

The Iliad of Homer Translated into English Blank Verse by William Cowper

Homer, 751? BCE-651? BCE

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THE TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE BY WILLIAM COWPER.



EDITED BY ROBERT SOUTHEY. LL.D.

WITH NOTES,
BY M.A. DWIGHT,
AUTHOR OF “GRECIAN AND ROMAN MYTHOLOGY.”

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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.

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 homotonous, expressing at the same time the full sense, and only the full sense of his original. The translator’s ingenuity, indeed, in this case becomes itself a snare, and the readier he is at invention and expedient, the more likely he is to be betrayed into the widest departures from the guide whom he professes to follow. Hence it has happened, that although the public have long been in possession of an English Homer by a poet whose writings have done immortal 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 fellow 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 *bow of Ulysses*. They have not found it supple and pliable, and with me are perhaps ready to acknowledge that they could not always even approach with it the mark of their ambition. But I would

willingly, were it possible, obviate uncandid criticism, because to answer it is lost 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 unabbreviated fullness of phrase as most suited to the nature of the work, and, above all, have studied perspicuity, not only because verse is good for little that wants it, but because Homer is the most perspicuous of all poets.

In all difficult places I have consulted the best commentators, and where they have differed, or have given, as is often the case, a variety of solutions, I have ever exercised my best 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.^[1]

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.

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.

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.[\[1\]](#)

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.
 As when (the north wind freshening) near the bank

L. 865. 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—
 Tydides, in return, with spear high-poised
 O’er the broad shield, aim’d ever at his neck,
 Or best of all—
 Then Tydeus’ son, with spear high-poised above
 The ample shield, stood aiming at his neck.

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

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

Such was the prelude to the last revisal, which, in the month of January, ninety-seven, Mr. Cowper was persuaded to undertake; and to a faithful copy, as I trust, of which, I have at this time the 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 revisal of the altered text, than of the text as it stands in the first edition. For though the interleaved copy was always at hand, and in the multitude of its altered places could hardly fail to offer some things worthy to be preserved, but which the ravages of illness and the lapse of time might have utterly effaced from his mind, I could not often persuade the Translator to consult it. I was therefore induced, in the course of transcribing, to compare the two revisals as I went along, and to plead for the continuance of the first correction, when it forcibly struck me as better than the last. This, however, but seldom occurred; and the practice, at length, was completely left off, by his consenting to receive into the number of the books

which were daily laid open before him, the interleaved copy to which I allude.

At the end of the first six books of the Iliad, the arrival of spring brought the usual interruptions of exercise and air, which increased as the summer advanced to a degree so 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 10 Book xvi., of that volume, and the note 14, Book xix., of the same.

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.

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.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

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

[The 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.]

BOOK I.

Achilles sing, O Goddess! Peleus’ son;
His wrath pernicious, who ten thousand woes
Caused to Achaia’s host, sent many a soul
Illustrious into Ades premature,
And Heroes gave (so stood the will of Jove)⁵
To dogs and to all ravening fowls a prey,
When fierce dispute had separated once
The noble Chief Achilles from the son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, King of men.

Who them to strife impell’d? What power divine?¹⁰
Latona’s son and Jove’s.^[1] 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 came¹⁵
Bearing rich ransom glorious to redeem
His daughter, and his hands charged with the wreath
And golden sceptre^[2] of the God shaft-arm’d.

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

Ye gallant Chiefs, and ye their gallant host,
(So may the Gods who in Olympus dwell
Give Priam’s treasures to you for a spoil
And ye return in safety,) take my gifts²⁵
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,³⁰
Who with rude threatenings stern him thence dismiss’d.

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

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 power⁴⁵

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,55
Marched in his anger; shaken as he moved
His rattling arrows told of his approach.
Gloomy he came as night; sat from the ships
Apart, and sent an arrow. Clang'd the cord
[8]Dread-sounding, bounding on the silver bow.[9]60
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 convened65
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,75
(For dreams are also of Jove,) that we may learn
By what crime we have thus incensed Apollo,
What broken vow, what hecatomb unpaid
He charges on us, and if soothed with steam
Of lambs or goats unblemish'd, he may yet80
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 gift85
Conferred by Phœbus on him, had advanced
To be conductor of the fleet to Troy;
He, prudent, them admonishing, replied.[12]

Jove-loved Achilles! Wouldst thou learn from me
What cause hath moved Apollo to this wrath,90
The shaft-arm'd King? I shall divulge the cause.
But thou, swear first and covenant on thy part
That speaking, acting, thou wilt stand prepared
To give me succor; for I judge amiss,
Or he who rules the Argives, the supreme95
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 thou save me?100

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 soul¹⁰⁵
Fills with futurity, in all the host
The Grecian lives not, who while I shall breathe,
And see the light of day, shall in this camp
Oppress thee; no, not even if thou name
Him, Agamemnon, sovereign o'er us all.¹¹⁰

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

He spake and sat; when Atreus' son arose,
The Hero Agamemnon, throned supreme.
Tempests of black resentment overcharged¹²⁵
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 glad¹³⁰
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 maid¹³⁵
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.¹⁴⁰
Yet, being such, I will return her hence
If that she go be best. Perish myself—
But let the people of my charge be saved
Prepare ye, therefore, a reward for me,
And seek it instant. It were much unmeet¹⁴⁵
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 unjust¹⁵⁵
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.160
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?165
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 prize170
It may be of Ulysses to my tent,
And let the loser chafe. But this concern
Shall be adjusted at convenient time.
Come—launch we now into the sacred deep
A bark with lusty rowers well supplied;175
Then put on board Chrysëis, and with her
The sacrifice required. Go also one
High in authority, some counsellor,
Idomeneus, or Ajax, or thyself,
Thou most untractable of all mankind;180
And seek by rites of sacrifice and prayer
To appease Apollo on our host's behalf.

Achilles eyed him with a frown, and spake.
Ah! clothed with impudence as with a cloak,
And full of subtlety, who, thinkest thou—185
What Grecian here will serve thee, or for thee
Wage covert war, or open? Me thou know'st,
Troy never wronged; I came not to avenge
Harm done to me; no Trojan ever drove
My pastures, steeds or oxen took of mine,190
Or plunder'd of their fruits the golden fields
Of Phthia[13] 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 sake195
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 is to seize200
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,205
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 barks210
(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.[16]

He ceased, and Agamemnon thus replied
Fly, and fly now; if in thy soul thou feel²¹⁵
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 host²²⁰
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!²²⁵
There rule thy Myrmidons.^[17] 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 crew,²³⁰
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 me.²³⁵

He ended, and the big, disdainful heart
Throbb'd of Achilles; racking doubt ensued
And sore perplex'd him, whether forcing wide
A passage through them, with his blade unsheathed
To lay Atrides breathless at his foot,²⁴⁰
Or to command his stormy spirit down.
So doubted he, and undecided yet
Stood drawing forth his falchion huge; when lo!
Down sent by Juno, to whom both alike
Were dear, and who alike watched over both,²⁴⁵
Pallas descended. At his back she stood
To none apparent, save himself alone,
And seized his golden locks. Startled, he turned,
And instant knew Minerva. Flashed her eyes
Terrific;^[18] whom with accents on the wing²⁵⁰
Of haste, incontinent he questioned thus.

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

To whom the blue-eyed Deity. From heaven
Mine errand is, to sooth, if thou wilt hear,
Thine anger. Juno the white-arm'd alike
To him and thee propitious, bade me down:
Restrain thy wrath. Draw not thy falchion forth.²⁶⁰
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 much²⁶⁵
Exasperate, I dare not disregard
Thy word, which to obey is always best.^[19]
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 blade270
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[20]-armed
Arriving, mingled with her kindred Gods.
But though from violence, yet not from words275
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,280
Hast dared to take thine also; never thou
Associate with Achaia's Chiefs, to form
The secret ambush.[21] No. The sound of war
Is as the voice of destiny to thee.
Doubtless the course is safer far, to range285
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.290
But hearken. I shall swear a solemn oath.
By this same sceptre,[22] which shall never bud,
Nor boughs bring forth as once, which having left
Its stock on the high mountains, at what time
The woodman's axe lopped off its foliage green,295
And stript 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 missed;300
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,305
That thou hast scorn'd, as he were nothing worth,
A Chief, the soul and bulwark of your cause.

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

Ah! what calamity hath fall'n on Greece!
Now Priam and his sons may well exult,
Now all in Ilium shall have joy of heart320
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 them³²⁵
No disrespect at any time received.
Their equals saw I never; never shall;
Exadius, Cœneus, 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,^[23] whom with havoc such as fame
Shall never cease to celebrate, they slew.
With these men I consorted erst, what time³³⁵
From Pylus, though a land from theirs remote,
They called me forth, and such as was my strength,
With all that strength I served them. Who is he?
What Prince or Chief of the degenerate race
Now seen on earth who might with these compare?³⁴⁰
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,³⁴⁵
Seize not the maid, his portion from the Greeks,
But leave her his; nor thou, Achilles, strive
With our imperial Chief; for never King
Had equal honor at the hands of Jove
With Agamemnon, or was throned so high.³⁵⁰
Say thou art stronger, and art Goddess-born,
How then? His territory passes thine,
And he is Lord of thousands more than thou.
Cease, therefore, Agamemnon; calm thy wrath;
And it shall be mine office to entreat³⁵⁵
Achilles also to a calm, whose might
The chief munition is of all our host.

To whom the sovereign of the Greeks replied,
The son of Atreus. Thou hast spoken well,
Old Chief, and wisely. But this wrangler here—³⁶⁰
Nought will suffice him but the highest place:
He must 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 brave,³⁶⁵
Derives he thence a privilege to rail?

Whom thus Achilles interrupted fierce.
Could I be found so abject as to take
The measure of my doings at thy lips,
Well might they call me coward through the camp,³⁷⁰
A vassal, and a fellow of no worth.
Give law to others. Think not to 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,³⁷⁵
Nor yet with any man; I scorn to fight
For her, whom having given, ye take away.
But I have other precious things on board;
Of those take none away without my leave.
Or if it please thee, put me to the proof³⁸⁰
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 walked385
(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:[\[24\]](#) he placed390
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 skies.400

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

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

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

Ye heralds, messengers of Gods and men,420
Hail, and draw near! I bid you welcome both.
I blame not you; the fault is his alone
Who sends you to conduct the damsel hence
Brisëis. Go, Patroclus, generous friend!
Lead forth, and to their guidance give the maid.425
But be themselves my witnesses before
The blessed Gods, before mankind, before
The ruthless king, should want of me be felt
To save the host from havoc[\[25\]](#)—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 went⁴³⁵
From whom she loved, and looking oft behind.
Then wept Achilles, and apart from all,
With eyes directed to the gloomy Deep
And arms outstretch'd, his mother suppliant sought.

Since, mother, though ordain'd so soon to die,⁴⁴⁰
I am thy son, I might with cause expect
Some 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, and said.⁴⁵⁰

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

To whom Achilles, sighing deep, replied.
Why tell thee woes to thee already known?
At Thebes, Eëtion's city we arrived,⁴⁵⁵
Smote, sack'd it, and brought all the spoil away.
Just distribution made among the Greeks,
The son of Atreus for his lot received
Blooming Chrysëis. Her, Apollo's priest
Old Chryses followed to Achaia's camp,⁴⁶⁰
That he might loose his daughter. Ransom rich
He brought, and in his hands the hallow'd wreath
And golden sceptre of the Archer God
Apollo, bore; to the whole Grecian host,
But chiefly to the foremost in command⁴⁶⁵
He sued, the sons of Atreus; then, the rest
All recommended reverence of the Seer,
And prompt acceptance of his costly gifts.
But Agamemnon might not so be pleased,
Who gave him rude dismissal; he in wrath⁴⁷⁰
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 last⁴⁷⁵
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 send⁴⁸⁰
Propitiation also to the King
Shaft-arm'd Apollo. But my beauteous prize
Brisëis, mine by the award of all,
His heralds, at this moment, lead away.
But thou, wherein thou canst, aid thy own son!⁴⁸⁵
Haste hence to Heaven, and if thy word or deed
Hath ever gratified the heart of Jove,
With earnest suit press him on my behalf.
For I, not seldom, in my father's hall
Have heard thee boasting, how when once the Gods,⁴⁹⁰

With Juno, Neptune, Pallas at their head,
Conspired to bind the Thunderer, thou didst loose
His bands, O Goddess! calling to his aid
The Hundred-handed warrior, by the Gods
Briareus, but by men, Ægeon named.[\[26\]](#)495
For he in prowess and in might surpassed
His father Neptune, who, enthroned sublime,
Sits second only to Saturnian Jove,
Elate with glory and joy. Him all the Gods
Fearing from that bold enterprise abstained.500
Now, therefore, of these things reminding Jove,
Embrace his knees; entreat him that he give
The host of Troy his succor, and shut fast
The routed Grecians, prisoners in the fleet,
That all may find much solace[\[27\]](#) in their King,505
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.510
Born as thou wast to sorrow, ah, my son!
Why have I rear'd thee! Would that without tears,
Or cause for tears (transient as is thy life,
A little span) thy days might pass at Troy!
But short and sorrowful the fates ordain515
Thy life, peculiar trouble must be thine,
Whom, therefore, oh that I had never borne!
But seeking the Olympian hill snow-crown'd,
I will myself plead for thee in the ear
Of Jove, the Thunderer. Meantime at thy fleet520
Abiding, let thy wrath against the Greeks
Still burn, and altogether cease from war.
For to the banks of the Oceanus,[\[28\]](#)
Where Æthiopia holds a feast to Jove,[\[29\]](#)
He journey'd yesterday, with whom the Gods525
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 enraged530
For fair Brisëis' sake, forced from his arms
By stress of power. Meantime Ulysses came
To Chrysa with the Hecatomb in charge.
Arrived within the haven[\[30\]](#) deep, their sails
Furling, they stowed them in the bark below.535
Then by its tackle lowering swift the mast
Into its crutch, they briskly push'd to land,
Heaved anchors out, and moor'd the vessel fast.
Forth came the mariners, and trod the beach;
Forth came the victims of Apollo next,540
And, last, Chrysëis. 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 bring545
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 shrine⁵⁵⁰
Magnificent in order due they ranged
The noble Hecatomb.^[31] 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 power⁵⁵⁵
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 host⁵⁶⁰
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 thighs⁵⁶⁵
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 a youth⁵⁷⁰
Trained to the task. The thighs with fire consumed,
They gave to each his portion of the maw,
Then slashed the remnant, pierced it with the spits,
And managing with culinary skill
The roast, withdrew it from the spits again.⁵⁷⁵
Their whole task thus accomplish'd, and the board
Set forth, they feasted, and were all sufficed.
When neither hunger more nor thirst remained
Unsatisfied, boys crown'd the beakers high
With wine delicious, and from right to left⁵⁸⁰
Distributing the cups, served every guest.
Thenceforth the youths of the Achaian race
To song propitiatory gave the day,
Pæans^[32] to Phœbus, Archer of the skies,
Chaunting melodious. Pleased, Apollo heard.⁵⁸⁵
But, when, the sun descending, darkness fell,
They on the beach beside their hawsers slept;
And, when the day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd
Aurora look'd abroad, then back they steer'd
To the vast camp. Fair wind, and blowing fresh,⁵⁹⁰
Apollo sent them; quick they rear'd the mast,
Then spread the unsullied 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.⁵⁹⁵
Thus reaching soon the spacious camp of Greece,
Their galley they updrew sheer o'er the sands
From the rude surge remote, then propp'd her sides
With scantlings long,^[33] and sought their several tents.

But Peleus' noble son, the speed-renown'd⁶⁰⁰
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, still605
He panted, and the shout-resounding field.
But when the twelfth fair morrow streak'd the East,
Then all the everlasting Gods to Heaven
Resorted, with the Thunderer at their head,
And Thetis, not unmindful of her son,610
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 apart.615
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 suit.620
Exalt my son, by destiny short-lived
Beyond the lot of others. Him with shame
The King of men hath overwhelm'd, by force
Usurping his just meed; thou, therefore, Jove,
Supreme in wisdom, honor him, and give625
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 knees630
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.635

To whom the cloud-assembler at the last
Spake, deep-distress'd. Hard task and full of strife
Thou hast enjoined me; Juno will not spare
For gibe and taunt injurious, whose complaint
Sounds daily in the ears of all the Gods,640
That I assist the Trojans; but depart,
Lest she observe thee; my concern shall be
How best I may perform thy full desire.
And to assure thee more, I give the sign
Indubitable, which all fear expels645
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 curls650
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,655
Uprose; none sat expectant till he came,

But all advanced to meet the Eternal Sire.
So on his throne he sat. Nor Juno him
Not understood; she, watchful, had observed,
In consultation close with Jove engaged⁶⁶⁰
Thetis, bright-footed daughter of the deep,
And keen the son of Saturn thus reproved.

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

To whom the father, thus, of heaven and earth.
Expect not, Juno, that thou shalt partake
My counsels at all times, which oft in height
And depth, thy comprehension far exceed,⁶⁷⁰
Jove's consort as thou art. When aught occurs
Meet for thine ear, to none will I impart
Of Gods or men more free than to thyself.
But for my secret thoughts, which I withhold
From all in heaven beside, them search not thou⁶⁷⁵
With irksome curiosity and vain.

Him answer'd then the Goddess ample-eyed.^[36]
What word hath passed thy lips, Saturnian Jove,
Thou most severe! I never search thy thoughts,
Nor the serenity of thy profound⁶⁸⁰
Intentions trouble; they are safe from me:
But now there seems a cause. Deeply I dread
Lest Thetis, silver-footed daughter fair
Of Ocean's hoary Sovereign, here arrived
At early dawn to practise on thee, Jove!⁶⁸⁵
I noticed her a suitress at thy knees,
And much misdeem or promise-bound thou stand'st
To Thetis past recall, to exalt her son,
And Greeks to slaughter thousands at the ships.

To whom the cloud-assembler God, incensed.⁶⁹⁰
Ah subtle! ever teeming with surmise,
And fathomer of my concealed designs,
Thy toil is vain, or (which is worse for thee,)
Shall but estrange thee from mine heart the more.
And be it as thou sayest,—I am well pleased⁶⁹⁵
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, heard⁷⁰⁰
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 sooth⁷⁰⁵
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 speed⁷¹⁰

Ever, when evil overpoises good.
But I exhort my mother, though herself
Already warn'd, that meekly she submit
To Jove our father, lest our father chide
More roughly, and confusion mar the feast.⁷¹⁵
For the Olympian Thunderer could with ease
Us from our thrones precipitate, so far
He reigns to all superior. Seek to assuage
His anger therefore; so shall he with smiles
Cheer thee, nor thee alone, but all in heaven.⁷²⁰

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

My mother, be advised, and, though aggrieved,
Yet patient; lest I see thee whom I love
So dear, with stripes chastised before my face,⁷²⁵
Willing, but impotent to give thee aid.^[37]
Who can resist the Thunderer? Me, when once
I flew to save thee, by the foot he seized
And hurl'd me through the portal of the skies.
"From morn to eve I fell, a summer's day,"⁷³⁰
And dropped, at last, in Lemnos. There half-dead
The Sintians found me, and with succor prompt
And hospitable, entertained me fallen.

So He; then Juno smiled, Goddess white-arm'd,
And smiling still, from his unwonted hand^[38]⁷³⁵
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 conceived⁷⁴⁰
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.^[39]
Jove also, kindler of the fires of heaven,
His couch ascending as at other times⁷⁵⁰
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.

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.

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 chose⁵
And likeliest; to dispatch an evil Dream
To Agamemnon's tent, and to his side
The phantom summoning, him thus addressed.

Haste, evil Dream! Fly to the Grecian fleet,
And, entering royal Agamemnon's tent,¹⁰
His ear possess thou thus, omitting nought
Of all that I enjoin thee. Bid him arm
His universal host, for that the time
When the Achaians shall at length possess
Wide Ilium, hath arrived. The Gods above¹⁵
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.²⁰
Him sleeping in his tent he found, immersed
In soft repose ambrosial. At his head
The shadow stood, similitude exact
Of Nestor, son of Neleus; sage, with whom
In Agamemnon's thought might none compare.²⁵
His form assumed, the sacred Dream began.

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.³⁰
Now, therefore, mark me well, who, sent from Jove,
Inform thee, that although so far remote,
He yet compassionates and thinks on thee
With kind solicitude. He bids thee arm
Thy universal host, for that the time³⁵
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 wing.⁴⁰
Awaking from thy dewy slumbers, hold
In firm remembrance all that thou hast heard.

So spake the Dream, and vanishing, him left
In false hopes occupied and musings vain.
Full sure he thought, ignorant of the plan⁴⁵
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 hear⁵⁰
The warning voice divine, with hasty leap
Sprang from his bed, and sat.^[2] His fleecy vest
New-woven he put on, and mantle wide;
His sandals fair to his unsullied feet
He braced, and slung his argent-studded sword.⁵⁵
Then, incorruptible for evermore
The sceptre of his sires he took, with which
He issued forth into the camp of Greece.

Aurora now on the Olympian heights
Proclaiming stood new day to all in heaven,⁶⁰
When he his clear-voiced heralds bade convene
The Greeks in council. Went the summons forth
Into all quarters, and the throng began.
First, at the ship of Nestor, Pylian King,^[3]
The senior Chiefs for high exploits renown'd⁶⁵
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 head⁷⁰
The shadow took his stand, and thus he spake.

Oh son of Atreus the renown'd in arms
And in the race, sleep'st thou? It ill behoves
To sleep all night the man of high employ,
And charged as thou art with a people's care.⁷⁵
Now, therefore, mark me well, who, sent from Jove,
Inform thee, that although so far remote,
He yet compassionates and thinks on thee
With kind solicitude. He bids thee arm
Thy universal host; for that the time⁸⁰
When the Achaeans 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 wing.⁸⁵
Charge this on thy remembrance. Thus he spake,
Then vanished suddenly, and I awoke.
Haste therefore, let us arm, if arm we may,^[4]
The warlike sons of Greece; but first, myself
Will prove them, recommending instant flight⁹⁰
With all our ships, and ye throughout the host
Dispersed, shall, next, encourage all to stay.

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

Friends, Counsellors, and Leaders of the Greeks!
Had any meaner Argive told his dream,
We had pronounced it false, and should the more
Have shrunk from battle; but the dream is his
Who boasts himself our highest in command.¹⁰⁰
Haste, arm we, if we may, the sons of Greece.

So saying, he left the council; him, at once
The sceptred Chiefs, obedient to his voice,
Arising, follow'd; and the throng began.
As from the hollow rock bees stream abroad,105
And in succession endless seek the fields,
Now clustering, and now scattered far and near,
In spring-time, among all the new-blown flowers,
So they to council swarm'd, troop after troop,
Grecians of every tribe, from camp and fleet110
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 earth115
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 them all,120
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[5] of Ino's[6] 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.[7]

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 spoils135
Of Ilium laden, we should hence return;
But now, devising ill, he sends me shamed,
And with diminished numbers, home to Greece.
So stands his sovereign pleasure, who hath laid
The bulwarks of full many a city low,140
And more shall level, matchless in his might.
That such a numerous host of Greeks as we,
Warring with fewer than ourselves, should find
No fruit of all our toil, (and none appears)
Will make us vile with ages yet to come.145
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 supply150
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, firm155
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 attempt160
Hangs still in doubt, for which that home we left.
Accept ye then my counsel. Fly we swift
With all our fleet back to our native land,
Hopeless of Troy, not yet to be subdued.

So spake the King, whom all the concourse heard165
With minds in tumult toss'd; all, save the few,
Partners of his intent. Commotion shook
The whole assembly, such as heaves the flood
Of the Icarian Deep, when South and East
Burst forth together from the clouds of Jove.170
And as when vehement the West-wind falls
On standing corn mature, the loaded ears
Innumerable bow before the gale,
So was the council shaken. With a shout
All flew toward the ships; uprais'd, the dust175
Stood o'er them; universal was the cry,
"Now clear the passages, strike down the props,
Set every vessel free, launch, and away!"
Heaven rang with exclamation of the host
All homeward bent, and launching glad the fleet.180
Then baffled Fate had the Achaians seen
Returning premature, but Juno thus,
With admonition quick to Pallas spake.

Unconquer'd daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd!
Ah foul dishonor! Is it thus at last185
That the Achaians on the billows borne,
Shall seek again their country, leaving here,
To be the vaunt of Ilium and her King,
Helen of Argos, in whose cause the Greeks
Have numerous perish'd from their home remote?190
Haste! Seek the mail-arm'd multitude, by force
Detain them of thy soothing speech, ere yet
All launch their oary barks into the flood.

She spake, nor did Minerva not comply,
But darting swift from the Olympian heights,195
Reach'd soon 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-eyed200
Beside him stood, and thus the Chief bespake.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Why seek ye, thus precipitate, your ships?
Intend ye flight? And is it thus at last,
That the Achaians on the billows borne,205
Shall seek again their country, leaving here,
To be the vaunt of Ilium and her King,
Helen of Argos, in whose cause the Greeks
Have numerous perish'd from their home remote?
Delay not. Rush into the throng; by force210
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 Greek²²⁰
He found, approaching to his side, in terms
Of gentle sort he stay'd him. Sir, he cried,
It is unseemly that a man renown'd
As thou, should tremble. Go—Resume the seat
Which thou hast left, and bid the people sit.²²⁵
Thou know'st not clearly yet the monarch's mind.
He proves us now, but soon he will chastize.
All were not present; few of us have heard
His speech this day in council. Oh, beware,
Lest in resentment of this hasty course²³⁰
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 so'er he heard
Stretching his throat to swell the general cry,²³⁵
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.²⁴⁰
By no means may we all alike bear sway
At Ilium; such plurality of Kings
Were evil. One suffices. One, to whom
The son of politic Saturn hath assign'd
The sceptre, and inforcement of the laws,²⁴⁵
That he may rule us as a monarch ought.[\[8\]](#)

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 deep²⁵⁰
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 phrase obscene²⁵⁵
Deep learn'd alone, with which to slander Kings.
Might he but set the rabble in a roar,
He cared not with what jest; of all from Greece
To Ilium sent, his country's chief reproach.
Cross-eyed he was, and halting moved on legs²⁶⁰
Ill-pair'd; his gibbous shoulders o'er his breast
Contracted, pinch'd it; to a peak his head
Was moulded sharp, and sprinkled thin with hair
Of starveling length, flimsy and soft as down.
Achilles and Ulysses had incurr'd²⁶⁵
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 voice²⁷⁰

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 thee.²⁷⁵
Is gold thy wish? More gold? A ransom brought
By some chief Trojan for his son's release
Whom I, or other valiant Greek may bind?
Or wouldst thou yet a virgin, one, by right
Another's claim, but made by force thine own?²⁸⁰
It was not well, great Sir, that thou shouldst bring
A plague on the Achaians, as of late.
But come, my Grecian sisters, soldiers named
Unfitly, of a sex too soft for war,
Come, let us homeward: let him here digest²⁸⁵
What he shall gorge, alone; that he may learn
If our assistance profit him or not.
For when he shamed Achilles, he disgraced
A Chief far worthier than himself, whose prize
He now withholds. But tush,—Achilles lacks²⁹⁰
Himself the spirit of a man; no gall
Hath he within him, or his hand long since
Had stopp'd that mouth,^[9] that it should scoff no more.

Thus, mocking royal Agamemnon, spake
Thersites. Instant starting to his side,
²⁹⁵
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 appoint³⁰⁵
The Greeks a time when they shall voyage home.
How soon, how late, with what success at last
We shall return, we know not: but because
Achaia's heroes numerous spoils allot
To Agamemnon, Leader of the host,³¹⁰
Thou therefore from thy seat revilest the King.
But mark me. If I find thee, as even now,
Raving and foaming at the lips again,
May never man behold Ulysses' head
On these my shoulders more, and may my son³¹⁵
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 back³²⁰
And shoulders smote him. Writhing to and fro,
He wept profuse, while many a bloody welk
Protuberant beneath the sceptre sprang.
Awe-quell'd he sat, and from his visage mean,
Deep-sighing, wiped the rheums. It was no time³²⁵

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 far³³⁰
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.^[10]
So spake the multitude. Then, stretching forth³³⁵
The sceptre, city-spoiler Chief, arose
Ulysses. Him beside, herald in form,
Appeared Minerva. Silence she enjoined
To all, that all Achaia's sons might hear,
Foremost and rearmost, and might weigh his words.³⁴⁰
He then his counsel, prudent, thus proposed.

Atrides! Monarch! The Achaians seek
To make thee ignominious above all
In sight of all mankind. None recollects
His promise more in steed-famed Argos pledged,³⁴⁵
Here to abide till Ilium wall'd to heaven
Should vanquish'd sink, and all her wealth be ours.
No—now, like widow'd women, or weak boys,
They whimper to each other, wishing home.
And home, I grant, to the afflicted soul³⁵⁰
Seems pleasant.^[11] 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 year³⁵⁵
Revolving, finds camp'd under Ilium still.
I therefore blame not, if they mourn beside
Their sable barks, the Grecians. Yet the shame
That must attend us after absence long
Returning unsuccessful, who can bear?³⁶⁰
Be patient, friends! wait only till we learn
If Calchas truly 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 most³⁶⁵
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 a stream³⁷⁰
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 foot³⁷⁵
Slipp'd into light, and glided to the tree.
There on the topmost bough, close-cover'd sat
With foliage broad, eight sparrows, younglings all,
Then newly feather'd, with their dam, the ninth.
The little ones lamenting shrill he gorged,³⁸⁰
While, wheeling o'er his head, with screams the dam
Bewail'd her darling brood. Her also next,
Hovering and clamoring, he by the wing

Within his spiry folds drew, and devoured.
All eaten thus, the nestlings and the dam,385
The God who sent him, signalized him too,
For him Saturnian Jove transform'd to stone.
We wondering stood, to see that strange portent
Intrude itself into our holy rites,
When Calchas, instant, thus the sign explain'd.390

Why stand ye, Greeks, astonish'd? Ye behold
A prodigy by Jove himself produced,
An omen, whose accomplishment indeed
Is distant, but whose fame shall never die.[\[12\]](#)
E'en as this serpent in your sight devour'd395
Eight youngling sparrows, with their dam, the ninth,
So we nine years must war on yonder plain,
And in the tenth, wide-bulwark'd Troy is ours.

So spake the seer, and as he spake, is done.
Wait, therefore, brave Achaians! go not hence400
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,[\[13\]](#) 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 vows,410
Councils, libations, right-hand covenants?[\[14\]](#)
Burn them, since all our occupation here
Is to debate and wrangle, whereof end
Or fruit though long we wait, shall none be found.
But, Sovereign, be not thou appall'd. Be firm.415
Relax not aught of thine accustomed sway,
But set the battle forth as thou art wont.
And if there be a Grecian, here and there,
One,[\[15\]](#) adverse to the general voice, let such
Wither alone. He shall not see his wish420
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 sighs430
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 tribe435
Support, and each his fellow. This performed,
And with consent of all, thou shalt discern
With ease what Chief, what private man deserts,
And who performs his part. The base, the brave,

Such disposition made, shall both appear;440
And thou shalt also know, if heaven or we,
The Gods, or our supineness, succor Troy.

To whom Atrides, King of men, replied.
Old Chief! Thou passest all Achaia's sons
In consultation; would to Jove our Sire,445
To Athenæan Pallas, and Apollo!
That I had ten such coadjutors, wise
As thou art, and the royal city soon
Of Priam, with her wealth, should all be ours.[\[16\]](#)
But me the son of Saturn, Jove supreme450
Himself afflicts, who in contentious broils
Involves me, and in altercation vain.
Thence all that wordy tempest for a girl
Achilles and myself between, and I
The fierce aggressor. Be that breach but heal'd!455
And Troy's reprieve thenceforth is at an end.
Go—take refreshment now that we may march
Forth to our enemies. Let each whet well
His spear, brace well his shield, well feed his brisk
High-mettled horses, well survey and search460
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 thong465
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 escape470
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 that shoot475
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 God480
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 year485
Full-flesh'd devoted, and the Princes call'd
Noblest of all the Grecians to his feast.
First, Nestor with Idomeneus the King,
Then either Ajax, and the son he call'd
Of Tydeus, with Ulysses sixth and last,490
Jove's peer in wisdom. Menelaus went,
Heroic Chief! unbidden, for he knew
His brother's mind with weight of care oppress'd.
The ox encircling, and their hands with meal
Of consecration fill'd, the assembly stood,495
When Agamemnon thus his prayer preferred.

Almighty Father! Glorious above all!
Cloud-girt, who dwell'st in heaven thy throne sublime,
Let not the sun go down, till Priam's roof
Fall flat into the flames; till I shall burn500
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 God505
Received his offering, but to double toil
Doom'd them, and sorrow more than all the past.

They then, the triturerated barley grain
First duly sprinkling, the sharp steel infix'd
Deep in the victim's neck reversed, then stripp'd510
The carcase, and divided at their joint
The thighs, which in the double caul 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 coals515
Suspended held. The thighs with fire consumed,
They gave to each his portion of the maw,
Then slash'd the remnant, pierced it with the spits,
And managing with culinary skill
The roast, withdrew it from the spits again.520
Thus, all their task 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!525
No longer waste we time in useless words,
Nor to a distant hour postpone the work
To which heaven calls thee. Send thine heralds forth.
Who shall convene the Achaians at the fleet,
That we, the Chiefs assembled here, may range,530
Together, the imbattled multitude,
And edge their spirits for immediate fight.

He spake, nor Agamemnon not complied.
At once he bade his clear-voiced heralds call
The Greeks to battle. They the summons loud535
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 thirst545
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 afar550
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 Caÿster's banks555
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 earth560
Rebellow'd to the feet of steeds and men.
They overspread Scamander's grassy vale,
Myriads, as leaves, or as the flowers of spring.
As in the hovel where the peasant milks
His kine in spring-time, when his pails are fill'd,565
Thick clouds of humming insects on the wing
Swarm all around him, so the Grecians swarm'd
An unsumm'd multitude o'er all the plain,
Bright arm'd, high crested, and athirst for war.
As goat-herds separate their numerous flocks570
With ease, though fed promiscuous, with like ease
Their leaders them on every side reduced
To martial order glorious;[\[19\]](#) among whom
Stood Agamemnon "with an eye like Jove's,
To threaten or command," like Mars in girth,575
And with the port of Neptune. As the bull
Conspicuous among all the herd appears,
For he surpasses all, such Jove ordain'd
That day the son of Atreus, in the midst
Of Heroes, eminent above them all.580

Tell me, (for ye are heavenly, and beheld[\[20\]](#)
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 note585
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 nine,590
Jove's daughters, would the chronicle themselves
Indite, of all assembled, under Troy.
I will rehearse the Captains and their fleets.

[\[21\]](#) Bœotia's sturdy sons Peneleus led,
And Leïtus, whose partners in command595
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 plains600
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 men605
Of Thisbe famed for doves; nor pass unnamed
Whom Coronæa, and the grassy land
Of Haliartus added to the war,
Nor whom Plataea, nor whom Glissa bred,

And Hypothebæ, [\[22\]](#) and thy sacred groves⁶¹⁰
To Neptune, dark Onchestus. Arne claims
A record next for her illustrious sons,
Vine-bearing Arne. Thou wast also there
Mideia, and thou Nissa; nor be thine
Though last, Anthedon, a forgotten name.⁶¹⁵
These in Bœotia's fair and gallant fleet
Of fifty ships, each bearing o'er the waves
Thrice forty warriors, had arrived at Troy.

In thirty ships deep-laden with the brave,
Aspledon and Orchomenos had sent⁶²⁰
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,⁶²⁵
And bold Iälmenus, expert in arms.

Beneath Epistrophus and Schedius, took
Their destined station on Bœotia's left,
The brave Phocensians; they in forty ships
From Cyparissus came, and from the rocks⁶³⁰
Of Python, and from Crissa the divine;
From Anemoria, Daulis, Panopeus,
And from Hyampolis, and from the banks
Of the Cephissus, sacred stream, and from
Lilæa, seated at its fountain-head.⁶³⁵

Next from beyond Eubœa's happy isle
In forty ships conveyed, stood forth well armed
The Locrians; dwellers in Augeia some
The pleasant, some of Opoëis possessed,
Some of Calliarus; these Scarpha sent,⁶⁴⁰
And Cynus those; from Bessa came the rest,
From Tarpha, Thronius, and from the brink
Of loud Boagrius; Ajax them, the swift,
Son of Oïleus led, not such as he
From Telamon, big-boned and lofty built,⁶⁴⁵
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)⁶⁵⁰
The Eubœans to the field. In forty ships
From Histrîæa 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, [\[23\]](#) and they were eager all
To split the hauberk with the pointed spear.⁶⁶⁰

Nor Athens had withheld her generous sons,
The people of Erectheus. Him of old
The teeming glebe produced, a wondrous birth!
And Pallas rear'd him: her own unctuous fane

She made his habitation, where with bulls665
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 array670
Of horse and man to battle. Fifty ships
Black-prowed, had borne them to the distant war.

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

The men of Argos and Tyrintha next,
And of Hermione, that stands retired
With Asine, within her spacious bay;
Of Epidaurus, crown'd with purple vines,
And of Trœzena, with the Achaian youth680
Of sea-begirt Ægina, and with thine,
Maseta, and the dwellers on thy coast,
Wave-worn Eïonæ; these all obeyed
The dauntless Hero Diomedè, whom served
Sthenelus, son of Capaneus, a Chief685
Of deathless fame, his second in command,
And godlike man, Euryalus, the son
Of King Mecisteus, Talaüs' son, his third.
But Diomedè controll'd them all, and him
Twice forty sable ships their leader own'd.690

Came Agamemnon with a hundred ships,
Exulting in his powers; more numerous they,
And more illustrious far than other Chief
Could boast, whoever. Clad in burnish'd brass,
And conscious of pre-eminence, he stood.695
He drew his host from cities far renown'd,
Mycenæ, and Corinthus, seat of wealth,
Orneia, and Cleonæ bulwark'd strong,
And lovely Aræthyria; Sicyon, where
His seat of royal power held at the first700
Adrastus: Hyperesia, and the heights
Of Gonoëssa; Ægium, with the towns
That sprinkle all that far-extended coast,
Pellene also and wide Helice
With all their shores, were number'd in his train.705

From hollow Lacedæmon's glen profound,
From Phare, Sparta, and from Messa, still
Resounding with the ring-dove's amorous moan,
From Brysia, from Augeia, from the rocks
Of Laas, from Amycla, Otilus,710
And from the towers of Helos, at whose foot
The surf of Ocean falls, came sixty barks
With Menelaus. From the monarch's host
The royal brother ranged his own apart,
and panted for revenge of Helen's wrongs,715
And of her sighs and tears.[\[24\]](#) 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 Pylus came,720
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 redundance of funereal shades,725
Pteleos and Helos, and of deathless fame
Dorion. In Dorion erst the Muses met
Threïcian Thamyris, on his return
From Eurytus, Oechalian Chief, and hush'd
His song for ever; for he dared to vaunt730
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 flocks740
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 ships745
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.[25]750

The dwellers in Buprasium, on the shores
Of pleasant Elis, and in all the land
Myrsinus and the Hyrminian plain between,
The rock Olenian, and the Alysian fount;
These all obey'd four Chiefs, and galleys ten755
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, those760
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 aspect765
Looks toward Elis o'er the curling waves,
Sent forth their powers with Meges at their head,
Brave son of Phyleus, warrior dear to Jove.
Phyleus in wrath, his father's house renounced,
And to Dulichium wandering, there abode.770
Twice twenty ships had follow'd Meges forth.

Ulysses led the Cephalenians 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 prows adorn'd.780

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

Idomeneus, spear-practised warrior, led
The numerous Cretans. In twice forty ships
He brought his powers to Troy. The warlike bands790
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 Crete795
Sent forth, all whom Idomeneus the brave
Commanded, with Meriones in arms
Dread as the God of battles blood-imbrued.

Nine ships Tlepolemus, Herculean-born,
For courage famed and for superior size,800
Fill'd with his haughty Rhodians. They, in tribes
Divided, dwelt distinct. Jelyssus these,
Those Lindus, and the rest the shining soil
Of white Camirus occupied. Him bore
To Hercules, (what time he led the nymph805
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 prime810
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 length815
At Rhodes arriving, in three separate bands
He spread himself abroad, Much was he loved
Of all-commanding Jove, who bless'd him there,
And shower'd abundant riches on them all.

Nireus of Syma, with three vessels came;820
Nireus, Aglæa's offspring, whom she bore
To Charopus the King; Nireus in form,
(The faultless son of Peleus sole except,)
Loveliest of all the Grecians call'd to Troy.
But he was heartless and his men were few.[26]825

Nisyru, 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 both830

By Thessalus, whom Hercules begat.
In thirty ships they sought the shores of Troy.

The warriors of Pelasgian Argos next,
Of Alus, and Alope, and who held
Trechina, Phthia, and for women fair⁸³⁵
Distinguish'd, Hellas; known by various names
Hellenes, Myrmidons, Achæans, them
In fifty ships embark'd, Achilles ruled.
But these were deaf to the hoarse-throated war,
For there was none to draw their battle forth,⁸⁴⁰
And give them just array. Close in his ships
Achilles, after loss of the bright-hair'd
Brisëis, lay, resentful; her obtained
Not without labor hard, and after sack
Of Thebes and of Lyrnessus, where he slew⁸⁴⁵
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 fields⁸⁵⁰
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 brave⁸⁵⁵
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 land⁸⁶⁰
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 sprung⁸⁶⁵
Who sprang from Phylacus the rich in flocks.
But him Protesilaüs, as in years,
So also in desert of arms excell'd
Heroic, whom his host, although they saw
Podarces at their head, still justly mourn'd;⁸⁷⁰
For he was fierce in battle, and at Troy
With forty sable-sided ships arrived.

Eleven galleys, Pheræ on the lake,
And Boebe, and Iölchus, and the vale
Of Glaphyræ supplied with crews robust⁸⁷⁵
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 sent⁸⁸⁰
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 keen⁸⁸⁵
Inflicted by a serpent's venom'd tooth,

Lay sick in Lemnos; him the Grecians there
Had left sore-wounded, but were destined soon
To call to dear remembrance whom they left.
Meantime, though sorrowing for his sake, his troops890
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, town895
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 beside900
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, Oloösön white,905
Argissa and Helone; they their youth
Gave to control of Polypætes, son
Undaunted of Pirithoüs, son of Jove.
Him, to Pirithoüs, (on the self-same day
When he the Centaurs punish'd and pursued910
Sheer to Æthicæ driven from Pelion's heights
The shaggy race) Hippodamia bore.
Nor he alone them led. With him was join'd
Leonteus dauntless warrior, from the bold
Coronus sprung, who Cæneus call'd his sire.915
Twice twenty ships awaited their command.

Guneus from Cyphus twenty and two ships
Led forth; the Enienes him obey'd,
And the robust Peræbi, warriors bold,
And dwellers on Dodona's wintry brow.920
To these were join'd who till the pleasant fields
Where Titaesius winds; the gentle flood
Pours into Peneus all his limpid stores,
But with the silver-eddied Peneus flows
Unmixt as oil;[\[27\]](#) for Stygian is his stream,925
And Styx is the inviolable oath.

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

These were the princes and the Chiefs of Greece.
Say, Muse, who most in personal desert
Excell'd, and whose were the most warlike steeds
And of the noblest strain. Their hue, their age,
Their height the same, swift as the winds of heaven935
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-bound940

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 ships⁹⁴⁵
Sharp-keel'd to cut the foaming flood, he lay.
Meantime, along the margin of the deep
His soldiers hurled the disk, or bent the bow.
Or to its mark dispatch'd the quivering lance.
Beside the chariots stood the unharness'd steeds⁹⁵⁰
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 lord⁹⁵⁵
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 Jove⁹⁶⁰
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 throng⁹⁶⁵
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 abroad⁹⁷⁰
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 peace;⁹⁷⁵
I have seen many a bright-embattled field,
But never one so throng'd as this to-day.
For like the leaves, or like the sands they come
Swept by the winds, to gird the city round.

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

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

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

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

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

Apæsus,Adrastea, Terie steep,
And Pitueia—they, Amphius clad
In mail thick-woven, and Adrastus, ruled.
They were the sons of the Percosian seer
Merops, expert in the soothsayers' art1015
Above all other; he his sons forbad
The bloody fight, but disobedient they
Still sought it, for their destiny prevailed.

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

Hippothous and Pilmus, branch of Mars,1025
Both sons of Lethus the Pelasgian, they,
Forth from Larissa for her fertile soil
Far-famed, the spear-expert Pelasgians brought.

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

Pæonia's archers follow'd to the field1035
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 renowned1040
March'd with his Paphlagonians; dwellers they
In Sesamus and in Cytorus were,
And by the stream Parthenius; Cromna these
Sent forth, and those Ægialus on the lip
And margin of the land, and some, the heights1045
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 came1050
Chromis their Chief, and Ennomus; him skill'd
In augury, but skill'd in vain, his art
Saved not, but by Æacides[29] the swift,
With others in the Xanthus[30] slain, he died.
Ascanius, lovely youth, and Phorcis, led1055
The Phrygians from Ascania far remote,
Ardent for battle. The Mæonian race,
(All those who at the foot of Tmolus dwelt,)
Mesthles and Antiphus, fraternal pair,
Sons of Pylæmenes commanded, both1060
Of the Gygæan lake in Lydia born.

Amphimachus and Nastes led to fight
The Carians, people of a barbarous speech,[31]
With the Milesians, and the mountain-race
Of wood-crown'd Phthira, and who dwelt beside1065
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 death1070
Saved not, when whirled beneath the bloody tide
To Peleus' stormy son his spoils he left.

Sarpedon with the noble Glaucus led
Their warriors forth from farthest Lycia, where
Xanthus deep-dimpled rolls his oozy tide.1075

BOOK III.

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.

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 cranes5
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 hearts10
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[3] in the Trojan van
Advanced was seen, all beauteous as a God;20
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 before25
When Menelaus saw, such joy he felt
As hunger-pinch'd the lion feels, by chance
Conducted to some carcase huge, wild goat,
Or antler'd stag; huntsmen and baying hounds
Disturb not *him*, he gorges in their sight.30
So Menelaus at the view rejoiced
Of lovely Alexander, for he hoped
His punishment at hand. At once, all armed,
Down from his chariot to the ground he leap'd

When godlike Paris him in front beheld35
Conspicuous, his heart smote him, and his fate
Avoiding, far within the lines he shrank.[4]
As one, who in some woodland height descrying
A serpent huge, with sudden start recoils,
His limbs shake under him; with cautious step40
He slow retires; fear blanches cold his cheeks;
So beauteous Alexander at the sight
Of Atreus' son dishearten'd sore, the ranks
Of haughty Trojans enter'd deep again:
Him Hector eyed, and thus rebuked severe.45

Curst Paris! Fair deceiver! Woman-mad!
I would to all in heaven that thou hadst died
Unborn, at least unmated! happier far
Than here to have incurr'd this public shame!
Well may the Grecians taunt, and laughing loud,50
Applaud the champion, slow indeed to fight
And pusillanimous, but wondrous fair.
Wast thou as timid, tell me, when with those
Thy loved companions in that famed exploit,
Thou didst consort with strangers, and convey55
From distant lands a warrior's beauteous bride
To be thy father's and his people's curse,
Joy to our foes, but to thyself reproach?
Behold her husband! Darest thou not to face
The warlike prince? Now learn how brave a Chief60
Thou hast defrauded of his blooming spouse.
Thy lyre, thy locks, thy person, specious gifts
Of partial Venus, will avail thee nought,
Once mixt by Menelaus with the dust.
But we are base ourselves, or long ago,65
For all thy numerous mischiefs, thou hadst slept
Secure beneath a coverlet[5] of stone.[6]

Then godlike Alexander thus replied.

Oh Hector, true in temper as the axe
Which in the shipwright's hand the naval plank⁷⁰
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 reject⁷⁵
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 Troy⁸⁰
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 away;⁸⁵
While ye (peace sworn and firm accord) shall dwell
At Troy, and these to Argos shall return
And to Achaia praised for women fair.

He ceased, whom Hector heard with joy; he moved
Into the middle space, and with his spear⁹⁰
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;[⁷] when with a mighty voice
Thus Agamemnon, leader of the host.⁹⁵

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

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

Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye Greeks mail-arm'd,¹⁰⁰
While I shall publish in your ears the words
Of Alexander, author of our strife.
Trojans, he bids, and Grecians on the field
Their arms dispose; while he, the hosts between,
With warlike Menelaus shall in fight¹⁰⁵
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, amazed;¹¹⁰
When valiant Menelaus thus began.

Hear now me also, on whose aching heart
These woes have heaviest fallen. At last I hope
Decision near, Trojans and Greeks between,
For ye have suffer'd in my quarrel much,¹¹⁵
And much by Paris, author of the war.
Die he who must, and peace be to the rest.
But ye shall hither bring two lambs, one white,
The other black;[⁸] this to the Earth devote,
That to the Sun. We shall ourselves supply¹²⁰
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 views¹²⁵
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 haste¹³⁵
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,^[9]
Inwrought with numerous conflicts for her sake
Beneath the hands of Mars endured by Greeks
Mail-arm'd, and Trojans of equestrian fame.
Swift Iris, at her side, her thus address'd.¹⁵⁰

Haste, dearest nymph! a 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 shield¹⁵⁵
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 soul¹⁶⁰
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 unaccompanied¹⁶⁵
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, Lampus sat,¹⁷⁰
Thymoetes, Hicetaon, branch of Mars,
Antenor and Ucalegon the wise,
All, elders of the people; warriors erst,
But idle now through age, yet of a voice
Still indefatigable as the fly's^[10]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 remark'd.180

Trojans and Grecians wage, with fair excuse,
Long war for so much beauty.[11] 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.[12] My daughter dear!
Come, sit beside me. Thou shalt hence discern
Thy former Lord, thy kindred and thy friends.190
I charge no blame on thee. The Gods have caused,
Not thou, this lamentable war to Troy.[13]
Name to me yon Achaian Chief for bulk
Conspicuous, and for port. Taller indeed
I may perceive than he; but with these eyes195
Saw never yet such dignity, and grace.
Declare his name. Some royal Chief he seems.

To whom thus Helen, loveliest of her sex,
My other Sire! by me for ever held
In reverence, and with filial fear beloved!200
Oh that some cruel death had been my choice,
Rather than to abandon, as I did,
All joys domestic, matrimonial bliss,
Brethren, dear daughter, and companions dear,
A wanderer with thy son. Yet I alas!205
Died not, and therefore now, live but to weep.
But I resolve thee. Thou behold'st the son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, mighty king,
In arms heroic, gracious in the throne,
And, (though it shame me now to call him such,)210
By nuptial ties a brother once to me.

Then him the ancient King-admiring, said.
Oh blest Atrides, happy was thy birth,
And thy lot glorious, whom this gallant host
So numerous, of the sons of Greece obey!215
To vine-famed Phrygia, in my days of youth,
I journey'd; many Phrygians there I saw,
Brave horsemen, and expert; they were the powers
Of Otreus and of Mygdon, godlike Chief,
And on the banks of Sangar's stream encamp'd.220
I march'd among them, chosen in that war
Ally of Phrygia, and it was her day
Of conflict with the man-defying race,
The Amazons; yet multitudes like these
Thy bright-eyed Greeks, I saw not even there.225

The venerable King observing next
Ulysses, thus 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;230
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.²³⁵
In him the son of old Laërtes know,
Ulysses; born in Ithaca the rude,
But of a piercing wit, and deeply wise.

Then answer thus, Antenor sage return'd.
Princess thou hast described him: hither once²⁴⁰
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'd²⁴⁵
The genius and the talents of the Chiefs,
And this I noted well; that when they stood
Amid the assembled counsellors of Troy,
Then Menelaus his advantage show'd,
Who by the shoulders overtopp'd his friend.²⁵⁰
But when both sat, Ulysses in his air
Had more of state and dignity than he.
In the delivery of a speech address'd
To the full senate, Menelaus used
Few words, but to the matter, fitly ranged,²⁵⁵
And with much sweetness utter'd; for in loose
And idle play of ostentatious terms
He dealt not, though he were the younger man.
But when the wise Ulysses from his seat
Had once arisen, he would his downcast eyes²⁶⁰
So rivet on the earth, and with a hand
That seem'd untutor'd in its use, so hold
His sceptre, swaying it to neither side,
That hadst thou seen him, thou hadst thought him, sure,
Some chafed and angry idiot, passion-fixt.²⁶⁵
Yet, when at length, the clear and mellow base
Of his deep voice brake forth, and he let fall
His chosen words like flakes of feather'd snow,
None then might match Ulysses; leisure, then,
Found none to wonder at his noble form.²⁷⁰

The third of whom the venerable king
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 sex.²⁷⁵
A bulwark of the Greeks. In him thou seest
Gigantic Ajax. Opposite appear
The Cretans, and among the Chiefs of Crete
stands, like a God, Idomeneus. Him oft
From Crete arrived, was Menelaüs wont²⁸⁰
To entertain; and others now I see,
Achaians, whom I could recall to mind,
And give to each his name; but two brave youths
I yet discern not; for equestrian skill
One famed, and one a boxer never foiled;²⁸⁵
My brothers; born of Leda; sons of Jove;
Castor and Pollux. Either they abide
In lovely Sparta still, or if they came,

Decline the fight, by my disgrace abash'd
And the reproaches which have fallen on me.[\[14\]](#)290

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

And now the heralds, through the streets of Troy
Charged with the lambs, and with a goat-skin filled
With heart-exhilarating wine prepared295
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 Laömedon, arise. The Chiefs300
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 conqueror wins305
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, bade his train310
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 Troy315
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 each320
The ceremonial; they the beaker fill'd
With wine, and to the hands of all the kings
Minister'd water. Agamemnon then
Drawing his dagger which he ever bore
Appendant to his heavy falchion's sheath,325
Cut off the forelocks of the lambs,[\[15\]](#) of which
The heralds gave to every Grecian Chief
A portion, and to all the Chiefs of Troy.
Then Agamemnon raised his hands, and pray'd.

Jove, Father, who from Ida stretchest forth330
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 should it chance340
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 sons345
Not pay, though Paris fall, then here in arms
I will contend for payment of the mulct
My due, till, satisfied, I close the war.

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

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

So they: but them Jove heard not. Then arose360
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.365
Jove knows, and the immortal Gods, to whom
Of both, this day is preordain'd the last.

So spake the godlike monarch, and disposed
Within the royal chariot all the lambs;
Then, mounting, check'd the reins; Antenor next370
Ascended, and to Ilium both return'd.

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

Jove, Father, who on Ida seated, seest
And rulest all below, glorious in power!
Of these two champions, to the drear abodes380
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 clasp'd390
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 broad395

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
Like preparation, and his arms put on.

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

First, Alexander his long-shadow'd spear
Sent forth, and on his smooth shield's surface struck
The son of Atreus, but the brazen guard
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.

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.
He said, and brandishing his massy spear,
Dismiss'd it. Through the burnish'd buckler broad
Of Priam's son the stormy weapon flew,
Transpierced his costly hauberk, and the vest
Ripp'd on his flank; but with a sideward bend
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 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 brace
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 again450
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 quest455
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 wool460
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 wouldst not dream465
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 eyes470
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 still?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 thou480
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 jest485
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 less490
Than now I fondly love thee, and beget
Such detestation of thee in all hearts,
Grecian and Trojan, that thou die abhorr'd.

The Goddess ceased. Jove's daughter, Helen, fear'd,
And, in her lucid veil close wrapt around,495
Silent retired, of all those Trojan dames
Unseen, and Venus led, herself, the way.
Soon then as Alexander's fair abode
They reach'd, her maidens quick their tasks resumed,
And she to her own chamber lofty-roof'd500
Ascended, loveliest of her sex. A seat
For Helen, daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd,
To Paris opposite, the Queen of smiles
Herself disposed; but with averted eyes

She sat before him, and him keen reproach'd.505

Thou hast escaped.—Ah would that thou 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 severe!515
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 waves520
To Cranæ's fair isle, and first enjoy'd
Thy beauty, loved I as I love thee now,
Or felt such sweetness of intense desire.

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

But 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 itself530
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 forth535
Helen with all her treasures, also bring
Such large amercement as is meet, a sum
To be remember'd in all future times.

So spake Atrides, and Achaia's host
With loud applause confirm'd the monarch's claim.540

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

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

BOOK IV.

Now, on the golden floor of Jove's abode

The Gods all sat consulting; Hebe them,
Graceful, with nectar served;[\[1\]](#) they pledging each
His next, alternate quaff'd from cups of gold,
And at their ease reclined, look'd down on Troy,⁵
When, sudden, Jove essay'd by piercing speech
Invidious, to enkindle Juno's ire.

Two Goddesses on Menelaus' part
Confederate stand, Juno in Argos known,
Pallas in Alalcomene;[\[2\]](#) yet they¹⁰
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 lot¹⁵
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? wouldst thou render fruitless all my pains?³⁰
The sweat that I have pour'd? my steeds themselves
Have fainted while I gather'd Greece in arms
For punishment of Priam and his sons.
Do it. But small thy praise shall be in heaven.

Then her the Thunderer answer'd sore displeased.³⁵
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 host⁴⁰
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 time⁴⁵
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,⁵⁰
And which the sun and stars from heaven behold,
Me sacred Troy most pleases, Priam me
Most, and the people of the warrior King.
Nor without cause. They feed mine altar well;
Libation there, and steam of savory scent⁵⁵
Fail not, the tribute which by lot is ours.

Him answer'd, then, the Goddess ample-eyed,[\[3\]](#)
Majestic Juno: Three fair cities me,
Of all the earth, most interest and engage,
Mycenæ for magnificence renown'd,60
Argos, and Sparta. Them, when next thy wrath
Shall be inflamed against them, lay thou waste;
I will not interpose on their behalf;
Thou shalt not hear me murmur; what avail
Complaint or force against thy matchless arm?65
Yet were it most unmeet that even I
Should toil in vain; I also boast a birth
Celestial; Saturn deeply wise, thy Sire,
Is also mine; our origin is one.

Thee I acknowledge Sovereign, yet account70
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 perceive75
Disposed to peace, they also shall accord.
Come then.—To yon dread field dispatch in haste
Minerva, with command that she incite
The Trojans first to violate their oath
By some fresh insult on the exulting Greeks.80

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

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

The Goddess heard, and what she wish'd, enjoin'd,
Down-darted swift from the Olympian heights,
In form a meteor, such as from his hand
Not seldom Jove dismisses, beaming bright
And breaking into stars, an omen sent90
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,
Achaïans both and Trojans, and his next95
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 son100
Of old Antenor, throughout all the ranks
Sought godlike Pandarus.[\[4\]](#) Ere long she found
The valiant son illustrious of Lycaon,
Standing encompass'd by his dauntless troops,
Broad-shielded warriors, from Æsepus' stream105
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 renown110
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 shaft¹¹⁵
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^[5] walls once safe restored.¹²⁰

So Pallas spake, to whom infatuate he
Listening, uncased at once his polished bow.^[6]
That bow, the laden brows of a wild goat
Salacious had supplied; him on a day
Forth-issuing from his cave, in ambush placed¹²⁵
He wounded with an arrow to his breast
Dispatch'd, and on the rock supine he fell.
Each horn had from his head tall growth attain'd,
Full sixteen palms; them shaven smooth the smith
Had aptly join'd, and tipt their points with gold.¹³⁰
That bow he strung, then, stooping, planted firm
The nether horn, his comrades bold the while
Screening him close with shields, lest ere the prince
Were stricken, Menelaus brave in arms,
The Greeks with fierce assault should interpose.¹³⁵
He raised his quiver's lid; he chose a dart
Unflown, full-fledged, and barb'd with pangs of death.
He lodged in haste the arrow on the string,
And vow'd to Lycian Phœbus bow-renown'd
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 wide arch,¹⁴⁵
He twang'd it. Whizz'd the bowstring, and the reed
Leap'd off, impatient for the distant throng.

Thee, Menelaus, then the blessed Gods
Forgat not; Pallas huntress of the spoil,
Thy guardian then, baffled the cruel dart.¹⁵⁰
Far as a mother wafts the fly aside^[7]
That haunts her slumbering babe, so far she drove
Its course aslant, directing it herself
Against the golden clasps that join'd his belt;
For there the doubled hauberk interposed.¹⁵⁵
The bitter arrow plunged into his belt.
It pierced his broider'd belt, stood fixt within
His twisted hauberk, nor the interior quilt,
Though penetrable least to arrow-points
And his best guard, withheld it, but it pass'd¹⁶⁰
That also, and the Hero's skin inscribed.
Quick flowed a sable current from the wound.

As when a Carian or Mæonian maid
Impurples ivory ordain'd to grace
The cheek of martial steed; safe stored it lies,¹⁶⁵
By many a Chief desired, but proves at last
The stately trapping of some prince,^[8] the pride

Of his high pamper'd steed, nor less his own;
Such, Menelaus, seem'd thy shapely thighs,
Thy legs, thy feet, stained with thy trickling blood.170

Shudder'd King Agamemnon when he saw
The blood fast trickling from the wound, nor less
Shudder'd himself the bleeding warrior bold.
But neck and barb observing from the flesh
Extant, he gather'd heart, and lived again.175
The royal Agamemnon, sighing, grasp'd
The hand of Menelaus, and while all
Their followers sigh'd around them, thus began. [9]

I swore thy death, my brother, when I swore
This truce, and set thee forth in sight of Greeks180
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'd185
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 day190
Shall come, when Ilium, when the warlike King
Of Ilium and his host shall perish all.
Saturnian Jove high-throned, dwelling in heaven,
Resentful of this outrage, then shall shake
His storm-clad Ægis over them. He will;195
I speak no fable. Time shall prove me true.
But, oh my Menelaus, dire distress
Awaits me, if thy close of life be come,
And thou must die. Then ignominy foul
Shall hunt me back to Argos long-desired;200
For then all here will recollect their home,
And, hope abandoning, will Helen yield
To be the boast of Priam, and of Troy.
So shall our toils be vain, and while thy bones
Shall waste these clods beneath, Troy's haughty sons205
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 locks215
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'd.220

Him answer'd Agamemnon, King of men.
So be it brother! but the hand of one
Skilful to heal shall visit and shall dress

The wound with drugs of pain-assuaging power.

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

He spake, nor him the herald disobey'd,
But through the Greeks bright-arm'd his course began
The Hero seeking earnest on all sides235
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 men240
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 once250
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 plow'd255
His flesh, he suck'd the wound, then spread it o'er
With drugs of balmy power, given on a time
For friendship's sake by Chiron to his sire.

While Menelaus thus the cares engross'd
Of all those Chiefs, the shielded powers of Troy260
'Gan move toward them, and the Greeks again
Put on their armor, mindful of the fight.
Then hadst thou^[10] 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 limbs270
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.^[11]

Argives! abate no spark of all your fire.275
Jove will not prosper traitors. Them who first
Transgress'd the truce the vultures shall devour,

But we (their city taken) shall their wives
Lead captive, and their children home to Greece.

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

Oh Greeks! The shame of Argos! Arrow-doom'd!
Blush ye not? Wherefore stand ye thus aghast,
Like fawns which wearied after scouring wide285
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 make290
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 boar295
The van he occupied, while in the rear
Meriones harangued the most remote.
Them so prepared the King of men beheld
With joyful heart, and thus in courteous terms
Instant the brave Idomeneus address'd.300

Thee fighting, feasting, howsoe'er employed,
I most respect, Idomeneus, of all
The well-horsed Danäi; for when the Chiefs
Of Argos, banqueting, their beakers charge
With rosy wine the honorable meed305
Of valor, thou alone of all the Greeks
Drink'st not by measure.[\[12\]](#) No—thy goblet stands
Replenish'd still, and like myself thou know'st
No rule or bound, save what thy choice prescribes.
March. Seek the foe. Fight now as heretofore,310

To whom Idomeneus of Crete replied,
Atrides! all the friendship and the love
Which I have promised will I well perform.
Go; animate the rest, Chief after Chief
Of the Achaians, that the fight begin.315
For Troy 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 came320
Where stood each Ajax; them he found prepared
With all their cloud of infantry behind.
As when the goat-herd on some rocky point
Advanced, a cloud sees wafted o'er the deep
By western gales, and rolling slow along,325
To him, who stands remote, pitch-black it seems,
And comes with tempest charged; he at the sight
Shuddering, his flock compels into a cave;
So moved the gloomy phalanx, rough with spears,
And dense with shields of youthful warriors bold,330
Close-following either Ajax to the fight.

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

Brave leaders of the mail-clad host of Greece!
I move not you to duty; ye yourselves³³⁵
Move others, and no lesson need from me.
Jove, Pallas, and Apollo! were but all
Courageous as yourselves, soon Priam's towers
Should totter, and his Ilium storm'd and sack'd
By our victorious bands, stoop to the dust.³⁴⁰

He ceased, and still proceeding, next arrived
Where stood the Pylian orator, his band
Marshalling under all their leaders bold
Alastor, Chromius, Pelagon the vast,
Hæmon the prince, and Bias, martial Chief.³⁴⁵
Chariot and horse he station'd in the front;
His numerous infantry, a strong reserve
Right valiant, in the rear; the worst, and those
In whom he trusted least, he drove between,
That such through mere necessity might act.³⁵⁰
First to his charioteers he gave in charge
Their duty; bade them rein their horses hard,
Shunning confusion. Let no warrior, vain
And overweening of his strength or skill,
Start from his rank to dare the fight alone,³⁵⁵
Or fall behind it, weakening whom he leaves.
[\[13\]](#)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.³⁶⁰
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 saw³⁶⁵
King Agamemnon with delight, and said,

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

Atrides, I could also ardent wish
That I were now robust as when I struck
Brave Ereuthalion[\[14\]](#) breathless to the ground!
But never all their gifts the Gods confer³⁷⁵
On man at once; if then I had the force
Of youth, I suffer now the effects of age.
Yet ancient as I am, I will be seen
Still mingling with the charioteers, still prompt
To give them counsel; for to counsel youth³⁸⁰
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 found³⁸⁵

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 fight³⁹⁰
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 men³⁹⁵
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 spot⁴⁰⁰
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 there⁴⁰⁵
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 war.⁴¹⁰

To whom Ulysses, with resentful tone
Dark-frowning, thus replied. What words are these
Which have escaped thy lips; and for what cause,
Atrides, hast thou call'd me slow to fight?
When we of Greece shall in sharp contest clash⁴¹⁵
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 speech⁴²⁰
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 short⁴²⁵
Suffice for thee, nor did I purpose more.
For I have known thee long, that thou art one
Of kindest nature, and so much my friend
That we have both one heart. Go therefore thou,
Lead on, and if a word have fallen amiss,⁴³⁰
We will hereafter mend it, and may heaven
Obliterate in thine heart its whole effect!

He ceased, and ranging still along the line,
The son of Tydeus, Diomedes, perceived,
Heroic Chief, by chariots all around⁴³⁵
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 heart440
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 saw445
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 time450
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 aid465
Pallas vouchsafed him. Then the spur-arm'd race
Of Cadmus was incensed, and fifty youths
In ambush close expected his return.
Them, Lycophontes obstinate in fight,
Son of Autophonus, and Mæon, son470
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 begat475
A son in speech his better, not in arms.

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

Atrides, conscious of the truth, speak truth.480
We with our sires compared, superior praise
Claim justly.[\[15\]](#) We, confiding in the aid
Of Jove, and in propitious signs from heaven,
Led to the city consecrate to Mars
Our little host, inferior far to theirs,485
And took seven-gated Thebes, under whose walls
Our fathers by their own imprudence fell.
Their glory, then, match never more with ours.

He spake, whom with a frowning brow the brave
Tydides answer'd. Sthenelus, my friend!490
I give thee counsel. Mark it. Hold thy peace.
If Agamemnon, who hath charge of all,
Excite his well-appointed host to war,
He hath no blame from me. For should the Greeks
(Her people vanquished) win imperial Troy,495

The glory shall be his; or, if his host
O'erpower'd in battle perish, his the shame.
Come, therefore; be it ours to rouse at once
To action all the fury of our might.

He said, and from his chariot to the plain500
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 shore, at first,505
On the broad bosom of the deep their heads
They curl on high, then breaking on the land
Thunder, and o'er the rocks that breast the flood
Borne turgid, scatter far the showery spray;
So moved the Greeks successive, rank by rank,510
And phalanx after phalanx, every Chief
His loud command proclaiming, while the rest,
As voice in all those thousands none had been
Heard mute; and, in resplendent 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 arose.520
Nor was their shout, nor was their accent one,
But mingled languages were heard of men
From various climes. These Mars to battle roused,
Those Pallas azure-eyed; nor Terror thence
Nor Flight was absent, nor insatiate Strife,525
Sister and mate of homicidal Mars,
Who small at first, but swift to grow, from earth
Her towering crest lifts gradual to the skies.
She, foe alike to both, the brands dispersed
Of burning hate between them, and the woes530
Enhanced of battle wheresoe'er she pass'd.

And now the battle join'd. Shield clash'd with shield[16]
And spear with spear, conflicting corselets rang,
Boss'd bucklers met, and tumult wild arose.
Then, many a yell was heard, and many a shout535
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 remote540
The shepherd in the uplands hears the roar;
Such was the thunder of the mingling hosts.
And first, Antilochus a Trojan Chief
Slew Echepolus, from Thalysias sprung,
Contending valiant in the van of Troy.545
Him smiting on his crested casque, he drove
The brazen lance into his front, and pierced
The bones within; night overspread his eyes,
And in fierce battle, like a tower, he fell.
Him fallen by both feet Calchodon's son550
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 stoop'd,555
In his unshielded flank a pointed spear
Implanted deep; he languid sunk and died.
So Elephenor fell, for whom arose
Sharp conflict; Greeks and Trojans mutual flew
Like wolves to battle, and man grappled man.560
Then Telamonian Ajax, in his prime
Of youthful vigor Simöisius slew,[\[17\]](#)
Son of Anthemion. Him on Simois' banks
His mother bore, when with her parents once
She came from Ida down to view the flocks,565
And thence they named him; but his parents'
He lived not to requite, in early youth
Slain by the spear of Ajax famed in arms.
For him advancing Ajax at the pap
Wounded; right through his shoulder driven the point570
Stood forth behind; he fell, and press'd the dust.
So in some spacious marsh the poplar falls
Smooth-skin'd, with boughs unladen save aloft;
Some chariot-builder with his axe the trunk
Severs, that he may warp it to a wheel575
Of shapely form; meantime exposed it lies
To parching airs beside the running stream;
Such Simöisius seemed, Anthemion's son,
Whom noble Ajax slew. But soon at him
Antiphus, son of Priam, bright in arms,580
Hurl'd through the multitude his pointed spear.
He erred from Ajax, but he pierced the groin
Of Leucus, valiant warrior of the band
Led by Ulysses. He the body dragg'd
Apart, but fell beside it, and let fall,585
Breathless himself, the burthen from his hand.
Then burn'd Ulysses' wrath for Leucus slain,
And through the foremost combatants, array'd
In dazzling arms, he rush'd. Full near he stood,
And, looking keen around him, hurl'd a lance.590
Back fell the Trojans from before the face
Dispersed of great Ulysses. Not in vain
His weapon flew, but on the field outstretch'd
A spurious son of Priam, from the shores
Call'd of Abydus famed for fleetest mares,595
Democoon; him, for Leucus' sake enraged,
Ulysses through both temples with his spear
Transpierced. The night of death hung on his eyes,
And sounding on his batter'd arms he fell.
Then Hector and the van of Troy retired;600
Loud shout the Grecians; these draw off the dead,
Those onward march amain, and from the heights
Of Pergamus Apollo looking down
In anger, to the Trojans called aloud.

Turn, turn, ye Trojans! face your Grecian foes.605
They, like yourselves, are vulnerable flesh,
Not adamant or steel. Your direst dread
Achilles, son of Thetis radiant-hair'd,
Fights not, but sullen in his fleet abides.[\[18\]](#)

Such from the citadel was heard the voice610
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 rock615
At his right heel, which Pirus, Thracian Chief,
The son of Imbrasus of Ænos, threw.
Bones and both tendons in its fall the mass
Enormous crush'd. He, stretch'd in dust supine,
With palms outspread toward his warrior friends620
Lay gasping life away. But he who gave
The fatal blow, Pirus, advancing, urged
Into his navel a keen lance, and shed
His bowels forth; then, darkness veil'd his eyes.

Nor Pirus long survived; him through the breast625
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 dead.630
Yet stripp'd he not the slain, whom with long spears
His Thracians hairy-scalp'd[19] so round about
Encompassed, that though bold and large of limb
Were Thoas, from before them him they thrust
Staggering and reeling in his forced retreat.635

They therefore in the dust, the Epean Chief
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 safe640
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.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

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

BOOK V.

Then Athenæan Pallas on the son
Of Tydeus,[1] 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 around5
She kindled, bright and steady as the star
Autumnal,[2] which in Ocean newly bathed
Assumes fresh beauty; with such glorious beams

His head encircling and his shoulders broad,
She urged him forth into the thickest fight.10

There lived a man in Troy, Dares his name,
The priest of Vulcan; rich he was and good,
The father of two sons, Idæus this,
That, Phegeus call'd; accomplish'd warriors both.
These, issuing from their phalanx, push'd direct15
Their steeds at Diomedes, who fought on foot.
When now small interval was left between,
First Phegeus his long-shadow'd spear dismiss'd;
But over Diomedes's left shoulder pass'd
The point, innocuous. Then his splendid lance20
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 defend25
His brother slain; nor had he scaped himself
His luring fate, but Vulcan, to preserve
His ancient priest from unmixt sorrow, snatch'd
The fugitive in darkness wrapt, away.
Then brave Tydides, driving off the steeds,30
Consign'd them to his fellow-warriors' care,
That they might lead them down into the fleet.

The valiant Trojans, when they saw the sons
Of Dares, one beside his chariot slain,
And one by flight preserved, through all their host35
Felt consternation. Then Minerva seized
The hand of fiery Mars, and thus she spake.

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

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

And now the host of Troy to flight inclined45
Before the Grecians, and the Chiefs of Greece
Each slew a warrior. Agamemnon first
Gigantic Odious from his chariot hurl'd.
Chief of the Halizonians. He to flight
Turn'd foremost, when the monarch in his spine50
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,55
Son of Mæonian Borus; him his steeds
Mounting, Idomeneus the spear-renown'd
Through his right shoulder pierced; unwelcome night
Involved him; from his chariot down he fell,[4]
And the attendant Cretans stripp'd his arms.60

But Menelaus, son of Atreus slew

With his bright spear Scamandrius, Stropius' son,
A skilful hunter; for Diana him,
Herself, the slaughter of all savage kinds
Had taught, on mountain or in forest bred.⁶⁵
But she, shaft-aiming Goddess, in that hour
Avail'd him not, nor his own matchless skill;
For Menelaus, Atreus son spear-famed,
Him flying wounded in the spine between
His shoulders, and the spear urged through his breast.⁷⁰
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,⁷⁵
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 flesh⁸⁰
A spear infix'd; sliding beneath the bone
It grazed his bladder as it pass'd, and stood
Protruded far before. Low on his knees
Phereclus sank, and with a shriek expired.
Pedæus, whom, although his spurious son,⁸⁵
Antenor's wife, to gratify her lord,
Had cherish'd as her own—him Meges slew.
Warlike Phylides^[5] following close his flight,
His keen lance drove into his poll, cut sheer
His tongue within, and through his mouth enforced⁹⁰
The glittering point. He, prostrate in the dust,
The cold steel press'd between his teeth and died.

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

Thus strenuous they the toilsome battle waged.
But where Tydides fought, whether in aid
Of Ilium's host, or on the part of Greece,
Might none discern. For as a winter-flood
Impetuous, mounds and bridges sweeps away;^[6]¹⁰⁵
The buttress'd bridge checks not its sudden force,
The firm inclosure of vine-planted fields
Luxuriant, falls before it; finish'd works
Of youthful hinds, once pleasant to the eye,
Now levell'd, after ceaseless rain from Jove;¹¹⁰
So drove Tydides into sudden flight
The Trojans; phalanx after phalanx fled
Before the terror of his single arm.

When him Lycaon's son illustrious saw
Scouring the field, and from before his face¹¹⁵
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 force120
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[7]125
Jove's son, indeed, from Lycia sent to Troy.

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

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

He spake; at once the son of Capaneus
Descending, by its barb the bitter shaft
Drew forth; blood spouted through his twisted mail135
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 reach140
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![8]

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 Diomed, 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 purge150
Which dimm'd thy sight[9] 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.155

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'erleaping light160
The fold, a shepherd hath but gall'd, not kill'd,
Him irritating more; thenceforth the swain
Lurks unresisting; flies the abandon'd flock;
Heaps slain on heaps he leaves, and with a bound
Surmounting all impediment, escapes;165
Such seem'd the valiant Diomed incensed
To fury, mingling with the host of Troy.

Astynöüs and Hypenor first he slew;

One with his brazen lance above the pap
He pierced, and one with his huge falchion smote170
Fast by the key-bone,[10] 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 dreams175
Or not interpreted, or kept concealed,
Them saved not, for by Diomedes they died.
Xanthus and Thoon he encounter'd next,
Both sons of Phænops, sons of his old age,
Who other heir had none of all his wealth,180
Nor hoped another, worn with many years.
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 borne185
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 to fall,190
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 spears195
Went seeking godlike Pandarus; ere long
Finding Lycaon's martial son renown'd,
He stood before him, and him thus address'd.

Thy bow, thy feather'd shafts, and glorious name
Where are they, Pandarus? whom none of Troy200
Could equal, whom of Lycia, none excel.
Come. Lift thine hands to Jove, and at yon Chief
Dispatch an arrow, who afflicts the host
Of Ilium thus, conquering where'er he flies,
And who hath slaughter'd numerous brave in arms,205
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,210
Æneas! By his buckler which I know,
And by his helmet's height, considering, too
His steeds, I deem him Diomedes the bold;
Yet such pronounce him not, who seems a God.
But if bold Diomedes indeed he be215
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 mail220
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 sire230
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 long235
Immew'd) my steeds, fed plenteously at home,
Should here want food, I left them, and on foot
To Ilium came, confiding in my bow
Ordain'd at last to yield me little good.
Twice have I shot, and twice I struck the mark,240
First Menelaus, and Tydides next;
From each I drew the blood, true, genuine blood,
Yet have but more incensed them. In an hour
Unfortunate, I therefore took my bow
Down from the wall that day, when for the sake245
Of noble Hector, to these pleasant plains
I came, a leader on the part of Troy.
But should I once return, and with these eyes
Again behold my native land, my sire,
My wife, my stately mansion, may the hand,250
That moment, of some adversary there
Shorten me by the head, if I not snap
This bow with which I charged myself in vain,
And burn the unprofitable tool to dust.

To whom Æneas, Trojan Chief, replied.255
Nay, speak not so. For ere that hour arrive
We will, with chariot and with horse, in arms
Encounter him, and put his strength to proof.
Delay not, mount my chariot. Thou shalt see
With what rapidity the steeds of Troy260
Pursuing or retreating, scour the field.
If after all, Jove purpose still to exalt
The son of Tydeus, these shall bear us safe
Back to the city. Come then. Let us on.
The lash take thou, and the resplendent reins,265
While I alight for battle, or thyself
Receive them, and the steeds shall be my care.

Him answer'd then Lycaon's son renown'd.
Æneas! manage thou the reins, and guide
Thy proper steeds. If fly at last we must270
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 ease275
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 son280

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

Tydidest, Diomedes, my heart's delight!
Two warriors of immeasurable force
In battle, ardent to contend with thee,²⁸⁵
Come rattling on. Lycaon's offspring one,
Bow-practised Pandarus; with whom appears
Æneas; he who calls the mighty Chief
Anchises father, and whom Venus bore.
Mount—drive we swift away—lest borne so far²⁹⁰
Beyond the foremost battle, thou be slain.

To whom, dark-frowning, Diomedes replied
Speak not of flight to me, who am disposed
To no such course. I am ashamed to fly
Or tremble, and my strength is still entire;²⁹⁵
I cannot mount. No. Rather thus, on foot,
I will advance against them. Fear and dread
Are not for me; Pallas forbids the thought.
One falls, be sure; swift as they are, the steeds
That whirl them on, shall never rescue both.³⁰⁰
But hear my bidding, and hold fast the word.
Should all-wise Pallas grant me my desire
To slay them both, drive not my coursers hence,
But hook the reins, and seizing quick the pair
That draw Æneas, urge them from the powers³⁰⁵
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 them³¹⁰
Obtain'd, his mares submitting to the steeds
Of King Laomedon. Six brought him foals;
Four to himself reserving, in his stalls
He fed them sleek, and two he gave his son:
These, might we win them, were a noble prize.³¹⁵

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

Heroic offspring of a noble sire,
Brave son of Tydeus! false to my intent³²⁰
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 Diomedes, transpierced it, and approach'd³²⁵
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 Diomedes return'd³³⁰
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 herself³³⁵
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 arms³⁴⁰
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;^[11] lion-like
He stalk'd around it, oval shield and spear³⁴⁵
Advancing firm, and with incessant cries
Terrific, death denouncing on his foes.
But Diomedes with hollow grasp a stone
Enormous seized, a weight to overtask
Two strongest men of such as now are strong,³⁵⁰
Yet he, alone, wielded the rock with ease.
Full on the hip he smote him, where the thigh
Rolls in its cavity, the socket named.
He crushed the socket, lacerated wide
Both tendons, and with that rough-angled mass³⁵⁵
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 perceived³⁶⁰
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 breast³⁶⁵
From mortal harm by some brave Grecian's spear,
Stole him with eager swiftness from the fight.

Nor then forgot brave Sthenelus his charge
Received from Diomedes, but his own steeds
Detaining distant from the boisterous war,³⁷⁰
Stretch'd tight the reins, and hook'd them fast behind.
The coursers of Æneas next he seized
Ardent, and them into the host of Greece
Driving remote, consign'd them to his care,
Whom far above all others his compeers³⁷⁵
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 Diomedes; he, fierce in arms,
Pursued the Cyprian Goddess, conscious whom,³⁸⁰
Not Pallas, not Enyo, waster dread
Of cities close-beleaguer'd, none of all
Who o'er the battle's bloody course preside,
But one of softer kind and prone to fear.
When, therefore, her at length, after long chase³⁸⁵
Through all the warring multitude he reach'd,
With his protruded spear her gentle hand
He wounded, piercing through her thin attire
Ambrosial, by themselves the graces wrought,
Her inside wrist, fast by the rosy palm.³⁹⁰
Blood follow'd, but immortal; ichor pure,

Such as the blest inhabitants of heaven
May bleed, nectareous; for the Gods eat not
Man's food, nor slake as he with sable wine
Their thirst, thence bloodless and from death exempt.395
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—400

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

He said, and Venus with excess of pain
Bewilder'd went; but Iris tempest-wing'd
Forth led her through the multitude, oppress'd
With anguish, her white wrist to livid changed.
They came where Mars far on the left retired410
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 steeds415
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 all.420

Then Mars his coursers gold-caparison'd
Resign'd to Venus; she, with countenance sad,
The chariot climb'd, and Iris at her side
The bright reins seizing lash'd the ready steeds.
Soon as the Olympian heights, seat of the Gods,425
They reach'd, wing-footed Iris loosing quick
The coursers, gave them large whereon to browse
Ambrosial food; but Venus on the knees
Sank of Dione, who with folded arms
Maternal, to her bosom straining close430
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 smiles435
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 Troy,440
But of the Grecians with the Gods themselves.

Then thus Dione, Goddess all divine.
My child! how hard soe'er thy sufferings seem
Endure them patiently. Full many a wrong

From human hands profane the Gods endure,445
And many a painful stroke, mankind from ours.
Mars once endured much wrong, when on a time
Him Otus bound and Ephialtes fast,
Sons of Alöeus, and full thirteen moons
In brazen thralldom held him. There, at length,450
The fierce blood-nourished Mars had pined away,
But that Eëribœa, loveliest nymph,
His step-mother, in happy hour disclosed
To Mercury the story of his wrongs;
He stole the prisoner forth, but with his woes455
Already worn, languid and fetter-gall'd.
Nor Juno less endured, when erst the bold
Son of Amphytrion with trident 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 sought465
Dejected, torture-stung, for sore the shaft
Oppress'd him, into his huge shoulder driven.
But Pæon[12] him not liable to death
With unction smooth of salutiferous balms
Heal'd soon. Presumptuous, sacrilegious man!470
Careless what dire enormities he wrought,
Who bent his bow against the powers of heaven!
But blue-eyed Pallas instigated him
By whom thou bleed'st. Infatuate! he forgets
That whoso turns against the Gods his arm475
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 meet490
Some mightier foe than thou, and lest his wife,
Daughter of King Adrastus, the discrete
Ægialea, from portentous dreams
Upstarting, call her family to wail
Her first-espoused, Achaia's proudest boast,485
Diomede, whom she must behold no more.

She said, and from her wrist with both hands wiped
The trickling ichor; the effectual touch
Divine chased all her pains, and she was heal'd.
Them Juno mark'd and Pallas, and with speech490
Sarcastic pointed at Saturnian Jove
To vex him, blue-eyed Pallas thus began.

Eternal father! may I speak my thought,
And not incense thee, Jove? I can but judge
That Venus, while she coax'd some Grecian fair495
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.500

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

Thus they in heaven. But Diomede the while⁵⁰⁵
Sprang on Æneas, conscious of the God
Whose hand o’ershadow’d him, yet even him
Regarding lightly; for he burn’d to slay
Æneas, and to seize his glorious arms.
Thrice then he sprang impetuous to the deed,⁵¹⁰
And thrice Apollo with his radiant shield
Repulsed him. But when ardent as a God
The fourth time he advanced, with thundering-voice
Him thus the Archer of the skies rebuked.

Think, and retire, Tydides! nor affect⁵¹⁵
Equality with Gods; for not the same
Our nature is and theirs who tread the ground.

He spake, and Diomede a step retired,
Not more; the anger of the Archer-God
Declining slow, and with a sullen awe.⁵²⁰
Then Phœbus, far from all the warrior throng
To his own shrine the sacred dome beneath
Of Pergamus, Æneas bore; there him
Latona and shaft-arm’d Diana heal’d
And glorified within their spacious fane.⁵²⁵
Meantime the Archer of the silver bow
A visionary form prepared; it seem’d
Himself Æneas, and was arm’d as he.
At once, in contest for that airy form,
Grecians and Trojans on each other’s breasts⁵³⁰
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 grown⁵³⁵
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 Mars⁵⁴⁰
Ranging the Trojan host, rank after rank
Exhorted loud, and in the form assumed
Of Acamas the Thracian leader bold,
The godlike sons of Priam thus harangued.

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

He said; then every heart for battle glow’d;
And thus Sarpedon with rebuke severe

Upbraiding generous Hector, stern began.555

Where is thy courage, Hector? for thou once
Hadst courage. Is it fled? In other days
Thy boast hath been that without native troops
Or foreign aids, thy kindred and thyself
Alone, were guard sufficient for the town.560
But none of all thy kindred now appears;
I can discover none; they stand aloof
Quaking, as dogs that hear the lion's roar.
We bear the stress, who are but Troy's allies;
Myself am such, and from afar I came;565
For Lycia lies far distant on the banks
Of the deep-eddied Xanthus. There a wife
I left and infant son, both dear to me,
With plenteous wealth, the wish of all who want.
Yet urge I still my Lycians, and am prompt570
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!575
Lest, as with meshes of an ample net,
At one huge draught the Grecians sweep you all,
And desolate at once your populous Troy!
By day, by night, thoughts such as these should still
Thy conduct influence, and from Chief to Chief580
Of the allies should send thee, praying each
To make firm stand, all bickerings put away.

So spake Sarpedon, and his reprimand
Stung Hector; instant to the ground he leap'd
All arm'd, and shaking his bright spears his host585
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[\[13\]](#) with brisk airs her golden grain
Ventilates, whitening with its husk the ground;
So grew the Achaians white, a dusty cloud595
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 force600
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 Phæbus of the golden sword; for he
Perceiving Pallas from the field withdrawn,605
Patroness of the Greeks, had Mars enjoin'd
To rouse the spirit of the Trojan host.
Meantime Apollo from his unctuous shrine
Sent forth restored and with new force inspired
Æneas. He amidst his warriors stood,610

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

Ulysses, either Ajax, Diomede—
These roused the Greeks to battle, who themselves
The force fear'd nothing, or the shouts of Troy,620
But steadfast stood, like clouds by Jove amass'd
On lofty mountains, while the fury sleeps
Of Boreas, and of all the stormy winds
Shrill-voiced, that chase the vapors when they blow,
So stood the Greeks, expecting firm the approach625
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 escape630
Of men who fear disgrace, than fall in fight,
While dastards forfeit life and glory both.

He said, and hurl'd his spear. He pierced a friend
Of brave Æneas, warring in the van,
Deicöon son of Pergasus, in Troy635
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 clang640
And outcry[14] 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 descent645
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, alike650
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 themselves.655

As two young lions, in the deep recess
Of some dark forest on the mountain's brow
Late nourished by their dam, forth-issuing, seize
The fatted flocks and kine, both folds and stalls
Wasting rapacious, till, at length, themselves660
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 shook665

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 fight⁶⁷⁰
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, when beside⁶⁷⁵
The Spartan chief Antilochus appear'd.
Æneas, at the sight of two combined,
Stood not, although intrepid. They the dead
Thence drawing far into the Grecian host
To their associates gave the hapless pair,⁶⁸⁰
Then, both returning, fought in front again.

Next, fierce as Mars, Pylæmenes they slew,
Prince of the shielded band magnanimous
Of Paphlagonia. Him Atrides kill'd
Spear-practised Menelaus, with a lance⁶⁸⁵
His throat transpiercing while erect he rode.
Then, while his charioteer, Mydon the brave,
Son of Atymnias, turn'd his steeds to flight,
Full on his elbow-point Antilochus,
The son of Nestor, dash'd him with a stone.⁶⁹⁰
The slack reins, white as 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 sand⁶⁹⁵
(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 espying, flew⁷⁰⁰
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 spear⁷⁰⁵
in both hands brandish'd, stalking now in front
Of Hector, and now following his steps.

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

How oft, my countrymen! have we admired⁷¹⁵
The noble Hector, skillful at the spear
And unappall'd in fight? but still hath he
Some God his guard, and even now I view
In human form Mars moving at his side.
Ye, then, with faces to the Trojans turn'd,⁷²⁰

Ceaseless retire, and war not with the Gods.

He ended; and the Trojans now approach'd.
Then two bold warriors in one chariot borne,
By valiant Hector died, Menesthes one,
And one, Anchialus. Them fallen in fight725
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 fate730
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 slain735
Prepared to strip his arms, but him a shower
Of glittering-weapons keen from Trojan hands
Assail'd, and numerous his broad shield received.
He, on the body planting firm his heel,
Forth drew the polish'd spear, but his bright arms740
Took not, by darts thick-flying sore annoy'd,
Nor fear'd he little lest his haughty foes,
Spear-arm'd and bold, should compass him around;
Him, therefore, valiant though he were and huge,
They push'd before them. Staggering he retired.745

Thus toil'd both hosts in that laborious field.
And now his ruthless destiny impell'd
Tlepolemus, Alcides' son, a Chief
Dauntless and huge, against a godlike foe
Sarpedon. They approaching face to face750
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 speak755
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 earnest765
For Ilium's good, but rather, whatsoe'er
Thy force in fight, to find, subdued by me,
A sure dismissal to the gates of hell.

To whom the leader of the Lycian band.
Tlepolemus! he ransack'd sacred Troy,770
As thou hast said, but for her monarch's fault
Laomedon, who him with language harsh
Requited ill for benefits received,
Nor would the steeds surrender, seeking which
He voyaged from afar. But thou shalt take775
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 once⁷⁸⁰
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 bone⁷⁸⁵
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 extract⁷⁹⁰
For his relief the weapon from his thigh,
Through eagerness of haste to bear him thence.
On the other side, the Grecians brazen-mail'd
Bore off Tlepolemus. Ulysses fill'd
With earnest thoughts tumultuous them observed,⁷⁹⁵
Danger-defying Chief! Doubtful he stood
Or to pursue at once the Thunderer's son
Sarpedon, or to take more Lycian lives.
But not for brave Ulysses had his fate
That praise reserved, that he should slay the son⁸⁰⁰
Renown'd of Jove; therefore his wavering mind
Minerva bent against the Lycian band.
Then Cœranus, Alastor, Chromius fell,
Alcander, Halius, Prytanis, and brave
Noëmon; nor had these sufficed the Chief⁸⁰⁵
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 return⁸¹⁵
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 beech⁸²⁰
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 airs⁸²⁵
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 fight⁸³⁰
Waged on the side of Ilium, slow retired.^[16]

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[\[17\]](#) in fight Oresbius; rich was he,
And covetous of more; in Hyla dwelt
Fast by the lake Cephissus, where abode
Bæotian Princes numerous, rich themselves840
And rulers of a people wealth-renown'd.
But Juno, such dread slaughter of the Greeks
Noting, thus, ardent, to Minerva spake.

Daughter of Jove invincible! Our word
That Troy shall perish, hath been given in vain845
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 complied.850
Then Juno, Goddess dread, from Saturn sprung,
Her coursers gold-caparison'd prepared
Impatient. Hebe to the chariot roll'd
The brazen wheels,[\[18\]](#) and joined them to the smooth
Steel axle; twice four spokes divided each855
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[\[19\]](#) blazed in front.860
The pole was argent all, to which she bound
The golden yoke, and in their place disposed
The breast-bands incorruptible of gold;
But Juno to the yoke, herself, the steeds
Led forth, on fire to reach the dreadful field.865

Meantime, Minerva, progeny of Jove,
On the adamantine floor of his abode
Let fall profuse her variegated robe,
Labor of her own hands. She first put on
The corselet of the cloud-assembler God,870
Then arm'd her for the field of wo complete.
She charged her shoulder with the dreadful shield
The shaggy Ægis,[\[20\]](#) border'd thick around
With terror; there was Discord, Prowess there,
There hot Pursuit, and there the feature grim875
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'd880
On her immortal head. Thus arm'd, she rose
Into the flaming chariot, and her spear
Seized ponderous, huge, with which the Goddess sprung
From an Almighty father, levels ranks
Of heroes, against whom her anger burns.885
Juno with lifted lash urged quick the steeds;
At her approach, spontaneous roar'd the wide-

Unfolding gates of heaven;[21] 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 found895
The Thunderer. Juno the white-arm'd her steeds
There stay'd, and thus the Goddess, ere she pass'd,
Question'd the son of Saturn, Jove supreme.

Jove, Father, seest thou, and art not incensed,
These ravages of Mars? Oh what a field,900
Drench'd with what Grecian blood! All rashly spilt,
And in despite of me. Venus, the while,
Sits, and the Archer of the silver bow
Delighted, and have urged, themselves, to this
The frantic Mars within no bounds confined905
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 task910
Spoil-huntress Athenæan Pallas, him
Accustom'd to chastise with pain severe.

He spake, nor white-arm'd Juno not obey'd.
She lash'd her steeds; they readily their flight
Began, the earth and starry vault between.915
Far as from his high tower the watchman kens
O'er gloomy ocean, so far at one bound
Advance the shrill-voiced coursers of the Gods.
But when at Troy and at the confluent streams
Of Simoïs and Scamander they arrived,920
There Juno, white-arm'd Goddess, from the yoke
Her steeds releasing, them in gather'd shades
Conceal'd opaque, while Simoïs caused to spring
Ambrosia from his bank, whereon they browsed.

Swift as her pinions waft the dove away925
They sought the Grecians, ardent to begin:
Arriving where the mightiest and the most
Compass'd equestrian Diomedé around,
In aspect lion-like, or like wild boars
Of matchless force, there white-arm'd Juno stood,930
And in the form of Stentor for his voice
Of brass renown'd, audible as the roar
Of fifty throats, the Grecians thus harangued.

Oh shame, shame, shame! Argives in form alone,
Beautiful but 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 sweat⁹⁴⁵
Beneath the broad band of his oval shield
Exhausted, and his arm fail'd him fatigued;
He therefore raised the band and wiped the blood
Coagulate; when o'er his chariot yoke
Her arm the Goddess threw, and thus began.⁹⁵⁰

Tydeus, in truth, begat a son himself
Not much resembling. Tydeus was of size
Diminutive, but had a warrior's heart.
When him I once commanded to abstain
From furious fight (what time he enter'd Thebes⁹⁵⁵
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 youth,⁹⁶⁰
Whom easily, through my effectual aid,
In contests of each kind he overcame.
But thou, whom I encircle with my power,
Guard vigilant, and even bid thee forth
To combat with the Trojans, thou, thy limbs⁹⁶⁵
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 Diomedes replied.⁹⁷⁰
I know thee well, oh Goddess sprung from Jove!
And therefore willing shall, and plain, reply.
Me neither weariness nor heartless fear
Restrains, but thine injunctions which impress
My memory, still, that I should fear to oppose⁹⁷⁵
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 know⁹⁸⁰
That Mars, himself in arms, controls the war.

Him answer'd then the Goddess azure-eyed.
Tydides! Diomedes, 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 myself⁹⁹⁰
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 place⁹⁹⁵
Ascending, sat beside brave Diomedes.
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 drove1000
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 sight1005
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 son.1010
Full nigh they came, when Mars on fire to slay
The hero, foremost with his brazen lance
Assail'd him, hurling o'er his horses' heads.
But Athenæan Pallas in her hand
The flying weapon caught and turn'd it wide,1015
Baffling his aim. Then Diomede on him
Rush'd furious in his turn, and Pallas plunged
The bright spear deep into his cinctured waist
Dire was the wound, and plucking back the spear
She tore him. Bellow'd brazen-throated Mars1020
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 winds1025
Breathe hot, and sultry mist obscures the sky,
Such brazen Mars to Diomede appear'd
By clouds accompanied in his ascent
Into the boundless ether. Reaching soon
The Olympian heights, seat of the Gods, he sat1030
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 by day1035
The dreadful mischiefs by the Gods contrived
Against each other, for the sake of man.
Thou art thyself the cause. Thou hast produced
A foolish daughter petulant, addict
To evil only and injurious deeds;1040
There is not in Olympus, save herself,
Who feels not thy control; but she her will
Gratifies ever, and reproof from thee
Finds none, because, pernicious as she is,
She is thy daughter. She hath now the mind1045
Of haughty Diomede with madness fill'd
Against the immortal Gods; first Venus bled;
Her hand he pierced impetuous, then assail'd,
As if himself immortal, even me,
But me my feet stole thence, or overwhelm'd1050
Beneath yon heaps of carcases impure,
What had I not sustain'd? And if at last
I lived, had halted crippled by the sword.

To whom with dark displeasure Jove replied.

Base and side-shifting traitor! vex not me1055
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 endure1065
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 consign’d1070
Of Pæon; he with drugs of lenient powers,
Soon heal’d whom immortality secured
From dissolution. As the juice from figs
Express’d what fluid was in milk before
Coagulates, stirr’d rapidly around,1075
So soon was Mars by Pæon 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 supreme1080
Ascended Juno throughout Argos known
And mighty Pallas; Mars the plague of man,
By their successful force from slaughter driven.

BOOK VI.

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.

BOOK VI.

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

First Telamonian Ajax,[2] 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 first10
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.[\[3\]](#) Rich was he,15
And in Arisba (where he dwelt beside
The public road, and at his open door
Made welcome all) respected and beloved.
But of his numerous guests none interposed
To avert his 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 turned25
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, embraced30
The lovely nymph; she twins produced, both whom,
Brave as they were and beautiful, thy son[\[4\]](#)
Mecisteus! slew, and from their shoulders tore
Their armor. Dauntless Polypætes slew
Astyalus. Ulysses with his spear35
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 dwelt40
Among the hills of lofty Pedasus,
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'd45
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, clasp'd55
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 impart60
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 stern65
Approaching, Agamemnon interposed.

Now, brother, whence this milkiness of mind,

These scruples about blood? Thy Trojan friends
Have doubtless much obliged thee. Die the race!
May none escape us! neither he who flies,70
Nor even the infant in his mother's womb
Unconscious. Perish universal Troy
Unpitied, till her place be found no more![\[5\]](#)

So saying, his brother's mind the Hero turn'd,
Advising him aright; he with his hand75
Thrust back Adrastus, and himself, the King,
His bowels pierced. Supine Adrastus fell,
And Agamemnon, with his foot the corse
Impressing firm, pluck'd forth his ashen spear.
Then Nestor, raising high his voice, exclaim'd.80

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

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

Then had the Trojans enter'd Troy again
By the heroic Grecians foul repulsed,
So was their spirit daunted, but the son
Of Priam, Helenus, an augur far
Excelling all, at Hector's side his speech90
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 yourselves,95
And, visiting all quarters, cause to stand
Before the city-gates our scatter'd troops,
Ere yet the fugitives within the arms
Be slaughter'd of their wives, the scorn of Greece.
When thus ye shall have rallied every band100
And roused their courage, weary though we be,
Yet since necessity commands, even here
Will we give battle to the host of Greece.
But, Hector! to the city thou depart;
There charge our mother, that she go direct,105
With the assembled matrons, to the fane
Of Pallas in the citadel of Troy.
Opening her chambers' sacred doors, of all
Her treasured mantles there, let her select
The widest, most magnificently wrought,110
And which she values most; *that* let her spread
On Athenæan Pallas' lap divine.[\[7\]](#)
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 himself120
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 ground¹²⁵
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 less¹³⁰
Than that some Deity, the starry skies
Forsaken, help'd their foes, so firm they stood.
But Hector to the Trojans call'd aloud.
Ye dauntless Trojans and confederate powers
Call'd from afar! now be ye men, my friends,¹³⁵
Now summon all the fury of your might!
I go to charge our senators and wives
That they address the Gods with prayers and vows
For our success, and hecatombs devote.

So saying the Hero went, and as he strode¹⁴⁰
The sable hide that lined his bossy shield
Smote on his neck and on his ancle-bone.

And now into the middle space between
Both hosts, the son of Tydeus and the son
Moved of Hippolochus, intent alike¹⁴⁵
On furious combat; face to face they stood,
And thus heroic Diomedé began.

Most noble Champion! who of human kind
Art thou,^[8] whom in the man-ennobling fight
I now encounter first? Past all thy peers¹⁵⁰
I must esteem thee valiant, who hast dared
To meet my coming, and my spear defy.
Ah! they are sons of miserable sires
Who dare my might; but if a God from heaven
Thou come, behold! I fight not with the Gods.¹⁵⁵
That war Lycurgus son of Dryas waged,
And saw not many years. The nurses he
Of brain-disturbing Bacchus down the steep
Pursued of sacred Nyssa; they their wands
Vine-wreathed cast all away, with an ox-goad¹⁶⁰
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.^[9]
Thus by Lycurgus were the blessed powers¹⁶⁵
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 bread¹⁷⁰
Of earthly growth, draw nigh, that with a stroke
Well-aim'd, I may at once cut short thy days.^[10]

To whom the illustrious Lycian Chief replied.
Why asks brave Diomedé of my descent?
For, as the leaves, such is the race of man.^[11]¹⁷⁵
The wind shakes down the leaves, the budding grove
Soon teems with others, and in spring they grow.

So pass mankind. One generation meets
Its destined period, and a new succeeds.
But since thou seem'st desirous to be taught180
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;[\[12\]](#) there Sisyphus abode,
Shrewdest of human kind; Sisyphus, named185
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 Jove190
Had subjected the land) plotting his death,
Contrived to banish from his native home.
For fair Anteia, wife of Prætus, mad
Through love of young Bellerophon, him oft
In secret to illicit joys enticed;195
But she prevail'd not o'er the virtuous mind
Discrete of whom she wooed; therefore a lie
Framing, she royal Prætus thus bespake.

Die thou, or slay Bellerophon, who sought
Of late to force me to his lewd embrace.200

So saying, the anger of the King she roused.
Slay him himself he would not, for his heart
Forbad the deed; him therefore he dismiss'd
To Lycia, charged with tales of dire import
Written in tablets,[\[13\]](#) which he bade him show,205
That he might perish, to Anteia's sire.
To Lycia then, conducted by the Gods,
He went, and on the shores of Xanthus found
Free entertainment noble at the hands
Of Lycia's potent King. Nine days complete210
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, destroy215
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[\[14\]](#) 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 slain225
The man-resisting Amazons, the king
Another stratagem at his return
Devised against him, placing close-conceal'd
An ambush for him from the bravest chosen
In Lycia; but they saw their homes no more;230
Bellerophon the valiant slew them all.
The monarch hence collecting, at the last,
His heavenly origin, him there detain'd,
And gave him his own daughter, with the half

Of all his royal dignity and power.235
The Lycians also, for his proper use,
Large lot assigned him of their richest soil,[\[15\]](#)
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, himself245
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'd250
Of Solymæ; and in her wrath divine
Diana from her chariot golden-rein'd
Laodamia slew. Myself I boast
Sprung from Hippolochus; he sent me forth
To fight for Troy, charging me much and oft255
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.260

He ceased. Then valiant Diomedes 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.[\[16\]](#)265
For Oeneus, on a time, full twenty days
Regaled Bellerophon, and pledges fair
Of hospitality they interchanged.
Oeneus a belt radiant with purple gave
To brave Bellerophon, who in return270
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 Achaeans perish'd, and of him
Hold no remembrance; but henceforth, my friend,275
Thine host am I in Argos, and thou mine
In Lycia, should I chance to sojourn there.
We will not clash. Trojans or aids of Troy
No few the Gods shall furnish to my spear,
Whom I may slaughter; and no want of Greeks280
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[\[17\]](#) 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 beeves290

In value, for the value small of nine.

But Hector at the Scæan gate and beech[\[18\]](#)
Meantime arrived, to whose approach the wives
And daughters flock'd of Troy, inquiring each
The fate of husband, brother, son, or friend.295
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 stone,300
Contiguous all, where Priam's sons reposed
And his sons' wives, and where, on the other side.
In twelve magnificent chambers also lined
With polish'd marble and contiguous all,
The sons-in-law of Priam lay beside305
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?310
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 pour'd315
Libation rich to Jove and to the powers
Immortal, thou may'st drink and be refresh'd.
For wine is mighty to renew the strength
Of weary man, and weary thou must be
Thyself, thus long defending us and ours.320
To whom her son majestic thus replied.

My mother, whom I reverence! cheering wine
Bring none to me, lest I forget my might.[\[19\]](#)
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,[\[20\]](#)
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 attire330
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'd335
With puncture of the goad, promise to slay
In sacrifice, if she will pity Troy,
Our wives and little ones, and will avert
The son of Tydeus from these sacred towers,
That dreadful Chief, terror of all our host.340
Go then, my mother, seek the hallowed fane
Of the spoil-huntress Deity. I, the while,
Seek Paris, and if Paris yet can hear,
Shall call him forth. But oh that earth would yawn
And swallow him, whom Jove hath made a curse345
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, throughout350
All Troy convened the matrons, as she bade.
Meantime into her wardrobe incense-fumed,
Herself descended; there her treasures lay,
Works of Sidonian women,[21] whom her son
The godlike Paris, when he cross'd the seas355
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 went,360
The Trojan matrons all following her steps.

But when the long procession reach'd the fane
Of Pallas in the heights of Troy, to them
The fair Theano ope'd the portals wide,
Daughter of Cisseus, brave Antenor's spouse,365
And by appointment public, at that time,
Priestess of Pallas. All with lifted hands[22]
In presence of Minerva wept aloud.
Beauteous Theano on the Goddess' lap
Then spread the robe, and to the daughter fair370
Of Jove omnipotent her suit address'd.

Goddess[23] of Goddesses, our city's shield,
Adored Minerva, hear! oh! break the lance
Of Diomedes, and give himself to fall
Prone in the dust before the Scæan gate.375
So will we offer to thee at thy shrine,
This day twelve heifers of the year, untouch'd
By yoke or goad, if thou wilt pity show
To Troy, and save our children and our wives.

Such prayer the priestess offer'd, and such prayer380
All present; whom Minerva heard averse.
But Hector to the palace sped meantime
Of Alexander, which himself had built,
Aided by every architect of name
Illustrious then in Troy. Chamber it had,385
Wide hall, proud dome, and on the heights of Troy
Near-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 gold.390
He found within his chamber whom he sought,
Polishing with exactest care his arms
Resplendent, shield and hauberk fingering o'er
With curious touch, and tampering with his bow.[24]
Helen of Argos with her female train395
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 blaze.405

To whom thus Paris, graceful as a God.
Since, Hector, thou hast charged me with a fault,
And not unjustly, I will answer make,
And give thou special heed. That here I sit,
The cause is sorrow, which I wish'd to soothe410
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 speech420
Accosted mild.[\[25\]](#) 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 aloft425
To some inhospitable mountain-top,
Or plunged me in the deep; there I had sunk
O'erwhelm'd, and all these ills had never been.
But since the Gods would bring these ills to pass,
I should, at least, some worthier mate have chosen,430
One not insensible to public shame.
But this, oh this, nor hath nor will acquire
Hereafter, aught which like discretion shows
Or reason, and shall find his just reward.
But enter; take this seat; for who as thou435
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[\[26\]](#) replied.440
Me bid not, Helen, to a seat, howe'er
Thou wish my stay, for thou must not prevail.
The Trojans miss me, and myself no less
Am anxious to return. But urge in haste
This loiterer forth; yea, let him urge himself445
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 fate450
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 bore455
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?[\[27\]](#) Went she to see460
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 discreet.465
Since, Hector, truth is thy demand, receive
True answer. Neither went she forth to see
Her female kindred of thy father's house,
Nor to Minerva's temple, where convened
The bright-haired matrons of the city seek470
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 her steps475
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 all480
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 arms490
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.495
The father, silent, eyed his babe, and smiled.
Andromache, meantime, before him stood,
With streaming cheeks, hung on his hand, and said.

Thy own great courage will cut short thy days,
My noble Hector! neither pitiest thou500
Thy helpless infant, or my hapless self,
Whose widowhood is near; for thou wilt fall
Ere long, assail'd by the whole host of Greece.
Then let me to the tomb, my best retreat
When thou art slain. For comfort none or joy505
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 arms510
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,515
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 brought520
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 lost.525
Come! have compassion on us. Go not hence,
But guard this turret, lest of me thou make
A widow, and an orphan of thy boy.
The city walls are easiest of ascent
At yonder fig-tree; station there thy powers;530
For whether by a prophet warn'd, or taught
By search and observation, in that part
Each Ajax with Idomeneus of Crete,
The sons of Atreus, and the valiant son
Of Tydeus, have now thrice assail'd the town.535

To whom the leader of the host of Troy.

These cares, Andromache, which thee engage,
All touch me also; but I dread to incur
The scorn of male and female tongues in Troy,
If, dastard-like, I should decline the fight.540
Nor feel I such a wish. No. I have learn'd
To be courageous ever, in the van
Among the flower of Ilium to assert
My glorious father's honor, and my own.
For that the day shall come when sacred Troy,545
When Priam, and the people of the old
Spear-practised King shall perish, well I know.
But for no Trojan sorrows yet to come
So much I mourn, not e'en for Hecuba,
Nor yet for Priam, nor for all the brave550
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 loom555
For a task-mistress, and constrain'd shalt draw
From Hypereïa's fount,[\[31\]](#) or from the fount
Messeïs, water at her proud command.
Some Grecian then, seeing thy tears, shall say—
"This was the wife of Hector, who excell'd560
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 earth565
Or ere that day arrive! I would not live
To hear thy cries, and see thee torn away.

So saying, illustrious Hector stretch'd his arms
Forth to his son, but with a scream, the child

Fell back into the bosom of his nurse,570
His father's aspect dreading, whose bright arms
He had attentive mark'd and shaggy crest
Playing tremendous o'er his helmet's height.
His father and his gentle mother laugh'd,[32]
And noble Hector lifting from his head575
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 might580
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 home585
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 pity moved590
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 date595
By heaven assign'd him, be he base or brave.[33]
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 first600
Drew vital breath in Ilium, most to me.[34]

He ceased, and from the ground his helmet raised
Hair-crested; his Andromache, at once
Obedient, to her home repair'd, but oft
Turn'd as she went, and, turning, wept afresh.605
No sooner at the palace she arrived
Of havoc-spreading Hector, than among
Her numerous maidens found within, she raised
A general lamentation; with one voice,
In his own house, his whole domestic train610
Mourn'd Hector, yet alive; for none the hope
Conceived of his escape from Grecian hands,
Or to behold their living master more.

Nor Paris in his stately mansion long
Delay'd, but, arm'd resplendent, traversed swift615
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 mane620
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 arms635
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 Achaïans, and to quaff the cup
Of liberty, before the living Gods.645

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.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

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

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 oars5
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,15
Son of Hippolochus, in furious fight
Iphinoüs son of Dexias assail'd,
Mounting his rapid mares, and with his lance
His shoulder pierced; unhorsed he fell and died.

Such slaughter of the Grecians in fierce fight20
Minerva noting, from the Olympian hills
Flew down to sacred Ilium; whose approach
Marking from Pergamus, Apollo flew
To meet her, ardent on the part of Troy.
Beneath the beech they join'd, when first the King,25
The son of Jove, Apollo thus began.

Daughter of Jove supreme! why hast thou left
Olympus, and with such impetuous speed?
Comest thou to give the Danaï success
Decisive? For I know that pity none30
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 means40
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 chief45
Achaian. The Achaians brazen-mail'd
Indignant, will supply a champion soon
To combat with the noble Chief of Troy.

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

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

He spake, whom Hector heard with joy elate.60
Before his van striding into the space
Both hosts between, he with his spear transverse[1]
Press'd back the Trojans, and they sat. Down sat
The well-greaved Grecians also at command
Of Agamemnon; and in shape assumed65

Of vultures, Pallas and Apollo perch'd
High on the lofty beech sacred to Jove
The father Ægis-arm'd; delighted thence
They view'd the peopled plain horrent around
With shields and helms and glittering spears erect.⁷⁰
As when fresh-blowing Zephyrus the flood
Sweeps first, the ocean blackens at the blast,
Such seem'd the plain whereon the Achaians sat
And Trojans, whom between thus Hector spake.

Ye Trojans and Achaians brazen-greaved,⁷⁵
Attend while I shall speak! Jove high-enthroned
Hath not fulfill'd the truce, but evil plans
Against both hosts, till either ye shall take
Troy's lofty towers, or shall yourselves in flight
Fall vanquish'd at your billow-cleaving barks.⁸⁰
With you is all the flower of Greece.^[2] 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 life⁸⁵
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^[3]
Of the bow-bender God, but I will send
His body to the fleet, that him the Greeks⁹⁵
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 days¹⁰⁰
The Hero died; him warlike Hector slew.”
So men shall speak hereafter, and my fame
Who slew him, and my praise, shall never die.

He ceased, and all sat mute. His challenge bold
None dared accept, which yet they blush'd to shun,¹⁰⁵
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 contend¹¹⁰
With Hector. Dastards—deaf to glory's call—
Rot where ye sit! I will myself take arms
Against him, for the gods alone dispose,
At their own pleasure, the events of war.

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

Seizing affectionate, thee thus address'd.

Thou ravest, my royal brother! and art seized
With needless frenzy. But, however chafed,
Restrain thy wrath, nor covet to contend¹²⁵
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 resume¹³⁰
In thy own band; the Achaians shall for him,
Doubtless, some fitter champion furnish forth.
Brave though he be, and with the toils of war
Insatiable, he shall be willing yet,
Seated on his bent knees, to breathe a while,¹³⁵
Should he escape the arduous brunt severe.

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

Great wo, ye Gods! hath on Achaia fallen.
Now may the warlike Pelas, hoary Chief,
Who both with eloquence and wisdom rules
The Myrmidons, our foul disgrace deplore.
With him discoursing, erst, of ancient times,¹⁴⁵
When all your pedigrees I traced, I made
His heart bound in him at the proud report.
But now, when he shall learn how here we sat
Cowering at the foot of Hector, he shall oft
His hands uplift to the immortal Gods,¹⁵⁰
Praying a swift release into the shades.
Jove! Pallas! Phœbus! Oh that I were young
As when the Pylians in fierce fight engaged
The Arcadians spear-expert, beside the stream
Of rapid Celadon! Beneath the walls¹⁵⁵
We fought of Pheia, where the Jordan rolls.
There Ereuthalion, Chief of godlike form,
Stood forth before his van, and with loud voice
Defied the Pylians. Arm'd he was in steel
By royal Areïthous whilom worn;¹⁶⁰
Brave Areïthous, Corynetes^[4] named
By every tongue; for that in bow and spear
Nought trusted he, but with an iron mace
The close-embattled phalanx shatter'd wide.
Him by address, not by superior force,¹⁶⁵
Lycurgus vanquish'd, in a narrow pass,
Where him his iron whirl-bat^[5] nought avail'd.
Lycurgus stealing on him, with his lance
Transpierced and fix'd him to the soil supine.
Him of his arms, bright gift of brazen Mars,¹⁷⁰
He stripp'd, which after, in the embattled field
Lycurgus wore himself, but, growing old,
Surrender'd them to Ereuthalion's use
His armor-bearer, high in his esteem,
And Ereuthalion wore them on the day¹⁷⁵
When he defied our best. All hung their heads
And trembled; none dared meet him; till at last

With inborn courage warm'd, and nought dismayed,
Though youngest of them all, I undertook
That contest, and, by Pallas' aid, prevail'd.180
I slew the man in height and bulk all men
Surpassing, and much soil he cover'd slain.
Oh for the vigor of those better days!
Then should not Hector want a champion long,
Whose call to combat, ye, although the prime185
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;190
The Cretan next, Idomeneus, with whom
Uprose Meriones his friend approved,
Terrible as the man-destroyer Mars.
Evæmon's noble offspring next appear'd
Eurypylus; Andræmon's son the next195
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 chance200
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 son205
Of Atreus, Agamemnon. Then the host
Pray'd all, their hands uplifting, and with eyes
To the wide heavens directed, many said[6]—

Eternal sire! choose Ajax, or the son
Of Tydeus, or the King himself[7] who sways210
The sceptre in Mycenæ wealth-renown'd!

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

My friends! the lot is mine,[8] and my own heart
Rejoices also; for I nothing doubt
That noble Hector shall be foil'd by me.225
But while I put mine 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 strength230
Unsettle, or for ignorance of mine

Me vanquish, who, I hope, brought forth and train'd
In Salamis, have, now, not much to learn.

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

Jove! glorious father! who from Ida's height
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 prize²⁴⁰
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 inspires²⁴⁵
Of war, so moved huge Ajax to the fight,
Tower of the Greeks, dilating with a smile
His martial features terrible; on feet,
Firm-planted, to the combat he advanced
Stride after stride, and shook his quivering spear.²⁵⁰
Him viewing, Argos' universal host
Exulted, while a panic loosed the knees
Of every Trojan; even Hector's heart
Beat double, but escape for him remain'd
None now, or to retreat into his ranks²⁵⁵
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 hides²⁶⁰
Of seven high-pamper'd bulls that shield he framed
For Ajax, and the disk plated with brass.
Advancing it before his breast, the son
Of Telamon approach'd the Trojan Chief,
And face to face, him threatening, thus began.²⁶⁵

Now, Hector, prove, by me alone opposed,
What Chiefs the Danaï can furnish forth
In absence of the lion-hearted prince
Achilles, breaker of the ranks of war.
He, in his billow-cleaving barks incensed²⁷⁰
Against our leader Agamemnon, lies;
But warriors of my measure, who may serve
To cope with thee, we want not; numerous such
Are found amongst us. But begin the fight.

To whom majestic Hector fierce in arms.²⁷⁵
Ajax! heroic leader of the Greeks!
Offspring of Telamon! essay not me
With words to terrify, as I were boy.
Or girl unskill'd in war;^[9] I am a man
Well exercised in battle, who have shed²⁸⁰
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 light²⁸⁵
Into my chariot, thence can urge the foe.

Yet in contention with a Chief like thee
I will employ no stratagem, or seek
To smite thee privily, but with a stroke
(If I may reach thee) visible to all.290

So saying, he shook, then hurl'd his massy spear
At Ajax, and his broad shield sevenfold
On its eighth surface of resplendent brass
Smote full; six hides the unblunted weapon pierced,
But in the seventh stood rooted. Ajax, next,295
Heroic Chief, hurl'd his long shadow'd spear
And struck the oval shield of Priam's son.
Through his bright disk the weapon tempest-driven
Glided, and in his hauberk-rings infixt
At his soft flank, ripp'd wide his vest within.300
Inclined oblique he 'scaped the dreadful doom
Then each from other's shield his massy spear
Recovering quick, like lions hunger-pinch'd
Or wild boars irresistible in force,
They fell to close encounter. Priam's son305
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 edge310
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 guard315
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-stone weight320
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 men325
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.330
Ye both are dear to cloud-assembler Jove,
Both valiant, and all know it. But the Night
Hath fallen, and Night's command must be obeyed.

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

Him answer'd then heroic Hector huge.
Since, Ajax, the immortal powers on thee
Have bulk pre-eminent and strength bestow'd,340
With such address in battle, that the host
Of Greece hath not thine equal at the spear,

Now let the combat cease. We shall not want
More fair occasion; on some future day
We will not part till all-disposing heaven³⁴⁵
Shall give thee victory, or shall make her mine.
But Night hath fallen, and Night must be obey'd,
That them may'st gratify with thy return
The Achaians, and especially thy friends
And thy own countrymen. I go, no less³⁵⁰
To exhilarate in Priam's royal town
Men and robed matrons, who shall seek the Gods
For me, with pious ceremonial due.
But come. We will exchange, or ere we part,
Some princely gift, that Greece and Troy may say³⁵⁵
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
Purpureal^[11] took from Ajax in return.³⁶⁰
Thus separated, one the Grecians sought,
And one the Trojans; they when him they saw
From the unconquer'd hands return'd alive
Of Ajax, with delight their Chief received,
And to the city led him, double joy³⁶⁵
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 ox³⁷⁰
Of the fifth year to Jove omnipotent.
Him flaying first, they carved him next and spread
The whole abroad, then, scoring deep the flesh,
They pierced it with the spits, and from the spits
(Once roasted well) withdrew it all again.³⁷⁵
Their 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 chine^[12]³⁸⁰
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.³⁹⁰
To-morrow, therefore, let the battle pause
As need requires, and at the peep of day
With mules and oxen, wheel ye from all parts
The dead, that we may burn them near the fleet.
So, home to Greece returning, will we give³⁹⁵
The fathers' ashes to the children's care.
Accumulating next, the pile around,
One common tomb for all, with brisk dispatch
We will upbuild for more secure defence

Of us and of our fleet, strong towers and tall400
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 around405
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 began410
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 yield415
To the Atridæ, hence to be convey'd,
Helen of Greece with all that is her own.
For charged with violated oaths we fight,
And hope I none conceive that aught by us
Design'd shall prosper, unless so be done.420

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

Antenor! me thy counsel hath not pleased;
Thou could'st have framed far better; but if this425
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'd430
From Argos, those will I resign, and add
Still other compensation from my own.

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

Trojans, Dardanians, and allies of Troy!
I shall declare my sentence; hear ye me.
Now let the legions, as at other times,
Take due refreshment; let the watch be set,
And keep ye vigilant guard. At early dawn440
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,450
And at the dawn Idæus sought the fleet.
He found the Danaï, servants of Mars,

Beside the stern of Agamemnon's ship
Consulting; and amid the assembled Chiefs
Arrived, with utterance clear them thus address'd.455

Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Chiefs, the flower
Of all Achaia! Priam and the Chiefs
Of Ilium, bade me to your ear impart
(If chance such embassy might please your ear)
The mind of Paris, author of the war.460
The treasures which on board his ships he brought
From Argos home (oh, had he perish'd first!)
He yields them with addition from his own.
Not so the consort of the glorious prince
Brave Menelaus; her (although in Troy465
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 length470
Shall part us, and the doubtful strife decide.

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

No. We will none of Paris' treasures now,
Nor even Helen's self. A child may see475
Destruction winging swift her course to Troy.

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

Idæus! thou hast witness'd the resolve480
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 attest485
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 return490
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 arose495
As sudden, and all issuing from the fleet
Sought fuel, some, and some, the scatter'd dead.

Now from the gently-swelling flood profound
The sun arising, with his earliest rays
In his ascent to heaven smote on the fields.500
When Greeks and Trojans met. Scarce could the slain
Be clear distinguish'd, but they cleansed from each
His clotted gore with water, and warm tears
Distilling copious, heaved them to the wains.
But wailing none was heard, for such command505

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 fire⁵¹⁰
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,
Achaïans, chosen from the rest, the pile
Encompass'd. With a tomb (one tomb for all)⁵¹⁵
They crown'd the spot adust, and to the tomb
(For safety of their fleet and of themselves)
Strong fortress added of high wall and tower,
With solid gates affording egress thence
Commodious to the mounted charioteer;⁵²⁰
Deep foss and broad they also dug without,
And planted it with piles. So toil'd the Greeks.

The Gods, that mighty labor, from beside
The Thunderer's throne with admiration view'd,
When Neptune, shaker of the shores, began.⁵²⁵

Eternal father! is there on the face
Of all the boundless earth one mortal man
Who will, in times to come, consult with heaven?
See'st thou yon height of wall, and yon deep trench
With which the Grecians have their fleet inclosed,⁵³⁰
And, careless of our blessing, 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,⁵³⁵
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,⁵⁴⁰
A god of less sufficiency than thou,
Might be allowed some fear from such a cause.
Fear not. Where'er the morning shoots her beams,
Thy glory shall be known; and when the Greeks
Shall seek their country through the waves again,⁵⁴⁵
Then break this bulwark down, submerge it whole,
And spreading deep with sand the spacious shore
As at the first, leave not a trace behind.

Such conference held the Gods; and now the sun
Went down, and, that great work perform'd, the Greeks⁵⁵⁰
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 board⁵⁵⁵
A thousand measures from the rest apart
For the Atridæ; but the host at large
By traffic were supplied; some barter'd brass,
Others bright steel; some purchased wine with hides,
These with their cattle, with their captives those,⁵⁶⁰
And the whole host prepared a glad regale.

All night the Grecians feasted, and the host
Of Ilium, and all night deep-planning Jove
Portended dire calamities to both,
Thundering tremendous!—Pale was every cheek;565
Each pour'd his goblet on the ground, nor dared
The hardiest drink, till he had first perform'd
Libation meet to the Saturnian King
Omnipotent; then, all retiring, sought
Their couches, and partook the gift of sleep.570

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

Jove calls a council, in which he forbids all interference of the Gods between the Greeks and Trojans. He repairs to Ida, where, having consulted the scales of destiny, he directs his lightning against the Grecians. Nestor is endangered by the death of one of his horses. Diomedel delivers him. In the chariot of Diomedel they both hasten to engage Hector, whose charioteer is slain by Diomedel. Jupiter again interposes by his thunders, and the whole Grecian host, discomfited, is obliged to seek refuge within the rampart. Diomedel, 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.

BOOK VIII.

The saffron-mantled morning[1] now was spread
O'er all the nations, when the Thunderer Jove
On the deep-fork'd Olympian topmost height
Convened the Gods in council, amid whom
He spake himself; they all attentive heard.5

Gods! Goddesses! Inhabitants of heaven!
Attend; I make my secret purpose known.
Let neither God nor Goddess interpose
My counsel to rescind, but with one heart
Approve it, that it reach, at once, its end.10
Whom I shall mark soever from the rest
Withdrawn, that he may Greeks or Trojans aid,
Disgrace shall find him; shamefully chastised
He shall return to the Olympian heights,
Or I will hurl him deep into the gulfs15
Of gloomy Tartarus, where Hell shuts fast
Her iron gates, and spreads her brazen floor,
As far below the shades, as earth from heaven.
There shall he learn how far I pass in might
All others; which if ye incline to doubt,20
Now prove me. Let ye down the golden chain[2]
From heaven, and at its nether links pull all,
Both Goddesses and Gods. But me your King,
Supreme in wisdom, ye shall never draw
To earth from heaven, toil adverse as ye may.25
Yet I, when once I shall be pleased to pull,

The earth itself, itself the sea, and you
Will lift with ease together, and will wind
The chain around the spiry summit sharp
Of the Olympian, that all things upheaved³⁰
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 abstain⁴⁰
From battle, yet such counsel to the Greeks
Suggesting still, as may in part effect
Their safety, lest thy wrath consume them all.

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

He said, and to his chariot join'd his steeds
Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and mailed with wavy gold;
He put on golden raiment, his bright scourge⁵⁰
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^[3] his shrine⁵⁵
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 all⁶⁰
Beneath his eye, and the whole fleet of Greece.

In all their tents, meantime, Achaia's sons
Took short refreshment, and for fight prepared.
On the other side, though fewer, yet constrain'd
By strong necessity, throughout all Troy,⁶⁵
In the defence of children and wives
Ardent, the Trojans panted for the field.
Wide flew the city gates: forth rush'd to war
Horsemen and foot, and tumult wild arose.
They met, they clash'd; loud was the din of spears⁷⁰
And bucklers on their bosoms brazen-mail'd
Encountering, shields in opposition from
Met bossy shields, and tumult wild arose.^[4]

There many a shout and many a dying groan
Were heard, the slayer and the maim'd aloud⁷⁵
Clamoring, and the earth was drench'd with blood.
Till sacred morn^[5] had brighten'd into noon,
The vollied weapons on both sides their task
Perform'd effectual, and the people fell.
But when the sun had climb'd the middle skies,⁸⁰

The Sire of all then took his golden scales;^[6]
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 doom⁸⁵
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.^[7]⁹⁰
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'd,⁹⁵
But by his steed retarded, which the mate
Of beauteous Helen, Paris, with a shaft
Had stricken where the forelock grows, a part
Of all most mortal. Tortured by the wound
Erect he rose, the arrow in his brain,¹⁰⁰
And writhing furious, scared his fellow-steeds.
Meantime, while, strenuous, with his falchion's edge
The hoary warrior stood slashing the reins,
Through multitudes of fierce pursuers borne
On rapid wheels, the dauntless charioteer¹⁰⁵
Approach'd him, Hector. Then, past hope, had died
The ancient King, but Diomed discern'd
His peril imminent, and with a voice
Like thunder, called Ulysses to his aid.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!¹¹⁰
Art thou too fugitive, and turn'st thy back
Like the base multitude? Ah! fear a lance
Implanted ignominious in thy spine.
Stop—Nestor dies. Fell Hector is at hand.

So shouted Diomed, whose summons loud,¹¹⁵
Ulysses yet heard not, but, passing, flew
With headlong haste to the Achaian fleet.
Then, Diomed, unaided as he was,
Rush'd ardent to the vanward, and before
The steeds of the Neleian sovereign old¹²⁰
Standing, in accents wing'd, him thus address'd.

Old Chief! these youthful warriors are too brisk
For thee, press'd also by encroaching age,
Thy servant too is feeble, and thy steeds
Are tardy. Mount my chariot. Thou shalt see¹²⁵
With what rapidity the steeds of Troy,
Pursuing or retreating, scour the field.
I took them from that terror of his foes,
Æneas. Thine to our attendants leave,
While these against the warlike powers of Troy¹³⁰
We push direct; that Hector's self may know
If my spear rage not furious as his own.

He said, nor the Gerenian Chief refused.
Thenceforth their servants, Sthenelus and good
Eurymedon, took charge of Nestor's steeds,¹³⁵

And they the chariot of Tydides both
Ascended; Nestor seized the reins, plied well
The scourge, and soon they met. Tydides hurl'd
At Hector first, while rapid he advanced;
But missing Hector, wounded in the breast¹⁴⁰
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'd¹⁴⁵
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 mount¹⁵⁰
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 candent bolt¹⁵⁵
To the horse-feet of Diomedes; 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 Diomedes, appall'd, he spake.¹⁶⁰

Back to the fleet, Tydides! Can'st not see
That Jove ordains not, now, the victory thine?
The son of Saturn glorifies to-day
This Trojan, and, if such his will, can make
The morrow ours; but vain it is to thwart¹⁶⁵
The mind of Jove, for he is Lord of all.

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

Him answer'd the Gerenian warrior old.
What saith the son of Tydeus, glorious Chief?¹⁷⁵
Should Hector so traduce thee as to call
Thee base and timid, neither Trojan him
Nor Dardan would believe, nor yet the wives
Of numerous shielded warriors brave of Troy,
Widow'd by thy unconquerable arm.¹⁸⁰

So saying, he through the fugitives his steeds
Turn'd swift to flight. Then Hector and his host
With 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 behold¹⁹⁰

Me flying, climb our battlements, or lead
Our women captive. I will slay thee first.

He ceased. Then Diomedes in dread suspense
Thrice purposed, turning, to withstand the foe,
And thrice in thunder from the mountain-top¹⁹⁵
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 heart²⁰⁰
Saturnian Jove glory and bright success
For me prepares, but havoc for the Greeks.
Fools! they shall find this wall which they have raised
Too weak to check my course, a feeble guard
Contemptible; such also is the trench;²⁰⁵
My steeds shall slight it with an easy leap.
But when ye see me in their fleet arrived,
Remember fire. Then bring me flaming brands
That I may burn their galleys and themselves
Slaughter beside them, struggling in the smoke.^[8]²¹⁰

He spake, and thus encouraged next his steeds.
Xanthus! Podargus! and ye generous pair
Æthon and glossy Lampos! now requite
Mine, and the bounty of Andromache,
Far-famed Eëtion's daughter; she your bowl²¹⁵
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.^[9]
Now follow! now be swift; that we may seize
The shield of Nestor, bruited to the skies²²⁰
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.^[10] May we take but these,
I have good hope that, ere this night be spent,²²⁵
The Greeks shall climb their galleys and away.

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

Alas! earth-shaking sovereign of the waves,
Feel'st thou no pity of the perishing Greeks?
Yet Greece, in Helice, with gifts nor few
Nor sordid, and in Ægæ, honors thee,
Whom therefore thou shouldst prosper. Would we all²³⁵
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 word²⁴⁰
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,[\[11\]](#)
The narrow interval with steeds was fill'd245
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 mind250
Of Agamemnon, vigilant himself,
To exhortation of Achaia's host.
Through camp and fleet the monarch took his way,
And, his wide robe imperial in his hand,
High on Ulysses' huge black galley stood,255
The central ship conspicuous; thence his voice
Might reach the most remote of all the line
At each extreme, where Ajax had his tent
Pitch'd, and Achilles, fearless of surprise.
Thence, with loud voice, the Grecians thus he hail'd.260

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 face265
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 ever felt270
Thy frowns as I? Whom hast thou shamed as me?
Yet I neglected not, through all the course
Of our disastrous voyage (in the hope
That we should vanquish Troy) thy sacred rites,
But where I found thine altar, piled it high275
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 saw280
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 raised285
To Panomphæan[\[12\]](#) Jove sudden he dropp'd.[\[13\]](#)

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 foss290
His rapid steeds, and rushing to the war.
He, foremost far, a Trojan slew, the son
Of Phradmon, Ageläus; as he turn'd
His steeds to flight, him turning with his spear
Through back and bosom Diomedes transpierced.295
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 friend300
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 shield305
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 Ophleustes, first,
And Ormenus he slew, then Dætor died,
Chromius and Lycophontes brave in fight315
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 saw320
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 abode325
Rear'd although spurious; mount him, in return,
Although remote, on glory's heights again.
I tell thee, and the effect shall follow sure,
Let but the Thunderer and Minerva grant
The pillage of fair Ilium to the Greeks,330
And I will give to thy victorious hand,
After my own, the noblest recompense,
A tripod or a chariot with its steeds,
Or some fair captive to partake thy bed.

To whom the generous Teucer thus replied.335
Atrides! glorious monarch! wherefore me
Exhortest thou to battle? who myself
Glow with sufficient ardor, and such strength
As heaven affords me spare not to employ.
Since first we drove them back, with watchful eye340
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 shaft345
Impatient sent at Hector; but it flew
Devious, and brave Gorgythion struck instead.
Him beautiful Castianira, brought
By Priam from Æsymba, nymph of form
Celestial, to the King of Ilium bore.350
As in the garden, with the weight surcharged
Of its own fruit, and drench'd by vernal rains
The poppy falls oblique, so he his head
Hung languid, by his helmet's weight depress'd.[\[14\]](#)
Then Teucer yet an arrow from the nerve355

Dispatch'd at Hector, with impatience fired
To pierce him; but again his weapon err'd
Turn'd by Apollo, and the bosom struck
Of Archeptolemus, his rapid steeds
To battle urging, Hector's charioteer.³⁶⁰
He fell, his fiery coursers at the sound
Recoil'd, and lifeless where he fell he lay.
Deep sorrow for his charioteer the mind
O'erwhelm'd of Hector, yet he left the slain,
And seeing his own brother nigh at hand,³⁶⁵
Cebriones, him summon'd to the reins,
Who with alacrity that charge received.
Then Hector, leaping with a dreadful shout
From his resplendent chariot, grasp'd a stone,
And rush'd on Teucer, vengeance in his heart.³⁷⁰
Teucer had newly fitted to the nerve
An arrow keen selected from the rest,
And warlike Hector, while he stood the cord
Retracting, smote him with that rugged rock
Just where the key-bone interposed divides³⁷⁵
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 fallen³⁸⁰
Was Ajax, but, advancing rapid, stalk'd
Around him, and his broad shield interposed,
Till brave Alaster and Mecisteus, son
Of Echius, friends of Teucer, from the earth
Upraised and bore him groaning to the fleet.³⁸⁵
And now again fresh force Olympian Jove
Gave to the Trojans; right toward the foss
They drove the Greeks, while Hector in the van
Advanced, death menacing in every look.

As some fleet hound close-threatening flank or haunch³⁹⁰
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 foss³⁹⁵
They had surmounted, and no few had fallen
By Trojan hands, within their fleet they stood
Imprison'd, calling each to each, and prayer
With lifted hands, loud offering to the Gods.
With Gorgon looks, meantime, and eyes of Mars,⁴⁰⁰
Hector impetuous his mane-tossing steeds
From side to side before the rampart drove,
When white-arm'd Juno pitying the Greeks,
In accents wing'd her speech to Pallas turn'd.

Alas, Jove's daughter! shall not we at least⁴⁰⁵
In this extremity of their distress
Care for the Grecians by the fatal force
Of this one Chief destroy'd? I can endure
The rage of Priameian Hector now
No longer; such dire mischiefs he hath wrought.⁴¹⁰

Whom answer'd thus Pallas, cærulean-eyed.

—And Hector had himself long since his life
Resign'd and rage together, by the Greeks
Slain under Ilium's walls, but Jove, my sire,
Mad counsels executing and perverse,415
Me counterworks in all that I attempt,
Nor aught remembers how I saved oft-times
His son enjoin'd full many a task severe
By King Eurystheus; to the Gods he wept,
And me Jove sent in haste to his relief.420
But had I then foreseen what now I know,
When through the adamantine gates he pass'd
To bind the dog of hell, by the deep floods
Hemm'd in of Styx, he had return'd no more.
But Thetis wins him now; her will prevails,425
And mine he hates; for she hath kiss'd his knees
And grasp'd his beard, and him in prayer implored
That he would honor her heroic son
Achilles, city-waster prince renown'd.
'Tis well—the day shall come when Jove again430
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 fight435
(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 dread440
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 abode445
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 war, complete.
Mounting the fiery chariot, next she seized450
Her ponderous spear, huge, irresistible,
With which Jove's awful daughter levels ranks
Of heroes against whom her anger burns.
Juno with lifted lash urged on the steeds.
At their approach, spontaneous roar'd the wide-455
Unfolding gates of heaven; the heavenly gates
Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge
Of the Olympian summit appertains,
And of the boundless ether, back to roll,
And to replace the cloudy barrier dense.460
Spurr'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds:
Which when the Eternal Father from the heights
Of Ida saw, kindling with instant ire
To golden-pinion'd Iris thus he spake.

Haste, Iris, turn them thither whence they came;465
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 themselves470
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 she475
Clashes[15] 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-valed480
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 dread490
A father's anger; but for the offence
Of Juno, he resents it less; for she
Clashes with all his counsels from of old.
But thou, Minerva, if thou dare indeed
Lift thy vast spear against the breast of Jove,495
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,500
Contend we against Jove. Perish or live
Grecians or Trojans as he wills; let him
Dispose the order of his own concerns,
And judge between them, as of right he may.

So saying, she turn'd the coursers; them the Hours505
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.510
His steeds the glorious King of Ocean loosed,
And thrust the chariot, with its veil o'erspread.
Into its station at the altar's side.
Then sat the Thunderer on his throne of gold
Himself, and the huge mountain shook. Meantime515
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 incurr'd520
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 beheld⁵²⁵
The wonders of the field, trembling retired.
And ye did well—Hear what had else befallen.
My bolts had found you both, and ye had reach'd,
In your own chariot borne, the Olympian height,
Seat of the blest Immortals, never more.⁵³⁰

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

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

Then answer, thus, cloud-gatherer Jove return'd.⁵⁴⁵
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 pause⁵⁵⁰
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 abyss⁵⁵⁵
Where Saturn and Iäpetus retired,
Exclusion sad endure from balmy airs
And from the light of morn, hell-girt around,
I will not call thee thence. No. Should thy rage
Transport thee thither, there thou may'st abide,⁵⁶⁰
There sullen nurse thy disregarded spleen
Obstinate as thou art, and void of shame.

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

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

Trojans, Dardanians, and allies of Troy!
I hoped, this evening (every ship consumed,

And all the Grecians slain) to have return'd
To wind-swept Ilium. But the shades of night
Have intervened, and to the night they owe,580
In chief, their whole fleet's safety and their own.
Now, therefore, as the night enjoins, all take
Needful refreshment. Your high-mettled steeds
Release, lay food before them, and in haste
Drive hither from the city fatted sheep585
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 fires590
Illumine the skies; lest even in the night,
Launching, they mount the billows and escape.
Beware that they depart not unannoy'd,
But, as he leaps on board, give each a wound
With shaft or spear, which he shall nurse at home.595
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 towers600
Built by the Gods, keep watch; on every hearth
In Troy, let those of the inferior sex
Make sprightly blaze, and place ye there a guard
Sufficient, lest in absence of the troops
An ambush enter, and surprise the town.605
Act thus, ye dauntless Trojans; the advice
Is wholesome, and shall serve the present need,
And so much for the night; ye shall be told
The business of the morn when morn appears.
It is my prayer to Jove and to all heaven610
(Not without hope) that I may hence expel
These dogs, whom Ilium's unpropitious fates
Have wafted hither in their sable barks.
But we will also watch this night, ourselves,
And, arming with the dawn, will at their ships615
Give them brisk onset. Then shall it appear
If Diomed 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 abide620
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 age625
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-side.630
And now from Troy provision large they brought,
Oxen, and sheep, with store of wine and bread,
And fuel much was gather'd. [16]Next the Gods
With sacrifice they sought, and from the plain
Upwafted by the winds the smoke aspired635

Savoury, but unacceptable to those
Above; such hatred in their hearts they bore
To Priam, to the people of the brave
Spear-practised Priam, and to sacred Troy.

Big with great purposes and proud, they sat,640
Not disarray’d, but in fair form disposed
Of even ranks, and watch’d their numerous fires,
As when around the clear bright moon, the stars
Shine in full splendor, and the winds are hush’d,
The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland-heights645
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 Greece,650
In prospect all of Troy; a thousand fires,
Each watch’d by fifty warriors seated near.
The steeds beside the chariots stood, their corn
Chewing, and waiting till the golden-throned
Aurora should restore the light of day.655

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT OF THE NINTH BOOK.

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

BOOK IX.

So watch’d the Trojan host; but thoughts of flight,
Companions of chill fear, from heaven infused,
Possess’d the Grecians; every leader’s heart
Bled, pierced with anguish insupportable.
As when two adverse winds blowing from Thrace,5
Boreas and Zephyrus, the fishy Deep
Vex sudden, all around, the sable flood
High curl’d, flings forth the salt weed on the shore
Such tempest rent the mind of every Greek.

Forth stalk’d Atrides with heart-riving wo10
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 fast15
As some deep[\[1\]](#) 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!20
In dire perplexity Saturnian Jove
Involves me, cruel; he assured me erst,

And solemnly, that I should not return
Till I had wasted wall-encircled Troy;
But now (ah fraudulent and foul reverse!)²⁵
Commands me back inglorious to the shores
Of distant Argos, with diminish'd troops.
So stands the purpose of almighty Jove,
Who many a citadel hath laid in dust,
And shall hereafter, matchless in his power.³⁰
Haste therefore. My advice is, that we all
Fly with our fleet into our native land,
For wide-built Ilium shall not yet be ours.

He ceased, and all sat silent; long the sons
Of Greece, o'erwhelm'd with sorrow, silent sat,³⁵
When thus, at last, bold Diomed 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 thee⁴⁵
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 incline⁵⁵
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 Diomed extoll'd,⁶⁰
When thus equestrian Nestor next began.

Tydides, thou art eminently brave
In fight, and all the princes of thy years
Excell'st in council. None of all the Greeks
Shall find occasion just to blame thy speech⁶⁵
Or to gainsay; yet thou hast fallen short.
What wonder? Thou art young; and were myself
Thy father, thou should'st be my latest born.
Yet when thy speech is to the Kings of Greece,
It is well-framed and prudent. Now attend!⁷⁰
Myself will speak, who have more years to boast
Than thou hast seen, and will so closely scan
The matter, that Atrides, our supreme,
Himself shall have no cause to censure *me*.
He is a wretch, insensible and dead⁷⁵
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 trench80
Without the wall; the youngest shall supply
That service; next, Atrides, thou begin
(For thou art here supreme) thy proper task.
Banquet the elders; it shall not disgrace
Thy sovereignty, but shall become thee well.85
Thy tents are fill'd with wine which day by day
Ships bring from Thrace; accommodation large
Hast thou, and numerous is thy menial train.
Thy many guests assembled, thou shalt hear
Our counsel, and shalt choose the best; great need90
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 approved.95
Forth rush'd the guard well-arm'd; first went the son
Of Nestor, Thrasymedes, valiant Chief;
Then, sons of Mars, Ascalaphus advanced,
And brave Iälmenus; whom follow'd next
Deipyrus, Aphareus, Meriones,100
And Lycomedes, Creon's son renown'd.
Seven were the leaders of the guard, and each
A hundred spearmen headed, young and bold.
Between the wall and trench their seat they chose,
There kindled fires, and each his food prepared.105

Atrides, then, to his pavilion led
The thronging Chiefs of Greece, and at his board
Regaled them; they with readiness and keen
Dispatch of hunger shared the savory feast,
And when nor thirst remain'd nor hunger more110
Unsated, Nestor then, arising first,
Whose counsels had been ever wisest deem'd,
Warm for the public interest, thus began.

Atrides! glorious sovereign! King of men!
Thou art my first and last, proem and close,115
For thou art mighty, and to thee are given
From Jove the sceptre and the laws in charge,
For the advancement of the general good.
Hence, in peculiar, both to speak and hear
Become thy duty, and the best advice,120
By whomsoever offer'd, to adopt
And to perform, for thou art judge alone.
I will promulge the counsel which to me
Seems wisest; such, that other Grecian none
Shall give thee better; neither is it new,125
But I have ever held it since the day
When, most illustrious! thou wast pleased to take
By force the maid Briseïs from the tent
Of the enraged Achilles; not, in truth,
By my advice, who did dissuade thee much;130
But thou, complying with thy princely wrath,
Hast shamed 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 speech135
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 Jove140
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 large145
Of gifts inestimable, which by name
I will propound in presence of you all.
Seven tripods, never sullied yet with fire;
Of gold ten talents; twenty cauldrons bright;
Twelve coursers, strong, victorious in the race;150
No man possessing prizes such as mine
Which they have won for me, shall feel the want
Of acquisitions splendid or of gold.
Seven virtuous female captives will I give
Expert in arts domestic, Lesbians all,155
Whom, when himself took Lesbos, I received
My chosen portion, passing womankind
In perfect loveliness of face and form.
These will I give, and will with these resign
Her whom I took, Briseïs, with an oath160
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 ships165
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 land170
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 conduct175
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;[\[5\]](#) myself will such a dower bestow180
As never father on his child before.
Seven fair well-peopled cities I will give
Cardamyle and Enope, and rich
In herbage, Hira; Pheræ stately-built,
And for her depth of pasturage renown'd185
Antheia; proud Æpeia's lofty towers,
And Pedasus impurpled dark with vines.
All these are maritime, and on the shore
They stand of Pylus, by a race possess'd
Most rich in flocks and herds, who tributes large,190
And gifts presenting to his sceptred hand,
Shall hold him high in 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,195
Whom therefore of all Gods men hate the most.
My power is greater, and my years than his
More numerous, therefore let him yield to me.

To him Gerenian Nestor thus replied.
Atrides! glorious sovereign! King of men!200
No sordid gifts, or to be view'd with scorn,
Givest thou the Prince Achilles. But away!
Send chosen messengers, who shall the son
Of Peleus, instant, in his tent address.
Myself will choose them, be it theirs to obey.205
Let Phœnix lead, Jove loves him. Be the next
Huge Ajax; and the wise Ulysses third.
Of heralds, Odious and Eurybates
Shall them attend. Bring water for our hands;
Give charge that every tongue abstain from speech210
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 prayers,225
That they might sway with ease the mighty mind
Of fierce Æacides. And now they reach'd
The station where his Myrmidons abode.
Him solacing they found his heart with notes
Struck from his silver-framed harmonious lyre;230
Among the spoils he found it when he sack'd
Eëtion's city; with that lyre his cares
He sooth'd, and glorious heroes were his theme.[\[7\]](#)
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 amaze240
Patroclus also, seeing them, arose.
Achilles seized their hands, and thus he spake.[\[8\]](#)

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

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

Son of Menæti^{us}! bring a beaker more
Capacious, and replenish it with wine²⁵⁰
Diluted^[9] 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, himself²⁵⁵
Advancing near the fire an ample^[10] 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 bone²⁶⁰
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-side²⁶⁵
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 sat²⁷⁰
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 felt²⁷⁵
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 board²⁸⁰
Of royal Agamemnon, or at thine,
For both are nobly spread; but dainties now,
Or plenteous boards, are little our concern.^[11]
Oh godlike Chief! tremendous ills we sit
Contemplating with fear, doubtful if life²⁸⁵
Or death, with the destruction of our fleet,
Attend us, unless thou put on thy might.
For lo! the haughty Trojans, with their friends
Call'd from afar, at the fleet-side encamp,
Fast by the wall, where they have kindled fires²⁹⁰
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, heeds²⁹⁵
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 Achaïans struggling in the smoke.
Horrible are my fears lest these his threats³⁰⁰
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 Achaïa save
From Trojan violence. Regret, but vain,³⁰⁵

Shall else be thine hereafter, when no cure
Of such great ill, once suffer'd, can be found.
Thou therefore, seasonably kind, devise
Means to preserve from such disast'rous fate
The Grecians. Ah, my friend! when Peleus thee³¹⁰
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.³¹⁵
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 gifts³²⁰
Atrides gives thee if thy wrath subside.
Hear, if thou wilt, and I will tell thee all,
How vast the gifts which Agamemnon made
By promise thine, this night within his tent.
Seven tripods never sullied yet with fire;³²⁵
Of gold ten talents; twenty cauldrons bright;
Twelve steeds strong-limb'd, victorious in the race;
No man possessing prizes such as those
Which they have won for him, shall feel the want
Of acquisitions splendid, or of gold.³³⁰
Seven virtuous female captives he will give,
Expert in arts domestic, Lesbians all,
Whom when thou conquer'dst Lesbos, he received
His chosen portion, passing woman-kind
In perfect loveliness of face and form.³³⁵
These will he give, and will with these resign
Her whom he took, 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 length³⁴⁰
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 of Troy,³⁴⁵
Helen except, loveliest of all their sex.
And if once more the rich milk-flowing land
We reach of Argos, thou shalt there become
His son-in-law, and shalt enjoy like state
With him, whom he in all abundance rears,³⁵⁰
His only son Orestes. In his house
He hath three daughters; thou may'st home conduct
To Phthia, her whom thou shalt most approve.
Chrysothemis shall be thy bride; or else
Laodice; or if she please thee more³⁵⁵
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 rich³⁶⁰
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 shore³⁶⁵
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.³⁷⁰

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

Then thus Achilles matchless in the race.³⁸⁰
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
I must with plainness speak my fixt resolve
Unalterable; lest I hear from each
The same long murmur'd melancholy tale.
For I abhor the man, not more the gates³⁸⁵
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 awaits³⁹⁰
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 earn'd³⁹⁵
No very sumptuous prize. As the poor bird
Gives to her unfledged brood a morsel gain'd
After long search, though wanting it herself,
So I have worn out many sleepless nights,
And waded deep through many a bloody day⁴⁰⁰
In battle for their wives.^[12] 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 hand⁴⁰⁵
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 alone⁴¹⁰
Of all the Grecian host he hath despoil'd;
My bride, my soul's delight is in his hands,
And let him, couch'd with her, enjoy his fill
Of dalliance. What sufficient cause, what need
Have the Achaians to contend with Troy?⁴¹⁵
Why hath Atrides gather'd such 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 man⁴²⁰
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 mine;430
So hath he now this rampart and the trench
Which he hath digg'd around it, and with stakes
Planted contiguous—puny barriers all
To hero-slaughtering Hector's force opposed.
While I the battle waged, present myself435
Among the Achaïans, Hector never fought
Far from his walls, but to the Scæan gate
Advancing and the beech-tree, there remain'd.
Once, on that spot he met me, and my arm
Escaped with difficulty even there.440
But, since I feel myself not now inclined
To fight with noble Hector, yielding first
To Jove due worship, and to all the Gods,
To-morrow will I launch, and give my ships
Their lading. Look thou forth at early dawn,445
And, if such spectacle delight thee aught,
Thou shalt behold me cleaving with my prows
The waves of Hellespont, and all my crews
Of lusty rowers active in their task.
So shall I reach (if Ocean's mighty God450
Prosper my passage) Phthia the deep-soil'd
On the third day. I have possessions there,
Which hither roaming in an evil hour
I left abundant. I shall also hence
Convey much treasure, gold and burnish'd brass,455
And glittering steel, and women passing fair
My portion of the spoils. But he, your King,
The prize he gave, himself resumed,
And taunted at me. Tell him my reply,
And tell it him aloud, that other Greeks460
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 share465
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 Jove470
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,475
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 sands,480

And as the dust of earth, no gifts from him
Should soothe me, till my soul were first avenged
For all the offensive license of his tongue.
I will not wed the daughter of your Chief,
Of Agamemnon. Could she vie in charms⁴⁸⁵
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 Achaians some superior Prince,
One more her equal. Peleus, if the Gods⁴⁹⁰
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,⁴⁹⁵
And make the loveliest of them all my own.
There, in my country, it hath ever been
My dearest purpose, wedded to a wife
Of rank convenient, to enjoy in peace
Such wealth as ancient Peleus hath acquired.⁵⁰⁰
For life, in my account, surpasses far
In value all the treasures which report
Ascribed to populous Ilium, ere the Greeks
Arrived, and while the city yet had peace;
Those also which Apollo's marble shrine⁵⁰⁵
In rocky Pytho boasts. Fat flocks and beeves
May be by force obtain'd, tripods and steeds
Are bought or won, but if the breath of man
Once overpass its bounds, no force arrests
Or may constrain the unbodied spirit back.⁵¹⁰
Me, as my silver-footed mother speaks
Thetis, a twofold consummation waits.
If still with battle I encompass Troy,
I win immortal glory, but all hope
Renounce of my return. If I return⁵¹⁵
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 yet⁵²⁰
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 frame⁵²⁵
Some likelier plan, by which both fleet and host
May be preserved; for, my resentment still
Burning, this project is but premature.
Let Phœnix 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 Phœnix, aged warrior, at the last⁵³⁵
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 leave540
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 less545
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 consent550
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 wrath555
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 embrace560
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 forbid565
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 oft570
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 around575
With much entreaty, wooing me to stay;
Oxen and sheep they slaughter'd, many a plump
Well-fatted brawn extended in the flames,
And drank the old man's vessels to the lees.
Nine nights continual at my side they slept,580
While others watch'd by turns, nor were the fires
Extinguish'd ever, one, beneath the porch
Of the barr'd hall, and one that from within
The vestibule illumed my chamber door.
But when the tenth dark night at length arrived,585
Sudden the chamber doors bursting I flew
That moment forth, and unperceived alike
By guards and menial woman, leap'd the wall.
Through spacious Hellas flying thence afar,
I came at length to Phthia the deep-soil'd,590
Mother of flocks, and to the royal house
Of Peleus; Peleus with a willing heart
Receiving, loved me as a father loves
His only son, the son of his old age,
Inheritor of all his large demesnes.595
He made me rich; placed under my control

A populous realm, and on the skirts I dwell
 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 wine605
 Held to thy lips; and many a time, in fits
 Of infant frowardness, the purple juice
 Rejecting thou hast deluged all my vest,
 And fill'd my bosom. Oh, I have endured
 Much, and have also much perform'd for thee,610
 Thus purposing, that since the Gods vouchsaf'd
 No son to me, thyself 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 laws,620
 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,625
 And treading firm the ground, outstrips them all,
 And over all the earth before them runs
 Hurtful to man. They, following, heal the hurt.
 Received respectfully when they approach,
 They help us, and our prayers hear in return.630
 But if we slight, and with obdurate heart
 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 yield635
 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,640
 I would not move thee to renounce thy own,
 And to assist us, howsoe'er distress'd.
 But now, not only are his present gifts
 Most liberal, and his promises of more
 Such also, but these Princes he hath sent645
 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 unprovable 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 apart665
To her; with hecatombs he entertained
All the Divinities of heaven beside,
And her alone, daughter of Jove supreme,
Or through forgetfulness, or some neglect,
Served not; omission careless and profane!670
She, progeny of Jove, Goddess shaft-arm'd,
A savage boar bright-tusk'd in anger sent,
Which haunting Oeneus' fields much havoc made.
Trees numerous on the earth in heaps he cast
Uprooting them, with all their blossoms on.675
But Meleager, Oeneus' son, at length
Slew him, the hunters gathering and the hounds
Of numerous cities; for a boar so vast
Might not be vanquish'd by the power of few,
And many to their funeral piles he sent.680
Then raised Diana clamorous dispute,
And contest hot between them, all alike,
Curetes and Ætolians fierce in arms
The boar's head claiming, and his bristly hide.
So long as warlike Meleager fought,685
Ætolia prosper'd, nor with all their powers
Could the Curetes stand before the walls.
But when resentment once had fired the heart
Of Meleager, which hath tumult oft
Excited in the breasts of wisest men,690
(For his own mother had his wrath provoked
Althæa) thenceforth with his wedded wife
He dwelt, fair Cleopatra, close retired.
She was Marpessa's daughter, whom she bore
To Idas, bravest warrior in his day695
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 fate700
Of sad Alcyone Marpessa shared,
And wept like her, by Phœbus forced away.
Thus Meleager, tortured with the pangs
Of wrath indulged, with Cleopatra dwelt,
Vex'd that his mother cursed him; for, with grief705
Frantic, his mother importuned the Gods
To avenge her slaughter'd brothers[17] 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 Proserpine710
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 towers715
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 soil720
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 doors725
Smiting importunate, with earnest prayers
Assay'd to soften, kneeling to his son.
Nor less his sisters woo'd him to relent,
Nor less his mother; but in vain; he grew
Still more obdurate. His companions last,730
The most esteem'd and dearest of his friends,
The same suit urged, yet he persisted still
Relentless, nor could even they prevail.
But when the battle shook his chamber-doors
And the Curetes climbing the high towers735
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 chaste740
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 day745
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 far750
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 chase755
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 resist760
All importunity to quit my ships
While I have power to move, or breath to draw.
Hear now, and mark me well. Cease thou from tears.
Confound me not, pleading with sighs and sobs
In Agamemnon's cause; O love not him,765
Lest I renounce thee, who am now thy friend.
Assist me rather, as thy duty bids,
Him to afflict, who hath afflicted me,
So shalt thou share my glory and my power.
These shall report as they have heard, but here770
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 rest775
Incontinent; when Ajax, godlike son
Of Telamon, arising, thus began.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd:
Depart we now; for I perceive that end
Or fruit of all our reasonings shall be none.780
It is expedient also that we bear
Our answer back (unwelcome as it is)
With all dispatch, for the assembled Greeks
Expect us. Brave Achilles shuts a fire
Within his breast; the kindness of his friends,785
And the respect peculiar by ourselves
Shown to him, on his heart work no effect.
Inexorable man! others accept
Even for a brother slain, or for a son
Due compensation;[\[18\]](#) the delinquent dwells790
Secure at home, and the receiver, soothed
And pacified, represses his revenge.
But thou, resentful of the loss of one,
One virgin (such obduracy of heart
The Gods have given thee) can'st not be appeased795
Yet we assign thee seven in her stead,
The most distinguish'd of their sex, and add
Large gifts beside. Ah then, at last relent!
Respect thy roof; we are thy guests; we come
Chosen from the multitude of all the Greeks,800
Beyond them all ambitious of thy love.

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.
My noble friend, offspring of Telamon!
Thou seem'st sincere, and I believe thee such.
But at the very mention of the name805
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 entertain810
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 chance815
That even Hector's violence shall pause.[\[19\]](#)

He ended; they from massy goblets each
Libation pour'd, and to the fleet their course
Resumed direct, Ulysses at their head.
Patroclus then his fellow-warriors bade,820
And the attendant women spread a couch
For Phœnix; they the couch, obedient, spread
With fleeces, with rich arras, and with flax
Of subtlest woof. There hoary Phœnix lay
In expectation of the sacred dawn.825
Meantime Achilles in the interior tent,
With beauteous Diomeda by himself
From Lesbos brought, daughter of Phorbas, lay.

Patroclus opposite reposed, with whom
Slept charming Iphis; her, when he had won830
The lofty towers of Scyros, the divine
Achilles took, and on his friend bestow'd.

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

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

To whom renown'd Ulysses thus replied.
Atrides, Agamemnon, King of men!
He his resentment quenches not, nor will,
But burns with wrath the more, thee and thy gifts
Rejecting both. He bids thee with the Greeks845
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 yet850
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 report855
As I have said. But Phœnix in the tent
Sleeps of Achilles, who his stay desired,
That on the morrow, if he so incline,
The hoary warrior may attend him hence
Home to his country, but he leaves him free.860

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

Atrides, Agamemnon, King of men!865
Thy supplications to the valiant son
Of Peleus, and the offer of thy gifts
Innumerable, had been better far withheld.
He is at all times haughty, and thy suit
Hath but increased his haughtiness of heart870
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 and wine875
Which are the strength of man; take now repose.
And when the rosy-finger'd morning fair
Shall shine again, set forth without delay
The battle, horse and foot, before the fleet,
And where the foremost fight, fight also thou.880

He ended; all the Kings applauded warm
His counsel, and the dauntless tone admired

Of Diomede. Then, due libation made,
Each sought his tent, and took the gift of sleep.

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.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT OF THE TENTH BOOK.

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

BOOK X.

All night the leaders of the host of Greece
Lay sunk in soft repose, all, save the Chief,[\[1\]](#)
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, trembling with dread.[10](#)
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,[15](#)
And thought on his own people, then his hair
Uprooted elevating to the Gods,
He from his generous bosom groan'd again.
At length he thus resolved; of all the Greeks
To seek Neleian Nestor first, with whom[20](#)
He might, perchance, some plan for the defence
Of the afflicted Danaï devise.
Rising, he wrapp'd his tunic to his breast,
And to his royal feet unsullied bound
His sandals; o'er his shoulders, next, he threw[25](#)
Of amplest size a lion's tawny skin
That swept his footsteps, dappled o'er with blood,
Then took his spear. Meantime, not less appall'd
Was Menelaus, on whose eyelids sleep
Sat not, lest the Achaians for his sake[30](#)
O'er many waters borne, and now intent
On glorious deeds, should perish all at Troy.
With a pard's spotted hide his shoulders broad
He mantled over; to his head he raised
His brazen helmet, and with vigorous hand[35](#)
Grasping his spear, forth issued to arouse
His brother, mighty sovereign of the host,
And by the Grecians like a God revered.
He found him at his galley's stern, his arms

Assuming radiant; welcome he arrived40
To Agamemnon, whom he thus address'd.

Why arm'st thou, brother? Wouldst thou urge abroad
Some trusty spy into the Trojan camp?[2]
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 Greece50
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'd55
As he with ease against the Greeks, although
Nor from a Goddess sprung nor from a God.
Deeds he hath done, which, as I think, the Greeks
Shall deep and long lament, such numerous ills
Achaia's host hath at his hands sustain'd.60
But haste, begone, and at their several ships
Call Ajax and Idomeneus; I go
To exhort the noble Nestor to arise,
That he may visit, if he so incline,
The chosen band who watch, and his advice65
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.70
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 paths75
(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,80
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 found85
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 yet90
With the encroachments of enfeebling age.
He raised his head, and on his elbow propp'd,
Questioning Agamemnon, thus began.

But who art thou, who thus alone, the camp
Roamest, amid the darkness of the night,95
While other mortals sleep? Comest thou abroad
Seeking some friend or soldier of the guard?
Speak—come not nearer mute. What is thy wish?

To whom the son of Atreus, King of men.
Oh Nestor, glory of the Grecian name,100
Offspring of Neleus! thou in me shalt know
The son of Atreus, Agamemnon, doom'd
By Jove to toil, while life shall yet inform
These limbs, or I shall draw the vital air.
I wander thus, because that on my lids105
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 hold110
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'd115
They yield to sleep, forgetful of their charge.
The foe is posted near, and may intend
(None knows his purpose) an assault by night.

To him Gerenian Nestor thus replied.
Illustrious Agamemnon, King of men!120
Deep-planning Jove the imaginations proud
Of Hector will not ratify, nor all
His sanguine hopes effectuate; in his turn
He also (fierce Achilles once appeased)
Shall trouble feel, and haply, more than we.125
But with all readiness I will arise
And follow thee, that we may also rouse
Yet others; Diomedes the spear-renown'd,
Ulysses, the swift Ajax, and the son
Of Phyleus, valiant Meges. It were well130
Were others also visited and call'd,
The godlike Ajax, and Idomeneus,
Whose ships are at the camp's extremest bounds.
But though I love thy brother and revere,
And though I grieve e'en thee, yet speak I must,135
And plainly censure him, that thus he sleeps
And leaves to thee the labor, who himself
Should range the host, soliciting the Chiefs
Of every band, as utmost need requires.

Him answer'd Agamemnon, King of men.140
Old warrior, times there are, when I could wish
Myself thy censure of him, for in act
He is not seldom tardy and remiss.
Yet is not sluggish indolence the cause,
No, nor stupidity, but he observes145
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 trust150
To find them, since I gave them so in charge.[\[3\]](#)

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,155
His sandals fair to his unsullied feet,
And fastening by its clasps his purple cloak
Around him, double and of shaggy pile,
Seized, next, his sturdy spear headed with brass,
And issued first into the Grecian fleet.160
There, Nestor, brave Gerenian, with a voice
Sonorous roused the godlike counsellor
From sleep, Ulysses; the alarm came o’er
His startled ear, forth from his tent he sprang
Sudden, and of their coming, quick, inquired.165

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

To whom the hoary Pylion 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 forth175
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[\[4\]](#) erect180
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.185
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 fleet190
The Trojans sit, small interval between?

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

Old wakeful Chief! thy toils are never done.
Are there not younger of the sons of Greece,195
Who ranging in all parts the camp, might call
The Kings to council? But no curb controls
Or can abate activity like thine.

To whom Gerenian Nestor in return.
My friend! thou hast well spoken. I have sons,200

And they are well deserving; I have here
A numerous people also, one of whom
Might have sufficed to call the Kings of Greece.
But such occasion presses now the host
As hath not oft occur'd; the overthrow²⁰⁵
Complete, or full deliverance of us all,
In balance hangs, poised on a razor's edge.
But haste, and if thy pity of my toils
Be such, since thou art younger, call, thyself,
Ajax the swift, and Meges to the guard.²¹⁰

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

They, at the guard arrived, not sleeping found²¹⁵
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,^[5] which hounds
And hunters with tumultuous clamor drive²²⁰
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 terms²²⁵
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 call'd²³⁰
Attended, with whom Nestor's noble son
Went, and Meriones, invited both
To join their consultation. From the foss
Emerging, in a vacant space they sat,
Unstrew'd with bodies of the slain, the spot,²³⁵
Whence furious Hector, after slaughter made
Of numerous Greeks, night falling, had return'd.
There seated, mutual converse close they held,
And Nestor, brave Gerenian, thus began.

Oh friends! hath no Achaian here such trust²⁴⁰
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 propose²⁴⁵
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 renown²⁵⁰
Extensive as the heavens, and fair reward.
From every leader of the fleet, his gift
Shall be a sable^[6] ewe, and sucking lamb,
Rare acquisition! and at every board
And sumptuous banquet, he shall be a guest.²⁵⁵

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

Me, Nestor, my courageous heart incites
To penetrate into the neighbor host
Of enemies; but went some other Chief²⁶⁰
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 less²⁶⁵
Improves, and his expedients soon exhausts.

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

Then Agamemnon, King of men, began.²⁷⁵
Now Diomede, in whom my soul delights!
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,²⁸⁰
Respecting either pedigree or power.

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

Since, then, ye bid me my own partner choose²⁸⁵
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 itself²⁹⁰
We shall return; for none is wise as he.[\[Z\]](#)

To him Ulysses, hardy Chief, replied.
Tydides! neither praise me much, nor blame,
For these are Grecians in whose ears thou speak'st,
And know me well. But let us hence! the night²⁹⁵
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 left³⁰⁰
His own, the dauntless Thrasymedes gave
His shield and sword two-edged, and on his head
Placed, crestless, unadorn'd, his bull-skin casque.
It was a stripling's helmet, such as youths
Scarce yet confirm'd in lusty manhood, wear.³⁰⁵
Meriones with quiver, bow and sword
Furnish'd Ulysses, and his brows enclosed
In his own casque of hide with many a thong

Well braced within;[8] guarded it was without
With boar's teeth ivory-white inherent firm310
On all sides, and with woolen head-piece lined.
That helmet erst Autolycus[9] had brought
From Eleon, city of Amyntor son
Of Hormenus, where he the solid walls
Bored through, clandestine, of Amyntor's house.315
He on Amphidamas the prize bestow'd
In Scandia;[10] from Amphidamas it pass'd
To Molus as a hospitable pledge;
He gave it to Meriones his son,
And now it guarded shrewd Ulysses' brows.320
Both clad in arms terrific, forth they sped,
Leaving their fellow Chiefs, and as they went
A heron, by command of Pallas, flew
Close on the right beside them; darkling they
Discern'd him not, but heard his clanging plumes.[11]325
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 care330
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 preferr'd.335
Hear also me, Jove's offspring by the toils
Of war invincible! me follow now
As my heroic father erst to Thebes
Thou followedst, Tydeus; by the Greeks dispatch'd
Ambassador, he left the mail-clad host340
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 return345
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 dread350
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 left355
Unsummon'd, and his purpose thus promulged.

Where is the warrior who for rich reward,
Such as shall well suffice him, will the task
Adventurous, which I propose, perform?
A chariot with two steeds of proudest height,360
Surpassing all in the whole fleet of Greece
Shall be his portion, with immortal praise,
Who shall the well-appointed ships approach

Courageous, there to learn if yet a guard
As heretofore, keep them, or if subdued365
Beneath us, the Achaïans 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 mind375
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 bright380
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, perchance,385
Now sit consulting, or to fight, or fly.[\[14\]](#)

Then raising high his sceptre, Hector sware
Know, Jove himself, Juno's high-thundering spouse!
That Trojan none shall in that chariot ride
By those steeds drawn, save Dolon; on my oath390
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 casque395
Adjusted, coated o'er with ferret's felt,
And seizing his sharp javelin, from the host
Turn'd right toward the fleet, but was ordain'd
To disappoint his sender, and to bring
No tidings thence. The throng of Trojan steeds400
And warriors left, with brisker pace he moved,
When brave Ulysses his approach perceived,
And thus to Diomedes his speech address'd.

Tydidēs! yonder man is from the host;
Either a spy he comes, or with intent405
To spoil the dead. First, freely let him pass
Few paces, then pursuing him with speed,
Seize on him suddenly; but should he prove
The nimbler of the three, with threatening spear
Enforce him from his camp toward the fleet,410
Lest he elude us, and escape to Troy.

So they; then, turning from the road oblique,
Among the carcasses each laid him down.
Dolon, suspecting nought, ran swiftly by.
[\[15\]](#)But when such space was interposed as mules415
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 again.420
But when within spear's cast, or less they came,
Knowing them enemies he turn'd to flight
Incontinent, whom they as swift pursued.
As two fleet hounds sharp fang'd, train'd to the chase,
Hang on the rear of flying hind or hare,425
And drive her, never swerving from the track,
Through copses close; she screaming scuds before;
So Diomede and dread Ulysses him
Chased constant, intercepting his return.
And now, fast-fleeting to the ships, he soon430
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 exclaim'd.435

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 soil440
Stood fixt, beyond him. Terrified he stood,
Stammering, and sounding through his lips the clash
Of chattering teeth, with visage deadly wan.
They panting rush'd on him, and both his hands
Seized fast; he wept, and suppliant them bespake.445

Take me alive, and I will pay the price
Of my redemption. I have gold at home,
Brass also, and bright steel, and when report
Of my captivity within your fleet
Shall reach my father, treasures he will give450
Not to be told, for ransom of his son.

To whom Ulysses politic replied.
Take courage; entertain no thought of death.[\[16\]](#)
But haste! this tell me, and disclose the truth.
Why thus toward the ships comest thou alone455
From yonder host, by night, while others sleep?
To spoil some carcase? or from Hector sent
A spy of all that passes in the fleet?
Or by thy curiosity impell'd?

Then Dolon, his limbs trembling, thus replied.460
To my great detriment, and far beyond
My own design, Hector trepann'd me forth,
Who promised me the steeds of Peleus' son
Illustrious, and his brazen chariot bright.
He bade me, under night's fast-flitting shades465
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 watch.470

To whom Ulysses, smiling, thus replied.

Thou hadst, in truth, an appetite to gifts
Of no mean value, coveting the steeds
Of brave Æacides; but steeds are they
Of fiery sort, difficult to be ruled475
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 disposed480
His armor battle-worn, and where his steeds?
What other quarters of your host are watch'd?
Where lodge the guard, and what intend ye next?
Still to abide in prospect of the fleet?
Or well-content that ye have thus reduced485
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[17] 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.500

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

So spake Ulysses; to whom Dolon thus,
Son of Eumedes. I will all unfold,505
And all most truly. By the sea are lodged
The Carians, the Pæonians arm'd with bows,
The Leleges, with the Pelasgian band,
And the Caucones. On the skirts encamp
Of Thymbra, the Mæonians crested high,510
The Phrygian horsemen, with the Lycian host,
And the bold troop of Mysia's haughty sons.
But wherefore these inquiries thus minu4e?
For if ye wish to penetrate the host,
These who possess the borders of the camp515
Farthest removed of all, are Thracian powers
Newly arrived; among them Rhesus sleeps,
Son of Eïoneus, their Chief and King.
His steeds I saw, the fairest by these eyes
Ever beheld, and loftiest; snow itself520
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!525
Now, either lead me to your gallant fleet,
Or where ye find me leave me straitly bound

Till ye return, and after trial made,
Shall know if I have spoken false or true.

But him brave Diomed with aspect stern530
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 once535
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,540
On the mid-neck he smote him, cutting sheer
Both tendons with a stroke so swift, that ere
His tongue had ceased, his head was in the dust.[\[18\]](#)
They took his helmet clothed with ferret's felt,
Stripp'd off his wolf-skin, seized his bow and spear,545
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,550
Propitious, to the Thracian tents and steeds.

He ceased, and at arm's-length the lifted spoils
Hung on a tamarisk; but mark'd the spot,
Plucking away with handful grasp the reeds
And spreading boughs, lest they should seek the prize555
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,560
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,565
And, seeing, mark'd him out to Diomed.

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 thou570
The Thracians, and the steeds shall be my care.

He ceased; then blue-eyed Pallas with fresh force
Invigor'd Diomed. From side to side
He slew; dread groans arose of dying men
Hewn with the sword, and the earth swam with blood.575
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 struck580
Laertes' son dragg'd by his feet abroad,

Forecasting that the steeds might pass with ease,
Nor start, as yet uncustom'd to the dead.
But when the son of Tydeus found the King,
Him also panting forth his last, last, breath,585
He added to the twelve; for at his head
An evil dream that night had stood, the form
Of Diomedes, by Pallas' art devised.
Meantime, the bold Ulysses loosed the steeds,
Which, to each other rein'd, he drove abroad,590
Smiting them with his bow (for of the scourge
He thought not in the chariot-seat secured)
And as he went, hiss'd, warning Diomedes.
But he, projecting still some hardier deed,
Stood doubtful, whether by the pole to draw595
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, bespoke.600

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

She ended, and he knew the voice divine.
At once he mounted. With his bow the steeds605
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 Diomedes incensed,
Descended to the field where numerous most610
He saw the Trojans, and the Thracian Chief
And counsellor, Hippocoön aroused,[19]
Kinsman of Rhesus, and renown'd in arms.
He, starting from his sleep, soon as he saw
The spot deserted where so lately lay615
Those fiery coursers, and his warrior friends
Gasping around him, sounded loud the name
Of his loved Rhesus. Instant, at the voice,
Wild stir arose and clamorous uproar
Of fast-assembling Trojans. Deeds they saw—620
Terrible deeds, and marvellous perform'd,
But not their authors—they had sought the ships.

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

Friends! Counsellors! and leaders of the Greeks!
False shall I speak, or true?—but speak I must.
The echoing sound of hoofs alarms my ear.
Oh, that Ulysses, and brave Diomedes635
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 arrived,640
Both quick dismounted; joy at their return
Fill'd every bosom; each with kind salute
Cordial, and right-hand welcome greeted them,
And first Gerenian Nestor thus inquired.

Oh Chief by all extoll'd, glory of Greece,645
Ulysses! how have ye these steeds acquired?
In yonder host? or met ye as ye went
Some God who gave them to you? for they show
A lustre dazzling as the beams of day.
Old as I am, I mingle yet in fight650
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-eyed655
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.660
But, venerable Chief! these which thou seest
Are Thracians new-arrived. Their master lies
Slain by the valiant Diomedes, with twelve
The noblest of his warriors at his side,
A thirteenth[20] also, at small distance hence665
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 Achaeans; at the spacious tent670
Of Diomedes 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 gift675
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 oil680
Anointed, at the well-spread board they sat,
And quaff'd, in honor of Minerva, wine
Delicious, from the brimming beaker drawn.

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.

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

Agamemnon distinguishes himself. He is wounded, and retires. Diomedes 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.

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 line.
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, gift
Of Cynyras long since; 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.
Ten rods of steel cœrulean all around
Embraced it, twelve of gold, twenty of tin;
Six spiry serpents their uplifted heads
Cœrulean darted at the wearer's throat,
Splendor diffusing as the various bow
Fix'd by Saturnian Jove in showery clouds,
A sign to mortal men. He slung his sword
Athwart his shoulders; dazzling bright it shone
With gold emboss'd, and silver was the sheath
Suspended graceful in a belt of gold.
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 quatre-crested,^[4] and with studs
Fast riveted around he to his brows
Adjusted, whence tremendous waved his crest⁵⁰
Of mounted hair on high. Two spears he seized
Ponderous, brass-pointed, and that flash'd to heaven.
Sounds^[5] 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^[6]
Stood ranged; the chariots follow'd close behind;
Dire was the tumult by Saturnian Jove
Excited, and from ether down he shed
Blood-tinctured dew among them, for he meant⁶⁵
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 raised⁷⁰
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 now⁷⁵
Glares 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 sight⁸⁰
Flash'd as the lightnings of Jove Ægis-arm'd.
As reapers, toiling opposite,^[7] 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 fight⁸⁵
Slew mutual; foul retreat alike they scorn'd,
Alike in fierce hostility their heads
Both bore aloft, and rush'd like wolves to war.
Discord, spectatress terrible, that sight
Beheld exulting; she, of all the Gods,⁹⁰
Alone was present; not a Power beside
There interfered, but each his bright abode
Quiescent occupied wherever built
Among the windings of the Olympian heights;
Yet blamed they all the storm-assembler King⁹⁵
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 flash100
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 spreads105
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,[8]
Then was it, that encouraging aloud110
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 skull120
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 borne,125
This spurious, genuine that. The bastard drove,
And Antiphus, a warrior high-renown'd,
Fought from the chariot; them Achilles erst
Feeding their flocks on Ida had surprised
And bound with osiers, but for ransom loosed.130
Of these, imperial Agamemnon, first,
Above the pap pierced Isus; next, he smote
Antiphus with his sword beside the ear,
And from his chariot cast him to the ground.
Conscious of both, their glittering arms he stripp'd,135
For he had seen them when from Ida's heights
Achilles led them to the Grecian fleet.
As with resistless fangs the lion breaks
The young in pieces of the nimble hind,
Entering her lair, and takes their feeble lives;140
She, though at hand, can yield them no defence,
But through the thick wood, wing'd with terror, starts
Herself away, trembling at such a foe;
So them the Trojans had no power to save,
Themselves all driven before the host of Greece.145
Next, on Pisandrus, and of dauntless heart
Hippolochus he rush'd; they were the sons
Of brave Antimachus, who with rich gifts
By Paris bought, inflexible withheld
From Menelaus still his lovely bride.150
His sons, the monarch, in one chariot borne
Encounter'd; they (for they had lost the reins)
With trepidation and united force
Essay'd to check the steeds; astonishment
Seized both; Atrides with a lion's rage155
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 report160
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 Chief165
Antimachus, who when my brother once
With godlike Laertiades your town
Enter'd ambassador, his death advised
In council, and to let him forth no more?
Now rue ye both the baseness of your sire.170

He said, and from his chariot to the plain
Thrust down Pisandrus, piercing with keen lance
His bosom, and supine he smote the field.
Down leap'd Hippolochus, whom on the ground
He slew, cut sheer his hands, and lopp'd his head,175
And roll'd it like a mortar[9] through the ranks.
He left the slain, and where he saw the field
With thickest battle cover'd, thither flew
By all the Grecians follow'd bright in arms.
The scatter'd infantry constrained to fly,180
Fell by the infantry; the charioteers,
While with loud hoofs their steeds the dusty soil
Excited, o'er the charioteers their wheels
Drove brazen-fellied, and the King of men
Incessant slaughtering, called his Argives[10] on.185
As when fierce flames some ancient forest seize,
From side to side in flakes the various wind
Rolls them, and to the roots devour'd, the trunks
Fall prostrate under fury of the fire,
So under Agamemnon fell the heads190
Of flying Trojans. Many a courser proud
The empty chariots through the paths of war
Whirl'd rattling, of their charioteers deprived;
They breathless press'd the plain, now fitter far
To feed the vultures than to cheer their wives.195

Conceal'd, meantime, by Jove, Hector escaped
The dust, darts, deaths, and tumult of the field;
And Agamemnon to the swift pursuit
Call'd loud the Grecians. Through the middle plain
Beside the sepulchre of Ilus, son200
Of Dardanus, and where the fig-tree stood,
The Trojans flew, panting to gain the town,
While Agamemnon pressing close the rear,
Shout after shout terrific sent abroad,
And his victorious hands reek'd, red with gore.205
But at the beech-tree and the Scæan gate
Arrived, the Trojans halted, waiting there
The rearmost fugitives; they o'er the field
Came like a herd, which in the dead of night
A lion drives; all fly, but one is doom'd210
To death inevitable; her with jaws
True to their hold he seizes, and her neck

Breaking, embowels her, and laps the blood;
So, Atreus' royal son, the hindmost still
Slaying, and still pursuing, urged them on.²¹⁵
Many supine, and many prone, the field
Press'd, by the son of Atreus in their flight
Dismounted; for no weapon raged as his.
But now, at last, when he should soon have reach'd
The lofty walls of Ilium, came the Sire²²⁰
Of Gods and men descending from the skies,
And on the heights of Ida fountain-fed,
Sat arm'd with thunders. Calling to his foot
Swift Iris golden-pinion'd, thus he spake.

Iris! away. Thus speak in Hector's ears.²²⁵
While yet he shall the son of Atreus see
Fierce warring in the van, and mowing down
The Trojan ranks, so long let him abstain
From battle, leaving to his host the task
Of bloody contest furious with the Greeks.²³⁰
But soon as Atreus' son by spear or shaft
Wounded shall climb his chariot, with such force
I will endue Hector, that he shall slay
Till he have reach'd the ships, and till, the sun
Descending, sacred darkness cover all.²³⁵

He spake, nor rapid Iris disobey'd
Storm-wing'd ambadress, 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 about²⁴⁰
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 down²⁴⁵
The warrior ranks, so long he bids thee pause
From battle, leaving to thy host the task
Of bloody contest furious with the Greeks.
But soon as Atreus' son, by spear or shaft
Wounded, shall climb his chariot, Jove will then²⁵⁰
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 leap²⁵⁵
Came down all arm'd, and, shaking his bright spears,
Ranged every quarter, animating loud
The legions, and rekindling horrid war.
Back roll'd the Trojan ranks, and faced the Greeks;
The Greeks their host to closer phalanx drew;²⁶⁰
The battle was restored, van fronting van
They stood, and Agamemnon into fight
Sprang foremost, panting for superior fame.

Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell!
What Trojan first, or what ally of Troy²⁶⁵
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 praised270
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 bride275
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.280
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, impress'd285
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 neck290
Smote full, and stretch'd him lifeless at his foot.
So slept Iphidamas among the slain;
Unhappy! from his virgin bride remote,
Associate with the men of Troy in arms
He fell, and left her beauties unenjoy'd.295
He gave her much, gave her 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 Grecian host300
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 side305
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 fight310
He ceased not, but on Coön rush'd, his spear
Grasping, well-thriven growth[11] of many a wind.
He by the foot drew off Iphidamas,
His brother, son of his own sire, aloud
Calling the Trojan leaders to his aid;315
When him so occupied with his keen point
Atrides pierced his bossy shield beneath.
Expiring on Iphidamas he fell
Prostrate, and Agamemnon lopp'd his head.
Thus, under royal Agamemnon's hand,320
Antenor's sons their destiny fulfill'd,
And to the house of Ades journey'd both.
Through other ranks of warriors then he pass'd,
Now with his spear, now with his falchion arm'd,
And now with missile force of massy stones,325
While yet his warm blood sallied from the wound.

But when the wound grew dry, and the blood ceased,
Anguish intolerable undermined
Then all the might of Atreus’ royal son.
As when a laboring woman’s arrowy throes³³⁰
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.³³⁵
Up-springing to his seat, instant he bade
His charioteer drive to the hollow barks,
Heart-sick himself with pain; yet, ere he went,
With voice loud-echoing hail’d the Danaï.

Friends! counsellors and leaders of the Greeks!³⁴⁰
Now drive, yourselves, the battle from your ships.
For me the Gods permit not to employ
In fight with Ilium’s host the day entire.

He ended, and the charioteer his steeds
Lash’d to the ships; they not unwilling flew,³⁴⁵
Bearing from battle the afflicted King
With foaming chests and bellies grey with dust.
Soon Hector, noting his retreat, aloud
Call’d on the Trojans and allies of Troy.

Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting sons³⁵⁰
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.³⁵⁵

He spake—and all drew courage from his word.
As when his hounds bright-tooth’d some hunter cheers
Against the lion or the forest-boar,
So Priameïan Hector cheer’d his host
Magnanimous against the sons of Greece,³⁶⁰
Terrible as gore-tainted Mars. Among
The foremost warriors, with success elate
He strode, and flung himself into the fight
Black as a storm which sudden from on high
Descending, furrows deep the gloomy flood.³⁶⁵

Then whom slew Priameïan Hector first,
Whom last, by Jove, that day, with glory crown’d?
Assæus, Dolops, Orus, 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 air,³⁷⁵
So Hector swept the Grecians. Then defeat
Past remedy and havoc had ensued,
Then had the routed Grecians, flying, sought
Their ships again, but that Ulysses^[12] thus
Summon’d the brave Tydides to his aid.³⁸⁰

Whence comes it, Diomede, that we forget
Our wonted courage? Hither, O my friend!
And, fighting at my side, ward off the shame
That must be ours, should Hector seize the fleet.

To whom the valiant Diomede replied.385
I will be firm; trust me thou shalt not find
Me shrinking; yet small fruit of our attempts
Shall follow, for the Thunderer, not to us,
But to the Trojan, gives the glorious day.

The Hero spake, and from his chariot cast390
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-throng395
Troubled the multitude. As when two boars
Turn desperate on the close-pursuing hounds,
So they, returning on the host of Troy,
Slew on all sides, and overtoil’d with flight
From Hector’s arm, the Greeks meantime respired.400
Two warriors, next, their chariot and themselves
They took, plebeians brave, sons of the seer
Percosian Merops in prophetic skill
Surpassing all; he both his sons forbad
The mortal field, but disobedient they405
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 son410
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 command415
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 advanced420
Against them, follow’d by the host of Troy.
The son of Tydeus, shuddering, his approach
Discern’d, and instant to Ulysses spake.[\[13\]](#)

Now comes the storm! This way the mischief rolls!
Stand and repulse the Trojan. Now be firm.425

He said, and hurling his long-shadow’d beam
Smote Hector. At his helmet’s crown he aim’d,
Nor err’d, but brass encountering brass, the point
Glanced wide, for he had cased his youthful brows
In triple brass, Apollo’s glorious gift.430
Yet with rapidity at such a shock
Hector recoil’d into the multitude
Afar, where sinking to his knees, he lean’d
On his broad palm, and darkness veil’d his eyes.
But while Tydides follow’d through the van435
His stormy spear, which in the distant soil

Implanted stood, Hector his scatter'd sense
Recovering, to his chariot sprang again,
And, diving deep into his host, escaped.
The noble son of Tydeus, spear in hand,440
Rush'd after him, and as he went, exclaim'd.

Dog! thou hast now escaped; but, sure the stroke
Approach'd thee nigh, well-aim'd. Once more thy prayers
Which ever to Apollo thou prefer'st
Entering the clash of battle, have prevail'd,445
And he hath rescued thee. But well beware
Our next encounter, for if also me
Some God befriend, thou diest. Now will I seek
Another mark, and smite whom next I may.

He spake, and of his armor stripp'd the son450
Spear-famed of Pæon. Meantime Paris, mate
Of beauteous Helen, drew his bow against
Tydides; by a pillar of the tomb
Of Ilus, ancient senator revered,
Conceal'd he stood, and while the Hero loosed455
His corselet from the breast of Pæon's son
Renown'd, and of his helmet and his targe
Despoil'd him; Paris, arching quick his bow,
No devious shaft dismiss'd, but his right foot
Pierced through the sole, and fix'd it to the ground.460
Transported from his ambush forth he leap'd
With a loud laugh, and, vaunting, thus exclaim'd:

Oh shaft well shot! it galls thee. Would to heaven
That it had pierced thy heart, and thou hadst died!
So had the Trojans respite from their toils465
Enjoy'd, who, now, shudder at sight of thee
Like she-goats when the lion is at hand.

To whom, undaunted, Diomedé replied.
Archer shrew-tongued! spie-maiden! man of curls![\[14\]](#)
Shouldst thou in arms attempt me face to face,470
Thy bow and arrows should avail thee nought.
Vain boaster! thou hast scratch'd my foot—no more—
And I regard it as I might the stroke
Of a weak woman or a simple child.
The weapons of a dastard and a slave475
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 rots480
More birds of prey than women haunt the place.

He ended, and Ulysses, drawing nigh,
Shelter'd Tydides; he behind the Chief
Of Ithaca sat drawing forth the shaft,
But pierced with agonizing pangs the while.485
Then, climbing to his chariot-seat, he bade
Sthenelus hasten to the hollow ships,
Heart-sick with pain. And now alone was seen
Spear-famed Ulysses; not an Argive more
Remain'd, so universal was the rout,490
And groaning, to his own great heart he said.

Alas! what now awaits me? If, appall'd
By multitudes, I fly, much detriment;
And if alone they intercept me here,
Still more; for Jove hath scatter'd all the host,495
Yet why these doubts! for know I not of old
That only dastards fly, and that the voice
Of honor bids the famed in battle stand,
Bleed they themselves, or cause their foes to bleed?

While busied in such thought he stood, the ranks500
Of Trojans fronted with broad shields, enclosed
The hero with a ring, hemming around
Their own destruction. As when dogs, and swains
In prime of manhood, from all quarters rush
Around a boar, he from his thicket bolts,505
The bright tusk whetting in his crooked jaws:
They press him on all sides, and from beneath
Loud gnashings hear, yet firm, his threats defy;
Like them the Trojans on all sides assail'd
Ulysses dear to Jove. First with his spear510
He sprang impetuous on a valiant chief,
Whose shoulder with a downright point he pierced,
Deïopites; Thoön next he slew,
And Ennomus, and from his coursers' backs
Alighting quick, Chersidamas; beneath515
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 son520
Of Hippasus; brave Socus to the aid
Of Charops flew, and, godlike, thus began.

Illustrious chief, Ulysses! strong to toil
And rich in artifice! Or boast to-day
Two sons of Hippasus, brave warriors both,525
Of 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 side530
Drove all the skin, but to his nobler parts
Found entrance none, by Pallas turn'd aslant.[\[15\]](#)
Ulysses, conscious of his life untouch'd,
Retired a step from Socus, and replied.

Ah hapless youth; thy fate is on the wing;535
Me thou hast forced indeed to cease a while
From battle with the Trojans, but I speak
Thy death at hand; for vanquish'd by my spear,
This self-same day thou shalt to me resign
Thy fame, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown'd.540

He ceased; then Socus turn'd his back to fly,
But, as he turn'd, his shoulder-blades between
He pierced him, and the spear urged through his breast.
On his resounding arms he fell, and thus
Godlike Ulysses gloried in his fall.545

Ah, Socus, son of Hippasus, a chief
Of fame equestrian! swifter far than thou
Death follow'd thee, and thou hast not escaped.
Ill-fated youth! thy parents' hands thine eyes
Shall never close, but birds of ravenous maw⁵⁵⁰
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 left⁵⁵⁵
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 may,⁵⁶⁰
He call'd, and valiant Menelaus thrice
Hearing the voice, to Ajax thus remark'd.

Illustrious son of Telamon! The voice
Of Laertiades comes o'er my ear
With such a sound, as if the hardy chief,⁵⁶⁵
Abandon'd of his friends, were overpower'd
By numbers intercepting his retreat.
Haste! force we quick a passage through the ranks.
His worth demands our succor, for I fear
Lest sole conflicting with the host of Troy,⁵⁷⁰
Brave as he is, he perish, to the loss
Unspeakable and long regret of Greece.

So saying, he went, and Ajax, godlike Chief,
Follow'd him. At the voice arrived, they found
Ulysses Jove-beloved compass'd about⁵⁷⁵
By Trojans, as the lynxes in the hills,
Adust for blood, compass an antler'd stag
Pierced by an archer; while his blood is warm
And his limbs pliable, from him he 'scapes;
But when the feather'd barb hath quell'd his force,⁵⁸⁰
In some dark hollow of the mountain's side,
The hungry troop devour him; chance, the while,
Conducts a lion thither, before whom
All vanish, and the lion feeds alone;
So swarm'd the Trojan powers, numerous and bold,⁵⁸⁵
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,⁵⁹⁰
And Menelaus led him by the hand
Till his own chariot to his aid approach'd.
But Ajax, springing on the Trojans, slew
Doryclus, from the loins of Priam sprung,
But spurious. Pandocus he wounded next,⁵⁹⁵
Then wounded Pyrasus, and after him
Pylartes and Lysander. As a flood
Runs headlong from the mountains to the plain
After long showers from Jove; many a dry oak
And many a pine the torrent sweeps along,⁶⁰⁰
And, turbid, shoots much soil into the sea,

So, glorious Ajax troubled wide the field,
Horse and man slaughtering, whereof Hector yet
Heard not; for on the left of all the war
He fought beside Scamander, where around605
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 alarm'd,615
The valor-breathing Grecians fear'd, lest he
In that disast'rous field should also fall.[\[16\]](#)
At once, Idomeneus of Crete approach'd
The noble Nestor, and him thus bespake.

Arise, Neleian Nestor! Pride of Greece!620
Ascend thy chariot, and Machaon placed
Beside thee, bear him, instant to the fleet.
For one, so skill'd in medicine, and to free
The inherent barb, is worth a multitude.

He said, nor the Gerenian hero old625
Aught hesitated, but into his seat
Ascended, and Machaon, son renown'd
Of Æsculapius, mounted at his side.
He lash'd the steeds, they not unwilling sought
The hollow ships, long their familiar home.630

Cebriones, meantime, the charioteer
Of Hector, from his seat the Trojan ranks
Observing sore discomfited, began.

Here are we busied, Hector! on the skirts
Of roaring battle, and meantime I see635
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, there640
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 underneath645
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[\[17\]](#) he shunn'd the spear.650
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,655

His seven-fold shield behind his shoulder cast,
And hemm'd by numbers, with an eye askant,
Watchful retreated. As a beast of prey
Retiring, turns and looks, so he his face
Turn'd oft, retiring slow, and step by step.660
As when the watch-dogs and assembled swains
Have driven a tawny lion from the stalls,
Then, interdicting him his wish'd repast,
Watch all the night, he, famish'd, yet again
Comes furious on, but speeds not, kept aloof665
By frequent spears from daring hands, but more
By flash of torches, which, though fierce, he dreads,
Till, at the dawn, sullen he stalks away;
So from before the Trojans Ajax stalk'd
Sullen, and with reluctance slow retired.670
His brave heart trembling for the fleet of Greece.
As when (the boys o'erpower'd) a sluggish ass,
On whose tough sides they have spent many a staff,
Enters the harvest, and the spiry ears
Crops persevering; with their rods the boys675
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. [18] He, by turns,680
With desperate force the Trojan phalanx dense
Facing, repulsed them, and by turns he fled,
But still forbad all inroad on the fleet.
Trojans and Greeks between, alone, he stood
A bulwark. Spears from daring hands dismiss'd685
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 overwhelmed690
Flew to his side, his glittering lance dismiss'd,
And Apisaon, son of Phausias, struck
Under the midriff; through his liver pass'd
The ruthless point, and, falling, he expired.
Forth sprang Eurypylus to seize the spoil;695
Whom soon as godlike Alexander saw
Despoiling Apisaon of his arms,
Drawing incontinent his bow, he sent
A shaft to his right thigh; the brittle reed
Snapp'd, and the rankling barb stuck fast within.700
Terrified at the stroke, the wounded Chief
To his own band retired, but, as he went,
With echoing voice call'd on the Danaï—

Friends! Counsellors, and leaders of the Greeks!
Turn ye and stand, and from his dreadful lot705
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 at once710
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 afar⁷¹⁵
From all that tumult the Neleian mares
Bore Nestor, foaming as they ran, with whom
Machaon also rode, leader revered.
Achilles mark'd him passing; for he stood
Exalted on his huge ship's lofty stern,⁷²⁰
Spectator of the toil severe, and flight
Deplorable of the defeated Greeks.
He call'd his friend Patroclus. He below
Within his tent the sudden summons heard
And sprang like Mars abroad, all unaware⁷²⁵
That in that sound he heard the voice of fate.
Him first Menœtius' gallant son address'd.

What would Achilles? Wherefore hath he call'd?
To whom Achilles swiftest of the swift:

Brave Menœtiades! my soul's delight!⁷³⁰
Soon will the Grecians now my knees surround
Suppliant, by dread extremity constrain'd.
But fly Patroclus, haste, oh dear to Jove!
Inquire of Nestor, whom he hath convey'd
From battle, wounded? Viewing him behind,⁷³⁵
I most believed him Æsculapius' son
Machaon, but the steeds so swiftly pass'd
My galley, that his face escaped my note.^[19]

He said, and prompt to gratify his friend,
Forth ran Patroclus through the camp of Greece.⁷⁴⁰

Now when Neleian Nestor to his tent
Had brought Machaon, they alighted both,
And the old hero's friend Eurymedon
Released the coursers. On the beach awhile
Their tunics sweat-imbued in the cool air⁷⁴⁵
They ventilated, facing full the breeze,
Then on soft couches in the tent reposed.
Meantime, their beverage Hecamede mix'd,
The old King's bright-hair'd captive, whom he brought
From Tenedos, what time Achilles sack'd⁷⁵⁰
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 bright,⁷⁵⁵
With feet cœrulean; thirst-provoking sauce
She brought them also in a brazen tray,
Garlic^[20] and honey new, and sacred meal.
Beside them, next, she placed a noble cup
Of labor exquisite, which from his home⁷⁶⁰
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^[21] form'd the base.
That cup once fill'd, all others must have toil'd⁷⁶⁵
To move it from the board, but it was light

In Nestor's hand; he lifted it with ease.[\[22\]](#)
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 rasp,770
Then sprinkled all with meal. The draught prepared,
She gave it to their hand; they, drinking, slaked
Their fiery thirst, and with each other sat
Conversing friendly, when the godlike youth
By brave Achilles sent, stood at the door.775

Him seeing, Nestor from his splendid couch
Arose, and by the hand leading him in,
Entreated him to sit, but that request
Patroclus, on his part refusing, said,

Oh venerable King! no seat is here780
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 report785
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 Greeks790
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 Chief,795
And Agamemnon[\[23\]](#) suffer by the spear;
Eurypylus is shot into the thigh,
And here lies still another newly brought
By me from fight, pierced also by a shaft.
What then? How strong soe'er to give them aid,800
Achilles feels no pity of the Greeks.
Waits he till every vessel on the shore
Fired, in despite of the whole Argive host,
Be sunk in its own ashes, and ourselves
All perish, heaps on heaps? For in my limbs805
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 dwelt810
In Elis, and while I the pledges drove,
Stood for his herd, but fell among the first
By a spear hurl'd from my victorious arm.
Then fled the rustic multitude, and we
Drove off abundant booty from the plain,815
Herds fifty of fat beeves, large flocks of goats
As many, with as many sheep and swine,
And full thrice fifty mares of brightest hue,
All breeders, many with their foals beneath.
All these, by night returning safe, we drove820
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 demands⁸²⁵
On fruitful Elis, and the assembled Chiefs
Division made (for numerous were the debts
Which the Epeans, in the weak estate
Of the unpeopled Pylus, had incurr'd;
For Hercules, few years before, had sack'd^[24]⁸³⁰
Our city, and our mightiest slain. Ourselves
The gallant sons of Neleus, were in all
Twelve youths, of whom myself alone survived;
The rest all perish'd; whence, presumptuous grown,
The brazen-mail'd Epeans wrong'd us oft).⁸³⁵
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 steeds⁸⁴⁰
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, fired⁸⁴⁵
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 rites⁸⁵⁰
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,⁸⁶⁵
But hid my steeds, for he supposed me raw
As yet, and ignorant how war is waged.
Yet, even thus, unvantaged and on foot,
Superior honors I that day acquired
To theirs who rode, for Pallas led me on⁸⁷⁰
Herself to victory. There is a stream
Which at Arena falls into the sea,
Named Minuëius; on that river's bank
The Pylian horsemen waited day's approach,
And thither all our foot came pouring down.⁸⁷⁵
The flood divine of Alpheus thence we reach'd
At noon, all arm'd complete; there, hallow'd rites
We held to Jove omnipotent, and slew
A bull to sacred Alpheus, with a bull
To Neptune, and a heifer of the herd⁸⁸⁰
To Pallas; then, all marshall'd as they were,

From van to rear our legions took repast,
And at the river's side slept on their arms.
Already the Epean host had round
Begirt the city, bent to lay it waste,885
A task which cost them, first, both blood and toil,
For when the radiant sun on the green earth
Had risen, with prayer to Pallas and to Jove,
We gave them battle. When the Pylian host
And the Epeans thus were close engaged,890
I first a warrior slew, Mulius the brave,
And seized his coursers. He the eldest-born
Of King Augeias' daughters had espoused
The golden Agamede; not an herb
The spacious earth yields but she knew its powers,895
Him, rushing on me, with my brazen lance
I smote, and in the dust he fell; I leap'd
Into his seat, and drove into the van.
A panic seized the Epeans when they saw
The leader of their horse o'erthrown, a Chief900
Surpassing all in fight. Black as a cloud
With whirlwind fraught, I drove impetuous on,
Took fifty chariots, and at side of each
Lay two slain warriors, with their teeth the soil
Grinding, all vanquish'd by my single arm.905
I had slain also the Molions, sons
Of Actor, but the Sovereign of the deep
Their own authentic Sire, in darkness dense
Involving both, convey'd them safe away.
Then Jove a victory of prime renown910
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 town915
In fair Colona situate, and named
Alesia. There it was that Pallas turn'd
Our people homeward; there I left the last
Of all the slain, and he was slain by me.
Then drove the Achaians from Buprasium home920
Their coursers fleet, and Jove, of Gods above,
Received most praise, Nestor of men below.

Such once was I. But brave Achilles shuts
His virtues close, an unimparted store;
Yet even he shall weep, when all the host,925
His fellow-warriors once, shall be destroy'd.
But recollect, young friend! the sage advice
Which when thou earnest from Phthia to the aid
Of Agamemnon, on that selfsame day
Menœtius gave thee. We were present there,930
Ulysses and myself, both in the house,
And heard it all; for to the house we came
Of Peleus in our journey through the land
Of fertile Greece, gathering her states to war.
We found thy noble sire Menœtius there,935
Thee and Achilles; ancient Peleus stood
To Jove the Thunderer offering in his court
Thighs of an ox, and on the blazing rites
Libation pouring from a cup of gold.

While ye on preparation of the feast⁹⁴⁰
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 aspire⁹⁵⁰
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 rule⁹⁵⁵
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 move⁹⁶⁰
Warlike Achilles; if the Gods so please,
Who knows but that thy reasons may prevail
To rouse his valiant heart? men rarely scorn
The earnest intercession of a friend.
But if some prophecy alarm his fears,⁹⁶⁵
And from his Goddess mother he have aught
Received, who may have learnt the same from Jove,
Thee let him send at least, and order forth
With thee the Myrmidons; a dawn of hope
Shall thence, it may be, on our host arise.⁹⁷⁰
And let him send thee to the battle clad
In his own radiant 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 camp⁹⁸⁰
He ran; and when, still running, he arrived
Among Ulysses' barks, where they had fix'd
The forum, where they minister'd the laws,
And had erected altars to the Gods,
There him Eurypylus, Evæmon's son,⁹⁸⁵
Illustrious met, deep-wounded in his thigh,
And halting-back from battle. From his head
The sweat, and from his shoulders ran profuse,
And from his perilous wound the sable blood
Continual stream'd; yet was his mind composed.⁹⁹⁰
Him seeing, Menœtiades the brave
Compassion felt, and mournful, thus began.

Ah hapless senators and Chiefs of Greece!
Left ye your native country that the dogs
Might fatten on your flesh at distant Troy?⁹⁹⁵
But tell me, Hero! say, Eurypylus!

Have the Achaïans 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.1000
Patroclus, dear to Jove! there is no help,
No remedy. We perish at our ships.
The warriors, once most strenuous of the Greeks,
Lie wounded in the fleet by foes whose might
Increases ever. But thyself afford1005
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, their use1010
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 field1015
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 ear1020
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 around1025
The warrior bore him thence into his tent.
His servant, on his entrance, spread the floor
With hides, on which Patroclus at his length
Extended him, and with his knife cut forth
The rankling point; with tepid lotion, next,1030
He cleansed the gore, and with a bitter root
Bruised small between his palms, sprinkled the wound.
At once, the anodyne his pain assuaged,
The wound was dried within, and the blood ceased.

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.

BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

The Trojans assail the ramparts, and Hector forces the gates.

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 built⁵
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 Powers¹⁰
Had risen, and could not therefore long endure.
While Hector lived, and while Achilles held
His wrathful purpose; while the city yet
Of royal Priam was unsack'd, so long
The massy structure stood; but when the best¹⁵
And bravest of the Trojan host were slain,
And of the Grecian heroes, some had fallen
And some survived, when Priam's towers had blazed
In the tenth year, and to their native shores
The Grecians with their ships, at length, return'd,²⁰
Then Neptune, with Apollo leagued, devised
Its ruin; every river that descends
From the Idæan heights into the sea
They brought against it, gathering all their force.
Rhesus, Caresus, Rhodius, the wide-branch'd²⁵
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 drove³⁰
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 trident mace, himself,
Led them, and beam and buttress to the flood³⁵
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 bade⁴⁰
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 around⁴⁵
The strong-built turrets, whose assaulted planks
Rang, while the Grecians, by the scourge of Jove
Subdued, stood close within their fleet immured,
At Hector's phalanx-scattering force appall'd.
He, as before, with whirlwind fury fought.⁵⁰
As when the boar or lion fiery-eyed
Turns short, the hunters and the hounds among,
The close-embattled troop him firm oppose,
And ply him fast with spears; he no dismay
Conceives or terror in his noble heart,⁵⁵
But by his courage falls; frequent he turns

Attempting bold the ranks, and where he points
Direct his onset, there the ranks retire;
So, through the concourse on his rolling wheels
Borne rapid, Hector animated loud⁶⁰
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 slight⁶⁵
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 braced⁷⁰
Had enter'd there with ease; yet strong desires
Possess'd the infantry of that emprise,
And thus Polydamas the ear address'd
Of dauntless Hector, standing at his side.

Hector, and ye the leaders of our host,⁷⁵
Both Trojans and allies! rash the attempt
I deem, and vain, to push our horses through,
So dangerous is the pass; rough is the trench
With pointed stakes, and the Achaian wall
Meets us beyond. No chariot may descend⁸⁰
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,⁸⁵
I am content; now perish all their host
Inglorious, from their country far remote.
But should they turn, and should ourselves be driven
Back from the fleet impeded and perplex'd
In this deep foss, I judge that not a man,⁹⁰
'Scaping the rallied Grecians, should survive
To bear the tidings of our fate to Troy.
Now, therefore, act we all as I advise.
Let every charioteer his coursers hold
Fast-rein'd beside the foss, while we on foot,⁹⁵
With order undisturb'd and arms in hand,
Shall follow Hector. If destruction borne
On wings of destiny this day approach
The Grecians, they will fly our first assault.

So spake Polydamas, whose safe advice¹⁰⁰
Pleased Hector; from his chariot to the ground
All arm'd he leap'd, nor would a Trojan there
(When once they saw the Hero on his feet)
Ride into battle, but unanimous
Descending with a leap, all trod the plain.¹⁰⁵
Each gave command that at the trench his steeds
Should stand detain'd in orderly array;
Then, suddenly, the parted host became
Five bands, each following its appointed chief.
The bravest and most numerous, and whose hearts¹¹⁰
Wish'd most to burst the barrier and to wage
The battle at the ships, with Hector march'd
And with Polydamas, whom follow'd, third,

Cebriones; for Hector had his steeds
Consign'd and chariot to inferior care.115
Paris, Alcathoüs, and Agenor led
The second band, and, sons of Priam both,
Deïphobus and Helenus, the third;
With them was seen partner of their command;
The Hero Asius; from Arisba came120
Asius Hyrtacides, to battle drawn
From the Selleïs banks by martial steeds
Hair'd fiery-red and of the noblest size.
The fourth, Anchises' mighty son 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 Chief130
Asteropæus; for of all his host
Them bravest he esteem'd, himself except
Superior in heroic might to all.
And now (their shields adjusted each to each)
With dauntless courage fired, right on they moved135
Against the Grecians; nor expected less
Than that beside their sable ships, the host
Should self-abandon'd fall an easy prey.

The Trojans, thus with their confederate powers,
The counsel of the accomplish'd Prince pursued,140
Polydamas, one Chief alone except,
Asius Hyrtacides. He scorn'd to leave
His charioteer and coursers at the trench,
And drove toward the fleet. Ah, madly brave!
His evil hour was come; he was ordain'd145
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 road150
By which the steeds and chariots of the Greeks
Return'd from battle; in that track he flew,
Nor found the portals by the massy bar
Secured, but open for reception safe
Of fugitives, and to a guard consign'd.155
Thither he drove direct, and in his rear
His band shrill-shouting follow'd, for they judged
The Greeks no longer able to withstand
Their foes, but sure to perish in the camp.
Vain hope! for in the gate two Chiefs they found160
Lapithæ-born, courageous offspring each
Of dauntless father; Polypætes, this,
Sprung from Pirithöus; that, the warrior bold
Leonteus, terrible as gore-tainted Mars.
These two, defenders of the lofty gates,165
Stood firm before them. As when two tall oaks
On the high mountains day by day endure
Rough wind and rain, by deep-descending roots
Of hugest growth fast-founded in the soil;
So they, sustain'd by conscious valor, saw,170
Unmoved, high towering Asius on his way,

Nor fear'd him aught, nor shrink 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 head,175
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 stood180
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 hills185
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 brave two190
The smitten brass; for resolute they fought,
Embolden'd by their might who kept the wall,
And trusting in their own; they, in defence
Of camp and fleet and life, thick battery hurl'd
Of stones precipitated from the towers;195
Frequent as snows they fell, which stormy winds,
Driving the gloomy clouds, shake to the ground,
Till all the fertile earth lies cover'd deep.
Such volley pour'd the Greeks, and such return'd
The Trojans; casques of hide, arid and tough,200
And bossy shields rattled, by such a storm
Assail'd of millstone masses from above.
Then Asius, son of Hyrtacus, a groan
Indignant utter'd; on both thighs he smote
With disappointment furious, and exclaim'd,205

Jupiter! even thou art false become,
And altogether such. Full sure I deem'd
That not a Grecian hero should abide
One moment force invincible as ours,
And lo! as wasps ring-streaked,[\[1\]](#) or bees that build210
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.215

So Asius spake, but speaking so, changed not
The mind of Jove on Hector's glory bent.
Others, as obstinate, at other gates
Such deeds perform'd, that to enumerate all
Were difficult, unless to power divine.220
For fierce the hail of stones from end to end
Smote on the barrier; anguish fill'd the Greeks.
Yet, by necessity constrain'd, their ships
They guarded still; nor less the Gods themselves,
Patrons of Greece, all sorrow'd at the sight.225

At once the valiant Lapithæ began
Terrible conflict, and Pirithous' son

Brave Polypœtes through his helmet pierced
Damasus; his resplendent point the brass
Sufficed not to withstand; entering, it crush'd230
The bone within, and mingling all his brain
With his own blood, his onset fierce repress'd.
Pylon and Ormenus he next subdued.
Meantime Leonteus, branch of Mars, his spear
Hurl'd at Hippomachus, whom through his belt235
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 heap'd,240
All three together, on the fertile glebe.

While them the Lapithæ of their bright arms
Despoil'd, Polydamas and Hector stood
(With all the bravest youths and most resolved
To burst the barrier and to fire the fleet)245
Beside the foss, pondering the event.
For, while they press'd to pass, they spied a bird
Sublime in air, an eagle. Right between
Both hosts he soar'd (the Trojan on his left)
A serpent bearing in his pounces clutch'd250
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 space255
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 employ265
All his exertions in support of thine.
Yet hear my best opinion once again.
Proceed we not in our attempt against
The Grecian fleet. For if in truth the sign
Respect the host of Troy ardent to pass,270
Then, as the eagle soar'd both hosts between,
With Ilium's on his left, and clutch'd a snake
Enormous, dripping blood, but still alive,
Which yet he dropp'd suddenly, ere he reach'd
His eyry, or could give it to his young,275
So we, although with mighty force we burst
Both gates and barrier, and although the Greeks
Should all retire, shall never yet the way
Tread honorably back by which we came.
No. Many a Trojan shall we leave behind280
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[2] firm
Assurance to myself announced, and make290
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.[3]
Wherefore should fiery war *thy* soul alarm?
For were we slaughter'd, one and all, around
The fleet of Greece, *thou* need'st not fear to die,300
Whose courage never will thy flight retard.
But if thou shrink thyself, or by smooth speech
Seduce one other from a soldier's part,
Pierced by this spear incontinent thou diest.

So saying he led them, who with deafening roar305
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 Achæians, and the glory gave
To Hector and his host; they, trusting firm310
In signs from Jove, and in their proper force,
Assay'd the barrier; from the towers they tore
The galleries, cast the battlements to ground,
And the projecting buttresses adjoin'd
To strengthen the vast work, with bars upheaved.315
All these, with expectation fierce to break
The rampart, down they drew; nor yet the Greeks
Gave back, but fencing close with shields the wall,
Smote from behind them many a foe beneath.
Meantime from tower to tower the Ajaces moved320
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!325
And ye the last and least! (for such there are,
All have not magnanimity alike)
Now have we work for all, as all perceive.
Turn not, retreat not to your ships, appall'd
By sounding menaces, but press the foe;330
Exhort each other, and e'en now perchance
Olympian Jove, by whom the lightnings burn,
Shall grant us to repulse them, and to chase
The routed Trojans to their gates again.

So they vociferating to the Greeks,335
Stirr'd them to battle. As the feathery snows
Fall frequent, on some wintry day, when Jove
Hath risen to shed them on the race of man,
And show his arrowy stores; he lulls the winds,

Then shakes them down continual, covering thick340
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,345
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'd350
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 advanced355
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'd360
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;365
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;370
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,375
Why drink we brimming cups, and feast in state?
Why gaze they all on us as we were Gods
In Lycia, and why share we pleasant fields
And spacious vineyards, where the Xanthus winds?
Distinguished thus in Lycia, we are call'd380
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 flock385
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 threats us here, we also could escape390
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 fate395
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 wall⁴⁰⁰
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 Chief⁴⁰⁵
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 call⁴¹⁰
To reach their ears, such was the deafening din
Upsent to heaven, of shields and crested helms,
And of the batter'd gates; for at each gate
They thundering stood, and urged alike at each
Their fierce attempt by force to burst the bars.⁴¹⁵
To Ajax therefore he at once dispatch'd
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 threatens there⁴³⁵
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 both⁴⁴⁵
(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 withdrew⁴⁵⁰

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.⁴⁵⁵
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 friend⁴⁶⁰
And fellow-warrior of Sarpedon slew,
Epicles. With a marble fragment huge
That crown'd the battlement's interior side,
He smote him. No man of our puny race,
Although in prime of youth, had with both hands⁴⁶⁵
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 plunge, and died.⁴⁷⁰
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 withdrew⁴⁷⁵
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, son⁴⁸⁰
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 entire;⁴⁸⁵
The wall, dismantled at the summit, stood
A ruin, and wide chasm was open'd through.
Then Ajax him and Teucer at one time
Struck both; an arrow struck from Teucer's bow
The belt that cross'd his bosom, by which hung⁴⁹⁰
His ample shield; yet lest his son should fall
Among the ships, Jove turn'd the death aside.
But Ajax, springing to his thrust, a spear
Drove through his shield. Sarpedon at the shock
With backward step short interval recoil'd,⁴⁹⁵
But not retired, for in his bosom lived
The hope of glory still, and, looking back
On all his godlike Lycians, he exclaim'd,

Oh Lycians! where is your heroic might?
Brave as I boast myself, I feel the task⁵⁰⁰
Arduous, through the breach made by myself
To win a passage to the ships, alone.
Follow me all—Most laborers, most dispatch.^[4]

So he; at whose sharp reprimand abash'd
The embattled host to closer conflict moved,⁵⁰⁵
Obedient to their counsellor and King.
On the other side the Greeks within the wall

Made firm the phalanx, seeing urgent need;
Nor could the valiant Lycians through the breach
Admittance to the Grecian fleet obtain,510
Nor since they first approach'd it, had the Greeks
With all their efforts, thrust the Lycians back.
But as two claimants of one common field,
Each with his rod of measurement in hand,
Dispute the boundaries, litigating warm515
Their right in some small portion of the soil,
So they, divided by the barrier, struck
With hostile rage the bull-hide bucklers round,
And the light targets on each other's breast.
Then many a wound the ruthless weapons made.520
Pierced through the unarm'd back, if any turn'd,
He died, and numerous even through the shield.
The battlements from end to end with blood
Of Grecians and of Trojans on both sides
Were sprinkled; yet no violence could move525
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,[5]530
Such was the poise in which the battle hung
Till Jove himself superior fame, at length,
To Priamëian Hector gave, who sprang
First through the wall. In lofty sounds that reach'd
Their utmost ranks, he call'd on all his host.535

Now press them, now ye Trojans steed-renown'd
Rush on! break through the Grecian rampart, hurl
At once devouring flames into the fleet.
Such was his exhortation; they his voice
All hearing, with close-order'd ranks direct540
Bore on the barrier, and up-swariming 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 land545
(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 bears550
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 transvere555
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 bars560
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 quivering spears.565

Him entering with a leap the gates, no force
Whate’er of opposition had repress’d,
Save of the Gods alone. Fire fill’d his eyes;
Turning, he bade the multitude without
Ascend the rampart; they his voice obey’d;570
Part climb’d the wall, part pour’d into the gate;
The Grecians to their hollow galleys flew
Scatter’d, and tumult infinite arose.[6]

BOOK XIII.

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 Amphinomachos. 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 Alcathoös, son-in-law of Anchises. Deiphobus and Idomeneus respectively summon their friends to their assistance, and a contest ensues for the body of Alcathoös.

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 remote5
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,10
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 sat15
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 mourn’d20
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 feet25
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 whales³⁵
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 fleet⁴⁰
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 yoke,⁴⁵
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 gulf⁵⁵
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 force⁶⁰
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-greaved⁶⁵
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 high⁷⁰
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 point⁸⁰
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 Oïliades
First recognized, and, instant, thus his speech⁸⁵
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 mark'd90
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.95
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, alone.100

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 arduous toil,105
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,110
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 most120
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 sight125
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 war130
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 fault135
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'd140
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 well145
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 cause150
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.155

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 arms.160
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;[\[3\]](#)
The hairy crests of their resplendent casques
Kiss'd close at every nod, so wedged they stood;165
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[\[4\]](#)
Right on, impetuous as a rolling rock170
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,175
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, he bore180
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 Greeks185
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 all190
Foremost of whom advanced, of Priam's race
Deiphobus, ambitious of renown.
Tripping he came with shorten'd steps,[\[5\]](#) his feet
Sheltering behind his buckler; but at him
Aiming, Meriones his splendid lance195
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 spear200
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, to fetch205
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 Greeks210
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 abode215
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 woodman's axe,220
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 assail'd;225
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 plain,230
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 spoil235
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'd240
Both bodies,[6] 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 bear245
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 arms250
Tore off, and Oïliades 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[Z] 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'd260
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 Andræmon, King
In Pleuro and in lofty Calydon,
And honor'd by the Ætolians as a God.270

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 remote280
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 the Deep.285
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 must exert290
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 again295
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,300
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,305
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 infixt?310
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 spear³¹⁵
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,³²⁰
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 brazen casques³²⁵
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 thou³³⁰
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 Crete³³⁵
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 the bold³⁴⁰
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,³⁴⁵
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;) [\[8\]](#)
Even there, thy courage should no blame incur.³⁵⁰
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.³⁵⁵
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 produced³⁶⁰
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 moves;³⁶⁵
From Thrace against the Ephyri they arm,

Or hardy Phleggyans, and by both invoked,
Hear and grant victory to which they please;
Such, bright in arms Meriones, and such
Idomeneus advanced, when foremost thus370
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 account375
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,380
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,385
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 yields390
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 ranks395
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,400
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 came405
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,410
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,415
And shields refulgent 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 parts420
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 Greeks⁴²⁵
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 to see⁴³⁰
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 he roused⁴³⁵
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,⁴⁴⁰
And loosed the joints of many a warrior bold.
Then, loud exhorting (though himself with age
Half grey) the Achaians, into battle sprang
Idomeneus, and scatter'd, first, the foe,
Slaying Othryoneus, who, by the lure⁴⁴⁵
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 resolute⁴⁵⁰
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 lance⁴⁵⁵
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.⁴⁶⁰

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.⁴⁶⁵
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; that here⁴⁷⁰
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,⁴⁷⁵
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 the chin⁴⁸⁰
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 dust⁴⁸⁵
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 waist⁴⁹⁰
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 Greece.⁴⁹⁵
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 shield⁵⁰⁰
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, son⁵⁰⁵
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,⁵¹⁰
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^[9]
Left not, but hasting, fenced him with his shield,⁵¹⁵
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 strove⁵²⁰
Either to plunge some Trojan in the shades,
Or fall himself, guarding the fleet of Greece.
Then slew he brave Alcathöus the son
Of Æsyeta, and the son-in-law
Of old Anchises, who to him had given⁵²⁵
The eldest-born of all his daughters fair,
Hippodamia; dearly loved was she
By both her parents in her virgin state,^[10]
For that in beauty she surpass'd, in works
Ingenious, and in faculties of mind⁵³⁰
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'd limbs.⁵³⁵
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 mail540
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'd545
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 Chief550
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 brought555
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 himself560
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 worth565
By Priam[\[11\]](#) 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 dead570
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 fear575
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 eyes580
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 eyes585
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 wait590
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 I.595

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'd all600
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 close605
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, alike610
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.615
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 Crete620
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 retreat625
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,630
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 Mars635
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 hand645
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 around650
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.655
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 ground660
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 trunk its course665
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 in crowds670
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 hand.680
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 vain685
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 shame between690
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 peasants held695
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 blade700
Smiting the temples of Deipyros,
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 wrapp'd around.705
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; impatient, one,710
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 swarthy beans715
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 transpierced720
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 beam;725
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 Chief730
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.735
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 struck, the heart740
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,745
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 bone,750
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 fleet,755
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,760
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 fire765
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'st⁷⁷⁰
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 dance,⁷⁷⁵
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 dart⁷⁹⁰
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,⁷⁹⁵
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.⁸⁰⁰

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, son⁸⁰⁵
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 prophecied that he should either die⁸¹⁰
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 pierced⁸¹⁵
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 host⁸²⁰
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 Greeks⁸²⁵
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 most.⁸³⁰
The Epeans there and Iäonians^[12] robed-
Prolix, the Phthians,^[13] Locrians, and the bold
Bæotians check'd the terrible assault
Of Hector, noble Chief, ardent as flame,
Yet not repulsed him. Chosen Athenians form'd⁸³⁵
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 ruled,⁸⁴⁰
And Medon (Medon was by spurious birth
Brother of Ajax Oiliades,
And for his uncle's death, whom he had slain,
The brother of Oileus' wife, abode
In Phylace; but from Iphiclus sprang⁸⁴⁵
Podarces;) these, all station'd in the front
Of Phthias' hardy sons, together strove
With the Bæotians 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 shield.⁸⁶⁰
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 bow⁸⁶⁵
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 behind⁸⁷⁰
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 side⁸⁷⁵
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 imparts885
Wisdom, which profits many, and which saves
Whole cities oft, though revered 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'd890
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 Achaeans punctually refund
All yesterday's arrear, since yonder Chief[15]900
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 he leap'd905
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 height910
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,915
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 hurt920
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,925
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 might930
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!935

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 except⁹⁴⁵
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 all⁹⁵⁰
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 [\[16\]](#) 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-clouds⁹⁶⁵
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 rank⁹⁷⁰
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 brows⁹⁷⁵
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 burn⁹⁸⁵
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 ask⁹⁹⁰
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-hand995
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 the son1000
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 wo
Fraught for the Grecians, among whom thyself1005
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.1010

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 foes.1015
Upwent the double roar into the heights
Ethereal, and among the beams of Jove.

BOOK XIV.

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.

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 ships5
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 brass10
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 saw15

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,20
The doubtful waves roll yet to neither side,
Till swept at length by a decisive gale;[\[1\]](#)
So stood the senior, with distressful doubts
Conflicting anxious, whether first to seek
The Grecian host, or Agamemnon's self25
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,30
Ulysses, Diomedes, 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,35
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 ships40
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,45
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,50
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.55
Alas! alas! the Achaeans 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 himself60
The Thunderer can disappoint them now;
For our chief strength in which we trusted most
That it should guard impregnable secure
Our navy and ourselves, the wall hath fallen.
Hence all this conflict by our host sustain'd65
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,70
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 sterns⁷⁵
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'd⁸⁰
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 lifts⁸⁵
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 night⁹⁰
(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 enthralls.⁹⁵

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 Jove ordains¹⁰⁰
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 word¹⁰⁵
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 condemn¹¹⁰
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 scale¹¹⁵
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 of men!¹²⁰

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 desire¹²⁵
That young or old, some other may advice
More prudent give, and he shall please me well.

Then thus the gallant Diomedes replied.
That man is near, and may ye but be found
Tractable, our inquiry shall be short.130
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 noble sons135
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.140
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 rich145
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 are true.150
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 range155
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,160
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 address'd.165

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 shame!170
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.175

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 engaged185
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 deceive190
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 profound195
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 heaven200
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 courts205
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 profuse210
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 around215
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 aid225
The Grecians, while thine aid is given to Troy?

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 ask230
Things possible, and possible to me.

Then thus with wiles veiling her deep design
Imperial Juno. Give me those desires,
That love-enkindling 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 care²⁴⁰
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 long²⁴⁵
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,²⁵⁰
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.²⁵⁵
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.²⁶⁰

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 hills²⁷⁰
Steed-famed, nor printed, 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, and said,²⁷⁵

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^[3]
For thy fair feet, at the convivial board.²⁸⁵

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.^[4] Not so the King²⁹⁰
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 day295
When, Troy laid waste, that valiant son[5] 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 blasts,300
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,305
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.[6]310
And thou wouldst 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 serve315
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 Powers325
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,330
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 left335
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[7] first
They quitted Ocean, overpassing high340
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 bird345
Shrill-voiced resembling in the mountains seen,[8]
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 love felt350
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 left355
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 Gods360
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;[\[9\]](#) 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 sake370
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.375
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 thus380
Who bore Pirithoüs, wise as we in heaven;
Nor sweet Acrisian Danäe, from whom
Sprang Perseus, noblest of the race of man;
Nor Phœnix' daughter fair,[\[10\]](#) of whom were born
Minos unmatch'd but by the powers above,385
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-enthroned390
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!395
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?400
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 posts405
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 word410
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 them earth415
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 they lay,420
Invested with a golden cloud that shed
Bright dew-drops all around.[\[11\]](#) 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 embrace.425
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,430
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 task435
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 day440
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,445
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 will lead;450
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 yourselves.455

So he, whom, reluctant, 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 best460
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 contend465
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 Greeks470
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 towering surge;475
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 they rave)480
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 his shield485
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 retired.490
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 breast495
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 at hand500
See it, he trembles at the bolt of Jove,
So fell the might of Hector, to the earth
Smitten at once. Down dropp'd his idle spear,
And with his helmet and his shield himself
Also; loud thunder'd all his gorgeous arms.505
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,510
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 friends515

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 veil'd,525
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 Oïlean Chief, with pointed spear530
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 he fell,535
And fiery contest for the dead arose.
In vengeance of his fall, spear-shaking Chief
The son of Panthus into fight advanced
Polydamas, who Prothöenor pierced
Offspring of Areïlocus, and urged540
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,545
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 spine555
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 weigh560
My question well. His life whom I have slain
Makes it not compensation for the loss
Of Prothöenor's life! To me he seems
Nor base himself; nor yet of base descent,
But brother of Atenor steed-renown'd,565
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 spear570

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 alone,575
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 wish580
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 force585
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 him590
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 earth595
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 head600
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 all their house,605
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 home.610

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 first615
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.620
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 prince625
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 Oïliades the swift630
Slew most; him none could equal in pursuit
Of tremblers scatter'd by the frown of Jove.

BOOK XV.

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.

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 Jove5
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 plain10
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'd15
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.20
I know not but thyself mayst chance to reap
The first-fruits of thy cunning, scourged[1] by me.
Hast thou forgotten how I once aloft
Suspended thee, with anvils at thy feet,
And both thy wrists bound with a golden cord25
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,30
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 Deep35

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 taught⁴⁰
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.⁴⁵

Be witness Earth, the boundless Heaven above,
And Styx beneath, whose stream the blessed Gods
Even tremble to adjure;^[2] be witness too
Thy sacred life, and our connubial bed,
Which by a false oath I will never wrong,⁵⁰
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 sight⁵⁵
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,⁶⁰
And in wing'd accents answer thus return'd.^[3]

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 mine.⁶⁵
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 Deep⁷⁰
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.⁷⁵
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 walls⁸⁰
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,⁸⁵
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 Greeks,⁹⁰
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,^[4] who, many a land
Traversed, deliberates on his future course¹⁰⁰
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 cups¹⁰⁵
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?¹¹⁰
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,¹¹⁵
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,¹²⁰
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 brows¹²⁵
Dissented,^[5] 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'd¹³⁰
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 God¹³⁵
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!¹⁴⁰
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 Dismay¹⁴⁵
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 sprung¹⁵⁰
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 began.¹⁵⁵

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 Jove¹⁶⁰
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?¹⁶⁵
For He at once Grecians and Trojans both
Abandoning, will hither haste prepared
To tempest^[6] us in heaven, whom he will seize,
The guilty and the guiltless, all alike.
I bid thee, therefore, patient bear the death¹⁷⁰
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.¹⁷⁵

So saying, Minerva on his throne replaced
The fiery Mars. Then, summoning abroad
Apollo from within the hall of Jove,
With Iris, swift ambadress of heaven,
Them in wing'd accents Juno thus bespake.¹⁸⁰

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 the air,¹⁸⁵
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 stood.¹⁹⁰
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.¹⁹⁵
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,200
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 disobey'd,205
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 soon210
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.215
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, he saith,220
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 me225
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 received230
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.235
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 third.240
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.245

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-born250
Erynnis, with her vengeful sisters, waits.[\[Z\]](#)

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 thus,255
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 incensed,260
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 spoils,265
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.270

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 Chief275
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,280
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 force285
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;290
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,295
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 breathed300
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 befallen?305

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 a stone310
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 Jove315
From Ida sends thee at thy side to war
Continual, Phæbus 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 charioteers320
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 Chief inspired.325
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, he eyes330
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 battle.335
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 grim340
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 fall'n.345

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.350
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 again.360
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.365

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 fierce³⁷⁰
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^[8] struck first. With awful strides³⁷⁵
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,³⁸⁰
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 spears³⁸⁵
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 held³⁹⁰
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'd³⁹⁵
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 died⁴⁰⁵
By Hector's arm, and Stichius; one, a Chief^[9]
Of the Bœotians brazen-mail'd, and one,
Menestheus' faithful follower to the fight.
Æneas Medon and Iäsus slew.
Medon was spurious offspring of divine⁴¹⁰
Oïleus Ajax' father, and abode
In Phylace; for he had slain a Chief
Brother of Eriopis the espoused
Of brave Oïleus; but Iäsus led
A phalanx of Athenians, and the son⁴¹⁵
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 flight⁴²⁰
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 necessity⁴²⁵
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 fires⁴³⁰
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,⁴³⁵
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'd.⁴⁴⁰
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 plaything walls,⁴⁴⁵
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, again⁴⁵⁰
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 arms⁴⁵⁵
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 gracious heard,⁴⁶⁰
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 aloud⁴⁶⁵
Responsive to the old Neleïan'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 chariots, these,⁴⁷⁵
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 without⁴⁸⁰
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 pains.⁴⁸⁵
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, exclaim'd.⁴⁹⁰

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;⁴⁹⁵
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,⁵⁰⁰
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 fire⁵¹⁰
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,⁵¹⁵
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-fighting sons⁵²⁰
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 cast⁵²⁵
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 stern⁵³⁰
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 love535
And reverence even filia,, entertain'd;
B9 Hector pierced, he dies. Where are thy shafts
Death-wing'd, and bow, by gift from Phœbus thine?

He said, whom Teucer hearing, instant ran
With bow and well-stored quiver to his side,540
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 please545
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,550
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,555
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 of Greece560
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. Devious flew565
The steel-charged[11] 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 cord570
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 God confounds,575
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 tent580
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 brass,585
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 men;590
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,595
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 die;600
It shall not shame him that he died to serve
His country,[\[12\]](#) 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. Meantime,605
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 return610
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 us615
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 vain620
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 sight630
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 arms.635
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 thick640
With plates of scaly brass his life secured.
That corselet Phyleus on a time brought home
From Ephyre, where the Selleïs 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 purple bright650
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 drove655
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 outshone665
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 Greeks670
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.675

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, fear680
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 bore685
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 none690
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 van695
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 dead,705
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 approach710
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'd720
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 Ilium's host.725
For Jove's unalter'd purpose was to give
Success to Priameian Hector's arms,[\[14\]](#)
That he might cast into the fleet of Greece
Devouring flames, and that no part might fail
Of Thetis' ruthless prayer; that sight alone730
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 prepared735
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 mark'd740
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 life745
Waned fast, and, urged by Pallas on,[\[15\]](#) 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,750
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.755
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,760
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,765
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 devours770
And scatters all the rest,[16] 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, son775
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 excell'd780
In wisdom of the Mycenæan name;
Yet all but served to ennoble 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,785
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's fate790
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 foes;795
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.800
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!810

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 mind⁸²⁰
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,⁸²⁵
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 rapid fly;⁸³⁰
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 wage⁸³⁵
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'd⁸⁴⁰
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,⁸⁴⁵
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 ship⁸⁵⁵
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 swords,⁸⁶⁰
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.⁸⁶⁵
Hector that ship once grappled by the stern
Left not, but griping 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;870
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 hand875
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, that storm880
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.885

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?890
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 complete895
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’d900
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.

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.

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[1] stream.5
Divine Achilles with compassion moved
Mark’d him, and in wing’d accents thus began.[2]

Who weeps Patroclus like an infant girl
Who, running at her mother's side, entreats
To be uplifted in her arms? She grasps¹⁰
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 learn'd¹⁵
From Phthia, trusted to thy ear alone?
Menæteus, 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.²⁰
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.
Diomedes, warlike son of Tydeus, bleeds,³⁰
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,³⁵
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?⁴⁰
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.⁵⁰
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 alone⁵⁵
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;65
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 sons70
Of Greece, my just reward, by my own spear
Obtain'd when I Eëtion's city took,
Her, Agamemnon, leader of the host
From my possession wrung, as I had been
Some alien wretch, unhonor'd and unknown.75
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 forth80
My valiant Myrmidons, since such a cloud,
So dark, of dire hostility surrounds
The fleet, and the Achaïans, by the waves
Hemm'd in, are prison'd now in narrow space.
Because the Trojans meet not in the field85
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 siege90
For in the hands of Diomede 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 around95
The burst[3] 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 preserve100
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.105
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 mine.[4]110
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, lead back115
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 spread120
Troy's sacred bulwarks on the ground, alone.

Thus they conferr'd. [5]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 rang125
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 move.130
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, how first135
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,140
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 mar145
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 said,150

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.155

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 sword160
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.165
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 top170
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 found175
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 fed180
On Ocean's side, to Zephyrus the wind.
To these he added, at their side, a third,
The noble Pegasus; him Peleus' son,
Ætioneus's city taken, thence had brought,
Though mortal, yet a match for steeds divine.185
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 jaws190
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 Chiefs195
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 Jove200
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 led,205
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 son210
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,215
A mother unsuspected of a child.
Her worshiping the golden-shafted Queen
Diana, in full choir, with song and dance,
The valiant Argicide[6] beheld and loved.
Ascending with her to an upper room,220
All-bounteous Mercury[7] clandestine there
Embraced her, who a noble son produced
Eudorus, swift to run, and bold in fight.
No sooner Ilithyia, arbitress
Of pangs puerperal, had given him birth,225
And he beheld the beaming sun, than her
Echechleus, 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 own.230
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 Phœnix of equestrian fame235

The fourth band led to battle, and the fifth
Laërceus’ offspring, bold Alcimedon.
Thus, all his bands beneath their proper Chiefs
Marshall’d, Achilles gave them strict command—

Myrmidons! all that vengeance now inflict,240
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 bile245
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 oft.250
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, man, and shield,260
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 van265
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, mantles warm,270
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 first275
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 heaven280
Uplifted pray’d,[\[8\]](#) 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 Selli, prophets vow-constrain’d285
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,290
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 heart²⁹⁵
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 his arms,³⁰⁰
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 fleet³⁰⁵
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 behold³¹⁰
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,³¹⁵
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 Myrmidons³²⁰
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 might;³²⁵
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 foul³³⁰
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 son³³⁵
Saw of Menætiüs 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, each³⁴⁰
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.³⁴⁵
He smote Pyræchmes; he his horsemen band

Pæonian 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 sides350
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,355
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 headland heights360
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 parts365
Alike, but still resisted, from the ships
Retiring through necessity alone.
Then, in that scatter'd warfare, every Chief
Slew one. While Areïlochus his back
Turn'd on Patroclus, sudden with a lance370
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 at his feet.375
Phylides,[\[9\]](#) 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 his eyes.380
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 in hand,385
The slain, impetuous on the conqueror flew;
But godlike Thrasymedes[\[10\]](#) 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.390
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 fed395
Chimæra,[\[11\]](#) 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;400
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 they met.405

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.410
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 enforced415
Into the mouth of Erymas. The point
Stay'd not, but gliding close beneath the brain,
Transpierced his spine,[\[12\]](#) and started forth beyond.
It wrench'd his teeth, and fill'd his eyes with blood;
Blood also blowing through his open mouth420
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 mountains wild;425
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 lost.430

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.435
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 wrapp'd440
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 arms445
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 shout450
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 firm-hoof'd455
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'ertumbled chariots rang.460
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.⁴⁶⁵

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;⁴⁷⁰
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,⁴⁷⁵
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 strove,⁴⁸⁰
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 breast he pierced⁴⁸⁵
Of Pronöus, 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 form,⁴⁹⁰
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 line⁴⁹⁵
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 swift⁵⁰⁰
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 [\[13\]](#) friends⁵¹⁰
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 learn⁵¹⁵
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 clash⁵²⁰
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.⁵²⁵

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 permit⁵³⁰
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?⁵³⁵
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.⁵⁴⁰
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 tomb⁵⁵⁰
(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 field⁵⁵⁵
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 field⁵⁶⁵
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 redress'd.⁵⁷⁰
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 again.575

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 course580
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,585
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 dies;590
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 need595
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 slain,600
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 Achaians of my glorious arms
Despoil me in full prospect[15] of the fleet.605
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 forth,610
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 heart615
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.620
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;625
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 lost630
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!635

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 aid640
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'd645
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,650
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.655
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 shame660
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 stranger born,665
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 head670
Enraged for slain Sarpedon, Hector came.
Meantime, stout-hearted[16] Chief, Patroclus roused
The Grecians, and exhorting first (themselves
Already prompt) the Ajaces, thus began.

Heroic pair! now make it all your joy675
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 blood680
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 ranks685
Rush'd into furious contest for the dead,
Shouting tremendous; clang'd their brazen arms,
And Jove with Night's pernicious shades[17] o'erhung
The bloody field, so to enhance the more
Their toilsome strife for his own son. First then690
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,695
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 Troy.700
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.705
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 drov'st,710
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.715
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 shielded bands720
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 lance725
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.730
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 force;735
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[18] steps and short
Behind his buckler made, he paced the field;740
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.745

* * * * *

* * * * *[\[19\]](#)

Indignant then Æneas thus exclaim’d.

Meriones! I sent thee such a spear
As reaching thee, should have for ever marr’d750
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’d755
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’d.760

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 spilt.765
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 mountain’s side770
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-edge.775
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-flies780
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 deep785
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 most790
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 possess’d795
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 pierced800
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 Myrmidons805
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 from his blood810
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;815
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.820

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, borne remote,825
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 realm.830

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 saved835
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 himself840
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, Elusus. 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 made850
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 God855

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 Menœtiades the wrath
Of shaft-arm'd Phœbus shunning, far retired.865
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 long870
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.875
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 retire;880
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 charioteer885
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.890
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,895
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, bold900
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!910

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, dies.⁹²⁰
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-tops⁹²⁵
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.⁹³⁰
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 mountain's side,⁹³⁵
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 Achaeans, mingling, slew
Mutual, while neither felt a wish to fly.⁹⁴⁰
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 lost⁹⁴⁵
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 change⁹⁵⁰
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 host;⁹⁵⁵
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'd⁹⁶⁰
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 his palms⁹⁶⁵
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 crest⁹⁷⁰
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?⁹⁷⁵
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 ancle, with its belt dropp'd from his arm,⁹⁸⁰
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 back⁹⁸⁵
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,⁹⁹⁰
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,⁹⁹⁵
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 perceived¹⁰⁰⁰
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 boar¹⁰⁰⁵
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 slayer¹⁰¹⁰
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,¹⁰¹⁵
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 hour¹⁰²⁰
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 oft in charge:1025
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.1030

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 themselves disarm'd,1035
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 third.1040
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.[\[21\]](#)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 bespake.1050

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 the trunk1055
Supine, and backward thursting 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 steeds1060
Immortal, rapid, by the Gods conferr'd
(A glorious gift) on Peleus, snatch'd away.

BOOK XVII.

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.

BOOK XVII.

Nor Menelaus, Atreus' valiant son,
Knew not how Menœtiades 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 fears⁵
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 denounced¹⁰
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!¹⁵
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 assail²⁰
Thee also, and thou perish premature.[\[1\]](#)

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's²⁵
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,³⁰
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,³⁵
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.⁴⁰
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'd⁵⁰
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 first⁵⁵
To Jove,[\[2\]](#) 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 arms.60
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 abound,65
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 seem'd,70
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 fangs75
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 oppose80
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 Chief85
Of the Ciconians, Mentès, 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 defence95
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 word100
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 all the van105
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,110
And leave Patroclus for my glory slain,
I fear lest the Achæians 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;115

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.120
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,125
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.130
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 prey;135
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'd140
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—strive145
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 erelong
Purposing to strike off his head, and cast
His trunk, drawn distant, to the dogs of Troy.
But Ajax, with broad shield tower-like, approach'd.155
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 guarding stood160
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;165
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 terms170
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,175
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.180
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 dead185
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 heart190
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 fleet200
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 stern, replied,205
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 flight215
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 force220
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 friends!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 swiftest pace²³⁰
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 Peleüs 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 heavenly²⁴⁵
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 soul²⁵⁵
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'd²⁶⁰
Through all the host, exhorting every Chief,
Asteropæus, Mesthles, Phorcys, Medon,
Thersilochus, Deisenor, augur Ennomus,
Chromius, Hippothoüs; all these he roused
To battle, and in accents wing'd began.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 wives²⁷⁰
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 life²⁷⁵
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 praise²⁸⁰
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 'scape290
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 gloom295
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 powers300
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 out305
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 swift310
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 name315
The whole vast multitude who, following these
Renew'd the battle on the part of Greece.
The Trojans first, with Hector at their head,
Wedge'd in close phalanx, rush'd to the assault

As when within some rapid river's mouth320
The billows and stream clash, on either shore[3]
Loud sounds the roar[3] of waves ejected wide,
Such seem'd the clamors of the Trojan host.
But the Achaeans, one in heart, around
Patroclus stood, bulwark'd with shields of brass325
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 his defence,330
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 repulsed335
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 boar³⁴⁰
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 imbattled ranks who fought³⁴⁵
Around Patroclus' body, strong in hope
To achieve it, and to make the glory theirs.
Hippochoös, a youth of high renown,
Son of Pelasgian Lethus, by a noose
Around his ancle cast dragg'd through the fight³⁵⁰
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 the crowd³⁵⁵
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 blood³⁶⁰
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 solitudes who gave him birth,³⁶⁵
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 Chief³⁷⁰
Of the Phocensians, over many reign'd,
Dwelling in Panopeus the far-renown'd.
Entering beneath the clavicle^[4] the point
Right through his shoulder's summit pass'd behind,
And on his loud-resounding arms he fell.³⁷⁵
But Ajax at his waist wounded the son
Of Phænops, valiant Phorcys, while he stood
Guarding Hippothöus; through his hollow mail
Enforced the weapon drank his inmost life,
And in his palm, supine, he clench'd the dust.³⁸⁰
Then, Hector with the foremost Chiefs of Troy
Fell back; the Argives sent a shout to heaven,
And dragging Phorcys and Hippothöus thence
Stripp'd both. In that bright moment Ilium's host
Fear-quell'd before Achaia's warlike sons³⁸⁵
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'd³⁹⁰
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?³⁹⁵
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 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 Troy
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.
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, faced 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 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,
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 secure
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.
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 cost 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 arms
For Menœtiades. 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, allay'd
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 bled.455
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[5] only to prevent the flight460
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 legs,465
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 around470
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,[6]
So they, in narrow space struggling, the dead475
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 beheld480
That conflict with disdain, Jove to such length
Protracted on that day the bloody toil
Of steeds and men for Menœtiades.
Nor knew divine Achilles or had aught
Heard of Patroclus slain, for from the ships485
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 himself490
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 loss495
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 flight500
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 theirs.505

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 act510
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 desert air.
Meantime the horses of Æacides
From fight withdrawn, soon as they understood515
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;[\[7\]](#)520
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;[\[8\]](#) to the earth they hung525
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 divine530
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.535
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 bear540
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.545

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 slaughter'd friend,550
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 whomsoever he follow'd, none he slew,555
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, him560
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 alone565
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 host570
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 receive575
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'd,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 hands585
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 refused590
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 conceived595
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 might600
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 Priameïan Hector's rage605
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 Menelaus610
With either Ajax. Oh, illustrious Chiefs
Of Argos, Menelaus, and ye bold
Ajaces![\[9\]](#) leaving all your best to cope
With Ilium's powers and to protect the dead,
From friends still living ward the bitter day.615
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!620

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 waist.625
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 stood630
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 soil635
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 call,640
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 arms,645
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 Menœtiades.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 again655
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 mortals, Jove660
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 breast.665
But meeting Menelaus first, brave son
Of Atreus, in the form and with the voice
Robust of Phœnix, him she thus bespake.

Shame, Menelaus, shall to thee redound
For ever, and reproach, should dogs devour670
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!675
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 spear680
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,685
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 fill'd690
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 most695
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 ranks700
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.705

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?710

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 storms715
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 Bœotian Chief,
Whom facing firm the foe Polydamas720
Struck on his shoulder's summit with a lance
Hurl'd nigh at hand, which slight inscribed the bone.
[10]Leïtus also, son of the renown'd
Alectryon, pierced by Hector in the wrist,
Disabled left the fight; trembling he fled725
And peering narrowly around, nor hoped
To lift a spear against the Trojans more.
Hector, pursuing Leïtus, the point
Encounter'd of the brave Idomeneus

Full on his chest; but in his mail the lance730
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 instead735
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's host740
Had yielded now, but that with rapid haste
Cœranus drove to his relief, from him
The fate averting which himself incurr'd
Victim of Hector's homicidal arm.
Him Hector smiting between ear and jaw745
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 severe755
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.760

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 guides them all,765
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 have none770
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 thou780
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; bright beam'd the sun785

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 fly790
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 stalls795
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 dismissed, but more800
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 recollect810
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 steps815
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 not, but swift820
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, I judge,830
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,835
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, his eyes840
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 friend845
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 Pylia band, bereft850
Of their beloved Antilochus, his aid,
But leaving them to Thrasymedes' care,
He flew to Menœtiades again,
And the Ajaces, thus, instant bespake.

He goes. I have dispatch'd him to the fleet855
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 means860
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 earth865
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 brunt870
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,880
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 retreat885
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 bore890
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;895
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,900
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 loud905
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 them910
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 kinds,915
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 within920
Lay scatter'd, and no pause of war they found.

BOOK XVIII.

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.

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.5
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, who erst10
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 barks15
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.20

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.[1]

Then clouds of sorrow fell on Peleus' son,25
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 extent30
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.[2]35
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.40
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 deep45
Cymodoce, Thalia, Glaucæ came,
Nisæa, Spio, Thoa, and with eyes
Protuberant beauteous Halia; came with these
Cymothœ, and Actæa, and the nymph
Of marshes, Limnorea, nor delay'd50
Agave, nor Amphithœ the swift,
Iæra, Doto, Melita, nor thence
Was absent Proto or Dynamene,
Callianira, Doris, Panope,
Pherusa or Amphinome, or fair55
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, Amatheia; 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.65

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 chief70
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 receive⁷⁵
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 taught⁸⁰
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 way.⁸⁵
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 her palms⁹⁰
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,⁹⁵
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 to me,¹⁰⁰
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 gift¹⁰⁵
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 'scaped¹¹⁰
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 spear¹¹⁵
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 ensues.¹²⁰

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 more¹²⁵
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 note,130
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,135
With wrath, which sets the wisest hearts on fire;
Sweeter than dropping honey to the taste,
But in the bosom of mankind, a smoke![\[3\]](#)
Such was my wrath which Agamemnon roused,
The king of men. But since the past is fled140
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 take145
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 revenge150
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 hands155
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.160
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,165
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,170
By Vulcan forged himself, the King of fire.[\[4\]](#)

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 floods175
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 waves again,180
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 fled185
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 steeds190
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,195
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 prey200
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, sent205
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 all215
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 with shame220
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 thee?225

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-crown'd.230

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 Vulcan's hand.235
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 defence.240

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 yield²⁴⁵
To the o'er-toil'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 Minerva cast²⁵⁰
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 day²⁵⁵
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 raised²⁶⁵
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 voice²⁷⁰
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 saw²⁷⁵
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 famed allies.²⁸⁰
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,²⁸⁵
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 steeds²⁹⁰
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.^[5]
So the sun sank, and the Achaians ceased²⁹⁵
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'd305
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.310

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 long315
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 prey.325
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 man330
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 keep335
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,340
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 attempt345
With all the utmost valor that he boasts
To force a pass; dogs shall devour him first.

To whom brave Hector lours, and in wrath.
Polydamas, I like not thy advice
Who bidd'st us in our city skulk, again350
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 now³⁵⁵
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 old³⁶⁰
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.³⁶⁵
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 cast³⁷⁰
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 son³⁷⁵
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 deals³⁸⁰
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 given³⁸⁵
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 led³⁹⁰
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 whelps³⁹⁵
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.⁴⁰⁰

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!⁴⁰⁵
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.⁴¹⁰
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 around,420
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 cleanse425
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 within.430
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 him435
From head to feet with linen texture light,
And with a wide unsullied mantle, last.[7]
All night the Myrmidons around the swift
Achilles stood, deploring loud his friend,
And Jove his spouse and sister thus bespake.440

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-eyed.445
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 such450
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 conference455
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 bellows huge460
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 roll465
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 skill470
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 inquired.475

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 seat480
Led her with argent studs border'd around
And foot-stool'd sumptuously;[\[8\]](#) 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.485

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 not490
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 roar'd495
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'd500
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 with toil505
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 chest,510
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 door.515
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 inspired.520
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 love⁵²⁵
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, replied.⁵³⁰
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 rear⁵⁴⁰
A son illustrious, valiant, and the chief
Of heroes; he, like a luxuriant plant
Upran^[9] to manhood, while his lusty growth
I nourish'd as the husbandman his vine
Set in a fruitful field, and being grown⁵⁴⁵
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 eyes⁵⁵⁰
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 grief⁵⁵⁵
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 soothe my son.⁵⁶⁰
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 fought,⁵⁶⁵
And on that self-same day had Ilium fallen,
But that Apollo, to advance the fame
Of Hector, slew Menæteus' noble son
Full-flush'd with victory. Therefore at thy knees
Suppliant I fall, imploring from thine art⁵⁷⁰
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.⁵⁷⁵

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 arms580
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 once595
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,590
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'd595
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 divine.600

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 might605
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 baths.610

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 along615
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.620
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,[11] haranguing vehement the crowd,625
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; reverend sat630
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 whose voice635

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 spoil.640
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 men.645
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 beseeem'd.
Not such the people, but of humbler size.650
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.655
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 herds660
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 fought665
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 third670
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 grav'd on it a fallow field675
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 placed680
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!685

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.690
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 stood695
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 flour.700

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 around705
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 harp710
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.[\[12\]](#)

There too a herd he fashion'd of tall beeves715
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 sprang720
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. Meantime725
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'd730
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 old735
In Crete's broad island Dædalus composed
For bright-hair'd Ariadne.[\[13\]](#) There the youths
And youth-alluring maidens, hand in hand,
Danced jocund, every maiden neat-attired
In finest linen, and the youths in vests740
Well-woven, glossy as the glaze of oil.
These all wore garlands, and bright falchions, those,
Of burnish'd gold in silver trappings hung:—[\[14\]](#)
They with well-tutor'd step, now nimbly ran
The circle, swift, as when, before his wheel745
Seated, the potter twirls it with both hands
For trial of its speed,[\[15\]](#) 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 themselves750
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 next755
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 tin.760

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.765

BOOK XIX.

ARGUMENT OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK.

Achilles is reconciled to Agamemnon, and clothed in new armor forged by Vulcan, leads out the Myrmidons to battle.

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 arms5
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 bier10
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.15
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 hand20
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 skill²⁵
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 taint³⁰
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 slain³⁵
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 renounce⁴⁰
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 divine⁴⁵
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.^[4]
Then, even they who in the fleet before⁵⁰
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'd.⁵⁵
Two went together, halting on the spear,
(For still they felt the anguish of their wounds)
Noble Ulysses and brave Diomedes,
And took an early seat; whom follow'd last
The King of men, by Coön in the field⁶⁰
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 first⁶⁵
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 now,⁷⁰
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 perforce⁷⁵
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 fleet⁸⁰

To watch us this night also. But I judge
That driven by my spear to rapid flight,
They shall escape with weary limbs[5] at least.

He ended, and the Grecians brazen-greaved
Rejoiced that Peleus’ mighty son had cast⁸⁵
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 your ear;⁹⁰
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 speech⁹⁵
Ye Argives, and with understanding mark.
I hear not now the voice of your reproach[6]
First; ye have oft condemn’d me. Yet the blame
Rests not with me; Jove, Destiny, and she
Who roams the shades, Erynnis, caused the offence.¹⁰⁰
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 all¹⁰⁵
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 himself¹¹⁰
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.¹¹⁵

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 extend¹²⁰
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 he¹²⁵
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 and wrong.¹³⁰
At once from the Olympian summit flew
Juno, and to Achaian Argos borne,
There sought the noble wife[7] of Sthenelus,
Offspring of Perseus. Pregnant with a son
Six months, she now the seventh saw at hand,¹³⁵

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 candent lightnings! Sire of all!140
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 birth.145

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 permit150
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 birth155
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 Gods160
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 tent165
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.170

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 fight175
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 wide180
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 battlements185
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 take190

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 degrees¹⁹⁵
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'd,²⁰⁰
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 Greeks²⁰⁵
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,²¹⁰
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 prove²¹⁵
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 Læertiades, and I have heard²²⁰
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 delay²²⁵
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 gifts²³⁰
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 which fires²⁴⁰
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; though, in truth²⁴⁵
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 feet²⁵⁰
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, thus²⁵⁵
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 learn'd²⁶⁰
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 of Jove²⁶⁵
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 day²⁷⁰
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 war,²⁷⁵
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 Chief,²⁸⁵
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 they produced²⁹⁰
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, Brisëis with the blooming cheeks.²⁹⁵
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 Talthybius³⁰⁰
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,305
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 above310
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 hand315
On fair Brisëis, 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 forsworn, pour also down on me!320

So saying, he pierced the victim in his throat
And, whirling him around, Talthybius, next,
Cast him into the ocean, fishes' food.[\[8\]](#)
Then, in the centre of Achaia's sons
Uprose Achilles, and thus spake again.325

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,330
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 dispersed335
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 his herd.340
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.345

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!350
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.355
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 bride360
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.365

She spake, and all her fellow-captives heaved
Responsive sighs, deploring each, in show,
The dead Patroclus, but, in truth, herself.[\[9\]](#)
Then the Achaian Chiefs gather'd around
Achilles, wooing him to eat, but he370
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 down375
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 tent380
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 said385

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 there lies390
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 death395
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 live,400
I rear in Scyros, my own darling son,
My Neoptolemus of form divine.[\[10\]](#)
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, restored405
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 account410
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 whom⁴¹⁵
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 seems,⁴²⁰
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 the Greeks⁴³⁰
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 casques,⁴⁴⁰
Boss'd bucklers, hauberks strong, and ashen spears.
Upwent the flash to heaven; wide all around
The champain laugh'd with beamy brass illumed,
And tramlings of the warriors on all sides
Resounded, amidst whom Achilles arm'd.⁴⁴⁵
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 clasp'd⁴⁵⁰
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 helm⁴⁶⁰
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 scope⁴⁶⁵
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 wield;⁴⁷⁰
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 diligent⁴⁷⁵
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 upsprang⁴⁸⁰
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 Podargus' blood⁴⁸⁵
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.^[11]
Him then his steed unconquer'd in the race,⁴⁹⁰
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 at least⁴⁹⁵
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 us⁵⁰⁰
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.⁵⁰⁵
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 word⁵¹⁰
Suppress'd his utterance,^[12] and indignant, thus,
Achilles, swiftest of the swift, replied.

Why, Xanthus, propheciast thou my death?
It ill beseems thee. I already know
That from my parents far remote my doom⁵¹⁵
Appoints me here to die; yet not the more
Cease I from feats of arms, till Ilium's host
Shall have received, at length, their fill of war.

He said, and with a shout drove forth to battle.

BOOK XX.

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.

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.[\[1\]](#)
Meantime, Jove order'd Themis, from the 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.[\[2\]](#)
Nor of the Floods was any absent thence
Oceanus except, or of the Nymphs
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
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,
And ask'd, incontinent, the mind of Jove.[\[3\]](#)

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.

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,
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
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
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 Power
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.50
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 sons55
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 again.60
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 shout65
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 mountains shook;75
Through all her base and to her topmost peak
Ida spring-fed the agitation felt
Reeling, all Ilium and the fleet of Greece.
Upstart'd from his throne, appall'd, the King
Of Erebus, and with a cry his fears80
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 sound85
The Powers eternal into battle rush'd.[\[4\]](#)
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 bow90
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.95

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 form105
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?110

To whom Æneas answer thus returned.
Offspring of Priam! why enjoin’st thou me
Not so inclined, that arduous task, to cope
With the unmatched Achilles? I have proved
His force already, when he chased me down115
From Ida with his spear, what time he made
Seizure of all our cattle, and destroy’d
Pegasus 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.[5] Vain, therefore, proves
All mortal force to Peleus’ son opposed;
For one, at least, of the Immortals stands125
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 subdue130
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 birth135
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 words140
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 ranks145
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;150
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 exempt155
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,160
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 entwined165
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 forms170
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 ourselves175
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 interfere180
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.185

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 pursued190
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 hill195
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.200
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 advanced205
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 orb210
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, stalks215
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 heart220
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 race.225

Why stand'st thou here, Æneas! thy own band
Left at such distance? Is it that thine heart
Glowes with ambition to contend with me
In hope of Priam's honors, and to fill
His throne hereafter in Troy steed-renown'd?230
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 soil235
For vineyard apt or plow assign'd thee part
If thou shalt slay me? Difficult, I hope,
At least, thou shalt experience that emprize.
For, as I think, I have already chased
Thee with my spear. Forgettest thou the day240
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 aid245
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 fight250
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 taunts255
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.260
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 mine;265
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 storms, begat270
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 in form280
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 boundless deep,285
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 charms290
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 Mars.295
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.[\[6\]](#)
Such is my lineage, and such blood I boast;300
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 around.305
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 and long,310
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 way315
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,320
That we may taste each other's force in arms.[\[7\]](#)

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 disk325
Thrust farther from him, deeming that the force
Of such an arm should pierce his guard with ease.
Vain fear! he recollected not that arms
Glorious as his, gifts of the immortal Gods,
Yield not so quickly to the force of man.330
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;335
The two interior, tin; the midmost, gold;
And at the golden one the weapon stood.[8]
Achilles next, hurl'd his long shadow'd spear,
And struck Æneas on the utmost verge
Of his broad shield, where thinnest lay the brass,340
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,345
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 shout350
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 came355
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.360

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 himself,365
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;370
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 time375
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 choose380
Whether to save Æneas, or to leave
The hero victim of Achilles' ire.
For Pallas and myself oft-times have sworn
In full assembly of the Gods, to aid
Troy never, never to avert the day385
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 spears,390

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 rear400
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 son405
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 fulfill'd410
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 saw415
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 gone!420
Æneas therefore, as it seems, himself
Interests the immortal Gods, although
I deem'd his boast of their protection vain.
I reckon not. Let him go. So gladly 'scaped
From slaughter now, he shall not soon again425
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 sons430
Of the Achæians! 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 foe435
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 with might,440
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 host445

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 Gods;450
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 be fire,455
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 spake.460

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 host465
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 sire.470
Him to Otrynteus, city-waster Chief,
A Naiad under snowy Tmolus bore
In fruitful Hyda.[9] Right into his front
As he advanced, Achilles drove his spear,
And rived his skull; with thundering sound he fell,475
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 own.480

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.485
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'd.490
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,[10] who views495
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 indulged⁵⁰⁰
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 oft⁵⁰⁵
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 beheld⁵¹⁵
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,⁵²⁰
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!⁵²⁵
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.⁵³⁰

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 know⁵³⁵
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,⁵⁴⁰
Which Pallas, breathing softly, wafted back
From the renown'd Achilles, and it fell
Successful at illustrious Hector's feet.
Then, all on fire to slay him, with a shout
That rent the air Achilles rapid flew⁵⁴⁵
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 Phæbus, without previous suit to whom

Thou ventur'est never where the javelin sings.555
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 Dryops through,560
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 he died.565
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 clasp'd570
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 mind,575
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 blood580
His bosom fill'd, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
Then, drawing close to Mulius, 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's son585
Echechlus, his huge-hafted 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 stood,590
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 son,595
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 to all sides,605
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 pair610
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 blood615
From the horse-hoofs and from the fellied wheels
His chariot redden'd, while himself, athirst
For glory, his unconquerable hands
Defiled with mingled carnage, sweat, and dust.

BOOK XXI.

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.

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 fled5
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 plunged10
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 escape15
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 course20
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 dread to hear25
Of warriors smitten by the sword, and all
The waters as they ran redden'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,35

In vengeance for his loved Patroclus slain.
Them stupified 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.⁴⁰
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 paid⁵⁰
His price, and, at great cost, Eëtion
The guest of Jason, thence redeeming him,
Sent him to fair Arisba;^[3] but he 'scaped
Thence also and regain'd his father's house.
Eleven days, at his return, he gave⁵⁵
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 swift⁶⁰
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 long⁶⁵
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 enough⁷⁰
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.⁷⁵

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 stood⁸⁰
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'd⁸⁵
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.⁹⁰
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 lot100
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 Laothöe from Alta sprung,105
From Alta, whom the Leleges obey
On Satnio's banks in lofty Pegasus.
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 me again.115
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.120

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 Gods125
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, whensoever 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 sword140
'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 far145
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,150
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.155
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[4]
His rapid whirlpools, shall avail you nought,160
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 incensed165
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 Peribœa, daughter eldest-born
Of Accessamenus, 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, stood175
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, they faced180
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 ask'd185
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,190
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 Achilles raised195
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 flew200
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 force205
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;210
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;215
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 cried.220

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,225
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—No—230
He may not fight against Saturnian Jove.
Therefore, not kingly Acheloïus,
Nor yet the strength of Ocean's vast profound,
Although from him all rivers and all seas,
All fountains and all wells proceed, may boast235
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[\[5\]](#)
Asteropæus left stretch'd on the sands,240
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, beside245
The eddy-whirling stream fled all dispersed.
Thersilochus and Mydon then he slew,
Thrasius, Astypylus and Ophelestes,
Ænius and Mnesus; nor had these sufficed
Achilles, but Pœonians more had fallen,250
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 the Gods255
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 stream260

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, again270
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 thee aid275
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 tide280
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.285
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 root290
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 plain295
Astonish'd; but the God, not so appeased,
Arose against him with a darker curl,[\[6\]](#)
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 own'd300
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,305
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,310
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'd315
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 steps320
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 decline.325
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,330
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 abhorr'd
Whelm'd in deep waters, like a swine-herd's boy
Drown'd in wet weather while he fords a brook.335

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 nought.340
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 counsel rule345
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 thine.350

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 slain.355
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 aloft360
His waters, and on Simoïs 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 no more.365
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'd370
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,375
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.380

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.390
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 along395
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 to blaze.400

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 sprightly breeze405
Autumnal blowing from the North, at once
Dries the new-water’d garden,[\[7\]](#) 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 fires.410
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,415
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 fires.420
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 force425
Of circling fires and fill’d with melted lard,

The unctuous fluid overbubbling[8] 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 flow430
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 aid435
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 host440
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.445

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 strife.450

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.455
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 fight460
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 son465
Of Tydeus, Diomedes, 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 me.470

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 the plain,475
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 arms.480
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 ire485
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 thence490
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 of heaven.495

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 glebe,500
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 power defy!505
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 stand510
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, whose years515
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 Gods520
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 strong525
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 Troy530
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 thence⁵³⁵
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.⁵⁴⁰
Me, Neptune, thou wouldst 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 between⁵⁴⁵
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 reproved.⁵⁵⁰

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 courts⁵⁵⁵
Hear thee among the immortals vaunting more
That thou wouldst Neptune's self confront in arms.

So she, to whom Apollo nought replied.^[9]
But thus the consort of the Thunderer, fired
With wrath, reproved the Archeress of heaven.⁵⁶⁰

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 theme,⁵⁷⁰
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,⁵⁷⁵
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, flies⁵⁸⁰
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.⁵⁸⁵
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 withdrew⁵⁹⁰
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.⁵⁹⁵

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 fair⁶⁰⁰
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 Greeks⁶⁰⁵
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.⁶¹⁰
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 tower⁶²⁰
With mournful cries and hasting 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 Troy!⁶²⁵
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 to aid⁶³⁰
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 sure,⁶³⁵
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 fate640
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 thus he mused.645

[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 fly650
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 observe655
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 steel660
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 forth665
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,670
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 hope675
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' sake680
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 stroke685
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 clouds690
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.695
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 host700
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.705

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.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.

Achilles slays Hector.

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,5
And Hector, by his adverse fate ensnared,
Still stood exposed before the Scaean gate.
Then spake Apollo thus to Peleus’ son.

Wherefore, thyself mortal, pursuest thou me
Immortal? oh Achilles! blind with rage,10
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,20
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 the town²⁵
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 star³⁰
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;^[1]
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 sire⁴⁰
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 Gods⁴⁵
Him loved as I! then, soon should vultures rend
And dogs his carcase, and my grief should cease.
He hath unchilded me of many a son,
All valiant youths, whom he hath slain or sold
To distant isles, and even now, I miss⁵⁰
Two sons, whom since the shutting of the gates
I find not, Polydorus and Lycaon,
My children by Laothöe the fair.
If they survive prisoners in yonder camp,
I will redeem them with gold and brass⁵⁵
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 grief⁶⁰
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 sire⁶⁵
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'd⁷⁰
Against the ground in dire hostility,^[2]
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 low.⁷⁵
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 steel,⁸⁰
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 wait⁸⁵
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 bared,⁹⁰
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 weep o'er¹⁰⁰
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,^[3] forth he looks
Hideous, and lies coil'd all around his den,
So Hector, fill'd with confidence untamed,¹¹⁰
Fled not, but placing his bright shield against
A buttress, with his noble heart conferr'd.

^[4]Alas for me! should I repass the gate,
Polydamas would be the first to heap
Reproaches on me, for he bade me lead¹¹⁵
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'd¹²⁰
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 fight¹²⁵
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 myself¹³⁰
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 large¹³⁵
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.145
It is no time from oak or hollow rock
With him to parley, as a nymph and swain,
A nymph and swain[5] soft parley mutual hold,
But rather to engage in combat fierce
Incontinent; so shall we soonest learn150
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.155
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.160
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 track165
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,[6] they rush'd along the road,
Declining never from the wall of Troy.170
And now they reach'd the running rivulets clear,
Where from Scamander's dizzy flood arise
Two fountains,[7] tepid one, from which a smoke
Issues voluminous as from a fire,
The other, even in summer heats, like hail175
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,[8] while the land had rest,180
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 beast185
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 bright190
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 me195
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:[9]
But him Achilles, glorious Chief, around200
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?205

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.210

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 her lair220
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 sprang225
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 again.230
As, in a dream,[10] 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 Phoëbus, at his last,235
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 hand240
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 one245
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 hasting to the son250

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.255
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[11] before the Thunderer's feet.
But stand, recover breath; myself, the while,260
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-toned265
Approaching of Deiphobus, his ear
In accents, as of pity, thus address'd.

Ah brother! thou art overtask'd, around
The walls of Troy by swift Achilles driven;
But stand, that we may chase him in his turn.[12]270

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 sake275
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 on all)280
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 by thee.285

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 walls290
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 guard295
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.300

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 perforce³⁰⁵
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.³¹⁰
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 Greek³¹⁵
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 it³²⁰
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,³²⁵
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, but oh³³⁰
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 shield³³⁵
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 Chief,³⁴⁰
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.³⁴⁵
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 fall³⁵⁰
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 darts³⁵⁵
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 various art³⁶⁰
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 all³⁶⁵
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 most.³⁷⁰
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 escapes;³⁷⁵
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.³⁸⁰

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,³⁸⁵
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 thee birth,³⁹⁰
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 rites³⁹⁵
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 whose arms⁴⁰⁰
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 Dardanian Sire⁴⁰⁵
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 remains.⁴¹⁰

Then, dying, warlike Hector thus replied.
Full well I knew before, how suit of mine
Should speed prefer'd to thee. Thy heart is steel.

But oh, while yet thou livest, think, lest the Gods
Requite thee on that day, when pierced thyself415
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 descent420
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 away425
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 there430
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 noble Chief435
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 beside,440
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 undeplored,445
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 ancle, and, inserting thongs,
Them tied behind his chariot, but his head
Left unsustain'd to trail along the ground.460
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'd the dust,465
For Jove had given it into hostile hands

[15]

That they might shame it in his native soil.
Thus, overwhelm'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
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.
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.

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;
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
(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 no 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,
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'd.
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 fell,
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 frost.525
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 perhaps530
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 palpitating heart535
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, dragg'd540
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 veil545
By golden Venus given her on the day
When Hector led her from Eëtion'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 arms550
Fast held her[16] 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 Troy,555
And I in Hypoplacian Thebes wood-crown'd
Beneath Eëtion'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'st560
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 more.565
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 lips575
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,[\[17\]](#)
And when sleep took him, and his crying fit
Had ceased, slept ever on the softest bed,585
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 endure.590
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, prepared595
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 attire.[\[18\]](#)600

So, weeping, she; to whom the multitude
Of Trojan dames responsive sigh'd around.

BOOK XXIII.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.

The body of Patroclus is burned, and the funeral games ensue.

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,5
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 demand10
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,15
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 friend20

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 would give²⁵
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 disgrace³⁰
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 sat³⁵
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'd,⁴⁰
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 last⁴⁵
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 kind⁵⁰
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 be⁵⁵
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'er⁶⁰
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 beseems⁶⁵
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,⁷⁰
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 lay⁷⁵

Amidst his Myrmidons, where space he found
With blood unstain'd beside the dashing wave.[\[1\]](#)
There, soon as sleep, deliverer of the mind,
Wrapp'd him around (for much his noble limbs
With chase of Hector round the battlements⁸⁰
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.⁸⁵

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 dead⁹⁰
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 wall¹⁰⁰
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 Opoëis¹⁰⁵
Menætiüs 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, like¹¹⁰
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.[\[2\]](#)

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.¹¹⁵
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,¹²⁰
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 aloud¹²⁵
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 friend!¹³⁰
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 groves145
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 hoofs150
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 cast155
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 at once160
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 charioteers.165
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 behind170
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 dead,175
They heap'd the fuel quick, a lofty pile.[\[3\]](#)
But Peleus' son, on other thoughts intent,
Retiring from the funeral pile, shore off
His amber ringlets,[\[4\]](#) whose exuberant growth
Sacred to Sperchius he had kept unshorn,180
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[\[5\]](#)
With a whole hecatomb, and should, beside,185
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 these190
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[6] apace, had left them still in tears,195
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
Sate ourselves hereafter; but, the host200
Dispersing from the pile, now give command
That they prepare repast; ourselves,[7] to whom
These labors in peculiar appertain
Will finish them; but bid the Chiefs abide.

Which when imperial Agamemnon heard,205
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 placed210
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, overspread215
Complete the body with it of his friend[8]
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 next,220
Deep-groaning and in haste, four martial steeds.
Nine dogs the hero at his table fed,
Of which beheading two, their carcasses
He added also. Last, twelve gallant sons
Of noble Trojans slaying (for his heart225
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!230
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 devour'd;235
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 hung240
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 prayer²⁴⁵
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 dead.²⁵⁰
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 all,²⁵⁵
Invited each the Goddess to himself.
But she refused a seat and thus she spake.^[9]

I sit not here. Borne over Ocean's stream
Again, to Æthiopia's land I go
Where hecatombs are offer'd to the Gods,²⁶⁰
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 lies²⁶⁵
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 arrived²⁷⁰
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 hand²⁷⁵
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 eve²⁸⁰
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.²⁸⁵
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 deep²⁹⁰
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,²⁹⁵
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 collect300
Of Menœtiades, 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 heap.305
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 height310
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 generous wine315
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.320
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 still325
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[10] iron.330
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 should a mare335
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 gave340
Two golden talents, and, unsullied yet
By use, a twin-ear'd phial[11] 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, attend345
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 kind355

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 ground.360
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 rest365
Eumelus, King of men, Admetus' son
Arose, accomplish'd in equestrian arts.
Next, Tydeus' son, brave Diomedes, arose;
He yoked the Trojan coursers by himself
In battle from Æneas won, what time370
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 sprung375
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 dwelt.380
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 sire,385
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 art390
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 account395
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 guides400
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 rein'd405
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 rein410
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 pine⁴¹⁵
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,⁴²⁰
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 smart⁴²⁵
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^[13] of thy wheel may seem to meet.
Yet fear to strike the stone, lest foul disgrace⁴³⁰
Of broken chariot and of crippled steeds
Ensnare, 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 thee by,⁴³⁵
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 art,⁴⁴⁰
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 lot⁴⁴⁵
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 Diomed⁴⁵⁰
The son of Tydeus took his lot to drive.
So ranged they stood; Achilles show'd the goal
Far on the champaign, nigh to which he placed
The godlike Phœnix servant of his sire,
To mark the race and make a true report.⁴⁵⁵

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 dust⁴⁶⁰
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 heart⁴⁶⁵
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 charioteership, and the race470
 Lay stretch'd, at once, into its utmost speed.
 Then, soon the mares of Pheretiades[14]
 Pass'd all, but Diomedes 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 flew.480
 Then had Tydides pass'd him, or had made
 Decision dubious, but Apollo struck,
 Resentful,[15] from his hand the glittering scourge.
 Fast roll'd the tears indignant down his cheeks,
 For he beheld the mares with double speed,485
 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 haste490
 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.495
 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 push'd500
 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 Diomedes, for Pallas them
 Quickens that he may conquer, and the Chief
 So far advanced makes competition vain.510
 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,515
 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—520
 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.525
 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,530
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 scope535
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 quoit540
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 both545
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 earth550
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.555
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. Meantime560
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.570

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 hand575
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 range580

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 maim'd,585
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 Oïliades 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 thou.600
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 fall605
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 upsprang610
Swift Ajax Oïliades, 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 both615
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 charioteers, by competition wing'd,620
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 high625
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 they flew.630
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,635

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 yet⁶⁴⁰
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 plain,⁶⁴⁵
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, ran;⁶⁵⁰
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 mares⁶⁶⁰
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 received⁶⁶⁵
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,⁶⁷⁰
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 vain⁶⁷⁵
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,⁶⁸⁰
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 Greeks⁶⁸⁵
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,⁶⁹⁰
Whom much he loved; then, ardent, thus replied.

Antilochus! if thou wouldst wish me give
Eumelus of my own, even so I will.
I will present to him my corslet bright
Won from Asteropæus, edged around⁶⁹⁵
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.⁷⁰⁰
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.⁷⁰⁵

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!⁷¹⁰
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.⁷¹⁵
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 scourge⁷²⁰
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.⁷²⁵
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,⁷³⁰
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 fall⁷³⁵
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 received.⁷⁴⁰
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'd.⁷⁴⁵

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-day.750
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 have,755
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 gave,760
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 still765
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 rites770
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 art775
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! (their vigor lost)780
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 entomb'd785
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, son790
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[\[16\]](#) in the chariot-race795
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 ruled the steeds,800
The steeds one ruled,[\[17\]](#) 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 games⁸⁰⁵
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 due.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 won,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 exclaim'd.⁸²⁰

Atridæ! 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 the Greeks⁸²⁵
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 hand⁸³⁰
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 suffice⁸³⁵
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, crush⁸⁴⁰
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 race.⁸⁵⁰
Him Diomedes spear-famed for fight prepared,
Giving him all encouragement, for much
He wish'd him victory. First then he threw^[18]
His cincture to him; next, he gave him thongs^[19]
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 advanced,860
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 ashore865
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 forth870
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, the cup.875

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 set880
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 arose885
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 mansion built890
By a prime artist proof against all winds.
Their backs, tugg'd vehemently, creak'd,[\[20\]](#) 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 prize.895
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 bespake.900

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 stroke905
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,910
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 not915
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.920

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; earth925
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[\[23\]](#) given;930
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.935
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 prize dispute.940
He said, and at his word instant arose
Swift Ajax Oïliades; 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.945
They stood prepared. Achilles show'd the goal.
At once all started. Oïliades
Led swift the course, and closely at his heels
Ulysses ran. Near as some cinctured maid
Industrious holds the distaff to her breast,950
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,955
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 brief960
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 should both965
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[\[24\]](#) Pallas tripp'd him. Ordure foul

His mouth, and ordure foul his nostrils fill'd.970
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 attends975
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 Gods980
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,985
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 spear,995
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
Asteropæus 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, Diomedes the brave.1010
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,1015
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,1020
And the Achæians 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 Diomedes bestow'd.

The hero, next, an iron clod produced¹⁰²⁵
Rough from the forge, and went 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 cried.¹⁰³⁰

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 plowman, need
In quest of iron seek the distant town,¹⁰³⁵
But hence he shall himself their wants supply.^[25]
Then Polypætes brave in fight arose,
Arose Leonteus also, godlike chief,
With Ajax son of Telamon. Each took
His station, and Epeüs seized the clod.¹⁰⁴⁰
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 Polypætes seized the mass¹⁰⁴⁵
Far as the vigorous herdsman flings his staff
That twirling flies his numerous bees between,^[26]
So far his cast outmeasured all beside,
And the host shouted. Then the friends arose
Of Polypætes valiant chief, and bore¹⁰⁵⁰
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 mast¹⁰⁵⁵
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.
^[27]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 casque¹⁰⁶⁵
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^[28]
A hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock.
He therefore (for Apollo greater praise¹⁰⁷⁰
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 skies.¹⁰⁷⁵
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,1080
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 head1085
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,1095
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 as thou)1100
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.

BOOK XXIV.

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.

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 force5
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’ercome10
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'd¹⁵
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 Menœtiades²⁰
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 broad²⁵
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.³⁰
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 crime³⁵
Of Paris, who when to his rural hut
They came, those Goddesses affronting,^[1] praise
And admiration gave to her alone
Who with vile lusts his preference repaid.
But when the twelfth ensuing morn arose,⁴⁰
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 endure⁴⁵
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 alone⁵⁰
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,⁵⁵
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.^[2]
For whosoever hath a loss sustain'd
Still dearer, whether of his brother born⁶⁰
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 corse⁶⁵
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 revenge70
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 due75
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 gave80
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 faithless ever!85

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 Troy90
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[3] him, as a mother tends her son.
But call ye Thetis hither, I would give
The Goddess counsel, that, at Priam's hands100
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 rush'd,105
As sinks the bull's[4] 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 fate110
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 sound.120

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 soon¹²⁵
The shore, updarted 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 sought¹³⁵
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 own¹⁴⁰
Brave city-spoiler son, have held dispute,
And some have urged oft-times the Argicide
Keen-sighted Mercury, to steal the dead.
But I forbade it for Achilles' sake,
Whom I exalt, the better to insure¹⁴⁵
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 revenge,¹⁵⁰
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 soothe¹⁵⁵
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 ran¹⁶⁰
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 mourning here,¹⁶⁵
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, accept¹⁷⁵
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 sat180
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 haste185
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, save190
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 sure195
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 unwise200
Nor heedless, no—nor wilful to offend,
But will his suppliant with much grace receive.[5]

He ceased; then Iris tempest-wing'd arose,
Jove's messenger, and, at the gates arrived
Of Priam, wo and wailing found within.205
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 the earth,210
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 destroy'd.215
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 large225
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 dead230
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 receive.240

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-roof'd,245
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 soothe250
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 before260
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 weep265
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 side,270
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,275
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 heard, myself,285
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.290

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 store.²⁹⁵
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 King³⁰⁰
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 griefs³⁰⁵
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 slain³¹⁰
By the Achaïans 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 left³¹⁵
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!³²⁵
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 compared³³⁰
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,^[7] a band³³⁵
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 sons³⁴⁰
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;^[8]
And with the yoke its furniture, in length³⁴⁵
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[9] the dangling ends.350
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,355
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[10] themselves, to go; wise each and good.360
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.365

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.375
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 side385
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 prayer preferr'd.390

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 bird395
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[11] named,

[11]

And Percnos. 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 they beheld
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 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.
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
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 to sleep
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 knees
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 enough465
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.470
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 discreet475
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 away480
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 beheld495
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.500
I serve Achilles; the same gallant bark
Brought us, and of the Myrmidons am I,
Son of Polyctor; wealthy is my sire,
And such in years as thou; six sons he hath,
Beside myself the seventh, and (the lots cast505
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 chiefs510
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 chief515
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' tent520
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 day525
Reddens the east, yet safe from blemish still
His corse remains. Thou wouldst, 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 wounds530
(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 Gods535
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 at my hand—540
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.545
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 conduct550
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,555
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 back the bars,560
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 away,555
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 force⁵⁷⁰
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
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 command⁵⁸⁰
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
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,⁵⁹⁰
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 alone⁵⁹⁵
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 kiss'd⁶⁰⁰
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
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!⁶¹⁰
On thy own father full of days like me,
And trembling on the gloomy verge of life.^[12]
Some neighbor chief, it may be, even now
Oppresses him, and there is none at hand,
No friend to suocor him in his distress.⁶¹⁵
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 bravest sons,⁶²⁰
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 had,625
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 son.635

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 deplored640
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 relieved,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 have felt!650
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 may,665
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 are placed660
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 unmixt665
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 birth670
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 son675
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 and thine.680

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 all⁶⁸⁵
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 tears,⁶⁹⁰
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.⁶⁹⁵
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 shore!⁷⁰⁰

To whom Achilles, lowering, and in wrath.^[13]
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 Jove.⁷⁰⁵
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 as ours⁷¹⁰
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 nought⁷¹⁵
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 charge⁷²⁵
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.^[14]
They, therefore, laving and anointing first⁷³⁵
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.740

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.745

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 loosed,750
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 bereft,755
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 who had borne760
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 last,765
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 who dance770
On Acheloüs' 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 to weep775
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'ring, first scored the viands well,780
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 each785
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 held790
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.⁷⁹⁵

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,⁸⁰⁰
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 prepare⁸⁰⁵
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,^[15]
Achilles thus his speech to Priam turn'd.⁸¹⁰

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 would at once⁸¹⁵
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 rites⁸²⁰
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 act⁸²⁵
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.⁸³⁰
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.⁸³⁵

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.
So be it, ancient Priam! I will curb
Twelve days the rage of war, at thy desire.^[16]

He spake, and at his wrist the right hand grasp'd
Of the old sovereign, to dispel his fear.⁸⁴⁰
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,⁸⁴⁵

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 unseen⁸⁵⁰
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 consent⁸⁵⁵
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 thee here.⁸⁶⁰

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 they reach'd,⁸⁶⁵
Deep-eddied 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 with the dead.⁸⁷⁰
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 the sight.⁸⁸⁰
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 flew⁸⁹⁰
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 the gates,⁸⁹⁵
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 groan⁹⁰⁵
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 height⁹¹⁵
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 borne,⁹²⁰
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 hand⁹²⁵
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 fight⁹³⁰
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 complaint⁹⁴⁰
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 beside⁹⁴⁵
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 Patroclus' tomb,⁹⁵⁰
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 shafts⁹⁵⁵
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 brothers else960
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,965
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 interposed970
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 hear975
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, nor fear980
Close ambush of the Greeks; Achilles' self
Gave me, at my dismissal 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 wains985
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 tears990
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.995
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 profuse1000
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,1005
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

[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.

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.

Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γέενε ἀργυρεοιο 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 Ceta and the Maliac Gulf. To the west it bordered on Dolopia, 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. Κυνῶπα.

15. μεγαναιδες.

16. Agamemnon's anger is that of a lover, and Achilles' that of a warrior. Agamemnon speaks of Chrysëis as a beauty whom he values too much to resign. Achilles treats Brisëis 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. * * * * *

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 *Pæan* (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. Suppliants 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 extremest 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. [Λαῖνον ἑσσο χιτῶνα]
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. [Βωπις, 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 Diomedes. 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 ward 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 unmingled 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 Villoison 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 Simoïs, 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 Simöisius 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. [Ἀκροκομοί. 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 Diomedes. 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. Ηίοεντι.
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 Diomedes 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 Diomedes 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. [Ἀρεα 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. Diomedes 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 Diomedes, as well as a proper preface to what Glauco 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 at 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. Diomedes 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. [Ξεινοὶ πατρώιοι.]
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. [δία θεῶν.]
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 μέγας—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 φυσικὸν τινὰ καὶ μετρίον γέλωτα 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. [Ενικλάν.—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. Δνοφερων 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 Phœnix 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 Phœnix, 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 Phœnix 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. [Σαυωτήρ—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 Diomedes 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. Diomedes, 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 Diomedes 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 Diomedes for his choice of Ulysses. Diomedes, 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. [Ὅσσοι γὰρ Τρώων πυρὸς ἐσχαρὰι—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 ἰο τετρακαίδεκατον.—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. [Τρεῖς ἐκατέρθ'—three on a side, This is evidently the proper punctuation, though it differs from that of all the editions that I have seen. I find it no where but in the *Venetian Scholium*.]—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 ἐγδουπησαν. Jupiter is called ἐριγδουτος.]—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 conqueror.—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—εν ενδον ουσαν.—See Schaefelburgerus.]—Tr
11. [He is said to have been jealous of him on account of his great popularity, and to have discountenanced 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 Protesilæus 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 ἀμοιβοί.—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*—κυδοιμῆσων—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. [Τρῶες 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 δνοφερον 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 σπονδυλους, or vertebræ of the neck.—See Villoissson.]—Tr.
13. [Ἀμिटροχιτονας 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. [Υπασπιδια προβιβωντος. A similar expression occurs in Book xiii., 158. There we read υπασπιδια 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 juxta-position 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 επισσαομενω—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. [Leïtus was another chief of the Bæotians.]—Tr.

11. [Διφρῷ εφεστατοῖς—Yet we learn soon after that he fought on foot. But the Scholiast explains the expression thus—νεωστὶ τῷ διφρῷ ἐπιβάντος. The fact was that Idomeneus had left the camp on foot, and was on foot when Hector prepared to throw at him. But Cæranus, charioteer of Meriones, observing his danger, drove instantly to his aid. Idomeneus had just time to mount, and the spear designed for him, struck Cæranus.—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 plentifully 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. [Ἀσπασίως γονυ καμπεῖν.—Shall be glad to bend their knee, i.e. to sit and repose themselves.]—Tr.
6. [Τούτου μύθου.—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 Bœotia, 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. [Ἀκροελαινιωῶν.—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 Villoisison.]—Tr.
8. [Ἀμβολαδὴν.]
9. Homer represents Aphrodite as the protector of Æneas, 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 presentiment 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 τὴν πολυλογίαν τὴ ἀναλήψε ἐχρησάτο.]—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 Επινικιον, 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 ατζομενην 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. [κοροϊτυπησιν 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. [Ἐπικετομεων. Clarke renders the word in this place, *falso metû, 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 απο των νεωστι 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'ἀμφιεπον ταφον Ἑκτορος ιπποδαμοιο.]