rue  
 My brother's blood which thou hast shed, and mak'st  
 His death thy boast. Thou hast his blooming bride  
 Widow'd, and thou hast fill'd his parents' hearts  
 With anguish of unutterable wo;      45  
 But bearing hence thy armor and thy head  
 To Troy, and casting them at Panthus' feet,  
 And at the feet of Phrontis, his espoused,  
 I shall console the miserable pair.  
 Nor will I leave that service unessay'd 50  
 Longer, nor will I fail through want of force,  
 Of courage, or of terrible address.

He ceased, and smote his shield, nor pierced the disk,  
 But bent his point against the stubborn brass.  
 Then Menelaus, prayer preferring first 55  
 To Jove,<sup>[2]</sup> assail'd Euphorbus in his turn,  
 Whom pacing backward in the throat he struck,  
 And both hands and his full force the spear  
 Impelled, urged it through his neck behind.  
 Sounding he fell; loud rang his batter'd<sup>60</sup> arms.  
 His locks, which even the Graces might have own'd,  
 Blood-sullied, and his ringlets wound about  
 With twine of gold and silver, swept the dust.  
 As the luxuriant olive by a swain  
 Rear'd in some solitude where rills abo<sup>65</sup>nd,  
 Puts forth her buds, and fann'd by genial airs  
 On all sides, hangs her boughs with whitest flowers,  
 But by a sudden whirlwind from its trench  
 Uptorn, it lies extended on the field;  
 Such, Panthus' warlike son Euphorbus <sup>70</sup>rem'd,  
 By Menelaus, son of Atreus, slain  
 Suddenly, and of all his arms despoil'd.  
 But as the lion on the mountains bred,  
 Glorious in strength, when he hath seized the best  
 And fairest of the herd, with savage fangs<sup>75</sup>  
 First breaks her neck, then laps the bloody paunch  
 Torn wide; meantime, around him, but remote,  
 Dogs stand and swains clamoring, yet by fear  
 Repress'd, annoy him not nor dare approach;  
 So there all wanted courage to oppose 80  
 The force of Menelaus, glorious Chief.  
 Then, easily had Menelaus borne  
 The armor of the son of Panthus thence,  
 But that Apollo the illustrious prize  
 Denied him, who in semblance of the <sup>85</sup>C<sub>3</sub>ef  
 Of the Ciconians, Mentes, prompted forth  
 Against him Hector terrible as Mars,  
 Whose spirit thus in accents wing'd he roused.

Hector! the chase is vain; here thou pursuest  
 The horses of Æacides the brave,      90  
 Which thou shalt never win, for they are steeds

Of fiery nature, such as ill endure  
 To draw or carry mortal man, himself  
 Except, whom an immortal mother bore.  
 Meantime, bold Menelaus, in defence 95  
 Of dead Patroclus, hath a Trojan slain  
 Of highest note, Euphorbus, Panthus' son,  
 And hath his might in arms for ever quell'd.

So spake the God and to the fight return'd.  
 But grief intolerable at that word 100  
 Seized Hector; darting through the ranks his eye,  
 He knew at once who stripp'd Euphorbus' arms,  
 And him knew also lying on the field,  
 And from his wide wound bleeding copious still.  
 Then dazzling bright in arms, through 105 the van  
 He flew, shrill-shouting, fierce as Vulcan's fire  
 Unquenchable; nor were his shouts unheard  
 By Atreus' son, who with his noble mind  
 Conferring sad, thus to himself began.

Alas! if I forsake these gorgeous spoils,  
 And leave Patroclus for my glory slain,  
 I fear lest the Achaians at that sight  
 Incensed, reproach me; and if, urged by shame,  
 I fight with Hector and his host, alone,  
 Lest, hemm'd around by multitudes, I fall;  
 For Hector, by his whole embattled force  
 Attended, comes. But whither tend my thoughts?  
 No man may combat with another fenced  
 By power divine and whom the Gods exalt,  
 But he must draw down wo on his own head.  
 Me, therefore, none of all Achaia's host  
 Will blame indignant, seeing my retreat  
 From Hector, whom themselves the Gods assist.  
 But might the battle-shout of Ajax once  
 Reach me, with force united we would strive,  
 Even in opposition to a God,  
 To rescue for Achilles' sake, his friend.  
 Task arduous! but less arduous than this.

While he thus meditated, swift advanced  
 The Trojan ranks, with Hector at their head.  
 He then, retiring slow, and turning oft,  
 Forsook the body. As by dogs and swains  
 With clamors loud and spears driven from the stalls  
 A bearded lion goes, his noble heart  
 Abhors retreat, and slow he quits the plain;  
 So Menelaus with slow steps forsook  
 Patroclus, and arrived in front, at length,  
 Of his own phalanx, stood, with sharpen'd eyes  
 Seeking vast Ajax, son of Telamon.  
 Him leftward, soon, of all the field he mark'd  
 Encouraging aloud his band, whose hearts  
 With terrors irresistible himself  
 Phœbus had fill'd. He ran, and at his side  
 Standing, incontinent him thus bespake.

My gallant Ajax, haste—come quickly—strive  
 With me to rescue for Achilles' sake  
 His friend, though bare, for Hector hath his arms.

He said, and by his words the noble mind  
 Of Ajax roused; issuing through the van

He went, and Menelaus at his side. 150  
 Hector the body of Patroclus dragg'd,  
 Stript of his arms, with falchion keen ere long  
 Purposing to strike off his head, and cast  
 His trunk, drawn distant, to the dogs of Troy.  
 But Ajax, with broad shield tower-like<sup>l</sup> approach'd.  
 Then Hector, to his bands retreating, sprang  
 Into his chariot, and to others gave  
 The splendid arms in charge, who into Troy  
 Should bear the destined trophy of his praise,  
 But Ajax with his broad shield guardin<sup>g</sup><sup>60</sup> tood  
 Slain Menœtiades, as for his whelps  
 The lion stands; him through some forest drear  
 Leading his little ones, the hunters meet;  
 Fire glimmers in his looks, and down he draws  
 His whole brow into frowns, covering his eyes;  
 So, guarding slain Patroclus, Ajax lour'd.  
 On the other side, with tender grief oppress'd  
 Unspeakable, brave Menelaus stood.  
 But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian band,  
 Son of Hippolochus, in bitter terms 170  
 Indignant, reprimanded Hector thus,

Ah, Hector, Chieftain of excelling form,  
 But all unfurnish'd with a warrior's heart!  
 Unwarranted I deem thy great renown  
 Who art to flight addicted. Think, henceforth,  
 How ye shall save city and citadel  
 Thou and thy people born in Troy, alone.  
 No Lycian shall, at least, in your defence  
 Fight with the Grecians, for our ceaseless toil  
 In arms, hath ever been a thankless task<sup>80</sup>  
 Inglorious Chief! how wilt thou save a worse  
 From warring crowds, who hast Sarpedon left  
 Thy guest, thy friend, to be a spoil, a prey  
 To yonder Argives? While he lived he much  
 Thee and thy city profited, whom dead<sup>l</sup> 85  
 Thou fear'st to rescue even from the dogs.  
 Now, therefore, may but my advice prevail,  
 Back to your country, Lycians! so, at once,  
 Shall remediless ruin fall on Troy.  
 For had the Trojans now a daring heart<sup>l</sup> 90  
 Intrepid, such as in the breast resides  
 Of laborers in their country's dear behalf,  
 We soon should drag Patroclus into Troy;  
 And were his body, from the battle drawn,  
 In Priam's royal city once secured, 195  
 As soon, the Argives would in ransom give  
 Sarpedon's body with his splendid arms  
 To be conducted safe into the town.  
 For when Patroclus fell, the friend was slain  
 Of such a Chief as is not in the fleet 200  
 For valor, and his bands are dauntless all.  
 But thou, at the first glimpse of Ajax' eye  
 Confounded, hast not dared in arms to face  
 That warrior bold, superior far to thee.

To whom brave Hector, frowning st<sup>205</sup>, replied,  
 Why, Glaucus! should a Chief like thee his tongue  
 Presume to employ thus haughtily? My friend!  
 I thee accounted wisest, once, of all

Who dwell in fruitful Lycia, but thy speech  
 Now utter'd altogether merits blame, 210  
 In which thou tell'st me that I fear to stand  
 Against vast Ajax. Know that I from fight  
 Shrink not, nor yet from sound of prancing steeds;  
 But Jove's high purpose evermore prevails  
 Against the thoughts of man; he turns ~~to~~ flight  
 The bravest, and the victory takes with ease  
 Even from those whom once he favor'd most.  
 But hither, friend! stand with me; mark my deed;  
 Prove me, if I be found, as thou hast said,  
 An idler all the day, or if by force 220  
 I not compel some Grecian to renounce  
 Patroclus, even the boldest of them all.

He ceased, and to his host exclaim'd aloud.  
 Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons  
 Of Dardanus, oh be ye men, my friend~~s~~ 225  
 Now summon all your fortitude, while I  
 Put on the armor of Achilles, won  
 From the renown'd Patroclus slain by me.

So saying, illustrious Hector from the clash  
 Of spears withdrew, and with his swift~~s~~ 230 pace  
 Departing, overtook, not far remote,  
 The bearers of Achilles' arms to Troy.  
 Apart from all the horrors of the field  
 Standing, he changed his armor; gave his own  
 To be by them to sacred Ilium borne, 235  
 And the immortal arms of Peleus' son  
 Achilles, by the ever-living Gods  
 To Peleus given, put on. Those arms the Sire,  
 Now old himself, had on his son conferr'd  
 But in those arms his son grew never ~~old~~ 240

Him, therefore, soon as cloud-assembler Jove  
 Saw glittering in divine Achilles' arms,  
 Contemplative he shook his brows, and said,

Ah hapless Chief! thy death, although at hand,  
 Nought troubles thee. Thou wear'st his ~~heavenly~~  
 Who all excels, terror of Ilium's host.  
 His friend, though bold yet gentle, thou hast slain  
 And hast the brows and bosom of the dead  
 Unseemly bared: yet, bright success awhile  
 I give thee; so compensating thy lot, 250  
 From whom Andromache shall ne'er receive  
 Those glorious arms, for thou shalt ne'er return.

So spake the Thunderer, and his sable brows  
 Shaking, confirm'd the word. But Hector found  
 The armor apt; the God of war his soul~~s~~ 255  
 With fury fill'd, he felt his limbs afresh  
 Invigorated, and with loudest shouts  
 Return'd to his illustrious allies.  
 To them he seem'd, clad in those radiant arms,  
 Himself Achilles; rank by rank he pass~~s~~ 260  
 Through all the host, exhorting every Chief,  
 Asteropaeus, Mesthles, Phorcys, Medon,  
 Thersilochus, Deisenor, augur Ennomus,  
 Chromius, Hippothoüs; all these he roused  
 To battle, and in accents wing'd began~~s~~ 265

Hear me, ye myriads, neighbors and allies!  
 For not through fond desire to fill the plain  
 With multitudes, have I convened you here  
 Each from his city, but that well-inclined  
 To Ilium, ye might help to guard our wives  
 And little ones against the host of Greece.  
 Therefore it is that forage large and gifts  
 Providing for you, I exhaust the stores  
 Of Troy, and drain our people for your sake.  
 Turn then direct against them, and his ~~175~~  
 Save each, or lose; it is the course of war.  
 Him who shall drag, though dead, Patroclus home  
 Into the host of Troy, and shall repulse  
 Ajax, I will reward with half the spoils  
 And half shall be my own; glory and ~~praise~~  
 Shall also be his meed, equal to mine.

He ended; they compact with lifted spears  
 Bore on the Danaï, conceiving each  
 Warm expectation in his heart to wrest  
 From Ajax son of Telamon, the dead. 285  
 Vain hope! he many a lifeless Trojan heap'd  
 On slain Patroclus, but at length his speech  
 To warlike Menelaus thus address'd.

Ah, Menelaus, valiant friend! I hope  
 No longer, now, that even we shall <sup>scap</sup> 290  
 Ourselves from fight; nor fear I so the loss  
 Of dead Patroclus, who shall soon the dogs  
 Of Ilium, and the fowls sate with his flesh,  
 As for my life I tremble and for thine,  
 That cloud of battle, Hector, such a gloom  
 Sheds all around; death manifest impends.  
 Haste—call our best, if even they can hear.

He spake, nor Menelaus not complied,  
 But call'd aloud on all the Chiefs of Greece.

Friends, senators, and leaders of the <sup>300</sup> powers  
 Of Argos! who with Agamemnon drink  
 And Menelaus at the public feast,  
 Each bearing rule o'er many, by the will  
 Of Jove advanced to honor and renown!  
 The task were difficult to single out 305  
 Chief after Chief by name amid the blaze  
 Of such contention; but oh, come yourselves  
 Indignant forth, nor let the dogs of Troy  
 Patroclus rend, and gambol with his bones!

He ceased, whom Oiliades the swift<sup>310</sup>  
 Hearing incontinent, of all the Chiefs  
 Ran foremost, after whom Idomeneus  
 Approach'd, and dread as homicidal Mars  
 Meriones. But never mind of man  
 Could even in silent recollection name<sup>315</sup>  
 The whole vast multitude who, following these  
 Renew'd the battle on the part of Greece.  
 The Trojans first, with Hector at their head,  
 Wedged in close phalanx, rush'd to the assault

As when within some rapid river's <sup>320</sup> mouth  
 The billows and stream clash, on either shore<sup>[3]</sup>  
 Loud sounds the roar<sup>[3]</sup> of waves ejected wide,  
 Such seem'd the clamors of the Trojan host.

But the Achaians, one in heart, around  
 Patroclus stood, bulwark'd with shield<sup>325</sup> brass  
 And over all their glittering helmets Jove  
 Darkness diffused, for he had loved Patroclus  
 While yet he lived friend of Æacides,  
 And now, abhorring that the dogs of Troy  
 Should eat him, urged the Greeks to hi<sup>330</sup> defence,  
 The host of Troy first shook the Grecian host;  
 The body left, they fled; yet of them all,  
 The Trojan powers, determined as they were,  
 Slew none, but dragg'd the body. Neither stood  
 The Greeks long time aloof, soon as repul<sup>335</sup>sed  
 Again led on by Ajax, who in form  
 And in exploits all others far excell'd.  
 Peerless Æacides alone except.

Right through the foremost combatants he rush'd,  
 In force resembling most some savage<sup>340</sup> war  
 That in the mountains bursting through the brakes,  
 The swains disperses and their hounds with ease;  
 Like him, illustrious Ajax, mighty son  
 Of Telamon, at his assault dispersed  
 With ease the close im battled ranks wh<sup>345</sup> fought  
 Around Patroclus' body, strong in hope  
 To achieve it, and to make the glory theirs.  
 Hippothoüs, a youth of high renown,  
 Son of Pelasgian Lethus, by a noose  
 Around his uncle cast dragg'd through<sup>350</sup> fight  
 Patroclus, so to gratify the host  
 Of Ilium and their Chief; but evil him  
 Reached suddenly, by none of all his friends  
 (Though numerous wish'd to save him) turn'd aside.  
 For swift advancing on him through<sup>355</sup> crowd  
 The son of Telamon pierced, spear in hand,  
 His helmet brazen-cheek'd; the crested casque,  
 So smitten, open'd wide, for huge the hand  
 And ponderous was the spear that gave the blow  
 And all around its neck, mingled with<sup>360</sup> blood  
 Gush'd forth the brain. There, lifeless, down he sank,  
 Let fall the hero's foot, and fell himself  
 Prone on the dead, never to see again?  
 Deep-soil'd Larissa, never to require  
 Their kind solicitudes who gave him<sup>365</sup> balm,  
 In bloom of life by dauntless Ajax slain.  
 Then Hector hurl'd at Ajax his bright spear,  
 But he, forewarn'd of its approach, escaped  
 Narrowly, and it pierced Schedius instead,  
 Brave son of Iphitus; he, noblest Chief<sup>370</sup>  
 Of the Phocensians, over many reign'd,  
 Dwelling in Panopeus the far-renown'd.  
 Entering beneath the clavicle<sup>[4]</sup> the point  
 Right through his shoulder's summit pass'd behind,  
 And on his loud-resounding arms he fell<sup>375</sup>  
 But Ajax at his waist wounded the son  
 Of Phœnops, valiant Phorcys, while he stood  
 Guarding Hippothoüs; through his hollow mail  
 Enforced the weapon drank his inmost life,  
 And in his palm, supine, he clench'd the<sup>380</sup> dust.  
 Then, Hector with the foremost Chiefs of Troy  
 Fell back; the Argives sent a shout to heaven,  
 And dragging Phorcys and Hippothoüs thence

Stripp'd both. In that bright moment Ilium's host  
 Fear-quell'd before Achaia's warlike ~~sold~~<sup>sold</sup>  
 Had Troy re-enter'd, and the host of Greece  
 By matchless might and fortitude their own  
 Had snatch'd a victory from the grasp of fate,  
 But that, himself, the King of radiant shafts  
 Æneas roused; Epytis' son he seem'd 390  
 Periphas, ancient in the service grown  
 Of old Anchises whom he dearly loved;  
 His form assumed, Apollo thus began.

How could ye save, Æneas, were the Gods  
 Your enemies, the towers of lofty Troy<sup>395</sup>  
 As I have others seen, warriors who would,  
 Men fill'd with might and valor, firm themselves  
 And Chiefs of multitudes disdaining fear.  
 But Jove to us the victory far more  
 Than to the Grecians wills; therefore ~~the~~<sup>400</sup> Fault  
 Is yours, who tremble and refuse the fight.

He ended, whom Æneas marking, knew  
 At once the glorious Archer of the skies,  
 And thus to distant Hector call'd aloud.

Oh, Hector, and ye other Chiefs of <sup>405</sup>  
 And of her brave confederates! Shame it were  
 Should we re-enter Ilium, driven to flight  
 By dastard fear before the host of Greece.  
 A God assured me even now, that Jove,  
 Supreme in battle, gives his aid to Troy<sup>410</sup>  
 Rush, therefore, on the Danaï direct,  
 Nor let them, safe at least and unannoy'd,  
 Bear hence Patroclus' body to the fleet.

He spake, and starting far into the van  
 Stood foremost forth; they, wheeling, ~~fled~~<sup>415</sup> the Greeks.  
 Then, spear in hand, Æneas smote the friend  
 Of Lycomedes, brave Leocritus,  
 Son of Arisbas. Lycomedes saw  
 Compassionate his death, and drawing nigh  
 First stood, then hurling his resplendent <sup>420</sup> lance,  
 Right through the liver Apisaon pierced  
 Offspring of Hippasus, his chest beneath,  
 And, lifeless, instant, on the field he fell.  
 He from Pæonia the deep soil'd to Troy  
 Came forth, Asteropæus sole except, <sup>425</sup>  
 Bravest of all Pæonia's band in arms.  
 Asteropæus saw, and to the van  
 Sprang forth for furious combat well prepared,  
 But room for fight found none, so thick a fence  
 Of shields and ported spears fronted ~~set~~<sup>430</sup> the  
 The phalanx guarding Menœtiades.  
 For Ajax ranging all the ranks, aloud  
 Admonish'd them that no man yielding ground  
 Should leave Patroclus, or advance before  
 The rest, but all alike fight and stand ~~fast~~<sup>435</sup>  
 Such order gave huge Ajax; purple gore  
 Drench'd all the ground; in slaughter'd heaps they fell  
 Trojans and Trojan aids of dauntless hearts  
 And Grecians; for not even they the fight  
 Waged bloodless, though with far less ~~lost~~<sup>440</sup> of blood,  
 Each mindful to avert his fellow's fate.

Thus burn'd the battle; neither hadst thou deem'd  
 The sun himself in heaven unquench'd, or moon,  
 Beneath a cope so dense of darkness strove  
 Unceasing all the most renown'd in art<sup>445</sup>  
 For Menoetiades. Meantime the war,  
 Wherever else, the bright-arm'd Grecians waged  
 And Trojans under skies serene. The sun  
 On them his radiance darted; not a cloud,  
 From mountain or from vale rising, all<sup>450</sup>  
 His fervor; there at distance due they fought  
 And paused by turns, and shunn'd the cruel dart.  
 But in the middle field not war alone  
 They suffer'd, but night also; ruthless raged  
 The iron storm, and all the mightiest bl<sup>455</sup>  
 Two glorious Chiefs, the while, Antilochus  
 And Thrasymedes, had no tidings heard  
 Of brave Patroclus slain, but deem'd him still  
 Living, and troubling still the host of Troy;  
 For watchful<sup>[5]</sup> only to prevent the flight<sup>460</sup>  
 Or slaughter of their fellow-warriors, they  
 Maintain'd a distant station, so enjoin'd  
 By Nestor when he sent them to the field.  
 But fiery conflict arduous employ'd  
 The rest all day continual; knees and le<sup>465</sup>  
 Feet, hands, and eyes of those who fought to guard  
 The valiant friend of swift Æacides  
 Sweat gather'd foul and dust. As when a man  
 A huge ox-hide drunken with slippery lard  
 Gives to be stretch'd, his servants all a<sup>470</sup>nd  
 Disposed, just intervals between, the task  
 Ply strenuous, and while many straining hard  
 Extend it equal on all sides, it sweats  
 The moisture out, and drinks the unction in,<sup>[6]</sup>  
 So they, in narrow space struggling, th<sup>475</sup>dead  
 Dragg'd every way, warm hope conceiving, these  
 To drag him thence to Troy, those, to the ships.  
 Wild tumult raged around him; neither Mars,  
 Gatherer of hosts to battle, nor herself  
 Pallas, however angry, had beheld      480  
 That conflict with disdain, Jove to such length  
 Protracted on that day the bloody toil  
 Of steeds and men for Menoetiades.  
 Nor knew divine Achilles or had aught  
 Heard of Patroclus slain, for from the sh<sup>485</sup>ps  
 Remote they fought, beneath the walls of Troy.  
 He, therefore, fear'd not for his death, but hope  
 Indulged much rather, that, the battle push'd  
 To Ilium's gates, he should return alive.  
 For that his friend, unaided by himself<sup>490</sup>  
 Or ever aided, should prevail to lay  
 Troy waste, he nought supposed; by Thetis warn'd  
 In secret conference oft, he better knew  
 Jove's purpose; yet not even she had borne  
 Those dreadful tidings to his ear, the lo<sup>495</sup>  
 Immeasurable of his dearest friend.

They all around the dead fought spear in hand  
 With mutual slaughter ceaseless, and amid  
 Achaia's host thus spake a Chief mail-arm'd.

Shame were it, Grecians! should we seek by flight  
 Our galleys now; yawn earth our feet beneath  
 And here ingulf us rather! Better far  
 Than to permit the steed-famed host of Troy  
 To drag Patroclus hence into the town,  
 And make the glory of this conflict the.

Thus also of the dauntless Trojans spake  
 A certain warrior. Oh, my friends! although  
 The Fates ordain us, one and all, to die  
 Around this body, stand! quit not the field.

So spake the warrior prompting into  
 The courage of his friends, and such they strove  
 On both sides; high into the vault of heaven  
 The iron din pass'd through the desart air.  
 Meantime the horses of Æacides  
 From fight withdrawn, soon as they understood  
 Their charioteer fallen in the dust beneath  
 The arm of homicidal Hector, wept.  
 Them oft with hasty lash Diores' son  
 Automedon impatient smote, full oft  
 He stroked them gently, and as oft he chode;<sup>[7]</sup>  
 Yet neither to the fleet ranged on the shore  
 Of spacious Hellespont would they return,  
 Nor with the Grecians seek the fight, but stood  
 As a sepulchral pillar stands, unmoved  
 Between their traces;<sup>[8]</sup> to the earth they hung  
 Their heads, with plenteous tears their driver mourn'd,  
 And mingled their dishevell'd manes with dust.  
 Jove saw their grief with pity, and his brows  
 Shaking, within himself thus, pensive, said.

Ah hapless pair! Wherefore by gift divine  
 Were ye to Peleus given, a mortal king,  
 Yourselves immortal and from age exempt?  
 Was it that ye might share in human woes?  
 For, of all things that breathe or creep the earth,  
 No creature lives so mere a wretch as man.  
 Yet shall not Priameian Hector ride  
 Triumphant, drawn by you. Myself forbid.  
 Suffice it that he boasts vain-gloriously  
 Those arms his own. Your spirit and your limbs  
 I will invigorate, that ye may bear      540  
 Safe hence Automedon into the fleet.  
 For I ordain the Trojans still to spread  
 Carnage around victorious, till they reach  
 The gallant barks, and till the sun at length  
 Descending, sacred darkness cover all.

He said, and with new might the steeds inspired.  
 They, shaking from their hair profuse the dust,  
 Between the van of either army whirl'd  
 The rapid chariot. Fighting as he pass'd,  
 Though fill'd with sorrow for his slaugher'd friend,  
 Automedon high-mounted swept the field  
 Impetuous as a vulture scattering geese;  
 Now would he vanish, and now, turn'd again,  
 Chase through a multitude his trembling foe;  
 But whomsoe'er he follow'd, none he slew,  
 Nor was the task possible to a Chief  
 Sole in the sacred chariot, both to aim

The spear aright and guide the fiery steeds.  
 At length Alcimedon, his friend in arms,  
 Son of Laerceus son of Æmon, him 560  
 Observing, from behind the chariot hail'd  
 The flying warrior, whom he thus bespake.

What power, Automedon! hath ta'en away  
 Thy better judgment, and thy breast inspired  
 With this vain purpose to assail alone 565  
 The Trojan van? Thy partner in the fight  
 Is slain, and Hector on his shoulders bears,  
 Elate, the armor of Æacides.

Then, answer thus Automedon return'd,  
 Son of Diores. Who of all our host 570  
 Was ever skill'd, Alcimedon! as thou  
 To rule the fire of these immortal steeds,  
 Save only while he lived, peer of the Gods  
 In that great art, Patroclus, now no more?  
 Thou, therefore, the resplendent reins ~~receive~~  
 And scourge, while I, dismounting, wage the fight.

He ceased; Alcimedon without delay  
 The battle-chariot mounting, seized at once  
 The lash and reins, and from his seat down leap'd  
 Automedon. Them noble Hector mark~~580~~,  
 And to Æneas at his side began.

Illustrious Chief of Trojans brazen-mail'd  
 Æneas! I have noticed yonder steeds  
 Of swift Achilles rushing into fight  
 Conspicuous, but under sway of hands~~585~~  
 Unskilful; whence arises a fair hope  
 That we might seize them, wert thou so inclined;  
 For never would those two dare to oppose  
 In battle an assault dreadful as ours.

He ended, nor the valiant son refused~~590~~  
 Of old Anchises, but with targets firm  
 Of season'd hide brass-plated thrown athwart  
 Their shoulders, both advanced direct, with whom  
 Of godlike form Aretus also went  
 And Chromius. Ardent hope they all ~~cōfōdeived~~  
 To slay those Chiefs, and from the field to drive  
 Achilles' lofty steeds. Vain hope! for them  
 No bloodless strife awaited with the force  
 Of brave Automedon; he, prayer to Jove  
 First offering, felt his angry soul with ~~600~~  
 Heroic fill'd, and thus his faithful friend  
 Alcimedon, incontinent, address'd.

Alcimedon! hold not the steeds remote  
 But breathing on my back; for I expect  
 That never Priameian Hector's rage 605  
 Shall limit know, or pause, till, slaying us,  
 He shall himself the coursers ample-maned  
 Mount of Achilles, and to flight compel  
 The Argive host, or perish in the van.

So saying, he call'd aloud on Menelaus  
 With either Ajax. Oh, illustrious Chiefs  
 Of Argos, Menelaus, and ye bold  
 Ajaces!<sup>[9]</sup> leaving all your best to cope  
 With Ilium's powers and to protect the dead,

From friends still living ward the ~~bitter~~<sup>645</sup> day.  
 For hither borne, two Chiefs, bravest of all  
 The Trojans, Hector and Æneas rush  
 Right through the battle. The events of war  
 Heaven orders; therefore even I will give  
 My spear its flight, and Jove dispose the ~~rest~~<sup>650</sup>!

He said, and brandishing his massy spear  
 Dismiss'd it at Aretus; full he smote  
 His ample shield, nor stay'd the pointed brass,  
 But penetrating sheer the disk, his belt  
 Pierced also, and stood planted in his ~~wal~~<sup>655</sup> st.  
 As when some vigorous youth with sharpen'd axe  
 A pastured bullock smites behind the horns  
 And hews the muscle through; he, at the stroke  
 Springs forth and falls, so sprang Aretus forth,  
 Then fell supine, and in his bowels sto~~660~~  
 The keen-edged lance still quivering till he died.  
 Then Hector, in return, his radiant spear  
 Hurl'd at Automedon, who of its flight  
 Forewarn'd his body bowing prone, the stroke  
 Eluded, and the spear piercing the soil<sup>665</sup>  
 Behind him, shook to its superior end,  
 Till, spent by slow degrees, its fury slept.  
 And now, with hand to hilt, for closer war  
 Both stood prepared, when through the multitude  
 Advancing at their fellow-warrior's ca~~670~~  
 The Ajaces suddenly their combat fierce  
 Prevented. Awed at once by their approach  
 Hector retired, with whom Æneas went  
 Also and godlike Chromius, leaving there  
 Aretus with his vitals torn, whose arm~~675~~  
 Fierce as the God of war Automedon  
 Stripp'd off, and thus exulted o'er the slain.

My soul some portion of her grief resigns  
 Consoled, although by slaughter of a worse,  
 For loss of valiant Menoetiades. 650

So saying, within his chariot he disposed  
 The gory spoils, then mounted it himself  
 With hands and feet purpled, as from a bull  
 His bloody prey, some lion newly-gorged.

And now around Patroclus raged ag~~675~~  
 Dread strife deplorable! for from the skies  
 Descending at the Thunderer's command  
 Whose purpose now was to assist the Greeks,  
 Pallas enhanced the fury of the fight.  
 As when from heaven, in view of mort~~680~~, Jove  
 Exhibits bright his bow, a sign ordain'd  
 Of war, or numbing frost which all the works  
 Suspends of man and saddens all the flocks;  
 So she, all mantled with a radiant cloud  
 Entering Achaia's host, fired every bre~~685~~.  
 But meeting Menelaus first, brave son  
 Of Atreus, in the form and with the voice  
 Robust of Phoenix, him she thus bespake.

Shame, Menelaus, shall to thee redound  
 For ever, and reproach, should dogs de~~690~~our  
 The faithful friend of Peleus' noble son

Under Troy's battlements; but stand, thyself,  
Undaunted, and encourage all the host.

To whom the son of Atreus bold in arms.  
Ah, Phœnix, friend revered, ancient and sage!  
Would Pallas give me might and from the dint  
Shield me of dart and spear, with willing mind  
I would defend Patroclus, for his death  
Hath touch'd me deep. But Hector with the rage  
Burns of consuming fire, nor to his spear  
Gives pause, for him Jove leads to victory.

He ceased, whom Pallas, Goddess azure-eyed  
Hearing, rejoiced that of the heavenly powers  
He had invoked *her* foremost to his aid.  
His shoulders with new might, and limbs she fill'd,  
And persevering boldness to his breast  
Imparted, such as prompts the fly, which oft  
From flesh of man repulsed, her purpose yet  
To bite holds fast, resolved on human blood.  
His stormy bosom with such courage bold  
By Pallas, to Patroclus he approach'd  
And hurl'd, incontinent, his glittering spear.  
There was a Trojan Chief, Podes by name,  
Son of Eëtion, valorous and rich;  
Of all Troy's citizens him Hector most  
Respected, in convivial pleasures sweet  
His chosen companion. As he sprang to flight,  
The hero of the golden locks his belt  
Struck with full force and sent the weapon through.  
Sounding he fell, and from the Trojan ranks  
Atrides dragg'd the body to his own.  
Then drew Apollo near to Hector's side,  
And in the form of Phœnops, Asius' son,  
Of all the foreign guests at Hector's board  
His favorite most, the hero thus address'd.

What Chief of all the Grecians shall henceforth  
Fear Hector, who from Menelaus shrinks  
Once deem'd effeminate, but dragging now  
The body of thy valiant friend approved  
Whom he hath slain, Podes, Eëtion's son?

He spake, and at his words grief like a cloud  
Involved the mind of Hector dark around;  
Right through the foremost combatants he rush'd  
All clad in dazzling brass. Then, lifting high  
His tassel'd Ægis radiant, Jove with stotus  
Enveloped Ida; flash'd his lightnings, roar'd  
His thunders, and the mountain shook throughout.  
Troy's host he prosper'd, and the Greeks dispersed.

First fled Peneleus, the Boeotian Chief,  
Whom facing firm the foe Polydamas  
Struck on his shoulder's summit with a lance  
Hurl'd nigh at hand, which slight inscribed the bone.  
Leitus also, son of the renown'd  
Alectryon, pierced by Hector in the wrist,  
Disabled left the fight; trembling he fled  
And peering narrowly around, nor hoped  
To lift a spear against the Trojans more.  
Hector, pursuing Leitus, the point  
Encounter'd of the brave Idomeneus

Full on his chest; but in his mail the la<sup>730</sup>  
 Snapp'd, and the Trojans shouted to the skies.  
 He, in his turn, cast at Deucalion's son  
 Idomeneus, who in that moment gain'd[11]  
 A chariot-seat; but him the erring spear  
 Attain'd not, piercing Cœranus instead<sup>735</sup>  
 The friend and follower of Meriones  
 From wealthy Lyctus, and his charioteer.  
 For when he left, that day, the gallant barks  
 Idomeneus had sought the field on foot,  
 And triumph proud, full sure, to Ilium<sup>740</sup> post  
 Had yielded now, but that with rapid haste  
 Cœranus drove to his relief, from him  
 The fate averting which himself incur'd  
 Victim of Hector's homicidal arm.  
 Him Hector smiting between ear and ja<sup>745</sup>  
 Push'd from their sockets with the lance's point  
 His firm-set teeth, and sever'd sheer his tongue.  
 Dismounted down he fell, and from his hand  
 Let slide the flowing reins, which, to the earth  
 Stooping, Meriones in haste resumed, 750  
 And briefly thus Idomeneus address'd.

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

He said; Idomeneus whom, now, dismay  
 Seized also, with his lash plying sever<sup>755</sup>  
 The coursers ample-maned, flew to the fleet.  
 Nor Ajax, dauntless hero, not perceived,  
 Nor Menelaus, by the sway of Jove  
 The victory inclining fast to Troy,  
 And thus the Telamonian Chief began.<sup>760</sup>

Ah! who can be so blind as not to see  
 The eternal Father, now, with his own hand  
 Awarding glory to the Trojan host,  
 Whose every spear flies, instant, to the mark  
 Sent forth by brave or base? Jove guid<sup>765</sup> them all,  
 While, ineffectual, ours fall to the ground.  
 But haste, devise we of ourselves the means  
 How likeliest we may bear Patroclus hence,  
 And gladden, safe returning, all our friends,  
 Who, hither looking anxious, hope hav<sup>770</sup>one  
 That we shall longer check the unconquer'd force  
 Of hero-slaughtering Hector, but expect  
 [12]To see him soon amid the fleet of Greece.  
 Oh for some Grecian now to carry swift  
 The tidings to Achilles' ear, untaught, 775  
 As I conjecture, yet the doleful news  
 Of his Patroclus slain! but no such Greek  
 May I discern, such universal gloom  
 Both men and steeds envelops all around.  
 Father of heaven and earth! deliver tho<sup>780</sup>  
 Achaia's host from darkness; clear the skies;  
 Give day; and (since thy sovereign will is such)  
 Destruction with it—but oh give us day![13]

He spake, whose tears Jove saw with pity moved,  
 And chased the untimely shades; brigh<sup>785</sup>team'd the sun  
 And the whole battle was display'd. Then spake  
 The hero thus to Atreus' mighty son.

Now noble Menelaus! looking forth,  
See if Antilochus be yet alive,  
Brave son of Nestor, whom exhort to fly  
With tidings to Achilles, of the friend  
Whom most he loved, of his Patroclus slain.

He ceased, nor Menelaus, dauntless Chief,  
That task refused, but went; yet neither swift  
Nor willing. As a lion leaves the stalls 795  
Wearied himself with harassing the guard,  
Who, interdicting him his purposed prey,  
Watch all the night; he famish'd, yet again  
Comes furious on, but speeds not, kept aloof  
By spears from daring hands dismiss'd  
By flash of torches which, though fierce, he dreads,  
Till at the dawn, sullen he stalks away;  
So from Patroclus Menelaus went  
Heroic Chief! reluctant; for he fear'd  
Lest the Achaians should resign the dead 805  
Through consternation, to the host of Troy.  
Departing, therefore, he admonish'd oft  
Meriones and the Ajaces, thus.

Ye two brave leaders of the Argive host,  
And thou, Meriones! now recollect 810  
The gentle manners of Patroclus fallen  
Hapless in battle, who by carriage mild  
Well understood, while yet he lived, to engage  
All hearts, through prisoner now of death and fate.

So saying, the hero amber-hair'd his steps  
Turn'd thence, the field exploring with an eye  
Sharp as the eagle's, of all fowls beneath  
The azure heavens for keenest sight renown'd,  
Whom, though he soar sublime, the leveret  
By broadest leaves conceal'd 'scapes 820 but swift  
Descending, even her he makes his prey;  
So, noble Menelaus! were thine eyes  
Turn'd into every quarter of the host  
In search of Nestor's son, if still he lived.  
Him, soon, encouraging his band to fight 825  
He noticed on the left of all the field,  
And sudden standing at his side, began.

Antilochus! oh hear me, noble friend!  
And thou shalt learn tidings of such a deed  
As best had never been. Thou know'st 830 judge,  
And hast already seen, how Jove exalts  
To victory the Trojan host, and rolls  
Distress on ours; but ah! Patroclus lies,  
Our chief Achaian, slain, whose loss the Greeks  
Fills with regret. Haste, therefore, to the fleet,  
Inform Achilles; bid him haste to save,  
If save he can, the body of his friend;  
He can no more, for Hector hath his arms.

He ceased. Antilochus with horror heard  
Those tidings; mute long time he stood 840 his eyes  
Swam tearful, and his voice, sonorous erst,  
Found utterance none. Yet even so distress'd,  
He not the more neglected the command  
Of Menelaus. Setting forth to run,  
He gave his armor to his noble friend 845

Laodocus, who thither turn'd his steeds,  
And weeping as he went, on rapid feet  
Sped to Achilles with that tale of wo.

Nor could the noble Menelaus stay  
To give the weary Pylian band, bereft 850  
Of their beloved Antilochus, his aid,  
But leaving them to Thrasymedes' care,  
He flew to Menoetiades again,  
And the Ajaces, thus, instant bespake.

He goes. I have dispatch'd him to the fleet  
To seek Achilles; but his coming naught  
Expect I now, although with rage he burn  
Against illustrious Hector; for what fight  
Can he, unarm'd, against the Trojans wage?  
Deliberating, therefore, frame we mea<sup>860</sup>  
How best to save Patroclus, and to 'scape  
Ourselves unslain from this disastrous field.

Whom answer'd the vast son of Telamon.  
Most noble Menelaus! good is all  
Which thou hast spoken. Lift ye from the earth  
Thou and Meriones, at once, and bear  
The dead Patroclus from the bloody field.  
To cope meantime with Hector and his host  
Shall be our task, who, one in name, nor less  
In spirit one, already have the brunt 870  
Of much sharp conflict, side by side, sustain'd.

He ended; they enfolding in their arms  
The dead, upbore him high above the ground  
With force united; after whom the host  
Of Troy, seeing the body borne away, 875  
Shouted, and with impetuous onset all  
Follow'd them. As the hounds, urged from behind  
By youthful hunters, on the wounded boar  
Make fierce assault; awhile at utmost speed  
They stretch toward him hungering, for the prey,  
But oft as, turning sudden, the stout brawn  
Faces them, scatter'd on all sides escape;  
The Trojans so, thick thronging in the rear,  
Ceaseless with falchions and spears double-edged  
Annoy'd them sore, but oft as in retreat<sup>885</sup>  
The dauntless heroes, the Ajaces turn'd  
To face them, deadly wan grew every cheek,  
And not a Trojan dared with onset rude  
Molest them more in conflict for the dead.

Thus they, laborious, forth from battle bore  
Patroclus to the fleet, tempestuous war  
Their steps attending, rapid as the flames  
Which, kindled suddenly, some city waste;  
Consumed amid the blaze house after house  
Sinks, and the wind, meantime, roars through the fire;  
So them a deafening tumult as they went  
Pursued, of horses and of men spear-arm'd.  
And as two mules with strength for toil endued,  
Draw through rough ways down from the distant hills  
Huge timber, beam or mast; sweating they go,  
And overlabor'd to faint weariness;  
So they the body bore, while, turning oft,  
The Ajaces check'd the Trojans. As a mound

Planted with trees and stretch'd athwart the mead  
Repels an overflow; the torrents loud 905  
Baffling, it sends them far away to float  
The level land, nor can they with the force  
Of all their waters burst a passage through;  
So the Ajaces, constant, in the rear  
Repress'd the Trojans; but the Trojans *¶* 910  
Attended still, of whom Æneas most  
Troubled them, and the glorious Chief of Troy.  
They as a cloud of starlings or of daws  
Fly screaming shrill, warn'd timely of the kite  
Or hawk, devourers of the smaller kind,  
So they shrill-clamoring toward the fleet,  
Hasted before Æneas and the might  
Of Hector, nor the battle heeded more.  
Much radiant armor round about the foss  
Fell of the flying Grecians, or within 920  
Lay scatter'd, and no pause of war they found.

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## BOOK XVIII.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

Achilles, by command of Juno, shows himself to the Trojans, who fly at his appearance; Vulcan, at the insistence of Thetis, forges for him a suit of armor.

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## BOOK XVIII.

Thus burn'd the battle like devouring fire.  
Meantime, Antilochus with rapid steps  
Came to Achilles. Him he found before  
His lofty barks, occupied, as he stood,  
With boding fears of all that had befall'n<sup>5</sup>  
He groan'd, and to his noble self he said.

    Ah! wo is me—why falls Achaia's host,  
    With such disorder foul, back on the fleet?  
    I tremble lest the Gods my anxious thoughts  
    Accomplish and my mother's words, w<sup>h</sup>o erst  
    Hath warn'd me, that the bravest and the best  
    Of all my Myrmidons, while yet I live,  
    Slain under Troy, must view the sun no more.  
    Brave Menœtiades is, doubtless, slain.  
    Unhappy friend! I bade thee oft, our barks  
    Deliver'd once from hostile fires, not seek  
    To cope in arms with Hector, but return.

    While musing thus he stood, the son approach'd  
    Of noble Nestor, and with tears his cheeks  
    Bedewing copious, his sad message told<sup>20</sup>

    Oh son of warlike Peleus! thou shalt hear  
    Tidings of deeds which best had never been.  
    Patroclus is no more. The Grecians fight  
    For his bare corse, and Hector hath his arms.<sup>[1]</sup>

    Then clouds of sorrow fell on Peleus' son,  
    And, grasping with both hands the ashes, down  
    He pour'd them on his head, his graceful brows  
    Dishonoring, and thick the sooty shower  
    Descending settled on his fragrant vest.  
    Then, stretch'd in ashes, at the vast exte<sup>nt</sup>  
    Of his whole length he lay, disordering wild  
    With his own hands, and rending off his hair.  
    The maidens, captived by himself in war  
    And by Patroclus, shrieking from the tent

Ran forth, and hemm'd the glorious Chief around.<sup>[2]</sup>  
 All smote their bosoms, and all, fainting, fell.  
 On the other side, Antilochus the hands  
 Held of Achilles, mourning and deep groans  
 Uttering from his noble heart, through fear  
 Lest Peleus' son should perish self-destroy'd.  
 Loud groan'd the hero, whose loud groans within  
 The gulfs of ocean, where she sat beside  
 Her ancient sire, his Goddess-mother heard,  
 And hearing shriek'd; around her at the voice  
 Assembled all the Nereids of the deep 45  
 Cymodoce, Thalia, Glauca came,  
 Nisaea, Spio, Thoa, and with eyes  
 Protuberant beauteous Halia; came with these  
 Cymothoe, and Actaea, and the nymph  
 Of marshes, Limnorea, nor delay'd 50  
 Agave, nor Amphithoe the swift,  
 Iera, Doto, Melita, nor thence  
 Was absent Proto or Dynamene,  
 Callianira, Doris, Panope,  
 Pherusa or Amphinome, or fair 55  
 Dexamene, or Galatea praised  
 For matchless form divine; Nemertes pure  
 Came also, with Apseudes crystal-bright,  
 Callianassa, Mæra, Clymene,  
 Janeira and Janassa, sister pair, 60  
 And Orithya and with azure locks  
 Luxuriant, Amathea; nor alone  
 Came these, but every ocean-nymph beside,  
 The silver cave was fill'd; each smote her breast,  
 And Thetis, loud lamenting, thus began<sup>65</sup>

Ye sister Nereids, hear! that ye may all  
 From my own lips my boundless sorrow learn.  
 Ah me forlorn! ah me, parent in vain  
 Of an illustrious birth! who, having borne  
 A noble son magnanimous, the chief 70  
 Of heroes, saw him like a thriving plant  
 Shoot vigorous under my maternal care,  
 And sent him early in his gallant fleet  
 Embark'd, to combat with the sons of Troy.  
 But him from fight return'd I shall receive<sup>75</sup>  
 Beneath the roof of Peleus, never more;  
 And while he lives, and on the sun his eyes  
 Opens, he mourns, nor, going, can I aught  
 Assist him; yet I go, that I may see  
 My darling son, and from his lips be taught  
 What grief hath now befallen him, who close  
 Abiding in his tent shares not the war.  
 So saying she left the cave, whom all her nymphs  
 Attended weeping, and where'er they pass'd  
 The breaking billows open'd wide a wa<sup>85</sup>  
 At fruitful Troy arrived, in order fair  
 They climb'd the beach, where by his numerous barks  
 Encompass'd, swift Achilles sighing lay.  
 Then, drawing nigh to her afflicted son,  
 The Goddess-mother press'd between h<sup>90</sup> palms  
 His temples, and in accents wing'd inquired.

Why weeps my son? what sorrow wrings thy soul?  
 Speak, hide it not. Jove hath fulfill'd the prayer

Which erst with lifted hands thou didst prefer,  
That all Achaia's host, wanting thy aid,<sup>95</sup>  
Might be compell'd into the fleet, and foul  
Disgrace incur, there prison'd for thy sake.

To whom Achilles, groaning deep, replied.  
My mother! it is true; Olympian Jove  
That prayer fulfils; but thence, what joy<sup>100</sup> me,  
Patroclus slain? the friend of all my friends—  
Whom most I loved, dear to me as my life—  
Him I have lost. Slain and despoil'd he lies  
By Hector of his glorious armor bright,  
The wonder of all eyes, a matchless gift<sup>105</sup>  
Given by the Gods to Peleus on that day  
When thee they doom'd into a mortal's arms.  
Oh that with these thy deathless ocean-nymphs  
Dwelling content, thou hadst my father left  
To espouse a mortal bride, so hadst thou<sup>110</sup> escaped  
Pangs numberless which thou must now endure  
For thy son's death, whom thou shalt never meet  
From Troy return'd, in Peleus' mansion more!  
For life I covet not, nor longer wish  
To mix with human kind, unless my spear  
May find out Hector, and atonement take  
By slaying him, for my Patroclus slain.

To whom, with streaming tears, Thetis replied.  
Swift comes thy destiny as thou hast said,  
For after Hector's death thine next ensue<sup>120</sup>.

Then answer, thus, indignant he return'd.  
Death, seize me now! since when my friend was slain,  
My doom was, not to succor him. He died  
From home remote, and wanting me to save him.  
Now, therefore, since I neither visit mid<sup>125</sup>  
My native land, nor, present here, have aught  
Avail'd Patroclus or my many friends  
Whom noble Hector hath in battle slain,  
But here I sit unprofitable grown,  
Earth's burden, though of such heroic <sup>130e</sup>,  
If not in council foremost (for I yield  
That prize to others) yet in feats of arms,  
Such as none other in Achaia's host,  
May fierce contention from among the Gods  
Perish, and from among the human race<sup>135</sup>  
With wrath, which sets the wisest hearts on fire;  
Sweeter than dropping honey to the taste,  
But in the bosom of mankind, a smoke!<sup>[3]</sup>  
Such was my wrath which Agamemnon roused,  
The king of men. But since the past is ~~fixed~~  
Irrevocable, howsoe'er distress'd,  
Renounce we now vain musings on the past,  
Content through sad necessity. I go  
In quest of noble Hector, who hath slain  
My loved Patroclus, and such death will<sup>#</sup> take  
As Jove ordains me and the Powers of Heaven  
At their own season, send it when they may.  
For neither might the force of Hercules,  
Although high-favored of Saturnian Jove,  
From death escape, but Fate and the revenge<sup>150</sup>  
Restless of Juno vanquish'd even Him.  
I also, if a destiny like his

Await me, shall, like him, find rest in death;  
 But glory calls me now; now will I make  
 Some Trojan wife or Dardan with both hands  
 Wipe her soft cheeks, and utter many a groan.  
 Long time have I been absent from the field,  
 And they shall know it. Love me as thou may'st,  
 Yet thwart me not, for I am fixt to go.

Whom Thetis answer'd, Goddess of the Deep.  
 Thou hast well said, my son! it is no blame  
 To save from threaten'd death our suffering friends.  
 But thy magnificent and dazzling arms  
 Are now in Trojan hands; them Hector wears  
 Exulting, but ordain'd not long to exult,  
 So habited; his death is also nigh.  
 But thou with yonder warring multitudes  
 Mix not till thou behold me here again;  
 For with the rising sun I will return  
 To-morrow, and will bring thee glorious arms,  
 By Vulcan forged himself, the King of fire.<sup>[4]</sup>

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

Plunge ye again into the briny Deep,  
 And to the hoary Sovereign of the flood,  
 Report as ye have heard. I to the heights  
 Olympian haste, that I may there obtain  
 From Vulcan, glorious artist of the skies,  
 Arms of excelling beauty for my son.

She said; they plunged into the wave again,  
 And silver-footed Thetis, to the heights  
 Olympian soaring swiftly to obtain  
 Arms for renown'd Achilles, disappear'd.

Meantime, with infinite uproar the Greeks  
 From Hector's hero-slaying arm had fled,  
 Home to their galleys station'd on the banks  
 Of Hellespont. Nor yet Achaia's sons  
 Had borne the body of Patroclus clear  
 From flight of darts away, but still again  
 The multitude of warriors and of steeds,  
 Came on, by Priameian Hector led  
 Rapid as fire. Thrice noble Hector seized  
 His ancles from behind, ardent to drag  
 Patroclus, calling to his host the while;  
 But thrice, the two Ajaces, clothed with might,  
 Shock'd and repulsed him reeling. He with force  
 Fill'd indefatigable, through his ranks  
 Issuing, by turns assail'd them, and by turns  
 Stood clamoring, yet not a step retired;  
 But as the hinds deter not from his prey  
 A tawny lion by keen hunger urged,  
 So would not both Ajaces, warriors bold,  
 Intimidate and from the body drive  
 Hector; and he had dragg'd him thence and won  
 Immortal glory, but that Iris, sent      205  
 Unseen by Jove and by the powers of heaven,  
 From Juno, to Achilles brought command  
 That he should show himself. Full near she drew,  
 And in wing'd accents thus the Chief address'd.

Hero! most terrible of men, arise! 210  
 protect Patroclus, for whose sake the war  
 Stands at the fleet of Greece. Mutual prevails  
 The slaughter, these the dead defending, those  
 Resolute hence to drag him to the gates  
 Of wind-swept Ilium. But beyond them<sup>211</sup>  
 Illustrious Hector, obstinate is bent  
 To win him, purposing to lop his head,  
 And to exhibit it impaled on high.  
 Thou then arise, nor longer on the ground  
 Lie stretch'd inactive; let the thought<sup>210</sup> shame  
 Touch thee, of thy Patroclus made the sport  
 Of Trojan dogs, whose corse, if it return  
 Dishonored home, brings with it thy reproach.

To whom Achilles matchless in the race.  
 Iris divine! of all the Gods, who sent<sup>225</sup>

Then, thus, the swift ambassadress of heaven.  
 By Juno sent I come, consort of Jove.  
 Nor knows Saturnian Jove high-throned, himself,  
 My flight, nor any of the Immortal Powers,  
 Tenants of the Olympian heights snow<sup>230</sup>own'd.

Her answer'd then Pelides, glorious Chief.  
 How shall I seek the fight? they have my arms.  
 My mother charged me also to abstain  
 From battle, till she bring me armor new  
 Which she hath promised me from Vul<sup>235</sup>can's hand.  
 Meantime, whose armor else might serve my need  
 I know not, save perhaps alone the shield  
 Of Telamonian Ajax, whom I deem  
 Himself now busied in the stormy van,  
 Slaying the Trojans in my friend's defe<sup>240</sup>e.

To whom the swift-wing'd messenger of heaven,  
 Full well we know thine armor Hector's prize  
 Yet, issuing to the margin of the foss,  
 Show thyself only. Panic-seized, perchance,  
 The Trojans shall from fight desist, and<sup>245</sup>ield  
 To the o'ertoil'd though dauntless sons of Greece  
 Short respite; it is all that war allows.

So saying, the storm-wing'd Iris disappear'd.  
 Then rose at once Achilles dear to Jove,  
 Athwart whose shoulders broad Miner<sup>250</sup>cast  
 Her Ægis fringed terrific, and his brows  
 Encircled with a golden cloud that shot  
 Fires insupportable to sight abroad.  
 As when some island, situate afar  
 On the wide waves, invested all the day<sup>255</sup>  
 By cruel foes from their own city pour'd,  
 Upsends a smoke to heaven, and torches shows  
 On all her turrets at the close of eve  
 Which flash against the clouds, kindled in hope  
 Of aid from neighbor maritime allies, 260  
 So from Achilles' head light flash'd to heaven.  
 Issuing through the wall, beside the foss  
 He stood, but mix'd not with Achaia's host,  
 Obedient to his mother's wise command.  
 He stood and shouted; Pallas also raise<sup>265</sup>  
 A dreadful shout and tumult infinite  
 Excited throughout all the host of Troy.

Clear as the trumpet's note when it proclaims  
A numerous host approaching to invest  
Some city close around, so clear the <sup>270</sup>  
Rang of Æacides, and tumult-toss'd  
Was every soul that heard the brazen tone.  
With swift recoil the long-maned coursers thrust  
The chariots back, all boding wo at hand,  
And every charioteer astonish'd saw 275  
Fires that fail'd not, illumining the brows  
Of Peleus' son, by Pallas kindled there.  
Thrice o'er the trench Achilles sent his voice  
Sonorous, and confusion at the sound  
Thrice seized the Trojans, and their fam'd allies.  
Twelve in that moment of their noblest died  
By their own spears and chariots, and with joy  
The Grecians from beneath a hill of darts  
Dragging Patroclus, placed him on his bier.  
Around him throng'd his fellow-warriors bold,  
All weeping, after whom Achilles went  
Fast-weeping also at the doleful sight  
Of his true friend on his funereal bed  
Extended, gash'd with many a mortal wound,  
Whom he had sent into the fight with sturdies  
And chariot, but received him thence no more.

And now majestic Juno sent the sun,  
Unwearied minister of light, although  
Reluctant, down into the Ocean stream.<sup>[5]</sup>  
So the sun sank, and the Achaians ceased  
From the all-wasting labors of the war.  
On the other side, the Trojans, from the fight  
Retiring, loosed their steeds, but ere they took  
Thought of refreshment, in full council met.  
It was a council at which no man sat, 300  
Or dared; all stood; such terror had on all  
Fallen, for that Achilles had appear'd,  
After long pause from battle's arduous toil.  
First rose Polydamas the prudent son  
Of Panthus, above all the Trojans skill'd  
Both in futurity and in the past.  
He was the friend of Hector, and one night  
Gave birth to both. In council one excell'd  
And one still more in feats of high renown.  
Thus then, admonishing them, he began

My friends! weigh well the occasion. Back to Troy  
By my advice, nor wait the sacred morn  
Here, on the plain, from Ilium's walls remote  
So long as yet the anger of this Chief  
'Gainst noble Agamemnon burn'd, so ~~long~~  
We found the Greeks less formidable foes,  
And I rejoiced, myself, spending the night  
Beside their oary barks, for that I hoped  
To seize them; but I now tremble at thought  
Of Peleus' rapid son again in arms. 320  
A spirit proud as his will scorn to fight  
Here, on the plain, where Greeks and Trojans take  
Their common share of danger and of toil,  
And will at once strike at your citadel,  
Impatient till he make your wives his <sup>325</sup> prey.  
Haste—let us home—else thus shall it befall;

Night's balmy influence in his tent detains  
 Achilles now, but rushing arm'd abroad  
 To-morrow, should he find us lingering here,  
 None shall mistake him then; happy the man  
 Who soonest, then, shall 'scape to sacred Troy!  
 Then, dogs shall make and vultures on our flesh  
 Plenteous repast. Oh spare mine ears the tale!  
 But if, though troubled, ye can yet receive  
 My counsel, thus assembled we will keep  
 Strict guard to-night; meantime, her gates and towers  
 With all their mass of solid timbers, smooth  
 And cramp'd with bolts of steel, will keep the town.  
 But early on the morrow we will stand  
 All arm'd on Ilium's towers. Then, if he choose,  
 His galleys left, to compass Troy about,  
 He shall be task'd enough; his lofty steeds  
 Shall have their fill of coursing to and fro  
 Beneath, and gladly shall to camp return.  
 But waste the town he shall not, nor attempt  
 With all the utmost valor that he boasts  
 To force a pass; dogs shall devour him first.

To whom brave Hector louring, and in wrath.  
 Polydamas, I like not thy advice  
 Who bidd'st us in our city skulk, again  
 Imprison'd there. Are ye not yet content?  
 Wish ye for durance still in your own towers?  
 Time was, when in all regions under heaven  
 Men praised the wealth of Priam's city stored  
 With gold and brass; but all our houses stand  
 Stand emptied of their hidden treasures rare.  
 Jove in his wrath hath scatter'd them; our wealth  
 Is marketed, and Phrygia hath a part  
 Purchased, and part Mæonia's lovely land.  
 But since the son of wily Saturn old    360  
 Hath given me glory now, and to inclose  
 The Grecians in their fleet hemm'd by the sea,  
 Fool! taint not with such talk the public mind.  
 For not a Trojan here will thy advice  
 Follow, or shall; it hath not my consent  
 But thus I counsel. Let us, band by band,  
 Throughout the host take supper, and let each,  
 Guarded against nocturnal danger, watch.  
 And if a Trojan here be rack'd in mind  
 Lest his possessions perish, let him cast  
 His golden heaps into the public maw, [6]  
 Far better so consumed than by the Greeks.  
 Then, with the morrow's dawn, all fair array'd  
 In battle, we will give them at their fleet  
 Sharp onset, and if Peleus' noble son    375  
 Have risen indeed to conflict for the ships,  
 The worse for him. I shall not for his sake  
 Avoid the deep-toned battle, but will firm  
 Oppose his utmost. Either he shall gain  
 Or I, great glory. Mars his favors deals  
 Impartial, and the slayer oft is slain.  
 So counsell'd Hector, whom with shouts of praise  
 The Trojans answer'd:—fools, and by the power  
 Of Pallas of all sober thought bereft!  
 For all applauded Hector, who had given

Advice pernicious, and Polydamas,  
 Whose counsel was discreet and wholesome none.  
 So then they took repast. But all night long  
 The Grecians o'er Patroclus wept aloud,  
 While, standing in the midst, Pelides led<sup>390</sup>  
 The lamentation, heaving many a groan,  
 And on the bosom of his breathless friend  
 Imposing, sad, his homicidal hands.  
 As the grim lion, from whose gloomy lair  
 Among thick trees the hunter hath his ~~w~~helps  
 Purloin'd, too late returning mourns his loss,  
 Then, up and down, the length of many a vale  
 Courses, exploring fierce the robber's foot,  
 Incensed as he, and with a sigh deep-drawn  
 Thus to his Myrmidons Achilles spake<sup>400</sup>

How vain, alas! my word spoken that day  
 At random, when to soothe the hero's fears  
 Menœtius, then our guest, I promised him  
 His noble son at Opoeis again,  
 Living and laden with the spoils of Troy<sup>405</sup>  
 But Jove performs not all the thoughts of man,  
 For we were both destined to tinge the soil  
 Of Ilium with our blood, nor I shall see,  
 Myself, my father in his mansion more  
 Or Thetis, but must find my burial here<sup>410</sup>  
 Yet, my Patroclus! since the earth expects  
 Me next, I will not thy funereal rites  
 Finish, till I shall bring both head and arms  
 Of that bold Chief who slew thee, to my tent.  
 I also will smite off, before thy pile, 415  
 The heads of twelve illustrious sons of Troy,  
 Resentful of thy death. Meantime, among  
 My lofty galleys thou shalt lie, with tears  
 Mourn'd day and night by Trojan captives fair  
 And Dardan compassing thy bier arou<sup>420</sup>  
 Whom we, at price of labor hard, ourselves  
 With massy spears toiling in battle took  
 From many an opulent city, now no more.

So saying, he bade his train surround with fire  
 A tripod huge, that they might quickly<sup>425</sup> cleanse  
 Patroclus from all stain of clotted gore.  
 They on the blazing hearth a tripod placed  
 Capacious, fill'd with water its wide womb,  
 And thrust dry wood beneath, till, fierce, the flames  
 Embraced it round, and warm'd the flood<sup>430</sup> within.  
 Soon as the water in the singing brass  
 Simmer'd, they bathed him, and with limpid oil  
 Anointed; filling, next, his ruddy wounds  
 With unguent mellow'd by nine circling years,  
 They stretch'd him on his bed, then cover'd him  
 From head to feet with linen texture light,  
 And with a wide unsullied mantle, last.<sup>435</sup>  
 All night the Myrmidons around the swift  
 Achilles stood, deploring loud his friend,  
 And Jove his spouse and sister thus beseeke.<sup>440</sup>

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

To whom the awful Goddess ample<sup>445</sup>  
 What word hath pass'd thy lips, Jove, most severe?  
 A man, though mortal merely, and to me  
 Inferior in device, might have achieved  
 That labor easily. Can I who boast  
 Myself the chief of Goddesses, and sue<sup>450</sup>  
 Not by birth only, but as thine espoused,  
 Who art thyself sovereign of all the Gods,  
 Can I with anger burn against the house  
 Of Priam, and want means of just revenge?

Thus they in heaven their mutual conference  
 Meantime, the silver-footed Thetis reach'd  
 The starr'd abode eternal, brazen wall'd  
 Of Vulcan, by the builder lame himself  
 Uprear'd, a wonder even in eyes divine.  
 She found him sweating, at his bellow<sup>460</sup>  
 Toiling industrious; tripods bright he form'd  
 Twenty at once, his palace-wall to grace  
 Ranged in harmonious order. Under each  
 Two golden wheels he set, on which (a sight  
 Marvellous!) into council they should<sup>465</sup>  
 Self-moved, and to his house, self-moved, return.  
 Thus far the work was finish'd, but not yet  
 Their ears of exquisite design affixt,  
 For them he stood fashioning, and prepared  
 The rivets. While he thus his matchless<sup>470</sup>  
 Employ'd laborious, to his palace-gate  
 The silver-footed Thetis now advanced,  
 Whom Charis, Vulcan's well-attired spouse,  
 Beholding from the palace portal, flew  
 To seize the Goddess' hand, and thus inspired.

Why, Thetis! worthy of all reverence  
 And of all love, comest thou to our abode,  
 Unfrequent here? But enter, and accept  
 Such welcome as to such a guest is due.

So saying, she introduced and to a seat<sup>480</sup>  
 Led her with argent studs border'd around  
 And foot-stool'd sumptuously;<sup>[8]</sup> then, calling forth  
 Her spouse, the glorious artist, thus she said.

Haste, Vulcan! Thetis wants thee; linger not.  
 To whom the artist of the skies replied<sup>485</sup>

A Goddess then, whom with much cause I love  
 And venerate is here, who when I fell  
 Saved me, what time my shameless mother sought  
 To cast me, because lame, out of all sight;  
 Then had I been indeed forlorn, had no<sup>490</sup>  
 Eurynome the daughter of the Deep  
 And Thetis in their laps received me fallen.  
 Nine years with them residing, for their use  
 I form'd nice trinkets, clasps, rings, pipes, and chains,  
 While loud around our hollow cavern<sup>495</sup>  
 The surge of the vast deep, nor God nor man,  
 Save Thetis and Eurynome, my life's  
 Preservers, knew where I was kept conceal'd.  
 Since, therefore, she is come, I cannot less  
 Than recompense to Thetis amber-hair<sup>500</sup>  
 With readiness the boon of life preserved.  
 Haste, then, and hospitably spread the board

For her regale, while with my best dispatch  
I lay my bellows and my tools aside.

He spake, and vast in bulk and hot ~~won~~<sup>505</sup> toil  
Rose limping from beside his anvil-stock  
Upborne, with pain on legs tortuous and weak.  
First, from the forge dislodged he thrust apart  
His bellows, and his tools collecting all  
Bestow'd them, careful, in a silver ches~~st~~<sup>510</sup>,  
Then all around with a wet sponge he wiped  
His visage, and his arms and brawny neck  
Purified, and his shaggy breast from smutch;  
Last, putting on his vest, he took in hand  
His sturdy staff, and shuffled through ~~the~~<sup>515</sup> door.  
Beside the King of fire two golden forms  
Majestic moved, that served him in the place  
Of handmaids; young they seem'd, and seem'd alive,  
Nor want they intellect, or speech, or force,  
Or prompt dexterity by the Gods inspi~~re~~<sup>520</sup>.  
These his supporters were, and at his side  
Attendant diligent, while he, with gait  
Uncouth, approaching Thetis where she sat  
On a bright throne, seized fast her hand and said,

Why, Thetis! worthy as thou art of ~~l625~~  
And of all reverence, hast thou arrived,  
Unfrequent here? Speak—tell me thy desire,  
Nor doubt my services, if thou demand  
Things possible, and possible to me.

Then Thetis, weeping plenteously, rep~~lied~~.  
Oh Vulcan! Is there on Olympius' heights  
A Goddess with such load of sorrow press'd  
As, in peculiar, Jove assigns to me?  
Me only, of all ocean-nymphs, he made  
Spouse to a man, Peleus Æacides, 535  
Whose bed, although reluctant and perforce,  
I yet endured to share. He now, the prey  
Of cheerless age, decrepid lies, and Jove  
Still other woes heaps on my wretched head.  
He gave me to bring forth, gave me to ~~540~~  
A son illustrious, valiant, and the chief  
Of heroes; he, like a luxuriant plant  
Upran<sup>[9]</sup> to manhood, while his lusty growth  
I nourish'd as the husbandman his vine  
Set in a fruitful field, and being grown<sup>545</sup>  
I sent him early in his gallant fleet  
Embark'd, to combat with the sons of Troy;  
But him from fight return'd I shall receive,  
Beneath the roof of Peleus, never more,  
And while he lives and on the sun his ~~550~~  
Opens, affliction is his certain doom,  
Nor aid resides or remedy in me.  
The virgin, his own portion of the spoils,  
Allotted to him by the Grecians—her  
Atrides, King of men, resumed, and gr~~555~~  
Devour'd Achilles' spirit for her sake.  
Meantime, the Trojans shutting close within  
Their camp the Grecians, have forbidden them  
All egress, and the senators of Greece  
Have sought with splendid gifts to sooth<sup>560</sup> my son.  
He, indisposed to rescue them himself

From ruin, sent, instead, Patroclus forth,  
 Clad in his own resplendent armor, Chief  
 Of the whole host of Myrmidons. Before  
 The Scæan gate from morn to eve they<sup>55</sup>fought,  
 And on that self-same day had Ilium fallen,  
 But that Apollo, to advance the fame  
 Of Hector, slew Menœtius' noble son  
 Full-flush'd with victory. Therefore at thy knees  
 Suppliant I fall, imploring from thine <sup>570</sup>  
 A shield and helmet, greaves of shapely form  
 With clasps secured, and corselet for my son.  
 For those, once his, his faithful friend hath lost,  
 Slain by the Trojans, and Achilles lies,  
 Himself, extended mournful on the ground.

Her answer'd then the artist of the skies.  
 Courage! Perplex not with these cares thy soul.  
 I would that when his fatal hour shall come,  
 I could as sure secrete him from the stroke  
 Of destiny, as he shall soon have arms <sup>580</sup>  
 Illustrious, such as each particular man  
 Of thousands, seeing them, shall wish his own.

He said, and to his bellows quick repair'd,  
 Which turning to the fire he bade them heave.  
 Full twenty bellows working all at once <sup>595</sup>  
 Breathed on the furnace, blowing easy and free  
 The managed winds, now forcible, as best  
 Suited dispatch, now gentle, if the will  
 Of Vulcan and his labor so required.  
 Impenetrable brass, tin, silver, gold, <sup>590</sup>  
 He cast into the forge, then, settling firm  
 His ponderous anvil on the block, one hand  
 With his huge hammer fill'd, one with the tongs.

[10] He fashion'd first a shield massy and broad  
 Of labor exquisite, for which he form'd <sup>605</sup>  
 A triple border beauteous, dazzling bright,  
 And loop'd it with a silver brace behind.  
 The shield itself with five strong folds he forged,  
 And with devices multiform the disk  
 Capacious charged, toiling with skill <sup>610</sup>the.

There he described the earth, the heaven, the sea,  
 The sun that rests not, and the moon full-orb'd.  
 There also, all the stars which round about  
 As with a radiant frontlet bind the skies,  
 The Pleiads and the Hyads, and the <sup>625</sup>  
 Of huge Orion, with him Ursa call'd,  
 Known also by his popular name, the Wain,  
 That spins around the pole looking toward  
 Orion, only star of these denied  
 To slake his beams in ocean's briny <sup>630</sup>bath.

Two splendid cities also there he form'd  
 Such as men build. In one were to be seen  
 Rites matrimonial solemnized with pomp  
 Of sumptuous banquets; from their chambers forth  
 Leading the brides they usher'd them <sup>645</sup>abing  
 With torches through the streets, and sweet was heard  
 The voice around of Hymenæal song.  
 Here striplings danced in circles to the sound  
 Of pipe and harp, while in the portals stood

Women, admiring, all, the gallant show<sup>620</sup>  
Elsewhere was to be seen in council met  
The close-throng'd multitude. There strife arose.  
Two citizens contended for a mulct  
The price of blood. This man affirm'd the fine  
All paid,<sup>[11]</sup> haranguing vehement the ~~625~~wd,  
That man denied that he had aught received,  
And to the judges each made his appeal  
Eager for their award. Meantime the people,  
As favor sway'd them, clamor'd loud for each.  
The heralds quell'd the tumult; reverent<sup>630</sup>at  
On polish'd stones the elders in a ring,  
Each with a herald's sceptre in his hand,  
Which holding they arose, and all in turn  
Gave sentence. In the midst two talents lay  
Of gold, his destined recompense who<sup>635</sup>voice  
Decisive should pronounce the best award.  
The other city by two glittering hosts  
Invested stood, and a dispute arose  
Between the hosts, whether to burn the town  
And lay all waste, or to divide the spo<sup>640</sup>  
Meantime, the citizens, still undismay'd,  
Surrender'd not the town, but taking arms  
Secretly, set the ambush in array,  
And on the walls their wives and children kept  
Vigilant guard, with all the ancient me<sup>645</sup>  
They sallied; at their head Pallas and Mars  
Both golden and in golden vests attired  
Advanced, proportion each showing divine,  
Large, prominent, and such as Gods beseem'd.  
Not such the people, but of humbler si<sup>650</sup>  
Arriving at the spot for ambush chosen,  
A river's side, where cattle of each kind  
Drank, down they sat, all arm'd in dazzling brass.  
Apart from all the rest sat also down  
Two spies, both looking for the flocks ~~and~~ herds.  
Soon they appear'd, and at their side were seen  
Two shepherd swains, each playing on his pipe  
Careless, and of the danger nought apprized,  
Swift ran the spies, perceiving their approach,  
And intercepting suddenly the herds <sup>660</sup>  
And flocks of silver fleece, slew also those  
Who fed them. The besiegers, at that time  
In council, by the sound alarm'd, their steeds  
Mounted, and hasted, instant, to the place;  
Then, standing on the river's brink they<sup>665</sup>fought  
And push'd each other with the brazen lance.  
There Discord raged, there Tumult, and the force  
Of ruthless Destiny; she now a Chief  
Seized newly wounded, and now captive held  
Another yet unhurt, and now a third <sup>670</sup>  
Dragg'd breathless through the battle by his feet  
And all her garb was dappled thick with blood  
Like living men they traversed and they strove,  
And dragg'd by turns the bodies of the slain.

He also graved on it a fallow field <sup>675</sup>  
Rich, spacious, and well-till'd. Plowers not few,  
There driving to and fro their sturdy teams,  
Labor'd the land; and oft as in their course

They came to the field's bourn, so oft a man  
Met them, who in their hands a goblet placed  
Charged with delicious wine. They, turning, wrought  
Each his own furrow, and impatient seem'd  
To reach the border of the tilth, which black  
Appear'd behind them as a glebe new-turn'd,  
Though golden. Sight to be admired by all!

There too he form'd the likeness of a field  
Crowded with corn, in which the reapers toil'd  
Each with a sharp-tooth'd sickle in his hand.  
Along the furrow here, the harvest fell  
In frequent handfuls, there, they bound the sheaves.  
Three binders of the sheaves their sultry task  
All plied industrious, and behind them boys  
Attended, filling with the corn their arms  
And offering still their bundles to be bound.  
Amid them, staff in hand, the master stood  
Silent exulting, while beneath an oak  
Apart, his heralds busily prepared  
The banquet, dressing a well-thriven ox  
New slain, and the attendant maidens mix'd  
Large supper for the hinds of whitest flocks.

There also, laden with its fruit he form'd  
A vineyard all of gold; purple he made  
The clusters, and the vines supported stood  
By poles of silver set in even rows.  
The trench he color'd sable, and around  
Fenced it with tin. One only path it show'd  
By which the gatherers when they stripp'd the vines  
Pass'd and repass'd. There, youths and maidens blithe  
In frails of wicker bore the luscious fruit,  
While, in the midst, a boy on his shrill harp  
Harmonious play'd, still as he struck the chord  
Carolling to it with a slender voice.  
They smote the ground together, and with song  
And sprightly reed came dancing on behind.<sup>[12]</sup>

There too a herd he fashion'd of tall beavers  
Part gold, part tin. They, lowing, from the stalls  
Rush'd forth to pasture by a river-side  
Rapid, sonorous, fringed with whispering reeds.  
Four golden herdsmen drove the kine a-field  
By nine swift dogs attended. Dreadful clang  
Two lions forth, and of the foremost herd  
Seized fast a bull. Him bellowing they dragg'd,  
While dogs and peasants all flew to his aid.  
The lions tore the hide of the huge prey  
And lapp'd his entrails and his blood. Meantime  
The herdsmen, troubling them in vain, their hounds  
Encouraged; but no tooth for lions' flesh  
Found they, and therefore stood aside and bark'd.

There also, the illustrious smith divine  
Amidst a pleasant grove a pasture form'd  
Spacious, and sprinkled o'er with silver sheep  
Numerous, and stalls and huts and shepherds' tents.

To these the glorious artist added next,  
With various skill delineated exact,  
A labyrinth for the dance, such as of old  
In Crete's broad island Dædalus composed

For bright-hair'd Ariadne.<sup>[13]</sup> There the youths  
And youth-alluring maidens, hand in hand,  
Danced jocund, every maiden neat-attired  
In finest linen, and the youths in vests 740  
Well-woven, glossy as the glaze of oil.  
These all wore garlands, and bright falchions, those,  
Of burnish'd gold in silver trappings hung:—<sup>[14]</sup>  
They with well-tutor'd step, now nimbly ran  
The circle, swift, as when, before his ~~wheel~~  
Seated, the potter twirls it with both hands  
For trial of its speed,<sup>[15]</sup> now, crossing quick  
They pass'd at once into each other's place.  
On either side spectators numerous stood  
Delighted, and two tumblers roll'd themselves  
Between the dancers, singing as they roll'd.

Last, with the might of ocean's boundless flood  
He fill'd the border of the wondrous shield.

When thus the massy shield magnificent  
He had accomplish'd, for the hero next<sup>755</sup>  
He forged, more ardent than the blaze of fire,  
A corselet; then, a ponderous helmet bright  
Well fitted to his brows, crested with gold,  
And with laborious art divine adorn'd.  
He also made him greaves of molten iron<sup>760</sup>

The armor finish'd, bearing in his hand  
The whole, he set it down at Thetis' feet.  
She, like a falcon from the snowy top  
Stoop'd of Olympus, bearing to the earth  
The dazzling wonder, fresh from Vulcan's hand.

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## BOOK XIX.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK.

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

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## BOOK XIX.

Now rose the morn in saffron vest attired  
 From ocean, with new day for Gods and men,  
 When Thetis at the fleet of Greece arrived,  
 Bearing that gift divine. She found her son  
 All tears, and close enfolding in his arms<sup>5</sup>  
 Patroclus, while his Myrmidons around  
 Wept also;[1] she amid them, graceful, stood,  
 And seizing fast his hand, him thus bespake.

Although our loss be great, yet, oh my son!  
 Leave we Patroclus lying on the bier    10  
 To which the Gods ordain'd him from the first.  
 Receive from Vulcan's hands these glorious arms,  
 Such as no mortal shoulders ever bore.

So saying, she placed the armor on the ground  
 Before him, and the whole bright treasure rang.  
 A tremor shook the Myrmidons; none dared  
 Look on it, but all fled. Not so himself.  
 In him fresh vengeance kindled at the view,  
 And, while he gazed, a splendor as of fire  
 Flash'd from his eyes. Delighted, in his<sup>10</sup> and  
 He held the glorious bounty of the God,  
 And, wondering at those strokes of art divine,  
 His eager speech thus to his mother turn'd.[2]

The God, my mother! hath bestow'd in truth  
 Such armor on me as demanded skill    25  
 Like his, surpassing far all power of man.  
 Now, therefore, I will arm. But anxious fears  
 Trouble me, lest intrusive flies, meantime,  
 Breed worms within the spear-inflicted wounds  
 Of Menœtiades, and fill with taint    30  
 Of putrefaction his whole breathless form.[3]

But him the silver-footed Goddess fair  
 Thus answer'd. Oh, my son! chase from thy mind  
 All such concern. I will, myself, essay  
 To drive the noisome swarms which on ~~the~~ slain  
 In battle feed voracious. Should he lie  
 The year complete, his flesh shall yet be found

Untainted, and, it may be, fragrant too.  
 But thou the heroes of Achaia's host  
 Convening, in their ears thy wrath renew<sup>44</sup>  
 Against the King of men, then, instant, arm  
 For battle, and put on thy glorious might.

So saying, the Goddess raised his courage high.  
 Then, through the nostrils of the dead she pour'd  
 Ambrosia, and the ruddy juice divine 45  
 Of nectar, antidotes against decay.

And now forth went Achilles by the side  
 Of ocean, calling with a dreadful shout  
 To council all the heroes of the host.<sup>[4]</sup>  
 Then, even they who in the fleet before 50  
 Constant abode, helmsmen and those who held  
 In stewardship the food and public stores,  
 All flock'd to council, for that now at length  
 After long abstinence from dread exploits  
 Of war, Achilles had once more appear<sup>55</sup>.  
 Two went together, halting on the spear,  
 (For still they felt the anguish of their wounds)  
 Noble Ulysses and brave Diomede,  
 And took an early seat; whom follow'd last  
 The King of men, by Coön in the field 60  
 Of furious battle wounded with a lance.  
 The Grecians all assembled, in the midst  
 Upstood the swift Achilles, and began.

Atrides! we had doubtless better sped  
 Both thou and I, thus doing, when at first<sup>65</sup>  
 With cruel rage we burn'd, a girl the cause.  
 I would that Dian's shaft had in the fleet  
 Slain her that self-same day when I destroy'd  
 Lyrnessus, and by conquest made her mine!  
 Then had not many a Grecian, lifeless νόον,  
 Clench'd with his teeth the ground, victim, alas!  
 Of my revenge; whence triumph hath accrued  
 To Hector and his host, while ours have cause  
 For long remembrance of our mutual strife.  
 But evils past let pass, yielding perforce<sup>75</sup>  
 To sad necessity. My wrath shall cease  
 Now; I resign it; it hath burn'd too long.  
 Thou therefore summon forth the host to fight,  
 That I may learn meeting them in the field,  
 If still the Trojans purpose at our fleet 80  
 To watch us this night also. But I judge  
 That driven by my spear to rapid flight,  
 They shall escape with weary limbs<sup>[51]</sup> at least.

He ended, and the Grecians brazen-greaved  
 Rejoiced that Peleus' mighty son had cast<sup>85</sup>  
 His wrath aside. Then not into the midst  
 Proceeding, but at his own seat, upstood  
 King Agamemnon, and them thus bespake.

Friends! Grecian heroes! Ministers of Mars!  
 Arise who may to speak, he claims you<sup>90</sup>ar;  
 All interruption wrongs him, and distracts,  
 Howe'er expert the speaker. Who can hear  
 Amid the roar of tumult, or who speak?  
 The clearest voice, best utterance, both are vain  
 I shall address Achilles. Hear my speech<sup>95</sup>

Ye Argives, and with understanding mark.  
 I hear not now the voice of your reproach<sup>[6]</sup>  
 First; ye have oft condemn'd me. Yet the blame  
 Rests not with me; Jove, Destiny, and she  
 Who roams the shades, Erynnis, caused<sup>100</sup> the offence.  
 She fill'd my soul with fury on that day  
 In council, when I seized Achilles' prize.  
 For what could I? All things obey the Gods.  
 Ate, pernicious Power, daughter of Jove,  
 By whom all suffer, challenges from all<sup>105</sup>  
 Reverence and fear. Delicate are her feet  
 Which scorn the ground, and over human heads  
 She glides, injurious to the race of man,  
 Of two who strive, at least entangling one.  
 She injured, on a day, dread Jove himself<sup>110</sup>  
 Most excellent of all in earth or heaven,  
 When Juno, although female, him deceived,  
 What time Alcmena should have brought to light  
 In bulwark'd Thebes the force of Hercules.  
 Then Jove, among the gods glorying, spake.

Hear all! both Gods and Goddesses, attend!  
 That I may make my purpose known. This day  
 Birth-pang-dispensing Ilithya brings  
 An hero forth to light, who, sprung from those  
 That sprang from me, his empire shall<sup>120</sup> end  
 Over all kingdoms bordering on his own.

To whom, designing fraud, Juno replied.  
 Thou wilt be found false, and this word of thine  
 Shall want performance. But Olympian Jove!  
 Swear now the inviolable oath, that he<sup>125</sup>  
 Who shall, this day, fall from between the feet  
 Of woman, drawing his descent from thee,  
 Shall rule all kingdoms bordering on his own.

She said, and Jove, suspecting nought her wiles,  
 The great oath swore, to his own grief<sup>130</sup> and wrong.  
 At once from the Olympian summit flew  
 Juno, and to Achaian Argos borne,  
 There sought the noble wife<sup>[7]</sup> of Sthenelus,  
 Offspring of Perseus. Pregnant with a son  
 Six months, she now the seventh saw<sup>135</sup> at hand,  
 But him the Goddess premature produced,  
 And check'd Alcmena's pangs already due.  
 Then joyful to have so prevail'd, she bore  
 Herself the tidings to Saturnian Jove.

Lord of the cendent lightnings! Sire<sup>140</sup> all!  
 I bring thee tidings. The great prince, ordain'd  
 To rule the Argive race, this day is born,  
 Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus, the son  
 Of Perseus; therefore he derives from thee,  
 Nor shall the throne of Argos shame his<sup>145</sup> birth.

She spake; then anguish stung the heart of Jove  
 Deeply, and seizing by her glossy locks  
 The Goddess Ate, in his wrath he swore  
 That never to the starry skies again  
 And the Olympian heights he would<sup>150</sup> sit  
 The universal mischief to return.  
 Then, whirling her around, he cast her down  
 To earth. She, mingling with all works of men,

Caused many a pang to Jove, who saw his son  
 Laborious tasks servile, and of his birth<sup>155</sup>  
 Unworthy, at Eurystheus' will enjoin'd.

So when the hero Hector at our ships  
 Slew us, I then regretted my offence  
 Which Ate first impell'd me to commit.  
 But since, infatuated by the Gods      160  
 I err'd, behold me ready to appease  
 With gifts of price immense whom I have wrong'd.  
 Thou, then, arise to battle, and the host  
 Rouse also. Not a promise yesternight  
 Was made thee by Ulysses in thy tent 165  
 On my behalf, but shall be well perform'd.  
 Or if it please thee, though impatient, wait  
 Short season, and my train shall bring the gifts  
 Even now; that thou may'st understand and know  
 That my peace-offerings are indeed sincere.

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.  
 Atrides! Agamemnon! passing all  
 In glory! King of men! recompense just  
 By gifts to make me, or to make me none,  
 That rests with thee. But let us to the fight  
 Incontinent. It is no time to play  
 The game of rhetoric, and to waste the hours  
 In speeches. Much remains yet unperform'd.  
 Achilles must go forth. He must be seen  
 Once more in front of battle, wasting ~~whole~~  
 With brazen spear, the crowded ranks of Troy.  
 Mark him—and as he fights, fight also ye.

To whom Ulysses ever-wise replied.  
 Nay—urge not, valiant as thou art thyself,  
 Achaia's sons up to the battlements 185  
 Of Ilium, by repast yet unrefresh'd,  
 Godlike Achilles!—For when phalanx once  
 Shall clash with phalanx, and the Gods with rage  
 Both hosts inspire, the contest shall not then  
 Prove short. Bid rather the Achaians take  
 Both food and wine, for they are strength and might.  
 To stand all day till sunset to a foe  
 Opposed in battle, fasting, were a task  
 Might foil the best; for though his will be prompt  
 To combat, yet the power must by degrees  
 Forsake him; thirst and hunger he must feel,  
 And his limbs failing him at every step.  
 But he who hath his vigor to the full  
 Fed with due nourishment, although he fight  
 All day, yet feels his courage unimpair<sup>200</sup>  
 Nor weariness perceives till all retire.  
 Come then—dismiss the people with command  
 That each prepare replenishment. Meantime  
 Let Agamemnon, King of men, his gifts  
 In presence here of the assembled Greeks  
 Produce, that all may view them, and that thou  
 May'st feel thine own heart gladden'd at the sight.  
 Let the King also, standing in the midst,  
 Swear to thee, that he renders back the maid  
 A virgin still, and strange to his embrace<sup>210</sup>  
 And let thy own composure prove, the while,  
 That thou art satisfied. Last, let him spread

A princely banquet for thee in his tent,  
 That thou may'st want no part of just amends.  
 Thou too, Atrides, shalt hereafter prov<sup>e</sup> 15  
 More just to others; for himself, a King,  
 Stoops not too low, soothing whom he hath wrong'd.

Him Agamemnon answer'd, King of men.  
 Thou hast arranged wisely the whole concern,  
 O Läertiades, and I have heard 220  
 Thy speech, both words and method with delight.  
 Willing I am, yea more, I wish to swear  
 As thou hast said, for by the Gods I can  
 Most truly. Let Achilles, though of pause  
 Impatient, suffer yet a short delay 225  
 With all assembled here, till from my tent  
 The gifts arrive, and oaths of peace be sworn.  
 To thee I give it in peculiar charge  
 That choosing forth the most illustrious youths  
 Of all Achaia, thou produce the gifts 230  
 from my own ship, all those which yesternight  
 We promised, nor the women leave behind.  
 And let Talthybius throughout all the camp  
 Of the Achaians, instant, seek a boar  
 For sacrifice to Jove and to the Sun. 235

Then thus Achilles matchless in the race.  
 Atrides! most illustrious! King of men!  
 Expedience bids us to these cares attend  
 Hereafter, when some pause, perchance, of fight  
 Shall happen, and the martial rage whi<sup>240</sup> fires  
 My bosom now, shall somewhat less be felt.  
 Our friends by Priameian Hector slain,  
 Now strew the field mangled, for him hath Jove  
 Exalted high, and given him great renown.  
 But haste, now take refreshment; thou<sup>245</sup> in truth  
 Might I direct, the host should by all means  
 Unfed to battle, and at set of sun  
 All sup together, this affront revenged.  
 But as for me, no drop shall pass my lips  
 Or morsel, whose companion lies with<sup>250</sup>  
 Turn'd to the vestibule, pierced by the spear,  
 And compass'd by my weeping train around.  
 No want of food feel I. My wishes call  
 For carnage, blood, and agonies and groans.

But him, excelling in all wisdom, th<sup>255</sup>  
 Ulysses answer'd. Oh Achilles! son  
 Of Peleus! bravest far of all our host!  
 Me, in no scanty measure, thou excell'st  
 Wielding the spear, and thee in prudence, I  
 Not less. For I am elder, and have lear<sup>260</sup>  
 What thou hast yet to learn. Bid then thine heart  
 Endure with patience to be taught by me.  
 Men, satiate soon with battle, loathe the field  
 On which the most abundant harvest falls,  
 Reap'd by the sword; and when the hand<sup>265</sup> of Jove  
 Dispenser of the great events of war,  
 Turns once the scale, then, farewell every hope  
 Of more than scanty gleanings. Shall the Greeks  
 Abstain from sustenance for all who die?  
 That were indeed severe, since day by<sup>270</sup>  
 No few expire, and respite could be none.

The dead, die whoso may, should be inhumed.  
 This, duty bids, but bids us also deem  
 One day sufficient for our sighs and tears.  
 Ourselves, all we who still survive the *Wār*,  
 Have need of sustenance, that we may bear  
 The lengthen'd conflict with recruited might,  
 Case in enduring brass.— Ye all have heard  
 Your call to battle; let none lingering stand  
 In expectation of a farther call,      280  
 Which if it sound, shall thunder prove to him  
 Who lurks among the ships. No. Rush we all  
 Together forth, for contest sharp prepared,  
 And persevering with the host of Troy.

So saying, the sons of Nestor, glorious <sup>285</sup>Chief,  
 He chose, with Meges Phyleus' noble son,  
 Thoas, Meriones, and Melanippus  
 And Lycomedes. These, together, sought  
 The tent of Agamemnon, King of men.  
 They ask'd, and they received. Soon <sup>290</sup>produced  
 The seven promised tripods from the tent,  
 Twice ten bright caldrons, twelve high-mettled steeds,  
 Seven lovely captives skill'd alike in arts  
 Domestic, of unblemish'd beauty rare,  
 And last, Briseis with the blooming cheeks.  
 Before them went Ulysses, bearing weigh'd  
 Ten golden talents, whom the chosen Greeks  
 Attended laden with the remnant gifts.  
 Full in the midst they placed them. Then arose  
 King Agamemnon, and Talthybius      300  
 The herald, clear in utterance as a God,  
 Beside him stood, holding the victim boar.  
 Atrides, drawing forth his dagger bright,  
 Appendant ever to his sword's huge sheath,  
 Sever'd the bristly forelock of the boar<sup>305</sup>  
 A previous offering. Next, with lifted hands  
 To Jove he pray'd, while, all around, the Greeks  
 Sat listening silent to the Sovereign's voice.  
 He look'd to the wide heaven, and thus he pray'd.

First, Jove be witness! of all Powers<sup>310</sup>Above  
 Best and supreme; Earth next, and next the Sun!  
 And last, who under Earth the guilt avenge  
 Of oaths sworn falsely, let the Furies hear!  
 For no respect of amorous desire  
 Or other purpose, have I laid mine hand<sup>315</sup>  
 On fair Briseis, but within my tent  
 Untouch'd, immaculate she hath remain'd.  
 And if I falsely swear, then may the Gods  
 The many woes with which they mark the crime  
 Of men forsown, pour also down on me<sup>320</sup>

So saying, he pierced the victim in his throat  
 And, whirling him around, Talthybius, next,  
 Cast him into the ocean, fishes' food.<sup>[18]</sup>  
 Then, in the centre of Achaia's sons  
 Uprose Achilles, and thus spake again<sup>325</sup>

Jove! Father! dire calamities, effects  
 Of thy appointment, fall on human-kind.  
 Never had Agamemnon in my breast  
 Such anger kindled, never had he seized,

Blinded by wrath, and torn my prize away,  
But that the slaughter of our numerous friends  
Which thence ensued, thou hadst, thyself, ordained.  
Now go, ye Grecians, eat, and then to battle.

So saying, Achilles suddenly dissolved  
The hasty council, and all flew dispers'd  
To their own ships. Then took the Myrmidons  
Those splendid gifts which in the tent they lodged  
Of swift Achilles, and the damsels led  
Each to a seat, while others of his train  
Drove forth the steeds to pasture with ~~the~~<sup>the</sup> herd.  
But when Brisëis, bright as Venus, saw  
Patroclus lying mangled by the spear,  
Enfolding him around, she shriek'd and tore  
Her bosom, her smooth neck and beauteous cheeks.  
Then thus, divinely fair, with tears she ~~said~~<sup>said</sup>.

Ah, my Patroclus! dearest friend of all  
To hapless me, departing from this tent  
I left thee living, and now, generous Chief!  
Restored to it again, here find thee dead.  
How rapid in succession are my woes!  
I saw, myself, the valiant prince to whom  
My parents had betroth'd me, slain before  
Our city walls; and my three brothers, sons  
Of my own mother, whom with long regret  
I mourn, fell also in that dreadful field.  
But when the swift Achilles slew the prince  
Design'd my spouse, and the fair city sack'd  
Of noble Mynes, thou by every art  
Of tender friendship didst forbid my tears,  
Promising oft that thou would'st make ~~me~~<sup>my</sup> bride  
Of Peleus' godlike son, that thy own ship  
Should waft me hence to Phthia, and that thyself  
Would'st furnish forth among the Myrmidons  
Our nuptial feast. Therefore thy death I mourn  
Ceaseless, for thou wast ever kind to me.

She spake, and all her fellow-captives heaved  
Responsive sighs, deplored each, in show,  
The dead Patroclus, but, in truth, herself.  
Then the Achaian Chiefs gather'd around  
Achilles, wooing him to eat, but he  
Groan'd and still resolute, their suit refused—

If I have here a friend on whom by prayers  
I may prevail, I pray that ye desist,  
Nor longer press me, mourner as I am,  
To eat or drink, for till the sun go down  
I am inflexible, and *will* abstain.

So saying, the other princes he dismiss'd  
Impatient, but the sons of Atreus both,  
Ulysses, Nestor and Idomeneus,  
With Phœnix, hoary warrior, in his tenth  
Abiding still, with cheerful converse kind  
Essay'd to soothe him, whose afflicted soul  
All soothing scorn'd till he should once again  
Rush on the ravening edge of bloody war.  
Then, mindful of his friend, groaning he said

Time was, unhappiest, dearest of my friends!  
When even thou, with diligent dispatch,

Thyself, hast spread a table in my tent,  
 The hour of battle drawing nigh between  
 The Greeks and warlike Trojans. But ~~the~~<sup>390</sup> lies  
 Thy body now, gored by the ruthless steel,  
 And for thy sake I neither eat nor drink,  
 Though dearth be none, conscious that other wo  
 Surpassing this I can have none to fear.  
 No, not if tidings of my father's death 395  
 Should reach me, who, this moment, weeps, perhaps,  
 In Phthia tears of tenderest regret  
 For such a son; while I, remote from home  
 Fight for detested Helen under Troy.  
 Nor even were *he* dead, whom, if he li~~400~~<sup>400</sup>  
 I rear in Scyros, my own darling son,  
 My Neoptolemus of form divine.<sup>[10]</sup>  
 For still this hope I cherish'd in my breast  
 Till now, that, of us two, myself alone  
 Should fall at Ilium, and that thou, rest~~405~~<sup>405</sup>  
 To Phthia, should'st have wafted o'er the waves  
 My son from Scyros to his native home,  
 That thou might'st show him all his heritage,  
 My train of menials, and my fair abode.  
 For either dead already I account 410  
 Peleus, or doubt not that his residue  
 Of miserable life shall soon be spent,  
 Through stress of age and expectation sad  
 That tidings of my death shall, next, arrive.

So spake Achilles weeping, around ~~wifom~~<sup>wifom</sup>  
 The Chiefs all sigh'd, each with remembrance pain'd  
 Of some loved object left at home. Meantime  
 Jove, with compassion moved, their sorrow saw,  
 And in wing'd accents thus to Pallas spake.

Daughter! thou hast abandon'd, as it~~420~~<sup>420</sup>ems,  
 Yon virtuous Chief for ever; shall no care  
 Thy mind engage of brave Achilles more?  
 Before his gallant fleet mourning he sits  
 His friend, disconsolate; the other Greeks  
 Sat and are satisfied; he only fasts. 425  
 Go then—instil nectar into his breast,  
 And sweets ambrosial, that he hunger not.

So saying, he urged Minerva prompt before.  
 In form a shrill-voiced Harpy of long wing  
 Through ether down she darted, while ~~430~~<sup>430</sup> Greeks  
 In all their camp for instant battle arm'd.  
 Ambrosial sweets and nectar she instill'd  
 Into his breast, lest he should suffer loss  
 Of strength through abstinence, then soar'd again  
 To her great Sire's unperishing abode. 435  
 And now the Grecians from their gallant fleet  
 All pour'd themselves abroad. As when thick snow  
 From Jove descends, driven by impetuous gusts  
 Of the cloud-scattering North, so frequent shone  
 Issuing from the fleet the dazzling cas~~440~~<sup>440</sup>s,  
 Boss'd bucklers, hauberks strong, and ashen spears.  
 Upwent the flash to heaven; wide all around  
 The champain laugh'd with beamy brass illum'd,  
 And tramplings of the warriors on all sides  
 Resounded, amidst whom Achilles arm~~445~~<sup>445</sup>.  
 He gnash'd his teeth, fire glimmer'd in his eyes,

Anguish intolerable wrung his heart  
 And fury against Troy, while he put on  
 His glorious arms, the labor of a God.  
 First, to his legs his polish'd greaves he<sup>450</sup>gasp'd  
 Studded with silver, then his corselet bright  
 Braced to his bosom, his huge sword of brass  
 Athwart his shoulder slung, and his broad shield  
 Uplifted last, luminous as the moon.  
 Such as to mariners a fire appears, 455  
 Kindled by shepherds on the distant top  
 Of some lone hill; they, driven by stormy winds,  
 Reluctant roam far off the fishy deep,  
 Such from Achilles' burning shield divine  
 A lustre struck the skies; his ponderous<sup>460</sup>helm  
 He lifted to his brows; starlike it shone,  
 And shook its curling crest of bushy gold,  
 By Vulcan taught to wave profuse around.  
 So clad, godlike Achilles trial made  
 If his arms fitted him, and gave free scope<sup>465</sup>  
 To his proportion'd limbs; buoyant they proved  
 As wings, and high upbore his airy tread.  
 He drew his father's spear forth from his case,  
 Heavy and huge and long. That spear, of all  
 Achaia's sons, none else had power to<sup>470</sup>eld;  
 Achilles only could the Pelian spear  
 Brandish, by Chiron for his father hewn  
 From Pelion's top for slaughter of the brave.  
 His coursers, then, Automedon prepared  
 And Alcimus, adjusting diligent 475  
 The fair caparisons; they thrust the bits  
 Into their mouths, and to the chariot seat  
 Extended and made fast the reins behind.  
 The splendid scourge commodious to the grasp  
 Seizing, at once Automedon upsprang<sup>480</sup>  
 Into his place; behind him, arm'd complete  
 Achilles mounted, as the orient sun  
 All dazzling, and with awful tone his speech  
 Directed to the coursers of his Sire.

Xanthus, and Balius of Podarges' bl<sup>485</sup>east  
 Illustrious! see ye that, the battle done,  
 Ye bring whom now ye bear back to the host  
 Of the Achaians in far other sort,  
 Nor leave him, as ye left Patroclus, dead.<sup>[11]</sup>  
 Him then his steed unconquer'd in the<sup>490</sup>e,  
 Xanthus answer'd from beneath his yoke,  
 But, hanging low his head, and with his mane  
 Dishevell'd all, and streaming to the ground.  
 Him Juno vocal made, Goddess white-arm'd.

And doubtless so we will. This day<sup>495</sup>east  
 We bear thee safe from battle, stormy Chief!  
 But thee the hour of thy destruction swift  
 Approaches, hasten'd by no fault of ours,  
 But by the force of fate and power divine.  
 For not through sloth or tardiness on u<sup>500</sup>00  
 Aught chargeable, have Ilium's sons thine arms  
 Stript from Patroclus' shoulders, but a God  
 Matchless in battle, offspring of bright-hair'd  
 Latona, him contending in the van  
 Slew, for the glory of the Chief of Troy<sup>505</sup>

We, Zephyrus himself, though by report  
Swiftest of all the winds of heaven, in speed  
Could equal, but the Fates thee also doom  
By human hands to fall, and hands divine.

The interposing Furies at that word 510  
Suppress'd his utterance,<sup>[12]</sup> and indignant, thus,  
Achilles, swiftest of the swift, replied.

Why, Xanthus, propheciest thou my death?  
It ill beseems thee. I already know  
That from my parents far remote my ~~dōbōn~~  
Appoints me here to die; yet not the more  
Cease I from feats if arms, till Ilium's host  
Shall have received, at length, their fill of war.

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

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## BOOK XX.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

By permission of Jupiter the Gods descend into the battle, and range themselves on either side respectively. Neptune rescues Æneas from death by the hand of Achilles, from whom Apollo, soon after, rescues Hector. Achilles slays many Trojans.

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## BOOK XX.

The Grecians, thus, before their lofty ships  
 Stood arm'd around Achilles, glorious Chief  
 Insatiable with war, and opposite  
 The Trojans on the rising-ground appear'd.<sup>[1]</sup>  
 Meantime, Jove order'd Themis, from th<sup>e</sup> head  
 Of the deep-fork'd Olympian to convene  
 The Gods in council. She to every part  
 Proceeding, bade them to the courts of Jove.<sup>[2]</sup>  
 Nor of the Floods was any absent thence  
 Oceanus except, or of the Nymphs      10  
 Who haunt the pleasant groves, or dwell beside  
 Stream-feeding fountains, or in meadows green.  
 Within the courts of cloud-assembler Jove  
 Arrived, on pillar'd thrones radiant they sat,  
 With ingenuity divine contrived      15  
 By Vulcan for the mighty Sire of all.  
 Thus they within the Thunderer's palace sat  
 Assembled; nor was Neptune slow to hear  
 The voice of Themis, but (the billows left)  
 Came also; in the midst his seat he took<sup>20</sup>  
 And ask'd, incontinent, the mind of Jove.<sup>[3]</sup>

King of the lightnings! wherefore hast thou call'd  
 The Gods to council? Hast thou aught at heart  
 Important to the hosts of Greece and Troy?  
 For on the battle's fiery edge they stand<sup>25</sup>

To whom replied Jove, Sovereign of the storms,  
 Thou know'st my council, Shaker of the shores!  
 And wherefore ye are call'd. Although ordain'd  
 So soon to die, they interest me still.  
 Myself, here seated on Olympus' top,    30  
 With contemplation will my mind indulge  
 Of yon great spectacle; but ye, the rest,  
 Descend into the field, Trojan or Greek

Each to assist, as each shall most incline.  
 For should Achilles in the field no foe 35  
 Find save the Trojans, quickly should they fly  
 Before the rapid force of Peleus' son.  
 They trembled ever at his look, and since  
 Such fury for his friend hath fired his heart,  
 I fear lest he anticipate the will 40  
 Of Fate, and Ilium perish premature.

So spake the son of Saturn kindling war  
 Inevitable, and the Gods to fight  
 'Gan move with minds discordant. Juno sought  
 And Pallas, with the earth-encircling Po~~45~~  
 Neptune, the Grecian fleet, with whom were join'd  
 Mercury, teacher of all useful arts,  
 And Vulcan, rolling on all sides his eyes  
 Tremendous, but on disproportion'd legs,  
 Not without labor hard, halting uncouth<sup>50</sup>  
 Mars, warrior-God, on Ilium's part appear'd  
 With Phœbus never-shorn, Dian shaft-arm'd,  
 Xanthus, Latona, and the Queen of smiles,  
 Venus. So long as the immortal Gods  
 Mixed not with either host, Achaia's so~~55~~  
 Exulted, seeing, after tedious pause,  
 Achilles in the field, and terror shook  
 The knees of every Trojan, at the sight  
 Of swift Achilles like another Mars  
 Panting for blood, and bright in arms ag<sup>60</sup>n.  
 But when the Olympian Powers had enter'd once  
 The multitude, then Discord, at whose voice  
 The million maddens, vehement arose;  
 Then, Pallas at the trench without the wall  
 By turns stood shouting, and by turns a shout  
 Sent terrible along the sounding shore,  
 While, gloomy as a tempest, opposite,  
 Mars from the lofty citadel of Troy  
 Now yell'd aloud, now running o'er the hill  
 Callicolone, on the Simois' side. 70

Thus the Immortals, ever-blest, impell'd  
 Both hosts to battle, and dire inroad caused  
 Of strife among them. Sudden from on high  
 The Sire of Gods and men thunder'd; meantime,  
 Neptune the earth and the high mountai~~65~~s shook;  
 Through all her base and to her topmost peak  
 Ida spring-fed the agitation felt  
 Reeling, all Ilium and the fleet of Greece.  
 Upstarted from his throne, appall'd, the King  
 Of Erebus, and with a cry his fears 80  
 Through hell proclaim'd, lest Neptune, o'er his head  
 Shattering the vaulted earth, should wide disclose  
 To mortal and immortal eyes his realm  
 Terrible, squalid, to the Gods themselves  
 A dreaded spectacle; with such a sound<sup>85</sup>  
 The Powers eternal into battle rush'd.<sup>[4]</sup>  
 Opposed to Neptune, King of the vast Deep,  
 Apollo stood with his wing'd arrows arm'd;  
 Pallas to Mars; Diana shaft-expert,  
 Sister of Phœbus, in her golden bow 90  
 Rejoicing, with whose shouts the forests ring  
 To Juno; Mercury, for useful arts

Famed, to Latona; and to Vulcan's force  
 The eddied River broad by mortal men  
 Scamander call'd, but Xanthus by the Gods.

So Gods encounter'd Gods. But most desire  
 Achilles felt, breaking the ranks, to rush  
 On Priameian Hector, with whose blood  
 Chiefly his fury prompted him to sate  
 The indefatigable God of war. 100  
 But, the encourager of Ilium's host  
 Apollo, urged Æneas to assail  
 The son of Peleus, with heroic might  
 Inspiring his bold heart. He feign'd the voice  
 Of Priam's son Lycaon, and his form 105  
 Assuming, thus the Trojan Chief address'd.

Æneas! Trojan leader! where are now  
 Thy vaunts, which, banqueting erewhile among  
 Our princes, o'er thy brimming cups thou mad'st,  
 That thou would'st fight, thyself, with Peleus' son?

To whom Æneas answer thus returned.  
 Offspring of Priam! why enjoin'st thou me  
 Not so inclined, that arduous task, to cope  
 With the unmatch'd Achilles? I have proved  
 His force already, when he chased me down  
 From Ida with his spear, what time he made  
 Seizure of all our cattle, and destroy'd  
 Pedasus and Lyrnessus; but I 'scaped  
 Unslain, by Jove himself empower'd to fly,  
 Else had I fallen by Achilles' hand, 120  
 And by the hand of Pallas, who his steps  
 Conducted, and exhorted him to slay  
 Us and the Leleges.<sup>[5]</sup> Vain, therefore, proves  
 All mortal force to Peleus' son opposed;  
 For one, at least, of the Immortals stand<sup>[135]</sup>  
 Ever beside him, guardian of his life,  
 And, of himself, he hath an arm that sends  
 His rapid spear unerring to the mark.  
 Yet, would the Gods more equal sway the scales  
 Of battle, not with ease should he subdue<sup>[140]</sup>  
 Me, though he boast a panoply of brass.

Him, then, Apollo answer'd, son of Jove.  
 Hero! prefer to the immortal Gods  
 Thy Prayer, for thee men rumor Venus' son  
 Daughter of Jove; and Peleus' son his birth  
 Drew from a Goddess of inferior note.  
 Thy mother is from Jove; the offspring, his,  
 Less noble of the hoary Ocean old.  
 Go, therefore, and thy conquering spear uplift  
 Against him, nor let aught his sounding<sup>[145]</sup> words  
 Appal thee, or his threats turn thee away.

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

Neptune, and thou, Minerva! with mature  
 Deliberation, ponder the event.  
 Yon Chief, Æneas, dazzling bright in arms;

Goes to withstand Achilles, and he goes  
 Sent by Apollo; in despite of whom  
 Be it our task to give him quick repulse,  
 Or, of ourselves, let some propitious Power  
 Strengthen Achilles with a mind exempt<sup>65</sup>  
 From terror, and with force invincible.  
 So shall he know that of the Gods above  
 The mightiest are his friends, with whom compared  
 The favorers of Ilium in time past,  
 Who stood her guardians in the bloody strife,  
 Are empty boasters all, and nothing worth.  
 For therefore came we down, that we may share  
 This fight, and that Achilles suffer nought  
 Fatal to-day, though suffer all he must  
 Hereafter, with his thread of life entwined<sup>66</sup>  
 By Destiny, the day when he was born.  
 But should Achilles unapprized remain  
 Of such advantage by a voice divine,  
 When he shall meet some Deity in the field,  
 Fear then will seize him, for celestial fangs<sup>67</sup>  
 Unveil'd are terrible to mortal eyes.

To whom replied the Shaker of the shores.  
 Juno! thy hot impatience needs control;  
 It ill befits thee. No desire I feel  
 To force into contention with ourselves<sup>75</sup>  
 Gods, our inferiors. No. Let us, retired  
 To yonder hill, distant from all resort,  
 There sit, while these the battle wage alone.  
 But if Apollo, or if Mars the fight  
 Entering, begin, themselves, to interfere<sup>76</sup>  
 Against Achilles, then will we at once  
 To battle also; and, I much misdeem,  
 Or glad they shall be soon to mix again  
 Among the Gods on the Olympian heights,  
 By strong coercion of our arms subdued<sup>78</sup>

So saying, the God of Ocean azure-hair'd  
 Moved foremost to the lofty mound earth-built  
 Of noble Hercules, by Pallas raised  
 And by the Trojans for his safe escape,  
 What time the monster of the deep purposed<sup>80</sup>  
 The hero from the sea-bank o'er the plain.  
 There Neptune sat, and his confederate Gods,  
 Their shoulders with impenetrable clouds  
 O'ermantled, while the city-spoiler Mars  
 Sat with Apollo opposite on the hill 195  
 Callicolone, with their aids divine.  
 So, Gods to Gods in opposite aspect  
 Sat ruminating, and alike the work  
 All fearing to begin of arduous war,  
 While from his seat sublime Jove urged them on.<sup>80</sup>  
 The champain all was fill'd, and with the blaze  
 Illumined wide of men and steeds brass-arm'd,  
 And the incumber'd earth jarr'd under foot  
 Of the encountering hosts. Then, two, the rest  
 Surpassing far, into the midst advanced<sup>85</sup>  
 Impatient for the fight, Anchises' son  
 Æneas and Achilles, glorious Chief!  
 Æneas first, under his ponderous casque  
 Nodding and menacing, advanced; before

His breast he held the well-conducted ~~810~~  
 Of his broad shield, and shook his brazen spear.  
 On the other side, Achilles to the fight  
 Flew like a ravening lion, on whose death  
 Resolved, the peasants from all quarters meet;  
 He, viewing with disdain the foremost ~~21~~ ~~falks~~  
 Right on, but smitten by some dauntless youth  
 Writhes himself, and discloses his huge fangs  
 Hung with white foam; then, growling for revenge,  
 Lashes himself to battle with his tail,  
 Till with a burning eye and a bold heart ~~120~~  
 He springs to slaughter, or himself is slain;  
 So, by his valor and his noble mind  
 Impell'd, renown'd Achilles moved toward  
 Æneas, and, small interval between,  
 Thus spake the hero matchless in the ~~r225~~.

Why stand'st thou here, Æneas! thy own band  
 Left at such distance? Is it that thine heart  
 Glows with ambition to contend with me  
 In hope of Priam's honors, and to fill  
 His throne hereafter in Troy steed-renown'd?  
 But shouldst thou slay me, not for that exploit  
 Would Priam such large recompense bestow,  
 For he hath sons, and hath, beside, a mind  
 And disposition not so lightly changed.  
 Or have the Trojans of their richest soil ~~235~~  
 For vineyard apt or plow assign'd thee part  
 If thou shalt slay me? Difficult, I hope,  
 At least, thou shalt experience that emprise.  
 For, as I think, I have already chased  
 Thee with my spear. Forgettest thou the ~~240~~ day  
 When, finding thee alone, I drove thee down  
 Headlong from Ida, and, thy cattle left  
 Afar, thou didst not dare in all thy flight  
 Turn once, till at Lyrnessus safe arrived,  
 Which city by Jove's aid and by the aid ~~245~~  
 Of Pallas I destroy'd, and captive led  
 Their women? Thee, indeed, the Gods preserved  
 But they shall not preserve thee, as thou dream'st  
 Now also. Back into thy host again;  
 Hence, I command thee, nor oppose in ~~250~~ ht  
 My force, lest evil find thee. To be taught  
 By suffering only is the part of fools.

To whom Æneas answer thus return'd.  
 Pelides! hope not, as I were a boy,  
 With words to scare me. I have also taunts  
 At my command, and could be sharp as thou.  
 By such reports as from the lips of men  
 We oft have heard, each other's birth we know  
 And parents; but my parents to behold  
 Was ne'er thy lot, nor have I thine beheld.  
 Thee men proclaim from noble Peleus sprung  
 And Thetis, bright hair'd Goddess of the Deep;  
 I boast myself of lovely Venus born  
 To brave Anchises; and his son this day  
 In battle slain thy sire shall mourn, or ~~255~~ die;  
 For I expect not that we shall depart  
 Like children, satisfied with words alone.  
 But if it please thee more at large to learn

My lineage (thousands can attest it true)  
 Know this. Jove, Sovereign of the storm<sup>270</sup>, begat  
 Dardanus, and ere yet the sacred walls  
 Of Ilium rose, the glory of this plain,  
 He built Dardania; for at Ida's foot  
 Dwelt our progenitors in ancient days.

Dardanus was the father of a son,      275  
 King Ericthonius, wealthiest of mankind.  
 Three thousand mares of his the marish grazed,  
 Each suckling with delight her tender foal.  
 Boreas, enamor'd of no few of these,  
 The pasture sought, and cover'd them ~~280~~<sup>form</sup>  
 Of a steed azure-maned. They, pregnant thence,  
 Twelve foals produced, and all so light of foot,  
 That when they wanton'd in the fruitful field  
 They swept, and snapp'd it not, the golden ear;  
 And when they wanton'd on the bound~~285~~<sup>s</sup> deep,  
 They skimm'd the green wave's frothy ridge, secure.

From Ericthonius sprang Tros, King of Troy,  
 And Tros was father of three famous sons,  
 Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymede  
 Loveliest of human kind, whom for his<sup>290</sup> harms  
 The Gods caught up to heaven, there to abide  
 With the immortals, cup-bearer of Jove.

Ilus begat Laomedon, and he  
 Five sons, Tithonus, Priam, Clytius,  
 Lampus, and Hicetaon, branch of Mar<sup>295</sup>  
 Assaracus a son begat, by name  
 Capys, and Capys in due time his son  
 Warlike Anchises, and Anchises me.  
 But Priam is the noble Hector's sire.<sup>[6]</sup>  
 Such is my lineage, and such blood I boast;  
 But valor is from Jove; he, as he wills,  
 Increases or reduces it in man,  
 For he is lord of all. Therefore enough—  
 Too long like children we have stood, the time  
 Consuming here, while battle roars aro<sup>300</sup>nd.  
 Reproach is cheap. Easily might we cast  
 Gibes at each other, till a ship that asks  
 A hundred oars should sink beneath the load.  
 The tongue of man is voluble, hath words  
 For every theme, nor wants wide field ~~310~~<sup>and</sup> long,  
 And as he speaks so shall he hear again.  
 But we—why should we wrangle, and with taunts  
 Assail each other, as the practice is  
 Of women, who with heart-devouring strife  
 On fire, start forth into the public way  
 To mock each other, uttering, as may chance,  
 Much truth, much falsehood, as their anger bids?  
 The ardor of my courage will not slack  
 For all thy speeches; we must combat first;  
 Now, therefore, without more delay, begin,  
 That we may taste each other's force in arms.<sup>[7]</sup>

So spake Æneas, and his brazen lance  
 Hurl'd with full force against the dreadful shield.  
 Loud roar'd its ample concave at the blow.  
 Not unalarm'd, Pelides his broad disk 325  
 Thrust farther from him, deeming that the force  
 Of such an arm should pierce his guard with ease.

Vain fear! he recollect not that arms  
 Glorious as his, gifts of the immortal Gods,  
 Yield not so quickly to the force of man.<sup>330</sup>  
 The stormy spear by brave Æneas sent,  
 No passage found; the golden plate divine  
 Repress'd its vehemence; two folds it pierced,  
 But three were still behind, for with five folds  
 Vulcan had fortified it; two were brass.<sup>335</sup>  
 The two interior, tin; the midmost, gold;  
 And at the golden one the weapon stood.<sup>[8]</sup>  
 Achilles next, hurl'd his long shadow'd spear,  
 And struck Æneas on the utmost verge  
 Of his broad shield, where thinnest lay.<sup>340</sup> brass,  
 And thinnest the ox-hide. The Pelian ash  
 Started right through the buckler, and it rang.  
 Æneas crouch'd terrified, and his shield  
 Thrust farther from him; but the rapid beam  
 Bursting both borders of the ample disk.<sup>345</sup>  
 Glanced o'er his back, and plunged into the soil.  
 He 'scaped it, and he stood; but, as he stood,  
 With horror infinite the weapon saw  
 Planted so near him. Then, Achilles drew  
 His falchion keen, and with a deafening.<sup>350</sup> shout  
 Sprang on him; but Æneas seized a stone  
 Heavy and huge, a weight to overcharge  
 Two men (such men as are accounted strong  
 Now) but he wielded it with ease, alone.  
 Then had Æneas, as Achilles came      355  
 Impetuous on, smitten, although in vain,  
 His helmet or his shield, and Peleus' son  
 Had with his falchion him stretch'd at his feet,  
 But that the God of Ocean quick perceived  
 His peril, and the Immortals thus bespake.<sup>360</sup>

I pity brave Æneas, who shall soon,  
 Slain by Achilles, see the realms below,  
 By smooth suggestions of Apollo lured  
 To danger, such as he can ne'er avert.  
 But wherefore should the Chief, guiltless.<sup>365</sup> himself,  
 Die for the fault of others? at no time  
 His gifts have fail'd, grateful to all in heaven.  
 Come, therefore, and let us from death ourselves  
 Rescue him, lest if by Achilles' arm  
 This hero perish, Jove himself be wroth.<sup>370</sup>  
 For he is destined to survive, lest all  
 The house of Dardanus (whom Jove beyond  
 All others loved, his sons of woman born)  
 Fail with Æneas, and be found no more.  
 Saturnian Jove hath hated now long time.<sup>375</sup>  
 The family of Priam, and henceforth  
 Æneas and his son, and his sons' sons,  
 Shall sway the sceptre o'er the race of Troy.

To whom, majestic thus the spouse of Jove.  
 Neptune! deliberate thyself, and choos.<sup>380</sup>  
 Whether to save Æneas, or to leave  
 The hero victim of Achilles' ire.  
 For Pallas and myself oftentimes have sworn  
 In full assembly of the Gods, to aid  
 Troy never, never to avert the day      385  
 Of her distress, not even when the flames

Kindled by the heroic sons of Greece,  
Shall climb with fury to her topmost towers.

She spake; then Neptune, instant, through the throng  
Of battle flying, and the clash of spear<sup>390</sup>  
Came where Achilles and Æneas fought.  
At once with shadows dim he blurr'd the sight  
Of Peleus' son, and from the shield, himself,  
Of brave Æneas the bright-pointed ash  
Retracting, placed it at Achilles' feet. 395  
Then, lifting high Æneas from the ground,  
He heaved him far remote; o'er many a rank  
Of heroes and of bounding steeds he flew,  
Launch'd into air from the expanded palm  
Of Neptune, and alighted in the rear 400  
Of all the battle where the Caucons stood.  
Neptune approach'd him there, and at his side  
Standing, in accents wing'd, him thus bespake.

What God, Æneas! tempted thee to cope  
Thus inconsiderately with the son 405  
Of Peleus, both more excellent in fight  
Than thou, and more the favorite of the skies?  
From him retire hereafter, or expect  
A premature descent into the shades.  
But when Achilles shall have once ful<sup>410</sup>llo<sup>d</sup>  
His destiny, in battle slain, then fight  
Fearless, for thou canst fall by none beside.

So saying, he left the well-admonish'd Chief,  
And from Achilles' eyes scatter'd the gloom  
Shed o'er them by himself. The hero sa<sup>415</sup>w<sup>5</sup>  
Clearly, and with his noble heart incensed  
By disappointment, thus conferring, said.

Gods! I behold a prodigy. My spear  
Lies at my foot, and he at whom I cast  
The weapon with such deadly force, is<sup>420</sup>one!  
Æneas therefore, as it seems, himself  
Interests the immortal Gods, although  
I deem'd his boast of their protection vain.  
I reck not. Let him go. So gladly 'scaped  
From slaughter now, he shall not soon<sup>425</sup>again  
Feel an ambition to contend with me.  
Now will I rouse the Danaï, and prove  
The force in fight of many a Trojan more.

He said, and sprang to battle with loud voice,  
Calling the Grecians after him.— Ye so<sup>430</sup>n<sup>8</sup>  
Of the Achaians! stand not now aloof,  
My noble friends! but foot to foot let each  
Fall on courageous, and desire the fight.  
The task were difficult for me alone,  
Brave as I boast myself, to chase a foe<sup>435</sup>  
So numerous, and to combat with them all.  
Not Mars himself, immortal though he be,  
Nor Pallas, could with all the ranks contend  
Of this vast multitude, and drive the whole.  
With hands, with feet, with spirit and w<sup>440</sup>ight,  
All that I can I will; right through I go,  
And not a Trojan who shall chance within  
Spear's reach of me, shall, as I judge, rejoice.

Thus he the Greeks exhorted. Opposite,  
Meantime, illustrious Hector to his host<sup>445</sup>  
Vociferated, his design to oppose  
Achilles publishing in every ear.

Fear not, ye valiant men of Troy! fear not  
The son of Peleus. In a war of words  
I could, myself, cope even with the God<sup>450</sup>  
But not with spears; there they excel us all.  
Nor shall Achilles full performance give  
To all his vaunts, but, if he some fulfil,  
Shall others leave mutilate in the midst.  
I will encounter him, though his hands<sup>455</sup> fire,  
Though fire his hands, and his heart hammer'd steel.

So spake he them exhorting. At his word  
Uprose the Trojan spears, thick intermixt  
The battle join'd, and clamor loud began.  
Then thus, approaching Hector, Phœbus<sup>460</sup> spake.

Henceforth, advance not Hector! in the front  
Seeking Achilles, but retired within  
The stormy multitude his coming wait,  
Lest his spear reach thee, or his glittering sword.

He said, and Hector far into his host<sup>465</sup>  
Withdrew, admonish'd by the voice divine.  
Then, shouting terrible, and clothed with might,  
Achilles sprang to battle. First, he slew  
The valiant Chief Iphition, whom a band  
Numerous obey'd. Otrynteus was his<sup>470</sup>  
Him to Otrynteus, city-waster Chief,  
A Naiad under snowy Tmolus bore  
In fruitful Hyda.<sup>[9]</sup> Right into his front  
As he advanced, Achilles drove his spear,  
And rived his skull; with thundering sound he fell,  
And thus the conqueror gloried in his fall.

Ah Otryntides! thou art slain. Here lies  
The terrible in arms, who born beside  
The broad Gygæan lake, where Hyllus flows  
And Hermus, call'd the fertile soil his<sup>480</sup>.

Thus gloried he. Meantime the shades of death  
Cover'd Iphition, and Achaian wheels  
And horses ground his body in the van.  
Demoleon next, Antenor's son, a brave  
Defender of the walls of Troy, he slew<sup>485</sup>  
Into his temples through his brazen casque  
He thrust the Pelian ash, nor could the brass  
Such force resist, but the huge weapon drove  
The shatter'd bone into his inmost brain,  
And his fierce onset at a stroke repress<sup>490</sup>  
Hippodamas his weapon next received  
Within his spine, while with a leap he left  
His steeds and fled. He, panting forth his life,  
Moan'd like a bull, by consecrated youths  
Dragg'd round the Heliconian King,<sup>[10]</sup> who views  
That victim with delight. So, with loud moans  
The noble warrior sigh'd his soul away.  
Then, spear in hand, against the godlike son  
Of Priam, Polydorus, he advanced.  
Not yet his father had to him indulged<sup>500</sup>  
A warrior's place, for that of all his sons

He was the youngest-born, his hoary sire's  
 Chief darling, and in speed surpass'd them all.  
 Then also, in the vanity of youth,  
 For show of nimbleness, he started oft 505  
 Into the vanward, till at last he fell.  
 Him gliding swiftly by, swifter than he  
 Achilles with a javelin reach'd; he struck  
 His belt behind him, where the golden clasps  
 Met, and the double hauberk interposed 510  
 The point transpierced his bowels, and sprang through  
 His navel; screaming, on his knees he fell,  
 Death-shadows dimm'd his eyes, and with both hands,  
 Stooping, he press'd his gather'd bowels back.  
 But noble Hector, soon as he beheld 515  
 His brother Polydorus to the earth  
 Inclined, and with his bowels in his hands,  
 Sightless well-nigh with anguish could endure  
 No longer to remain aloof; flame-like  
 He burst abroad,[11] and shaking his sharp spear,  
 Advanced to meet Achilles, whose approach  
 Seeing, Achilles bounded with delight,  
 And thus, exulting, to himself he said.

Ah! he approaches, who hath stung my soul  
 Deepest, the slayer of whom most I loved!  
 Behold, we meet! Caution is at an end,  
 And timid skulking in the walks of war.

He ceased, and with a brow knit into frowns,  
 Call'd to illustrious Hector. Haste, approach,  
 That I may quick dispatch thee to the shades. 520

Whom answer'd warlike Hector, nought appall'd.  
 Pelides! hope not, as I were a boy,  
 With words to scare me. I have also taunts  
 At my command, and can be sharp as thou.  
 I know thee valiant, and myself I know 535  
 Inferior far; yet, whether thou shalt slay  
 Me, or, inferior as I am, be slain  
 By me, is at the pleasure of the Gods,  
 For I wield also not a pointless beam.

He said, and, brandishing it, hurl'd his spear,  
 Which Pallas, breathing softly, wafted back  
 From the renown'd Achilles, and it fell  
 Successless at illustrious Hector's feet.  
 Then, all on fire to slay him, with a shout  
 That rent the air Achilles rapid flew 545  
 Toward him; but him wrapt in clouds opaque  
 Apollo caught with ease divine away.  
 Thrice, swift Achilles sprang to the assault  
 Impetuous, thrice the pitchy cloud he smote,  
 And at his fourth assault, godlike in act 550  
 And terrible in utterance, thus exclaim'd.

Dog! thou art safe, and hast escaped again;  
 But narrowly, and by the aid once more  
 Of Phœbus, without previous suit to whom  
 Thou venturest never where the javelinings.  
 But when we next encounter, then expect,  
 If one of all in heaven aid also me,  
 To close thy proud career. Meantime I seek  
 Some other, and assail e'en whom I may.

So saying, he pierced the neck of Dr<sup>560</sup>ops through,  
And at his feet he fell. Him there he left,  
And turning on a valiant warrior huge,  
Philetor's son, Demuchus, in the knee  
Pierced, and detain'd him by the planted spear,  
Till with his sword he smote him, and h<sup>565</sup>died.

Laogonus and Dardanus he next  
Assaulted, sons of Bias; to the ground  
Dismounting both, one with his spear he slew,  
The other with his falchion at a blow.

Tros too, Alastor's son—he suppliant c<sup>570</sup>p'd  
Achilles' knees, and for his pity sued,  
Pleading equality of years, in hope  
That he would spare, and send him thence alive.

Ah dreamer! ignorant how much in vain  
That suit he urged; for not of milky m<sup>575</sup>nd  
Or placable in temper was the Chief

To whom he sued, but fiery. With both hands  
His knees he clasp'd importunate, and he  
Fast by the liver gash'd him with his sword.  
His liver falling forth, with sable blood<sup>580</sup>  
His bosom fill'd, and darkness veil'd his eyes.

Then, drawing close to Milius, in his ear  
He set the pointed brass, and at a thrust  
Sent it, next moment, through his ear beyond.

Then, through the forehead of Agenor<sup>585</sup>son  
Echeclus, his huge-hasted blade he drove,  
And death and fate forever veil'd his eyes.

Next, where the tendons of the elbow meet,  
Striking Deucalion, through his wrist he urged  
The brazen point; he all defenceless st<sup>590</sup>d,  
Expecting death; down came Achilles' blade  
Full on his neck; away went head and casque  
Together; from his spine the marrow sprang,  
And at his length outstretch'd he press'd the plain.

From him to Rhigmus, Pireus' noble s<sup>595</sup>o<sup>5</sup>  
He flew, a warrior from the fields of Thrace.  
Him through the loins he pierced, and with the beam  
Fixt in his bowels, to the earth he fell;  
Then piercing, as he turn'd to flight, the spine

Of Areithöus his charioteer, 600  
He thrust him from his seat; wild with dismay  
Back flew the fiery coursers at his fall.

As a devouring fire within the glens  
Of some dry mountain ravages the trees,  
While, blown around, the flames roll t<sup>605</sup>o<sup>1</sup>l sides,  
So, on all sides, terrible as a God,  
Achilles drove the death-devoted host  
Of Ilium, and the champain ran with blood.

As when the peasant his yoked steers employs  
To tread his barley, the broad-fronted p<sup>610</sup>al<sup>10</sup>  
With ponderous hoofs trample it out with ease,  
So, by magnanimous Achilles driven,  
His coursers solid-hoof'd stamp'd as they ran  
The shields, at once, and bodies of the slain;  
Blood spatter'd all his axle, and with b<sup>615</sup>o<sup>5</sup>d  
From the horse-hoofs and from the felled wheels  
His chariot redden'd, while himself, athirst  
For glory, his unconquerable hands  
Defiled with mingled carnage, sweat, and dust.



## BOOK XXI.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

Achilles having separated the Trojans, and driven one part of them to the city and the other into the Scamander, takes twelve young men alive, his intended victims to the manes of Patroclus. The river overflowing his banks with purpose to overwhelm him, is opposed by Vulcan, and gladly relinquishes the attempt. The battle of the gods ensues. Apollo, in the form of Agenor, decoys Achilles from the town, which in the mean time the Trojans enter and shut the gates against him.

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## BOOK XXI.

[1]But when they came, at length, where Xanthus winds  
 His stream vortiginous from Jove derived,  
 There, separating Ilium's host, he drove  
 Part o'er the plain to Troy in the same road  
 By which the Grecians had so lately fled<sup>5</sup>  
 The fury of illustrious Hector's arm.  
 That way they fled pouring themselves along  
 Flood-like, and Juno, to retard them, threw  
 Darkness as night before them. Other part,  
 Push'd down the sides of Xanthus, headlong plunged  
 With dashing sound into his dizzy stream,  
 And all his banks re-echoed loud the roar.  
 They, struggling, shriek'd in silver eddies whirl'd.  
 As when, by violence of fire expell'd,  
 Locusts uplifted on the wing escape      15  
 To some broad river, swift the sudden blaze  
 Pursues them, they, astonish'd, strew the flood,[2]  
 So, by Achilles driven, a mingled throng  
 Of horses and of warriors overspread  
 Xanthus, and glutted all his sounding course  
 He, chief of heroes, leaving on the bank  
 His spear against a tamarisk reclined,  
 Plunged like a God, with falchion arm'd alone  
 But fill'd with thoughts of havoc. On all sides  
 Down came his edge; groans follow'd dead to hear  
 Of warriors smitten by the sword, and all  
 The waters as they ran redder'd with blood.  
 As smaller fishes, flying the pursuit  
 Of some huge dolphin, terrified, the creeks  
 And secret hollows of a haven fill,      30

For none of all that he can seize he spares,  
 So lurk'd the trembling Trojans in the caves  
 Of Xanthus' awful flood. But he (his hands  
 Wearied at length with slaughter) from the rest  
 Twelve youths selected whom to death ~~he~~ doom'd,  
 In vengeance for his loved Patroclus slain.  
 Them stupefied with dread like fawns he drove  
 Forth from the river, manacling their hands  
 Behind them fast with their own tunic-strings,  
 And gave them to his warrior train in charge.  
 Then, ardent still for blood, rushing again  
 Toward the stream, Dardanian Priam's son  
 He met, Lycaon, as he climb'd the bank.  
 Him erst by night, in his own father's field  
 Finding him, he had led captive away. 45  
 Lycaon was employ'd cutting green shoots  
 Of the wild-fig for chariot-rings, when lo!  
 Terrible, unforeseen, Achilles came.  
 He seized and sent him in a ship afar  
 To Lemnos; there the son of Jason paid 50  
 His price, and, at great cost, Eëtion  
 The guest of Jason, thence redeeming him,  
 Sent him to fair Arisba;<sup>[3]</sup> but he 'scaped  
 Thence also and regain'd his father's house.  
 Eleven days, at his return, he gave 55  
 To recreation joyous with his friends,  
 And on the twelfth his fate cast him again  
 Into Achilles' hands, who to the shades  
 Now doom'd him, howsoever loth to go.  
 Soon as Achilles swiftest of the swift 60  
 Him naked saw (for neither spear had he  
 Nor shield nor helmet, but, when he emerged,  
 Weary and faint had cast them all away)  
 Indignant to his mighty self he said.

Gods! I behold a miracle! Ere long 65  
 The valiant Trojans whom my self have slain  
 Shall rise from Erebus, for he is here,  
 The self-same warrior whom I lately sold  
 At Lemnos, free, and in the field again.  
 The hoary deep is prison strong enough<sup>70</sup>  
 For most, but not for him. Now shall he taste  
 The point of this my spear, that I may learn  
 By sure experience, whether hell itself  
 That holds the strongest fast, can him detain,  
 Or whether he shall thence also escape.<sup>75</sup>

While musing thus he stood, stunn'd with dismay  
 The youth approach'd, eager to clasp his knees,  
 For vehement he felt the dread of death  
 Working within him; with his Pelian ash  
 Uplifted high noble Achilles stood 80  
 Ardent to smite him; he with body bent  
 Ran under it, and to his knees adhered;  
 The weapon, missing him, implanted stood  
 Close at his back, when, seizing with one hand  
 Achilles' knees, he with the other grasp<sup>&</sup>  
 The dreadful beam, resolute through despair,  
 And in wing'd accents suppliant thus began.

Oh spare me! pity me! Behold I clasp  
 Thy knees, Achilles! Ah, illustrious Chief!

Reject not with disdain a suppliant's prayer.  
 I am thy guest also, who at thy own board  
 Have eaten bread, and did partake the gift  
 Of Ceres with thee on the very day  
 When thou didst send me in yon field surprised  
 For sale to sacred Lemnos, far remote, 95  
 And for my price receiv'dst a hundred beeves.  
 Loose me, and I will yield thee now that sum  
 Thrice told. Alas! this morn is but the twelfth  
 Since, after numerous hardships, I arrived  
 Once more in Troy, and now my ruthless lot  
 Hath given me into thy hands again.  
 Jove cannot less than hate me, who hath twice  
 Made me thy prisoner, and my doom was death,  
 Death in my prime, the day when I was born  
 Son of Laothoe from Alta sprung, 105  
 From Alta, whom the Leleges obey  
 On Satnio's banks in lofty Pedaus.  
 His daughter to his other numerous wives  
 King Priam added, and two sons she bore  
 Only to be deprived by thee of both. 110  
 My brother hath already died, in front  
 Of Ilium's infantry, by thy bright spear,  
 The godlike Polydorus; and like doom  
 Shall now be mine, for I despair to escape  
 Thine hands, to which the Gods yield ~~themselves~~ again.  
 But hear and mark me well. My birth was not  
 From the same womb as Hector's, who hath slain  
 Thy valiant friend for clemency renown'd.

Such supplication the illustrious son  
 Of Priam made, but answer harsh received.

Fool! speak'st of ransom? Name it not to me.  
 For till my friend his miserable fate  
 Accomplish'd, I was somewhat given to spare,  
 And numerous, whom I seized alive, I sold.  
 But now, of all the Trojans whom the Gods  
 Deliver to me, none shall death escape,  
 'Specially of the house of Priam, none.  
 Die therefore, even thou, my friend! What mean  
 Thy tears unreasonably shed and vain?  
 Died not Patroclus, braver far than thou? 130  
 And look on me—see'st not to what a height  
 My stature towers, and what a bulk I boast?  
 A King begat me, and a Goddess bore.  
 What then! A death by violence awaits  
 Me also, and at morn, or eve, or noon, 135  
 I perish, whensoe'er the destined spear  
 Shall reach me, or the arrow from the nerve.

He ceased, and where the suppliant kneel'd, he died.  
 Quitting the spear, with both hands spread abroad  
 He sat, but swift Achilles with his sword 140  
 'Twixt neck and key-bone smote him, and his blade  
 Of double edge sank all into the wound.  
 He prone extended on the champain lay  
 Bedewing with his sable blood the glebe,  
 Till, by the foot, Achilles cast him far 145  
 Into the stream, and, as he floated down,  
 Thus in wing'd accents, glorying, exclaim'd.

Lie there, and feed the fishes, which shall lick  
 Thy blood secure. Thy mother ne'er shall place  
 Thee on thy bier, nor on thy body weep.<sup>50</sup>  
 But swift Scamander on his giddy tide  
 Shall bear thee to the bosom of the sea.  
 There, many a fish shall through the crystal flood  
 Ascending to the rippled surface, find  
 Lycaon's pamper'd flesh delicious fare.<sup>55</sup>  
 Die Trojans! till we reach your city, you  
 Fleeing, and slaughtering, I. This pleasant stream  
 Of dimpling silver which ye worship oft  
 With victim bulls, and sate with living steeds.<sup>[4]</sup>  
 His rapid whirlpools, shall avail you nōught,  
 But ye shall die, die terribly, till all  
 Shall have requited me with just amends  
 For my Patroclus, and for other Greeks  
 Slain at the ships while I declined the war.

He ended, at those words still more incensed  
 Scamander means devised, thenceforth to check  
 Achilles, and avert the doom of Troy.  
 Meantime the son of Peleus, his huge spear  
 Grasping, assail'd Asteropæus son  
 Of Pelegon, on fire to take his life. 170  
 Fair Peribcea, daughter eldest-born  
 Of Acessamenus, his father bore  
 To broad-stream'd Axius, who had clasp'd the nymph  
 In his embrace. On him Achilles sprang.  
 He newly risen from the river, stood 175  
 Arm'd with two lances opposite, for him  
 Xanthus embolden'd, at the deaths incensed  
 Of many a youth, whom, mercy none vouchsafed,  
 Achilles had in all his current slain.  
 And now small distance interposed, the faced  
 Each other, when Achilles thus began.

Who art and whence, who dar'st encounter me?  
 Hapless the sires whose sons my force defy.

To whom the noble son of Pelegon.  
 Pelides, mighty Chief? Why hast thou h&ft'd  
 My derivation? From the land I come  
 Of mellow-soil'd Pœonia far remote,  
 Chief leader of Pœnia's host spear-arm'd;  
 This day hath also the eleventh risen  
 Since I at Troy arrived. For my descent<sup>190</sup>  
 It is from Axius river wide-diffused,  
 From Axius, fairest stream that waters earth,  
 Sire of bold Pelegon whom men report  
 My sire. Let this suffice. Now fight, Achilles!

So spake he threatening, and Achille raised  
 Dauntless the Pelian ash. At once two spears  
 The hero bold, Asteropæus threw,  
 With both hands apt for battle. One his shield  
 Struck but pierced not, impeded by the gold,  
 Gift of a God; the other as it flew 200  
 Grazed at his right elbow; sprang the sable blood;  
 But, overflying him, the spear in earth  
 Stood planted deep, still hungering for the prey.  
 Then, full at the Pœonian Peleus' son  
 Hurl'd forth his weapon with unsparing force

But vain; he struck the sloping river bank,  
And mid-length deep stood plunged the ashen beam.  
Then, with his falchion drawn, Achilles flew  
To smite him; he in vain, meantime, essay'd  
To pluck the rooted spear forth from the bank;  
Thrice with full force he shook the beam, and thrice,  
Although reluctant, left it; at his fourth  
Last effort, bending it he sought to break  
The ashen spear-beam of Æacides,  
But perish'd by his keen-edged falchion first;  
For on the belly at his navel's side  
He smote him; to the ground effused fell all  
His bowels, death's dim shadows veil'd his eyes.  
Achilles ardent on his bosom fix'd  
His foot, despoil'd him, and exulting <sup>220</sup>.

Lie there; though River-sprung, thou find'st it hard  
To cope with sons of Jove omnipotent.  
Thou said'st, a mighty River is my sire—  
But my descent from mightier Jove I boast;  
My father, whom the Myrmidons obey <sup>225</sup>  
Is son of Æacus, and he of Jove.  
As Jove all streams excels that seek the sea,  
So, Jove's descendants nobler are than theirs.  
Behold a River at thy side—let him  
Afford thee, if he can, some succor—<sup>230</sup>  
He may not fight against Saturnian Jove.  
Therefore, not kingly Acheloëus,  
Nor yet the strength of Ocean's vast profound,  
Although from him all rivers and all seas,  
All fountains and all wells proceed, may boast  
Comparison with Jove, but even he  
Astonish'd trembles at his fiery bolt,  
And his dread thunders rattling in the sky.  
He said, and drawing from the bank his spear <sup>[5]</sup>  
Asteropæus left stretch'd on the sands <sup>240</sup>  
Where, while the clear wave dash'd him, eels his flanks  
And ravening fishes numerous nibbled bare.  
The horsed Pœonians next he fierce assail'd,  
Who seeing their brave Chief slain by the sword  
And forceful arm of Peleus' son, beside <sup>245</sup>  
The eddy-whirling stream fled all dispersed.  
Thersilochus and Mydon then he slew,  
Thrasius, Astypylus and Ophelestes,  
Ænias and Mnesus; nor had these sufficed  
Achilles, but Pœonians more had fallen <sup>250</sup>  
Had not the angry River from within  
His circling gulfs in semblance, of a man  
Call'd to him, interrupting thus his rage.

Oh both in courage and injurious deeds  
Unmatch'd, Achilles! whom themselves <sup>255</sup> the Gods  
Cease not to aid, if Saturn's son have doom'd  
All Ilium's race to perish by thine arm,  
Expel them, first, from me, ere thou achieve  
That dread exploit; for, cumber'd as I am  
With bodies, I can pour my pleasant stream <sup>260</sup>  
No longer down into the sacred deep;  
All vanish where thou comest. But oh desist  
Dread Chief! Amazement fills me at thy deeds.

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.  
 River divine! hereafter be it so. 265  
 But not from slaughter of this faithless host  
 I cease, till I shall shut them fast in Troy  
 And trial make of Hector, if his arm  
 In single fight shall strongest prove, or mine

He said, and like a God, furious, ag<sup>270</sup>  
 Assail'd the Trojans; then the circling flood  
 To Phœbus thus his loud complaint address'd.

Ah son of Jove, God of the silver bow!  
 The mandate of the son of Saturn ill  
 Hast thou perform'd, who, earnest, bade<sup>275</sup> shee aid  
 The Trojans, till (the sun sunk in the West)  
 Night's shadow dim should veil the fruitful field.

He ended, and Achilles spear-renown'd  
 Plunged from the bank into the middle stream.  
 Then, turbulent, the River all his tide 280  
 Stirr'd from the bottom, landward heaving off  
 The numerous bodies that his current chok'd  
 Slain by Achilles; them, as with the roar  
 Of bulls, he cast aground, but deep within  
 His oozy gulfs the living safe conceal'd  
 Terrible all around Achilles stood  
 The curling wave, then, falling on his shield  
 Dash'd him, nor found his footsteps where to rest.  
 An elm of massy trunk he seized and branch  
 Luxuriant, but it fell torn from the roof<sup>290</sup>  
 And drew the whole bank after it; immersed  
 It damm'd the current with its ample boughs,  
 And join'd as with a bridge the distant shores,  
 Upsprang Achilles from the gulf and turn'd  
 His feet, now wing'd for flight, into the plain  
 Astonish'd; but the God, not so appeased,  
 Arose against him with a darker curl,<sup>[6]</sup>  
 That he might quell him and deliver Troy.  
 Back flew Achilles with a bound, the length  
 Of a spear's cast, for such a spring he sh<sup>300</sup>d  
 As bears the black-plumed eagle on her prey  
 Strongest and swiftest of the fowls of air.  
 Like her he sprang, and dreadful on his chest  
 Clang'd his bright armor. Then, with course oblique  
 He fled his fierce pursuer, but the flood<sup>305</sup>  
 Fly where he might, came thundering in his rear.  
 As when the peasant with his spade a rill  
 Conducts from some pure fountain through his grove  
 Or garden, clearing the obstructed course,  
 The pebbles, as it runs, all ring beneath<sup>310</sup>  
 And, as the slope still deepens, swifter still  
 It runs, and, murmuring, outstrips the guide,  
 So him, though swift, the river always reach'd  
 Still swifter; who can cope with power divine?  
 Oft as the noble Chief, turning, essay'd  
 Resistance, and to learn if all the Gods  
 Alike rush'd after him, so oft the flood,  
 Jove's offspring, laved his shoulders. Upward then  
 He sprang distress'd, but with a sidelong sweep  
 Assailing him, and from beneath his steps<sup>320</sup>  
 Wasting the soil, the Stream his force subdued.  
 Then looking to the skies, aloud he mourn'd.

Eternal Sire! forsaken by the Gods  
 I sink, none deigns to save me from the flood,  
 From which once saved, I would no ~~death~~<sup>325</sup> decline.  
 Yet blame I none of all the Powers of heaven  
 As Thetis; she with falsehood sooth'd my soul,  
 She promised me a death by Phœbus' shafts  
 Swift-wing'd, beneath the battlements of Troy.  
 I would that Hector, noblest of his race<sup>330</sup>  
 Had slain me, I had then bravely expired  
 And a brave man had stripp'd me of my arms.  
 But fate now dooms me to a death abhor'd  
 Whelm'd in deep waters, like a swine-herd's boy  
 Drown'd in wet weather while he fords<sup>335</sup> brook.

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

Achilles! moderate thy dismay, fear<sup>340</sup> nought.  
 In us behold, in Pallas and in me,  
 Effectual aids, and with consent of Jove;  
 For to be vanquish'd by a River's force  
 Is not thy doom. This foe shall soon be quell'd;  
 Thine eyes shall see it. Let our course<sup>345</sup> be  
 Thy deed, and all is well. Cease not from war  
 Till fast within proud Ilium's walls her host  
 Again be prison'd, all who shall escape;  
 Then (Hector slain) to the Achaian fleet  
 Return; we make the glorious victory<sup>350</sup> thine.

So they, and both departing sought the skies.  
 Then, animated by the voice divine,  
 He moved toward the plain now all o'erspread  
 By the vast flood on which the bodies swam  
 And shields of many a youth in battle<sup>355</sup>.  
 He leap'd, he waded, and the current stemm'd  
 Right onward, by the flood in vain opposed,  
 With such might Pallas fill'd him. Nor his rage  
 Scamander aught repress'd, but still the more  
 Incensed against Achilles, curl'd aloft<sup>360</sup>  
 His waters, and on Simoës call'd aloud.

Brother! oh let us with united force  
 Check, if we may, this warrior; he shall else  
 Soon lay the lofty towers of Priam low,  
 Whose host appall'd, defend them now<sup>365</sup> more.  
 Haste—succor me—thy channel fill with streams  
 From all thy fountains; call thy torrents down;  
 Lift high the waters; mingle trees and stones  
 With uproar wild, that we may quell the force  
 Of this dread Chief triumphant now, and fill'd  
 With projects that might more beseem a God.  
 But vain shall be his strength, his beauty nought  
 Shall profit him or his resplendent arms,  
 For I will bury them in slime and ooze,  
 And I will overwhelm himself with soil<sup>375</sup>  
 Sands heaping o'er him and around him sands  
 Infinite, that no Greek shall find his bones  
 For ever, in my bottom deep immersed.  
 There shall his tomb be piled, nor other earth,  
 At his last rites, his friends shall need for him.

He said, and lifting high his angry tide  
 Vortiginous, against Achilles hurl'd,  
 Roaring, the foam, the bodies, and the blood;  
 Then all his sable waves divine again  
 Accumulating, bore him swift along. 385  
 Shriek'd Juno at that sight, terrified lest  
 Achilles in the whirling deluge sunk  
 Should perish, and to Vulcan quick exclaim'd.

Vulcan, my son, arise; for we account  
 Xanthus well able to contend with thee<sup>390</sup>  
 Give instant succor; show forth all thy fires.  
 Myself will haste to call the rapid South  
 And Zephyrus, that tempests from the sea  
 Blowing, thou may'st both arms and dead consume  
 With hideous conflagration. Burn along<sup>395</sup>  
 The banks of Xanthus, fire his trees and him  
 Seize also. Let him by no specious guile  
 Of flattery soothe thee, or by threats appall,  
 Nor slack thy furious fires till with a shout  
 I give command, then bid them cease <sup>400</sup>blaze.

She spake, and Vulcan at her word his fires  
 Shot dreadful forth; first, kindling on the field,  
 He burn'd the bodies strew'd numerous around  
 Slain by Achilles; arid grew the earth  
 And the flood ceased. As when a sprig<sup>405</sup> breeze  
 Autumnal blowing from the North, at once  
 Dries the new-water'd garden,<sup>[7]</sup> gladdening him  
 Who tills the soil, so was the champain dried;  
 The dead consumed, against the River, next,  
 He turn'd the fierceness of his glittering<sup>410</sup> fires.  
 Willows and tamarisks and elms he burn'd,  
 Burn'd lotus, rushes, reeds; all plants and herbs  
 That clothed profuse the margin of his flood.  
 His eels and fishes, whether wont to dwell  
 In gulfs beneath, or tumble in the stream<sup>415</sup>  
 All languish'd while the artist of the skies  
 Breath'd on them; even Xanthus lost, himself,  
 All force, and, suppliant, Vulcan thus address'd.

Oh Vulcan! none in heaven itself may cope  
 With thee. I yield to thy consuming fire<sup>420</sup>  
 Cease, cease. I reck not if Achilles drive  
 Her citizens, this moment, forth from Troy,  
 For what are war and war's concerns to me?

So spake he scorch'd, and all his waters boil'd.  
 As some huge caldron hisses urged by<sup>425</sup> force  
 Of circling fires and fill'd with melted lard,  
 The unctuous fluid overbubbling<sup>[8]</sup> streams  
 On all sides, while the dry wood flames beneath,  
 So Xanthus bubbled and his pleasant flood  
 Hiss'd in the fire, nor could he longer<sup>430</sup> hold  
 But check'd his current, with hot steams annoy'd  
 By Vulcan raised. His supplication, then,  
 Importunate to Juno thus he turn'd.

Ah Juno! why assails thy son my streams,  
 Hostile to me alone? Of all who aid 435  
 The Trojans I am surely least to blame,  
 Yet even I desist if thou command;  
 And let thy son cease also; for I swear

That never will I from the Trojans turn  
Their evil day, not even when the host<sup>440</sup>  
Of Greece shall set all Ilium in a blaze.

He said, and by his oath pacified, thus  
The white-arm'd Deity to Vulcan spake.

Peace, glorious son! we may not in behalf  
Of mortal man thus longer vex a God.<sup>445</sup>

Then Vulcan his tremendous fires repress'd,  
And down into his gulfy channel rush'd  
The refluent flood; for when the force was once  
Subdued of Xanthus, Juno interposed,  
Although incensed, herself to quell the<sup>450</sup> wife.

But contest vehement the other Gods  
Now waged, each breathing discord; loud they rush'd  
And fierce to battle, while the boundless earth  
Quaked under them, and, all around, the heavens  
Sang them together with a trumpet's ~~voice~~.  
Jove listening, on the Olympian summit sat  
Well-pleased, and, in his heart laughing for joy,  
Beheld the Powers of heaven in battle join'd.  
Not long aloof they stood. Shield-piercer Mars,  
His brazen spear grasp'd, and began the<sup>460</sup> flight  
Rushing on Pallas, whom he thus reproach'd.

Wasp! front of impudence, and past all bounds  
Audacious! Why impellest thou the Gods  
To fight? Thy own proud spirit is the cause.  
Remember'st not, how, urged by thee, ~~the~~<sup>465</sup> son  
Of Tydeus, Diomede, myself assail'd,  
When thou, the radiant spear with thy own hand  
Guiding, didst rend my body? Now, I ween,  
The hour is come in which I shall exact  
Vengeance for all thy malice shown to<sup>470</sup>.

So saying, her shield he smote tassell'd around  
Terrific, proof against the bolts of Jove;  
That shield gore-tainted Mars with fury smote.  
But she, retiring, with strong grasp upheaved  
A rugged stone, black, ponderous, from<sup>475</sup> the plain,  
A land-mark fixt by men of ancient times,  
Which hurling at the neck of stormy Mars  
She smote him. Down he fell. Seven acres, stretch'd,  
He overspread, his ringlets in the dust  
Polluted lay, and dreadful rang his arm<sup>480</sup>  
The Goddess laugh'd, and thus in accents wing'd  
With exultation, as he lay, exclaim'd.

Fool! Art thou still to learn how far my force  
Surpasses thine, and darest thou cope with me?  
Now feel the furies of thy mother's ire<sup>485</sup>  
Who hates thee for thy treachery to the Greeks,  
And for thy succor given to faithless Troy.

She said, and turn'd from Mars her glorious eyes.  
But him deep-groaning and his torpid powers  
Recovering slow, Venus conducted the<sup>490</sup>  
Daughter of Jove, whom soon as Juno mark'd,  
In accents wing'd to Pallas thus she spake.

Daughter invincible of glorious Jove!  
Haste—follow her—Ah shameless! how she leads  
Gore-tainted Mars through all the host<sup>495</sup> of heaven.

So she, whom Pallas with delight obey'd;  
 To Venus swift she flew, and on the breast  
 With such force smote her that of sense bereft  
 The fainting Goddess fell. There Venus lay  
 And Mars extended on the fruitful gle<sup>50</sup>,  
 And Pallas thus in accents wing'd exclaim'd.

I would that all who on the part of Troy  
 Oppose in fight Achaia's valiant sons,  
 Were firm and bold as Venus in defence  
 Of Mars, for whom she dared my pow<sup>50</sup> defy!  
 So had dissension (Ilium overthrown  
 And desolated) ceased long since in heaven.

So Pallas, and approving Juno smiled.  
 Then the imperial Shaker of the shores  
 Thus to Apollo. Phœbus! wherefore st<sup>50</sup> aloof?  
*We* thus aloof? Since others have begun,  
 Begin we also; shame it were to both  
 Should we, no combat waged, ascend again  
 Olympus and the brass-built hall of Jove.  
 Begin, for thou art younger; me, whos<sup>5</sup> years  
 Alike and knowledge thine surpass so far,  
 It suits not. Oh stupidity! how gross  
 Art thou and senseless! Are no traces left  
 In thy remembrance of our numerous wrongs  
 Sustain'd at Ilium, when, of all the God<sup>20</sup>  
 Ourselves alone, by Jove's commandment, served  
 For stipulated hire, a year complete,  
 Our task-master the proud Laomedon?  
 Myself a bulwark'd town, spacious, secure  
 Against assault, and beautiful as strong<sup>25</sup>  
 Built for the Trojans, and thine office was  
 To feed for King Laomedon his herds  
 Among the groves of Ida many-valed.  
 But when the gladsome hours the season brought  
 Of payment, then the unjust King of Troy<sup>30</sup>  
 Dismiss'd us of our whole reward amerced  
 By violence, and added threats beside.  
 Thee into distant isles, bound hand and foot,  
 To sell he threatened, and to amputate  
 The ears of both; we, therefore, hasted hence  
 Resenting deep our promised hire withheld.  
 Aid'st thou for this the Trojans? Canst thou less  
 Than seek, with us, to exterminate the whole  
 Perfidious race, wives, children, husbands, all?

To whom the King of radiant shafts Apollo.  
 Me, Neptune, thou wouldest deem, thyself, unwise  
 Contending for the sake of mortal men  
 With thee; a wretched race, who like the leaves  
 Now flourish rank, by fruits of earth sustain'd,  
 Now sapless fall. Here, therefore, us b<sup>45</sup>een  
 Let all strife cease, far better left to them.

He said, and turn'd away, fearing to lift  
 His hand against the brother of his sire.  
 But him Diana of the woods with sharp  
 Rebuke, his huntress sister, thus repro<sup>50</sup>.

Fly'st thou, Apollo! and to Neptune yield'st  
 An unearn'd victory, the prize of fame  
 Resigning patient and with no dispute?

Fool! wherefore bearest thou the bow in vain?  
 Ah, let me never in my father's courts 555  
 Hear thee among the immortals vaunting more  
 That thou wouldest Neptune's self confront in arms.

So she, to whom Apollo nought replied.<sup>[9]</sup>  
 But thus the consort of the Thunderer, fired  
 With wrath, reproved the Archeress of <sup>160</sup>heaven.

How hast thou dared, impudent, to oppose  
 My will? Bow-practised as thou art, the task  
 To match my force were difficult to thee.  
 Is it, because by ordinance of Jove  
 Thou art a lioness to womankind, 565  
 Killing them at thy pleasure? Ah beware—  
 Far easier is it, on the mountain-heights  
 To slay wild beasts and chase the roving hind,  
 Than to conflict with mightier than ourselves.  
 But, if thou wish a lesson on that them<sup>570</sup>  
 Approach—thou shalt be taught with good effect  
 How far my force in combat passes thine.

She said, and with her left hand seizing both  
 Diana's wrists, snatch'd suddenly the bow  
 Suspended on her shoulder with the right,  
 And, smiling, smote her with it on the ears.  
 She, writhing oft and struggling, to the ground  
 Shook forth her rapid shafts, then, weeping, fled  
 As to her cavern in some hollow rock  
 The dove, not destined to his talons, flies<sup>580</sup>  
 The hawk's pursuit, and left her arms behind.

Then, messenger of heaven, the Argicide  
 Address'd Latona. Combat none with thee,  
 Latona, will I wage. Unsafe it were  
 To cope in battle with a spouse of Jove<sup>585</sup>  
 Go, therefore, loudly as thou wilt, proclaim  
 To all the Gods that thou hast vanquish'd me.

Collecting, then, the bow and arrows fallen  
 In wild disorder on the dusty plain,  
 Latona with the sacred charge withdrew<sup>590</sup>  
 Following her daughter; she, in the abode  
 Brass-built arriving of Olympian Jove,  
 Sat on his knees, weeping till all her robe  
 Ambrosial shook. The mighty Father smiled,  
 And to his bosom straining her, inquired<sup>595</sup>

Daughter beloved! who, which of all the Gods  
 Hath raised his hand, presumptuous, against thee,  
 As if convicted of some open wrong?

To whom the clear-voiced Huntress crescent-crown'd.  
 My Father! Juno, thy own consort fair<sup>600</sup>  
 My sorrow caused, from whom dispute and strife  
 Perpetual, threaten the immortal Powers.

Thus they in heaven mutual conferr'd. Meantime  
 Apollo into sacred Troy return'd  
 Mindful to guard her bulwarks, lest the Greeks<sup>605</sup>  
 Too soon for Fate should desolate the town.  
 The other Gods, some angry, some elate  
 With victory, the Olympian heights regain'd,  
 And sat beside the Thunderer. But the son  
 Of Peleus—He both Trojans slew and steeds.

As when in volumes slow smoke climbs the skies  
 From some great city which the Gods have fired  
 Vindictive, sorrow thence to many ensues  
 With mischief, and to all labor severe,  
 So caused Achilles labor on that day, 615  
 Severe, and mischief to the men of Troy.

But ancient Priam from a sacred tower  
 Stood looking forth, whence soon he noticed vast  
 Achilles, before whom the Trojans fled  
 All courage lost. Descending from the <sup>620</sup> tower  
 With mournful cries and hastening to the wall  
 He thus enjoin'd the keepers of the gates.

Hold wide the portals till the flying host  
 Re-enter, for himself is nigh, himself  
 Achilles drives them home. Now, wo to <sup>625</sup> Troy!  
 But soon as safe within the walls received  
 They breathe again, shut fast the ponderous gates  
 At once, lest that destroyer also pass.

He said; they, shooting back the bars, threw wide  
 The gates and saved the people, whom <sup>630</sup> aid  
 Apollo also sprang into the field,  
 They, parch'd with drought and whiten'd all with dust,  
 Flew right toward the town, while, spear in hand,  
 Achilles press'd them, vengeance in his heart  
 And all on fire for glory. Then, full sur<sup>635</sup>  
 Ilium, the city of lofty gates, had fallen  
 Won by the Grecians, had not Phœbus roused  
 Antenor's valiant son, the noble Chief  
 Agenor; him with dauntless might he fill'd,  
 And shielding him against the stroke of <sup>640</sup> fate  
 Beside him stood himself, by the broad beech  
 Cover'd and wrapt in clouds. Agenor then,  
 Seeing the city-waster hero nigh  
 Achilles, stood, but standing, felt his mind  
 Troubled with doubts; he groan'd, and <sup>645</sup> he mused.

[10] Alas! if following the tumultuous flight  
 Of these, I shun Achilles, swifter far  
 He soon will lop my ignominious head.  
 But if, these leaving to be thus dispersed  
 Before him, from the city-wall I fly 650  
 Across the plain of Troy into the groves  
 Of Ida, and in Ida's thickets lurk,  
 I may, at evening, to the town return  
 Bathed and refresh'd. But whither tend my thoughts?  
 Should he my flight into the plain obse<sup>655</sup> ve  
 And swift pursuing seize me, then, farewell  
 All hope to scape a miserable death,  
 For he hath strength passing the strength of man.  
 How then—shall I withstand him here before  
 The city? He hath also flesh to steel 660  
 Pervious, within it but a single life,  
 And men report him mortal, howsoe'er  
 Saturnian Jove lift him to glory now.

So saying, he turn'd and stood, his dauntless heart  
 Beating for battle. As the pard springs <sup>665</sup> forth  
 To meet the hunter from her gloomy lair,  
 Nor, hearing loud the hounds, fears or retires,  
 But whether from afar or nigh at hand

He pierce her first, although transfixt, the fight  
 Still tries, and combats desperate till she fall,  
 So, brave Antenor's son fled not, or shrank,  
 Till he had proved Achilles, but his breast  
 O'ershadowing with his buckler and his spear  
 Aiming well-poised against him, loud exclaim'd.

Renown'd Achilles! Thou art high in hope  
 Doubtless, that thou shalt this day overthrow  
 The city of the glorious sons of Troy.  
 Fool! ye must labor yet ere she be won,  
 For numerous are her citizens and bold,  
 And we will guard her for our parents' sake  
 Our wives and little ones. But here thou diest  
 Terrible Chief and dauntless as thou art.

He said, and with full force hurling his lance  
 Smote, and err'd not, his greave beneath his knee  
 The glittering tin, forged newly, at the smoke  
 Tremendous rang, but quick recoil'd and vain  
 The weapon, weak against that guard divine.  
 Then sprang Achilles in his turn to assail  
 Godlike Agenor, but Apollo took  
 That glory from him, snatching wrapt in clouds  
 Agenor thence, whom calm he sent away.

Then Phœbus from pursuit of Ilium's host  
 By art averted Peleus' son; the form  
 Assuming of Agenor, swift he fled  
 Before him, and Achilles swift pursued  
 While him Apollo thus lured to the chase  
 Wide o'er the fruitful plain, inclining still  
 Toward Scamander's dizzy stream his course  
 Nor flying far before, but with false hope  
 Always beguiling him, the scatter'd hosts  
 Meantime, in joyful throngs, regain'd the town.  
 They fill'd and shut it fast, nor dared to wait  
 Each other in the field, or to inquire  
 Who lived and who had fallen, but all, whom flight  
 Had rescued, like a flood pour'd into Troy.

The Trojans being now within the city, excepting Hector, the field is cleared for the most important and decisive action in the poem; that is, the battle between Achilles and Hector, and the death of the latter. This part of the story is managed with singular skill. It seems as if the poet, feeling the importance of the catastrophe, wished to withdraw from view the personages of less consequence, and to concentrate our attention upon those two alone. The poetic action and description are narrowed in extent, but deepened in interest. The fate of Troy is impending; the irreversible decree of Jupiter is about to be executed; the heroes, whose bravery is to be the instrument of bringing about this consummation, are left together on the plain.—  
 FELTON.

## BOOK XXII.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.

Achilles slays Hector.

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## BOOK XXII.

Thus they, throughout all Troy, like hunted fawns  
 Dispersed, their trickling limbs at leisure cool'd,  
 And, drinking, slaked their fiery thirst, reclined  
 Against the battlements. Meantime, the Greeks  
 Sloping their shields, approach'd the walls of Troy,  
 And Hector, by his adverse fate ensnared,  
 Still stood exposed before the Scæan gate.  
 Then spake Apollo thus to Peleus' son.

Wherefore, thyself mortal, pursuest thou me  
 Immortal? oh Achilles! blind with rage,<sup>10</sup>  
 Thou know'st not yet, that thou pursuest a God.  
 Unmindful of thy proper task, to press  
 The flying Trojans, thou hast hither turn'd  
 Devious, and they are all now safe in Troy;  
 Yet hope me not to slay; I cannot die. 15

To whom Achilles swiftest of the swift,  
 Indignant. Oh, of all the Powers above  
 To me most adverse, Archer of the skies!  
 Thou hast beguiled me, leading me away  
 From Ilium far, whence intercepted, else<sup>20</sup>  
 No few had at this moment gnaw'd the glebe.  
 Thou hast defrauded me of great renown,  
 And, safe thyself, hast rescued *them* with ease.  
 Ah—had I power, I would requite thee well.

So saying, incensed he turned toward<sup>25</sup> the town  
 His rapid course, like some victorious steed  
 That whirls, at stretch, a chariot to the goal.  
 Such seem'd Achilles, coursing light the field.

Him, first, the ancient King of Troy perceived  
 Scouring the plain, resplendent as the star<sup>30</sup>  
 Autumnal, of all stars in dead of night  
 Conspicuous most, and named Orion's dog;  
 Brightest it shines, but ominous, and dire  
 Disease portends to miserable man;<sup>[1]</sup>  
 So beam'd Achilles' armor as he flew. 35  
 Loud wail'd the hoary King; with lifted hands

His head he smote, and, uttering doleful cries  
 Of supplication, sued to his own son.  
 He, fixt before the gate, desirous stood  
 Of combat with Achilles, when his sire 40  
 With arms outstretch'd toward him, thus began.

My Hector! wait not, oh my son! the approach  
 Of this dread Chief, alone, lest premature  
 Thou die, this moment by Achilles slain,  
 For he is strongest far. Oh that the Gods<sup>45</sup>  
 Him loved as I! then, soon should vultures rend  
 And dogs his carcase, and my grief should cease.  
 He hath unchilled me of many a son,  
 All valiant youths, whom he hath slain or sold  
 To distant isles, and even now, I miss 50  
 Two sons, whom since the shutting of the gates  
 I find not, Polydorus and Lycaon,  
 My children by Laothoe the fair.  
 If they survive prisoners in yonder camp,  
 I will redeem them with gold and brass 55  
 By noble Eltes to his daughter given,  
 Large store, and still reserved. But should they both,  
 Already slain, have journey'd to the shades,  
 We, then, from whom they sprang have cause to mourn  
 And mourn them long, but shorter shall the grief  
 Of Ilium prove, if thou escape and live.  
 Come then, my son! enter the city-gate  
 That thou may'st save us all, nor in thy bloom  
 Of life cut off, enhance Achilles' fame.  
 Commiserate also thy unhappy sire 65  
 Ere yet distracted, whom Saturnian Jove  
 Ordains to a sad death, and ere I die  
 To woes innumerable; to behold  
 Sons slaughter'd, daughters ravish'd, torn and stripp'd  
 The matrimonial chamber, infants dash<sup>70</sup>  
 Against the ground in dire hostility,<sup>[2]</sup>  
 And matrons dragg'd by ruthless Grecian hands.  
 Me, haply, last of all, dogs shall devour  
 In my own vestibule, when once the spear  
 Or falchion of some Greek hath laid me<sup>75</sup>.  
 The very dogs fed at my table-side,  
 My portal-guards, drinking their master's blood  
 To drunkenness, shall wallow in my courts.  
 Fair falls the warlike youth in battle slain,  
 And when he lies torn by the pointed st<sup>80</sup>,  
 His death becomes him well; he is secure,  
 Though dead, from shame, whatever next befalls:  
 But when the silver locks and silver beard  
 Of an old man slain by the sword, from dogs  
 Receive dishonor, of all ills that wait 85  
 On miserable man, that sure is worst.

So spake the ancient King, and his grey hairs  
 Pluck'd with both hands, but Hector firm endured.  
 On the other side all tears his mother stood,  
 And lamentation; with one hand she bar<sup>85</sup>,  
 And with the other hand produced her breast,  
 Then in wing'd accents, weeping, him bespake.

My Hector! reverence this, and pity me  
 If ever, drawing forth this breast, thy griefs  
 Of infancy I soothed, oh now, my son! 95

Acknowledge it, and from within the walls  
 Repulse this enemy; stand not abroad  
 To cope with *him*, for he is savage-fierce,  
 And should he slay thee, neither shall myself  
 Who bore thee, nor thy noble spouse ~~wife~~ o'er  
 Thy body, but, where we can never come,  
 Dogs shall devour it in the fleet of Greece.

So they with prayers importuned, and with tears  
 Their son, but him sway'd not; unmoved he stood,  
 Expecting vast Achilles now at hand. 105  
 As some fell serpent in his cave expects  
 The traveller's approach, batten'd with herbs  
 Of baneful juice to fury,<sup>[3]</sup> forth he looks  
 Hideous, and lies coil'd all around his den,  
 So Hector, fill'd with confidence untam'd,  
 Fled not, but placing his bright shield against  
 A buttress, with his noble heart conferr'd.

<sup>[4]</sup>Alas for me! should I repass the gate,  
 Polydamas would be the first to heap  
 Reproaches on me, for he bade me lead 15  
 The Trojans back this last calamitous night  
 In which Achilles rose to arms again.  
 But I refused, although to have complied,  
 Had proved more profitable far; since then  
 By rash resolves of mine I have destroy<sup>20</sup>  
 The people, how can I escape the blame  
 Of all in Troy? The meanest there will say—  
 By his self-will he hath destroy'd us all.  
 So shall they speak, and then shall I regret  
 That I return'd ere I had slain in fight 125  
 Achilles, or that, by Achilles slain,  
 I died not nobly in defence of Troy.  
 But shall I thus? Lay down my bossy shield,  
 Put off my helmet, and my spear recline  
 Against the city wall, then go myself 130  
 To meet the brave Achilles, and at once  
 Promise him Helen, for whose sake we strive  
 With all the wealth that Paris in his fleet  
 Brought home, to be restored to Atreus' sons,  
 And to distribute to the Greeks at largel<sup>35</sup>  
 All hidden treasures of the town, an oath  
 Taking beside from every senator,  
 That he will nought conceal, but will produce  
 And share in just equality what stores  
 Soever our fair city still includes? 140  
 Ah airy speculations, questions vain!  
 I may not sue to him: compassion none  
 Will he vouchsafe me, or my suit respect.  
 But, seeing me unarm'd, will sate at once  
 His rage, and womanlike I shall be slain<sup>45</sup>  
 It is no time from oak or hollow rock  
 With him to parley, as a nymph and swain,  
 A nymph and swain<sup>[5]</sup> soft parley mutual hold,  
 But rather to engage in combat fierce  
 Incontinent; so shall we soonest learn 150  
 Whom Jove will make victorious, him or me.

Thus pondering he stood; meantime approach'd  
 Achilles, terrible as fiery Mars,  
 Crest-tossing God, and brandish'd as he came

O'er his right shoulder high the Pelian spear.  
 Like lightning, or like flame, or like the sun  
 Ascending, beam'd his armor. At that sight  
 Trembled the Trojan Chief, nor dared expect  
 His nearer step, but flying left the gates  
 Far distant, and Achilles swift pursued<sup>160</sup>  
 As in the mountains, fleetest fowl of air,  
 The hawk darts eager at the dove; she scuds  
 Aslant, he screaming, springs and springs again  
 To seize her, all impatient for the prey,  
 So flew Achilles constant to the track <sup>165</sup>  
 Of Hector, who with dreadful haste beneath  
 The Trojan bulwarks plied his agile limbs.  
 Passing the prospect-mount where high in air  
 The wild-fig waved,<sup>[6]</sup> they rush'd along the road,  
 Declining never from the wall of Troy.<sup>170</sup>  
 And now they reach'd the running rivulets clear,  
 Where from Scamander's dizzy flood arise  
 Two fountains,<sup>[7]</sup> tepid one, from which a smoke  
 Issues voluminous as from a fire,  
 The other, even in summer heats, like ~~hail~~  
 For cold, or snow, or crystal-stream frost-bound.  
 Beside them may be seen the broad canals  
 Of marble scoop'd, in which the wives of Troy  
 And all her daughters fair were wont to lave  
 Their costly raiment,<sup>[8]</sup> while the land ~~had~~<sup>had</sup> rest,  
 And ere the warlike sons of Greece arrived.  
 By these they ran, one fleeing, one in chase.  
 Valiant was he who fled, but valiant far  
 Beyond him he who urged the swift pursuit;  
 Nor ran they for a vulgar prize, a beast<sup>185</sup>  
 For sacrifice, or for the hide of such,  
 The swift foot-racer's customary meed,  
 But for the noble Hector's life they ran.  
 As when two steeds, oft conquerors, trim the goal  
 For some illustrious prize, a tripod brig<sup>190</sup>  
 Or beauteous virgin, at a funeral game,  
 So they with nimble feet the city thrice  
 Of Priam compass'd. All the Gods look'd on,  
 And thus the Sire of Gods and men began.

Ah—I behold a warrior dear to me <sup>195</sup>  
 Around the walls of Ilium driven, and grieve  
 For Hector, who the thighs of fatted bulls  
 On yonder heights of Ida many-valed  
 Burn'd oft to me, and in the heights of Troy:<sup>[9]</sup>  
 But him Achilles, glorious Chief, around<sup>200</sup>  
 The city walls of Priam now pursues.  
 Consider this, ye Gods! weigh the event.  
 Shall we from death save Hector? or, at length,  
 Leave him, although in battle high renown'd,  
 To perish by the might of Peleus' son?<sup>205</sup>

Whom answer'd thus Pallas cerulean-eyed.  
 Dread Sovereign of the storms! what hast thou said?  
 Wouldst thou deliver from the stroke of fate  
 A mortal man death-destined from of old?  
 Do it; but small thy praise shall be in ~~heaven~~<sup>heaven</sup>.

Then answer thus, cloud-gatherer Jove return'd.  
 Fear not, Tritonia, daughter dear! that word  
 Spake not my purpose; me thou shalt perceive

Always to thee indulgent. What thou wilt  
That execute, and use thou no delay. 215

So roused he Pallas of herself prepared,  
And from the heights Olympian down she flew.  
With unremitting speed Achilles still  
Urged Hector. As among the mountain-height  
The hound pursues, roused newly from <sup>210</sup>her lair  
The flying fawn through many a vale and grove;  
And though she trembling skulk the shrubs beneath,  
Tracks her continual, till he find the prey,  
So 'scaped not Hector Peleus' rapid son.  
Oft as toward the Dardan gates he sprang  
<sup>225</sup> Direct, and to the bulwarks firm of Troy,  
Hoping some aid by volleys from the wall,  
So oft, outstripping him, Achilles thence  
Enforced him to the field, who, as he might,  
Still ever stretch'd toward the walls <sup>230</sup>again.  
As, in a dream, <sup>[10]</sup> pursuit hesitates oft,  
This hath no power to fly, that to pursue,  
So these—one fled, and one pursued in vain.  
How, then, had Hector his impending fate  
Eluded, had not Phœbus, at his last, <sup>235</sup>  
Last effort meeting him, his strength restored,  
And wing'd for flight his agile limbs anew?  
The son of Peleus, as he ran, his brows  
Shaking, forbad the people to dismiss  
A dart at Hector, lest a meaner hand <sup>240</sup>  
Piercing him, should usurp the foremost praise.  
But when the fourth time to those rivulets.  
They came, then lifting high his golden scales,  
Two lots the everlasting Father placed  
Within them, for Achilles one, and one <sup>245</sup>  
For Hector, balancing the doom of both.  
Grasping it in the midst, he raised the beam.  
Down went the fatal day of Hector, down  
To Ades, and Apollo left his side.  
Then blue-eyed Pallas hastening to the <sup>250</sup>scales  
Of Peleus, in wing'd accents him address'd.

Now, dear to Jove, Achilles famed in arms!  
I hope that, fierce in combat though he be,  
We shall, at last, slay Hector, and return  
Crown'd with great glory to the fleet of Greece.  
No fear of his deliverance now remains,  
Not even should the King of radiant shafts,  
Apollo, toil in supplication, roll'd  
And roll'd again <sup>[11]</sup> before the Thunderer's feet.  
But stand, recover breath; myself, the <sup>260</sup>wile,  
Shall urge him to oppose thee face to face.

So Pallas spake, whom joyful he obey'd,  
And on his spear brass-pointed lean'd. But she,  
(Achilles left) to noble Hector pass'd,  
And in the form, and with the voice loud-toned  
Approaching of Deiphobus, his ear  
In accents, as of pity, thus address'd.

Ah brother! thou art overtak'd, around  
The walls of Troy by swift Achilles driven;  
But stand, that we may chase him in <sup>270</sup>turn. <sup>[12]</sup>

To whom crest-tossing Hector huge replied.  
 Deiphobus! of all my father's sons  
 Brought forth by Hecuba, I ever loved  
 Thee most, but more than ever love thee now,  
 Who hast not fear'd, seeing me, for my sake  
 To quit the town, where others rest content.

To whom the Goddess, thus, cerulean-eyed.  
 Brother! our parents with much earnest suit  
 Clasping my knees, and all my friends implored me  
 To stay in Troy, (such fear hath seized all)  
 But grief for thee prey'd on my inmost soul.  
 Come—fight we bravely—spare we now our spears  
 No longer; now for proof if Peleus' son  
 Slaying us both, shall bear into the fleet  
 Our arms gore-stain'd, or perish slain thee.

So saying, the wily Goddess led the way.  
 They soon, approaching each the other, stood  
 Opposite, and huge Hector thus began.

Pelides! I will fly thee now no more.  
 Thrice I have compass'd Priam's spacious walls  
 A fugitive, and have not dared abide  
 Thy onset, but my heart now bids me stand  
 Dauntless, and I will slay, or will be slain.  
 But come. We will attest the Gods; for they  
 Are fittest both to witness and to guard  
 Our covenant. If Jove to me vouchsafe  
 The hard-earn'd victory, and to take thy life,  
 I will not with dishonor foul insult  
 Thy body, but, thine armor stripp'd, will give  
 Thee to thy friends, as thou shalt me to mine.

To whom Achilles, lowering dark, replied.  
 Hector! my bitterest foe! speak not to me  
 Of covenants! as concord can be none  
 Lions and men between, nor wolves and lambs  
 Can be unanimous, but hate perforce  
 Each other by a law not to be changed,  
 So cannot amity subsist between  
 Thee and myself; nor league make I with thee  
 Or compact, till thy blood in battle shed  
 Or mine, shall gratify the fiery Mars.  
 Rouse all thy virtue; thou hast utmost need  
 Of valor now, and of address in arms.  
 Escape me more thou canst not; Pallas' hand  
 By mine subdues thee; now will I avenge  
 At once the agonies of every Greek  
 In thy unsparing fury slain by thee.

He said, and, brandishing the Pelian ash,  
 Dismiss'd it; but illustrious Hector warn'd,  
 Crouched low, and, overflying him, it pierced  
 The soil beyond, whence Pallas plucking it  
 Unseen, restored it to Achilles' hand,  
 And Hector to his godlike foe replied.

Godlike Achilles! thou hast err'd, nor know'st  
 At all my doom from Jove, as thou pretend'st,  
 But seek'st, by subtlety and wind of words,  
 All empty sounds, to rob me of my might.  
 Yet stand I firm. Think not to pierce my back.  
 Behold my bosom! if the Gods permit,

Meet me advancing, and transpierce me there.  
 Meantime avoid my glittering spear, *bāθōh*  
 May'st thou receive it all! since lighter far  
 To Ilium should the toils of battle prove,  
 Wert thou once slain, the fiercest of her foes.

He said, and hurling his long spear with aim  
 Unerring, smote the centre of the shield<sup>35</sup>  
 Of Peleus' son, but his spear glanced away.  
 He, angry to have sent it forth in vain,  
 (For he had other none) with eyes downcast  
 Stood motionless awhile, then with loud voice  
 Sought from Deiphobus, white-shielded<sup>34</sup>Chief,  
 A second; but Deiphobus was gone.  
 Then Hector understood his doom, and said.

Ah, it is plain; this is mine hour to die.  
 I thought Deiphobus at hand, but me  
 Pallas beguiled, and he is still in Troy.<sup>345</sup>  
 A bitter death threatens me, it is nigh,  
 And there is no escape; Jove, and Jove's son  
 Apollo, from the first, although awhile  
 My prompt deliverers, chose this lot for me,  
 And now it finds me. But I will not fal<sup>B</sup><sup>50</sup>  
 Inglorious; I will act some great exploit  
 That shall be celebrated ages hence.

So saying, his keen falchion from his side  
 He drew, well-temper'd, ponderous, and rush'd  
 At once to combat. As the eagle darts <sup>355</sup>  
 Right downward through a sullen cloud to seize  
 Weak lamb or timorous hare, so brandishing  
 His splendid falchion, Hector rush'd to fight.  
 Achilles, opposite, with fellest ire  
 Full-fraught came on; his shield with <sup>360</sup>ious art  
 Celestial form'd, o'erspread his ample chest,  
 And on his radiant casque terrific waved  
 The bushy gold of his resplendent crest,  
 By Vulcan spun, and pour'd profuse around.  
 Bright as, among the stars, the star of <sup>365</sup>  
 Most radiant, Hesperus, at midnight moves,  
 So, in the right hand of Achilles beam'd  
 His brandish'd spear, while, meditating wo  
 To Hector, he explored his noble form,  
 Seeking where he was vulnerable mos<sup>B</sup><sup>70</sup>  
 But every part, his dazzling armor torn  
 From brave Patroclus' body, well secured,  
 Save where the circling key-bone from the neck  
 Disjoins the shoulder; there his throat appear'd,  
 Whence injured life with swiftest flight<sup>B</sup><sup>75</sup>escapes;  
 Achilles, plunging in that part his spear,  
 Impell'd it through the yielding flesh beyond.  
 The ashen beam his power of utterance left  
 Still unimpair'd, but in the dust he fell,  
 And the exulting conqueror exclaim'd<sup>380</sup>

But Hector! thou hadst once far other hopes,  
 And, stripping slain Patroclus, thought'st thee safe,  
 Nor caredst for absent me. Fond dream and vain!  
 I was not distant far; in yonder fleet  
 He left one able to avenge his death, <sup>385</sup>  
 And he hath slain thee. Thee the dogs shall rend

Dishonorably, and the fowls of air,  
But all Achaia's host shall him entomb.

To whom the Trojan Chief languid replied.  
By thy own life, by theirs who gave th<sup>30</sup>e birth,  
And by thy knees,[13] oh let not Grecian dogs  
Rend and devour me, but in gold accept  
And brass a ransom at my father's hands,  
And at my mother's an illustrious price;  
Send home my body, grant me burial r<sup>35</sup>ites  
Among the daughters and the sons of Troy.

To whom with aspect stern Achilles thus.  
Dog! neither knees nor parents name to me.  
I would my fierceness of revenge were such,  
That I could carve and eat thee, to wh<sup>40</sup>o arms  
Such griefs I owe; so true it is and sure,  
That none shall save thy carcase from the dogs.  
No, trust me, would thy parents bring me weigh'd  
Ten—twenty ransoms, and engage on oath  
To add still more; would thy Dardania<sup>45</sup> fire  
Priam, redeem thee with thy weight in gold,  
Not even at that price would I consent  
That she who bare should place thee on thy bier  
With lamentation; dogs and ravening fowls  
Shall rend thy body while a scrap remai<sup>50</sup>n<sup>10</sup>s.

Then, dying, warlike Hector thus replied.  
Full well I knew before, how suit of mine  
Should speed preferr'd to thee. Thy heart is steel.  
But oh, while yet thou livest, think, lest the Gods  
Requite thee on that day, when pierced<sup>41</sup> by self  
By Paris and Apollo, thou shalt fall,  
Brave as thou art, before the Scæan gate.

He ceased, and death involved him dark around.  
His spirit, from his limbs dismiss'd, the house  
Of Ades sought, mourning in her desc<sup>420</sup>  
Youth's prime and vigor lost, disastrous doom!  
But him though dead, Achilles thus bespake.

Die thou. My death shall find me at what hour  
Jove gives commandment, and the Gods above.

He spake, and from the dead drawing<sup>425</sup> away  
His brazen spear, placed it apart, then stripp'd  
His arms gore-stain'd. Meantime the other sons  
Of the Achaians, gathering fast around,  
The bulk admired, and the proportion just  
Of Hector; neither stood a Grecian there<sup>430</sup>  
Who pierced him not, and thus the soldier spake.

Ye Gods! how far more patient of the touch  
Is Hector now, than when he fired the fleet!

Thus would they speak, then give him each a stab.  
And now, the body stripp'd, their nobl<sup>44</sup> Chief  
The swift Achilles standing in the midst,  
The Grecians in wing'd accents thus address'd.

Friends, Chiefs and Senators of Argos' host!  
Since, by the will of heaven, this man is slain  
Who harm'd us more than all our foes<sup>440</sup> beside,  
Essay we next the city, so to learn  
The Trojan purpose, whether (Hector slain)  
They will forsake the citadel, or still

Defend it, even though of him deprived.  
 But wherefore speak I thus? still unde<sup>445</sup>red,  
 Unburied in my fleet Patroclus lies;  
 Him never, while alive myself, I mix  
 With living men and move, will I forget.  
 In Ades, haply, they forget the dead,  
 Yet will not I Patroclus, even there. 450  
 Now chanting pæans, ye Achaian youths!  
 Return we to the fleet with this our prize;  
 We have achieved great glory,[14] we have slain  
 Illustrious Hector, him whom Ilium praised  
 In all her gates, and as a God revered. 455

He said; then purposing dishonor foul  
 To noble Hector, both his feet he bored  
 From heel to ankle, and, inserting thongs,  
 Them tied behind his chariot, but his head  
 Left unsustain'd to trail along the grou<sup>460</sup>  
 Ascending next, the armor at his side  
 He placed, then lash'd the steeds; they willing flew  
 Thick dust around the body dragg'd arose,  
 His sable locks all swept the plain, and all  
 His head, so graceful once, now track'<sup>465</sup>the dust,  
 For Jove had given it into hostile hands  
 That they might shame it in his native soil.[15]  
 Thus, whelm'd in dust, it went. The mother Queen  
 Her son beholding, pluck'd her hair away,  
 Cast far aside her lucid veil, and fill'd 470  
 With shrieks the air. His father wept aloud,  
 And, all around, long, long complaints were heard  
 And lamentations in the streets of Troy,  
 Not fewer or less piercing, than if flames  
 Had wrapt all Ilium to her topmost towers.<sup>475</sup>  
 His people scarce detain'd the ancient King  
 Grief-stung, and resolute to issue forth  
 Through the Dardanian gates; to all he kneel'd  
 In turn, then roll'd himself in dust, and each  
 By name solicited to give him way. 480

Stand off, my fellow mourners! I would pass  
 The gates, would seek, alone, the Grecian fleet.  
 I go to supplicate the bloody man,  
 Yon ravager; he may respect, perchance,  
 My years, may feel some pity of my age,<sup>485</sup>  
 For, such as I am, his own father is,  
 Peleus, who rear'd him for a curse to Troy,  
 But chiefly rear'd him to myself a curse,  
 So numerous have my sons in prime of youth  
 Fall'n by his hand, all whom I less deplore<sup>490</sup>  
 (Though mourning all) than one; my agonies  
 For Hector soon shall send me to the shades.  
 Oh had he but within these arms expired,  
 The hapless Queen who bore him, and myself  
 Had wept him, then, till sorrow could no more!

So spake he weeping, and the citizens  
 All sigh'd around; next, Hecuba began  
 Amid the women, thus, her sad complaint.

Ah wherefore, oh my son! wretch that I am,  
 Breathe I forlorn of thee? Thou, night and day,  
 My glory wast in Ilium, thee her sons

And daughters, both, hail'd as their guardian God,  
Conscious of benefits from thee received,  
Whose life prolong'd should have advanced them all  
To high renown. Vain boast! thou art nō more.

So mourn'd the Queen. But fair Andromache  
Nought yet had heard, nor knew by sure report  
Hector's delay without the city gates.  
She in a closet of her palace sat,  
A twofold web weaving magnificent, 510  
With sprinkled flowers inwrought of various hues,  
And to her maidens had commandment given  
Through all her house, that compassing with fire  
An ample tripod, they should warm a bath  
For noble Hector from the fight return 515  
Tenderness ill-inform'd! she little knew  
That in the field, from such refreshments far,  
Pallas had slain him by Achilles' hand.  
She heard a cry of sorrow from the tower;  
Her limbs shook under her, her shuttle 520,  
And to her bright-hair'd train, alarm'd, she cried.

Attend me two of you, that I may learn  
What hath befallen. I have heard the voice  
Of the Queen-mother; my rebounding heart  
Chokes me, and I seem fetter'd by a frōt.  
Some mischief sure o'er Priam's sons impends.  
Far be such tidings from me! but I fear  
Horribly, lest Achilles, cutting off  
My dauntless Hector from the gates alone,  
Enforce him to the field, and quell perhaps  
The might, this moment, of that dreadful arm  
His hinderance long; for Hector ne'er was wont  
To seek his safety in the ranks, but flew  
First into battle, yielding place to none.

So saying, she rush'd with palpitatin̄ heart  
And frantic air abroad, by her two maids  
Attended; soon arriving at the tower,  
And at the throng of men, awhile she stood  
Down-looking wistful from the city-wall,  
And, seeing him in front of Ilium, dragḡ  
So cruelly toward the fleet of Greece,  
O'erwhelm'd with sudden darkness at the view  
Fell backward, with a sigh heard all around.  
Far distant flew dispersed her head-attire,  
Twist, frontlet, diadem, and even the v̄  
By golden Venus given her on the day  
When Hector led her from Eētion's house  
Enrich'd with nuptial presents to his home.  
Around her throng'd her sisters of the house  
Of Priam, numerous, who within their s̄  
Fast held her<sup>[16]</sup> loathing life; but she, her breath  
At length and sense recovering, her complaint  
Broken with sighs amid them thus began.

Hector! I am undone; we both were born  
To misery, thou in Priam's house in Trōyā  
And I in Hypoplacian Thebes wood-crown'd  
Beneath Eētion's roof. He, doom'd himself  
To sorrow, me more sorrowfully doom'd,  
Sustain'd in helpless infancy, whom oh

That he had ne'er begotten! thou descend<sup>560</sup>st  
To Pluto's subterraneous dwelling drear,  
Leaving myself destitute, and thy boy,  
Fruit of our hapless loves, an infant yet,  
Never to be hereafter thy delight,  
Nor love of thine to share or kindness <sup>565</sup>more.  
For should he safe survive this cruel war,  
With the Achaians penury and toil  
Must be his lot, since strangers will remove  
At will his landmarks, and possess his fields.  
Thee lost, he loses all, of father, both, 570  
And equal playmate in one day deprived,  
To sad looks doom'd, and never-ceasing-tears.  
He seeks, necessitous his father's friends,  
One by his mantle pulls, one by his vest,  
Whose utmost pity yields to his parch'd<sup>575</sup> lips  
A thirst-provoking drop, and grudges more;  
Some happier child, as yet untaught to mourn  
A parent's loss, shoves rudely from the board  
My son, and, smiting him, reproachful cries—  
Away—thy father is no guest of ours—580  
Then, weeping, to his widow'd mother comes  
Astyanax, who on his father's lap  
Ate marrow only, once, and fat of lambs,<sup>[17]</sup>  
And when sleep took him, and his crying fit  
Had ceased, slept ever on the softest b<sup>585</sup>eds,  
Warm in his nurse's arms, fed to his fill  
With delicacies, and his heart at rest.  
But now, Astyanax (so named in Troy  
For thy sake, guardian of her gates and towers)  
His father lost, must many a pang endur<sup>590</sup>e  
And as for thee, cast naked forth among  
Yon galleys, where no parent's eye of thine  
Shall find thee, when the dogs have torn thee once  
Till they are sated, worms shall eat thee next.  
Meantime, thy graceful raiment rich, p<sup>595</sup>reserved  
By our own maidens, in thy palace lies;  
But I will burn it, burn it all, because  
Useless to thee, who never, so adorn'd,  
Shalt slumber more; yet every eye in Troy  
Shall see, how glorious once was thy <sup>600</sup>acte.<sup>[18]</sup>

So, weeping, she; to whom the multitude  
Of Trojan dames responsive sigh'd around.

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## BOOK XXIII.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.

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

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## BOOK XXIII.

Such mourning was in Troy; meantime the Greeks  
 Their galleys and the shores of Hellespont  
 Regaining, each to his own ship retired.  
 But not the Myrmidons; Achilles them  
 Close rank'd in martial order still detain'd,  
 And thus his fellow-warriors brave address'd.

Ye swift-horsed Myrmidons, associates dear!  
 Release not from your chariots yet your steeds  
 Firm-hoof'd, but steeds and chariots driving near,  
 Bewail Patroclus, as the rites demand 10  
 Of burial; then, satiate with grief and tears,  
 We will release our steeds, and take repast.

He ended, and, himself leading the way,  
 His numerous band all mourn'd at once the dead.  
 Around the body thrice their glossy steeds,  
 Mourning they drove, while Thetis in their hearts  
 The thirst of sorrow kindled; they with tears  
 The sands bedew'd, with tears their radiant arms,  
 Such deep regret of one so brave they felt.  
 Then, placing on the bosom of his friend  
 His homicidal hands, Achilles thus  
 The shade of his Patroclus, sad, bespake.

Hail, oh Patroclus, even in Ades hail!  
 For I will now accomplish to the full  
 My promise pledged to thee, that I woul~~d~~ give  
 Hector dragg'd hither to be torn by dogs  
 Piecemeal, and would before thy funeral pile  
 The necks dissever of twelve Trojan youths  
 Of noblest rank, resentful of thy death.

He said, and meditating foul disgrace<sup>30</sup>  
 To noble Hector, stretch'd him prone in dust  
 Beside the bier of Menœtiades.  
 Then all the Myrmidons their radiant arms  
 Put off, and their shrill-neighing steeds released.  
 A numerous band beside the bark they sate  
 Of swift Æacides, who furnish'd forth

Himself a feast funereal for them all.  
 Many a white ox under the ruthless steel  
 Lay bleeding, many a sheep and blatant goat,  
 With many a saginated boar bright-tusk<sup>40</sup>,  
 Amid fierce flames Vulcanian stretch'd to roast.  
 Copious the blood ran all around the dead.

And now the Kings of Greece conducted thence  
 To Agamemnon's tent the royal son  
 Of Peleus, loth to go, and won at last 45  
 With difficulty, such his anger was  
 And deep resentment of his slaughter'd friend.  
 Soon then as Agamemnon's tent they reach'd,  
 The sovereign bade his heralds kindle fire  
 Around an ample vase, with purpose ki<sup>50</sup>  
 Moving Achilles from his limbs to cleanse  
 The stains of battle; but he firm refused  
 That suit, and bound refusal with an oath—

No; by the highest and the best of all,  
 By Jove I will not. Never may it be 55  
 That brazen bath approach this head of mine,  
 Till I shall first Patroclus' body give  
 To his last fires, till I shall pile his tomb,  
 And sheer my locks in honor of my friend;  
 For, like to this, no second wo shall e'e<sup>60</sup>  
 My heart invade, while vital breath I draw.  
 But, all unwelcome as it is, repast  
 Now calls us. Agamemnon, King of men!  
 Give thou command that at the dawn they bring  
 Wood hither, such large portion as besee<sup>65</sup>  
 The dead, descending to the shades, to share,  
 That hungry flames consuming out of sight  
 His body soon, the host may war again.

He spake; they, hearing, readily obey'd.  
 Then, each his food preparing with dispatch,  
 They ate, nor wanted any of the guests  
 Due portion, and their appetites sufficed  
 To food and wine, all to their tents repair'd  
 Seeking repose; but on the sands beside  
 The billowy deep Achilles groaning lay<sup>75</sup>  
 Amidst his Myrmidons, where space he found  
 With blood unstain'd beside the dashing wave.<sup>[1]</sup>  
 There, soon as sleep, deliverer of the mind,  
 Wrapp'd him around (for much his noble limbs  
 With chase of Hector round the battlem<sup>80</sup>  
 Of wind-swept Ilium wearied were and spent)  
 The soul came to him of his hapless friend,  
 In bulk resembling, in expressive eyes  
 And voice Patroclus, and so clad as he.  
 Him, hovering o'er his head, the form address'd.

Sleep'st thou, Achilles! of thy friend become  
 Heedless? Him living thou didst not neglect  
 Whom thou neglectest dead. Give me a tomb  
 Instant, that I may pass the infernal gates.  
 For now, the shades and spirits of the dead<sup>90</sup>  
 Drive me afar, denying me my wish  
 To mingle with them on the farthest shore,  
 And in wide-portal'd Ades sole I roam.  
 Give me thine hand, I pray thee, for the earth

I visit never more, once burnt with fire; 95  
 We never shall again close council hold  
 As we were wont, for me my fate severe,  
 Mine even from my birth, hath deep absorb'd.  
 And oh Achilles, semblance of the Gods!  
 Thou too predestined art beneath the wall  
 To perish of the high-born Trojan race.  
 But hear my last injunction! ah, my friend!  
 My bones sepulchre not from thine apart,  
 But as, together we were nourish'd both  
 Beneath thy roof (what time from Opolos  
 Menœtius led me to thy father's house,  
 Although a child, yet fugitive for blood,  
 Which, in a quarrel at the dice, I spilt,  
 Killing my playmate by a casual blow,  
 The offspring of Amphidamas, when, like a father,  
 Peleus with all tenderness  
 Received and cherish'd me, and call'd me thine)  
 So, let one vase inclose, at last, our bones,  
 The golden vase, thy Goddess mother's gift.<sup>[2]</sup>

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.  
 Ah, loved and honor'd! wherefore hast thou come!  
 Why thus enjoin'd me? I will all perform  
 With diligence that thou hast now desired.  
 But nearer stand, that we may mutual clasp  
 Each other, though but with a short embrace,  
 And sad satiety of grief enjoy.

He said, and stretch'd his arms toward the shade,  
 But him seized not; shrill-clamoring and light  
 As smoke, the spirit pass'd into the earth.  
 Amazed, upsprang Achilles, clash'd about  
 His palms together, and thus, sad, exclaim'd.

Ah then, ye Gods! there doubtless are below  
 The soul and semblance both, but empty forms;  
 For all night long, mourning, disconsolate,  
 The soul of my Patroclus, hapless frier'd  
 Hath hover'd o'er me, giving me in charge  
 His last requests, just image of himself.

So saying, he call'd anew their sorrow forth,  
 And rosy-palm'd Aurora found them all  
 Mourning afresh the pitiable dead. 135  
 Then royal Agamemnon call'd abroad  
 Mules and mule-drivers from the tents in haste  
 To gather wood. Uprose a valiant man,  
 Friend of the virtuous Chief Idomeneus,  
 Meriones, who led them to the task. 140  
 They, bearing each in hand his sharpen'd axe  
 And twisted cord, thence journey'd forth, the mules  
 Driving before them; much uneven space  
 They measured, hill and dale, right onward now,  
 And now circuitous; but at the groves 145  
 Arrived at length, of Ida fountain-fed,  
 Their keen-edged axes to the towering oaks  
 Dispatchful they applied; down fell the trees  
 With crash sonorous. Splitting, next, the trunks,  
 They bound them on the mules; they, with firm hoofs  
 The hill-side stamping, through the thickets rush'd  
 Desirous of the plain. Each man his log

(For so the armor-bearer of the King  
Of Crete, Meriones, had them enjoin'd)  
Bore after them, and each his burthen dāſt  
Down on the beach regular, where a tomb  
Of ample size Achilles for his friend  
Patroclus had, and for himself, design'd.

Much fuel thrown together, side by side  
There down they sat, and his command 60 once  
Achilles issued to his warriors bold,  
That all should gird their armor, and the steeds  
Join to their chariots; undelaying each  
Complied, and in bright arms stood soon array'd.  
Then mounted combatants and chariotdēfs.  
First, moved the chariots, next, the infantry  
Proceeded numerous, amid whom his friends,  
Bearing the body of Patroclus, went.  
They poll'd their heads, and cover'd him with hair  
Shower'd over all his body, while behih70  
Noble Achilles march'd, the hero's head  
Sustaining sorrowful, for to the realms  
Of Ades a distinguish'd friend he sent.

And now, arriving on the ground erewhile  
Mark'd by Achilles, setting down the dēfd,  
They heap'd the fuel quick, a lofty pile.<sup>[3]</sup>  
But Peleus' son, on other thoughts intent,  
Retiring from the funeral pile, shore off  
His amber ringlets,<sup>[4]</sup> whose exuberant growth  
Sacred to Sperchius he had kept unshol80  
And looking o'er the gloomy deep, he said.

Sperchius! in vain Peleus my father vow'd  
That, hence returning to my native land,  
These ringlets shorn I should present to thee<sup>[5]</sup>  
With a whole hecatomb, and should, bēſtide,  
Rams offer fifty at thy fountain head  
In thy own field, at thy own fragrant shrine.  
So vow'd the hoary Chief, whose wishes thou  
Leavest unperform'd. Since, therefore, never more  
I see my native home, the hero these 190  
Patroclus takes down with him to the shades.

He said, and filling with his hair the hand  
Of his dead friend, the sorrows of his train  
Waken'd afresh. And now the lamp of day  
Westering<sup>[6]</sup> apace, had left them still iſfears,  
Had not Achilles suddenly address'd  
King Agamemnon, standing at his side.

Atrides! (for Achaia's sons thy word  
Will readiest execute) we may with grief  
Satiate ourselves hereafter; but, the ho<sup>200</sup>  
Dispersing from the pile, now give command  
That they prepare repast; ourselves,<sup>[7]</sup> to whom  
These labors in peculiar appertain  
Will finish them; but bid the Chiefs abide.

Which when imperial Agamemnon 205rd,  
He scatter'd instant to their several ships  
The people; but the burial-dressers thence  
Went not; they, still abiding, heap'd the pile.  
A hundred feet of breadth from side to side  
They gave to it, and on the summit plaſt

With sorrowing hearts the body of the dead.  
 Many a fat sheep, with many an ox full-horn'd  
 They flay'd before the pile, busy their task  
 Administering, and Peleus' son the fat  
 Taking from every victim, overspread 215  
 Complete the body with it of his friend<sup>[8]</sup>  
 Patroclus, and the flay'd beasts heap'd around.  
 Then, placing flagons on the pile, replete  
 With oil and honey, he inclined their mouths  
 Toward the bier, and slew and added n<sup>220</sup>,  
 Deep-groaning and in haste, four martial steeds.  
 Nine dogs the hero at his table fed,  
 Of which beheading two, their carcases  
 He added also. Last, twelve gallant sons  
 Of noble Trojans slaying (for his heart<sup>225</sup>)  
 Teem'd with great vengeance) he applied the force  
 Of hungry flames that should devour the whole,  
 Then, mourning loud, by name his friend invoked.

Rejoice, Patroclus! even in the shades,  
 Behold my promise to thee all fulfill'd<sup>230</sup>  
 Twelve gallant sons of Trojans famed in arms,  
 Together with thyself, are all become  
 Food for these fires: but fire shall never feed  
 On Hector; him I destine to the dogs.

So threaten'd he; but him no dogs d<sup>235</sup>ur'd;  
 Them, day and night, Jove's daughter Venus chased  
 Afar, and smooth'd the hero o'er with oils  
 Of rosy scent ambrosial, lest his corse,  
 Behind Achilles' chariot dragg'd along  
 So rudely, should be torn; and Phœbus<sup>240</sup>ng  
 A veil of sable clouds from heaven to earth,  
 O'ershadowing broad the space where Hector lay,  
 Lest parching suns intense should stiffen him.

But the pile kindled not. Then, Peleus' son  
 Seeking a place apart, two Winds in p<sup>245</sup>rayer  
 Boreas invoked and Zephyrus, to each  
 Vowing large sacrifice. With earnest suit  
 (Libation pouring from a golden cup)  
 Their coming he implored, that so the flames  
 Kindling, incontinent might burn the d<sup>250</sup>d.  
 Iris, his supplications hearing, swift  
 Convey'd them to the Winds; they, in the hall  
 Banqueting of the heavy-blowing West  
 Sat frequent. Iris, sudden at the gate  
 Appear'd; they, at the sight upstarting<sup>255</sup>  
 Invited each the Goddess to himself.  
 But she refused a seat and thus she spake.<sup>[9]</sup>

I sit not here. Borne over Ocean's stream  
 Again, to Æthiopia's land I go  
 Where hecatombs are offer'd to the G<sup>260</sup>d,  
 Which, with the rest, I also wish to share.  
 But Peleus' son, earnest, the aid implores  
 Of Boreas and of Zephyrus the loud,  
 Vowing large sacrifice if ye will fan  
 Briskly the pile on which Patroclus lie<sup>265</sup>  
 By all Achaia's warriors deep deplored.

She said, and went. Then suddenly arose  
 The Winds, and, roaring, swept the clouds along.

First, on the sea they blew; big rose the waves  
 Beneath the blast. At fruitful Troy arri~~ved~~<sup>270</sup>  
 Vehement on the pile they fell, and dread  
 On all sides soon a crackling blaze ensued.  
 All night, together blowing shrill, they drove  
 The sheeted flames wide from the funeral pile,  
 And all night long, a goblet in his hand<sup>275</sup>  
 From golden beakers fill'd, Achilles stood  
 With large libations soaking deep the soil,  
 And calling on the spirit of his friend.  
 As some fond father mourns, burning the bones  
 Of his own son, who, dying on the eve<sup>280</sup>  
 Of his glad nuptials, hath his parents left  
 O'erwhelm'd with inconsolable distress,  
 So mourn'd Achilles, his companion's bones  
 Burning, and pacing to and fro the field  
 Beside the pile with many a sigh profound.<sup>285</sup>  
 But when the star, day's harbinger, arose,  
 Soon after whom, in saffron vest attired  
 The morn her beams diffuses o'er the sea,  
 The pile, then wasted, ceased to flame, and then  
 Back flew the Winds over the Thracian<sup>290</sup>deep  
 Rolling the flood before them as they pass'd.  
 And now Pelides lying down apart  
 From the funereal pile, slept, but not long,  
 Though weary; waken'd by the stir and din  
 Of Agamemnon's train. He sat erect, <sup>295</sup>  
 And thus the leaders of the host address'd.

Atrides, and ye potentates who rule  
 The whole Achaian host! first quench the pile  
 Throughout with generous wine, where'er the fire  
 Hath seized it. We will then the bones collect  
 Of Menoëtiades, which shall with ease  
 Be known, though many bones lie scatter'd near,  
 Since in the middle pile Patroclus lay,  
 But wide apart and on its verge we burn'd  
 The steeds and Trojans, a promiscuous<sup>305</sup>heap.  
 Them so collected in a golden vase  
 We will dispose, lined with a double cawl,  
 Till I shall, also, to my home below.  
 I wish not now a tomb of amplest bounds,  
 But such as may suffice, which yet in height  
 The Grecians and in breadth shall much augment  
 Hereafter, who, survivors of my fate,  
 Shall still remain in the Achaian fleet.

So spake Pelides, and the Chiefs complied.  
 Where'er the pile had blazed, with gen'rous wine  
 They quench'd it, and the hills of ashes sank.  
 Then, weeping, to a golden vase, with lard  
 Twice lined, they gave their gentle comrade's bones  
 Fire-bleach'd, and lodging safely in his tent  
 The relics, overspread them with a veil<sup>320</sup>  
 Designing, next, the compass of the tomb,  
 They mark'd its boundary with stones, then fill'd  
 The wide enclosure hastily with earth,  
 And, having heap'd it to its height, return'd.  
 But all the people, by Achilles still <sup>325</sup>  
 Detain'd, there sitting, form'd a spacious ring,  
 And he the destined prizes from his fleet

Produced, capacious caldrons, tripods bright,  
 Steeds, mules, tall oxen, women at the breast  
 Close-cinctured, elegant, and unwrought<sup>340</sup> iron.  
 First, to the chariot-drivers he proposed  
 A noble prize; a beauteous maiden versed  
 In arts domestic, with a tripod ear'd,  
 Of twenty and two measures. These he made  
 The conqueror's meed. The second shot<sup>345</sup> a mare  
 Obtain, unbroken yet, six years her age,  
 Pregnant, and bearing in her womb a mule.  
 A caldron of four measures, never smirch'd  
 By smoke or flame, but fresh as from the forge  
 The third awaited; to the fourth he gave<sup>350</sup>  
 Two golden talents, and, unsullied yet  
 By use, a twin-ear'd phial<sup>[11]</sup> to the fifth.  
 He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.

Atrides, and ye chiefs of all the host!  
 These prizes, in the circus placed, atten<sup>345</sup>  
 The charioteers. Held we the present games  
 In honor of some other Grecian dead,  
 I would myself bear hence the foremost prize;  
 For ye are all witnesses well-inform'd  
 Of the superior virtue of my steeds. 350  
 They are immortal; Neptune on my sire  
 Peleus conferr'd them, and my sire on me.  
 But neither I this contest share myself,  
 Nor shall my steeds; for they would miss the force  
 And guidance of a charioteer so kind 355  
 As they have lost, who many a time hath cleansed  
 Their manes with water of the crystal brook,  
 And made them sleek, himself, with limpid oil.  
 Him, therefore, mourning, motionless they stand  
 With hair dishevell'd, streaming to the<sup>360</sup> bound.  
 But ye, whoever of the host profess  
 Superior skill, and glory in your steeds  
 And well-built chariots, for the strife prepare!

So spake Pelides, and the charioteers,  
 For speed renown'd arose. Long ere the<sup>365</sup> fest  
 Eumelus, King of men, Admetus' son  
 Arose, accomplish'd in equestrian arts.  
 Next, Tydeus' son, brave Diomede, arose;  
 He yoked the Trojan coursers by himself  
 In battle from Æneas won, what time 370  
 Apollo saved their master. Third, upstood  
 The son of Atreus with the golden locks,  
 Who to his chariot Agamemnon's mare  
 Swift Æthe and his own Podargus join'd.  
 Her Echepolus from Anchises sprung 375  
 To Agamemnon gave; she was the price  
 At which he purchased leave to dwell at home  
 Excused attendance on the King at Troy;  
 For, by the gift of Jove, he had acquired  
 Great riches, and in wide-spread Sicyon<sup>380</sup>welt.  
 Her wing'd with ardor, Menelaus yoked.  
 Antilochus, arising fourth, his steeds  
 Bright-maned prepared, son of the valiant King  
 Of Pylus, Nestor Neleïades.  
 Of Pylian breed were they, and thus his<sup>385</sup>ire,

With kind intent approaching to his side,  
Advised him, of himself not uninform'd.[\[12\]](#)

Antilochus! Thou art, I know, beloved  
By Jove and Neptune both, from whom, though young  
Thou hast received knowledge of every<sup>390</sup>art  
Equestrian, and hast little need to learn.  
Thou know'st already how to trim the goal  
With nicest skill, yet wondrous slow of foot  
Thy coursers are, whence evil may ensue.  
But though their steeds be swifter, I acc<sup>395</sup>ount  
Thee wise, at least, as they. Now is the time  
For counsel, furnish now thy mind with all  
Precaution, that the prize escape thee not.  
The feller of huge trees by skill prevails  
More than by strength; by skill the pilot<sup>400</sup>guides  
His flying bark rock'd by tempestuous winds,  
And more by skill than speed the race is won.  
But he who in his chariot and his steeds  
Trusts only, wanders here and wanders there  
Unsteady, while his coursers loosely re<sup>405</sup>d  
Roam wide the field; not so the charioteer  
Of sound intelligence; he though he drive  
Inferior steeds, looks ever to the goal  
Which close he clips, not ignorant to check  
His coursers at the first but with tight re<sup>410</sup>f<sup>410</sup>  
Ruling his own, and watching those before.  
Now mark; I will describe so plain the goal  
That thou shalt know it surely. A dry stump  
Extant above the ground an ell in height  
Stands yonder; either oak it is, or pine<sup>415</sup>  
More likely, which the weather least impairs.  
Two stones, both white, flank it on either hand.  
The way is narrow there, but smooth the course  
On both sides. It is either, as I think,  
A monument of one long since deceased<sup>420</sup>,  
Or was, perchance, in ancient days design'd,  
As now by Peleus' mighty son, a goal.  
That mark in view, thy steeds and chariot push  
Near to it as thou may'st; then, in thy seat  
Inclining gently to the left, prick smart<sup>425</sup>  
Thy right-hand horse challenging him aloud,  
And give him rein; but let thy left-hand horse  
Bear on the goal so closely, that the nave  
And felly<sup>[13]</sup> of thy wheel may seem to meet.  
Yet fear to strike the stone, lest foul disgrace<sup>430</sup>  
Of broken chariot and of crippled steeds  
Ensue, and thou become the public jest.  
My boy beloved! use caution; for if once  
Thou turn the goal at speed, no man thenceforth  
Shall reach, or if he reach, shall pass the<sup>435</sup> by,  
Although Arion in thy rear he drove  
Adrastus' rapid horse of race divine,  
Or those, Troy's boast, bred by Laomedon.

So Nestor spake, inculcating with care  
On his son's mind these lessons in the<sup>440</sup>,  
And to his place retiring, sat again.  
Meriones his coursers glossy-maned  
Made ready last. Then to his chariot-seat  
Each mounted, and the lots were thrown; himself

Achilles shook them. First, forth leap'd the lot  
 Of Nestor's son Antilochus, after whom  
 The King Eumelus took his destined place.  
 The third was Menelaus spear-renown'd;  
 Meriones the fourth; and last of all,  
 Bravest of all, heroic Diomede      450  
 The son of Tydeus took his lot to drive.  
 So ranged they stood; Achilles show'd the goal  
 Far on the champain, nigh to which he placed  
 The godlike Phoenix servant of his sire,  
 To mark the race and make a true repo<sup>155</sup>

All raised the lash at once, and with the reins  
 At once all smote their steeds, urging them on  
 Vociferous; they, sudden, left the fleet  
 Far, far behind them, scouring swift the plain.  
 Dark, like a stormy cloud, uprose the <sup>160</sup>  
 Their chests beneath, and scatter'd in the wind  
 Their manes all floated; now the chariots swept  
 The low declivity unseen, and now  
 Emerging started into view; erect  
 The drivers stood; emulous, every heart<sup>165</sup>  
 Beat double; each encouraged loud his steeds;  
 They, flying, fill'd with dust the darken'd air.  
 But when returning to the hoary deep  
 They ran their last career, then each display'd  
 Brightest his chariotership, and the race<sup>170</sup>  
 Lay stretch'd, at once, into its utmost speed.  
 Then, soon the mares of Pheretiades<sup>[14]</sup>  
 Pass'd all, but Diomede behind him came,  
 Borne by his unemasculated steeds  
 Of Trojan pedigree; they not remote, 475  
 But close pursued him; and at every pace  
 Seem'd entering both; the chariot at their head,  
 For blowing warm into Eumelus' neck  
 Behind, and on his shoulders broad, they went,  
 And their chins rested on him as they <sup>180</sup>.  
 Then had Tydides pass'd him, or had made  
 Decision dubious, but Apollo struck,  
 Resentful,<sup>[15]</sup> from his hand the glittering scourge.  
 Fast roll'd the tears indignant down his cheeks,  
 For he beheld the mares with double sp<sup>185</sup>d,  
 Flying, and of the spur deprived, his own  
 Retarded steeds continual thrown behind.  
 But not unnoticed by Minerva pass'd  
 The art by Phœbus practised to impede  
 The son of Tydeus, whom with winged<sup>190</sup>aste  
 Following, she gave to him his scourge again,  
 And with new force his lagging steeds inspired.  
 Eumelus, next, the angry Goddess, swift  
 Pursuing, snapt his yoke; wide flew the mares  
 Asunder, and the pole fell to the ground<sup>195</sup>  
 Himself, roll'd from his seat, fast by the wheel  
 With lacerated elbows, nostrils, mouth,  
 And batter'd brows lay prone; sorrow his eyes  
 Deluged, and disappointment chok'd his voice.  
 Then, far outstripping all, Tydides pus<sup>200</sup>  
 His steeds beyond, which Pallas fill'd with power  
 That she might make the glorious prize his own.  
 Him follow'd Menelaus amber-hair'd,

The son of Atreus, and his father's steeds  
Encouraging, thus spake Antilochus. 505

Away—now stretch ye forward to the goal.  
I bid you not to an unequal strife  
With those of Diomede, for Pallas them  
Quickens that he may conquer, and the Chief  
So far advanced makes competition vain<sup>510</sup>  
But reach the son of Atreus, fly to reach  
His steeds, incontinent; ah, be not shamed  
For ever, foil'd by Æthe, by a mare!  
Why fall ye thus behind, my noblest steeds?  
I tell you both, and ye shall prove me true,  
No favor shall ye find at Nestor's hands,  
My valiant sire, but he will thrust his spear  
Right through you, should we lose, for sloth of yours,  
Or by your negligence, the nobler prize.  
Haste then—pursue him—reach the royal Chief—<sup>520</sup>  
And how to pass him in yon narrow way  
Shall be my care, and not my care in vain.

He ended; they, awhile, awed by his voice,  
With more exertion ran, and Nestor's son  
Now saw the hollow strait mark'd by his sire.<sup>535</sup>  
It was a chasm abrupt, where winter-floods,  
Wearing the soil, had gullied deep the way.  
Thither Atrides, anxious to avoid  
A clash of chariots drove, and thither drove  
Also, but somewhat devious from his track,  
Antilochus. Then Menelaus fear'd,  
And with loud voice the son of Nestor hail'd.

Antilochus, at what a madman's rate  
Drivest thou! stop—check thy steeds—the way is here  
Too strait, but widening soon, will give thee scope  
To pass me by; beware, lest chariot close  
To chariot driven, thou maim thyself and me.

He said; but still more rapid and the scourge  
Plying continual, as he had not heard,  
Antilochus came on. Far as the quoit 540  
By some broad-shoulder'd youth for trial hurl'd  
Of manhood flies, so far Antilochus  
Shot forward; but the coursers fell behind  
Of Atreus' son, who now abated much  
By choice his driving, lest the steeds of both  
Jostling, should overturn with sudden shock  
Both chariots, and themselves in dust be roll'd,  
Through hot ambition of the foremost prize.  
Him then the hero golden-hair'd reproved.

Antilochus! the man lives not on earth<sup>550</sup>  
Like thee for love of mischief. Go, extoll'd  
For wisdom falsely by the sons of Greece.  
Yet, trust me, not without an oath, the prize  
Thus foully sought shall even now be thine.

He said, and to his coursers call'd aloud.  
Ah be not tardy; stand not sorrow-check'd;  
Their feet will fail them sooner far than yours,  
For years have pass'd since they had youth to boast.

So he; and springing at his voice, his steeds  
Regain'd apace the vantage lost. Meanwhile

The Grecians, in full circus seated, mark'd  
 The steeds; they flying, fill'd with dust the air.  
 Then, ere the rest, Idomeneus discern'd  
 The foremost pair; for, on a rising ground  
 Exalted, he without the circus sat, 565  
 And hearing, though remote, the driver's voice  
 Chiding his steeds, knew it, and knew beside  
 The leader horse distinguish'd by his hue,  
 Chestnut throughout, save that his forehead bore  
 A splendid blazon white, round as the moon.

He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.  
 Friends! Chiefs and senators of Argos' host!  
 Discern I sole the steeds, or also ye?  
 The horses, foremost now, to me appear  
 Other than erst, and I descry at hand 575  
 A different charioteer; the mares of late  
 Victorious, somewhere distant in the race  
 Are hurt; I plainly saw them at the first  
 Turning the goal, but see them now no more;  
 And yet with eyes inquisitive I range 580  
 From side to side the whole broad plain of Troy.  
 Either the charioteer hath slipp'd the reins,  
 Or rounded not successfully the goal  
 Through want of guidance. Thrown, as it should seem,  
 Forth from his seat, he hath his chariot 585 aim'd,  
 And his ungovern'd steeds have roam'd away.  
 Arise and look ye forth yourselves, for I  
 With doubtful ken behold him; yet the man  
 Seems, in my view, Ætolian by descent,  
 A Chief of prime renown in Argos' host 590  
 The hero Tydeus' son, brave Diomede,

But Ajax Oiliades the swift  
 Him sharp reproved. Why art thou always given  
 To prate, Idomeneus? thou seest the mares,  
 Remote indeed, but posting to the goal 595  
 Thou art not youngest of the Argives here  
 So much, nor from beneath thy brows look forth  
 Quick-sighted more than ours, thine eyes abroad.  
 Yet still thou pratest, although silence more  
 Should suit thee, among wiser far than 600 you.  
 The mares which led, lead still, and he who drives  
 Eumelus is, the same who drove before.

To whom the Cretan Chief, angry, replied.  
 Ajax! whom none in wrangling can excel  
 Or rudeness, though in all beside thou 605  
 Below the Argives, being boorish-rough,  
 Come now—a tripod let us wager each,  
 Or caldron, and let Agamemnon judge  
 Whose horses lead, that, losing, thou may'st learn.

He said; then sudden from his seat upsprang  
 Swift Ajax Oiliades, prepared  
 For harsh retort, nor had the contest ceased  
 Between them, but had grown from ill to worse,  
 Had not himself, Achilles, interposed.

Ajax—Idomeneus—abstain ye both 615  
 From bitter speech offensive, and such terms  
 As ill become you. Ye would feel, yourselves,  
 Resentment, should another act as ye.

Survey the course, peaceable, from your seats;  
 The charioeters, by competition wing'<sup>620</sup>  
 Will soon themselves arrive, then shall ye know  
 Distinctly, both who follows and who leads.

He scarce had said, when nigh at hand appear'd  
 Tydides, lashing, as he came, his steeds  
 Continual; they with hoofs uplifted high<sup>625</sup>  
 Their yet remaining ground shorten'd apace,  
 Sprinkling with dusty drops at every stroke  
 Their charioteer, while close upon their heels  
 Radiant with tin and gold the chariot ran,  
 Scarce tracking light the dust, so swift<sup>630</sup> they flew.  
 He stood in the mid-circus; there the sweat  
 Rain'd under them from neck and chest profuse,  
 And Diomede from his resplendent seat  
 Leaping, reclined his scourge against the yoke.  
 Nor was his friend brave Sthenelus remiss,  
 But, seizing with alacrity the prize,  
 Consign'd the tripod and the virgin, first,  
 To his own band in charge; then, loosed the steeds.  
 Next came, by stratagem, not speed advanced  
 To that distinction, Nestor's son, whom<sup>640</sup> yet  
 The hero Menelaus close pursued  
 Near as the wheel runs to a courser's heels,  
 Drawing his master at full speed; his tail  
 With its extremest hairs the felly sweeps  
 That close attends him o'er the spacious<sup>645</sup> plain,  
 So near had Menelaus now approach'd  
 Antilochus; for though at first he fell  
 A full quoit's cast behind, he soon retrieved  
 That loss, with such increasing speed the mare  
 Bright-maned of Agamemnon, Æthe,<sup>650</sup>  
 She, had the course few paces more to both  
 Afforded, should have clearly shot beyond  
 Antilochus, nor dubious left the prize.  
 But noble Menelaus threw behind  
 Meriones, companion in the field, 655  
 Of King Idomeneus, a lance's flight,  
 For slowest were his steeds, and he, to rule  
 The chariot in the race, least skill'd of all.  
 Last came Eumelus drawing to the goal,  
 Himself, his splendid chariot, and his<sup>660</sup> horses  
 Driving before him. Peleus' rapid son  
 Beheld him with compassion, and, amid  
 The Argives, in wing'd accents thus he spake.

Here comes the most expert, driving his steeds  
 Before him. Just it were that he receiv<sup>665</sup>  
 The second prize; Tydides claims the first.

He said, and all applauded the award.  
 Then had Achilles to Eumelus given  
 The mare (for such the pleasure seem'd of all)  
 Had not the son of mighty Nestor risen<sup>670</sup>  
 Antilochus, who pleaded thus his right.

Achilles! acting as thou hast proposed,  
 Thou shalt offend me much, for thou shalt take  
 The prize from me, because the Gods, his steeds  
 And chariot-yoke disabling, render'd<sup>675</sup>  
 His efforts, and no failure of his own.

It was his duty to have sought the Gods  
 In prayer, then had he not, following on foot  
 His coursers, hindmost of us all arrived.  
 But if thou pity him, and deem it good<sup>680</sup>  
 Thou hast much gold, much brass, and many sheep  
 In thy pavilion; thou hast maidens fair,  
 And coursers also. Of thy proper stores  
 Hereafter give to him a richer prize  
 Than this, or give it now, so shall the Greeks  
 Applaud thee; but this mare yield I to none;  
 Stand forth the Grecian who desires to win  
 That recompense, and let him fight with me.

He ended, and Achilles, godlike Chief,  
 Smiled on him, gratulating his success<sup>690</sup>  
 Whom much he loved; then, ardent, thus replied.

Antilochus! if thou wouldest wish me give  
 Eumelus of my own, even so I will.  
 I will present to him my corslet bright  
 Won from Asteropaeus, edged around <sup>695</sup>  
 With glittering tin; a precious gift, and rare.

So saying, he bade Automedon his friend  
 Produce it from the tent; he at his word  
 Departing, to Achilles brought the spoil,  
 Which at his hands Eumelus glad received<sup>700</sup>.  
 Then, stung with grief, and with resentment fired  
 Immeasurable, Menelaus rose  
 To charge Antilochus. His herald gave  
 The sceptre to his hand, and (silence bidden  
 To all) the godlike hero thus began. <sup>705</sup>

Antilochus! oh heretofore discreet!  
 What hast thou done? Thou hast dishonor'd foul  
 My skill, and wrong'd my coursers, throwing thine,  
 Although inferior far, by fraud before them.  
 Ye Chiefs and Senators of Argos' host<sup>710</sup>  
 Impartial judge between us, lest, of these,  
 Some say hereafter, Menelaus bore  
 Antilochus by falsehood down, and led  
 The mare away, because, although his steeds  
 Were worse, his arm was mightier, and prevail'd.  
 Yet hold—myself will judge, and will to all  
 Contentment give, for I will judge aright.  
 Hither, Antilochus, illustrious youth!  
 And, as the law prescribes, standing before  
 Thy steeds and chariot, holding too the <sup>720</sup>urge  
 With which thou drovest, lay hand on both thy steeds,  
 And swear by Neptune, circler of the earth,  
 That neither wilfully, nor yet by fraud  
 Thou didst impede my chariot in its course.

Then prudent, thus Antilochus replied<sup>725</sup>  
 Oh royal Menelaus! patient bear  
 The fault of one thy junior far, in years  
 Alike unequal and in worth to thee.  
 Thou know'st how rash is youth, and how propense  
 To pass the bounds by decency prescribed,  
 Quick, but not wise. Lay, then, thy wrath aside;  
 The mare now given me I will myself  
 Deliver to thee, and if thou require  
 A larger recompense, will rather yield

A larger much than from thy favor fall<sup>735</sup>

Deservedly for ever, mighty Prince!

And sin so heinously against the Gods.

So saying, the son of valiant Nestor led  
The mare, himself, to Menelaus' hand,  
Who with heart-freshening joy the prize<sup>740</sup> received.  
As on the ears of growing corn the dews  
Fall grateful, while the spiry grain erect  
Bristles the fields, so, Menelaus, felt  
Thy inmost soul a soothing pleasure sweet!  
Then answer thus the hero quick return<sup>745</sup>.

Antilochus! exasperate though I were,  
Now, such no longer, I relinquish glad  
All strife with thee, for that at other times  
Thou never inconsiderate wast or light,  
Although by youthful heat misled to-d<sup>750</sup>  
Yet safer is it not to over-reach  
Superiors, for no other Grecian here  
Had my extreme displeasure calm'd so soon;  
But thou hast suffer'd much, and much hast toil'd,  
As thy good father and thy brother hav<sup>755</sup>  
On my behalf; I, therefore, yield, subdued  
By thy entreaties, and the mare, though mine,  
Will also give thee, that these Grecians all  
May know me neither proud nor hard to appease.

So saying, the mare he to Noëmon g<sup>760</sup>e,  
Friend of Antilochus, and, well-content,  
The polish'd caldron for *his* prize received.  
The fourth awarded lot (for he had fourth  
Arrived) Meriones asserted next,  
The golden talents; but the phial still 765  
Left unappropriated Achilles bore  
Across the circus in his hand, a gift  
To ancient Nestor, whom he thus bespake.

Thou also, oh my father! this accept,  
Which in remembrance of the funeral m<sup>770</sup>los  
Of my Patroclus, keep, for him thou seest  
Among the Greeks no more. Receive a prize,  
Thine by gratuity; for thou shalt wield  
The cestus, wrestle, at the spear contend,  
Or in the foot-race (fallen as thou art 775  
Into the wane of life) never again.

He said, and placed it in his hands. He, glad,  
Receiving it, in accents wing'd replied.

True, oh my son! is all which thou hast spoken.  
These limbs, these hands, young friend<sup>780</sup>(their vigor lost)  
No longer, darted from the shoulder, spring  
At once to battle. Ah that I could grow  
Young yet again, could feel again such force  
Athletic, as when in Buprasium erst  
The Epeans with sepulchral pomp ento<sup>785</sup>d  
King Amarynceus, where his sons ordain'd  
Funereal games in honor of their sire!  
Epean none or even Pylian there  
Could cope with me, or yet Ætolian bold.  
Boxing, I vanquish'd Clytomedes, son<sup>790</sup>  
Of Enops; wrestling, the Pleuronian Chief  
Ancæus; in the foot-race Iphiclus,

Though a fleet runner; and I over-pitch'd  
 Phyleus and Polydorus at the spear.  
 The sons of Actor<sup>[16]</sup> in the chariot-race<sup>795</sup>  
 Alone surpass'd me, being two for one,  
 And jealous both lest I should also win  
 That prize, for to the victor charioteer  
 They had assign'd the noblest prize of all.  
 They were twin-brothers, and one rule<sup>800</sup> the steeds,  
 The steeds one ruled,<sup>[17]</sup> the other lash'd them on.  
 Such once was I; but now, these sports I leave  
 To younger; me submission most befits  
 To withering age, who then outshone the best.  
 But go. The funeral of thy friend with ~~805~~  
 Proceed to celebrate; I accept thy gift  
 With pleasure; and my heart is also glad  
 That thou art mindful evermore of one  
 Who loves thee, and such honor in the sight  
 Yield'st me of all the Greeks, as is my ~~810~~.  
 May the Gods bless thee for it more and more!

He spake, and Peleus' son, when he had heard  
 At large his commendation from the lips  
 Of Nestor, through the assembled Greeks return'd.  
 He next proposed, not lightly to be w~~815~~  
 The boxer's prize. He tether'd down a mule,  
 Untamed and hard to tame, but strong to toil,  
 And in her prime of vigor, in the midst;  
 A goblet to the vanquish'd he assign'd,  
 Then stood erect and to the Greeks ex~~820~~m'd.

Atridae! and ye Argives brazen-greaved!  
 I call for two bold combatants expert  
 To wage fierce strife for these, with lifted fists  
 Smiting each other. He, who by the aid  
 Of Phœbus shall o'ertome, and whom ~~825~~ Greeks  
 Shall all pronounce victorious, leads the mule  
 Hence to his tent; the vanquish'd takes the cup.

He spake, and at his word a Greek arose  
 Big, bold, and skillful in the boxer's art,  
 Epeüs, son of Panopeus; his hand      830  
 He on the mule imposed, and thus he said.

Approach the man ambitious of the cup!  
 For no Achaian here shall with his fist  
 Me foiling, win the mule. I boast myself  
 To all superior. May it not suffice      835  
 That I to no pre-eminence pretend  
 In battle? To attain to foremost praise  
 Alike in every art is not for one.  
 But this I promise, and will well perform—  
 My blows shall lay him open, split him<sup>840</sup>rush  
 His bones to splinters, and let all his friends,  
 Attendant on him, wait to bear him hence,  
 Vanquish'd by my superior force in fight.

He ended, and his speech found no reply.  
 One godlike Chief alone, Euryalus,      845  
 Son of the King Mecisteus, who, himself,  
 Sprang from Talaion, opposite arose.  
 He, on the death of Oedipus, at Thebes  
 Contending in the games held at his tomb,  
 Had overcome the whole Cadmean rac~~850~~

Him Diomede spear-famed for fight prepared,  
 Giving him all encouragement, for much  
 He wish'd him victory. First then he threw<sup>[18]</sup>  
 His cincture to him; next, he gave him thongs<sup>[19]</sup>  
 Cut from the hide of a wild buffalo. 855  
 Both girt around, into the midst they moved.  
 Then, lifting high their brawny arms, and fists  
 Mingling with fists, to furious fight they fell;  
 Dire was the crash of jaws, and the sweat stream'd  
 From every limb. Epeüs fierce advanc<sup>&60</sup>,  
 And while Euryalus with cautious eye  
 Watch'd his advantage, pash'd him on the cheek  
 He stood no longer, but, his shapely limbs,  
 Unequal to his weight, sinking, he fell.  
 As by the rising north-wind driven ash<sup>865</sup>  
 A huge fish flounces on the weedy beach,  
 Which soon the sable flood covers again,  
 So, beaten down, he bounded. But Epeüs,  
 Heroic chief, upraised him by his hand,  
 And his own comrades from the circus<sup>870</sup> forth  
 Led him, step dragging after step, the blood  
 Ejecting grumous, and at every pace  
 Rolling his head languid from side to side.  
 They placed him all unconscious on his seat  
 In his own band, then fetch'd his prize<sup>875</sup> the cup.

Still other prizes, then, Achilles placed  
 In view of all, the sturdy wrestler's meed.  
 A large hearth-tripod, valued by the Greeks  
 At twice six beeves, should pay the victor's toil;  
 But for the vanquish'd, in the midst he<sup>&80</sup>  
 A damsel in variety expert  
 Of arts domestic, valued at four beeves.  
 He rose erect, and to the Greeks he cried.

Arise ye, now, who shall this prize dispute.  
 So spake the son of Peleus; then arose 885  
 Huge Telamonian Ajax, and upstood  
 Ulysses also, in all wiles adept.  
 Both girt around, into the midst they moved.  
 With vigorous gripe each lock'd the other fast,  
 Like rafters, standing, of some mansio<sup>890</sup> built  
 By a prime artist proof against all winds.  
 Their backs, tugg'd vehemently, creak'd, <sup>[20]</sup> the sweat  
 Trickled, and on their flanks and shoulders, red  
 The whelks arose; they bearing still in mind  
 The tripod, ceased not struggling for the<sup>895</sup> prize.  
 Nor could Ulysses from his station move  
 And cast down Ajax, nor could Ajax him  
 Unsettle, fixt so firm Ulysses stood.  
 But when, long time expectant, all the Greeks  
 Grew weary, then, huge Ajax him besp<sup>900</sup>e.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!  
 Lift, or be lifted, and let Jove decide.

He said, and heaved Ulysses. Then, his wiles  
 Forgat not he, but on the ham behind  
 Chopp'd him; the limbs of Ajax at the<sup>905</sup> ke  
 Disabled sank; he fell supine, and bore  
 Ulysses close adhering to his chest  
 Down with him. Wonder riveted all eyes.

Then brave Ulysses from the ground awhile  
 Him lifted in his turn, but ere he stood<sup>910</sup>  
 Inserting his own knee the knees between[21]  
 Of Ajax, threw him. To the earth they fell  
 Both, and with dust defiled lay side by side.  
 And now, arising to a third essay,  
 They should have wrestled yet again, had not  
 Achilles, interfering, them restrain'd.

Strive not together more; cease to exhaust  
 Each other's force; ye both have earn'd the prize  
 Depart alike requited, and give place  
 To other Grecians who shall next contend<sup>920</sup>.

He spake; they glad complied, and wiping off  
 The dust, put on their tunics. Then again  
 Achilles other prizes yet proposed,  
 The rapid runner's meed. First, he produced  
 A silver goblet of six measures; earth 925  
 Own'd not its like for elegance of form.  
 Skilful Sidonian artists had around  
 Embellish'd it,[22] and o'er the sable deep  
 Phœnician merchants into Lemnos' port  
 Had borne it, and the boon to Thoas<sup>[23]</sup> given;  
 But Jason's son, Euneüs, in exchange  
 For Priam's son Lycaon, to the hand  
 Had pass'd it of Patroclus famed in arms.  
 Achilles this, in honor of his friend,  
 Set forth, the swiftest runner's recompense.  
 The second should a fatted ox receive  
 Of largest size, and he assign'd of gold  
 A just half-talent to the worst and last.  
 He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.

Now stand ye forth who shall this p<sup>940</sup> dispute.  
 He said, and at his word instant arose  
 Swift Ajax Oiliades; upsprang  
 The shrewd Ulysses next, and after him  
 Brave Nestor's son Antilochus, with whom  
 None vied in speed of all the youths of Greece.  
 They stood prepared. Achilles show'd the goal.  
 At once all started. Oiliades  
 Led swift the course, and closely at his heels  
 Ulysses ran. Near as some cinctured maid  
 Industrious holds the distaff to her breast<sup>950</sup>  
 While to and fro with practised finger neat  
 She tends the flax drawing it to a thread,  
 So near Ulysses follow'd him, and press'd  
 His footsteps, ere the dust fill'd them again,  
 Pouring his breath into his neck behind<sup>955</sup>  
 And never slackening pace. His ardent thirst  
 Of victory with universal shouts  
 All seconded, and, eager, bade him on.  
 And now the contest shortening to a close,  
 Ulysses his request silent and brief 960  
 To azure-eyed Minerva thus preferr'd.

Oh Goddess hear, prosper me in the race!  
 Such was his prayer, with which Minerva pleased,  
 Freshen'd his limbs, and made him light to run.  
 And now, when in one moment they stood both  
 Have darted on the prize, then Ajax' foot

Sliding, he fell; for where the dung of beeves  
 Slain by Achilles for his friend, had spread  
 The soil, there<sup>[24]</sup> Pallas tripp'd him. Ordure foul  
 His mouth, and ordure foul his nostrils<sup>970</sup> d.  
 Then brave Ulysses, first arriving, seized  
 The cup, and Ajax took his prize, the ox.  
 He grasp'd his horn, and sputtering as he stood  
 The ordure forth, the Argives thus bespake.

Ah—Pallas tripp'd my footsteps; she<sup>975</sup> attends  
 Ulysses ever with a mother's care.

Loud laugh'd the Grecians. Then, the remnant prize  
 Antilochus receiving, smiled and said.

Ye need not, fellow-warriors, to be taught  
 That now, as ever, the immortal Gods 980  
 Honor on seniority bestow.  
 Ajax is elder, yet not much, than I.  
 But Laertiades was born in times  
 Long past, a chief coëval with our sires,  
 Not young, but vigorous; and of the Greeks,  
 Achilles may alone with him contend.

So saying, the merit of superior speed  
 To Peleus' son he gave, who thus replied.

Antilochus! thy praise of me shall prove  
 Nor vain nor unproductive to thyself, 990  
 For the half-talent doubled shall be thine.

He spake, and, doubling it, the talent placed  
 Whole in his hand. He glad the gift received.  
 Achilles, then Sarpedon's arms produced,  
 Stripp'd from him by Patroclus, his long<sup>995</sup> spear,  
 Helmet and shield, which in the midst he placed.  
 He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.

I call for two brave warriors arm'd to prove  
 Each other's skill with weapons keen, this prize  
 Disputing, next, in presence of us all.1000  
 Who first shall through his armor reach the skin  
 Of his antagonist, and shall draw his blood,  
 To him this silver-studded falchion bright  
 I give; the blade is Thracian, and of late  
 Asteropaeus wore it, whom I slew. 1005  
 These other arms shall be their common meed,  
 And I will banquet both within my tent.

He said, then Telamonian Ajax huge  
 Arose, and opposite the son arose  
 Of warlike Tydeus, Diomede the brav<sup>1010</sup>  
 Apart from all the people each put on  
 His arms, then moved into the middle space,  
 Lowering terrific, and on fire to fight.  
 The host look'd on amazed. Approaching each  
 The other, thrice they sprang to the assault,  
 And thrice struck hand to hand. Ajax the shield  
 Pierced of his adversary, but the flesh  
 Attain'd not, baffled by his mail within.  
 Then Tydeus' son, sheer o'er the ample disk  
 Of Ajax, thrust a lance home to his neck<sup>1020</sup>,  
 And the Achaians for the life appall'd  
 Of Ajax, bade them, ceasing, share the prize.

But the huge falchion with its sheath and belt—  
Achilles them on Diomedē bestow'd.

The hero, next, an iron clod produced  
Rough from the forge, and wont to task the might  
Of King Eëtion; but, when him he slew,  
Pelides, glorious chief, with other spoils  
From Thebes convey'd it in his fleet to Troy.  
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he d<sup>1025</sup>ea<sup>d</sup>.

Come forth who also shall this prize dispute!  
How far soe'er remote the winner's fields,  
This lump shall serve his wants five circling years;  
His shepherd shall not, or his plower, need  
In quest of iron seek the distant town,<sup>1035</sup>  
But hence he shall himself their wants supply.<sup>[25]</sup>  
Then Polypetes brave in fight arose,  
Arose Leonteus also, godlike chief,  
With Ajax son of Telamon. Each took  
His station, and Epeüs seized the clod.<sup>1040</sup>  
He swung, he cast it, and the Grecians laugh'd.  
Leonteus, branch of Mars, quoited it next.  
Huge Telamonian Ajax with strong arm  
Dismiss'd it third, and overpitch'd them both.  
But when brave Polypœtes seized the<sup>1045</sup>  
Far as the vigorous herdsman flings his staff  
That twirling flies his numerous beeves between,<sup>[26]</sup>  
So far his cast outmeasured all beside,  
And the host shouted. Then the friends arose  
Of Polypœtes valiant chief, and bore 1050  
His ponderous acquisition to the ships.

The archers' prize Achilles next proposed,  
Ten double and ten single axes, form'd  
Of steel convertible to arrow-points.  
He fix'd, far distant on the sands, the ~~hast~~  
Of a brave bark cerulean-prow'd, to which  
With small cord fasten'd by the foot he tied  
A timorous dove, their mark at which to aim.  
<sup>[27]</sup>Who strikes the dove, he conquers, and shall bear  
These double axes all into his tent. 1060  
But who the cord alone, missing the bird,  
Successful less, he wins the single blades.

The might of royal Teucer then arose,  
And, fellow-warrior of the King of Crete,  
Valiant Meriones. A brazen casque 1065  
Received the lots; they shook them, and the lot  
Fell first to Teucer. He, at once, a shaft  
Sent smartly forth, but vow'd not to the King<sup>[28]</sup>  
A hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock.  
He therefore (for Apollo greater prais<sup>1070</sup>  
Denied him) miss'd the dove, but struck the cord  
That tied her, at small distance from the knot,  
And with his arrow sever'd it. Upsprang  
The bird into the air, and to the ground  
Depending fell the cord. Shouts rent the<sup>1075</sup>skies.  
Then, all in haste, Meriones the bow  
Caught from his hand holding a shaft the while  
Already aim'd, and to Apollo vow'd  
A hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock.  
He eyed the dove aloft, under a cloud<sup>1080</sup>

And, while she wheel'd around, struck her beneath  
The pinion; through her and beyond her pass'd  
The arrow, and, returning, pierced the soil  
Fast by the foot of brave Meriones.  
She, perching on the mast again, her ~~head~~  
Reclined, and hung her wide-unfolded wing,  
But, soon expiring, dropp'd and fell remote.  
Amazement seized the people. To his tent  
Meriones the ten best axes bore,  
And Teucer the inferior ten to his. [29] 1090

Then, last, Achilles in the circus placed  
A ponderous spear and caldron yet unfired,  
Emboss'd with flowers around, its worth an ox.  
Upstood the spear-expert; Atrides first,  
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, King of ~~men~~  
And next, brave fellow-warrior of the King  
Of Crete, Meriones; when thus his speech  
Achilles to the royal chief address'd.

Atrides! (for we know thy skill and force  
Matchless! that none can hurl the spear~~and~~ thou)  
This prize is thine, order it to thy ship;  
And if it please thee, as I would it might,  
Let brave Meriones the spear receive.

He said; nor Agamemnon not complied,  
But to Meriones the brazen spear  
Presenting, to Talthybius gave in charge  
The caldron, next, his own illustrious prize.

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## BOOK XXIV.

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### ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK.

Priam, by command of Jupiter, and under conduct of Mercury, seeks Achilles in his tent, who admonished previously by Thetis, consents to accept ransom for the body of Hector. Hector is mourned, and the manner of his funeral, circumstantially described, concludes the poem.

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## BOOK XXIV.

The games all closed, the people went dispersed  
 Each to his ship; they, mindful of repast,  
 And to enjoy repose; but other thoughts  
 Achilles' mind employ'd: he still deplored  
 With tears his loved Patroclus, nor the force  
 Felt of all-conquering sleep, but turn'd and turn'd  
 Restless from side to side, mourning the loss  
 Of such a friend, so manly, and so brave.  
 Their fellowship in toil; their hardships oft  
 Sustain'd in fight laborious, or o'ercom'd  
 With difficulty on the perilous deep—  
 Remembrance busily retracing themes  
 Like these, drew down his cheeks continual tears.  
 Now on his side he lay, now lay supine,  
 Now prone, then starting from his couch he roam'd  
 Forlorn the beach, nor did the rising morn  
 On seas and shores escape his watchful eye,  
 But joining to his chariot his swift steeds,  
 He fasten'd Hector to be dragg'd behind.  
 Around the tomb of Menœtia<sup>des</sup>      20  
 Him thrice he dragg'd; then rested in his tent,  
 Leaving him at his length stretch'd in the dust.  
 Meantime Apollo with compassion touch'd  
 Even of the lifeless Hector, from all taint  
 Saved him, and with the golden ægis brād  
 Covering, preserved him, although dragg'd, untorn.

While he, indulging thus his wrath, disgraced  
 Brave Hector, the immortals at that sight  
 With pity moved, exhorted Mercury  
 The watchful Argicide, to steal him thence.  
 That counsel pleased the rest, but neither pleased  
 Juno, nor Neptune, nor the blue-eyed maid.  
 They still, as at the first, held fast their hate

Of sacred Troy, detested Priam still,  
 And still his people, mindful of the crime<sup>35</sup>  
 Of Paris, who when to his rural hut  
 They came, those Goddesses affronting,<sup>[1]</sup> praise  
 And admiration gave to her alone  
 Who with vile lusts his preference repaid.  
 But when the twelfth ensuing morn arose<sup>40</sup>,  
 Apollo, then, the immortals thus address'd.

Ye Gods, your dealings now injurious seem  
 And cruel. Was not Hector wont to burn  
 Thighs of fat goats and bullocks at your shrines?  
 Whom now, though dead, ye cannot yet<sup>45</sup> endure  
 To rescue, that Andromache once more  
 Might view him, his own mother, his own son,  
 His father and the people, who would soon  
 Yield him his just demand, a funeral fire.  
 But, oh ye Gods! your pleasure is alone<sup>50</sup>  
 To please Achilles, that pernicious chief,  
 Who neither right regards, nor owns a mind  
 That can relent, but as the lion, urged  
 By his own dauntless heart and savage force,  
 Invades without remorse the rights of man,  
 That he may banquet on his herds and flocks,  
 So Peleus' son all pity from his breast  
 Hath driven, and shame, man's blessing or his curse.<sup>[2]</sup>  
 For whosoever hath a loss sustain'd  
 Still dearer, whether of his brother born<sup>60</sup>  
 From the same womb, or even of his son,  
 When he hath once bewail'd him, weeps no more,  
 For fate itself gives man a patient mind.  
 Yet Peleus' son, not so contented, slays  
 Illustrious Hector first, then drags his<sup>65</sup> corse  
 In cruel triumph at his chariot-wheels  
 Around Patroclus' tomb; but neither well  
 He acts, nor honorably to himself,  
 Who may, perchance, brave though he be, incur  
 Our anger, while to gratify revenge      70  
 He pours dishonor thus on senseless clay.

To whom, incensed, Juno white-arm'd replied.  
 And be it so; stand fast this word of thine,  
 God of the silver bow! if ye account  
 Only such honor to Achilles due      75  
 As Hector claims; but Hector was by birth  
 Mere man, and suckled at a woman's breast.  
 Not such Achilles; him a Goddess bore,  
 Whom I myself nourish'd, and on my lap  
 Fondled, and in due time to Peleus gave<sup>80</sup>  
 In marriage, to a chief beloved in heaven  
 Peculiarly; ye were yourselves, ye Gods!  
 Partakers of the nuptial feast, and thou  
 Wast present also with thine harp in hand,  
 Thou comrade of the vile! thou faithles<sup>85</sup>s ever!

Then answer thus cloud-gatherer Jove return'd.  
 Juno, forbear. Indulge not always wrath  
 Against the Gods. They shall not share alike,  
 And in the same proportion our regards.  
 Yet even Hector was the man in Troy    90  
 Most favor'd by the Gods, and him no less  
 I also loved, for punctual were his gifts

To us; mine altar never miss'd from him  
 Libation, or the steam of sacrifice,  
 The meed allotted to us from of old. 95  
 But steal him not, since by Achilles' eye  
 Unseen ye cannot, who both day and night  
 Watches<sup>[3]</sup> him, as a mother tends her son.  
 But call ye Thetis hither, I would give  
 The Goddess counsel, that, at Priam's hands  
 Accepting gifts, Achilles loose the dead.

He ceased. Then Iris tempest-wing'd arose.  
 Samos between, and Imbrus rock-begirt,  
 She plunged into the gloomy flood; loud groan'd  
 The briny pool, while sudden down she dash'd,  
 As sinks the bull's<sup>[4]</sup> horn with its leaden weight,  
 Death bearing to the raveners of the deep.  
 Within her vaulted cave Thetis she found  
 By every nymph of Ocean round about  
 Encompass'd; she, amid them all, the flat<sup>θ</sup>  
 Wept of her noble son ordain'd to death  
 At fertile Troy, from Phthia far remote.  
 Then, Iris, drawing near, her thus address'd.

Arise, O Thetis! Jove, the author dread  
 Of everlasting counsels, calls for thee. 115

To whom the Goddess of the silver feet.  
 Why calls the mighty Thunderer me? I fear,  
 Oppress'd with countless sorrows as I am,  
 To mingle with the Gods. Yet I obey—  
 No word of his can prove an empty sooth<sup>d</sup>.

So saying, the Goddess took her sable veil  
 (Eye ne'er beheld a darker) and began  
 Her progress, by the storm-wing'd Iris led.  
 On either hand the billows open'd wide  
 A pass before them; they, ascending sob<sup>if</sup>  
 The shore, updarte swift into the skies.  
 They found loud-voiced Saturnian Jove around  
 Environ'd by the ever-blessed Gods  
 Convened in full assembly; she beside  
 Her Father Jove (Pallas retiring) sat. 130  
 Then, Juno, with consolatory speech,  
 Presented to her hand a golden cup,  
 Of which she drank, then gave it back again,  
 And thus the sire of Gods and men began.

Goddess of ocean, Thetis! thou hast sought  
 Olympus, bearing in thy bosom grief  
 Never to be assuaged, as well I know.  
 Yet shalt thou learn, afflicted as thou art,  
 Why I have summon'd thee. Nine days the Gods,  
 Concerning Hector's body and thy own<sup>40</sup>  
 Brave city-spoiler son, have held dispute,  
 And some have urged oftentimes the Argicide  
 Keen-sighted Mercury, to steal the dead.  
 But I forbade it for Achilles' sake,  
 Whom I exalt, the better to insure 145  
 Thy reverence and thy friendship evermore.  
 Haste, therefore, seek thy son, and tell him thus,  
 The Gods resent it, say (but most of all  
 Myself am angry) that he still detains  
 Amid his fleet, through fury of reveng<sup>d</sup>, 50

Unransom'd Hector; so shall he, at length,  
Through fear of me, perchance, release the slain.  
Myself to generous Priam will, the while,  
Send Iris, who shall bid him to the fleet  
Of Greece, such ransom bearing as may soothe  
Achilles, for redemption of his son.

So spake the God, nor Thetis not complied.  
Descending swift from the Olympian heights  
She reach'd Achilles' tent. Him there she found  
Groaning disconsolate, while others ran<sup>60</sup>  
To and fro, occupied around a sheep  
New-slaughter'd, large, and of exuberant fleece.  
She, sitting close beside him, softly strok'd  
His cheek, and thus, affectionate, began.

How long, my son! sorrowing and m<sup>65</sup>urning here,  
Wilt thou consume thy soul, nor give one thought  
Either to food or love? Yet love is good,  
And woman grief's best cure; for length of days  
Is not thy doom, but, even now, thy death  
And ruthless destiny are on the wing. 170  
Mark me,—I come a lieger sent from Jove.  
The Gods, he saith, resent it, but himself  
More deeply than the rest, that thou detain'st  
Amid thy fleet, through fury of revenge,  
Unransom'd Hector. Be advised, accept<sup>175</sup>  
Ransom, and to his friends resign the dead.

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.  
Come then the ransomer, and take him hence;  
If Jove himself command it,—be it so.

So they, among the ships, conferring<sup>80</sup>  
On various themes, the Goddess and her son;  
Meantime Saturnian Jove commanded down  
His swift ambassadress to sacred Troy.

Hence, rapid Iris! leave the Olympian heights.  
And, finding noble Priam, bid him hast<sup>85</sup>  
Into Achaia's fleet, bearing such gifts  
As may assuage Achilles, and prevail  
To liberate the body of his son.  
Alone, he must; no Trojan of them all  
May company the senior thither, save 190  
An ancient herald to direct his mules  
And his wheel'd litter, and to bring the dead  
Back into Ilium, whom Achilles slew.  
Let neither fear of death nor other fear  
Trouble him aught, so safe a guard and<sup>95</sup>re  
We give him; Mercury shall be his guide  
Into Achilles' presence in his tent.  
Nor will himself Achilles slay him there,  
Or even permit his death, but will forbid  
All violence; for he is not unwise 200  
Nor heedless, no—nor wilful to offend,  
But will his suppliant with much grace receive.<sup>[5]</sup>

He ceased; then Iris tempest-wing'd arose,  
Jove's messenger, and, at the gates arrived  
Of Priam, wo and wailing found within<sup>205</sup>  
Around their father, in the hall, his sons  
Their robes with tears water'd, while them amidst  
The hoary King sat mantled, muffled close,

And on his venerable head and neck  
 Much dust was spread, which, rolling ~~on~~<sup>to</sup> the earth,  
 He had shower'd on them with unsparing hands.  
 The palace echoed to his daughters' cries,  
 And to the cries of matrons calling fresh  
 Into remembrance many a valiant chief  
 Now stretch'd in dust, by Argive hands ~~and~~<sup>to</sup> destroy'd.  
 The messenger of Jove at Priam's side  
 Standing, with whisper'd accents low his ear  
 Saluted, but he trembled at the sound.

Courage, Dardanian Priam! fear thou nought;  
 To thee no prophetess of ill, I come; 220  
 But with kind purpose: Jove's ambassadress  
 Am I, who though remote, yet entertains  
 Much pity, and much tender care for thee.  
 Olympian Jove commands thee to redeem  
 The noble Hector, with an offering large<sup>225</sup>  
 Of gifts that may Achilles' wrath appease.  
 Alone, thou must; no Trojan of them all  
 Hath leave to attend thy journey thither, save  
 An ancient herald to direct thy mules  
 And thy wheel'd litter, and to bring the ~~dead~~<sup>230</sup>  
 Back into Ilium, whom Achilles slew.  
 Let neither fear of death nor other fear  
 Trouble thee aught, so safe a guard and sure  
 He gives thee; Mercury shall be thy guide  
 Even to Achilles' presence in his tent. 235  
 Nor will himself Achilles slay thee there,  
 Or even permit thy death, but will forbid  
 All violence; for he is not unwise  
 Nor heedless, no—nor wilful to offend,  
 But will his suppliant with much grace<sup>240</sup> receive.

So spake the swift ambassadress, and went.  
 Then, calling to his sons, he bade them bring  
 His litter forth, and bind the coffer on,  
 While to his fragrant chamber he repair'd  
 Himself, with cedar lined and lofty-roofed<sup>245</sup>,  
 A treasury of wonders into which  
 The Queen he summon'd, whom he thus bespake.

Hecuba! the ambassadress of Jove  
 Hath come, who bids me to the Grecian fleet,  
 Bearing such presents thither as may ~~satisfy~~<sup>250</sup> the  
 Achilles, for redemption of my son.  
 But say, what seems this enterprise to thee?  
 Myself am much inclined to it, I feel  
 My courage prompting me amain toward  
 The fleet, and into the Achaian camp. 255

Then wept the Queen aloud, and thus replied.  
 Ah! whither is thy wisdom fled, for which  
 Both strangers once, and Trojans honor'd *thee*?  
 How canst thou wish to penetrate alone  
 The Grecian fleet, and to appear before<sup>260</sup>  
 His face, by whom so many valiant sons  
 Of thine have fallen? Thou hast an iron heart!  
 For should that savage man and faithless once  
 Seize and discover thee, no pity expect  
 Or reverence at his hands. Come—let us<sup>265</sup> weep  
 Together, here sequester'd; for the thread

Spun for him by his destiny severe  
 When he was born, ordain'd our son remote  
 From us his parents to be food for hounds  
 In that chief's tent. Oh! clinging to his <sup>31</sup>side,  
 How I could tear him with my teeth! His deeds,  
 Disgraceful to my son, then should not want  
 Retaliation; for he slew not him  
 Skulking, but standing boldly for the wives,  
 The daughters fair, and citizens of Troy <sup>375</sup>  
 Guiltless of flight, [6] and of the wish to fly.

Whom godlike Priam answer'd, ancient King.  
 Impede me not who willing am to go,  
 Nor be, thyself, a bird of ominous note  
 To terrify me under my own roof, 280  
 For thou shalt not prevail. Had mortal man  
 Enjoin'd me this attempt, prophet, or priest,  
 Or soothsayer, I had pronounced him false  
 And fear'd it but the more. But, since I saw  
 The Goddess with these eyes, and hear <sup>285</sup>myself,  
 The voice divine, I go; that word shall stand;  
 And, if my doom be in the fleet of Greece  
 To perish, be it so; Achilles' arm  
 Shall give me speedy death, and I shall die  
 Folding my son, and satisfied with tears <sup>290</sup>

So saying, he open'd wide the elegant lids  
 Of numerous chests, whence mantles twelve he took  
 Of texture beautiful; twelve single cloaks;  
 As many carpets, with as many robes,  
 To which he added vests, an equal stor <sup>295</sup>  
 He also took ten talents forth of gold,  
 All weigh'd, two splendid tripods, caldrons four,  
 And after these a cup of matchless worth  
 Given to him when ambassador in Thrace;  
 A noble gift, which yet the hoary King <sup>300</sup>  
 Spared not, such fervor of desire he felt  
 To loose his son. Then from his portico,  
 With angry taunts he drove the gather'd crowds.

Away! away! ye dregs of earth, away!  
 Ye shame of human kind! Have ye no <sup>305</sup>tears  
 At home, that ye come hither troubling *me*?  
 Deem ye it little that Saturnian Jove  
 Afflicts me thus, and of my very best,  
 Best boy deprives me? Ah! ye shall be taught  
 Yourselves that loss, far easier to be slain <sup>310</sup>  
 By the Achaians now, since he is dead.  
 But I, ere yet the city I behold  
 Taken and pillaged, with these aged eyes,  
 Shall find safe hiding in the shades below.

He said, and chased them with his staff; they left  
 In haste the doors, by the old King expell'd.  
 Then, chiding them aloud, his sons he call'd,  
 Helenus, Paris, noble Agathon,  
 Pammon, Antiphonus, and bold in fight  
 Polites, Dios of illustrious fame, 320  
 Hippothoüs and Deiphobus—all nine  
 He call'd, thus issuing, angry, his commands.

Quick! quick! ye slothful in your father's cause,  
 Ye worthless brood! would that in Hector's stead

Ye all had perish'd in the fleet of Greece<sup>325</sup>  
 Oh altogether wretched! in all Troy  
 No man had sons to boast valiant as mine,  
 And I have lost them all. Mestor is gone  
 The godlike, Troilus the steed-renown'd,  
 And Hector, who with other men compare<sup>330</sup>  
 Seem'd a Divinity, whom none had deem'd  
 From mortal man derived, but from a God.  
 These Mars hath taken, and hath left me none  
 But scandals of my house, void of all truth,  
 Dancers, exact step-measurers,<sup>[7]</sup> a band<sup>335</sup>  
 Of public robbers, thieves of kids and lambs.  
 Will ye not bring my litter to the gate  
 This moment, and with all this package quick  
 Charge it, that we may hence without delay?

He said, and by his chiding awed, his sons<sup>340</sup>  
 Drew forth the royal litter, neat, new-built,  
 And following swift the draught, on which they bound  
 The coffer; next, they lower'd from the wall  
 The sculptured boxen yoke with its two rings;<sup>[8]</sup>  
 And with the yoke its furniture, in length<sup>345</sup>  
 Nine cubits; this to the extremest end  
 Adjusting of the pole, they cast the ring  
 Over the ring-bolt; then, thrice through the yoke  
 They drew the brace on both sides, made it fast  
 With even knots, and tuck'd<sup>[9]</sup> the danger<sup>350</sup> ends.  
 Producing, next, the glorious ransom-price  
 Of Hector's body, on the litter's floor  
 They heap'd it all, then yoked the sturdy mules,  
 A gift illustrious by the Mysians erst  
 Conferr'd on Priam; to the chariot, last<sup>355</sup>  
 They led forth Priam's steeds, which the old King  
 (In person serving them) with freshest corn  
 Constant supplied; meantime, himself within  
 The palace, and his herald, were employ'd  
 Girding<sup>[10]</sup> themselves, to go; wise each<sup>360</sup> and good.  
 And now came mournful Hecuba, with wine  
 Delicious charged, which in a golden cup  
 She brought, that not without libation due  
 First made, they might depart. Before the steeds  
 Her steps she stay'd, and Priam thus address'd.

Take this, and to the Sire of all perform  
 Libation, praying him a safe return  
 From hostile hands, since thou art urged to seek  
 The Grecian camp, though not by my desire.  
 Pray also to Idæan Jove cloud-girt,      370  
 Who oversees all Ilium, that he send  
 His messenger or ere thou go, the bird  
 His favorite most, surpassing all in strength,  
 At thy right hand; him seeing, thou shalt tend  
 With better hope toward the fleet of Greece.  
 But should loud-thundering Jove his lieger swift  
 Withhold, from me far be it to advise  
 This journey, howsoe'er thou wish to go.

To whom the godlike Priam thus replied.  
 This exhortation will I not refuse,      380  
 O Queen! for, lifting to the Gods his hands  
 In prayer for their compassion, none can err.

So saying, he bade the maiden o'er the rest,  
 Chief in authority, pour on his hands  
 Pure water, for the maiden at his side 385  
 With ewer charged and laver, stood prepared.  
 He laved his hands; then, taking from the Queen  
 The goblet, in his middle area stood  
 Pouring libation with his eyes upturn'd  
 Heaven-ward devout, and thus his pray<sup>390</sup>preferr'd.

Jove, great and glorious above all, who rulest,  
 On Ida's summit seated, all below!  
 Grant me arrived within Achilles' tent  
 Kindness to meet and pity, and oh send  
 Thy messenger or ere I go, the bird 395  
 Thy favorite most, surpassing all in strength,  
 At my right hand, which seeing, I shall tend  
 With better hope toward the fleet of Greece.

He ended, at whose prayer, incontinent,  
 Jove sent his eagle, surest of all signs, 400  
 The black-plumed bird voracious, Morphnos<sup>[11]</sup> named,  
 And Percnos.<sup>[11]</sup> Wide as the well-guarded door  
 Of some rich potentate his vans he spread  
 On either side; they saw him on the right,  
 Skimming the towers of Troy; glad the<sup>405</sup>held  
 That omen, and all felt their hearts consoled.

Delay'd not then the hoary King, but quick  
 Ascending to his seat, his coursers urged  
 Through vestibule and sounding porch abroad.  
 The four-wheel'd litter led, drawn by ~~the~~<sup>410</sup>mules  
 Which sage Idæus managed, behind whom  
 Went Priam, plying with the scourge his steeds  
 Continual through the town, while all his friends,  
 Following their sovereign with dejected hearts,  
 Lamented him as going to his death. 415  
 But when from Ilium's gate into the plain  
 They had descended, then the sons-in-law  
 Of Priam, and his sons, to Troy return'd.  
 Nor they, now traversing the plain, the note  
 Escaped of Jove the Thunderer; he beheld  
 Compassionate the venerable King,  
 And thus his own son Mercury bespake.

Mercury! (for above all others thou  
 Delightest to associate with mankind  
 Familiar, whom thou wilt winning with ease  
 To converse free) go thou, and so conduct  
 Priam into the Grecian camp, that none  
 Of all the numerous Danaï may see  
 Or mark him, till he reach Achilles' tent.

He spake, nor the ambassador of heaven<sup>420</sup>  
 The Argicide delay'd, but bound in haste  
 His undecaying sandals to his feet,  
 Golden, divine, which waft him o'er the floods  
 Swift as the wind, and o'er the boundless earth.  
 He took his rod with which he charms sleep<sup>425</sup>  
 All eyes, and theirs who sleep opens again.  
 Arm'd with that rod, forth flew the Argicide.  
 At Ilium and the Hellespontic shores  
 Arriving sudden, a king's son he seem'd,  
 Now clothing first his ruddy cheek with down,

Which is youth's loveliest season; so disguised,  
 His progress he began. They now (the tomb  
 Magnificent of Ilus past) beside  
 The river stay'd the mules and steeds to drink,  
 For twilight dimm'd the fields. Idæus ~~first~~  
 Perceived him near, and Priam thus bespake.

Think, son of Dardanus! for we have need  
 Of our best thought. I see a warrior. Now,  
 Now we shall die; I know it. Turn we quick  
 Our steeds to flight; or let us clasp his ~~450~~ees  
 And his compassion suppliant essay.

Terror and consternation at that sound  
 The mind of Priam felt; erect the hair  
 Bristled his limbs, and with amaze he stood  
 Motionless. But the God, meantime, approach'd,  
 And, seizing ancient Priam's hand, inquired.

Whither, my father! in the dewy night  
 Drivest thou thy mules and steeds, while others sleep?  
 And fear'st thou not the fiery host of Greece,  
 Thy foes implacable, so nigh at hand? 460  
 Of whom should any, through the shadow dun  
 Of flitting night, discern thee bearing forth  
 So rich a charge, then what wouldst thou expect?  
 Thou art not young thyself, nor with the aid  
 Of this thine ancient servant, strong enough  
 Force to repulse, should any threaten force.  
 But injury fear none or harm from me;  
 I rather much from harm by other hands  
 Would save thee, thou resemblest so my sire.

Whom answer'd godlike Priam, hoar with age.  
 My son! well spoken. Thou hast judged aright.  
 Yet even me some Deity protects  
 Thus far; to whom I owe it that I meet  
 So seasonably one like thee, in form  
 So admirable, and in mind discreet 475  
 As thou art beautiful. Blest parents, thine!

To whom the messenger of heaven again,  
 The Argicide. Oh ancient and revered!  
 Thou hast well spoken all. Yet this declare,  
 And with sincerity; bear'st thou away 480  
 Into some foreign country, for the sake  
 Of safer custody, this precious charge?  
 Or, urged by fear, forsake ye all alike  
 Troy's sacred towers! since he whom thou hast lost,  
 Thy noble son, was of excelling worth485  
 In arms, and nought inferior to the Greeks.

Then thus the godlike Priam, hoary King.  
 But tell me first who *Thou* art, and from whom  
 Descended, loveliest youth! who hast the fate  
 So well of my unhappy son rehearsed?490

To whom the herald Mercury replied.  
 Thy questions, venerable sire! proposed  
 Concerning noble Hector, are design'd  
 To prove me. Him, not seldom, with these eyes  
 In man-ennobling fight I have beheld 495  
 Most active; saw him when he thinn'd the Greeks  
 With his sharp spear, and drove them to the ships.

Amazed we stood to notice him; for us,  
 Incensed against the ruler of our host,  
 Achilles suffer'd not to share the fight.<sup>500</sup>  
 I serve Achilles; the same gallant bark  
 Brought us, and of the Myrmidons am I,  
 Son of Polycitor; wealthy is my sire,  
 And such in years as thou; six sons he hath,  
 Beside myself the seventh, and (the last)<sup>505</sup>  
 Among us all) mine sent me to the wars.  
 That I have left the ships, seeking the plain,  
 The cause is this; the Greeks, at break of day,  
 Will compass, arm'd, the city, for they loathe  
 To sit inactive, neither can the chiefs <sup>510</sup>  
 Restrain the hot impatience of the host.

Then godlike Priam answer thus return'd.  
 If of the band thou be of Peleus' son,  
 Achilles, tell me undisguised the truth.  
 My son, subsists he still, or hath thy chief  
 Limb after limb given him to his dogs?

Him answer'd then the herald of the skies.  
 Oh venerable sir! him neither dogs  
 Have eaten yet, nor fowls, but at the ships  
 His body, and within Achilles' tent <sup>520</sup>  
 Neglected lies. Twelve days he so hath lain;  
 Yet neither worm which diets on the brave  
 In battle fallen, hath eaten him, or taint  
 Invaded. He around Patroclus' tomb  
 Drags him indeed pitiless, oft as day <sup>525</sup>  
 Reddens the east, yet safe from blemish still  
 His corse remains. Thou wouldest, thyself, admire  
 Seeing how fresh the dew-drops, as he lies,  
 Rest on him, and his blood is cleansed away  
 That not a stain is left. Even his wounds<sup>530</sup>  
 (For many a wound they gave him) all are closed,  
 Such care the blessed Gods have of thy son,  
 Dead as he is, whom living much they loved.

So he; then, glad, the ancient King replied.  
 Good is it, oh my son! to yield the Gods<sup>535</sup>  
 Their just demands. My boy, while yet he lived,  
 Lived not unmindful of the worship due  
 To the Olympian powers, who, therefore, him  
 Remember, even in the bands of death.  
 Come then—this beauteous cup take <sup>540</sup>my hand—  
 Be thou my guard, and, if the Gods permit,  
 My guide, till to Achilles' tent I come.

Whom answer'd then the messenger of heaven.  
 Sir! thou perceivest me young, and art disposed  
 To try my virtue; but it shall not fail. <sup>545</sup>  
 Thou bidd'st me at thine hand a gift accept,  
 Whereof Achilles knows not; but I fear  
 Achilles, and on no account should dare  
 Defraud him, lest some evil find me next.  
 But thee I would with pleasure hence <sup>550</sup>conduct  
 Even to glorious Argos, over sea  
 Or over land, nor any, through contempt  
 Of such a guard, should dare to do thee wrong.

So Mercury, and to the chariot seat  
 Upspringing, seized at once the lash and reins,

And with fresh vigor mules and steeds inspired.  
 Arriving at the foss and towers, they found  
 The guard preparing now their evening cheer,  
 All whom the Argicide with sudden sleep  
 Oppress'd, then oped the gates, thrust ~~560~~<sup>560</sup> the bars,  
 And introduced, with all his litter-load  
 Of costly gifts, the venerable King.  
 But when they reached the tent for Peleus' son  
 Raised by the Myrmidons (with trunks of pine  
 They built it, lopping smooth the boughs~~555~~<sup>555</sup> away,  
 Then spread with shaggy mowings of the mead  
 Its lofty roof, and with a spacious court  
 Surrounded it, all fenced with driven stakes;  
 One bar alone of pine secured the door,  
 Which ask'd three Grecians with united~~570~~<sup>570</sup> force  
 To thrust it to its place, and three again  
 To thrust it back, although Achilles oft  
 Would heave it to the door himself alone;) Then Hermes, benefactor of mankind,  
 That bar displacing for the King of Troy~~575~~<sup>575</sup>,  
 Gave entrance to himself and to his gifts  
 For Peleus' son design'd, and from the seat  
 Alighting, thus his speech to Priam turn'd.

Oh ancient Priam! an immortal God  
 Attends thee; I am Hermes, by command~~580~~<sup>580</sup>  
 Of Jove my father thy appointed guide.  
 But I return. I will not, entering here,  
 Stand in Achilles' sight; immortal Powers  
 May not so unreservedly indulge  
 Creatures of mortal kind. But enter thou~~585~~<sup>585</sup>  
 Embrace his knees, and by his father both  
 And by his Goddess mother sue to him,  
 And by his son, that his whole heart may melt.

So Hermes spake, and to the skies again  
 Ascended. Then leap'd Priam to the ground,  
 Leaving Idæus; he, the mules and steeds  
 Watch'd, while the ancient King into the tent  
 Proceeded of Achilles dear to Jove.  
 Him there he found, and sitting found apart  
 His fellow-warriors, of whom two alone~~595~~<sup>595</sup>  
 Served at his side, Alcimus, branch of Mars  
 And brave Automedon; he had himself  
 Supp'd newly, and the board stood unremoved.  
 Unseen of all huge Priam enter'd, stood  
 Near to Achilles, clasp'd his knees, and~~600~~<sup>600</sup> kiss'd  
 Those terrible and homicidal hands  
 That had destroy'd so many of his sons.  
 As when a fugitive for blood the house  
 Of some chief enters in a foreign land,  
 All gaze, astonish'd at the sudden guest~~605~~<sup>605</sup>  
 So gazed Achilles seeing Priam there,  
 And so stood all astonish'd, each his eyes  
 In silence fastening on his fellow's face.  
 But Priam kneel'd, and suppliant thus began.

Think, oh Achilles, semblance of the Gods!  
 On thy own father full of days like me,  
 And trembling on the gloomy verge of life.<sup>[12]</sup>  
 Some neighbor chief, it may be, even now  
 Oppresses him, and there is none at hand,

No friend to succor him in his distress<sup>615</sup>  
 Yet, doubtless, hearing that Achilles lives,  
 He still rejoices, hoping, day by day,  
 That one day he shall see the face again  
 Of his own son from distant Troy return'd.  
 But me no comfort cheers, whose brav<sup>620</sup> sons,  
 So late the flower of Ilium, all are slain.  
 When Greece came hither, I had fifty sons;  
 Nineteen were children of one bed, the rest  
 Born of my concubines. A numerous house!  
 But fiery Mars hath thinn'd it. One I ha<sup>625</sup>  
 One, more than all my sons the strength of Troy,  
 Whom standing for his country thou hast slain—  
 Hector—his body to redeem I come  
 Into Achaia's fleet, bringing, myself,  
 Ransom inestimable to thy tent.      630  
 Reverence the Gods, Achilles! recollect  
 Thy father; for his sake compassion show  
 To me more pitiable still, who draw  
 Home to my lips (humiliation yet  
 Unseen on earth) his hand who slew my<sup>635</sup>son.

So saying, he waken'd in his soul regret  
 Of his own sire; softly he placed his hand  
 On Priam's hand, and push'd him gently away.  
 Remembrance melted both. Rolling before  
 Achilles' feet, Priam his son deplored 640  
 Wide-slaughtering Hector, and Achilles wept  
 By turns his father, and by turns his friend  
 Patroclus; sounds of sorrow fill'd the tent.  
 But when, at length satiate, Achilles felt  
 His heart from grief, and all his frame 645  
 Upstarting from his seat, with pity moved  
 Of Priam's silver locks and silver beard,  
 He raised the ancient father by his hand,  
 Whom in wing'd accents kind he thus bespake.

Wretched indeed! ah what must thou<sup>650</sup> have felt!  
 How hast thou dared to seek alone the fleet  
 Of the Achaians, and his face by whom  
 So many of thy valiant sons have fallen?  
 Thou hast a heart of iron, terror-proof.  
 Come—sit beside me—let us, if we ma<sup>655</sup>,  
 Great mourners both, bid sorrow sleep awhile.  
 There is no profit of our sighs and tears;  
 For thus, exempt from care themselves, the Gods  
 Ordain man's miserable race to mourn.  
 Fast by the threshold of Jove's courts a<sup>660</sup>placed  
 Two casks, one stored with evil, one with good,  
 From which the God dispenses as he wills.  
 For whom the glorious Thunderer mingles both,  
 He leads a life checker'd with good and ill  
 Alternate; but to whom he gives unmix<sup>665</sup>  
 The bitter cup, he makes that man a curse,  
 His name becomes a by-word of reproach,  
 His strength is hunger-bitten, and he walks  
 The blessed earth, unblest, go where he may.  
 So was my father Peleus at his birth 670  
 Nobly endow'd with plenty and with wealth  
 Distinguish'd by the Gods past all mankind,  
 Lord of the Myrmidons, and, though a man,

Yet match'd from heaven with an immortal bride.  
 But even him the Gods afflict, a son 675  
 Refusing him, who might possess his throne  
 Hereafter; for myself, his only heir,  
 Pass as a dream, and while I live, instead  
 Of solacing his age, here sit, before  
 Your distant walls, the scourge of thee<sup>680</sup> and thine.  
 Thee also, ancient Priam, we have heard  
 Reported, once possessor of such wealth  
 As neither Lesbos, seat of Macar, owns,  
 Nor eastern Phrygia, nor yet all the ports  
 Of Hellespont, but thou didst pass them<sup>685</sup> all  
 In riches, and in number of thy sons.  
 But since the Powers of heaven brought on thy land  
 This fatal war, battle and deeds of death  
 Always surround the city where thou reign'st.  
 Cease, therefore, from unprofitable tea<sup>690</sup>  
 Which, ere they raise thy son to life again  
 Shall, doubtless, find fresh cause for which to flow.

To whom the ancient King godlike replied.  
 Hero, forbear. No seat is here for me,  
 While Hector lies unburied in your camp<sup>695</sup>  
 Loose him, and loose him now, that with these eyes  
 I may behold my son; accept a price  
 Magnificent, which may'st thou long enjoy,  
 And, since my life was precious in thy sight,  
 May'st thou revisit safe thy native shor<sup>700</sup>e.

To whom Achilles, lowering, and in wrath.<sup>[13]</sup>  
 Urge me no longer, at a time like this,  
 With that harsh note; I am already inclin'd  
 To loose him. Thetis, my own mother came  
 Herself on that same errand, sent from<sup>705</sup> Jove.  
 Priam! I understand thee well. I know  
 That, by some God conducted, thou hast reach'd  
 Achaia's fleet; for, without aid divine,  
 No mortal even in his prime of youth,  
 Had dared the attempt; guards vigilant<sup>710</sup> ours  
 He should not easily elude, such gates,  
 So massy, should not easily unbar.  
 Thou, therefore, vex me not in my distress,  
 Lest I abhor to see thee in my tent,  
 And, borne beyond all limits, set at nou<sup>715</sup>ght  
 Thee, and thy prayer, and the command of Jove.

He said; the old King trembled, and obey'd.  
 Then sprang Pelides like a lion forth,  
 Not sole, but with his two attendant friends  
 Alcimus and Automedon the brave, 720  
 For them (Patroclus slain) he honor'd most  
 Of all the Myrmidons. They from the yoke  
 Released both steeds and mules, then introduced  
 And placed the herald of the hoary King.  
 They lighten'd next the litter of its cha<sup>725</sup>  
 Inestimable, leaving yet behind  
 Two mantles and a vest, that, not unveil'd,  
 The body might be borne back into Troy.  
 Then, calling forth his women, them he bade  
 Lave and anoint the body, but apart, 730  
 Lest haply Priam, noticing his son,  
 Through stress of grief should give resentment scope,

And irritate by some affront himself  
 To slay him, in despite of Jove's commands.<sup>[14]</sup>  
 They, therefore, laving and anointing <sup>735</sup>  
 The body, cover'd it with cloak and vest;  
 Then, Peleus' son disposed it on the bier,  
 Lifting it from the ground, and his two friends  
 Together heaved it to the royal wain.  
 Achilles, last, groaning, his friend invoked.<sup>740</sup>

Patroclus! should the tidings reach thine ear,  
 Although in Ades, that I have released  
 The noble Hector at his father's suit,  
 Resent it not; no sordid gifts have paid  
 His ransom-price, which thou shalt also share.<sup>745</sup>

So saying, Achilles to his tent return'd,  
 And on the splendid couch whence he had risen  
 Again reclined, opposite to the seat  
 Of Priam, whom the hero thus bespake.

Priam! at thy request thy son is loos'd.<sup>750</sup>  
 And lying on his bier; at dawn of day  
 Thou shalt both see him and convey him hence  
 Thyself to Troy. But take we now repast;  
 For even bright-hair'd Niobe her food  
 Forgat not, though of children twelve <sup>755</sup>left,  
 Of daughters six, and of six blooming sons.  
 Apollo these struck from his silver bow,  
 And those shaft-arm'd Diana, both incensed  
 That oft Latona's children and her own  
 Numbering, she scorn'd the Goddess <sup>760</sup>who had borne  
 Two only, while herself had twelve to boast.  
 Vain boast! those two sufficed to slay them all.  
 Nine days they welter'd in their blood, no man  
 Was found to bury them, for Jove had changed  
 To stone the people; but themselves, at <sup>765</sup>last,  
 The Powers of heaven entomb'd them on the tenth.  
 Yet even she, once satisfied with tears,  
 Remember'd food; and now the rocks among  
 And pathless solitudes of Sipylus,  
 The rumor'd cradle of the nymphs <sup>770</sup>whence  
 On Achelous' banks, although to stone  
 Transform'd, she broods her heaven-inflicted woes.  
 Come, then, my venerable guest! take we  
 Refreshment also; once arrived in Troy  
 With thy dear son, thou shalt have time<sup>775</sup> to weep  
 Sufficient, nor without most weighty cause.

So spake Achilles, and, upstarting, slew  
 A sheep white-fleeced, which his attendants flay'd,  
 And busily and with much skill their task  
 Administ'reng, first scored the viands <sup>780</sup>whence,  
 Then pierced them with the spits, and when the roast  
 Was finish'd, drew them from the spits again.  
 And now, Automedon dispensed around  
 The polish'd board bread in neat baskets piled,  
 Which done, Achilles portion'd out to <sup>785</sup>each  
 His share, and all assail'd the ready feast.  
 But when nor hunger more nor thirst they felt,  
 Dardanian Priam, wond'ring at his bulk  
 And beauty (for he seem'd some God from heaven)  
 Gazed on Achilles, while Achilles held.<sup>790</sup>

Not less in admiration of his looks  
 Benign, and of his gentle converse wise,  
 Gazed on Dardanian Priam, and, at length  
 (The eyes of each gratified to the full)  
 The ancient King thus to Achilles spake.<sup>95</sup>

Hero! dismiss us now each to our bed,  
 That there at ease reclined, we may enjoy  
 Sweet sleep; for never have these eyelids closed  
 Since Hector fell and died, but without cease  
 I mourn, and nourishing unnumber'd woes,  
 Have roll'd me in the ashes of my courts.  
 But I have now both tasted food, and given  
 Wine to my lips, untasted till with thee.

So he, and at his word Achilles bade  
 His train beneath his portico prepare <sup>805</sup>  
 With all dispatch two couches, purple rugs,  
 And arras, and warm mantles over all.  
 Forth went the women bearing lights, and spread  
 A couch for each, when feigning needful fear,<sup>[15]</sup>  
 Achilles thus his speech to Priam turn <sup>810</sup>

My aged guest beloved; sleep thou without;  
 Lest some Achaian chief (for such are wont  
 Ofttimes, here sitting, to consult with me)  
 Hither repair; of whom should any chance  
 To spy thee through the gloom, he woul<sup>815</sup>t at once  
 Convey the tale to Agamemnon's ear,  
 Whence hindrance might arise, and the release  
 Haply of Hector's body be delay'd.  
 But answer me with truth. How many days  
 Wouldst thou assign to the funereal rit<sup>820</sup>  
 Of noble Hector, for so long I mean  
 Myself to rest, and keep the host at home?

Then thus the ancient King godlike replied.  
 If thou indeed be willing that we give  
 Burial to noble Hector, by an act <sup>825</sup>  
 So generous, O Achilles! me thou shalt  
 Much gratify; for we are shut, thou know'st,  
 In Ilium close, and fuel must procure  
 From Ida's side remote; fear, too, hath seized  
 On all our people. Therefore thus I say<sup>830</sup>  
 Nine days we wish to mourn him in the house;  
 To his interment we would give the tenth,  
 And to the public banquet; the eleventh  
 Shall see us build his tomb; and on the twelfth  
 (If war we must) we will to war again.<sup>835</sup>

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.  
 So be it, ancient Priam! I will curb  
 Twelve days the rage of war, at thy desire.<sup>[16]</sup>

He spake, and at his wrist the right hand grasp'd  
 Of the old sovereign, to dispel his fear<sup>840</sup>  
 Then in the vestibule the herald slept  
 And Priam, prudent both, but Peleus' son  
 In the interior tent, and at his side  
 Brisëis, with transcendent beauty adorn'd.

Now all, all night, by gentle sleep subdued,  
 Both Gods and chariot-ruling warriors lay,  
 But not the benefactor of mankind,

Hermes; him sleep seized not, but deep he mused  
 How likeliest from amid the Grecian fleet  
 He might deliver by the guard unseen 850  
 The King of Ilium; at his head he stood  
 In vision, and the senior thus bespake.

Ah heedless and secure! hast thou no dread  
 Of mischief, ancient King, that thus by foes  
 Thou sleep'st surrounded, lull'd by the ~~855~~nsent  
 And sufferance of Achilles? Thou hast given  
 Much for redemption of thy darling son,  
 But thrice that sum thy sons who still survive  
 Must give to Agamemnon and the Greeks  
 For thy redemption, should they know ~~860~~e here.

He ended; at the sound alarm'd upsprang  
 The King, and roused his herald. Hermes yoked  
 Himself both mules and steeds, and through the camp  
 Drove them incontinent, by all unseen.

Soon as the windings of the stream ~~865~~ reach'd,  
 Deep-edded Xanthus, progeny of Jove,  
 Mercury the Olympian summit sought,  
 And saffron-vested morn o'erspread the earth.  
 They, loud lamenting, to the city drove  
 Their steeds; the mules close follow'd ~~870~~th the dead.  
 Nor warrior yet, nor cinctured matron knew  
 Of all in Ilium aught of their approach,  
 Cassandra sole except. She, beautiful  
 As golden Venus, mounted on the height  
 Of Pergamus, her father first discern'd ~~875~~  
 Borne on his chariot-seat erect, and knew:  
 The herald heard so oft in echoing Troy;  
 Him also on his bier outstretch'd she mark'd,  
 Whom the mules drew. Then, shrieking, through the streets  
 She ran of Troy, and loud proclaim'd ~~880~~sight.  
 Ye sons of Ilium and ye daughters, haste,  
 Haste all to look on Hector, if ye e'er  
 With joy beheld him, while he yet survived,  
 From fight returning; for all Ilium erst  
 In him, and all her citizens rejoiced. 885

She spake. Then neither male nor female more  
 In Troy remain'd, such sorrow seized on all.  
 Issuing from the city-gate, they met  
 Priam conducting, sad, the body home,  
 And, foremost of them all, the mother ~~890~~  
 And wife of Hector to the bier, on which  
 Their torn-off tresses with unsparing hands  
 They shower'd, while all the people wept around.  
 All day, and to the going down of day  
 They thus had mourn'd the dead before ~~895~~the gates,  
 Had not their Sovereign from his chariot-seat  
 Thus spoken to the multitude around.

Fall back on either side, and let the mules  
 Pass on; the body in my palace once  
 Deposited, ye then may weep your fill ~~900~~

He said; they, opening, gave the litter way.  
 Arrived within the royal house, they stretch'd  
 The breathless Hector on a sumptuous bed,  
 And singers placed beside him, who should chant  
 The strain funereal; they with many a ~~905~~an

The dirge began, and still, at every close,  
The female train with many a groan replied.  
Then, in the midst, Andromache white-arm'd  
Between her palms the dreadful Hector's head  
Pressing, her lamentation thus began. 910

[17]My hero! thou hast fallen in prime of life,  
Me leaving here desolate, and the fruit  
Of our ill-fated loves, a helpless child,  
Whom grown to manhood I despair to see.  
For ere that day arrive, down from her<sup>915</sup>height  
Precipitated shall this city fall,  
Since thou hast perish'd once her sure defence,  
Faithful protector of her spotless wives,  
And all their little ones. Those wives shall soon  
In Grecian barks capacious hence be b<sup>920</sup>orne,  
And I among the rest. But thee, my child!  
Either thy fate shall with thy mother send  
Captive into a land where thou shalt serve  
In sordid drudgery some cruel lord,  
Or haply some Achaian here, thy hand<sup>925</sup>  
Seizing, shall hurl thee from a turret-top  
To a sad death, avenging brother, son,  
Or father by the hands of Hector slain;  
For he made many a Grecian bite the ground.  
Thy father, boy, bore never into fight 930  
A milky mind, and for that self-same cause  
Is now bewail'd in every house of Troy.  
Sorrow unutterable thou hast caused  
Thy parents, Hector! but to me hast left  
Largest bequest of misery, to whom, 935  
Dying, thou neither didst thy arms extend  
Forth from thy bed, nor gavest me precious word  
To be remember'd day and night with tears.

So spake she weeping, whom her maidens all  
With sighs accompanied, and her complaint  
Mingled with sobs Hecuba next began.

Ah Hector! dearest to thy mother's heart  
Of all her sons, much must the Gods have loved  
Thee living, whom, though dead, they thus preserve.  
What son soever of our house beside 945  
Achilles took, over the barren deep  
To Samos, Imbrus, or to Lemnos girt  
With rocks inhospitable, him he sold;  
But thee, by his dread spear of life deprived,  
He dragg'd and dragg'd around Patroc<sup>950</sup> tomb,  
As if to raise again his friend to life  
Whom thou hadst vanquish'd; yet he raised him not.  
But as for thee, thou liest here with dew  
Besprinkled, fresh as a young plant,[18] and more  
Resemblest some fair youth by gentle sh<sup>955</sup>arts  
Of Phœbus pierced, than one in battle slain.

So spake the Queen, exciting in all hearts  
Sorrow immeasurable, after whom  
Thus Helen, third, her lamentation pour'd.

[19]Ah dearer far than all my brother<sup>960</sup>else  
Of Priam's house! for being Paris' spouse,  
Who brought me (would I had first died!) to Troy,  
I call thy brothers mine; since forth I came

From Sparta, it is now the twentieth year,  
 Yet never heard I once hard speech from thee,  
 Or taunt morose, but if it ever chanced,  
 That of thy father's house female or male  
 Blamed me, and even if herself the Queen  
 (For in the King, whate'er befell, I found  
 Always a father) thou hast interposed 970  
 Thy gentle temper and thy gentle speech  
 To soothe them; therefore, with the same sad drops  
 Thy fate, oh Hector! and my own I weep;  
 For other friend within the ample bounds  
 Of Ilium have I none, nor hope to hear 975  
 Kind word again, with horror view'd by all.

So Helen spake weeping, to whom with groans  
 The countless multitude replied, and thus  
 Their ancient sovereign next his people charged.

Ye Trojans, now bring fuel home, no fear  
 Close ambush of the Greeks; Achilles' self  
 Gave me, at my dismission from his fleet,  
 Assurance, that from hostile force secure  
 We shall remain, till the twelfth dawn arise.

All, then, their mules and oxen to the wains  
 Join'd speedily, and under Ilium's walls  
 Assembled numerous; nine whole days they toil'd,  
 Bringing much fuel home, and when the tenth  
 Bright morn, with light for human kind, arose,  
 Then bearing noble Hector forth, with Mars  
 Shed copious, on the summit of the pile  
 They placed him, and the fuel fired beneath.

But when Aurora, daughter of the Dawn,  
 Redden'd the east, then, thronging forth, all Troy  
 Encompass'd noble Hector's pile around  
 The whole vast multitude convened, with wine  
 They quench'd the pile throughout, leaving no part  
 Unvisited, on which the fire had seized.  
 His brothers, next, collected, and his friends,  
 His white bones, mourning, and with tears profuse  
 Watering their cheeks; then in a golden urn  
 They placed them, which with mantles soft they veil'd  
 Mæonian-hued, and, delving, buried it,  
 And overspread with stones the spot adust.  
 Lastly, short time allowing to the task  
 They heap'd his tomb, while, posted on all sides,  
 Suspicious of assault, spies watch'd the Greeks.  
 The tomb once heap'd, assembling all again  
 Within the palace, they a banquet shared  
 Magnificent, by godlike Priam given. 1010

Such burial the illustrious Hector found. [20]

[I cannot take my leave of this noble poem, without expressing how much I am struck with this plain conclusion of it. It is like the exit of a great man out of company whom he has entertained magnificently; neither pompous nor familiar; not contemptuous, yet without much ceremony. I recollect nothing, among the works of

mere man, that exemplifies so strongly the true style of great antiquity.]—Tr.

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## FOOTNOTES

Footnotes for Book I:

1. “Latona’s son and Jove’s,” was Apollo, the tutelary deity of the Dorians. The Dorians had not, however, at this early age, become the predominant race in Greece proper. They had spread along the eastern shores of the Archipelago into the islands, especially Crete, and had every where signalized themselves by the Temples of Apollo, of which there seems to have been many in and about Troy. These temples were schools of art, and prove the Dorians to have been both intellectual and powerful. Homer was an Ionian, and therefore not deeply acquainted with the nature of the Dorian god. But to a mind like his, the god of a people so cultivated, and associated with what was most grand in art, must have been an imposing being, and we find him so represented. Throughout the Iliad, he appears and acts with splendor and effect, but always against the Greeks from mere partiality to Hector. It would perhaps be too much to say, that in this partiality to Hector, we detect the spirit of the Dorian worship, the only Paganism of antiquity that tended to perfect the individual—Apollo being the expression of the moral harmony of the universe, and the great spirit of the Dorian culture being to make a perfect man, an incarnation of the κοσμος. This Homer could only have known intuitively.

In making Apollo author of the plague, he was confounded with Helios, which was frequent afterwards, but is not seen elsewhere in Homer. The arrows of Apollo were “silent as light,” and their emblem the sun’s rays. The analogies are multitudinous between the natural and intellectual sun; but Helios and Apollo were two.—E.P.P.

2. There is something exceedingly venerable in this appearance of the priest. He comes with the ensigns of the gods to whom he belongs, with the laurel wreath, to show that he was a suppliant, and a golden sceptre, which the ancients gave in particular to Apollo, as they did one of silver to Diana.
3. The art of this speech is remarkable. Chryses considers the army of Greeks, as made up of troops, partly from the kingdoms and partly from democracies, and therefore begins with a distinction that includes all. Then, as priest of Apollo, he prays that they may obtain the two blessings they most desire—the conquest of Troy and a safe return. As he names his petition, he offers an extraordinary ransom, and concludes with bidding them fear the god if they refuse it; like one who from his office seems to foretell their misery, and exhorts them to shun it. Thus he endeavors to work by the art of a general application, by religion, by interest, and the insinuation of danger.
4. Homer is frequently eloquent in his silence. Chryses says not a word in answer to the insults of Agamemnon, but walks pensively along the shore. The melancholy flowing of the verse

admirably expresses the condition of the mournful and deserted father.

5. [So called on account of his having saved the people of Troas from a plague of mice, *sminthos* in their language meaning a mouse.—Tr.]
6. Apollo had temples at Chrysa, Tenedos, and Cilla, all of which lay round the bay of Troas. Müller remarks, that “the temple actually stood in the situation referred to, and that the appellation of Smintheus was still preserved in the district. Thus far actual circumstances are embodied in the mythus. On the other hand, the action of the deity as such, is purely ideal, and can have no other foundation than the belief that Apollo sternly resents ill usage of his priests, and that too in the way here represented, viz., by sending plagues. This belief is in perfect harmony with the idea generally entertained of the power and agency of Apollo; and it is manifest that the idea placed in combination with certain events, gave birth to the story so far as relates to the god. We have not yet the means of ascertaining whether it is to be regarded as a historical tradition, or an invention, and must therefore leave that question for the present undecided.”
7. The poet is careful to leave no prayer unanswered that has justice on its side. He who prays either kills his enemy, or has signs given him that he has been heard.
8. [For this singular line the Translator begs to apologize, by pleading the strong desire he felt to produce an English line, if possible, somewhat resembling in its effect the famous original one.]

Δεινη δε κλαγγη γενετ αργυρεοιο βιοιο.—Tr.]

9. The plague in the Grecian camp was occasioned perhaps by immoderate heats and gross exhalations. Homer takes occasion from it, to open the scene with a beautiful allegory. He supposes that such afflictions are sent from Heaven for the punishment of evil actions; and because the sun was the principal agent, he says it was sent to punish Agamemnon for despising that god, and injuring his priest.
10. Hippocrates observes two things of plagues; that their cause is in the air, and that different animals are differently affected by them, according to their nature and nourishment. This philosophy is referred to the plagues here mentioned. First, the cause is in the air by means of the darts or beams of Apollo; second, the mules and dogs are said to die sooner than the men, partly from their natural quickness of smell, and partly from their feeding so near the earth whence the exhalations arise.
11. Juno, queen of Olympus, sides with the Grecians. Mr. Coleridge (in his disquisition upon the Prometheus of Æschylus, published in his Remains) shows very clearly by historical criticism, that Juno, in the Grecian religion, expressed the spirit of conservatism. Without going over his argument we assume it here, for Homer always attributes to Juno every thing that may be predicated of this principle. She is persistent, obstinate, acts from no idea, but often uses a superficial reasoning, and refers to Fate, with which she

upbraids Jupiter. Jupiter is the intellectual power or Free Will, and by their union, or rather from their antagonism, the course of things proceeds with perpetual vicissitude, but with a great deal of life.—E.P.P.

12. Observe this Grecian priest. He has no political power, and commands little reverence. In Agamemnon's treatment of him, as well as Chryses, is seen the relation of the religion to the government. It was neither master nor slave.—E.P.P.

13. A district of Thessaly forming a part of the larger district of Phthiotis. Phthiotis, according to Strabo, included all the southern portion of that country as far as Mount Oeta and the Maliac Gulf. To the west it bordered on Doloia, and on the east reached the confines of Magnesia. Homer comprised within this extent of territory the districts of Phthia and Hellas properly so called, and, generally speaking, the dominions of Achilles, together with those of Protesilaus and Eurypylus.

#### 14. Κυνωπα.

#### 15. μεγαναιδες.

16. Agamemnon's anger is that of a lover, and Achilles' that of a warrior. Agamemnon speaks of Chryséis as a beauty whom he values too much to resign. Achilles treats Briséis as a slave, whom he is anxious to preserve in point of honor, and as a testimony of his glory. Hence he mentions her only as "his spoil," "the reward of war," etc.; accordingly he relinquishes her not in grief for a favorite whom he loses, but in sullenness for the injury done him.—DACIER.

17. Jupiter, in the disguise of an ant, deceived Eurymedusa, the daughter of Cleitos. Her son was for this reason called Myrmidon (from *μυρμηξ*, an ant), and was regarded as the ancestor of the Myrmidons in Thessaly.—SMITH.

18. According to the belief of the ancients, the gods were supposed to have a peculiar light in their eyes. That Homer was not ignorant of this opinion appears from his use of it in other places.

19. Minerva is the goddess of the art of war rather than of war itself. And this fable of her descent is an allegory of Achilles restraining his wrath through his consideration of martial law and order. This law in that age, prescribed that a subordinate should not draw his sword upon the commander of all, but allowed a liberty of speech which appears to us moderns rather out of order.—E.P.P.

20. [The shield of Jupiter, made by Vulcan, and so called from its covering, which was the skin of the goat that suckled him.—TR.]

21. Homer magnifies the ambush as the boldest enterprise of war. They went upon those parties with a few only, and generally the most daring of the army, and on occasions of the greatest hazard, when the exposure was greater than in a regular battle. Idomeneus, in the 13th book, tells Meriones that the greatest courage appears in this way of service, each man being in a manner singled out to the proof of it.

22. In the earlier ages of the world, the sceptre of a king was nothing more than his walking-staff, and thence had the name of sceptre. Ovid, in speaking of Jupiter, describes him as resting on his sceptre.—SPENCE.

From the description here given, it would appear to have been a young tree cut from the root and stripped of its branches. It was the custom of Kings to swear by their sceptres.

23. For an account of the contest between the Centaurs and Lapiths here referred to, see Grecian and Roman Mythology.

24. In *antiquity*, a sacrifice of a hundred oxen, or beasts of the same kind; hence sometimes *indefinitely*, any sacrifice of a large number of victims.

25. [The original is here abrupt, and expresses the precipitancy of the speaker by a most beautiful aposiopesis.—TR.]

26. The Iliad, in its connection, is, we all know, a glorification of Achilles by Zeus; for the Trojans only prevail because Zeus wishes to show that the reposing hero who sits in solitude, can alone conquer them. But to leave him this glorification entirely unmixed with sorrow, the Grecian sense of moderation forbids. The deepest anguish must mingle with his consciousness of fame, and punish his insolence. That glorification is the will of Zeus; and in the spirit of the ancient mythus, a motive for it is assigned in a divine legend. The sea-goddess Thetis, who was, according to the Phthiotic mythus, wedded to the mortal Peleus, saved Zeus, by calling up the giant Briareus or *Ægæon* to his rescue. Why it was *Ægæon*, is explained by the fact that this was a great sea-demon, who formed the subject of fables at Poseidonian Corinth, where even the sea-god himself was called *Ægæon*; who, moreover, was worshipped at several places in Eubœa, the seat of Poseidon *Ægæus*; and whom the Theogony calls the son-in-law of Poseidon, and most of the genealogists, especially Eumelus in the Titanomachy, brought into relation with the sea. There is therefore good reason to be found in ancient belief, why Thetis called up *Ægæon* of all others to Jove's assistance. The whole of the story, however, is not detailed—it is not much more than indicated—and therefore it would be difficult even now to interpret it in a perfectly satisfactory manner. It bears the same relation to the Iliad, that the northern fables of the gods, which serve as a back-ground to the legend of Nibelungen, bear to our German ballad, only that here the separation is much greater still—MULLER.

Homer makes use of this fable, without reference to its meaning as an allegory. Briareus seems to symbolize a navy, and the fable refers to some event in remote history, when the reigning power was threatened in his autocracy, and strengthened by means of his association with the people against some intermediate class.—E.P.P.

## 27. επαυρωνται.

28. [A name by which we are frequently to understand the Nile in Homer.—TR.]

29. Around the sources of the Nile, and thence south-west into the very heart of Africa, stretching away indefinitely over its

mountain plains, lies the country which the ancients called Ethiopia, rumors of whose wonderful people found their way early into Greece, and are scattered over the pages of her poets and historians.

Homer wrote at least eight hundred years before Christ, and his poems are well ascertained to be a most faithful mirror of the manners of his times and the knowledge of his age.  
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Homer never wastes an epithet. He often alludes to the Ethiopians elsewhere, and always in terms of admiration and praise, as being the most just of men, and the favorites of the gods. The same allusions glimmer through the Greek mythology, and appear in the verses of almost all the Greek poets, ere yet the countries of Italy and Sicily were even discovered. The Jewish Scriptures and Jewish literature abound in allusions to this distant and mysterious people, the annals of the Egyptian priests are full of them, and uniformly, the Ethiopians are there lauded as among the best, the most religious, and most civilized of men.—CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

The Ethiopians, says Diodorus, are said to be the inventors of pomps, sacrifices, solemn meetings, and other honors paid to the gods. From hence arose their character of piety, which is here celebrated by Homer. Among these there was an annual feast at Diospolis, which Eustathius mentions, when they carried about the statues of Jupiter and other gods, for twelve days, according to their number; to which, if we add the ancient custom of setting meat before statues, it will appear to be a rite from which this fable might easily have arisen.

30. [The original word (*πολυβενθεος*) seems to express variety of soundings, an idea probably not to be conveyed in an English epithet.—TR.]
31. The following passage gives the most exact account of the ancient sacrifices that we have left us. There is first, the purification by the washing of hands; second, the offering up of prayers; third, the barley-cakes thrown upon the victim; fourth, the manner of killing it, with the head turned upwards; fifth, selecting the thighs and fat for their gods, as the best of the sacrifice, and disposing about them pieces cut from every part for a representation of the whole (hence the thighs are frequently spoken of in Homer and the Greek poets as the whole victim); sixth, the libation of wine; seventh, consuming the thighs in the fire of the altar; eighth, the sacrificers dressing and feasting on the rest, with joy and hymns to the gods.
32. The *Paeon* (originally sung in honor of Apollo) was a hymn to propitiate the god, and also a song of thanksgiving, when freed from danger. It was always of a joyous nature. Both tune and sound expressed hope and confidence. It was sung by several persons, one of whom probably led the others, and the singers either marched onward, or sat together at table.
33. It was the custom to draw the ships entirely upon the shore, and to secure them by long props.—FELTON
34. Suplicants threw themselves at the feet of the person to whom the supplication was addressed, and embraced his knees.—FELTON.

35. Ambrosia, the food of the gods, conferred upon them eternal youth and immortality, and was brought to Jupiter by pigeons. It was also used by the gods for anointing the body and hair. Hence the expression, ambrosial locks.
36. The original says, “the ox-eyed goddess,” which furnishes Coleridge with one of the hints on which he proceeds in historically identifying the Argive Juno with Io and Isis, &c. There is real wit in Homer’s making her say to Jupiter, “I never search thy thoughts,” &c. The principle of conservatism asks nothing of the intellectual power, but blindly contends, reposing upon the instinct of a common sense, which leads her always to surmise that something is intended by the intellectual power that she shall not like.—E.P.P.
37. This refers to an old fable of Jupiter’s hanging up Juno and whipping her. Homer introduces it without reference to its meaning, which was undoubtedly some physical truth connected with the ether and the atmosphere.—E.P.P.
38. [The reader, in order that he may partake with the gods in the drollery of this scene, should observe that the crippled and distorted Vulcan had thrust himself into an office at all other times administered either by Hebe or Ganymede.—TR.]
39. As Minerva or Wisdom was among the company, the poet’s making Vulcan act the part of peace-maker, would appear to have been from choice, knowing that a mirthful person may often stop a quarrel, by making himself the subject of merriment.

#### Footnotes for Book II:

1. The poem now becomes more exciting; the language more animated; the descriptions more lively and figurative. Homer seems to kindle with his subject, and to press all the phenomena of nature into his service for the purpose of illustration and adornment. Jupiter prepares to keep his promise of avenging Achilles, by drawing Agamemnon into a deceitful expectation of taking the city. The forces are arranged for battle, which gives occasion for the celebrated catalogue.—FELTON.
2. The whole action of the Dream is natural. It takes the figure of one much beloved by Agamemnon, as the object that is most in our thoughts when awake, is the one that oftenest appears to us in our dreams, and just at the instant of its vanishing, leaves so strong an impression, that the voice seems still sounding in his ear.  
The Dream also repeats the words of Jupiter without variation, which is considered as a great propriety in delivering a message from the father of gods and men.
3. King of Pylus, an ancient city of Elis.
4. [Agamemnon seems to entertain some doubts lest the army should so resent his treatment of their favorite Achilles, as to be indisposed to serve him.—TR.]
5. [Mercury.]

## 6. [Argus.]

7. Homer, in a happy and poetical manner, acquaints us with the high descent of Agamemnon, and traces the origin of his power to the highest source, by saying, that the sceptre had descended to him from the hand of Jupiter.
8. The power of Agamemnon as a monarch refers to his being the leader of an army. According to the form of royalty in the heroic age, a king had only the power of a magistrate, except as he held the office of priest. Aristotle defines a king as a Leader of war, a Judge of controversies, and President of the ceremonies of the gods. That he had the principal care of religious rites, appears from many passages in Homer. His power was nowhere absolute but in war, for we find Agamemnon insulted in the council, but in the army threatening deserters with death. Agamemnon is sometimes styled king of kings, as the other princes had given him supreme authority over them in the siege.
9. [The extrekest provocation is implied in this expression, which Thersites quotes exactly as he had heard it from the lips of Achilles.—TR.]
10. The character of Thersites is admirably sketched. There is nothing vague and indistinct, but all the traits are so lively, that he stands before us like the image of some absurd being whom we have ourselves seen. It has been justly remarked by critics, that the poet displays great skill in representing the opponents of Agamemnon in the character of so base a personage, since nothing could more effectually reconcile the Greeks to the continuance of the war, than the ridiculous turbulence of Thersites.—FELTON.
11. [Some for πονος here read ποθος; which reading I have adopted for the sake both of perspicuity and connection.—TR.]
12. The principal signs by which the gods were thought to declare their will, were things connected with the offering of sacrifices, the flight and voice of birds, all kinds of natural phenomena, ordinary as well as extraordinary dreams.
13. An epithet supposed to have been derived from Gerenia, a Messenian town, where Nestor was educated.  
 In the pictures which Homer draws of him, the most striking features are his wisdom, bravery, and knowledge of war, his eloquence, and his old age.  
 For some general remarks upon the heroes of the time, see Grecian and Roman Mythology.
14. In allusion to the custom of pouring out a libation of pure wine, in the ceremony of forming a league, and joining right hands, as a pledge of mutual fidelity after the sacrifice.—FELTON.
15. [Nestor is supposed here to glance at Achilles.—TR.]
16. Homer here exalts wisdom over valor.
17. [Money stamped with the figure of an ox.]—TR.

18. The encouragement of a divine power, seemed all that was requisite to change the dispositions of the Grecians, and make them more ardent for combat than they had previously been to return. This conquers their inclinations in a manner at once poetical and in keeping with the moral which is every where spread through Homer, that nothing is accomplished without divine assistance.
19. Homer's rich invention gives us five beautiful similes on the march of the army. This profusion and variety can never be sufficiently admired.
20. The superior knowledge that the poet here attributes to the Muses as divine beings, and then his occasional invocations to them, gives an air of importance to his subject and has an imposing effect.
21. However fabulous the other parts of Homer's poems may be, this account of the princes, people, and countries, is by far the most valuable piece of history and geography left us in regard to the state of Greece in that early period. Greece was then divided into several dynasties, which Homer has enumerated under their respective princes; and his division was considered so correct, that many disputes respecting the boundaries of Grecian cities were decided upon his authority. Eustathius has collected together the following instances: The city of Calydon was adjudged to the Ætolians, notwithstanding the pretensions of Æolia, because it was ranked by Homer as belonging to the former. Sestos was given to those of Abydos, upon the plea that he had said the Abydonians were possessors of Sestos, Abydos, and Arisbe. When the Milesians and people of Priene disputed their claim to Mycale, a verse of Homer gave it to the Milesians. The Athenians were put in possession of Salamis by another which was cited by Solon, or (according to some) interpolated by him for that purpose; and Porphyry says, that the catalogue was so highly esteemed, that the youths of some nations were required to commit it to memory.

Professor Felton remarks, "The student is advised to give particular attention to this important passage. He will find it the most interesting fragment of geography extant; interesting for the poetical beauty of the verse, the regular order which is followed, and the little characteristic touches which denote the peculiarities of the several provinces. The more he examines this catalogue with the subsidiary lights of geography, history and travels, the more cause will he find of wonder, that a description so ancient should combine so much accuracy, beauty, and interest. It is recommended to the student, to trace the provinces and cities on some good map of ancient Greece."

22. [Some say Thebes the less, others, the suburbs of Thebes the greater. It is certain that Thebes itself sent none.—Tr.]
23. It was the custom of these people to shave the fore parts of their heads, that their enemies might not seize them by the hair; on the hinder part they allowed it to grow, as a valiant race that would never turn their backs. Their manner of fighting was hand to hand, without quitting their javelins.
24. Menelaus is occasionally distinguished by his activity, which shows his personal concern in the war.

25. The Arcadians, being an inland people, were unskilled in navigation, for which reason Agamemnon furnished them with shipping.
26. Nireus is nowhere mentioned as a leader but in these lines. As rank and beauty were his only qualifications, he is allowed to sink into oblivion.
27. The mud of the Peneus is of a light color, for which reason Homer gives it the epithet of silvery. The Titaresius, and other small streams which are rolled from Olympus and Ossa, are so extremely clear, that their waters are distinguished from those of the Peneus for a considerable distance from the point of their confluence.—DODWELL.
28. Dr. Clarke, in his travels, describes this tomb as a conical mound; and says that it is the spot of all others for viewing the plain of Troy, as it is visible in all parts of Troas. From its top may be traced the course of the Scamander, the whole chain of Ida, stretching towards Lectum, the snowy heights of Gargarus, and all the shores of Hellespont, near the mouth of the river Sigæum and the other tumuli upon the coast.
29. A patronymic given to Achilles as descendant of Æacus, father of Peleus.
30. A river of Troas in Asia Minor, the same as the Scamander.
31. This expression is construed by critics as denoting an unpolished dialect, but not a foreign.

Footnotes for Book III:

1. The scenes described in this book are exceedingly lifesome. The figures are animating and beautiful, and the mind of the reader is borne along with breathless interest over the sonorous verse.—FELTON.
2. This is a striking simile, from its exactness in two points—the noise and the order. It has been supposed that the embattling of an army was first learned by observing the close order of the flight of these birds. The noise of the Trojans contrasts strongly with the silence of the Greeks. Plutarch remarks upon this distinction as a credit to the military discipline of the latter, and Homer would seem to have attached some importance to it, as he again alludes to the same thing. Book iv. 510.
3. [Paris, frequently named Alexander in the original.—Tr.]
4. Not from cowardice, but from a sense of guilt towards Menelaus. At the head of an army he challenges the boldest of the enemy; and Hector, at the end of the Sixth Book, confesses that no man could reproach him as a coward. Homer has a fine moral;—A brave mind, however blinded with passion, is sensible of remorse whenever he meets the person whom he has injured; and Paris is never made to appear cowardly, but when overcome by the consciousness of his injustice.
5. [Λαινον εσσο χιτωνα]

6. In allusion to the Oriental custom of stoning to death for the crime of adultery.—FELTON.
7. The sling was a very efficacious and important instrument in ancient warfare. Stones were also thrown with the hand. The Libyans carried no other arms than the spear and a bag of stones.
8. The Trojans were required to sacrifice two lambs; one male of a white color to the Sun, as the father of light, and one female and black to the Earth, the mother and nurse of men. That these were the powers to which they sacrificed appears from their being attested by name in the oath. III. 330.
9. Helen's weaving the events of the Trojan war in a veil is an agreeable fiction; and one might suppose that it was inherited by Homer, and explained in his Iliad.—DACIER.
10. [Not the grasshopper, but an insect well known in hot countries, and which in Italy is called Cicála. The grasshopper rests on the ground, but the favorite abode of the Cicála is in the trees and hedges.—TR.]
11. This episode is remarkable for its beauty. The effect of Helen's appearance upon the aged counsellors is striking and poetical. It must be borne in mind, that Helen was of divine parentage and unfading beauty, and this will explain the enthusiasm which her sight called forth from the old men. The poet's skill in taking this method of describing the Grecian chieftains is obvious, and the sketches themselves are living and characteristic to a high degree. The reminiscences of the aged Priam, as their names are announced, and the penitential sorrow of the erring Helen, which the sight of her countrymen, and the recollection of her home, her child, her companions, excite in her bosom, are among the most skilful touches of natural feeling.—FELTON.
12. The character of a benevolent old man is well preserved in Priam's behavior to Helen. Upon observing her confusion, he attributes the misfortunes of the war to the gods alone. This sentiment is also natural to old age. Those who have had the longest experience of life, are the most inclined to ascribe the disposal of all things to the will of Heaven.
13. This view of the Grecian leaders from the walls of Troy, is admired as an episode of great beauty, and considered a masterly manner of acquainting the reader with the figure and qualifications of each hero.
14. Helen sees no where in the plain her two brothers Castor and Pollux. Her inquiry is a natural one, and her self-reproach naturally suggests her own disgrace as the cause of their not appearing among the other commanders. The two lines in which the poet mentions their death are simple and touching.—FELTON.
15. Homer here gives the whole ceremonial of the solemn oath, as it was then observed by the nations of whom he writes.
16. It must be borne in mind that sacrificing was the most solemn act of religion, and that kings were also chief-priests.

17. The armor of both Greeks and Trojans consisted of six portions, and was always put on in the order here given. The greaves were for the defence of the legs. They were made of some kind of metal, and probably lined with cloth or felt. The cuirass or corselet for the body, was made of horn cut in thin pieces and fastened upon linen cloth, one piece overlapping another. The sword hung on the left side by means of a belt which passed over the right shoulder. The large round shield, sometimes made of osiers twisted together and covered with several ox-hides, and bound round the edge with metal. In the Homeric times it was supported by a belt; subsequently a band was placed across the inner side, in which the left arm was inserted, and a strong leather strap fastened near the edge at certain distances, which was grasped by the hand. The helmet, made of metal and lined with felt. Lastly the spear, and in many cases two. The heavy-armed soldiery were distinguished from the light. The covering of the latter consisted of skins, and instead of the sword and lance, they fought with darts, bows and arrows, or slings, and were generally attached in a subordinate capacity to the heavy-armed soldiery.
18. Homer puts a prayer in the mouth of Menelaüs, but none in that of Paris. Menelaüs is injured and innocent, and may therefore ask for justice; but Paris, who is the criminal, remains silent.
19. [Because the hide of a beast that dies in health is tougher and fitter for use than of another that dies diseased.]

#### Footnotes for Book IV:

1. The goddess of youth is made an attendant at the banquets of the gods, to show that they enjoyed a perpetual youth, and endless felicity.
2. [A town of that name in Bœotia, where Pallas was particularly worshipped.—Tr.]
3. [**Βοωτις**, constant description of Juno, but not susceptible of literal translation.]
4. Homer does not make the gods use all persons indiscriminately as their agents, but each according to his powers. When Minerva would persuade the Greeks, she seeks Ulysses; when she would break the truce, for Pandarus; and when she would conquer, for Diomede. The goddess went not to the Trojans, because they hated Paris, and looks among the allies, where she finds Pandarus, who was of a nation noted for perfidiousness, and who, from his avarice, was capable of engaging in this treachery for the hope of a reward from Paris.
5. A city of Asia Minor.
6. This description, so full of circumstantial detail, is remarkably beautiful. 1. The history of the bow, giving in a few words the picture of a hunter, lying in ambush and slaying his victim. 2. Then the process of making the bow. 3. The anxious preparation for discharging the arrow with certainty, which was destined to break off the truce and precipitate the battle. 4. The hurried prayer and vow to Apollo, after which the string is drawn, the cord twangs, the arrow “leaps forth.” The whole is

described with such graphic truth, that we see, and hear, and wait in breathless suspense to know the result.—FELTON.

7. This is one of those humble comparisons with which Homer sometimes diversifies his subject, but a very exact one of its kind, and corresponding in all its parts. The care of the goddess, the unsuspecting security of Menelaus, the ease with which she diverts the danger, and the danger itself, are all included in these few words. To which may be added, that if the providence of heavenly powers to their creatures is expressed by the love of a mother to her child, if men in regard to them are but as sleeping infants, and the dangers that seem so great to us, as easily warded off as the simile implies, the conception appears sublime, however insignificant the image may at first seem in regard to a hero.
8. From this we learn that the Lydians and Carians were famous for their skill in dying purple, and that their women excelled in works of ivory; and also that there were certain ornaments that only kings and princes were privileged to wear.
9. This speech of Agamemnon over his wounded brother, is full of noble power and touching eloquence. The Trojans have violated a truce sanctioned by a solemn sacrifice to the gods. The reflection that such perjury cannot pass with impunity, but that Jove will, sooner or later, punish it, occurs first to the mind of the warrior. In the excitement of the moment, he predicts that the day will surely come when sacred Troy shall fall. From this impetuous feeling his mind suddenly returns to the condition of his brother, and imagines with much pathos, the consequences that will follow from his death, and ends with the wish, that the earth may open before him when that time shall come.—FELTON.
10. The poet here changes the narration, and apostrophises the reader. Critics commend this figure, as the reader then becomes a spectator, and his mind is kept fixed on the action.
11. In the following review of the army, we see the skill of an accomplished general as well as the characters of the leaders whom Agamemnon addresses. He begins with an address to the army in general, and then turns to individuals. To the brave he urges their secure hopes of conquest, since the gods must punish perjury; to the timid, their inevitable destruction if the enemy should burn their ships. After this he flies from rank to rank, skilfully addressing each ally, and presents a lively picture of a great mind in the highest emotion.
12. The ancients usually in their feasts divided to the guests in equal portions, except they took particular occasion to show distinction. It was then considered the highest mark of honor to be allotted the best portion of meat and wine, and to be allowed an exemption from the laws of the feast in drinking wine unmixed and without measure. This custom was much more ancient than the time of the Trojan war, and we find it practised in the banquet given by Joseph to his brethren.
13. [Diverse interpretations are given of this passage. I have adopted that which to me appeared most plausible. It seems to be a caution against the mischiefs that might ensue, should the horses be put under the management of a driver with whom

they were unacquainted.—The scholium by Villoisson much countenances this solution.—TR.]

14. [Here Nestor only mentions the name of Ereuthalion, knowing the present to be an improper time for story-telling; in the seventh book he relates his fight and victory at length. This passage may serve to confute those who charge Nestor with indiscriminate loquacity.—TR.]
15. The first Theban war, previously alluded to, took place twenty-seven years before the war of Troy. Sthenelus here speaks of the second, which happened ten years after the first. For an account of these wars see Grecian and Roman Mythology.
16. This is a most animated description. The onset, the clashing of spears, the shield pressed to shield, the tumult of the battle, the shouts and groans of the slayer and the dying—all are described in words, the very sound of which conveys the terrible meaning. Then come the exploits performed by individual heroes. The student must bear in mind, that the battles of the heroic age depended in a great measure upon the prowess of single chieftains. Hence the appropriateness of the following enumeration.—FELTON.
17. So called from the river Simoës, near which he was born. It was an eastern custom to name children from the most remarkable accident of their birth. The Scriptures furnish many examples. In the Old Testament princes were also compared to trees, and Simoësius is here resembled to a poplar.
18. Homer occasionally puts his readers in mind of Achilles, and finds occasion to celebrate his valor with the highest praise. Apollo here tells the Trojans they have nothing to fear, since Achilles fights not.
19. [Ακροκομοι. They wore only a lock of hair on the crown of the head.]

#### Footnotes for Book V:

1. In each battle there is one prominent person who may be called the hero of the day. This arrangement preserves unity, and helps to fix the attention of the reader. The gods sometimes favor one hero, and sometimes another. In this book we have the exploits of Diomede. Assisted by Minerva, he is eminent both for prudence and valor.
2. Sirius. This comparison, among many others, shows how constantly the poet's attention was directed to the phenomena of nature.—FELTON.
3. Ηιοεντι.
4. The chariots were probably very low. We frequently find in the Iliad that a person standing in a chariot is killed (and sometimes by a stroke on the head) by a foot soldier with a sword. This may farther appear from the ease with which they mount or alight, to facilitate which, the chariots were made open behind. That the wheels were small, may be supposed from their custom of taking them off and putting them on. Hebe puts on the wheels of Juno's chariot, when he called for

it in battle. It may be in allusion to the same custom, that it is said in Ex., ch. xiv.: "The Lord took off their chariot wheels, so that they drove them heavily." That it was very small and light, is evident from a passage in the tenth Il., where Diomede debates whether he shall draw the chariot of Rhesus out of the way, or carry it on his shoulders to a place of safety.

5. [Meges, son of Phyleus.]
6. This whole passage is considered by critics as very beautiful. It describes the hero carried by an enthusiastic valor into the midst of his enemies, and mingling in the ranks indiscriminately. The simile thoroughly illustrates this fury, proceeding as it did from an extraordinary infusion of courage from Heaven.
7. [Apollo.]
8. The deities are often invoked because of the agency ascribed to them and not from any particular religious usage. And just as often the heroes are protected by the gods who are worshipped by their own tribes and families—MULLER.
9. This fiction of Homer, says Dacier, is founded upon an important truth of religion, not unknown to the Pagans: viz. that God only can open the eyes of men, and enable them to see what they cannot otherwise discover. The Old Testament furnishes examples. God opens the eyes of Hagar, that she may see the fountain. "The Lord opened the eyes of Baalam, and he saw the angel," etc. This power of sight was given to Diomede only for the present occasion. In the 6th Book, on meeting Glaucus, he is ignorant whether he is a god, a hero, or a man.
10. [Or collar-bone.]
11. The belief of those times, in regard to the peace and happiness of the soul after death, made the protection of the body a matter of great importance. For a full account of these rites, see the articles Charon and Pluto, Gr. & Rom. Mythology.
12. The physician of the gods. Homer says nothing of his origin. He seems to be considered as distinct from Apollo, though perhaps originally identical with him.
13. From the fact that so few mystical myths are introduced in the Iliad, Müller infers that the mystical element of religion could not have predominated among the Grecian people for whom Homer sang. Otherwise, his poems in which that element is but little regarded, would not have afforded universal pleasure and satisfaction. He therefore takes but a passing notice of Demeter. Müller also remarks, that in this we cannot but admire the artistic skill of Homer, and the feeling for what is right and fitting that was innate with the Greeks.
14. [Vide Samson to Harapha in the Agonistes. There the word is used in the same sense.—Tr.]
15. [This is a construction of λευκ ελεφαντι given by some of the best commentators, and that seems the most probable.—Tr.]

16. This slow and orderly retreat of the Greeks, with their front constantly turned to the enemy, is a fine encomium on their courage and discipline. This manner of retreating was customary among the Lacedæmonians, as were many other martial customs described by Homer. The practice arose from the apprehension of being killed by a wound in the back, which was not only punished with infamy, but a person bearing the mark was denied the rites of burial.
17. [This, according to Porphyrius as quoted by Clarke, is the true meaning of αιολομιτρης.—Tr.]
18. The chariots of the gods were formed of various metals, and drawn through the air, or upon the surface of the sea, by horses of celestial breed. These chariots were used by the deities only on occasion of a long journey, or when they wished to appear with state and magnificence. Ordinarily they were transported from place to place by the aid of their golden sandals, with the exception of the “silver-footed Thetis,” to whom they seem to have been superfluous. When at home, the gods were barefoot, according to the custom of the age, as we see from various representations of antique art.
19. [These which I have called crescents, were a kind of hook of a semicircular form, to which the reins were occasionally fastened.—Tr.]
20. The Greeks borrowed the vest and shield of Minerva from the Lybians, only with this difference: the Lybian shield was fringed with thongs of leather, and the Grecian with serpents. —HERODOTUS.
21. This expression (the gates of Heaven) is in the eastern manner, and common in the Scriptures.
22. [Αρεα τονδε.]
23. Every thing that enters the dark empire of Hades disappears, and is seen no more; hence the figurative expression, to put on Pluto’s helmet; that is to become invisible.

Footnotes for Book VI:

1. The Simoïs and Xanthus were two rivers of the Troad, which form a junction before they reached the Hellespont. The Simoïs rose in Mt. Ida, and the Xanthus had its origin near Troy.—FELTON.
2. Ajax commences his exploits immediately on the departure of the gods from the battle. It is observed of this hero, that he is never assisted by the deities.
3. Axylus was distinguished for his hospitality. This trait was characteristic of the Oriental nations, and is often alluded to by ancient writers. The rite of hospitality often united families belonging to different and hostile nations, and was even transmitted from father to son. This description is a fine tribute to the generosity of Axylus.—FELTON
4. [Euryalus.]

5. Agamemnon's taking the life of the Trojan whom Menelaus had pardoned, was according to the custom of the times. The historical books of the Old Testament abound in instances of the like cruelty to conquered enemies.
6. This important maxim of war is very naturally introduced, upon Menelaus being ready to spare an enemy for the sake of a ransom. According to Dacier, it was for such lessons as these that Alexander so much esteemed Homer and studied his poem.
7. The custom of making donations to the gods is found among the ancients, from the earliest times of which we have any record down to the introduction of Christianity; and even after that period it was observed by the Christians during the middle ages. Its origin seems to have been the same as that of sacrifices: viz. the belief that the gods were susceptible of influence in their conduct towards men. These gifts were sometimes very costly, but often nothing more than locks of hair cut from the head of the votary.
8. Diomede had knowingly wounded and insulted the deities; he therefore met Glaucus with a superstitious fear that he might be some deity in human shape. This feeling brought to his mind the story of Lycurgus.
9. It is said that Lycurgus caused most of the vines of his country to be rooted up, so that his subjects were obliged to mix their wine with water, as it became less plentiful. Hence the fable that Thetis received Bacchus into her bosom.
10. This style of language was according to the manners of the times. Thus Goliath to David, "Approach, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field." The Orientals still speak in the same manner.
11. Though this comparison may be justly admired for its beauty in the obvious application to the mortality and succession of human life, it seems designed by the poet, in this place, as a proper emblem of the transitory state of families which, by their misfortune or folly, have fallen and decayed, and again appear, in a happier season, to revive and flourish in the fame and virtues of their posterity. In this sense it is a direct answer to the question of Diomede, as well as a proper preface to what Glaticus relates of his own family, which, having become extinct in Corinth, recovers new life in Lycia.
12. The same as Corinth.
13. Some suppose that alphabetical writing was unknown in the Homeric age, and consequently that these signs must have been hieroglyphical marks. The question is a difficult one, and the most distinguished scholars are divided in opinion. We can hardly imagine that a poem of the length and general excellence of the Iliad, could be composed without the aid of writing; and yet, we are told, there are well-authenticated examples of such works being preserved and handed down by traditional memory. However this may be, we know that the Oriental nations were in possession of the art of alphabetical writing it a very early period, and before the Trojan war. It

cannot, then, seem very improbable, that the authors of the Iliad should also have been acquainted with it.—FELTON.

14. The Solymi were an ancient nation inhabiting the mountainous parts of Asia Minor, between Lycia and Pisidia. Pliny mentions them as having become extinct in his time.
15. It was the custom in ancient times, upon the performance of any signal service by kings or great men, for the public to grant them a tract of land as a reward. When Sarpedon, in the 12th Book, exhorts Glaucus to behave valiantly, he reminds him of these possessions granted by his countrymen.
16. The laws of hospitality were considered so sacred, that a friendship contracted under their observance was preferred to the ties of consanguinity and alliance, and regarded as obligatory even to the third and fourth generation. Diomede and Glaucus here became friends, on the ground of their grandfathers having been mutual guests. The presents made on these occasions were preserved by families, as it was considered obligatory to transmit them as memorials to their children.
17. [Ξεινοι πατρωιοι.]
18. The Scæan gate opened to the field of battle, and was the one through which the Trojans made their excursions. Close to this stood the beech tree sacred to Jupiter, and often mentioned in connection with it.
19. There is a mournfulness in the interview between the hero and his mother which is deeply interesting. Her urging him to take wine and his refusal were natural and simple incidents, which heighten the effect of the scene.—FELTON.
20. The custom that prohibits persons polluted with blood from performing any offices of divine worship before purification, is so ancient and universal, that it may be considered a precept of natural religion, tending to inspire a horror of bloodshed. In Euripides, Iphigenia argues the impossibility of human sacrifices being acceptable to the gods, since they do not permit any one defiled with blood, or even polluted with the touch of a dead body, to come near their altars.
21. Paris surprised the King of Phœnecia by night, and carried off many of his treasures and captives, among whom probably were these Sidonian women. Tyre and Sidon were famous for works in gold, embroidery, etc., and for whatever pertained to magnificence and luxury.
22. This gesture is the only one described by Homer as being used by the ancients in their invocations of the gods.
23. [δια θεων.]
24. The employment in which Hector finds Paris engaged, is extremely characteristic.—FELTON.
25. This address of Helen is in fine keeping with her character.—FELTON.

26. [The bulk of his heroes is a circumstance of which Homer frequently reminds us by the use of the word μεγας—and which ought, therefore, by no means to be suppressed.—TR.]
27. Love of his country is a prominent characteristic of Hector, and is here beautifully displayed in his discharging the duties that the public welfare required, before seeking his wife and child. Then finding that she had gone to the tower, he retraces his steps to “the Scæan gate, whence he must seek the field.” Here his wife, on her return home, accidentally meets him.
28. [The name signifies, the *Chief of the city*.—TR.]
29. It was the custom to plant about tombs only such trees as elms, alders, etc., that bear no fruit, as being most appropriate to the dead.
30. In this recapitulation, Homer acquaints us with some of the great achievements of Achilles, which preceded the opening of the poem—a happy manner of exalting his hero, and exciting our expectation as to what he is yet to accomplish. His greatest enemies never upbraid him, but confess his glory. When Apollo encourages the Trojans to fight, it is by telling them Achilles fights no more. When Juno animates the Greeks, she reminds them how their enemies fear Achilles; and when Andromache trembles for Hector, it is with the remembrance of his resistless force.
31. Drawing water was considered the most servile employment.
32. [The Scholiast in Villoisson calls it φυσικον τινα και μετριον γελωτα a natural and moderate laughter.—TR.]
33. According to the ancient belief, the fatal period of life is appointed to all men at the time of their birth, which no precaution can avoid and no danger hasten.
34. This scene, for true and unaffected pathos, delicate touches of nature, and a profound knowledge of the human heart, has rarely been equalled, and never surpassed, among all the efforts of genius during the three thousand years that have gone by since it was conceived and composed.—FELTON.

#### Footnotes for Book VII:

1. Holding the spear in this manner was, in ancient warfare, understood as a signal to discontinue the fight.
2. The challenge of Hector and the consternation of the Greeks, presents much the same scene as the challenge of Goliath, 1 Samuel, ch. 17: “And he stood and cried to the armies of Israel;—Choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants.—When Saul and all Israel heard the words of the Philistine, they were dismayed and greatly afraid.”
3. It was an ancient custom for warriors to dedicate trophies of this kind to the temples of their tutelary deities.
4. [The club-bearer.]

5. [It is a word used by Dryden.]
6. Homer refers every thing, even the chance of the lots, to the disposition of the gods.
7. [Agamemnon.]
8. The lot was merely a piece of wood or shell, or any thing of the kind that was at hand. Probably it had some private mark, and not the name, as it was only recognized by the owner.
9. This reply is supposed to allude to some gesture made by Ajax in approaching Hector.
10. The heralds were considered as sacred persons, the delegates of Mercury, and inviolable by the laws of nations. Ancient history furnishes examples of the severity exercised upon those who were guilty of any outrage upon them. Their office was, to assist in the sacrifices and councils, to proclaim war or peace, to command silence at ceremonies or single combats, to part the combatants and declare the conqueror.
11. This word I have taken leave to coin. The Latins have both substantive and adjective. *Purpura—Purpureus*. We make purple serve both uses; but it seems a poverty to which we have no need to submit, at least in poetry.—TR.
12. A particular mark of honor and respect, as this part of the victim belonged to the king. In the simplicity of the times, the reward offered a victorious warrior of the best portion of the sacrifice at supper, a more capacious bowl, or an upper seat at table, was a recompense for the greatest actions. It is worthy of observation, that beef, mutton, or kid, was the food of the heroes of Homer and the patriarchs and warriors of the Old Testament. Fishing and fowling were then the arts of more luxurious nations.
13. [The word is here used in the Latin sense of it. Virgil, describing the entertainment given by Evander to the Trojans, says that he regaled them

*Perpetui tergo bovis et lustralibus extis.*

*ÆN.* viii.

It means, the whole.—TR.]

#### Footnotes for Book VIII:

1. An epithet of Aurora, supposed to designate an early hour.
2. Many have explained this as an allegorical expression for one of the great laws of nature—gravity or the attraction of the sun. There is not the slightest probability that any such meaning is intended.—FELTON.
3. A part of Mt. Ida. This place was celebrated, in subsequent times, for the worship of Jupiter. Several years ago, Dr. E.D. Clarke deposited, in the vestibule of the public library in Cambridge, England, a marble bust of Juno, taken from the ruins of this temple of Jupiter, at the base of Mt. Ida.—FELTON

4. [In the repetition of this expression, the translator follows the original.]
5. Sacred, because that part of the day was appropriate to sacrifice and religious worship.
6. This figure is first used in the Scriptures. Job prays to be weighed in an even balance, that God may know his integrity. Daniel says to Belshazzar, “thou art weighed in the balances, and found wanting,” etc.
7. Jupiter’s declaring against the Greeks by thunder and lightning, is drawn (says Dacier) from truth itself. 1 Sam. ch. vii.: “And as Samuel was offering up the burnt-offering, the Philistines drew near to battle against Israel; but the Lord thundered on that day upon the Philistines and discomfited them.”
8. Nothing can be more spirited than the enthusiasm of Hector, who, in the transport of his joy, breaks out in the following apostrophe to his horses. He has, in imagination, already forced the Grecian entrenchments, set the fleet in flames, and destroyed the whole army.
9. From this speech, it may be gathered that women were accustomed to loosen the horses from the chariot, on their return from battle, and feed them; and from line 214, unless it is spurious, it seems that the provender was sometimes mixed with wine. It is most probable, however, that the line is not genuine.—FELTON.  

Homer describes a princess so tender in her love to her husband, that she meets him on his return from every battle, and, in the joy of seeing him again, feeds his horses with bread and wine, as an acknowledgment to them for bringing him back.—DACIER.
10. These were the arms that Diomede had received from Glaucus.
11. [None daring to keep the field, and all striving to enter the gates together, they obstructed their own passage, and were, of course, compelled into the narrow interval between the foss and rampart.  

But there are different opinions about the space intended. See Villoisson.—Tr.]
12. [To Jove, the source of all oracular information.]
13. Jupiter, in answer to the prayer of Agamemnon, sends an omen to encourage the Greeks. The application of it is obvious: The eagle signified Hector, the fawn denoted the fear and flight of the Greeks, and being dropped at the altar of Jupiter, indicated that they would be saved by the protection of that god.
14. This simile is very beautiful, and exactly represents the manner of Gorgythion’s death. There is so much truth in the comparison, that we pity the fall of the youth and almost feel his wound.
15. [Ἐνικλαν.—The word is here metaphorical, and expresses, in its primary use, the breaking of a spear against a shield.—Tr.]

16. [The following lines, to the end of this paragraph, are a translation of some which Barnes has here inserted from the second Alcibiades of Plato.]
17. The simile is the most magnificent that can be conceived. The stars come forth brightly, the whole heaven is cloudless and serene, the moon is in the sky, the heights, and promontories, and forests stand forth distinctly in the light, *and the shepherd rejoices in his heart.* This last simple and natural circumstance is inexpressibly beautiful, and heightens the effect of the visible scene, by associating it, in the most direct and poetical manner, with the inward emotion that such a scene must produce.—FELTON.

Footnotes for Book IX:

1. [In the original the word is—μελανυδρος—dark-watered; and it is rendered—*deep*—by the best interpreters, because deep waters have a blackish appearance. Δνοφερον υδωρ is properly water that runs with rapidity; water—μετα δονησεως φερομενον—See Villoisson.]—TR.
2. This is the language of a brave man, boldly to affirm that courage is above crowns and sceptres. In former times they were not hereditary, but the recompense of valor.
3. [The observation seems made with a view to prevent such a reply from Agamemnon to Diomede as might give birth to new dissensions, while it reminds him indirectly of the mischiefs that had already attended his quarrel with Achilles.]—TR.
4. This speech of Nestor is happily conceived. It belonged to him as the aged counsellor to begin the debate, by laying the subject before the assembly, especially as it was necessary to impale the blame of the present unfortunate condition of the army to Agamemnon. It would have been presumptuous in any other, and it was a matter of difficulty and delicacy even for Nestor.—FELTON.
5. In the heroic age, the bridegroom, before marriage, was obliged to make two presents, one to his betrothed wife, and one to his father-in-law. This was also an ancient custom of the Hebrews. Abraham's servant gave presents to Rebekah: Gen. xxiv. 22. Shechem promised a dowry and gift to Jacob for his daughter: Gen. xxiv. 12. And in after times, Saul said he desired no dowry for Michal: 1 Sam. xviii. 25.
6. One of the religious ceremonies previous to any important enterprise. Then followed the order for silence and reverent attention; then the libation, &c.—FELTON
7. Achilles having retired from action in displeasure to Agamemnon, quieted himself by singing to his lyre the achievements of demi-gods and heroes. Nothing was better suited to the martial disposition of this hero, than these heroic songs. Celebrating the actions of the valiant prepared him for his own great exploits. Such was the music of the ancients, and to such purposes was it applied. When the lyre of Paris was offered to Alexander, he replied that he had little value for it, but much desired that of Achilles, on which he sung the actions of heroes in former times.—PLUTARCH.

8. The manners of the Iliad are the manners of the patriarchal and early ages of the East. The chief differences arise from a different religion and a more maritime situation. Very far removed from the savage state on the one hand, and equally distant from the artificial state of an extended commerce and a manufacturing population on the other, the spirit and habitudes of the two modes of society are almost identical. The hero and the Patriarch are substantially coëval; but the first wanders in twilight, the last stands in the eye of Heaven. When three men appeared to Abraham in the plains of Mamre, he ran to meet them from the tent door, brought them in, directed Sarah to make bread, fetched from the herd himself a calf tender and good, dressed it, and set it before them. When Ajax, Ulysses, and Phoenix stand before Achilles, he rushes forth to greet them, brings them into the tent, directs Patroclus to mix the wine, cuts up the meat, dresses it, and sets it before the ambassadors. \* \* \* \*

Instances of this sort might be multiplied to any extent, but the student will find it a pleasing and useful task to discover them for himself; and these will amply suffice to demonstrate the existence of that correspondence of spirit and manners between the Homeric and the early ages of the Bible history, to which I have adverted. It is real and important; it affords a standard of the feelings with which we ought to read the Iliad, if we mean to read it as it deserves; and it explains and sets in the true point of view numberless passages, which the ignorance or frivolity of after-times has charged with obscurity, meanness or error. The Old Testament and the Iliad reflect light mutually on each other; and both in respect of poetry and morals (for the whole of Homer's poetry is a praise of virtue, and every thing in him tends to this point, except that which is merely superfluous and for ornament) it may with great truth be said, that he who has the longest studied, and the most deeply imbibed, the spirit of the Hebrew Bible, will the best understand and the most lastingly appreciate the tale of Troy divine.—H.N. COLERIDGE.

9. [I have given this sense to the word Ζωροτερον—on the authority of the Venetian Scholium, though some contend that it should be translated—*quickly*. Achilles, who had reproached Agamemnon with intemperate drinking, was, himself, more addicted to music than to wine.]—Tr.
10. [It is not without authority that I have thus rendered κρειον μεγα. Homer's banquets are never stewed or boiled; it cannot therefore signify a kettle. It was probably a kitchen-table, dresser, or tray, on which the meat was prepared for the spit. Accordingly we find that this very meat was spitted afterward.—See Schaufelbergerus.]—Tr.
11. There are no speeches in the Iliad better placed, better timed, or that give a greater idea of Homer's genius than these of the ambassadors to Achilles. They are not only demanded by the occasion, but skilfully arranged, and in a manner that gives pleasure to the reader.
12. [Dacier observes, that he pluralizes the one wife of Menelaus, through the impetuosity of his spirit.]—Tr.

13. According to some ancient writers, Achilles was but twelve years of age when he went to the wars of Troy. And from what is here related of his education under Phoenix, it may be inferred, that the fable of his having been taught by Chiron is an invention of a later age and unknown to Homer.
14. The ancients gave the name of Jupiter not only to the God of heaven, but also to the God of hell, as is seen here; and to the God of the sea, as appears from Æschylus. They meant thereby to show that one sole deity governed the world. To teach this truth, statues were made of Jupiter which had three eyes. Priam had one in the court of his palace, which, in sharing the booty of the war of Troy, fell to the lot of Sthenelus, who carried it to Greece.—DACIER.
15. So called because Jove protects those who implore his aid.
16. [Wrinkled—because the countenance of a man driven to prayer by a consciousness of guilt is sorrowful and dejected. Lame—because it is a remedy to which men recur late, and with reluctance. And slant-eyed—either because, in that state of humiliation they fear to lift their eyes to heaven, or are employed in taking a retrospect of their past misconduct.  
The whole allegory, considering *when* and *where* it was composed, forms a very striking passage.]—TR.
17. [She had five brothers: Iphiclus, Polyphontes, Phanes, Eurypylus, Plexippus.]—TR.
18. It was the custom for the murderer to go into banishment for one year. But if the relations of the murdered person were willing, the criminal, by paying a certain fine, might buy off the exile and remain at home. Ajax sums up this argument with great strength: We see, says he, a brother forgive the murder of his brother, a father that of his son; but Achilles will not forgive the injury offered him by taking away one captive woman.
19. The character of Achilles is well sustained in all his speeches. To Ulysses he returns a flat denial, and threatens to leave the Trojan shore in the morning. To Phoenix his answer is more gentle. After Ajax has spoken, he seems determined not to depart, but yet refuses to bear arms, except in defence of his own squadron.

#### Footnotes for Book X:

1. With slight alteration, Homer here repeats the verses that open the 2d Book, and ascribes to Agamemnon the same watchfulness over men that Jupiter had over the gods.
2. Menelaus starts a design, which is afterwards proposed by Nestor in council. The poet knew that the project would come with greater weight from the age of the one than from the youth of the other, and that the valiant would be ready to engage in the enterprise suggested by so venerable a counsellor.
3. Agamemnon is uniformly represented as an example of brotherly affection, and at all times defends Menelaus.

4. [Σαυρωτηρ—seems to have been a hollow iron with a point, fitted to the obtuse end of the spear, for the purpose of planting that end of it in the ground. It might probably be taken off at pleasure.]—TR.
5. The dogs represent the watch, the flocks the Greeks, the fold their camp, and the wild beast that invades them, Hector. The place, position, and circumstances are represented with the utmost life and nature.
6. [*Sable*, because the expedition was made by night, and *each with a lamb*, as typical of the fruit of their labors.]—TR.
7. It required some address in Diomede to make a choice without offending the Grecian princes, each one of whom might consider it an indignity to be refused such a place of honor. Diomede, therefore, chose Ulysses, not for his valor, but for his wisdom. On this point, the other leaders all yielded to him.
8. The heroes are well armed for their design. Ulysses has a bow and arrows, that he may be able to wound the enemy at a distance, and Diomede a two-edged sword. They both have leathern helmets, as the glittering of the metal might betray them to the enemy.
9. [Autolycus was grandfather of Ulysses by the mother's side.] —TR.
10. Making these military presents to brave adventurers was an ancient custom. “Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David; and his garments, even to his sword, and his bow, and his girdle.” 1 Sam. xviii. v.
11. These lines show how careful the poet always was to be true to nature. The little circumstance that they could not *see* the heron, but only heard him, stamps the description with an air of verisimilitude which is at once recognized.—FELTON.
12. This passage sufficiently justifies Diomede for his choice of Ulysses. Diomede, who was most renowned for valor, might have given a wrong interpretation to this omen, and have been discouraged from proceeding in the attempt. For though it really signified that, as the bird was not seen, but only heard, so they should not be discovered by the Trojans, but perform actions of which all Troy should hear with sorrow; yet, on the other hand, it might imply that, as they discovered the bird by the noise of its wings, so the noise they should make would betray them to the Trojans. Pallas does not send the bird sacred to herself, but the heron, because that is a bird of prey, and denoted that they should spoil the Trojans.
13. Dolon seems to have been eminent for wealth, and Hector summons him to the assembly as one of the chiefs of Troy. He was known to the Greeks, perhaps, from his having passed between the two armies as a herald. Ancient writers observe, that it was the office of Dolon that led him to offer himself in this service. The sacredness attached to it gave him hopes that they would not violate his person, should he chance to be taken; and his riches he knew were sufficient to purchase his liberty. Besides these advantages, he probably trusted to his swiftness to escape pursuit.

14. Eustathius remarks upon the different manner in which the Grecians and Trojans conduct the same enterprise. In the council of the Greeks, a wise old man proposes the adventure with an air of deference; in that of the Trojans, a brave young man with an air of authority. The one promises a small gift, but honorable and certain; the other a great one, but uncertain and less honorable, because it is given as a reward. Diomede and Ulysses are inspired with a love of glory; Dolon with the thirst of gain. They proceed with caution and bravery; he with rashness and vanity. They go in conjunction; he alone. They cross the fields out of the road, he follows the common track. In all this there is an admirable contrast, and a moral that strikes every reader at first sight.
15. [Commentators are extremely in the dark, and even Aristarchus seems to have attempted an explanation in vain. The translator does not pretend to have ascertained the distance intended, but only to have given a distance suited to the occasion.]—Tr.
16. Ulysses makes no promise of life, but artfully bids Dolon, who is overpowered by fear, not to think of death. He was so cautious as not to believe a friend just before without an oath, but he trusts an enemy without even a promise.
17. [Οσσαι γαρ Τρωων πυρος εσχαραι—As many as are owners of hearths—that is to say, all who are householders here, or natives of the city.]—Tr
18. It seems barbarous in Diomede thus to have killed Dolon, but Eustathius observes that it was necessary to their success, as his cries might have put the Trojans on their guard.
19. An allegorical manner of saying that they were awakened by the morning light.
20. [Homer did not here forget himself, though some have altered τρις ιο τετρακαιδεκατον.—Rhesus for distinction sake is not numbered with his people—See Villoisson *in loco*.]—Tr.

#### Footnotes for Book XI:

1. Cynyras was king of Cyprus, and this probably alludes to some historical fact. Cyprus was famous for its minerals.
2. [Τρεις εκατερθ'—three on a side, This is evidently the proper punctuation, though it differs from that of all the editions that I have seen. I find it nowhere but in the *Venetian Scholium*.]—Tr.
3. It is finely remarked by Trollope, that, of all the points of resemblance which may be discovered between the sentiments, associations and expressions of Homer, and those of the sacred writings, this similitude is perhaps the most striking; and there can be little doubt that it exhibits a traditional vestige of the patriarchal record of God's covenant.—FELTON.
4. [Quâtre-crested. So I have rendered τετραφαληρον which literally signifies having four cones. The cone was a tube into which the crest was inserted. The word quâtre-crested may need a precedent for its justification, and seems to have a

sufficient one in the cinque-spotted cowslip of Shakspeare.]—  
Tr.

5. [This seems the proper import of εγδουπησαν. Jupiter is called εριγδουτος.]—Tr.
6. [The translator follows Clarke in this interpretation of a passage to us not very intelligible.]
7. The ancient manner of mowing and reaping was, for the laborers to divide in two parties, and to begin at each end of the field, which was equally divided, and proceed till they met in the middle of it.
8. Time was then measured by the progression of the sun, and the parts of the day were distinguished by the various employments.
9. [ολμος.]
10. [The Grecians at large are indiscriminately called Danaï, Argives, and Achaians, in the original. The Phthians in particular—Hellenes. They were the troops of Achilles.]—Tr.
11. [Ανεμοτρεφες—literally—wind-nourished.]—Tr.
12. In making Ulysses direct Diomede, Homer intends to show that valor should be under the guidance of wisdom. In the 8th Book, when Diomede could hardly be restrained by the thunder of Jupiter, his valor is checked by the wisdom of Nestor.
13. Diomede does not fear Hector, but Jupiter, who, he has previously said, will give the Trojans the day.
14. [In the original—κερα αγλαε.—All that I pretend to know of this expression is that it is ironical, and may relate either to the head-dress of Paris, or to his archership. To translate it is impossible; to paraphrase it, in a passage of so much emotion, would be absurd. I have endeavored to supply its place by an appellation in point of contempt equal.]—Tr.
15. No moral is so evident throughout the Iliad, as the dependence of man upon divine assistance and protection. Apollo saves Hector from the dart, and Minerva Ulysses.
16. Homer here pays a marked distinction. The army had seen several of their bravest heroes wounded, yet without expressing as much concern as at the danger of Machaon, their physician and surgeon.
17. [This interpretation of—μινυνθα δε χαζετο δουρος—is taken from the Scholium by Villoisson. It differs from those of Clarke, Eustathius, and another Scholiast quoted by Clarke, but seems to suit the context much better than either.]—Tr.
18. The address of Homer in bringing off Ajax is admirable. He makes Hector afraid to approach him, and brings down Jupiter to terrify him. Thus he retreats, not from a mortal, but from a God.

The whole passage is inimitably just and beautiful. We see Ajax slowly retreating between two armies, and even with a look repulse the one and protect the other. Every line resembles Ajax. The character of a stubborn and undaunted warrior is perfectly maintained. He compares him first to the lion for his undaunted spirit in fighting, and then to the ass for his stubborn slowness in retreating. In the latter comparison there are many points of resemblance that enliven the image. The havoc he makes in the field is represented by the tearing and trampling down the harvests; and we see the bulk, strength, and obstinacy of the hero, when the Trojans, in respect to him, are compared to the troops of boys that impotently endeavor to drive him away.

It must be borne in mind that among the people of the East, an ass was a beast upon which kings and princes might ride with dignity.

19. Though the resentment of Achilles would not permit him to be an actor in the field, yet his love of war inclines him to be a spectator. As the poet did not intend to draw the character of a perfect man in Achilles, he makes him delighted with the destruction of the Greeks, because it gratified his revenge. That resentment which is the subject of the poem, still presides over every other feeling, even the love of his country. He begins now to pity his countrymen, yet he seems gratified by their distress, because it will contribute to his glory.
20. This onion was very different from the root which now passes under that name. It had a sweet flavor, and was used to impart an agreeable flavor to wine. It is in high repute at the present day in Egypt.—FELTON.
21. [I have interpreted the very ambiguous words ουω δ' υπο πυθμενες ησαν according to Athenæus as quoted by Clarke, and his interpretation of them is confirmed by the Scholium in the Venetian edition of the Iliad, lately published by Villoisson.]—TR.
22. Homer here reminds the reader, that Nestor belonged to a former generation of men, who were stronger than the heroes of the war.
23. [It would have suited the dignity of Agamemnon's rank to have mentioned *his* wound first; but Nestor making this recital to the *friend of Achilles*, names him slightly, and without any addition.]—TR.
24. [It is said that the Thebans having war with the people of Orchomenos, the Pylians assisted the latter, for which cause Hercules destroyed their city.—See Scholium per Villoisson.]—TR.

#### Footnotes for Book XII:

1. [The word is of scripture use; see Gen. ch. xxx. where it describes the cattle of Jacob.]—TR.
2. [Alluding to the message delivered to him from Jupiter by Iris.]—TR.

3. The morality of the Iliad deserves particular attention. It is not *perfect*, upon Christian principles. How should it be under the circumstances of the composition of the poem? Yet, compared with that of all the rest of the classical poetry, it is of a transcendently noble and generous character. The answer of Hector to Polydamas, who would have dissuaded a further prosecution of the Trojan success, has been repeated by many of the most devoted patriots the world ever saw. *We*, who defy augury in these matters, can yet add nothing to the nobleness of the sentiment.—H.N. COLERIDGE.
4. [πλεονων δε τοι εργον αμεινον.—This is evidently proverbial, for which reason I have given it that air in the translation.]—TR.
5. There is something touching in this simile. Our attention is fixed, not so much on the battle, as on the struggles of the laboring, true-hearted woman, who toils for a hard-earned pittance for her children. The description is not so much illustrated by the simile, as the simile by the description.—FELTON.
6. The description of this exploit of Hector is wonderfully imposing. It seems to be the poet's wish to magnify his deeds during the short period that he has yet to live, both to do justice to the hero of Troy, and to give the greater glory to Achilles his conquerer.—FELTON.

#### Footnotes for Book XIII:

1. We are hurried through this book by the warlike ardor of the poet. Battle succeeds battle with animating rapidity. The speeches are in fine keeping with the scenes, and the similes are drawn from the most imposing natural phenomena. The descriptions possess a wonderful distinctness and vigor, presenting the images to the mind by a few bold and grand lines, thus shunning the confusion of intricate and minute detail.—FELTON.
2. So called from their simple diet, consisting principally of mare's milk. They were a people living on the north-east coast of the Euxine Sea. These epithets are sometimes supposed to be the *gentile* denominations of the different tribes; but they are all susceptible of interpretation as epithets applied to the Hippemolgi.—FELTON.
3. [For this admirable line the translator is indebted to Mr. Fuseli.]—TR.
4. The following simile is considered by critics as one of the finest in Homer.
5. [A fitter occasion to remark on this singular mode of approach in battle, will present itself hereafter.]—TR.
6. [The bodies of Imbrius and Amphimachus.]
7. [Amphimachus.]
8. This is a noble passage. The difference between the conduct of the brave man and that of the coward is drawn with great vigor

and beauty.—FELTON.

9. [Hypsenor.]

10. [This seems to be the meaning of *εν μεγαρω* an expression similar to that of Demosthenes in a parallel case—*ετι ενδον ουσαν*.—See Schaufelburgerus.]—TR

11. [He is said to have been jealous of him on account of his great popularity, and to have disconcerted him, fearing a conspiracy in his favor to the prejudice of his own family.—See Villoisson.]—TR.

12. [The Iäonianans were a distinct people from the Ionians, and according to the Scholium, separated from them by a pillar bearing on opposite sides the name of each.—See Barnes. See also Villoisson.]—TR.

13. [The people of Achilles were properly called the Phthiotæ, whereas the Phthians belonged to Protesiläus and Philoctetes.—See Eustathius, as quoted by Clarke.]—TR.

14. This simile is derived from one of the most familiar sights among a simple people. It is extremely natural, and its propriety will be peculiarly striking to those who have had occasion to see a yoke of oxen plowing in a hot day.—FELTON.

15. [Achilles.]

16. [This, according to Eustathius, is the import of *αμοιβοι*.—See Iliad III., in which Priam relates an expedition of his into that country.]—TR.

Footnotes for Book XIV:

1. The beauty of this simile will be lost to those who have never been at sea during a calm. The water is then not quite motionless, but swells gently in smooth waves, which fluctuate in a balancing motion, until a rising wind gives them a certain determination. Every circumstance of the comparison is just, as well as beautiful.

2. Anointing the body with perfumed oil was a remarkable part of ancient cosmetics. It was probably an eastern invention, agreeable to the luxury of the Asiatics.

3. A footstool was considered a mark of honor.

4. In accordance with the doctrine of Thales the Milesian, that all things are generated from water, and nourished by the same element.

5. [Hercules.]

6. Night was venerated, both for her antiquity and power.

7. [One of the heads of Ida.]

8. A bird about the size of a hawk, and entirely black.

9. By Juno is understood the air, and it is allegorically said that she was nourished by the vapors that rise from the ocean and

the earth. Tethys being the same as Rhea.

10. [Europa.]

11. An evident allusion to the ether and the atmosphere.—E.P.P.

Footnotes for Book XV:

1. [The translator seizes the opportunity afforded to him by this remarkable passage, to assure his readers who are not readers of the original, that the discipline which Juno is here said to have suffered from the hands of Jove, is not his own invention. He found it in the original, and considering fidelity as his indispensable duty, has not attempted to soften or to refine away the matter. He begs that this observation may be adverted to as often as any passage shall occur in which ancient practices or customs, not consonant to our own, either in point of delicacy or humanity, may be either expressed or alluded to.]

He makes this request the rather, because on these occasions Mr. Pope has observed a different conduct, suppressing all such images as he had reason to suppose might be offensive.] —TR.

2. The earliest form of an oath seems to have been by the elements of nature, or rather the deities who preside over them.] —TROLLOPE.

3. In the following speech, Jupiter discloses the future events of the war.

4. The illustration in the following lines is one of the most beautiful in Homer. The rapid passage of Juno is compared to the speed of thought, by which a traveller revisits in imagination the scenes over which he has passed. No simile could more exalt the power of the Goddess.—FELTON.

5. The picture is strikingly true to nature. The smile upon the lip, and frown upon the brow, express admirably the state of mind in which the Goddess must be supposed to have been at this moment.—FELTON.

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

... part, huge of bulk  
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,  
*Tempest* the ocean.

]—TR.

7. The Furies are said to wait upon men in a double sense; either for evil; as upon Orestes after he had killed his mother, or else for their good, as upon elders when they are injured, to protect them and avenge their wrongs. The ancients considered birth-right as a right divine.

8. [*Τρωες δε προυτυψαν αολλεες*. The translation is literal, and affords one of many instances in which the Greek and English idiom correspond exactly.]—TR.

9. [Arcesilaüs.]

10. [This abruptness of transition from the third person to the first, follows the original.]

11. [The translator hopes that his learned readers will pardon him, if sometimes, to avoid an irksome cacophony, he turns brass into steel. In fact, arrow had not a point of steel, but a brazen one.]—Tr.

12. This sentiment is noble and patriotic. It is in strict keeping with the character of Hector, who always appears as his country's champion, and ready to die in her defence. Our sympathies go with him; we involuntarily wish him success, and deplore his misfortune, though we admire the invincible courage of his more fortunate antagonist. His actions and sentiments, springing from the simplest feelings of our nature, will always command applause, and, under all circumstances, and every form of political existence, will be imitated by the defenders of their country.

The speech of Ajax is animating and powerful. It is conceived in the true spirit of a warrior rousing his followers to make a last effort to repel the enemy.—FELTON.

13. [Meges.]

14. Hector is here represented as an instrument in the hand of Jupiter, to bring about the design the God had long ago projected. As his fatal hour now approaches, Jove is willing to recompense his early death with this short-lived glory.

15. It may be asked what Pallas has to do with the Fates, or what power has she over them? Homer speaks thus, because Minerva has already resolved to deceive Hector and exalt Achilles. Pallas, as the wisdom and knowledge of Jove, may be considered as drawing all things to the termination decreed by his councils.

16. [This termination of the period, so little consonant to the beginning of it, follows the original, where it is esteemed by commentators a great beauty.]—Tr.

#### Footnotes for Book XVI:

1. [This translation of δονοφερον is warranted by the Scholiast, who paraphrases it thus:

μετα δονησεως φερομενον.

*Iliad per Vill.*]

2. The friendship of Achilles and Patroclus was celebrated by all antiquity. It is said in the life of Alexander the Great, that when that prince visited the monuments of the heroes of Troy, and placed a crown upon the tomb of Achilles, his friend Hephæstion placed another on that of Patroclus; an intimation of his being to Alexander, what Patroclus was to Achilles. It is also said, that Alexander remarked, “Achilles was happy indeed, in having had such a friend to love him when living, and such a poet to celebrate him when dead.”

3. [περιαγνυται. A word of incomparable force, and that defies translation.]

4. This charge is in keeping with the ambitious character of Achilles. He is unwilling that even his dearest friend should have the honor of conquering Hector.
5. The picture of the situation of Ajax, exhausted by his efforts, pressed by the arms of his assailants and the will of Jupiter, is drawn with much graphic power.—FELTON.
6. Argus-slayer.
7. The mythi which we find in the Iliad respecting Mercury, represent him as the god who blessed the land with fertility, which was his attribute in the original worship. He is represented as loving the daughter of Phthiotian Phylas, the possessor of many herds, and by her had Eudorus (or riches) whom the aged Phylas fostered and brought up in his house—quite a significant local mythus, which is here related, like others in the usual tone of heroic mythology.—MULLER.
8. This passage is an exact description and perfect ritual of the ceremonies on these occasions. Achilles, urgent as the case was, would not suffer Patroclus to enter the fight, till he had in the most solemn manner recommended him to the protection of Jupiter.
9. [Meges.]
10. [Brother of Antilochus.]
11. [αμαιμακετην]—is a word which I can find nowhere satisfactorily derived. Perhaps it is expressive of great length, and I am the more inclined to that sense of it, because it is the epithet given to the mast on which Ulysses floated to Charybdis. We must in that case derive it from αμα and μηκος Doricè, μακος—longitudo.  
In this uncertainty I thought myself free to translate it as I have, by the word—monster.]—TR.
12. [Apollonius says that the οστεα λευκα here means the οπιονδυλους, or vertebræ of the neck.—See Villoisson.]—TR.
13. ['Αμιτροχιτονας is a word, according to Clarke, descriptive of their peculiar habit. Their corselet, and the mail worn under it, were of a piece, and put on together. To them therefore the cincture or belt of the Greeks was unnecessary.]—TR.
14. According to the history or fable received in Homer's time, Sarpedon was interred in Lycia. This gave the poet the liberty of making him die at Troy, provided that after his death he was carried into Lycia, to preserve the fable. In those times, as at this day, princes and persons of rank who died abroad, were carried to their own country to be laid in the tomb of their fathers. Jacob, when dying in Egypt, desired his children to carry him to the land of Canaan, where he wished to be buried.
15. [Sarpedon certainly was not slain *in the fleet*, neither can the Greek expression νεων εν αγωνι be with propriety interpreted—in *certamine de navibus*—as Clarke and Mme. Dacier are inclined to render it. *Juvenum in certamine*, seems equally an improbable sense of it. Eustathius, indeed, and

Terrasson, supposing Sarpedon to assert that he dies in the middle of the fleet (which was false in fact) are kind enough to vindicate Homer by pleading in his favor, that Sarpedon, being in the article of death, was delirious, and knew not, in reality, where he died. But Homer, however he may have been charged with now and then a nap (a crime of which I am persuaded he is never guilty) certainly does not slumber here, nor needs to be so defended. *'Αγων* in the 23d Iliad, means the *whole extensive area* in which the games were exhibited, and may therefore here, without any strain of the expression, be understood to signify the *whole range of shore* on which the ships were stationed. In which case Sarpedon represents the matter as it was, saying that he dies—*νεων εν αγωνι*—that is, in the neighborhood of the ships, and in full prospect of them.

The translator assumes not to himself the honor of this judicious remark. It belongs to Mr. Fuseli.]—Tr.

16. [λασιν κηρ.]

17. The clouds of thick dust that rise from beneath the feet of the combatants, which hinder them from knowing one another.

18. [Υπασπιδα προβιβωντος. A similar expression occurs in Book xiii., 158. There we read *υπασπιδα προποδιζων*. Which is explained by the Scholiast in Villoisson to signify—advancing with quick, short steps, and at the same time covering the feet with a shield. A practice which, unless they bore the *αμφιβροτην ασπιδα*, must necessarily leave the upper parts exposed.]

It is not improbable, though the translation is not accommodated to that conjecture, that Æneas, in his following speech to Meriones, calls him, *ορχηστην*, with a view to the agility with which he performed this particular step in battle.] —Tr.

19. [Two lines occurring here in the original which contain only the same matter as the two preceding, and which are found neither in the MSS. use by Barnes nor in the Harleian, the translator has omitted them in his version as interpolated and superfluous.]—Tr.

20. [*Ιρα ταλαντα*—*Voluntatem Jovis cui cedendum*—So it is interpreted is the Scholium MSS. Lipsiensis.—Vide Schaufelbergerus.]—Tr.

21. It is an opinion of great antiquity, that when the soul is on the point of leaving the body, its views become stronger and clearer, and the mind is endowed with a spirit of true prediction.

Footnotes for Book XVII:

1. In the chase, the spoils of the prey, the hide and head of the animal, belonged to the one who gave the first wound. So in war—the one who first pierced an enemy slain in battle, was entitled to his armor.
2. [The expediency and utility of prayer, Homer misses no opportunity of enforcing. Cold and comfortless as the religious

creed of the heathens was, they were piously attentive to its dictates, and to a degree that may serve as a reproof to many professed believers of revelation. The allegorical history of prayer, given us in the 9th Book of the Iliad from the lips of Phœnix, the speech of Antilochus in the 23d, in which he ascribes the ill success of Eumelus in the chariot race to his neglect of prayer, and that of Pisistratus in the 3d book of the Odyssey, where speaking of the newly-arrived Telemachus, he says;

For I deem  
Him wont to pray; since all of every land  
Need succor from the Gods;

are so many proofs of the truth of this remark; to which a curious reader might easily add a multitude.]—TR.

3. [There is no word in our language expressive of loud sound at all comparable in effect to the Greek *Bo-o-osin*. I have therefore endeavored by the juxtaposition of two words similar in sound, to palliate in some degree defect which it was not in my power to cure.]—TR.
4. [Or collar-bone.]
5. [The proper meaning of *επιοσαομενω*—is not simply *looking on*, but *providing against*. And thus their ignorance of the death of Patroclus is accounted for. They were ordered by Nestor to a post in which they should have little to do themselves, except to superintend others, and were consequently too remote from Patroclus to see him fall, or even to hear that he had fallen.—See Villoisson.]—TR.
6. This is one of the similes of Homer which illustrates the manners and customs of his age. The mode of preparing hides for use is particularly described. They were first softened with oil, and then were stretched every direction by the hands of men, so that the moisture might be removed and the oil might penetrate them. Considered in the single point of comparison intended, it gives a lively picture of the struggle on all sides to get possession of the body.—FELTON.
7. This is the proper imperfect of the verb *chide*, though modern usage has substituted *chid*, a word of mean and awkward sound, in the place of it.
8. This alludes to the custom of placing columns upon tombs, on which were frequently represented chariots with two or four horses. The horses standing still to mourn for their master, could not be more finely represented than by the dumb sorrow of images standing over a tomb. Perhaps the very posture in which these horses are described, their heads bowed down, and their manes falling in the dust, has an allusion to the attitude in which those statues on monuments were usually represented; there are bas-reliefs that favor this conjecture.
9. [The Latin plural of Ajax is sometimes necessary, because the English plural—Ajaxes—would be insupportable.]—TR.
10. [Leitus was another chief of the Bœotians.]—TR.

11. [Διφρω εφεσταοτος—Yet we learn soon after that he fought on foot. But the Scholiast explains the expression thus —νεωστι τω διφωω επιβαντος. The fact was that Idomeneus had left the camp on foot, and was on foot when Hector prepared to throw at him. But Coeranus, charioteer of Meriones, observing his danger, drove instantly to his aid. Idomeneus had just time to mount, and the spear designed for him, struck Coeranus.—For a right understanding of this very intricate and difficult passage, I am altogether indebted to the Scholiast as quoted by Villoisson.]—TR.
12. [The translator here follows the interpretation preferred by the Scholiast. The original expression is ambiguous, and may signify, either, that *we shall perish in the fleet ourselves*, or that Hector will soon be in the midst of it. Vide Villoisson *in loco*.]—TR.
13. [A noble instance of the heroism of Ajax, who asks not deliverance from the Trojans, or that he may escape alive, but light only, without which he could not possibly distinguish himself. The tears of such a warrior, and shed for such a reason, are singularly affecting.]—TR.
- Footnotes for Book XVIII:
1. This speech of Antilochus may serve as a model for its brevity.
  2. This form of manifesting grief is frequently alluded to in the classical writers, and sometimes in the Bible. The lamentation of Achilles is in the spirit of the heroic times, and the poet describes it with much simplicity. The captives join in the lamentation, perhaps in the recollection of his gentleness, which has before been alluded to.—FELTON.
  3. [Here it is that the drift of the whole poem is fulfilled. The evils consequent on the quarrel between him and Agamemnon, at last teach Achilles himself this wisdom—that wrath and strife are criminal and pernicious; and the confession is extorted from his own lips, that the lesson may be the more powerfully inculcated. To point the instruction to leaders of armies only, is to narrow its operation unnecessarily. The moral is of universal application, and the poet's beneficent intentions are wronged by one so partial.]—TR.
  4. The promise of Thetis to present her son with a suit of armor, was the most artful method of hindering him from putting immediately in practice his resolution of fighting, which, with his characteristic violence, he would otherwise have done.
  5. [The sun is said to set with reluctance, because his setting-time was not yet come. Jupiter had promised Hector that he should prevail till the sun should go down, and *sacred darkness cover all*. Juno therefore, impatient to arrest the victor's progress, and having no other means of doing it, shortens the time allotted him.]—TR.
  6. [καταδημοβορησαι.]
  7. This custom of washing the dead is continued among the Greeks to this day, and is performed by the dearest friend or

relative. The body is then anointed with a perfume, and covered with linen, exactly in the manner here related.

8. Among the Greeks, visitors of rank are still honored in the same manner, by being set apart from the rest of the company, on a high seat, with a footstool.

#### 9. [*Ἀνεδραμε.*]

10. The description of the shield of Achilles is one of the noblest passages in the Iliad. It is elaborated to the highest finish of poetry. The verse is beautifully harmonious, and the language as nicely chosen and as descriptive as can be conceived. But a still stronger interest belongs to this episode when considered as an exact representation of life at a very early period of the world, as it undoubtedly was designed by the poet.

It is certainly a most remarkable passage for the amount of information it conveys relative to the state of arts, and the general condition of life at that period. From many intimations in the ancient authors, it may be gathered, that shields were often adorned by deities of figures in bas-relief, similar to those here described. In particular, see Æschylus in the Seven against Thebes. A close examination of the whole passage will lead to many curious inductions and inferences relative to the ancient world, and throw much light upon points which are elsewhere left in great obscurity.—FELTON.

11. Murder was not always punished with death or even banishment. But on the payment of a fine, the criminal was allowed to remain in the city.

12. Linus was the most ancient name in poetry, the first upon record as inventor of verse and measure among the Grecians. There was a solemn custom among the Greeks, of bewailing annually their first poet. Pausanias informs us, that before the yearly sacrifice to the Muses on Mount Helicon, the obsequies of Linus were performed, who had a statue and altar erected to him in that place. In this passage Homer is supposed to allude to that custom.

13. See article Theseus, Gr. and Rom. Mythology.

14. There were two kinds of dance—the Pyrrhic, and the common dance; both are here introduced. The Pyrrhic, or military, is performed by Youths wearing swords, the other by the virgins crowned with garlands. The Grecian dance is still performed in this manner in the oriental nations. The youths and maidens dance in a ring, beginning slowly; by degrees the music plays in quicker time, till at last they dance with the utmost swiftness; and towards the conclusion, they sing in a general chorus.

15. The point of comparison is this. When the potter first tries the wheel to see “if it will run,” he moves it much faster than when at work. Thus it illustrates the rapidity of the dance.—FELTON.

#### Footnotes for Book XIX:

1. [Brave men are great weepers—was a proverbial saying in Greece. Accordingly there are few of Homer's heroes who do

not weep plenteously on occasion. True courage is doubtless compatible with the utmost sensibility. See Villoisson.]—TR.

2. The fear with which the divine armor filled the Myrmidons, and the exaltation of Achilles, the terrible gleam of his eye, and his increased desire for revenge, are highly poetical.—FELTON.
3. The ancients had a great horror of putrefaction previous to interment.
4. [Achilles in the first book also summons a council himself, and not as was customary, by a herald. It seems a stroke of character, and intended by the poet to express the impetuosity of his spirit, too ardent for the observance of common forms, and that could trust no one for the dispatch he wanted.]—TR.
5. [*Ἄσπασιως γονυ καμψειν*.—Shall be glad to bend their knee, i.e. to sit and repose themselves.]—TR.
6. [*Τουτον μυθον*.—He seems to intend the reproaches sounded in his ear from all quarters, and which he had repeatedly heard before.]—TR.
7. [By some call'd Antibia, by others, Nicippe.]—TR.
8. It was unlawful to eat the flesh of victims that were sacrificed in confirmation of oaths. Such were victims of malediction.
9. Nothing can be more natural than the representation of these unhappy young women; who, weary of captivity, take occasion from every mournful occurrence to weep afresh, though in reality little interested in the objects that call forth these expressions of sorrow.—DACIER.
10. Son of Deidameia, daughter of Lycomedes, in whose house Achilles was concealed at the time when he was led forth to the war.
11. [We are not warranted in accounting any practice unnatural or absurd, merely because it does not obtain among ourselves. I know not that any historian has recorded this custom of the Grecians, but that it was a custom among them occasionally to harangue their horses, we may assure ourselves on the authority of Homer, who would not have introduced such speeches, if they could have appeared as strange to his countrymen as they do to us.]—TR.
12. Hence it seems, that too great an insight into futurity, or the revelation of more than was expedient, was prevented by the Furies.—TROLLOPE.

#### Footnotes for Book XX:

1. [This rising ground was five stadia in circumference, and was between the river Simois and a village named Ilicon, in which Paris is said to have decided between the goddesses. It was called Callicolone, being the most conspicuous ground in the neighborhood of the city.—Villoisson.]—TR.
2. [Iris is the messenger of the gods on ordinary occasions, Mercury on those of importance. But Themis is now employed,

because the affair in question is a council, and to assemble and dissolve councils is her peculiar Province. The return of Achilles is made as magnificent as possible. A council in heaven precedes it, and a battle of the gods is the consequence.—Villoisson.]—Tr.

3. [The readiness of Neptune to obey the summons is particularly noticed, on account of the resentment he so lately expressed, when commanded by Jupiter to quit the battle.—Villoisson.]—Tr.
4. The description of the battle of the gods is strikingly grand. Jupiter thunders in the heavens, Neptune shakes the boundless earth and the high mountain-tops; Ida rocks on its base, and the city of the Trojans and the ships of the Greeks tremble; and Pluto leaps from his throne in terror, lest his loathsome dominions should be laid open to mortals and immortals.—FELTON.
5. [The Leleges were a colony of Thessalians, and the first inhabitants of the shores of the Hellespont.]—Tr.
6. Hector was the son of Priam, who descended from Ilus, and Æneas the son of Anchises, whose descent was from Assaracus, the brother of Ilus.
7. This dialogue between Achilles and Æneas, when on the point of battle, as well as several others of a similar description, have been censured as improbable and impossible. The true explanation is to be found in the peculiar character of war in the heroic age. A similar passage has been the subject of remark.—FELTON.
8. [Some commentators, supposing the golden plate the outermost as the most ornamental, have perplexed themselves much with this passage, for how, say they, could two folds be pierced and the spear be stopped by the gold, if the gold lay on the surface? But to avoid the difficulty, we need only suppose that the gold was inserted between the two plates of brass and the two of tin; Vulcan, in this particular, having attended less to ornament than to security.  
See the Scholiast in Villoisson, who argues at large in favor of this opinion.]—Tr.
9. Tmolus was a mountain of Lydia, and Hyda a city of the same country. The Gygæan lake was also in Lydia.
10. [Neptune. So called, either because he was worshiped on Helicon, a mountain of Boeotia, or from Helice, an island of Achaia, where he had a temple.]—Tr. If the bull bellowed as he was led to the altar, it was considered a favorable omen. Hence the simile.—FELTON.
11. [It is an amiable trait in the character of Hector, that his pity in this instance supercedes his caution, and that at the sight of his brother in circumstances so affecting, he becomes at once inattentive to himself and the command of Apollo.]—Tr.

#### Footnotes for Book XXI:

1. The scene is now entirely changed, and the battle diversified with a vast variety of imagery and description. It is worthy of notice, that though the whole war of the Iliad was upon the banks of these rivers, yet Homer has reserved the machinery of the river-gods to aggrandize his hero in this battle. There is no book in the poem which exhibits greater force of imagination, none in which the inexhaustible invention of the poet is more powerfully exerted.
2. The swarms of locusts that sometimes invade whole countries in the East, have often been described. It seems that the ancient mode of exterminating them was, to kindle a fire, and thus drive them into a lake or river. The simile illustrates in the most striking manner the panic caused by Achilles.—FELTON.
3. According to the Scholiast, Arisba was a city of Thrace, and near to the Hellespont; but according to Eustathius, a city of Troas, inhabited by a colony from Mitylene.
4. It was an ancient custom to cast living horses into rivers, to honor, as it were, the rapidity of their streams.
5. This gives us an idea of the superior strength of Achilles. His spear pierced so deep in the ground, that another hero of great strength could not disengage it, but immediately after, Achilles draws it with the utmost ease.
6. [*Ακροκελαινιοων*.—The beauty and force of this word are wonderful; I have in vain endeavored to do it justice.]—TR.
7. [The reason given in the Scholium is, that the surface being hardened by the wind, the moisture remains unexhaled from beneath, and has time to saturate the roots.—See Villoisson.]—TR.
8. [*Αμβολαδην*.]
9. Homer represents Aphrodite as the protector of *Aeneas*, and in the battle of the Trojans, Ares appears in a disadvantageous light; the weakness of the goddess, and the brutal confidence of the god are described with evident irony. In like manner Diana and the river-god Scamander sometimes play a very undignified part. Apollo alone uniformly maintains his dignity.—MULLER.
10. This is a very beautiful soliloquy of Agenor, such as would naturally arise in the soul of a brave man going upon a desperate enterprise. From the conclusion it is evident, that the story of Achilles being invulnerable except in the heel, is an invention of a later age.

#### Footnotes for Book XXII:

1. This simile is very striking. It not only describes the appearance of Achilles, but is peculiarly appropriate because the star was supposed to be of evil omen, and to bring with it disease and destruction. So Priam beholds Achilles, splendid with the divine armor, and the destined slayer of his son.—FELTON.

2. The usual cruelties practised in the sacking of towns. Isaiah foretells to Babylon, that her children shall be dashed in pieces by the Medes. David says to the same city, “Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones.”—Ps. c22vii. 9.
3. It was supposed that venomous serpents were accustomed to eat poisonous roots and plants before attacking their victims.—FELTON.
4. This speech of Hector shows the fluctuation of his mind, with much discernment on the part of the poet. He breaks out, after having apparently meditated a return to the city. But the imagined reproaches of Polydamas, and the anticipated scorn of the Trojans forbid it. He soliloquizes upon the possibility of coming to terms with Achilles, and offering him large concessions; but the character of Achilles precludes all hope of reconciliation. It is a fearful crisis with him, and his mind wavers, as if presentient of his approaching doom.—FELTON.
5. [The repetition follows the original, and the Scholiast is of opinion that Homer uses it here that he may express more emphatically the length to which such conferences are apt to proceed.—Δια την πολυλογιαν τη αναληψε εχρησατο.] —TR.
6. [It grew near to the tomb of Ilus.]
7. The Scamander ran down the eastern side of Ida, and at the distance of three stadia from Troy, making a subterraneous dip, it passed under the walls and rose again in the form of the two fountains here described—from which fountains these rivulets are said to have proceeded.
8. It was the custom of that age to have cisterns by the side of rivers and fountains, to which the women, including the wives and daughters of kings and princes, resorted to wash their garments.
9. Sacrifices were offered to the gods upon the hills and mountains, or, in the language of scripture, upon the *high places*, for the people believed that the gods inhabited such eminences.
10. [The numbers in the original are so constructed as to express the painful struggle that characterizes such a dream.]—TR.
11. [προπροκυλινδομενος.]
12. The whole circumference of ancient Troy is said to have measured sixty stadia. A stadium measured one hundred and twenty-five paces.
13. [The knees of the conqueror were a kind of sanctuary to which the vanquished fled for refuge.]—TR.
14. [The lines of which these three are a translation, are supposed by some to have been designed for the Επινίκιον, or song of victory sung by the whole army.]—TR.

15. [It was a custom in Thessaly to drag the slayer around the tomb of the slain; which custom was first begun by Simon, whose brother being killed by Eurydamas, he thus treated the body of the murderer. Achilles therefore, being a Thessalian, when he thus dishonors Hector, does it merely in compliance with the common practice of his country.]—TR.
16. [It is an observation of the Scholiast, that two more affecting spectacles cannot be imagined, than Priam struggling to escape into the field, and Andromache to cast herself from the wall; for so he understands ατυζομενην απολεσθαι.]—TR.
17. A figurative expression. In the style of the orientals, marrow and fatness are taken for whatever is best, most tender, and most delicious.
18. Homer is in nothing more excellent than in the distinction of characters, which he maintains throughout the poem. What Andromache here says, cannot be said with propriety by any one but Andromache.

Footnotes for Book XXIII:

1. According to the oriental custom. David mourns in the same manner, refusing to wash or take any repast, and lies upon the earth.
2. [Bacchus having hospitably entertained Vulcan in the island of Naxos, one of the Cyclades, received from him a cup as a present; but being driven afterward by Lycurgus into the sea, and kindly protected by Thetis, he presented her with this work of Vulcan, which she gave to Achilles for a receptacle of his bones after death.]—TR.
3. [The funeral pile was a square of a hundred feet on each side.]  
—TR.
4. The ceremony of cutting off the hair in honor of the dead, was practised not only among the Greeks, but among other nations. Ezekiel describing a great lamentation, says, “They shall make themselves utterly bald for thee.” ch. xxvii. 31. If it was the general custom of any country to wear long hair, then the cutting it off was a token of sorrow; but if the custom was to wear it short, then letting it grow, in neglect, was a sign of mourning.
5. It was the custom of the ancients not only to offer their own hair to the river-gods of their country, but also the hair of their children. In Egypt hair was consecrated to the Nile.
6. [Westering wheel.—MILTON.]
7. [Himself and the Myrmidons.]
8. [That the body might be the more speedily consumed. The same end was promoted by the flagons of oil and honey.]—TR.
9. Homer here introduces the gods of the winds in person, and as Iris, or the rainbow, is a sign of winds, they are made to come at her bidding.

10. [Such it appears to have been in the sequel.]—Tr.
11. [Φιαλη—a vessel, as Athenæus describes it, made for the purpose of warming water. It was formed of brass, and expanded somewhat in the shape of a broad leaf.]—Tr.
12. The poet omits no opportunity of paying honor to Nestor. His age has disabled him from taking an active part in the games, yet, Antilochus wins, not by the speed of his horses, but by the wisdom of Nestor.
13. [This could not happen unless the felly of the wheel were nearly horizontal to the eye of the spectator, in which case the chariot must be infallibly overturned.—There is an obscurity in the passage which none of the commentators explain. The Scholiast, as quoted by Clarke, attempts an explanation, but, I think, not successfully.]—Tr.
14. [Eumelus.]
15. [Resentful of the attack made on him by Diomede in the fifth Book.]
16. [The twin monster or double man called the Molions. They were sons of Actor and Molione, and are said to have had two heads with four hands and four feet, and being so formed were invincible both in battle and in athletic exercises. Even Hercules could only slay them by stratagem, which he did when he desolated Elis. See Villoisson.]—Tr.
17. [The repetition follows the original.]—Tr.
18. [παρακαββαλε.]
19. [With which they bound on the cestus.]—Tr.
20. [τετριγει—It is a circumstance on which the Scholiast observes that it denotes in a wrestler the greatest possible bodily strength and firmness of position.—See Villoisson.]—Tr.
21. [I have given what seems to me the most probable interpretation, and such a one as to any person who has ever witnessed a wrestling-match, will, I presume, appear intelligible.]—Tr.
22. [The Sidonians were celebrated not only as the most ingenious artists but as great adepts in science, especially in astronomy and arithmetical calculation.]—Tr.
23. [King of Lemnos.]
24. [That is to say, Ulysses; who, from the first intending it, had run close behind him.]—Tr.
25. The prodigious weight and size of the quoit is described with the simplicity of the orientals, and in the manner of the heroic ages. The poet does not specify the quantity of this enormous piece of iron, but the use it will be to the winner. We see from hence that the ancients in the prizes they proposed, had in view not only the honorable but the useful; a captive for work, a bull

for tillage, a quoit for the provision of iron, which in those days was scarce.

26. [The use of this staff was to separate the cattle. It had a string attached to the lower part of it, which the herdsman wound about his hand, and by the help of it whirled the staff to a prodigious distance.—Villoisson.]—Tr.
27. [The transition from narrative to dramatic follows the original.]—Tr.
28. [Apollo; frequently by Homer called the King without any addition.]—Tr.
29. Teucer is eminent for his archery, yet he is excelled by Meriones, who had not neglected to invoke Apollo the god of archery.

Footnotes for Book XXIV:

1. This is the first allusion in the Iliad to the *Judgment of Paris*, which gave mortal offence to Minerva and Juno. On this account it has been supposed by some that these lines are spurious, on the ground that Homer could not have known the fable, or he would have mentioned it earlier in the poem.—FELTON.
2. [His blessing, if he is properly influenced by it; his curse in its consequences if he is deaf to its dictates.]—Tr.
3. [This is the sense preferred by the Scholiast, for it is not true that Thetis was always present with Achilles, as is proved by the passage immediately ensuing.]—Tr.
4. [The angler's custom was, in those days, to guard his line above the hook from the fishes' bite, by passing it through a pipe of horn.]—Tr.
5. [Jupiter justifies him against Apollo's charge, affirming him to be free from those mental defects which chiefly betray men into sin, folly, improvidence, and perverseness.]—Tr.
6. [But, at first, he did fly. It is therefore spoken, as the Scholiast observes, φιλοστοργως, and must be understood as the language of strong maternal affection.]—Tr.
7. [κοροιτυπησιν αριστοι.]
8. [Through which the reins were passed.]—Tr.
9. [The yoke being flat at the bottom, and the pole round, there would of course be a small aperture between the band and the pole on both sides, through which, according to the Scholium in Villoisson, they thrust the ends of the tackle lest they should dangle.]—Tr.
10. [The text here is extremely intricate; as it stands now, the sons are, first, said to yoke the horses, then Priam and Idæus are said to do it, and in the palace too. I have therefore adopted an alteration suggested by Clarke, who with very little violence to

the copy, proposes instead of ζευγνυσθην to read—  
ζωννυσθην.]—Tr.

11. [The words both signify—sable.]—Tr.

12. Priam begins not with a display of the treasures he has brought for the redemption of Hector's body, but with a pathetic address to the feelings of Achilles. Homer well knew that neither gold nor silver would influence the heart of a young and generous warrior, but that persuasion would. The old king therefore, with a judicious abruptness, avails himself of his most powerful plea at once, and seizes the sympathy of the hero, before he has time to recollect who it is that addresses him.

13. [Mortified to see his generosity, after so much kindness shown to Priam, still distrusted, and that the impatience of the old king threatened to deprive him of all opportunity to do gracefully what he could not be expected to do willingly.]—Tr.

14. [To control anger argues a great mind—and to avoid occasions that may betray one into it, argues a still greater. An observation that should suggest itself to us with no little force, when Achilles, not remarkable either for patience or meekness, exhorts Priam to beware of provoking him; and when having cleansed the body of Hector and covered it, he places it himself in the litter, lest his father, seeing how indecently he had treated it, should be exasperated at the sight, and by some passionate reproach exasperate himself also. For that a person so singularly irascible and of a temper harsh as his, should not only be aware of his infirmity, but even guard against it with so much precaution, evidences a prudence truly wonderful.—Plutarch.]—Tr.

15. [Ἐπικερτομεων. Clarke renders the word in this place, *falso metū, ludens*, and Eustathius says that Achilles suggested such cause of fear to Priam, to excuse his lodging him in an exterior part of the tent. The general import of the Greek word is sarcastic, but here it signifies rather—to intimidate. See also Dacier.]—Tr.

16. The poet here shows the importance of Achilles in the army. Agamemnon is the general, yet all the chief commanders appeal to him for advice, and on his own authority he promises Priam a cessation of arms. Giving his hand to confirm the promise, agrees with the custom of the present day.

17. This lament of Andromache may be compared to her pathetic address to Hector in the scene at the Scæan gate. It forms indeed, a most beautiful and eloquent pendant to that.—FELTON.

18. [This, according to the Scholiast, is a probable sense of προσφατος.—He derives it από των νεωστὶ πεφασμενων εκ γης φυτων.—See Villoisson.]—Tr.

19. Helen is throughout the Iliad a genuine lady, graceful in motion and speech, noble in her associations, full of remorse for a fault for which higher powers seem responsible, yet grateful and affectionate towards those with whom that fault had

connected her. I have always thought the following speech in which Helen laments Hector and hints at her own invidious and unprotected situation in Troy, as almost the sweetest passage in the poem.—H.N. COLERIDGE.

## 20. [Ως οι γ'αμφιεπον ταφον Εκτορος ιπποδαμοιο.]

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OF HOMER \*\*\*

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